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HARPER'S WEEKLY for 1866.—VOLUME X.

This Number completes the Tenth Volume of HARPER'S WEEKLY. This has been a Volume unusually replete with interest. The Illustrations, both in number and variety, have surpassed those of any Illustrated Periodical.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 471.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THE LAST CHATTEL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1866.

CONGRESS.

IT was not to be expected that Congress would make great progress in the matter of the reorganization of the Union before the holidays. But from its action thus far it is very clear that there is not likely to be any serious division in the Union party upon any vital point of the question.

That MR. STEVENS is of this opinion is clear from his speech, in which he frankly announced that he spoke for himself alone. Yet, however much the individual member may differ from the theories of the situation which were stated in the speech, he can not refuse his admiration to the tone of Roman heroism which rings all through it. THADDEUS STEVENS has what the French call the courage of his opinions, and every member of the House might in that, at least, wisely follow him. The vice of our statesmanship is timidity and the paralyzing fear of a minority. One of our cleverest politicians frankly admits that he is a trimmer. He is thinking of Lord HALIFAX. They tell HALIFAX explained that if he were aiming at a port he would not try to sail against the wind but he would tack. You must have a port. You must see and confide in a principle, or, like a sailor in shoreward currents who does not keep his eye upon the light, you will inevitably go upon the breakers.

MR. STEVENS certainly keeps his eye upon the light and he scorns the wind. He sees plainly that the end we must seek is sure rather than swift reconstruction; and he states clearly the steps which he thinks essential to that end, regardless of the undoubted truth that the great majority of the nation will reject the premises and his conclusions. Yet we are inclined to believe that the difference between the various views of the whole question is one of details and not of essence.

THOS MR. RAYMOND replied at some length to the speech of MR. STEVENS. He combated his views of the exact present condition of the late rebel States. MR. STEVENS said that they were out of the Union, and were to be treated as conquered territories. MR. RAYMOND replied that they had not succeed in getting out, and were therefore States in the Union. He is very positive that the States in question are not out of the Union. MR. STEVENS is equally sure that they are in. But even MR. RAYMOND does not think that they are in the Union as New York and Iowa are. Now, can there be two ways of being in the Union? And if there can, are they not, first, as New York is, and second, as Montana is—that is to say, as a State with every State power untouched, or as a Territory?

But why split hairs? The question of reconstruction is purely practical. If indeed MR. RAYMOND had argued that every State not in actual rebellion—Mississippi for example—had precisely the same present rights in the Union and in Congress that New York has, and that no conditions could be imposed upon her elections or her conventions, then the inquiry of the exact condition of the States would be the most practical of all. But since both MR. STEVENS and MR. RAYMOND so agreed that the States in question are not to be restored until satisfactory pledges are given to the United States, it is a mere argument of their abstract condition superfluous? MR. LINCOLN called that kind of speculation "a pernicious abstraction." The important point, in his judgment, was how shall they resume their practical relations in the Union.

MR. STEVENS calls the late rebel States conquered provinces, in which there is now no government or sovereignty but the law of the United States; and he insists that Congress must reorganize them with republican forms. MR. RAYMOND insists that citizens of those States are defeated insurgents, who must submit to any conditions of surrender imposed by the victorious commander. The theory of both is unhiguenic. But would MR. RAYMOND insist that therefore Congress is powerless, and that the whole matter is to be absolutely and finally settled by the President? The President at least makes no such assumption. And MR. RAYMOND forgotten that in the President's proclamation appointing Provisional Governors he expressly recommended the people whom he authorized to vote to present governments to which Congress could properly promise the national recognition?

If, as MR. RAYMOND argues, we have a right to demand certain concessions of the late rebel States, as pures of their surrender and as conditions of their restoration, and among them may require assent to a proposed Constitutional Amendment affecting the whole industrial structure of their society, it is foolish to suppose that we may also require assent to another such amendment affecting the political structure of their society? It may not be expedient to require it, but that is a totally different point. If we are prevented from requiring it, it is not because of certain supposed indefeasible, fundamental rights of States? And if that be so, can any State right be more inviolably sacred than that of giving an unqcerced consent to Constitutional Amendments?

The whole difficulty springs from the wrong starting-point of the debate. The sole practical question for Congress is, in view of the actual situation of the late rebel States, in the light of history, of human nature, and of the principles of our Government, what concessions, in MR. RAYMOND'S words, ought we to demand. The right to exact from the late rebel States the primal right of every Government in the present position of ours to secure its own existence, and includes the right of limiting the demand solely by its estimate of that necessity. MR. RAYMOND, probably, is of opinion that the necessity can be satisfied by the conditions he names as precedent to the emancipation amendment; repudiation of the debt, and the legal protection of freedmen, and revocation of the ordinances of secession. But if one of his colleagues should consider that the necessity could not be satisfied without agreement to a Constitutional Amendment forbidding political disability by reason of birth-place or complexion, or *appointing representation* to voters, he would be fully sustained in his position by MR. RAYMOND'S logic.

We trust, since the President and the Union party are thoroughly persuaded that some concessions may be rightfully demanded and certain conditions imposed, that Congress, after the recess, will devote itself to the most careful study of the actual situation of the States in question, that it may act wisely as well as promptly upon the report of the Committee upon Reconstruction.

WALL STREET PROSPECTS FOR 1866.

THERE are reasons for believing that the year which is just beginning will be the most active ever known in the history of the Street —or, in other words, that it will witness more frequent and extensive fluctuations in values than have occurred in any previous twelvemonth.

One principal reason for this belief is the avowed policy of Government and Congress, which looks to an immediate contraction of the currency as the means of restoring specie payments. Such an operation insures a steady succession of ups and downs. While the contraction is going on, every effort, whether legal attempted, business is checked throughout the country, men of capital refuse to part with their money, business paper sells dear, prudent merchants decline to engage in trade, the consequence is an extensive accumulation of idle money at the financial centres, which is sure, sooner or later, to generate speculation and cause an advance in stocks. By-and-by the threatened contraction is actually attempted, and then comes a pinch in the money-market; ensuing in all probability, just as most carefully is under full headway, and the "outside public" have loaded up with stocks in order to realize a rapid fortune. Hence comes a panic, and a fall in values more or less severe and pervasive; the "outsiders," and many "inside" speculators too, are "cleaned out;" and then follows a season of calm, dullness, and low prices. But this does not last long. Before many weeks elapse Government stops contracting, either from choice or necessity, and, meanwhile, all the fall in prices and increase in purchasing power of the currency, so that money again becomes easy, under the influence of which speculation operates again, and a fresh upward movement is inaugurated, which, in its turn, in due course, by another collapse. These "ups and downs" will naturally succeed each other at intervals of greater or less duration, so long as paper continues a legal tender, and there is no absolute standard of value to regulate the ordinary transactions of business.

Another element of change may be developed from excessive importations—a point to which reference was made in our last number. If we continue to consume foreign goods as we are doing at present a commercial revulsion can not long be deferred, for it is impossible for the country, burdened with a debt of $3,000,000,000, and with a revenue from forty years of exhausting war, to pay for all these goods. A commercial crisis would of course be severely felt in Wall Street. Merchants and all, more or less, holders of stocks and corporate securities, which would be sacrificed in the event of a general mercantile shipwreck. A pressure would involve a heavy decline in prices which would go on until points were reached at which capital would desert industry, and would flow, as from abroad, to secure bargains at panic prices.

Fluctuations in the market price of the leading railway stocks may be expected to result from the uncertainty which overhangs the proportion to be borne hereafter by net to gross earnings. According to the recent report of the New York Central the expenses of that line have increased during the past year so much faster than gross earnings that, though the traffic of the line has been steadily improving, it has yielded nearly 2 per cent. less to the stockholders than it did in 1863-4. On the other hand, the Michigan Central and the Fort Wayne roads are said to be run for about the same ratio of expense as formerly. We are all familiar with the increased cost of living and the increased cost of labor and all kinds of materials: the president of the leading bank of the city declared on oath in court a few days since that the purchasing power of $4000 a year seven years ago was equal to that of $10,000 a year now. It seems, therefore, reasonable to assume that it must cost the railroads much more than it did to run their trains and keep their road bed and equipment in repair. And as they have not, as a general rule, increased their charges either for passengers or freight, being in many instances strictly prohibited from doing by their charters, it would seem not unlikely that most if not all of them are actually earning less money on the present greater gross traffic than they earned a few years ago on smaller gross receipts. These considerations would seem to justify lower prices for railway stocks. But, on the other hand, the indications are unmistakable that each railway stock in its turn will be "cornered" by the great operators of the street, for

erect vagrancy into a crime; then, by refusing to employ the negroes, to compel their vagrancy; then to sell them into slavery for a longer or shorter term.

This is but an illustration of the foul play to which the freedmen will be exposed in the absence of the national protection. And there is no excuse whatever for leaving them to such a fate. Indeed, when we remember the unswerving patience of their fidelity to us during the doubtful years of the war—how tranquilly they repelled their masters' falsehoods meant to inflame them against us—how steadily these people, shrinking as open and trusted foes, awaited for our coming and believed in our friendship—how they guided all our escaping soldiers, who counted upon their fidelity as surely as if themselves created in exchange upon the North Star—how they resisted bribes, threats, torture, and death rather than betray us, asking only, but trusting in us as surely as we trusted in them—when we remember this unprecedented history, and reflect that many among us are now half reluctant not to deliver them into the pitiless hands from which they rescued us, and are calculating how little we can do for them and how much for those who despise and hate them, we may well fear lest the lustre of our victory be irretrievably tarnished.

The cause of the United States, and the expiring Congress of Congress, is no cause of human nature. It is so now more than ever. By the fundamental law of the land every man is now the free equal of every other man, the late slave of the meanest Oaf of South Carolina as much as the Governor himself; and we trust that the Committee upon Reconstruction, looking at the matter from at theories, will recommend the continuance of the Freedmen's Bureau until the people of the United States are thoroughly satisfied that the personal freedom which they have conferred upon the vast majority of the people of South Carolina, for instance, is to be respected by the minority.

MR. BIGELOW UPON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

AT a late dinner of American citizens in Paris at which MR. BIGELOW, the Minister of the United States and General Sickles were present, MR. BIGELOW said: "The policy of the American Government is peace with all mankind, and at the present moment, as far as the eye of any statesman can penetrate into the future, there is no probability of a rupture of the good relations which exist between the United States and every other country."

MR. BIGELOW certainly ought to know, and his remark only confirms the universal impression that the Mexican complication is to be solved without war, a very sensible and most timely hopes it may be. But it is very desirable that the country should know a few details. While we assume from the Message of the President and from such remarks as those of our Foreign Minister that negotiations are pending, it is very clear that the highest interests of the country would gain by such public and general knowledge. The House of Representatives, upon MR. STEVENS's motion, has already requested the President, if not incompatible with the public interest, to communicate all the information and correspondence upon the subject, and we hope a response will not be long delayed.

Meanwhile there need be no fear that the public interest in the matter will abate, or public vigilance relax. If there are those who suppose that LOUIS NAPOLEON wishes or expects to remain in MEXICO, we think they are profoundly mistaken. He does not count war under the inevitable conditions of such a struggle as this would be. He undoubtedly wishes to get out of Mexico, and our true policy is to help him out, not to threaten to kick him out. A peremptory threat from the United States would make France, which now sneers at the Monroe Doctrine, enthusiastically united in supporting it at all hazards. Now, of course, if it were necessary, the United States or any nation has the enormously vital whole of Europe enthusiastically hostile. But as a matter of fact, it is not necessary. Patience, common sense, and the President's response to Congress, will carry us through.

TAUGHT BY OUR NEIGHBORS.

SOME curious facts are revealed by the statistics in regard to the young men called out to the conscription in France. In one of the departments it appeared that out of 100 young men, 21 years old, it can barely read and write. In other departments the numbers range from 56 to 62 out of every hundred. In 27 departments the number of illiterate young men is more than a third, or certainly one fourth. In 25 others it varies from a fourth to a tenth. In 10 it is less than a tenth. In the Meurthe and Bas-Rhin there are but four or five out of 100 young conscripts who can not read. In the Haute-Marne but three or four. In the Meuse and the Doubs but two or three. There are 86 departments in all, and Paris is in that of the Seine. Strasbourg is in the Bas-Rhin, and Besançon in the Doubs.

The Minister of Public Instruction has verified the figures, and he has offered a gold medal of the value of 200 francs to be given to the Communal schoolmaster in each department who shall be most successful in reducing the number of illiterate persons in the Commune.

This is an illustration of the way in which things are done in France. Instead of a system which makes it the plain interest of every community to take care that its members are properly instructed, the Government offers a pitiful bribe to the village schoolmaster.

But we have also a recent statement of the Condition-of-England question, and it is even worse than that of France. "Nowhere in Ireland," says a correspondent of the New York *Times*, who is an Englishman, "have I seen the stupid, ignorant, hungry, demoralized people that are to be found here by thousands, and it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say by millions. Now a country with such a population needs a government more intelligent, more active, more powerful, more practical than we have got in England. Twenty millions out of thirty have not the slightest of self-government. They are unrepresented in Parliament; they are confessedly out of the pale of the Constitution."

This is what OLMSTED remarked nearly twenty years ago in his most valuable and interesting "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England." And it is this ignorance and brutishness which are the real curse of Great Britain, in which 36,000 out of the 20,000,000 own the land, and in which the poor are growing poorer and the rich richer.

All these facts should be carefully pondered by every man in this country who thinks that it is safe to deny men education, or to tamper with the suffrage of any class and the vast ignorance any where in this country is a peril every where; and in this view the suggestions of General HOWARD in his admirable Report upon the Freedmen are very significant and important.

OUR MAPS OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

A VIRGINIA landholder lately said to a friend of ours in Richmond, "I own three thousand acres of land, but I have no money to work it with. I want to sell half of it, and I should like nothing so much as to sell to a company of Vermont farmers." The desire to sell was natural under the circumstances, and the disposition to sell to Vermonters showed with what common sense the gentleman accepted the situation. For it is by actual immigration and social and industrial intercourse that the hostility arising from separation and ignorance will be removed.

We propose to publish a series of carefully prepared maps of the Southern States, beginning with Maryland, in the next number of the *Weekly*, accompanied by concise and complete industrial statistics, that the general character and capacity of every State and section and part of the country may be understood by those who are thinking of settling there. There is, for instance, no nobler State in the world probably than Maryland. Its resources are various and its variety of surface, are unsurpassed. And now that the system of labor which has blighted her is removed, there is no reason to doubt that she will reach a prosperity surpassing as far all advantages. And each State has its special attractions. Knowledge, knowledge, knowledge —that is the key with which the whole country of the Future is to be unlocked; and we shall do what we can to put it into the hands of every body in this country who can read.

THE RELIEF OF BROADWAY.

THE pressure of travel upon Broadway in the city of New York is one of those problems that must certainly be devised for its relief. The question is not purely local. Every part of the country and every citizen has an interest direct in the present city and in its removal. The transport, traffic, and amusement. The street railways have been all successful. But they are now not adequate to the increasing demand. The cars are crowded to the utmost discomfort of the passengers. They run as often as safety and convenience will permit. But still the throng increases, and new difficulties require new solutions. What shall they be? How shall Broadway be relieved?

The project which for this moment most widely discussed is an underground railroad. The enterprise is not original to the Yankee genius. It has been tried, and with striking success, in London, and a charter has been already formed in New York which applied for authority to the last Legislature, which passed a bill, but the Governor, for sufficient reasons as it seems to us, vetoed the bill.

But the Governor did not express any hostility to the proposition, nor do we learn that he entertains any. He wishes only to secure all interests, and to avoid, as far as possible, the dangers of monopoly and of loosely-guarded discretionary power. A railroad of the kind contemplated could hardly fail, we think, to be just conditions, to be very profitable; and we shall gladly record that some practical plan has reached a plan which, with a due regard to the claims of private property and to the public convenience, shall bring the ends of the great city together and relieve the horrors of Broadway.

CARLYLE'S FREDERICK.

THE fifth volume of CARLYLE'S "Frederick" is just published. Full of the same extraordinary power as the other volumes, but even the heroic conduct is misfortune and defeat. The same collection of strange musings. CARLYLE has evidently exhausted all the sources of information, and how dreary and forbidding they must be even a slight student of German military or political memoirs may easily imagine. Yet the weariness of investigation, the despondency and disgust of picking over a mountain of dust for a single grain of wheat, are not in the least manifest in the result. The history is elastic, sparkling, and forever fresh, and no other author of any hereafter feel that the task must be again attempted.

It is obvious from the events narrated in this volume that a great soldier like FREDERICK, despite his adversaries, as NAPOLEON did in the next century. The old methods, slow, cumbrous, traditional, disappear before the onset of the fierce rapidity and appalling daring of a fresh genius. The Austrian and French commanders and Governments learned the intelligence of the power of their adversary, and he sometimes counted too confidently upon their stupidity. The energy with which he threw a few men against an army, the promptness with which he conceived his plans, and the skill and tenacity with which he executed them, rank FREDERICK with the greatest soldiers of history, and his heroic full of resources in extremity and apparent enormous odds, kindles the enthusiasm of his biographer.

But the significance of the war in its bearing upon civilization, which is its vital importance, is not revealed in the history. As it appears here it is a tremendous picture of a Titan with fierce but wholly very inferior but collectively vast and overpowering. As a Protestant hero FREDERICK makes a poor figure, but in a life fighting to extend his dominions and maintain his power he is one of the most striking that can be found. CARLYLE depicts Germany as a happy battle-field upon which Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Austria sustain the shock, and Great Britain is a wary spectator, but inferior upon the outskirts. The performances of the British agent under the Duke of Cumberland, as CARLYLE describes them, were make a very well-regulated British gnash his teeth. His wit is never so sardonic as when he is laughing at the Britons. But the Battle of CHATHAM is a splendid piece to CARLYLE's glory. He shines with new lustre upon these pages. And it is impossible so we read of him not to regret that, instead of FREDERICK THE GREAT and his era in Germany, CARLYLE had not selected CHATHAM and his era for a history. That subject has never been finally or fully treated. It would have been a fine addition to British annals not less striking than the CROMWELL.

The personal interest of the reader in FREDERICK is no greater in this volume than in the rest. Apparently he had not a single quality which could excite a genial and hearty affection. As a conspicuous and controlling actor upon the public arena his movements are interesting and his latent unquestionable as the man using that talent for mankind he is nothing. A certain insincerity and dramatic shallowness spoil his letters and speeches. There are no evidences in his private intercourse. His career is a selfish struggle. You scarcely care whether he beats in a battle or is beaten. His French verses are blackly veneered with French artifice; and the glow of a divine passion of patriotism or of conviction is totally wanting. He was the son of his father; only in the son's case the drill-sergeant was a man of genius.

The HARPERS will immediately issue the sixth and concluding volume of the history; and it is with deep sadness that the reader draws toward the end, for it is the last work of importance for which we can look from CARLYLE. He is now seventy years old, and great literary works are not undertaken at that age. But we have no right to complain, for CARLYLE and his humorous genius in the books he has written than in his enduring influence upon the mind and literature of his time. Vexed as he sometimes often be by his whims and dogmatism, he knows that a manly, sincere, and great soul is behind them all, like the sun behind the rain-cloud. His name belongs to the most truly illustrious in English letters, not above because of his scholarship, and works, and genius, but because he has been a great and noble man.

SHINING STARS.

SHINE, ye stars of heaven,
On a world of pain!
See old Time, sweeping
All our hoarded gain;
Il our sweetest flowers,
Every state's sorrow,
Our fame and our glory,
Every dream divine!

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On the rolling years!
See how Time, consoling,
Dries our saddest tears,
Tho the darkest storm-clouds
Fass in gentle rain;
While upspring in glory
Flowers and dreams again!

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On a world of fear!
See how Time, avenging,
Bringeth judgment here;
Weaving ill-won honor
To a very crown;
Bidding hard hearts perish,
Casting proud hearts down.

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On the hours' slow flight!
See how Time, rewarding,
Gilds good deeds with light;
Pays with kingly measure,
Brings earth's dearest prize,
Or, crowned with rays diviner,
Bids the end arise!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 19.

In the Senate, several bills were introduced and referred. Among the most important were a bill for the defence of the northeastern frontier, and one for the establishment of a branch of the Freedmen's Bureau in each of the formerly slave States. A Message was received from the President giving information in regard to the condition of the States lately in rebellion. The Message in its tone and matter preserved decidedly the local idea of those States, and was accompanied by a report of Provisional-General Grant, characterized by a similar spirit. The reports of Howard and others were also submitted. Senator Sumner called the President's Message "a white, washing document, only paralleled by Pierce's Message to Kansas," and introduced his alternative bill for reconstruction.

In the House, certificates of members from Louisiana and Virginia were received by the Select Committee.—The bill to regulate railroad transportation between the seceded States, and that between the New York and Washington Air Line bill, was passed after a sharp discussion, by 92 to 82.—A joint resolution to amend the constitution so as to prohibit the exemption or payment of rebel debts by any State was adopted.

December 20.

In the Senate, the House bill to pay Mr. President $25,000 was passed. It was then voted to adjourn from the 21st to January 8.

In the House, resolutions were referred, congratulating the country on the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment.—A bill was passed giving to the Secretary of the Treasury the appointment of Deputy Assessors of Internal Revenue.—A bill establishing a general land office for Nevada was adopted.—The recess to January 3 was agreed to.—A resolution was adopted giving the President control of several Indian funds.—Eulogies were delivered on Mr. Kellogg, late a member from New York.

December 21.

In the Senate, Messrs. Fessenden, Grimes, Harris, Howard, Johnson, and Williams were appointed as the Senate's part of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction.

In the House, Mr. Ashley, of Nevada, from the Select Committee on Reconstruction, reported a bill to restore the Territorial Government of Colorado, and to provide for the Capitol Extension and Institution.—Mr. Raymond, of New York, introduced a bill to repeal so much of the Internal Revenue Act as relates to the speech made by Mr. Stevens on the 19th, and taking the duty off of matches.—The Ohio Senatorial contest was then taken up and both members of the Union; that the effort to exclude Mr. Wade was a party measure, and that the Democratic members would vote for him. The ballot was then taken, and was thrown away; and that the acts, speeches, and records of some of the rebels were used as legal evidence in deciding their connection with the Confederacy.

RECONSTRUCTION.

The Provisional Government has been withdrawn from Georgia, Alabama, and North and South Carolina.

Governor James L. Orr, of South Carolina, has sent a Message to the Legislature now in session in that State announcing the President's supersedure of the provisional government in that State. Governor Orr states that this announcement will be most gratifying to the Executive Council, returns thanks in their name, and declares his "unalterable purpose to aid in upholding the supremacy of the laws of the United States."

NEWS ITEMS.

On the 23d of December the Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims was celebrated in Boston with a great military demonstration, and the imposing ceremonies consisted of the presentation of the numerous battle-flags of Massachusetts regiments to the State and their deposition in the State House.

Mr. John Evans and Mr. Jerome B. Chaffee, both Republicans, have been elected United States Senators from Colorado.

The first forty miles of the Union Pacific Railroad, from Omaha (Nebraska) westward were completed December 26.

The Hon. Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, has been appointed, by the President, Minister Extraordinary to the Republic of Mexico, in place of General McClure, deceased the office.

The total number of emigrants arrived at this port for the year ending November 30, 1865, is one hundred and seventy-eight thousand and thirty-six; the number less excess of fifteen thousand over that of last year.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is stated that the British Government has demanded of Governor Eyre, of Jamaica, a full explanation of the extraordinary proceedings connected with the late Negro Day. It is conceded, even by those English journals which sympathize with the Planters of negroism and subjugation, that Gordon, who was hung for inciting the riot, had not been guilty of any act for which they would hesitate for a moment to take the responsibility. Governor Eyre, however, is said by other authorities to have been that he was overcome of Gordon's property, has been hung.

The Parisian must have become excessively sensitive to every species of a hostile intention from Austria. Lately they were fearfully excited because Admiral Fautigot and his squadron sounding in Trieste harbor. The recent arrival of Major-General Schmidt in Paris has thrown those excitable populations into another panic. Thus conscience does make cowards of us all."

In Italy it appears that the Holy Mormons Cabinet is destined soon to give place to one formed by RATTAZZI. The Neapolitan Bourbons have been hunted up by the Papal soldiers, and have asked to be allowed to surrender without compliance with any rigorous conditions. They base their appeal upon the fact that the Government had, to some extent, negotiated with them. It was hoped that his encouragement of these brigands that the Pope's Secretary of War, GENERAL MERODE, has been killed.

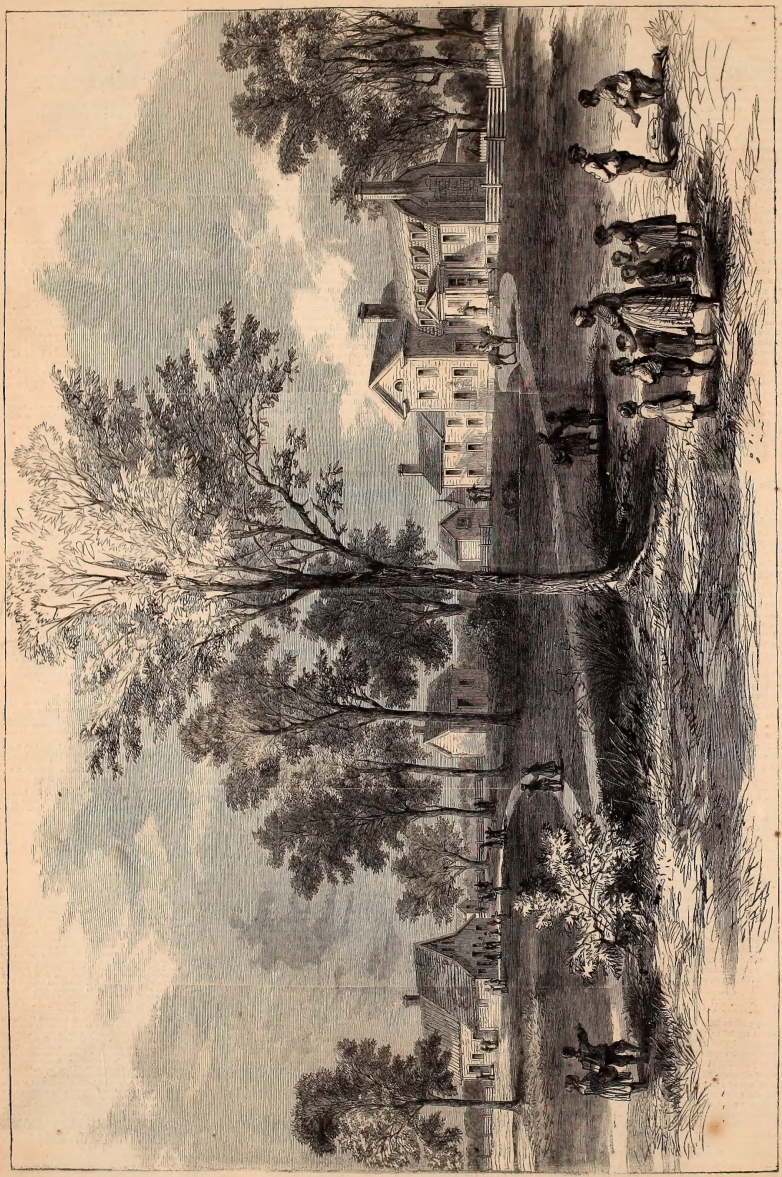
The Greek Chamber has abolished the Council of State by a large majority. Count Sponneck, the young King's Danish Councilor, has been driven from the country.

Our news from Hayti indicates that General Salnave, after his defeat at Cape Haytien, went to Monte Christo to recruit his army, to which he was receiving large accessions of deserters from Geffrard's forces. Geffrard had offered a reward of $5000 for Salnave's capture.

Spain has refused to submit her difficulties with Chili to foreign arbitration.

General Canseco, who became Provisional President of Peru, on the expulsion of President Pezet, has been peaceably deposed, and Colonel Prado has been made Dictator.

The rebellion in the United States of Colombia is deemed at an end, and popular confidence in the Government is re-established.



VIEW OF EX-GOVERNOR WISE'S RESIDENCE NEAR NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 13.]



EXPLOSION AT THE ARSENAL IN WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 18, 1865—REMOVING THE DEAD BODIES.—[SKETCHED BY A. MCALLUM.]

THE ARSENAL EXPLOSION AT WASHINGTON.

On the afternoon of Monday, December 18, an explosion took place at the Washington Arsenal very similar to one which occurred in the same city a year ago. The explosion took place in a small building at the Arsenal, and in which workmen were employed in sorting ammunition, removing cartridges, etc. The accident was terribly disastrous in its effects, and the force of the explosion was felt at remote distances in the city. Seven persons were instantly killed, and several others fatally injured. They were all employés, and had all been in the army.

We give on this page an illustration of the removal of the bodies after the explosion. The building, completely demolished by the violence of the explosion, soon became a mass of flames. This not only happened before the removal of the killed, but also threatened to involve the adjacent buildings, in which were stored quantities of ammunition, in a like disaster. The bodies of some of those injured by the explosion were torn in a horrible manner.



THE BRITISH STEAMER "BULLDOG" IN CONFLICT WITH THE FORTS AND GUN-BOATS AT CAPE HAYTIEN, OCTOBER 23, 1865.—[SEE PAGE 14.]

NOT TO BE TAKEN FOR GRANTED.

TO-DAY, Eunice Fielding, have been looking over the journal which I kept of the first few weeks of my life in the world, after I left the seclusion of the German Moravian school, where I was educated. I feel a strange pity for myself, the tender ignorant innocent school-girl, fresh from the peaceful shelter of the Moravian settlement, and thrust suddenly into the centre of a nerveworld household.

As I turn to this first page, there rises before me, like the memory of a former life, a picture of the neatest house-grown street in the settlement, with the old-fashioned dwellings, and the quiet and serene faces looking out kindly upon the troop of children passing to the church. There is the home of the Single Sisters, with its shining and spotless casements; and close beside it, is the dwelling where they and we worshipped, with its broad central aisle always separating the women from the men. I can see the girls in their pretty white veils, trimmed with rose-buds, and the blue ribbons of the matrons, and the pure white head-gear of the widows; the burial ground, where the separation is still maintained, and where the brethren and the sisters lie in undivided graves; and the kindly simple-hearted pastor, who was always touched with the feeling of our weakness. I see it all, as I turn over the pages of my first journal, with just a faint longing to return to the repose and innocent occupations which encircled me while I dwelt among them, safely shut in from the storms of the world.

Nov. 7. At home once more after an absence of three years; but home is changed. There used to be a feeling of mother's presence everywhere about the house, even if she was not in the remotest room; but now, Susannah and Priscilla are wonderful for support, and are busy in and out, and I catch a glimpse of the soft dovecolored folds of the dresses, I look up with a start, half in the hope of seeing my mother again. They are much older than I am, for Priscilla was ten years of age when I was born, and Susannah three years older than Priscilla. They are very grave and serious, and it is well known, even in Germany, how religious they are. I suppose in the time I am as old as they are I shall be the same.

I wonder if my father ever felt like a child; he looks as if he had lived for centuries. I think I might I could not venture to look too closely into his face; but to-day I can see a very kind and peaceful expression underlying all the wrinkled and lines of care. In his soul there is a calm serene depth which no tempest can touch. That is plain. He is a good man. I know, indeed, his goodness was not talked about at school, as was Susannah's and Priscilla's. When the coach set me down at the door, and he ran out into the street bareheaded, and took me at once into his arms, carrying me like a little child into our home, all my fear fell away upon leaving my fellows, and the sisters, and our pastor, vanished away in the joy of being with him. God helping me—and surely He will help me to do this—I will be a comfort to my father.

The house is very different to what it was in my mother's time. The rooms look plainer, and the walls are damp and mildewed, and the carpets are not renewed. It seems as if my sister had taken no pride in household matters. To be sure Priscilla is betrothed to one of the brethren, who dwells in Woodbury, about ten miles from here. She told me last night that the beautiful house he had, and how it was furnished with more luxury and costliness than our people often care for, inasmuch as we do not set our worldly show. She also displayed the fine linen she had been preparing for herself, with store of dresses, both of silks and stuffs. They fill me so grand, spread out upon the poor furniture of our chamber, that I could not help but cast up in my own mind what the cost would be, if I inquired how my father's business prospered: at which Priscilla laughed, but Susannah uttered a low deep groan, which was answer enough.

This morning I unpacked my trunk, and gave a letter from each sister to each of my brothers. It was to make known to them that my sisters Schmidt, a missionary in the West Indies, desired that a Bible should be chosen for him by casting of lots, and sent out to him. One copy of the single sisters in our settlement have given to their mistress, and such is the report of Susannah and Priscilla, that they are notified of the application, that they may do likewise. Of course Priscilla, being already betrothed, has no thought of doing so; but Susannah has been deep in meditation all day, and now she is sitting opposite me, pale and solemn, her brown hair, in which I can detect a silver thread or two, braided closely down her thin cheeks; but as she writes a faint blush steals over her face, as if she were listening to Brother Schmidt, whom she has never seen, and whose voice she never heard. When she received her answer, she read it, "Susannah Fielding"—in her clear round steady hand, and it will be put into the lot with twenty others, from among which one will be drawn out, and the name written thereon will be that of Brother Schmidt's appointed wife.

Nov. 9. Only two days at home! how can I change there is in me. My brain is all confusion, and it might be a hundred years since I left school. This morning two strangers came to the house, demanding to see my father. They were rough fellows men, whose voices sounded into my father's office, where he was busy writing, while I sat beside the fire, engaged in housekeeping. I looked up at the loud noise of their voices, and saw him turn deadly pale, and how his white-haired head upon his hands. But he went out in an instant, and returning with the strangers, bade me go to my sisters. I found Susannah in the parlor, looking scared and bewildered, and Priscilla in hysterics. After much ado they grew calmer, and when Priscilla was lying quietly on the sofa, and Susannah had sat down in mother's arm-chair to meditate, I crept back to my father's office, and, ragging softly at the door, heard him say, "Come in." He was alone, and very sad.

"Father," I asked, "what is the matter?" and seeing his dear kind face, I flew to him.

"Eunice," he whispered very tenderly, "I will tell you all."

So then as I knelt at his knee, with my eyes fastened upon his, he told me of the troubles, and troubles, very word of which removed my schooldays farther and farther from me, and made them look like the close of my childhood. The end of all was that these men were sent by his creditors to take possession of every thing in our old home, where my mother had lived and died.

I caught my breath at first, as if I should go into hysterics like Priscilla, but I thought what a good woman I was to be quiet for a time after a minute or two I was able to look up again bravely into his eyes. He then said he had his books and papers left to him, and a couple of rooms.

In the parlor Priscilla was lying still, with her eyelids closed, and Susannah was quite lost in meditation. Neither of them noticed me entering or departing. I went into the kitchen to consult Jane about my father's dinner. She was rocking herself upon a chair, and rubbing her eyes red with her rough apron; and there in the elbow-chair which once belonged to my grandmother sat Jane's husband, a tall fine-looking man of the stagers, wearing a shaggy brown hat, from under which he was wiping large tears. He had a little basket open to a hook in the ceiling. He did not bring his eyes down, even when I entered, and stood thunderstruck upon the threshold. I saw a bottle and his large mouth, as if he were going to whistle.

"Good-morning, Sir," I said, as soon as I recovered myself; for my father and I are many regard these men only as the human instruments permitted to bring affliction to us; "will you please to take your mug with you?"

The stranger fixed his eyes steadily upon me, after which he smiled a little to himself.

"John Robins is my name, Miss," said England is my nation. Woodbury is my dwelling-place, and Christ is my salvation."

He spoke in a very deep tone, and his eyes went up again to the bag of marjoram, twinkling as if with great satisfaction; and I pondered over his reply, and felt that it was a comfort to me.

"I'm very glad to hear it," I said, at last, "because we are religious people, and I was afraid you might be different."

"Oh, I'm not that, Miss, if nuisance, miss," he answered; "you make yourselves comfortable, and only bid Marie, here, to draw me my beer together, and I'll not be in your feelings."

"Thank you," I said. "I will not hear what Mr. Robins says. Bring some sheets down to him, and some beer," and Abigail Jane's brothers' chamber was prepared for the dreadful man who clenched fist upon the dresser, with a noise which startled me greatly.

"Miss," he said, "I don't you put yourself about; and if any body else should ever put you out, about any thing, remember John Robins of Woodbury! I'm there for any thing, whether in my line or out of my line! I am."

He was about to add something more, but he paused suddenly, and I saw grief a little more red, as he looked up again to the ceiling. So I left the kitchen.

I have since been helping my father with his books, being very thankful that I was always quick at sums.

Nov. 13. I learned that the settlement was invaded by an army of men, led by John Robins, who insisted upon becoming our pastor.

November 14. I received the history of fifty miles, one half of it by stage-coach. I learned for the first time that my mother's brother, a wealthy tin man, lived in a large house in Woodbury. He does not belong to our people, and he was greatly displeased by my mother's marriage. I also learned that Susannah and Priscilla were not my mother's own daughters. My father had a little forlorn hope that our wealthy kinsman might be induced to help us in our great extremity; so I went forth with his blessings and prayers upon my ground. Brother Robins, who came over to my father's assistance, met me at Woodbury Station, and saw me safely on the coach for my uncle's village. He is much richer than I expected, but he is also very coarse, and flabby-looking. I am surprised that Priscilla should betroth herself to such a driver, but when I saw Abigail Jane's husband, I perceived that he was out of my sight, he was out of my mind, and I was considering what I should say to my uncle.

My uncle's house stands quite alone in the midst of meadows and groves of trees, in which are leafless now, and waved to and fro in the damp and heavy air, like funeral plumes. I trembled greatly as I climbed the broad hackney-coach out of the inn-yard; but almost before

smile which seemed to shed sunshine upon my sad and drooping spirit.

"Yes," I answered, my eyes falling foolishly before his: and I beckoned to him to resume his seat, while I stood leaning against my mother's great arm-chair.

"I have a hard message for you," said Gabriel; "your uncle has dictated this paper, which must be signed by you and your father. He will release Mr. Fielding, and settle one hundred pounds a year upon him, on condition that he will retire to some German Moravian settlement, and that you will accept the former terms."

"I can not," I cried bitterly. "Oh! Sir, ought I to leave my father?"

"I am afraid not," he answered, in a low voice.

"I will," he replied, "and make it sound as gently as I can. You have a friend in me, Miss Eunice."

His voice lingered upon Eunice, as if it were no common name to him, but something rare and pleasing. I never heard it spoken so pleasantly before. After a little while he rose to take his leave.

"Brother," I said, giving him my hand, "farewell."

"I shall see you again, Miss Eunice," he answered.

He saw me again sooner than he supposed, for I kneeled by the next train to Woodbury, and, as I left the dark carriage in which I journeyed, I saw him alight from another part of the train, and at the same instant his eyes fell upon me.

"Where are you going to now, Eunice?" he demanded.

It seemed a pleasanter greeting than if he had called me Miss. I told him I knew my way to the jail, for that I had been not long since to see at the outside of it. I saw the tears stand in his eyes, but, without speaking, he drew my hand through his arm, and I silently, but with a very lightened heart, walked beside him to the great portal of my father's prison.

We entered a square court, with nothing to be seen save the gray winter sky lying, as it were flat, overhead; and there was my father, pacing to and fro, with his arms crossed upon his breast and his head bowed down, as if it would never be raised again. I cried aloud, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him once more until I opened my eyes in a small bare room, and felt my father holding me in his arms, and Gabriel kneeling before me, chafing my hands, and pressing his lips upon them.

Afterward Gabriel and my father conferred together; but before long Brother More arrived, whereupon Gabriel departed. Brother More said, solemnly:

"Thou hast made a will of sheep's clothing, and our Eunice is a tender lamb."

I can not believe that Gabriel is a wolf.

Dec. 11. I have taken a room in a cottage near the jail, the abode of John Robins and his wife, a decent tidy woman. So I can spend every day with my father.

Dec. 13. My father has been in prison a whole fortnight. Brother More went over to see Priscilla last night, and this morning I went to lay before us his plan for my father's release. I am going to meet him at the jail.

What I entered the room, my father and Brother More looked greatly perturbed, and my poor father leaned back in his chair, as if exhausted after a long conflict.

"Speak to her, brother," he said.

Then Brother More told us of a heavenly vision which had appeared to him, directing him to break off his betrothal to Priscilla, and to take me—*me*—for his wife. After which he prayed, and these words shook in his mind, "The dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure."

"Therefore, Eunice," he said, in a solemn voice, "do you and Priscilla see to it, lest you should be found fighting against the Lord."

I was struck dumb as with a great shock, but I heard him add these words:

"I was also instructed in the vision, to set your father free, upon the day that you become my wife."

"But," I said at last, my whole heart recoiling from him, "this would be a wicked wrong to Priscilla. It can not be a vision from Heaven, but a delusion and snare. Marry Priscilla, and set my father free? Surely, surely, it was a lying vision."

"No," he said, fastening his gaze upon me; "I chose Priscilla rashly of my own judgment. Therein I erred; but I have promised her half her dowry as a compensation for my error."

"Indeed," I retorted, "surely I ought to have some direction also, as well as he. Why should only he have a vision?" Then I added that I would go home and see Priscilla, and seek a sign for my own guidance.

December 14. Priscilla was ill in bed when I reached home, and refused to see me. I arose at five o'clock this morning, and stole down into the parlor. As I lighted the lamp, the parlor looked bleak and deserted, and yet the sea, angered about it a ghostly feeling, as if perhaps my mother, and the dead children whom I never saw, had been sitting on the hearth in the night, as we sat in the daytime. Maybe she knew of my distress, and had left some tokens for my comfort and counsel. My Bible lay upon the table, but it was closed; her angel fingers had not opened it upon any verse that might have guided me. There was no mode of seeking direction, save by casting of lots.

I cut three little slips of paper of one length, and exactly similar—*three*, though surely I only needed two. Upon the first I wrote, "To be Brother More's wife," and upon the second, "To be a Single Sister." The third lay upon the desk, blank and white, as if waiting for some name to be written upon it, and suddenly all the chilly cold of the winter morning passed into a sultry heat, until I threw open the casement and let the frosty air breathe upon my face. I said in my own heart I would leave myself a chance, though my conscience smote me for that word "chance." So I laid the three slips of paper between the leaves of my Bible, and sat down opposite to them, afraid of drawing the lot which held the secret of my future life.

There was no mark to guide me in the choice of one slip of paper from another; and I dared not stretch out my hand to draw one of them. For I was bound to abide by the solemn decision. It seemed too horrible to become Brother More's wife; and to me the Sisters' Home, where the Single Sisters dwell, having all things in common, seems dreary and monotonous and somewhat desolate. But if I should draw the blank paper! My heart fluttered; again and again I stretched out my hand, and withdrew it; until at last the oil in the lamp being spent, its light grew dimmer and dimmer, and, fearful of being still longer without guidance, I snatched the middle lot from between the leaves of my Bible. There was only a glimmer of dying light, by which I read the words, "To be Brother More's wife."

That is the last entry in my journal, written three years ago.

When Susannah came down stairs and entered the parlor, she found me sitting before my desk, almost in an attitude of prayer, with that miserable lot in my hand. There was no need to explain it to her; she looked at the other slip of paper, one blank, and the other inscribed, "To be a Single Sister," and she knew I had been casting lots. I remember her carrying over me a fluffy and kissing me with unaccustomed tenderness; and then she returned to her chamber, and I heard her speaking to Priscilla in grave and soft tones. Priscilla was very silly passive; even Priscilla was stoidly resigned. Brother More came over, and Susannah informed him of the irrevocable lot which I had drawn. But besought him to refrain from seeing me that day; and he left me alone to grow somewhat used to the dreadful decision.

Early the next morning I returned to Woodbury; my only consolation being the thought that my dear father would be released, and could live with me in wealth and comfort all the rest of his life. During the journey home I could scarcely left his side, never suffering Brother More to be alone with me; and morning and night John Robins and his wife were summoned to the gate of the jail, and waited for me to return with them to their cottage.

My father was to be set free, only on my wedding-day, and the marriage was hurried on. Many of Priscilla's store of wedding garments were suitable for me. Every hour brought my doom nearer.

One morning, in the gloom and twilight of a November day, I stood upon the threshold of the path. He spoke rapidly and earnestly, but I scarcely knew what he said, and I answered, falteringly:

"I am going to be married to Brother Joshua More on New-Year's day, and he will then release my father."

"Eunice," he cried, standing before me in the narrow path, "you can never marry him. Release me for his wife. After whom I loved. I love you a hundred times better than he does. Love! The rascal does not know what it means."

I answered him not a word. I was ashamed both of myself and him, though I did not believe Gabriel to be a wolf in sheep's clothing.

"Do you love him? Say so, and I am gone."

"No," I whispered.

"I am your uncle's nephew by marriage," he said, "and I have been at much pains to draw down the lot. There is no hope. I must marry him upon New-Year's day."

Then Gabriel persuaded me to tell him the whole story of my trouble. He laughed a little, and bade me be of good comfort; and I could not make him understand how impossible it was that I should contend against the dispensation of the lot.

Always when I was with my father I strove to conceal my misery, talking to him of the happy days we should spend together some time. Likewise I prayed with him, and by my prayers the simple hymns which we had been wont to sing in the peaceful church at school amidst a congregation of humble worshipers. Strengthened by my own heart and my father's by the recollected counsels of my dear lost pastor. Thus my father passed his time, and I think he believed I looked forward with hope to the day that would throw open his prison doors.

Once I went to the cottage, dwelling in Woodbury, and poured out my heart to him—save that I made no mention of Gabriel—and he told me it was often then and afterward that I feared marriage, but that I had a clear leading; he also told me that Brother More was a devout man, and I should soon love and reverence him as my husband.

At length the last day of the year came: a great fog among our people [*fogs*?] was my terror before the following year. Every thing seemed at an end. All hope fled from me, if there ever had been any hope in my heart. I left my father early in the evening, for I could no longer conceal my wretchedness; yet when I was outside the prison walls I found myself unable to say something about it, as if these days, miserable as they had been, were happy to those which were drawing near. Brother More had not been near us all day, but doubtless he was busy in his arrangements to release my father. I was still lingering under the great walls, when a carriage drove up noiselessly—for the ground was sprinkled with soft snow—and Gabriel sprang out, and almost clasped me in his arms.

"My dear Eunice," he said, "you must come with me at once. Our uncle will save you from this hateful marriage."

I do not know what I should have done had not John Robins called out from the driver's seat, "All right, Miss Eunice; remember John Robins."

Upon that I left myself in Gabriel's hands, and he lifted me into the carriage, wrapping warm coverings about me. It seemed to me no other than a happy dream, as we drove noiselessly along rosary roads, with the pale wan light of the young moon falling upon the white country, and now and then shining upon the face of Gabriel, as he leaned forward from time to time to draw the wrappers closer round me.

We might have been three hours on the way, when we turned into a by-road, which presently I recognized as the deep lane wherein I had first met Gabriel. We were going then to my uncle's house. So with a lightened heart I stepped out of the carriage, and entered his doors for the second time.

Gabriel conducted me into the parlor which I had seen before, where a fire blazed in a chair upon the hearth, removing my shawl and bonnet with a pleasant and courteous care; and he was standing opposite to me, regarding me with a smile upon his handsome face, when the door opened and my uncle entered.

"Come nearer to me, Eunice," he said; and I obeyed him wonderingly.

"Child," he continued, stroking my hair back from my face, "I hope you would not come to me of your own will, so I commissioned this young fellow to kidnap you. We are not going to have you marry Joshua More. I can not be left alone in his mysphere. Let him marry Priscilla."

There was such a hearty tone in my uncle's voice, that I could not at first comprehend, though I knew that he could not set aside my lot. So he seated me beside him, while I still looked with wonder-struck face at his face.

"I am going to draw *a lot for you*," he said, with an air of mystery; "in what would my little rose-bud say to her uncle, if she knew that her father was a freed man at this moment?"

I dared not look into his face or into Gabriel's. For I remembered that I myself had sought for a token; and that no earthly power could set aside that, or the heavenly vision also, which Brother More had seen.

"Uncle," I said, shuddering, "I have no voice in this matter. I drew the lot fairly, and I must abide by it. You can not help me."

"We will see," he answered; "it is New-Year's eve, Eunice, and time to end this nonsense. The lot will neither be to become Brother More's wife, nor a Single Sister, I promise you. We shall draw for a blank this time!"

While I yet wondered at these words, I heard a sound of footsteps in the hall, and the door opened, and my beloved father stood upon the threshold, stretching out his arms to me. How he came there I knew not; but I flew to him with a glad cry, and hid my face upon his breast.

"You are welcome, Mr. Fielding," said my uncle; "at Phil's—as I have now agreed that Gabriel's name was Philip—bring Mr. More this way."

I started with fright and wonder, and my father also looked troubled, and drew me nearer to his side. Brother More entered with a cowardly and downcast look, which should never appear a hundred-fold more repulsive in my eyes, as he stood near the door, with his craven face turned toward mine.

"Mr. More," said my uncle, "I believe you are to marry my niece, Eunice Fielding, to-morrow?"

"I did not know she was your niece," he answered, in an abject tone. "I would not have presumed—"

"But the heavenly vision, Mr. More?" interrupted my uncle.

He looked round for a moment, with a spiritless glance, and his eyes sank.

"It was a delusion," he muttered.

"It was a lie!" I cried aloud.

"Mr. More," continued my uncle, "if the heavenly vision be true, it will cost you the sum of five thousand pounds, and one hundred pounds in which you are indebted to me, with sundry sums due to my nephew here. Yet if it be true, you must not break it, of course."

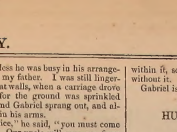
"It was not true," he answered; "the vision was concerning Priscilla, to whom I was betrothed. I was ensnared to change the name to that of Eunice."

"Then go and marry Priscilla," said my uncle, good-humoredly. "Philip, take him away."

But Priscilla would have no more to do with Brother More, and shortly afterward she settled among the Moravians, in the same settlement where I had lived my quiet and peaceful youth. Her store of wedding garments, which had been altered to fit myself, at last fell to Susannah, who was chosen to be the wife of Brother Schmidt, according to her own judgment; and she went out to join him in the West Indies, from whence she writes many happy letters. I, my uncle. Moreover, I never saw him again. My father, and father, who had never met before, formed a close friendship, and my uncle would hear of nothing but that we should dwell together in his large mansion in Salem. I might be as a daughter unto both of them. People say we have left the Church of the Brethren; but I think it is not so. Only, as I had found one evil man within it, so also I found one good man without it.

Gabriel is not one of the Brethren.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



SOME PERSONS ARE MOST PARTICULAR ABOUT THEIR "BACK HAIR."

AMENDED QUOTATIONS.

By a Baker.—Familiar as their names be household bread.

By a Farmer.—Lesson! subaun! lovelist treasure of the plain!

By a Harriet Man, whose better-half is a long time putting her things on:

Hope springs eternal in the husband's breast,
Wives never do, and never can be dressed.

By a Champion of Woman's Rights.—The wish was mother to the bonnet.

Think of the Save-all. A dog lying on the hearth-rug with his nose to his tail is the emblem of Economy. He makes both ends meet.

UNIVERSAL SOLDIERS.—Private Pique and Corporal Punishment.

THE LATEST THING OUT.—The Head Centre.

Not long since, our friend Brown was on a visit to Lockport Mountain, Georgia, and was much struck with the fact that a few jets of water were throwing up above the top of the eminence on which the hotel stands. Wishing to find out the philosophy, he accosted a plain countryman with:

"My friend, is this water forced up by a ram?" meaning, of course, the hydraulic contrivance so named.

"Ram?" exclaimed the countryman.

"Yes, a ram, I say."

"What on airthen, Sir? it's a darned big mule! and it's tremendous hard work for him. Come here, and I will show him to you."

Brown saw the mule, and left.

AMERICAN CLAIMS.

There is a large Tick between England and America. The Alabama.

"A BARBAR'OUS COUNSHIP (*by our own barbarism*).—Why is Mexico all like a chief in the Fenian conspiracy?—Because it is a head centre country.

A lady wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass:

God did at first make man upright; but he—

To which a gentleman added—

Has since made himself crooked as his—

Spooke's wife loves to make bread, because it cleans her hands beautifully.

The Earl of Surrey, afterward eleventh Duke of Norfolk, who was a notorious gourmand and beat drinker, was a leading member of the Red-Cross Club, was so far from cleanly in his person that his servants used to scold themselves of his fits of drunkenness—which were pretty frequent by the-way—for the purposes of washing him. On Gabriel's name was Philip—bring Mr. More this one occasion they actually stripped him as they would a corpse, and performed the needful ablutions. He was equally disgusting in his dress, and of classic Bloom. One day he was complaining to Dudley North at his club that he had become a perfect martyr to rheumatism, and had tried every possible remedy without success, the latter wittily replied, "Pray, my lord, did you ever try a clean shirt?"

OLD SAWS RE-SET.

The pitcher goes often to the well, but the latter has always been known to return the call.

When the cat's away the cook finds it difficult to explain how the cold goose got cooked.

What is sauce for the goose is generally composed of apples.

Never put off till to-morrow any thing that you have no intention of doing until the week after next.

Too many cooks spoil one's temper, but there are a few who can draw things decently.

Love but the brave should be called upon to expose themselves to danger.

Killing two birds with one's tone is an act only to be accomplished by a singer whose organ is a *double*-barred one.

An Irish drummer, who now and then indulged in a noggin of right good potcen, was accosted by his colonel with, "Pat, you rascal, you confess your liquor or out ye go!" "Please your Honor," replied Pat, "I always blush when I spake to your Honor sober."

Why is a Naboh like a beggar?—Because he's an Indigent.

TEMPTING SUBJECT FOR ANIMAL PAINTERS.—A dog trying to bark with the bark off a tree.

"Well, bridget, if I escape you I shall want you to stay at home whenever I shall wish to go out." "Well, ma'am, I have no objection, provided you do the same when I wish to go out."

A MAIDEN SPEECH.—Ask pape.

A QUESTION FOR THE METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.—When rain falls does it ever get up again?

A doctor up town recently gave the following prescription for a lady: "A new bonnet, a seal-skin shawl, and a new pair of gaiter boots." The lady, it is needless to say, immediately recovered.

What sort of dog would be a good one for "Running for a Cup?"—A muggy dog.

Why is a bullet printer like an ardent lover?—Because he "sets up" a great deal, and employs an occasional "embrace."

What is the difference between a spendthrift and a bachelor?—One is hard up and the other soft-hearted.

BEAST BEFAETER.—A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insulting air, "Well, honest fellow, what do you sow?" "Why, Sir," replied the countryman, "I sow my own corn." "Do you so?" replied the other; "then I give you to it, for I am sowing *hemp*."



No more curious or more suggestive Exodus ever took place than the Exodus of Women to Washington Territory under the leadership of Mr. Asa S. Mercer. The scheme proposed by Mr. Mercer is in every way original and praiseworthy. This gentleman, the Moses of this Exodus from New England to the West, is a graduate of Franklin College, Ohio. He went to Washington Territory five years ago for recreation. He found the Territory rich in resources, which it required a vast population fully to develop. The actual population of the Territory was meagre, owing in great part to the small proportion of women.

Mr. Mercer saw that there were nine men in the Territory to one woman. His official position as President of the Washington Territory University — an office to which he was chosen soon after his arrival in the Territory — brought him into direct contact with the people. He saw that the emigrants from the Eastern States had been for the most part respectable young men who sought the more promising opportunities for business which a new and fertile country always offers.

His survey of the social condition of the Territory led Mr. Mercer to come to New England to find women for teachers. This was two years ago. He succeeded in inducing twelve ladies to emigrate for that purpose. This was an experiment, and it proved a success. He found that the ladies were soon married, and there were none to take their places.

Mr. Mercer therefore determined to undertake the transportation of women on a larger scale. He traveled over the North, from Kansas to Maine, in search of intelligent women willing to emigrate, and willing to labor at sewing or teaching. The Government offered him assistance. He chartered a steamer, expecting that the Government would pay the expense. Here he was disappointed, and this caused so great a delay that many of the young ladies (he had induced about 750 to enter upon the expedition) returned to their homes. Some friends advanced the necessary funds, and Mr. Mercer persevered in his undertaking. Although he takes but about four hundred women with him, we wish him success in his undertaking, hoping that this first Exodus may not be the last.

EMIGRATION TO WASHINGTON TERRITORY OF FOUR HUNDR



ON THE STEAMER "CONTINENTAL."—[SKETCHED BY A. B. WAUD.]

THE NEW YEAR.

HARK to the bells, the sweet-voiced bells,
Whose echoes across the solemn night!
Hear what an anthem of delight
With every passing moment swells,
As far and near, with voices clear,
They welcome in the glad New Year!

He comes, his limbs with garlands bound,
And round him, like a halo, now
The dawn of childhood, and his brow
With sacred mistletoe is crowned,
And in his eyes Hope's dawning light
Shines like a star upon the night!

He comes with soft and noiseless tread,
The young, the glad, the sweet New Year;
With gentle step he draweth near
To where the Old Year lieth dead,
And takes from out his lifeless hands
The glass which holds Time's shifting sands.

Disturb him not, the gray Old Year,
But fold his hands across his breast;
So let him lie and take his rest:
Tread lightly now, touch not his bier;
No need is there for him to wee:
Close his pale lids and let him sleep.

Alas! his hands with blood are red,
The mark of Cain is on his brow;
Peace! come away, forgive him now,
The sad Old Year, since he is dead;
Let him alone—he can not hear
The bells that sound so sweet and clear.

But thou, New Year, with greetings free
We hail thy advent—louder swells
The supreme anthem of the bells
With songs of joy we welcome then,
With hearts which glow with hope and cheer
We greet thy coming, glad New Year!

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XCIV.

WHAT FITZ IS AKIN TO.

He found himself in a small outer *salon* opening through wide folding-doors into a large room. A dark figure sitting beside an open window rose slowly at his approach, and a very low soft voice, in reply to his muttered salutation, bade him be seated.

"I trust," he said, "that Miss Rivière will pardon an intrusion which must seem unpardonable till it is explained."

"You are welcome, Sir," she replied. "If only as Mr. Forsyth's relation."

She raised her eyes to his face for the first time, faltered, colored crimson, and, after a moment's hesitation added:

"I think we have met before."

Saxon bowed, profoundly.

"I believe," he said, "that I once had the honor of being useful to you for a few moments."

"You never gave me any opportunity of—of thanking you, Mr. Trefalden," she said, pressing her hands tightly together in her extremity of embarrassment.

"You owe me more thanks at the time, madam, than were merited by so trifling a service," replied Saxon, his self-possession all coming back to him at the sight of her timidity. "I assure you I should have moved heaven and earth to serve you."

"Very strange!"

"But I had so much difficulty to trace you here that I began to fear we should not meet at all."

"Do you come from Angoulême?"

"No; I have just returned you from England."

"Indeed? I—I thought you had, perhaps met Mr. Forsyth in Angoulême, and—"

"My errand would not have brought me to France," replied Saxon, gravely.

"How happy he will be to see you!"

Saxon looked down in silence.

"And—and he will be here in about an hour and a half," added Miss Rivière, with a glance at the pendule on the mantle-shelf.

"This evening?"

"Yes. He returns to Bordeaux to-day, and will lodge to-night at the auberge in the village."

As she said this Miss Rivière, surprised by the undemonstrative way in which Saxon received her information, again lifted her eyes for a moment.

"—I hope there is nothing the matter," she said, anxiously.

Saxon hesitated.

"I can not say that I am the bearer of good news," he replied.

"Oh dear, I am so sorry!"

"I am sorry too," said he; "more sorry than I can tell you."

The compassionate reluctance of his manner seemed to startle her.

"What is the mean?" she said, with evident apprehension.

"I mean that it grieves me to the soul to inflict the pain which my intelligence must give you."

"Must give *me*!" she faltered, looking for an instant quite white and scared. Then, smiling very sadly, she shook her head, and turned her face away. "Ah no," she said; "that is not over!"

"If I could indeed believe, Miss Rivière, that you would be indifferent to the tale I have to tell, my anxiety would be at an end," said Saxon, eagerly. "Will you forgive me if I ask you a very strange question?"

"—I think so."

"Do you love my cousin?"

Miss Rivière turned a shade paler, and said, with some dignity:

"Mr. Forsyth is my best friend in the world—my only friend—and I honor him as he deserves to be honored."

"But if he were *not* your best friend, Miss Rivière? If instead of doing you service he had done you wrong? If that honor which you pay to him were utterly unmerited—what then? Now, forgive me—I do not wish to alarm you; but I am here to-day to tell you terrible truths, and I now only implore you to listen to them patiently."

"I am quite willing to hear what you have to say, Mr. Trefalden," Miss Rivière replied; "but my friend is in your cousin's hands at this moment."

"My own faith in him was not easily shaken," said Saxon. "Like yourself, I believed him to be my friend."

"Of what offense do you accuse him?"

"He has robbed me."

"Robbed you!"

"Yes—of two millions of money."

Miss Rivière looked at him with a sort of incredulous bewilderment.

"Of money?" she faltered. "You say that he has robbed you of money?"

"I trusted him with two millions, and he has robbed me of every farthing," replied the young man, pitilessly direct. "Nor is this all. He has robbed your cousin, Mr. Castletowers, of twenty-five thousand pounds more."

"Mr. Forsyth does not know Lord Castletowers."

"Mr. Forsyth may not know Lord Castletowers, but William Trefalden—William Trefalden, the attorney-at-law—knows him perfectly well."

"William Trefalden—who is he?"

"William Trefalden is Mr. Forsyth—William Trefalden is my cousin—William Trefalden is the man to whom Miss Rivière was about to give her hand to-morrow."

The young girl half rose from her chair, and Saxon could see that she was trembling from head to foot.

"I do not believe it!" she exclaimed. "It is monstrous—incredible!"

"It is true."

"What proof have you?"

"Not much; and yet I think enough to convince you. Do you know my cousin's handwriting?"

"Yes."

Saxon took a card from his purse and laid it before her.

"Do you recognize it?"

"Yes—this is his hand."

"Read it."

The young lady read aloud:—"*Mrs. Rivière, Regent's Park. Ashes to Ashes. Wood.*" What does this mean? We never lived at St. John's Wood."

"Yet that is the address which William Trefalden gave to Prudence Terrace when you removed to Sydenham."

"That is very strange!"

Saxon looked, with a crumpled letter, and laid that also before her.

"Do you recognize his handwriting here as well?"

"Undoubtedly. Am I to read it?"

Saxon hesitated.

"—It is the farewell letter to a poor woman he once loved," he said. "There is nothing in it that you may not read if you wish it."

Miss Rivière read, and returned it in silence.

"You observe the signature?"

"I do."

"You see that you have been imposed upon by a false name, and that others have been imposed upon by a false address?"

"Yes—I see it; but I do not understand—"

"Will you tell me how it was that you could not leave word with your landlady to what seaport place you were going when you left Sydenham?"

Mr. Forsyth did not decide upon Clevedon till we reached Dijon."

"Can you tell me why you have been taken from London to Clevedon, from Clevedon to Bristol, from Bristol to Bordeaux, instead of embarking direct for the States from either Southampton or Liverpool?"

"I do not know; I was not aware that we were pursuing an unusual route."

"But you see it now?"

"I see that we made an unnecessary détour; but I do not know why—"

"Permit me to tell you why. Because this journey was not the journey of an honest man, but the flight of a felon—a flight planned for months beforehand, and planned with no other end in view than to baffle inquiry and defeat pursuit. You leave Brudenell Terrace, and, thanks to the false address given, all trace of you is lost. You leave Sydenham, uncertain of your destination. You spend a few days at an obscure watering-place in the West of England, and then travel in a manner purposely plying at uncertain dates between Bristol and Bordeaux. With what object?—simply that you may take your passage to America by means of a French port instead of sailing direct from London, Southampton, or Liverpool. In order to do this you must have time to baffle inquiry and defeat pursuit. You leave Bruidenell Terrace, and, thanks to the false address given, all trace of you is lost. You leave Sydenham, uncertain of your destination. You spend a few days at an obscure watering-place in the West of England, and then travel in a manner purposely plying at uncertain dates between Bristol and Bordeaux. With what object?—simply that you may take your passage to America by means of a French port instead of sailing direct from London, Southampton, or Liverpool. In order to do this you must have time to baffle inquiry and defeat pursuit. You leave Brud

Presently they heard William Trefalden's voice chatting pleasantly with the housekeeper in the hall, and then his footsteps on the stairs. One side the door he seemed to pause for an instant, then turned the handle and came in. Finding himself in the dark, he deposited something heavy on the floor, and, guided by the narrow line of light between the folding-doors, moved toward the second *salon*. As he did this Mr. Guthrie softly locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Slightly as the sound was, the lawyer heard it.

"What's that?" he said, quickly, and stopped half-way.

He listened, holding his breath the while; then sprang forward, threw the doors open, and passed into the adjoining room.

As he did so Saxon turned on the full light of the table-lamp, and the two men stood suddenly revealed to each other face to face.

"At last—traitor?"

A frightful pallor—that deadly pallor which is born, not of fear but of hatred—spread itself slowly over William Trefalden's countenance, and there remained. No other sign betrayed the tumult within. Haughty as an Indian at the stake, he folded his arms, and met his cousin's eye unflinchingly.

They stood for a second or two, both silent. Then Mr. Guthrie came in from the antechamber, shut the folding-doors, and took his seat at the table. Judge Saxon resumed his former place, and, pointing to a chair standing apart from the rest, said:

"Please to sit there, William Trefalden."

The lawyer, with a sharp glance of recognition at the clergyman, flung himself carelessly into the chair.

"May I ask what this means?" he said, contemptuously. "An amateur Star-chamber?"

"It means justice and retribution," replied Saxon, sternly.

Mr. Trefalden smiled leaned back in his chair, and waited for what should follow next. He knew that all was over. He knew that his fairly gold had turned to withered leaves, and that the phantom of that Eldorado which had vanished away, leaving in its place only the endless desert and the burning sands. He knew that the edifice which he had been rearing for years, after month, with such consummate skill, was shattered to dust—that the din on which he had staked everything—country, personal safety, and his whole worldly future, had turned up a blank at the very moment when he believed the prize his own. He knew that Helen Beaufain would never, never, now be wife of his; would never grace his home and gladden his heart with her smiles; never learn to give him love in return, in all the weary years that were to come! He knew that from this time forth he was a marked man, a branded felon dependent on the mercy of the kinsman whom he had betrayed; and yet, knowing all this, his self-command never wavered, his nerve quailed, his voice never faltered for an instant. He was desperate; but his pride and his courage were at least equal to his despair.

Saxon, sitting at the head of the table with his head leaning on his hand, looked down for some moments in silence.

"I have not much to say to you, William Trefalden," he began presently; "and what little I have to say must be said briefly. I will approach one who could act as you have acted would be idle. If you had my heart to be touched, the power of honor to be awakened, neither you nor I would be sitting here tonight."

Still smiling scornfully, the lawyer listened, apparently with the greatest indifference.

"To begin, then, to plain facts," continued the young man, "you have defrauded me of two millions of money; you have that money in your possession; you are at this moment in my power; and I have but to call in the aid of the village police, and consign you to Bordeaux in the carriage which now waits below for that purpose. Such is your position, and such is mine. But I am unwilling to push matters to extremity. I am unwilling to attach public exposure to the name which you are the first of our family to disgrace. For my uncle's sake and my own, and from respect to the memory of your guardian's notions of honest men, I have decided to offer you a fair alternative."

He paused and referred to a slip of paper lying beside him on the table.

"In the first place," he continued, "I require you to restore to me the money of which you robbed me. In the second place, you must sign a full confession of your guilt, both as regards the two millions stolen from myself and the two-twenty-five thousand pounds of which you have defrauded the Earl of Castletowers. In the third place, you must sign a formal deed whereby you never again be seen on this side the Atlantic. If you agree to these conditions, I consent to screen you from the law, and will give you the sum of one thousand pounds to help you forward honestly in the new life before you."

"And supposing that I decline the conditions," said Mr. Trefalden, calmly. "What then?"

"Then I simply ring this bell, and the boy who just crossed the gates to my villa—I announce to him a couple of *sergents de ville* from the village."

The lawyer only elevated his eyebrows in the least perceptible degree.

"Your decision, if you please."

"My decision?" replied Mr. Trefalden, with as much apparent indifference as if the subject under consideration were the binding of a book or the framing of a picture. "Well—it appears to me that I am allowed no freedom of choice."

"Am I to understand that you accept my conditions?"

"I suppose so."

"Where, then, is the money?"

"In the adjoining room. You have but to take possession of it."

Mr. Guthrie rose, fetched the carpet-bag, and placed it on the table.

"Your keys, if you please."

William Trefalden produced three small keys on a ring, and handed them to the clergyman.

"You will find the memoranda carefully executed," he said, looking on with unruffled composure while the bag, the deed box, and the cash box were successively opened, "the contents of the last were then turned out upon the table, and Mr. Guthrie, with a view to ascertaining whether the whole sum was contained there represented, proceeded to examine each item separately. But he found, after a very few minutes, that the attempt was fruitless. The notes and specie offered no difficulties, but of notes and specie there was, comparatively, but a small proportion, while the bulk of the bag consisted of securities of the value of which he could form no opinion, and precious stones which it would have needed a lapidary's knowledge to appraise.

"I confess," he said, "that I am wholly unequal to the task of verifying this money. It needs a better eye than my own to detect a false gem."

"Then it must go unverified," said Saxon, taking up roulcaux and papers as they came, and throwing them back again, pell-mell, into the box. "I am no man of business myself, and I can not prolong this painful investigation beyond last night. You must trust my honesty, sir."

"If you will tell me what you wish said, I will draw it up for you," said Mr. Guthrie.

Saxon dictated, and the lawyer wrote, and the clergyman's pen ran swiftly over the paper. When it all was written, he read the declaration aloud:

"I, William Trefalden, of Chancery Lane, London, attorney-at-law, do acknowledge and confess to having embezzled the sum of two millions sterling from my cousin, Saxon Trefalden, of Switzerland, with intent to defraud him of the same; and I do further confess that, having by this with the belief that I had invested it for his use and advantage in the shares of a certain supposititious Company, which I myself had called into existence, but was wholly invented and imagined by myself to serve my own fraudulent ends. I also confess to having forged the names of persons in such foreign and other securities as I conceived would turn to my own future profit, and to having forged the Queen's Exchequer seal to the property thus abstracted, intending to escape therewith to the United States of America, at appropriate opportunity, with the said property.

"I likewise confess to having, two years since, received the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds from my client, Gerome Beaufain, Esq., of the Earl of Castletowers, which sum it was my duty to have straightway paid over into the hands of Oliver Beaufain, Esq., of Beaufain Hall, Surrey, for the liquidation of a mortgage debt contracted by Lord Castletowers some four years previously, which, however, Oliver Beaufain refused to accept, and which I, the said William Trefalden, still retain, and have concealed in the United States of America, with the intent to appropriate the same to my own use, continuing to pay only the interest thereof, as heretofore, in the name of my client.

"And I allege that this confession, both as regards the offense committed by me against my cousin, Saxon Trefalden, of Switzerland, and as regards the offense committed by me against my client, Gerome Beaufain, Esq., is in all respects substantially and absolutely true, as witness my signature, given in presence of the undermentioned witnesses, this twenty-second day of September, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and sixty."

Mr. Guthrie, having read the statement through, passed it across the table. William Trefalden, still leaning back carelessly in his chair, affected to smile at the formality of the thing, while the clergyman had rounded his sentences, but, as the reading proceeded, frowned, and beat his impatiently upon the polished floor.

Saxon pushed the inkstand toward him.

"Your signature," he said.

The lawyer took up a pen—dipped it in the ink—hesitated—and then, with a sudden movement of disdain, flung it back upon the table.

"You have your money," he said, impatiently. "What more can you want?"

"I require your signature to your guilt."

"I can not—will not sign it. Take your money, in God's name, and let me go!"

Saxon rose, pale and implacable; his hand upon the bell.

"The alternative lies before you," he said. "Sign, or I give the signal."

William Trefalden cast a hasty glance about the room, as if looking for some weapon whereby to slake the hatred that suffered in his eyes; then, muttering a fierce oath between his teeth, snatched up the pen, and, as it were, dug his name into the paper.

"There, curse you!" he said, savagely. "Are you satisfied?"

Mr. Guthrie affixed his own signature as witness to the confession, and Saxon did the same.

"Yes," the young man replied, "I am satisfied. It only remains for me to fulfill my share of the compact."

And he selected Bank of England notes to the value of one thousand pounds.

The lawyer deliberately tore them into as many fragments.

"I could die a dozen deaths," he said, "sooner than owe a crust to your bounty."

"As you please. At all events, you are now free."

Hereupon Mr. Guthrie rose, took the key from his pocket, and unlocked the outer door. The lawyer followed him. On the threshold he turned:

"Saxon Trefalden," he said, in a low, deep, concentrated tone, "if ever man hated man, I hate you. I hated you before I ever beheld you, and I have hated you with a tenfold hatred from the hour when we first met face to face. Remember that. Remember that my deadly curse will be upon you and about you all the days of your life—upon your children, and upon your children's children—upon your marriage-bed, and your death-bed, and your grave. There is no sorrow, no disease, no shame, that I do not pray may embitter your life, and blast your name in this world—no extremity of despair and anguish which I hope may not fall to your portion in the next. Take this for my farewell."

There was something frightful in the absence of all passion and fury, in the cold, calm, deliberate emphasis with which William Trefalden uttered this parting malediction; and Saxon heard it with a face of solemn pity and wonder, and looked at him steadily from the first word to the last.

"May God forgive you as I do!" he then said, solemnly. "And may He in the infinite mercy forgive you and pity you, and soften your heart, and not visit these curses upon your own unhappy head!"

But William Trefalden was already gone, and heard no word of his cousin's pardon.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHAT a merry time every body had preparing for Christmas, notwithstanding the gloom and the economizing associates combined to prevent! First came the rain, pouring steadily all day, and the ladies stood at the windows shaking their heads at the dismal prospect, but sallied by dauntless water-proofs and rubber boots and courageously facing the storm. Then came the snow, softly but thickly, making a disagreeable "slush" on every crossing. But who cared for that when Christmas gifts were beginning every where to flutter? Boxes were sent forth all the afternoon, and boldly did they hasten. But it was of no use—every body fashioned so much of their own gifts, and spent so much dull gayety to the wind. So, finally, the elements yielded, and there came a bright sunny morning, and "all the world and his wife" were out in their best attire. What mattered it to them if the skies were overcast below? Above, the sun did not cease to be duly, wasn't there plenty of gaiety in every shop? and wasn't confusing display of pretty things? and complaisant clerks ready to go down, cheerfully? And over and over the vision of sundry pairs of bright, eager, expectant eyes set home a constant pleasure? Every body was genial; every body was accommodating; every body was ready to do any thing to help the little shivering boy who held out his hand. Nobody was grumpy, nobody was cross, nobody had to have spent all my money," with a shake of the head and some new attraction.

And so, at night, Christmas Day—with song and genius, with gifts and gladness—came and went.

Now, standing on the threshold of 1866, we find farewell to the old year, and welcome to the new. Its white mantle has been rescued, though at such a fearful price—and torn in hopeful gaps and rents, and rendering our vocabulary so to all, that not only the old apology of enjoyment may flow more freely, and pour a purer stream than ever before, but that new sources of happiness may open with the New Year.

We presume that very few ladies will be "*out at home*" on New Year's Day, if they can help it—and we, therefore, taken from a recent Boston paper, probably presume the etiquette considered suitable for ordinary occasions—is broken:

"Not at home" may mean not in the house, or not at home to visitors, or to the outside world understood, but not expressed. I fear there is no *polite* alternative; for certainly, when I inquire for a friend, if my footman should come back word, 'Mrs. Jones-le-te engaged,'" I should consider it equivalent to "Not at Home."

The phrase "Not at home" is designedly *ambiguous*, to say the least. In many circles of society it is positively false, because many friends "not at home" are desirous to give the "exact direct" to a caller, and saying she "is engaged" (if she is) will accomplish that object, we don't know of any better phrase to use. But if we think there is a "polite alternative." In the first place, it would be well to consider whether the custom of such a hateful enough to be substituted to receive a friend in it, until they dressed for the day, called need not be kept waiting on ordinary occasions, nor should we say, "engaged" or "not at home." And aside from dressing (which we fancy is often the origin of "not at home"), a lady is seldom so engaged that she might not be induced to go to the parlor, cordially greet her visitors, and, if needful, state frankly at once that she is busy, and that she has promised to meet a friend at that hour—that her preserves are over the fire, and require more than servants' attention—or whatever it may be. If the lady is necessarily exiles, and this is done gracefully and cordially, no one of good sense will be offended, and will know that the busy lady who thus adds a very inconvenient kind of false pride. Of course if illness or extraordinary circumstances call a message to that effect will, or should, be accepted as all-sufficient.

When "parlor-exhibits" settle the bill for the Christmas dinner we hope our readers will be sorry if the old item of 1719 could return, when in Scotland "fourteen ogs" were sold for "ane shilling Scotts" (equal to about one penny of our currency), and when at a wedding-dinner, "one goose at eight shilling Scotts; duck and drake, with pease and bacon, four shillings Scotts; apple-tarts, prins and buns, at four shillings," and so on; prices, however, were settled in 1719. Later, in 1743, "strong old claret was sold at fourteen shillings the dozen," and for "smaller and cheaper wines, sherry cost fourteen shillings a dozen, and brandy twelve. Eggs sold at a penny a dozen, hens at fourpence each, and ducks at sixpence each. Chickens fetched sixpence a leg of beef for six shillings, and "a side of mutton" for five. Alas! those days are past!

One York is bad enough, but seldom is there any record of any deed in *this city* so storm as the following:

"A fellow has been arrested in Boston for robbing a hen-roost of a dozen chickens."

A Virginia paper gives the following curious account of a family wedding-cast:

"Many years since an old German citizen of Pendleton County, when about to lead his fair 'frow' to the hymeneal altars, purposed a wedding-cake, in which he was married. His wife presented him with many children, among whom were eight sons, all of whom were married in the same cast in which their father married their mother. The youngest of the eight sons had seven sons, all of whom were married in the same wedding-cast; and after the youngest son of the seven, or the youngest grandson of the original owner of the cast, had let his blushing bride to the altar of Hymen, the venerable grandfather of the wedding-cast he sold it for the sum of $50. What has become of the cast since it was sold we have not been advised, but suppose that some one is keeping it for the purpose of getting married in it."

The Jewish Talmud holds this opinion in regard to woman:

"A good wife is Heaven's noblest gift. A prudent never allows herself to be disturbed from her work; even while conversing, she is busily spinning. An old, experienced woman in a household is an ornament to a family. He who lives in an unmarried state knows no joys, none of the blessings of home, and is without support. God has given to woman more ability of judging correctly than a man."

The English papers are fond of publishing all the "disturbing accidents" and "awful deaths" by railroads that they can collect. Evidently they have no liking for that article of "cattle" dress. We do not hear of frequent accidents in America from that cause, consequently it must be that English ladies are not so skilled in the management of that part of their attire as our fair ladies are. One of the freight papers states that a strange accident recently occurred at a public hall, resulting from some awkwardness on the part of a gentleman. The dress became entangled by the crinoline of his partner, and, failing, broke out of his hoop, the latter falling over him in her turn, fell upon and broke his other leg.

A country couple recently went to be married at Stockport. The woman, although in possession of the marriage service superfluous, for when the clergyman asked him "Will you have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" he immediately answered, "I be come to purpose."

One of the London magazines, in an article on "*Big Hotels*," thus alludes to those in our own vicinity:

"The Prince House, the Astor House, the Metropolitan, and the St. Nicholas, the Fifth Avenue, the Hoffman, and the Mount Vernon Hotel in New Jersey, have shown, for the last twelve years, the most extraordinary financial, Brobdingnagian success—as to eight hundred bedrooms one hundred and twenty thousand servants' rations—a hundred that will wash four thousand articles in a day (a shirt washed, ironed, and returned in fifteen hours)—besides the beef of a thousand oxen cooked and served up in a day—the telegraphs to every quarter—the railroad omnibuses, and other carriages, to convey visitors to and from the hotel; as well as the gas, the water, and the cuisine in front of the several ranges of ovens; but one could waste time by merely pottering about the forest of gas and water pipes; a bridal-chamber so gorgeously furnished that Aladdin and his genii would be delighted with it; and all these things the American have long been accustomed to."

Much consulting has been caused in India by an English girl of fourteen years of age having been sold to the Chief of Bhurtpore, in the Kattyar territory, for the benefit of his harem. She is said to be seventy years old, and to have been for fifty years in the service of the family. Her parents were poor and desolate, and the sum of 3000 rupees was the tempting bait which was to make them dispose of their child to the Indian Sultan. A deputy magistrate tried to interpose between the unnatural parents and the brutal purchaser, but in vain. A court, however, was drawn up, by which it was stipulated that, in the event of her being at any time banished from that blessed abode of virtue, the Rajah, she is to receive 1000 rupees as the natural life the handsome allowance of 350 rupees per annum, or 3500 rupees per annum.

At present more head-dresses are worn in Paris than any other description; by these are meant such things as are more of small cords, which are attached to a comb, and then formed across the forehead, or sometimes even all round the head; occasionally a scalloping of these small cords, provided with beads, is seen. Also, a little band of long rinaltes are prepared with a comb in the same manner, and fastened at the back of the head; the false plaits and twists are arranged behind the comb, and fastened round the head to form headcase. As all fashions are but fleeting, few ladies are to submit to have their front hair cut so as to be able to wear the short frizzed curls so much in vogue; consequently, with few exceptions, every one submits to the above-described preparedand mounted on either combs or ribbon bandeles.

The following description of a few of the new styles may interest our lady readers:

THE DIANA HEAD-DRESS.—The hair is entwined as a French twist, and arranged across the forehead; small rosettes made of hair are combed at intervals over the crown. Small curls are worn round the face, and gold arrow-shaped pins are placed at intervals round the back of the coronet and between the bands of hair. The back curls is arranged in thick plaits, looped up with a gold comb, and a wide feather at the side, arranged to fall low on the shoulder.

THE EMPIRE HEAD-DRESS consists of a coronet of short curls set round the forehead, and a small comb placed in the centre by a band of velvet, with interlaced lines of either gold or silver thread, fastened with a small arrow-pin with silver foliage at the side. Curls pinned across the back of the head, and fastened at the top with a gold and enamel comb.

There is another style, rather more simple, in which the hair is turned back from the forehead over a small frizzette, and kept in its place with a gold and red comb, which is carried twice round the head, and then tied at the sides in graceful bows. The hair is arranged at the back with a thick plait.

How do our readers like this style of dress for "a child who is up at a baby?" A white silk skirt, with a short white silk bodice; a *muslin pelisse*; a scarf, likewise in white silk, fastened with a bow on the shoulder, crossing the front, and tied on the side's white kid gloves embroidered by hand in chain-stitch and pearls; a white leaver hat with white velvet, and a white feather behind at the side. That child is the daughter of a fashionable Parisian, and is cited as one of the most tastefully-dressed children in Paris.

Among the patents lately taken out in France are the following:

A hygienic alphabet in gingerbread; a method of making head-dresses, caps, and pocket-handkerchiefs in paper; a mechanical fan, opening and shutting instantaneously with a movement for cutting and opening of a system of pelote, reproducing minutely the relief required; an apparatus for making dead people hear; and ten patents for stopping railway trains.

The intended betrothal of Princess Helena to Prince Christian, of Augustenburg, is announced. It is understood that the marriage will be one of "action," and that as the Prince has neither country nor subjects to claim his attention, the Royal couple will permanently reside in England.

The French medical schools attract many ladies to study medicine. A lady, Mlle Rengger, a native of Algiers, having passed her examination, and obtained the diploma of Bachelier of Letters, applied to the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, of Montpelier, to be allowed to study medicine in that university, but was refused. She then appealed to the Minister of Public Instruction, and he proposed the following compromise: That she should be permitted to study medicine on condition that, when qualified to practice, she should confine her labors to the Arab women of Algiers, who have a great objection to male physicians. This was declined by Mlle Rengger.


MISSISSIPPI
MAP OF
MISSISSIPPI
SCALE OF MILES
LONGITUDE WEST FROM GREENWICH
LONGITUDE WEST FROM WASHINGTON
TENNESSEE
ALABAMA
ARKANSAS
LOUISIANA
MARSHALL
TIPPAH
TISHAMINGO
DE SOTO
PANOLA
LAFAYETTE
PONTOTOC
ITAWAMBA
COAHOMA
YALLABUSHA
CALHOUN
CHICKASAW
MONROE
TALLAHATCHIE
BUSHA
BOLIVAR
CARROLL
OKTIBBE
CHOCTAW
WASHINGTON
HOLMES
WINSTON
ATTALA
NOXUBEE
ISSAQUENA
YAZOO
LEAKE
NESHOBA
KEMPER
SCOTT
NEWTON
JACKSON
RANKIN
SMITH
JASPER
CLARKE
SIMPSON
COPIAH
JEFFERSON
COVINGTON
JONES
WAYNE
FRANKLIN
LAWRENCE
MARION
PERRY
GREENE
HARRISON
JACKSON
LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN
GULF OF MEXICO
MEMPHIS
HOLLY SPRINGS
OXFORD
JACKSON
VICKSBURG
NATCHEZ
MERIDIAN
COLUMBUS
AMERICUS
MOBILE
PASCAGOULA
NEW ORLEANS
TUSCUMBIA
FLORENCE
GAINESVILLE
DEMOPOLIS
LINDEN
STEVENSON
MOBILE R.
TOMBIGBEE R.
RED RIVER LANDING
YAZOO R.
PEARL R.
PASCAGOULA R.

MISSISSIPPI.

In the present situation of the country the material condition of the Southern States is of primary importance. We give on page 12 a MAP OF THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI, surrounded by an emblematic representation of that State. In the centre of the latter is the STATE ARMS, with the eagle and the sun rising over the waters. Above is an armed figure of Minerva, bearing the liberty cap on the spear in her right hand. On the left we behold De Soto, the Governor of Cuba, and probably the first white man who ever saw the River Mississippi, in converse with an Indian chief, while his mailed followers are grouped behind. To the right is a sketch illustrating the great agricultural interest of the State—field laborers bringing in their baskets of cotton to the huge cotton-press which rises in the back-ground.

Mississippi lies between 31° 10′ and 35° north latitude and between 88° 9′ and 91° 40′ west longitude from Greenwich; mean annual temperature varies from 60° to 70° Fahr.; area, 47,146 square miles, of which, in 1860, 6,605,750 acres were in improved farms, and 10,773,927 unimproved farms, valued together at $190,750,367; and the value of farm implements and machinery was $8,826,512. The surface has a general slope in the direction south and southwest. The portion of the State bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, and extending for 100 miles inland, is a sandy country, with but few slight elevations, originally covered with pines. The region north of the Yazoo River, and between it and the Mississippi, is a large tract of alluvial land, of great fertility, subject at times to inundation. The other portion of the State is a slightly elevated table-land, rarely broken into hills of moderate elevation, some of which terminate at the Mississippi, what are termed bluffs. The principal rivers of note are the Pascagoula and Pearl, flowing into the Mississippi Sound; and the Big Black and Yazoo, running into the Mississippi River, which flows along the entire western border of the State. The surface is well drained by many smaller streams, of which the above-mentioned rivers are the recipient of their waters. It has a coast-line of about 70 miles; a series of low sandy islands, off about ten miles, extend the entire line, the most noted of which are Ship, Horn, and Cat islands, between which and the shore lies the body of water called Mississippi Sound. The population of the State in 1860 was 791,305, of which 353,901 were whites, 773 free colored, and 436,631 were slaves. The following table shows the white, free colored, slave, and aggregate population of each county; and also the number of bales of cotton, of 400 pounds each, produced:

COUNTIES.	Whites.	Free Colored.	Slaves. Black.	Slaves. Mulattoes.	Aggregate.	Ginned Cotton Bales of 400 lbs. each.
Adams	5,646	225	13,831	411	20,185	20,758
Amite	4,471	9	7,264	276	12,288	11,420
Attala	7,164	19	6,242	470	14,101	14,957
Bolivar	1,595	1	9,654	424	16,471	33,463
Calhoun	3,651	1	1,561	223	5,436	8,146
Carroll	8,314	13	13,416	1,392	23,035	48,580
Chickasaw	5,911	1	8,116	949	15,077	20,484
Choctaw	11,535	1	5,673	524	18,733	13,558
Claiborne	3,389	44	14,765	978	19,076	28,178
Clark	5,092	3	4,567	509	10,771	9,106
Coahoma	1,921	1	4,761	323	6,996	13,575
Copiah	7,438	1	7,576	290	15,398	24,461
Covington	2,646	1	1,344	219	4,468	5,503
De Soto	9,349	11	12,570	1,408	23,328	40,111
Franklin	3,479	15	8,499	443	8,936	13,560
Greene	1,586	1	630	75	2,292	146
Hancock	2,951	1	766	97	3,139	
Harrison	3,751	53	675	340	4,819	4,676
Hinds	8,840	39	30,401	1,960	31,239	54,855
Holmes	8,909	10	11,237	738	17,701	43,940
Issaquena	687	1	6,901	337	7,851	14,170
Itawamba	14,155	11	2,979	309	17,665	12,376
Jackson	2,955	89	987	100	4,132	
Jasper	6,453	5	4,189	352	11,007	10,132
Jefferson	3,918	26	11,605	701	16,540	30,313
Jones	2,916	1	372	34	3,323	655
Kemper	6,936	8	8,365	378	11,683	15,464
Lafayette	8,689	1	6,506	623	16,173	19,293
Lauderdale	8,214	1	4,502	132	12,918	11,700
Lawrence	5,513	8	3,467	223	9,219	6,393
Leake	6,227	2	7,548	610	14,387	13,761
Lowndes	8,891	4	18,833	894	23,018	51,234
Madison	6,966	4	18,434	1,464	26,868	52,337
Marion	2,500	1	1,077	114	4,692	2,379
Marshall	11,376	1	18,947	1,777	32,823	48,349
Monroe	8,945	9	13,084	645	21,283	40,368
Monhoba	6,131	1	1,362	341	8,343	9,019
Newton	6,779	3	5,011	368	9,661	8,005
Noxubee	5,171	1	14,403	1,003	20,567	39,004
Oktibbeha	5,328	18	7,009	630	12,977	19,953
Panola	6,377	1	7,675	911	14,964	24,311
Perry	1,833	10	654	84	2,996	266
Pike	6,174	96	4,004	471	11,135	8,833
Pontotoc	14,513	4	6,879	697	22,113	24,252
Rankin	6,340	2	8,713	530	15,635	18,156
Scott	5,189	1	2,757	292	8,129	7,197
Simpson	3,744	18	2,109	139	6,008	4,074
Smith	5,425	8	1,886	310	7,629	3,509
Sunflower	1,102	1	3,203	201	4,507	
Tallahatchi'	2,835	1	4,439	683	7,959	15,894
Tippah	14,036	3	5,421	719	20,259	23,577
Tishomingo	10,159	9	4,414	567	14,149	11,477
Tunica	863	1	3,118	161	4,143	8,256
Warren	6,889	31	16,025	3,512	26,456	50,518
Washington	1,619	1	12,021	1,440	15,079	
Wayne	1,744	1	1,927	75	3,691	2,743
Wilkinson	8,779	20	15,447	845	25,091	39,165
Winston	5,582	5	3,792	436	9,811	7,936
Yalobusha	7,418	6	8,595	838	16,893	24,766
Yazoo	5,657	1	16,199	1,234	23,373	49,075
Total	353,901	773	436,631	36,619	791,905	1,202,502

* No returns.

Mississippi produces the largest amount of cotton of any other of the States of the Union; in 1860 it amounted to 1,202,507 bales of ginned cotton, of 400 pounds each. The grain crops of 1860 consisted of—wheat, 587,925 bushels produced; rye, 39,474; Indian corn, 29,057,082; oats, 221,255; barley, 1875; buckwheat, 1699; and rice, 809,982 pounds; and there were produced of peas and beans 1,954,666 bushels; Irish potatoes, 414,320; sweet potatoes, 4,563,878; tobacco, 159,141 pounds; wool, 665,559; and there were made, at the same period, 7262 gallons of wine; butter, 2,606,610 pounds; cheese, 4427; sugar, 500 hogsheads, of 1000 pounds each; 10,016 gallons of molasses, and 1427 of sorghum molasses. Home-made manufactures were valued at $1,382,144. The live-stock in 1860 consisted of 117,571 horses, 110,723 asses and mules, 209,966 milch cows, 165,608 working oxen, and other cattle 416,660; sheep, 352,632; and swine, 1,032,788—valued, in the aggregate, at $41,821,892. Value of animals slaughtered, $7,809,150.

Manufactures.—There were, in 1860, 976 establishments of industry, with a capital invested in real and personal estate in the business of $4,384,942; the value of raw material consumed was valued at $3,146,636; hands employed, 4572 males, and 203 females, producing articles valued at $6,200,687.

The internal improvements consist of several extensive lines of railroads, which, in 1860, amounted in the aggregate to 872 miles, the cost of construction of which amounted to $24,020,000.

There is no uniform common-school system in this State; each township has a school fund arising from the lease of lands granted for common-school purposes by Congress, one sixteenth section having been so donated. The school sections in some townships are worth many thousand dollars, and in others only a few hundreds. In all the larger towns public schools have been established, and there are many flourishing high-schools.

RESIDENCE OF EX-GOVERNOR WISE, OF VIRGINIA.

We publish on page 4 a view of the residence of HENRY A. WISE, Ex-Governor of Virginia—the same property which has been so long and prominently held before the public, and which is still retained by the Federal Government, in spite of every effort to effect its reinstatement to its former owner, and to obtain a pardon for him.

This splendid property is situated about eight miles from Norfolk, on the road to Princess Anne Court House, and contains some 1400 acres, 700 of which were cleared and cultivated, and the remainder in timber, at the outbreak of the war; but a very large quantity of the latter has been cut down during the war, and the wood cut up for the use of the Federal Government, at the saw-mills erected by Governor WISE himself. The property is now in a very poor and dilapidated condition. There are forty or fifty shanties scattered over its large surface, occupied by 220 negroes—men, women, and children—who find what precarious employment they can in the farms surrounding it.

The residence itself—the rambling old building to the right of the sketch—has nothing particular to distinguish it from many others of the kind scattered over the surface of this portion of Virginia. It has evidently been painted and altered at various times, producing in its internal arrangements all those inconvenient ups and downs so common to old-fashioned houses when joined on to modern additions. The oldest and most interesting part is that to the extreme right, represented with its steep mansard-roof and dormer-windows—a feature extremely common among all the old residences of Norfolk and its neighborhood. In this building are still to be seen an old sofa and arm-chair of the Governor—the only portion of his furniture left, excepting an antediluvian bedstead up stairs.

The out-building shown at the extreme left of the picture, and which was formerly the carriage-house, is now used as a free schoolhouse for colored people. It was first devoted to this purpose in 1863, by the American Missionary Association, and at present gives daily and evening instructions to 150 colored people of all ages and sexes, from four years of age up to 65. Of these there are 120 children and 30 adults. The teachers assert that the children learn very rapidly, and that even the adults, with rare exceptions, show aptitude also. The report, so lately current, that one of JOHN BROWN'S daughters is teaching here was a mere fabrication. Mr. B. G. BRYAN has charge of the school, assisted by three ladies—MISS S. E. GILLESPIE, MISS E. A. LEAVITT, and MISS LIZZIE GILMORE. MR. D. D. OGDEN is the general overseer of this property and some eight or nine others in this neighborhood, at present in the hands of the Government, but to be immediately restored to their owners, who have all received their pardons.



LADIES' MORNING COSTUME FOR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX.



LADIES' EVENING COSTUME FOR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX.



CHARLIE DECKER—THE SMALLEST MAN LIVING. (Photographed by *N. Brown & Son*, St. Louis, Mo.)

THE SMALLEST MAN LIVING.

We give above a portrait of MR. CHARLES DECKER, the smallest man living. CHARLES DECKER, or CHARLIE (as he is more familiarly called), was born in Mississippi. He moved to Memphis at the age of ten years, where he has been employed by MR. ED. WORSHAM in the profitable and useful occupation of selling *Harper's Weekly* and other periodicals for eight years. He is now eighteen years old and only thirty-six inches in height, and is well known in Memphis for his smartness and intelligence.

BOMBARDMENT OF CAPE HAYTIEN BY THE "BULLDOG."

We give on page 5 an illustration of the conflict between the British steamer *Bulldog* and the forts and gun-boats at Cape Haytien. The *Bulldog*, carrying six guns and commanded by Captain CHARLES WARE, lay off this port, which is on the north side of the island. The Captain got into a dispute with the negro chief SALNAVE, the head of the insurrectionary force at Cape Haytien, and on the 23d of October, had a regular battle with the forts and flotilla of gun-boats in the harbor; the result being that, after silencing the forts and sinking two of the enemy's vessels, the *Bulldog* successfully ran aground, and was burned and abandoned by Captain WARE to prevent her becoming their property. Three of the British were killed and seven wounded.

The origin of the dispute was as follows: MR. DEPUTY, the British Consul at Cape Haytien, had taken to his house a few Haytien refugees whom SALNAVE had desired MR. DEPUTY to give up. This MR. DEPUTY refused to do, whereupon his house was entered by force, and the poor fellows under his protection were taken out and shot by SALNAVE on the seashore. The followers of SALNAVE then commenced to wreak their vengeance on the Consul's house; they smashed his furniture, took every thing they could lay their hands on, pulled down the English flag, stamped and spat upon it. MR. DEPUTY immediately went on board the *Bulldog* (which was lying off the Cape at the time), and laid the question before the Captain, who went at once and asked SALNAVE what he meant. The reply was a most insulting and vulgar insolence. Captain then returned on board and wrote him a letter, demanding full and ample satisfaction in twenty-four hours. Next morning the *Bulldog* was seen steaming into the harbor, and, on passing Fort Picoli, was fired into. The *Bulldog* at once answered this fire with a broadside, dismantled all the guns on that fort, steamed further in, smashed up another small fort, and sent a shell into the arsenal, blowing it up.

In the course of the conflict the *Bulldog* sank one of SALNAVE's vessels, the *Volcano*. The negroes on this ill-fated vessel would have been saved but for the noble exertions of Captain W. M. WARNER, who sent a boat to rescue them. They were tied and wounded in the water, and at the same time cruelly fired upon by the *Bulldog*. This gallant officer, Captain WARNER, also sent boats on shore to bring off the foreign consuls, and kept on having made no distinction in her firing upon the town.

The *Bulldog*, after having fought for upward of ten hours, got on shore on one of the numerous reefs about Cape Haytien. Immediately she ceased fire, set her own guns on board, and brought all their batteries to bear upon her. The captain fought to the last moment of gunpowder; and, having finished, he thought it necessary to set fire to and abandon his vessel. The officers and crew went to Jamaica in the Crown-screw-steamer. The British steamers *Galatea* and *Lily* afterward destroyed SALNAVE's batteries.

The last days of Ex-President Martin Van Buren were made comfortable by the use of Dr. HOSTETTER'S Celebrated Stomach Bitters. Letters in our possession from his physician and from MR. Van Buren himself, express much gratification with the results of its use.

Extracts from the "Life of Washington Irving," by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, Vol. IV., page 222:

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COMPOSED OF

IODIDE POTASSIUM,

WITH THE COMPOUND CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT OF VALUABLE MEDICINAL ROOTS AND HERBS.

PREPARED BY

WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D.,

Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, formerly Assistant Physician in the Blackwell's Island Hospitals, late Medical Inspector of the New York State Volunteer Depots, under Governor Edwin D. Morgan.

AND

Constitution Life Syrup

HAS PRODUCED A REVOLUTION IN MEDICINE.

What may seem almost incredible in that many diseases hitherto considered hopelessly incurable are frequently cured in a few days or weeks; and we cheerfully invite the investigations of the liberal minded and scientific to ours which have no parallel at the present day.

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Some say, "Your cures are too quick," while others doubt their permanency, and think that diseases can only be cured by the "slow, recuperative process of Nature."

This is our reply: In health the body, like a well-balanced scale, is in a state of Equilibrium. But when, from any cause, disease on one side of the scale, we have the effects of disease. What is requisite is to restore the normal balance of power.

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Is a positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, and for all (hereditary) Diseases transmitted from PARENT TO CHILD.

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SCROFULA.

STROMA, KING'S EVIL, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, ERYSIPELAS, ULCERATION, SALT RHEUM.

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Purges the system entirely from all the evil effects of MERCURY—restores the Appetite, and Breath, and gives the Joints and Rheumatic Pains which the use of Calomel is sure to induce. The most virulent Spongy Gums, and sources of Pain are Speedily at rest.

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Eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the Skin.

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And all other affections of this kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

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Are liable to the same diseases. Nature and Science have made the CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP for the benefit of all.

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Produces healthy tissues, and if the constitution is neglected in youth, disease and early death is the result. Do not delay when the means are so near at hand, and within the reach of all.

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IS THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND, AND THE RICH MAN'S BLESSING.

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Popular songs, marches, quicksteps, polkas, schottisches, waltzes, jigs, reels, quadrilles, collotions, with calls and figures, &c., for

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Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other soap-making lye in the market. Put up in cans of 1 pound, 2 pounds, 3 pounds, 6 pounds, and 12 pounds, with directions in English and German for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make 15 gallons of Soft Soap in 3 minutes. Consumers will find this the cheapest potash in market.

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It contains no material injurious to the skin.

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Originally patented May 15, 1861: Improvement patented June 5, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CHANGING ATTACHMENT, a most wonderful and elegantly constructed Novelty, is now ready to supersede, once the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and works *horizontal*, *vertical*, and *diagonal* stitches with equal facility. Makes the SUNNIEST-STITCH MORE perfect and regular than by hand, and with unparalleled rapidity, and is the greatest success in each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, TUCK, HEM, HEMSTITCH, RUFFLE, QUILT, EMBROIDER, &c., &c. Warranted not to get out of order in 3 years. It has taken the premium at STATE, COUNTY, and INSTITUTE fairs in all of the principal journals and of those who have used it. For the dressmaker it is invaluable; for the home-hold it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book*.

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$1500 PER YEAR! We want agents every where to sell our IMPROVED $50 Sewing Machines. Three new kinds. Under and over feed. Above agency or large commissions paid. The only machines sold in the United States for less than $40 which *are fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, and Singer & Co.* Address *Wheeler, Wilson & Co.*, Boston or nearest office *in the Commonwealth. Circulars free.* Address or call upon the nearest office: Boston, 277 Washington St.; New York, 707 Broadway, New York; No. 203 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.; No. 181 West Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.; No. 75 Public Square, Cleveland, Ohio; or No. 8 Spalding's Exchange, Buffalo, New York.

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BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS

FOR THE CURE OF

Consumption, Decline, Asthma, Bronchitis, Wasting of Flesh, Night Sweats, Spitting of Blood, Whooping Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Cough, Croup, Influenza, Phthisic, Pain in the Side, and all Diseases of the Lungs.

DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM is offered for a better reason, it contains no opium, calomel, or poisonous drug, and can be safely taken by the most delicate child.

DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM gives the most strikes at the root of the disease at once. The most distressing cough is frequently relieved by a single dose, and a cure is sure to follow a few days' use. The afflicted do not have to take bottle after bottle before they find relief. One bottle will effect a cure.

This is no RECKLESS PREPARATION, but one which, if used in time, will save the lives of thousands. It has effected cures in communities where the intelligent physician is unknown, and where the ignorant and afflicted plead, and have pleaded their own cases, and in which cases it has been pronounced INCURABLE, and SURRENDERED AS HOPELESS. Many a mother, sister, and friend will remember a single ray to enliven them in their gloom, have been cured by HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and the "CYCLOPS OF CONSUMPTION" arrests no vigorous and strong victim. The most valuable testimony in favor of this remedy is that of those who have used it.

Be pointed out in every community where the most unjustifiable remedy has been tested. Full directions will be found in pamphlets around each bottle.

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FOND MOTHER. "Now, JOSEPH, why *don't* you carry our poor darling? You see how tired he is!"

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick return.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks.
Bonds, and Gold, will receive our PERSONAL attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

Take no more Unpleasant and Unsafe Remedies

For unpleasant and dangerous disease. Use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU and IMPROVED ROSE WASH.

Calenberg & Vaupel's
AGRAFFE-PIANOS,
101 Bleecker Street, Second Block West of Broadway.
Warranted for Six Years.

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POLLAK & SON, Meerschaum Manufacturers, 638 Broadway, cor. 4th St., N. Y., wholesale and retail at reduced rates. Pipes and Holders to order and repaired. All our goods warranted genuine. Send stamp for Circular. Pipes $6 to $25 each.

Enfeebled and Delicate Constitutions,
Of both sexes, we HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. It will give brisk and energetic feelings, and enable you to sleep well.



THE
VEST POCKET
PISTOL,
WEIGHING ONLY 21 OUNCES;
USING METALLIC CARTRIDGE,
SIZE NO. 1.
MANUFACTURED BY
E. REMINGTON & SONS, ILION, N. Y.
, Sold by Gun-Dealers and the Trade generally.

A Really and Conclusive Test
Of the properties of HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU will be a comparison with those set forth in the United States Dispensatory.

TO CURE
Diseases of the STOMACH and KIDNEYS, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, GOUT, GRAVEL, and disorders arising from excesses, use
Smolander's Extract Buchu.
Price ONE DOLLAR. Agents for the South and West, D. BARNES & CO., New York, and BARNES, WARD & CO., New Orleans. BERLEDGE & ROGERS, Boston, Mass., General Agents.

Clergymen, Teachers, The Press,
Unite in saying that the new Juvenile Magazine,

Our Young Folks

Is the best Magazine for the Young ever published in America. It is filled with attractive illustrations, and its articles in prose and poetry, are by the best writers for children in the country.

It is sold at the low price of two dollars a year. Each number contains sixty-four pages, beautifully printed. A liberal discount to clubs. Send 10 cents for a specimen copy and circular to the Publishers, FICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.

TAKE YOUR OWN MEASURE, AND SEND YOUR ORDER TO
E. A. BROOKS, Agt.
Importer and Manufacturer of
BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,
575 Broadway, New York.

Directions for Measuring the Foot.

First. Place the foot upon a piece of paper and trace the outline of same with a pencil, which will give the length and spread of the foot, as shown in figure A.
Second. Make the following measurements, as shown in figure B, viz:
1st. The ball of foot.
2d. " Low instep.
3d. " High instep.
4th. " Heel.
5th. " Ankle.
6th. " Calf.

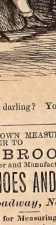


Fig A.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Edwin A. Brooks, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT BUCHU
IS THE GREAT DIURETIC
Helmbold's Concentrated Extract Sarsaparilla
IS THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
Both are prepared according to the rules of Pharmacy and Chemistry, and are the most active that can be made.

Holloway's Pills are the only Medicine for invigorating a debilitated Constitution. Persons of nervous habit, suffering from impaired digestive organs and bilious affections, should give these remedies an impartial trial. Coughs, colds, and asthma are speedily relieved and radically cured by a steady course of these medicaments. Sold every where.

For Great Sale of
FRENCH JEWELRY
(PURE GOLD)
See Advertisement of
BOSANQUET, GIRAUD & CO.
On Inside Page.

CATALOGUE of LANGENHEIM'S
Magic Lantern Pictures and Apparatus. Address
W. LANGENHEIM, Philadelphia.



WHISKERS and MUSTACHES forced to grow upon the smoothest face in from three to five weeks by using Dr. SEVIGNE'S RESTAURATIVE DEVILLAIRE, the most wonderful discovery in modern science, acting upon the Beard and Hair in a manner entirely unknown to the most miraculous manner. It has been used by the elite of Paris and London with the most flattering success. Names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and postpaid, $1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials sent free. Address BERGER, SHULTZ & CO., CHEMISTS, Post-Office Drawer 31, Troy, N. Y. Sole Agents for the United States.



BEAUTY.—Address Golden, Flaxen, and Silken Curls produced by the use of PROF. DE BREES'S FRISER LE CHEVEUX. One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets or heavy massive curls. Has been used by the fashionables of Paris and London with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair. Price by mail, sealed and postpaid, $1. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address BERGER, SHULTZ & CO., CHEMISTS, P. O. Drawer 31, TROY, N. Y., Sole Agents for the United States.

UNION ADAMS,
HOSIER, GLOVER,
AND
SHIRT MAKER,
No. 637 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

"American Union Company."
Manufacturers of the NEW ORGAN-TONED PIANO, Equal, if not SUPERIOR, to any. Warranted in every particular. WAREROOMS and "AGENCY," 467 BROOME ST.

"For non-retention or incontinence of urine, irritation, inflammation, or ulceration of the bladder or kidneys, diseases of the prostrate glands, stone in the bladder, calculus, gravel or brick-dust deposit, and all diseases of the bladder, kidneys, or dropsical swellings,
Use Helmbold's Fluid Extract Buchu.

MUSICAL BOXES.
See Advertisement on Page 15.

DEAFNESS
And Discharges from the Ear Radically Cured
By the use of the recently-discovered Vegetable Extract
OTITINE.
Price $1 50 a bottle. For sale by all Druggists. WEEKS & POTTER, Druggists, No. 170 Washington St., Wholesale Agents.

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BURKE,
409 Broadway (nd. Lord & Taylor's) and 154 Fulton St.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
Gives health and vigor to the frame and bloom to the pallid cheek. Debility is accompanied by many alarming symptoms, and, if no treatment is submitted to, consumption, insanity, or epileptic fits ensue.

IVORY and PEARL
Sleeve-Buttons, $1, $2, and $3 a pair. Ivory and Pearl Jewelry, $3, $4, $5, and $6 a set. Ivory and Pearl Dress-Buckles, $1 50 to $5 each. Scarf-Pins, $1 to $10 each. Collar-Buttons, 25 cents each. Wholesale and Retail.
WM. M. WELLING,
IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER, 371 Broadway.

PATENT REVERSIBLE
PAPER COLLAR
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 472.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



EDWIN FORREST MOORE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 18.]

EDWIN F. BOOTH.

EDWIN FORREST BOOTH, the most celebrated of living American actors, was born in Hartford County, near Baltimore, Maryland, in November, 1836. He was named after FORREST, now his only rival on the American stage. His father, JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH, a native of England, though a man of very eccentric character, achieved a very high distinction as a tragic actor. This elder BOOTH had three sons, all of whom followed more or less zealously their father's profession. Of the three EDWIN alone can be worthily deemed the elder BOOTH'S successor in histrionic art.

EDWIN BOOTH made his first appearance upon the stage when he was only sixteen years old, as Tressel in "Richard III," at the Baltimore Museum. This was sixteen years ago. His father was still living. Indeed, the first appearance of the young actor in Philadelphia, a year later, as WILford, in "The Iron Chest," was for the benefit of his father. On the 4th of March, 1857, he made his *début* in NEW YORK at the Metropolitan Theatre in the character of Richard III.

More nearly allied to his father than his brothers were in person, he also inherited more of his personal characteristics and temperament. His face has, in a large measure, the same antique type which belonged to his father. It may be fairly said that in external advantages no living actor can compete with EDWIN BOOTH. It is more than possible that his striking resemblance to his father has done the young actor great injury. It led his audience to treat him with a too kind indulgence, taking him up as a pet from the first. Under these circumstances it appears to us wonderful that MR. BOOTH has made his profession so careful a study as he has done, and that he has not more and greater errors.

MR. BOOTH'S impersonations of character are eminently judicious. His facts and eye are his great organs of expression, as were his father's. But he has also a rich and powerful voice. As Sir Edward Mortimer he is very successful, especially in the last scene. His Richard is original; his Richelieu is probably the most carefully studied and elaborately finished of all his impersonations. It is in Hamlet, however, that his genius is most apparent. Macbeth is not so well fitted to his peculiar temperament. There is not enough of *fire* and *force* in the character to suit him. Lady Macbeth monopolizing that element herself. Still we scarcely ever witnessed a more powerful combination of the stage than that presented in the play of "Macbeth," with BOOTH as Macbeth and MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN as Lady Macbeth on the occasion of a benefit to the Sanitary Commission at the Academy of Music in the winter of 1863.

About three years since MR. BOOTH lost his wife, who was much beloved and admired, and whose death was a severe affliction to her husband.

MR. BOOTH appears before the public at this time in one which elicits our most cordial sympathy. Within the past year he has suffered with us all in a common grief, but he has also had, in connection with the very occasion of that grief, a private sorrow which ought to be sacred to us all.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1866.

☞ *Subscribers who wish to bind the Ninth Volume of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *ending with No. 418, may obtain gratuitously from the principal News Agents a* TITLE-PAGE AND TABLE OF CONTENTS.

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"INSIDE."

IN the next Number of the *Weekly* we shall begin the publication of a very remarkable original novel called "INSIDE." It is a picture of the interior life of the South during the Rebellion, drawn by one who was born in that part of the country, and who has always lived there, with the exception of temporary visits elsewhere, and who was "inside" of the Rebellion from beginning to end. The author has been always a conservative Union man, and his story, begun with the Rebellion and written as it progressed, was of a character which imperiled his life had it been discovered, so that his wife carried it to church on Sunday and revealed about her person; while, when sorely pressed, the author buried the MS. in the ground to escape detection.

Yet the work is written in no partisan spirit, but with striking impartiality. Its descriptions of the various shades of character and conviction involved in the Rebellion are acute and masterly. The methods by which ignorance, superstition, prejudice, and every passion, were made subservient to Secession by the rebel leaders are vividly exposed, and the whole machinery of the Rebellion is laid bare. The terrorism which necessarily underlies a society built upon Slavery is almost involuntarily revealed on every page, not by any argument or appeal, but by the graphic narration of the ordinary course of life.

The dramatic power of the work, both of perception and execution, are very striking. The fidelity of its details is thrilling, and the interest consequently absorbing. We are not likely to have a more comprehensive and incisive interior view of the great struggle, and of those aspects which are most characteristic, than that given by "INSIDE." And it is a work of such sincerity, earnestness, knowledge, and unquestionable truthfulness, that every member of Congress and every man in the country may study in it the real condition of the South, and reason more intelligibly upon the pressing problems of the time.

We invite our readers to verify or condemn our judgment by the perusal of the work.

THE SITUATION.

THAT General WADE HAMPTON was received with all the honors by the Legislature of Alabama, and responded to their acclamations by eulogizing the noble and heroic effort of the people of that State to destroy the United States Government for the express purpose of perpetuating and extending human slavery, is not a surprising event. It is in strict accord with the other demonstrations in the lately insurgent States, which have not been directly coerced by the National Government. It is akin to the election of General HUMPHREYS over the Union candidate, ex-Governor of Mississippi, and the defeat of the representative Unionist, MR. HOLDEN, as Governor of North Carolina; and illustrates what no well-informed person denies, that proved fidelity to the rebellion is the present ground of popularity and public confidence at the South.

Such things we say are not amazing. They are natural. They were to be expected. It is foolish to ask men to change their opinions because they have been overpowered, or to love the hand which smites and subdues them. How foolish it is to ask it may be seen not only from the study of human nature in general, but of Southern human nature in particular. The whole history of the relations between the North and Northern cities, and of the "society" which "sympathizes with the South;" the action and debates of the Conventions in the Southern States; the elections; the reluctant assent to the most imperative national requirements; the reports which come through every source—military, naval, political, social, private, and official—from the late rebel section, all confirm the truth of the statement that the condition of the South is just what was to be expected, logical, and decisive.

Some of the States have accepted the emancipation amendment, have repudiated their rebel debt, have revoked their acts of secession, and have made a certain form of equality in the courts, simply because they could not help themselves. Or are we mistaken? Have South Carolina and Mississippi passed the amendment heartily and freely? Is the fraternal intercourse of the great churches beginning again? Is trade rapidly reviving? Is immigration pouring unrestrictedly into the South? Is there an evident determination to make the best of it?

We hope there may be, but will any candid man say that there is any proof of it? General GRANT reports that leading men told him that the decision of battle was accepted as final; that the Union adds that the free men of color men who "thought it practicable to withdraw the military from the South at present." The reasons are obvious.

Now we do not care to be told again that this condition of the public mind at the South is natural and to be expected. We grant it freely; but it by no means ends the whole truth. What is said much more remains to be said before you have accurately defined the situation. If the mass of the voting population in the Northern States be naturally and inevitably hostile to the Government, is it not essential to be very cautious and sagacious about intrusting them with a share in the control of the Government? If it be admitted that now the Union is to prosper while some of the States are unrepresented, it is not at all difficult to say how the Government is to act in hostile hands. There are difficulties and dangers in every policy proposed. If it be true that confidence begets confidence, it is no less true that party spirit is a secret of the country, and spread by bestronger than patriotism, and that experience has kept a dear school for the United States. The work we have to do can not be done in a moment. It ever will be subject to make haste slowly, we ought to do so now.

We do not anticipate any general armed resistance in the disaffected part of the country. We do not believe that any attempt will be made to restore exactly the system of slavery which has been abolished. And unquestionably as a free press and free discussion gradually penetrate the South, and immigration turns thither, and the passions of trade are revived, the herding waves will be slowly stilled and there will be peace.

But our practical question is how to hasten the operation of all these influences? The radically disturbing element at the South is the overthrow of its industrial system, which was the basis of its political system and the spring of all its political heroism. Its industrial population is a very large proportion of the whole. Colonization, exportation, and all other dainty devices of drainage are out of the question. The colored population will remain upon its native soil. It is impossible that it should very long remain peaceably as a purely parish class. Even the Raleigh *Progress*, which makes opposition to equal suffrage the test of Unionism in North Carolina, confesses that it is sure to come. And is it not clear that until it does come there will not be that condition in the Southern States which will give the pacifying influences fair play? For as long as a large class of the population is subject to unfair laws there will be no temptation to immigration or trade, and free speech will be constantly threatened. So long, consequently, there will be no harmony or peace.

No man who really understands the character of our Government, and accepts from conviction the principles upon which it is founded, as they are impressively stated by President JOHNSON in his Message, can believe that there will be any permanent pacification of the country until this fundamental point of political equality is settled. The question, then, is vital and paramount. Reasoning from evidence and human nature, have we any right to suppose that the present voting population will, without further suggestion from the National Government than other voters, the people of the Southern States—take, within this generation, the necessary steps to settle the question of political rights in such a manner as to promise speedy peace and prosperity? Or, to put it in the other way, will the true welfare of the country be more endangered by the immediate admission of the Congressmen-elect, seeing and knowing what we do—or by requiring, as a precedent condition, in addition to the amendment to which their assent has already been required by the Constitution, for the purpose of preventing its rightful intent, a further amendment apportioning representation to the number of voters?

There is no occasion for heat and fury in the discussion of the question. All loyal men have but one great object in view, and that is the permanent restoration of harmonious Constitutional union. And it is very foolish for those who differ upon the question of method to denounce each other as reprobates or malcontents.

THE VOTE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

We have had occasion sometimes to speak of the rats of the City Hall, which gnaw away the legacies of widows and orphans, which prey upon the property of all citizens who think they have a right to live, and how long since destroyed the honorable name of the city of New York. The taxes of this city are of fabulous enormity; the municipal management is another name for the worst corruption; its foul condition at this moment invites the cholera, which is hastening greedily hither; and were the experiment of Spain and Portugal to be decided by its votes, voting in this city it would be called a failure by every candid mind.

Indeed it is hard to say whether it would not have come to a Vigilance Committee, if it had not been for the sagacious and timely help of the State. The Metropolitan Police and the new Metropolitan Fire Department—of the Commissioners of which we have a word to say elsewhere in this paper present an illustration, have been of incalculable service to this city of the Government which they were here most resisted upon their introduction, and that worthy patriot, FERNANDO WOOD, who mourned in the opening war that he could not send arms to the rebels without also sending citizens, undertook to resist the law removing his police, but was fortunately not sustained in his rebellion, and yielded.

The politics of the State are a contest between the city and country. The question during the war always was, how large a city majority could the National Government mass the country overcome? The vote of the rest of the State, in 1862, elected General WADSWORTH Governor by some thirty thousand, that of the city by HORATIO SEYMOUR by about forty thousand. The city of New York, in February, 1861, would doubtless have adopted the Montgomery Constitution by a large majority. In October, 1863, it gave more than thirty thousand majority for the Chicago shamo and surrender policy. Beyond question it would have supported as warmly a proposition to allow the rebel States to resume their relations to the Union without a single condition, and out of its 129,000 voters some 10,000 only could be induced to vote for a candidate for Mayor pledged against the Ring, or conspiracy for municipal swindling.

In view of the proverbial corruption and misgovernment of the city of its tremendous preponderance at the ballot-box to the party which has so long held the municipal control, and which as a party virtually palliated the rebellion and embarrassed the Government in its effort to suppress it, and considering the undoubted fact that the security of order and property here, that is, is due to the power of the State and not to the unrestricted authority of the city, it becomes extremely interesting to analyze the composition of the vote of the city. That has the American party ever conspicuously failed in an American city?

The means of this analysis are furnished in the State census of the year 1865, by which it appears that the *naturalized* voters of New York city outnumber the NATIVE voters by 26,000. A number which, by a singular coincidence, is almost exactly that of the Democratic majority of this city in our last State election. The whole number of NATIVE voters in the city is 51,500, and that of the *naturalized* voters 77,475. Whilst of the 338,426 voters of the State, 239,833 are naturalized.

These facts are very striking and significant. Unquestionably the 128,000 votes of the city represent in the mass the least intelligent voters in the country; and it is agreeable to know that the results of the elections in New York city are due to the ignorance of those who have had little chance to know the spirit of our institutions or the true policy of our Government, and not to the intelligent choice of native and educated citizens. The figures explain also the freedom with which money is voted away and the civic partiality for allowances to the *Institutions of the Roman Church* over all others. The Census is a happy proof that the utterly misgoverned municipality of New York is not a representative American city.

DECLARATORY RESOLUTIONS.

THERE are certain good gentlemen in Congress who are fond of whipping out declaratory resolutions as a highwayman pops out a pistol, with "your opinion or your life." The performance is usually worse than unedifying; and especially during a discussion which should be so peculiarly calm, earnest, and deliberate as that upon which Congress is about entering declaratory resolutions are impertinent and mischievous. They are an attempt to coerce or forestall conclusions which can only be legitimately expressed after thoughtful consideration. They are devices of impatience and are very deceptive, except when they have the solemnity and force of great Legislative acts, and then they are meant to be maintained by all means and at all hazards.

But what they are the very point at issue they are merely absurd. A man may hold many abstract opinions which he does not propose at any particular time and under existing circumstances to embody in laws. If he be compelled to express those opinions, he is, on the one hand, exposed to a charge of inconsistency, or worse, if he does not subsequently vote upon a special proposition in accordance with his abstract views; and, on the other hand, by his regard for apparent consistency, he may be coerced into a vote which he does not fully approve.

Congress is a body of practical legislators met for deliberation upon the best methods of achieving certain results. It is not an arena for the assertion of doctrines of political philosophy. Every wise legislator, indeed, will hold certain fixed and absolute general principles, and the best application of them in legislation is the very point of his deliberation. He may honestly believe, for instance, that every body of sound mind and of a certain age should vote, and he may with equal honesty vote against a specific proposition for securing that result. To compel him, without explanation and qualification, to say yes or no to a declaratory resolution upon the subject, is to embarrass him needlessly, and imperil the very cause which the mover of the resolution may have at heart.

Upon the main question of RECONSTRUCTION the country needs no snap judgment, but the most mature and sagacious action.

HISTORY OF THE GOLD PREMIUM.

FOUR years have elapsed since the Banks of the United States suspended specie payments, by an intercourse upon the fluctuations which have taken place in gold during that period.

The suspension took place on the last night of the year 1861, eight months after the commencement of the war. For five months the fluctuations in gold were merely nominal, the highest point touched being 105. Wall Street speculators, seduced by the heavy interest account on sales of gold on long credits, options, were willing to supply merchants with any quantity of specie, deliverable within sixty days, at a fraction below the cash price. People generally were in a state of war fever, and, guided by the experience of 1857, were slow to believe in a great depreciation of the currency. Not till the end of the Congress authorizing an issue of irredeemable paper-money became a law on 25th February, 1862, it was not till the June following that the premium on specie marked 109, on the 30th of which month, July, the utter defeat of M'CLELLAN'S expedition against Richmond could no longer be concealed, and in the general discouragement caused by the news gold rose to 120. From this point it reacted in August to 112. In the first week of September came the sad intelligence of the second battle of Bull Run and the rout of POPE, which caused the premium again to advance to 120; subsequently, on news of LEE'S invasion of Maryland, it rose to 124; but fell back on his defeat by the Virginia, after the battle of Antietam, to 116. Then came news that BRAGG was chasing BUELL through Kentucky to the Ohio River, and gold rose early in October to 130, the highest point yet reached. It reached to 122 on the retreat of the rebels. But the upward tendency had now been established, and speculation began to accelerate the movement. In December of 1862 BURNSIDE fought his un-

lucky battle at Fredericksburg, and gold jumped suddenly to 160.

Hundreds of persons were now interested in the rise of gold. At Washington leading members of both political parties, department officials, newspaper correspondents, bankers, members of Congress, lobby agents, were all speculating for the rise, and with such daring and capital that nothing short of military successes of a decisive character could have defeated them. The public temper, from having been, in January, 1862, almost unanimous against an advance in gold, was now, in December, 1862, about as unanimous on the other side. The premium had been kept down below 105 by the force of public opinion in the first two months of 1862, in spite of prodigal issues of paper-money; in the first two months of 1863 that same public opinion, without the aid of material disasters, forced up the premium to 173. SHERMAN'S unsuccessful assault upon Vicksburg was the only important event of the period, and that was less material than several successes which occurred almost simultaneously. The climax of the speculation was reached in February. In four months gold had risen from 122 per cent. to 173 per cent.—51 points. It may have been too low in October, but such an advance was too rapid to hold. The immediate occasion of the collapse was the passage of the first gold bill through Congress—a ridiculous measure, forbidding loans of over par on gold. Had the market been in a different condition the act would have put up, instead of putting down the price. Inflated as it was, it only required an excuse to give way; this measure sufficed. Even before the end of February, 1863, gold sold at 152.

From that point the decline was steady—with occasional reactions—till August, in which month it sold down to 122. This was the net defeat of LEE at Gettysburg, the capture of Vicksburg, and the capture of Fort Wagner at Charleston. When the news of the capture of gallant achievement was received in Wall Street it was confidently assumed that Charleston was "as good as taken," and that at last the rebellion had been received its death-blow. During this period of six months, from 15th February to 15th August, the old Bulls in gold had generally been ruined, and the Bears had reaped a splendid harvest.

In August well-informed persons, who knew that the war was not over, that the rebels were still full of fight, and that the Government stood in great need of money, became large buyers of gold and exchange, and the premium again began to advance, until by Nov. Year, it had risen to 150. The operations were fair that, in the absence of decisive military events, the premium would remain at about that figure, when it unfortunately occurred to Secretary CHASE and to Mr. SECRETARY STEVENS that it might be depressed by legislation. On the first suggestion of interference with the rates in relation to premium advanced to 160, and then, in April, 1864, to 172, whereby one became uneasy. If to buy gold were pronounced a crime the holding of gold would next be declared criminal: the French Government, during the Revolution, had punishes with confiscation and imprisonment persons who hoarded specie if our Government pursued its present policy a similar measure was not improbable. In the dread inspired by these apprehensions large numbers of persons purchased gold and shipped it abroad, creating a scarcity of the precious metals, and running the price to advance. Undismayed by these indications Congress pursued its policy, and the famous gold bill was passed, the effect of which was to cause specie to advance to 281 in July, 1864.

The military prospect at the time was not unfavorable. SHERMAN was pushing "on to Richmond;" SHERMAN, with the finest army in the world, was preparing for his march through the cotton States; all the indications were in favor of a change of the Government and the ruin of the rebels. Yet so wide-spread was the alarm created by the interference of Government with the trade in bullion that gold rose 20 per cent. a day for several days in succession, and would have gone on rising indefinitely but for the repeal of the "Gold Act." This evidence of a reform so sound principle checked the advance. But it was not so easy to repair the damage done. The lowest price made for gold in August, 1864, was 251—forty points above the highest price current before Congress began to legislate on the subject. In the first week of September SHERMAN took Atlanta, and the news, gold fell to 216. From this point it rose again. In November considerable uneasiness was felt respecting SHERMAN, GRANT's operations did not yield results which the masses could appreciate; the volume of paper-money was excessive, and there seemed to be no limit to the issues, present and future; and gold once more touched 260.

This was the last great upward surge. From the fall of Savannah at Christmas 1864, which depressed the price to 211, all went well with the Union cause. Congress, taught by experience, killed a new gold bill in a summary manner, and quite peaceably refused to authorize new issues of paper. Under the influence of this policy gold was only about 200 when Richmond fell. The event caused a decline of 52 points; and when, a few days afterward, the whole Confederacy collapsed like a balloon, the Generals surrendered, and the Ringleader was caught, a further decline of 20 points, bringing the price down to 130, followed.

From that point it has remained as high as 149. For several months the premium has fluctuated between 143 and 148, seldom rising above the latter or falling below the former figure. Heavy sales of surplus gold by the Sub-Treasurer at New York have put down the premium, and occasional inquiry for gold for duties has put it up. But its range has been a narrow one.

It is not MR. M'CULLOCH's plan, as we understand it, to attempt any violent interference with the gold market. He will sell all the surplus gold he can spare at the market-price—no more. He will continue to exact gold for duties—no more. He will, of course, oppose legislation on the subject of dealings in gold. And while he will resist all further expansion of the currency, he will from time to time, as the market suits, depopulate paper issues with a view to the withdrawal of the currency received in exchange. The effect of these measures will be gradually to depress the price of gold as compared with currency. How powerful a combination to hold over how many years the process may extend—how old we shall be when the last legal tender passes out of circulation—these are problems which depend, for their solution, on causes beyond the control even of Secretaries of the Treasury, and respecting which it would be futile even to hazard a conjecture.

THE LABOR QUESTION AT THE SOUTH.

LAST August General SLOCUM, then commanding in Mississippi, countermanded Provisional Governor SHARKEY's order for the enlistment of the State militia, and gave excellent and conclusive reasons for his conduct. The General's action was not sustained, and the consequences which he predicted are taking place. The following statement, which comes to us in a letter from Rodney, Mississippi, dated on the 2d of December, is confirmed by a distinguished General who was long in service in the Southern States, and who remarks:

"The militia of this county have retired every gun and pistol found in the hands of the so called freedmen of color, and have left the negroes to the mercy of the vagrant laws of Mississippi do not recognize the negro as having any right to carry arms. They commenced selling arms in town, and now the plantations are ransacked for dead hours of night by Captain WILCOX and company. The Union troops have left Natchez, and the negroes there shal nearer than Fayette; and of course the ex-rebel militia are having full sway, although they give Fayette a wide berth in their operations, not wishing to come in contact with the Provost-Marshal. Several of the guns seized have been sold to darkeys, and others given to them have applied to the Provost-Marshal in Fayette: he has refused to issue them, and is now discharging nearly one troops with him. The colored people intend holding a meeting to petition the Governor-Bureau to reestablish their courts in the State of Mississippi, as the civil laws of this State do not, and will not protect, but indeed have infringed on, their rights."

IN TEXAS, General GREGORY recently arrested an ex-slaveholder for chasing a freedman with dogs. Throughout the disaffected section the blacks are treated with the utmost insolence, and they are persecuted without mercy, especially if they have worn the uniform of the United States. The Texas Legislature, which would like to exasperate the blacks into insurrection, that there might be a good excuse for their extermination. Meanwhile, it is indisputable that the people of Texas have become as orderly as patient and loyal as it was during the war. They are willing to work, and wish to remain upon their native soil. But the experience of the Free States has taught them that it is not upon which, after emancipation, retards and perplexes a proper adjustment of the new relations is always the masters. The Legislature of Texas is composed of honorable conduct, that refused to accept the radical change, and their determination either to retain their old domination under another name, or to withdraw and make freedom seem worse for the laborers than slavery, is the cardinal difficulty of the situation.

That this is to be so in our Southern States is plain, and it is equally plain that nothing but has freed the slaves, is to consider in what way it can best secure that freedom. The *Evening Post* urges the immediate settlement in fee of freedmen of portions of the public lands, believing that, when the planting class discovers that labor is disappearing, wages will rise and the treatment of laborers improve. There are no sanguine that, if a beginning could be made, in Virginia, for instance, of transporting freedmen to Florida, under the auspices of those whom they have learned to trust, even if it be a thousand or two should go, the result would be similar; and the landowners, finding that the laborers were not absolutely dependent upon them, would gradually come to reason.

Such suggestions deserve thoughtful attention; and the importance of the question, and the necessity of the most judicious action, which can be based only upon accurate knowledge, show how indispensable is the continuance of the Freedmen's Bureau in active and ably controlled by General HOWARD. It is also of extreme importance that it should be managed by those who are really and not merely officially interested in the subject.

JURY QUALIFICATIONS.

SENATOR DOOLITTLE, of Wisconsin, has introduced an excellent bill abolishing in the United States courts the disqualification of jurors based upon their knowledge and impression of the circumstances attending the commission of crime. In cases of great and particular publicity, when it is especially necessary that the most intelligent jury shall be empaneled, the most intelligent men are obviously more or less familiar with the public accounts of the transaction, but not by no means necessarily prejudiced. The press has taught us all to distrust the press, and no intelligent man now forms an absolute and final opinion merely upon the current reports of news.

The old law, as MR. DOOLITTLE remarks, called men to a jury because they knew all about the transaction. But latterly such men have been entirely excluded. Yet in a case of paramount importance, like that of JEFFERSON DAVIS, where the facts are necessarily familiar to every man, and an opinion has been formed by every man so far as he has considered the facts and what he supposes to be the law, there is no shutting of the mind to any fair statement or strong argument, and the case would be as justly tried by a juryman who had read and talked upon the subject for the last four years as by a denizen of the planet Jupiter newly come down. The question in the case would be not whether DAVIS had waged war against the United States, but how he would not deny, but whether he were justified in doing it.

Or to take a somewhat different case—that of QUANTRELL. However strongly a man may feel upon the subject of the Lawrence atrocities, he would yet be capable of perceiving a palliation or justification, if such could be produced. And while the exclusion operates against the honest man it is powerless against the dishonest. A person who had vowed revenge against QUANTRELL would often swear that he had no opinion of his guilt, in order to get upon the jury and hang him.

The proposition of MR. DOOLITTLE applies, of course, to the case of DAVIS. It is very clear that a jury cannot be empaneled for his trial if it is to be composed of those who have really formed or expressed no opinion upon the subject. We are indeed inclined to believe that the trial will take place, but for other reasons. The President says that persons charged with treason should be tried, that the truth "may be clearly established and affirmed that treason is a crime." But how if the jury should not agree or should acquit JEFFERSON DAVIS, for instance?—would the truth not be, in the unlucky case, "clearly established and confirmed" that secession is a right?

There seems to us to be more sense in MR. DOOLITTLE's bill than, under the circumstances, there would be in the trial it contemplates.

WHAT "JOE FRY" THINKS.

"JOE FRY" takes us pleasantly to task for our "Saturday Sermon" of some few weeks since. He asks:

"Now, sir, what have we you going to accomplish 'the general election of society?' If the working man, whose whole energies are devoted to hard bodily labor for ten hours per day, is to be compelled to waste his time in the process you propose to do it. Does a severe and constant labor of the body unfit the mind and be mental exercise? Does it tend to refine the heart, to teach us charity toward our fellow men, to give views of our relation as citizens? Now, Sir, I have worked twelve, eighteen, and sometimes twenty-four hours for a day's work. I confess that I have had time to be selfish, and would gladly spend hours to me. Not because I am lazy and don't like to work. I am willing to work, and am willing to spend my time within me—the soul which animates and inspires the body—and that alone, flesh and blood that I call my body—that it is my duty to elevate and refine and not keep pure and unsullied. Now I was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth, I was sent to work, and work hard, just as long as I am able. But if I can have two more hours per day to devote to my mental improvement, would I be any thing short of being an idiot did I sit idly by and do nothing toward the attainment of so desirable an end? Nor do I believe that the capitalists and aristocrats if they generously concede to us the eight hours of labor per day, will impose one tax by the expenditure, and at the end of three months report how much he has made by it, working the same number of men at the same work."

MR. "JOE FRY" ought to remember that the question is not whether it is desirable that overworked men should have more time for mental and physical recreation, but how to get it. It is a question of method, and one of the oldest problems in political economy in the world. It seems certainly be an idiot if he did not take the same wages for eight hours' work that he does for ten if he found any body who wished to give it. But what would be the effect of giving ten cents for a loaf of bread instead of six? And yet this is what he expects the capitalist to do. If JOE were a dry-goods dealer would he expect a customer to pay him the same price for four as for five yards of the same piece of cotton goods? Now JOE does not sell cloth, but he does sell labor, and he proposes eight hours of it will bring the price of ten? Of course if the eight is more effective, that is, if it be worth more, it will bring more. But what would be the result, in JOE's opinion, if the Legislature should fix the price of a six-cent loaf at three cents? If the passage of a law making eight, or six, or four hours a day's work could secure the same wages to the laborer, the same profit to capital, and the same price to the necessaries of life, it would be impossible to resist it. And if JOE can prove that the work of eight hours will be as productive as that of ten, he will be a pioneer in the reform which he desires.

He will not misunderstand us. Our object is the same. The point we discuss is one of method only.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

THE President has relieved Mississippi of her Provisional Governor. MR. SHARKEY, MR. HUMPHREYS became the legal Governor of that State, and capable of so independent executive action as to overrule Governor SEWARD of New York. Evidently the President's reason for continuing the Provisional Governors in office until after the meeting of Congress was to make it impossible for members of the Senate from those States to take part in the organization of Congress. We can see in his now relieving these States of their Provisional Governments an attempt to control Congress or to anticipate Congressional legislation. For plainly it was the President's design from the first appointment of Provisional Governors that these latter should be discharged by the regularly elected Governors as soon as the functions of the Provisional Government was to provide for the regular election in each State. The latter was indeed slow in to interfere with the immediate inauguration in office of the elected Governors; and the reason for doing so was to relieve Congress of a serious embarrassment.

CITY NEWS.

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY Mr. A. OAKEY HALL was installed in office. The Common Council was reorganized by the election of JOHN JACOB ASTOR, President, and WILLIAM H. WOOD, Clerk. Green of the Councilmanic Board. Mayor HALL'S Message was received by the Common Council. From this Message it appears that our city debt amounts to $41,302,021, of which $25,581,000 is held by the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund. The local tax levy for 1866 is over eighteen millions of dollars. The Mayor lays down two principles in his Message:

First—The city should be limited to choosing its own officers, carry on its own government, and manage its own affairs. To the latter principle should be preserved its privilege maintained, and never, under any circumstances, should the State Legislature assume to meddle upon it a commission to govern and control it.

Secondly—That the city should be clothed with power commensurate with its responsibilities. A community composed of a million of responsible citizens should be the end and aim of their personal and political ambition. It should not be a matter of pride to the freeholder of responsibility which cannot call or nearly all of our municipal officers, or to the voter that the result to which he has contributed and acted upon that better for the common interests of the city.

The last official act of Recorder HOFFMAN before his assumption of the Mayoralty was the sentencing of EDWARD RICHMOND for forgery to imprisonment for four years and a half. In the course of the address to the prisoner the judge said:

"Were I now as a judge, I should mitigate your punishment for any sense of compassion for you, or sympathy with the feeling and feeling, or because of my own personal sympathies with those who have been your friends and feel that every sentence I had passed upon a first offender had been a wrong, and that I was indeed a reprover of persons."

NEWS ITEMS.

A large and destructive fire broke out in the railroad depot at Greenville, Jersey City, on the night of the 4th, in the morning of 5th December, which completely destroyed the depot, together with a large number of cars. The fire was incidence bound stemboat *Commonwealth*, running to and from the city of Providence, Rhode Island. The loss is estimated at a million and a half of dollars, which is partially covered by insurance.

The Hamburg ship Nenton was wrecked on the night of December 24 on Barnegat beach, and 17 persons perished. One man succeeded in reaching the shore, but soon afterwards died from the exposure and fatigue.

Bishop Rosecrans was recently shot in the leg by highwaymen on his way home from a church service out of Cincinnati.

The funeral of Governor Dennison took place at Lebanon, Ohio, on Christmas-day, and was attended by a large concourse all parts of the State.

The latest advices from Arizona represent that there is constant fighting between the Apaches and the white settlers.—Twenty-eight soldiers were out November 1 had not been heard from. The illustration which we give on page 29 will show the nature of the country in which the Indians dwell.

The negro-baters did their best to get up an insurrection on Christmas-day, but though very free with whisky barrels had very few fights worth the name. Not a life was lost.

The ladies of Baltimore have been distinguishing themselves by presenting a set of elegant furniture to General GRANT.

The University of Georgia, at Athens, has been reopened.

The pirate, Raphael Semmes, has been arrested and confined in the Mobile jail by the U. S. authorities.

At the close of the year 1866 gold was quoted at 127. Premium 27 per cent., 1½ per cent. less.

The steamer Constitution, Captain Grennman, from Savannah for New York, struck on Frying-pan shoals on the night of the 25th December, and went to pieces. She had on four persons, viz.: the captain, the pilot, a colored boy, and one child. The Captain and thirteen men were saved. The steamer is a total wreck.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S Message was received with great favor in England. It appears now to be conceded by our English brethren that we are the most liberal, strong and headstrong nation on the face of the earth.

The Paris correspondent says that the Americans in Paris General Schofield made a speech at the close of the Exposition, in which he said: "The old friendship between France and the United States may it be strengthened and perpetuated." Napoleon and the guilder would ever of comfort they can from that, but they will doubtless be disappointed in certain measures which the first are absolutely essential to the preservation of friendship between the two nations.

Governor Eyre had been suspended from his functions in Jamaica, and that Henry Stanley accompanied Speke in his place.

It does not appear that France has united very cordially with England in the remonstrance against Spain in regard to Chilian affairs.

The Chilean naval steamer *Esmeralda*, which some time ago seized the guano ex-Sea Valkyrie through Peruvian blockade blockade, and was for a while lost sight of, suddenly appeared in the harbor of Valparaiso about 2 P.M. on the second of that port December 26, attacked the Spanish war steamer Covadonga, and, after a fight of about half an hour, captured it, with all on board, consisting of over one hundred officers and seamen, four heavy guns and valuable war munitions and supplies. In the engagement two were killed and fourteen wounded on board the Covadonga, and none on the *Esmeralda*.

The Count of Flanders, brother of the Belgium, has been succeeded by his son, the Duke of Brabant, styled Leopold II.

The Pope has issued a Bull declaring against the penal servitude for life.

The news from South America, up to December 8, has been received, but contains nothing of great importance. Peace had been restored in Peru, and celebrated on the 5th birth of the Emperor Don Pedro. There is no change in the military situation.



MOUNTED MESSENGERS ATTACKED BY INDIANS ON THE PLAINS.—[SKETCHED BY S. B. EDGERTON.]

UNDERGROUND RAILROADS.

As underground railroad has become of such obvious success in New York city that the presentation of arguments in its favor is utterly needless. From the Battery to Harlem River is a distance of more than eight miles. What traffic is concentrated in the lower portion of the city near the Battery, the people reside mostly in the upper portion, and the tendency toward Harlem River, and even across that river into Westchester County, is so great that the exclusive dependence now placed upon horse-cars and omnibuses involves a fearful waste of time. A journey which must be made twice daily ought to occupy, and would by steam conveyance occupy only forty minutes, now consumes an hour and a half. The railroads now in use do not begin to satisfy the demand. During the last ten years the number of passengers carried by the city railroads has increased from 19,724,000 to 60,324,750. New railroads are built, but still the cars are over-



THE METROPOLITAN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY, LONDON—STATION AT KING'S CROSS.

crowded; and while there is a limit to the number of roads that can be built on our principal avenues, there is none to our rapidly-growing population. As a necessity we shall be compelled to build underground railroads.—These, besides the economy which they realize as regards space and time, will also be free from dust, and afford fewer opportunities for casualties.

A bill for the construction of the Metropolitan or Underground Railroad passed the State Legislature April 27, 1865. It was sent to Governor FENTON on the evening of the same day, and on the 28th the Legislature adjourned. The Governor did not veto the bill, but returned it to the Secretary of State without his signature. He admitted the necessity of an underground railroad, but found two objections to the bill. In the first place, there was no guarantee that the road would be speedily completed; and, secondly, one of its provisions allowed the Company to use at pleasure, temporarily or permanently, any of the public grounds in the city thus placing even our parks at the mercy of the Company. The justice of these objections has been acknowledged by the corporators of the Company, who bind themselves to abandon the objectionable clauses of the bill. As the Legislature has again assembled, this subject becomes one of instant and pressing importance.

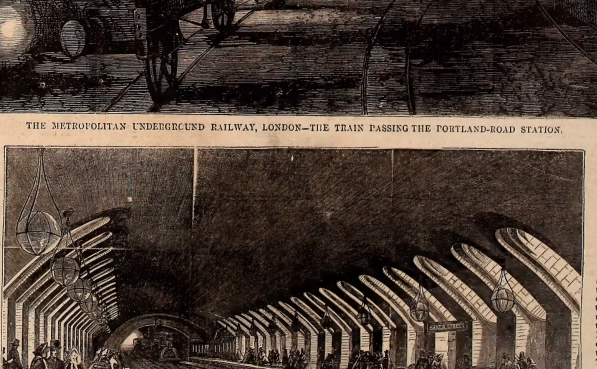
It is estimated that the cost of the proposed railway from Bowling Green to Central Park will be over eight millions. The route proposed would follow the line of Broadway to Fourteenth St., thence pass under Union Square and Broadway to Twenty-third Street, thence under Madison Square to Fifth Avenue, and under Fifth Avenue to Fifty-ninth Street. Pipes for ventilating the tunnel might shove ground serve as lamp-posts. It



THE METROPOLITAN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY, LONDON—THE TRAIN PASSING THE PORTLAND-ROAD STATION.

is proposed to erect stations at intervals of half a mile. The tunnel would be wide enough to give room for two lines of road, and would provide for carrying 57,500 passengers per day, or one-half that number each way.

The underground railroad has been tried in London with great promise of success. There, as in New York, it was found that the means of conveyance in the metropolis were slower and more liable to obstruction than in the country. It was a work of greater dimensions to get from the Mansion House to Temple Bar than to get to London from a far distant rural station, just as it takes longer to reach the City Hall from Harlem than to reach the same point from a distance of over thirty miles. A scheme was therefore proposed to encircle London with a tunnel which was to



THE METROPOLITAN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY, LONDON—STATION AT BAKER STREET.

be in communication with all the railway termini, thus enabling passengers from any part of the kingdom to reach any quarter of London without traversing the streets. A host of objections were raised, and the scheme was pronounced visionary and impracticable. But the scheme was destined to succeed. The city of London subscribed a million of dollars toward the enterprise. The Western Railway added another million. There were the same engineering difficulties to be overcome there as here, but the thing was accomplished; and the shares of the Company, which at one time were 50 below par, rose to 150. The line was opened for traffic January 10, 1863. The number of passengers carried the first year reached nine and a half millions, and in the year 1864 eleven and three-quarter millions. This year it is estimated that the number will reach fifteen millions. No accident has occurred from the first organization of the road. The carriages are forty feet long, & ided into six compartments, and accommodate forty passengers each. Four are lighted by gas through a special arrangement for that purpose.

Two of the locations which we print on page 21 represent two stations on this line—one at King's Cross, and the other at Baker Street. Another engraving illustrates the trial trip at the first opening of the line.

JOE DORY.

MISS MALKIN was mistress in her own shop. Mollie was an apprentice in Miss Malkin's shop; moreover, Miss Malkin was a wiry woman of thirty-five, while Mollie was a peach-bloom, brown-eyed, nineteen-year-old child, and of course hadn't so much as the ghost of a chance in the contest against Miss Malkin. Indeed she had not once opened her lips but with her work in her lap looking from the miserable little pallid and crystal box, cause of all this woe, with its scent-bottles and cornelian combs, and David Trueman's compliments, and he had letter her have it home, to himself, looking from them to Miss Malkin, who, discovering that the New-Year's box was not for her burst out in a fury.

"And I just hope," cried the lady, "that I hope I know my duty too well. No, no, I am not angry; and I despise your low, mean, underhanded ways with Dick Trueman's money, but I ain't mad in speaking. I don't know how to quarrel. I am a peacemaker. No more can I live in the house with a quarrelsome person, and so the sooner you can pack up that trunk of yours and get out, why the better for all parties concerned!"

So I say again, that though David Trueman was undoubtedly a fine fellow, and quite in earnest about his compliments, and had before have kept them and his boxes at home; for Mollie had already a mother, mother, brother, sister, uncle, aunt, nor cousin, and but one interested in the world, Mrs. Peter Palme, of Twentieth Street—and being set down there, with her trunk, late in the afternoon, and ringing the bell, lo! Mrs. Peter Palme had moved away!

"Oh! what shall I do!" cried Mollie; "and are you quite sure Mrs. Palme has gone?"

"I am quite sure I live here and no one else," returned the woman, sourly, and slammed the door in Mollies face.

"Oh, what *shall* I do!" cried out Mollie again; and looking helplessly up the street, saw a gentleman coming from the corner, when the eyes fell and her disconsolate trunk on the sidewalk sharply.

"Mr. Trueman!" ejaculated Mollie.

"Miss Mollie!" was her echo" exclaimed the gentleman, who had a squeak in his voice, and stopping —"you here, and a trunk! If I may be allowed the expression with a lady, what's up now?"

"Miss Malkin's back," answered Mollie, with a sparkle of fun in her eye, but looking demurely at her trunk.

Providentially, was it not? for this was David Trueman, who admired the lovely Mollie, and on the corner was David Trueman's shop, and over the shop was David Trueman's house, and in the house was David Trueman's sister, who would welcome the lovely Mollie; and yet the lovely Mollie would never have followed him, as she did, doubting and discomforted, could she only have imagined what she she could have been, providing he had not been there to follow.

Now it happened that Miss Malkin, who had slipped on bonnet and shawl, and rapped at once on Mollie, following her close, came up in time to behold, with equal wrath and amazement, David Trueman shouldering Mollie's trunk, in his new capacity of light-porter.

Jennie Trueman, David's sister, was then years younger than himself; that is, about Mollie's age, and unlike him, for David was a little, bustling man, with a ruddy face, and a squeak in his voice, while Jennie was brown and very pretty, in a very black-eyed and high-colored way, and made Mollie so welcome, that when she had laid aside her bonnet, on which was a black ribbon for Joe Dory, and tall young master of the *Steadfast*, and looked about David's comfortable rooms,

"Come now!" if Jennie was only her brother, who knows what might happen, since poor Joe is dead," and Mollie herself, dreamingly, sat down in a dow-pane, and quite unconscious of the start and astonished stare of somebody who happened to look up at her from the opposite side of the way. As if he had heard her thoughts, David joined her at the window

"A very pretty view, Miss Mollie. There's good houses over the way, and off there where you see the branches, quite like the country, you see. A five-and-ten house is, with all the modern conveniences."

"Yes, I should think so," said Mollie, vaguely, noticing with a slight flutter that David was edging closer to her.

"Furnished throughout from top to bottom complete," pursued David, going on with his inventory. "It never has wanted but one thing, and now that you're in it, it seems to me it don't want nothing."

Mollie was silent. Last New-Year' it was Joe that stood beside her.

"I don't want no answer now," continued David. "Of course, you ain't thought of this thing, and you will want some time to consider; but you look so natural and at home here, it seems a pity you should go away again; it really does. You and Jennie would get on like hook and eye; and for Joe, poor fellow! if he could speak, what better could he wish than to see you provided for by a man that is able, and fond of you into the bargain!"

"Dear me!" cried a merry voice in the door, "how dark you are in here! I declare I am really afraid to come into such a pokerish place! Mollie, are you dead, Jennie Trueman? Why, Trueman! dear me! good gracious! well, I never!"

And by this time Mrs. Minnow was fairly in the room. Mrs. Minnow was a portly woman, a very pretty little woman, with bright blue eyes that glanced searchingly from David to Mollie, and from Mollie back again, in a way that discovered them both exceedingly.

"I am in a desperate hurry," continued Mrs. Minnow, assuming a pretty flurry at the gate, "for Jennie called out that Grim-Malkin was cutting up again and you was here, and I thought I must run in if only for Joe's sake, you know."

David winced. Why for Joe's sake? Mrs. Minnow was Joe's cousin, but since he was comfortably drowned, what did it matter? Joe, what was the use of perpetually thking him up? Why not let Joe alone, especially since Mollie clouded at once.

"Last New-Year's Eve, at this time, we was talking with me," she said to herself, sitting down in a chair and showing a disposition to cry.

"Never mind, dear. Let by-gones be by-gones," said Mrs. Minnow, cheerily, and looking with immense satisfaction at Mollie's trunk, which David's evident distaste and uneasiness would have sent Mollie further than across the street, where Mrs. Minnow lived, and at Miss Malkin's who hasbaud stood in the door, and "Oh, George!" exclaimed that little woman, springing up the steps and whispering something in the astonished George vanished to the upper regions, where sounds of skurrying were to be heard as they approached; and opening the door, and lighting the gas, and widowering with the air of a baby that has been set down suddenly, and on the opposite side of the room the looks of astonishment at Mollie.

"Cozy here, isn't it?" said Mrs. Minnow, taking up the baby, and looking about her with an air of relief, "and I'll be bound, Mrs. Malkin has his like besides the four walls when we came; but if I want a dresser, why up a dresser goes. If I take a fancy to a thing, why I have it, without hammering, and pounding, and cutting, and clipping, and planing, and nailing till the shelves are done. That man just makes it the business of his life to find out what I want, and get it for me," declared the young wife with a delighted face, and sitting down with her baby beside her.

Mollie made no answer, but pretended to be busy with the ribbons and laces on the little work-stand. She was not at all talking about Joe, something in Mrs. Minnow had strengthened the thought of Joe, and made it a presence; and something in all about her brought the memory of his presence to her. She still she had never once, since the news of the wreck of the *Steadfast*, so rebelled against his death, and battled so hard to believe that he was yet alive. The work dropped out of her hands, for it was dark without, and there was no light in the room except that of the fire by which Mrs. Minnow hushed her baby and sang:

"I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When, sitting on my stool, I thought I saw at my door.
I saw my Jamie's guast, I coulaa think it be,
But he said—"

—Stop! burst out Mollie, with a sudden passion of sobs. Stop, I can't bear it. He had been in her place I should have gone mad. How can you sing that before me, Maria, and Joe only a year dead!"

"Why, there's nothing about Joe in it," said Mrs. Minnow, stopping her rocking-chair in surprise.

"But it's like him."

"And for the matter," continued Mrs. Minnow, with a curious twitching of the mouth, "it is all very well to mourn for Joe; but, after all, Joe's dead and done with, and you are alive and you are alive and unprovided for, and if Mr. Trueman is willing, as I am sure and bald, why you will have twice what I have, Mollie, and it matters not to me how matches like George's and mine; and for his opinion and not caring about you will get used to that, and in my opinion it is just about the very best thing you can do for yourself."

"It ain't in mine, then," cried out Mollie, starting up and pushing back her chair; "and I am ashamed of you, Maria Minnow, and you was also always was to you, and you forgetting him as fast as you can! Every body forgotten him but myself—but every body!" sobbing; "but I won't, never! never! Finish your things yourself. I don't want to do well for myself, and I won't stay here another minute."

Up jumps Mrs. Minnow as the door shut vigorously, and, swinging that little woman round, second, cried Hurrah! thereby waking it out of a sound sleep, whereupon it squalled vigorously, and served her right, I say! and then running to the window to pop after the retreating Mollie, "Was there ever such a dear little goose!" said this inexplicable Mrs. Minnow.

Mollie went back to David Trueman's house even more soberly than she left it, and if there had been any spell in the air before to soften or offend the lonely, homeless girl, in the abundance of his home, it was off now, as David was quite shrewd enough to see.

"Confound that meddling woman!" said David, wrathfully in his heart, but wisely left Mollie to herself, and went below with Jennie to brew the punch, with which to see the Old Year out and the New Year in. Meanwhile Mollie turned down the gas, because of her headache, and, sitting there in the dark, resolved to give David his answer. Even as she resolved the door opened.

"Mr. Trueman," commenced Mollie in a trembling voice, "I have been in my mind about—about what we were speaking of."

"Well." David's voice sounded strangely—doleful, and Jennie stood whisper.

"And I think I ought to tell you at once," pursued Mollie, hesitatingly, "for fear you might deceive yourself: that when we stood there by the window, I was not sure of myself and I think you knew it! for I was saying to myself how bleak and bitter it looked outside, how cold and empty and sale this looked, and that I must choose between them! But I have been thinking since then of Joe"—and here her voice sank and she began to touch of trembling—"and, Mr. Trueman, no doubt he is dead, but he is not dead to me—not dead to me! and if I sat here in your wife, and there should come a stranger up on the stair, and a quick knock at the door, my heart would come up with a jump, and I should say to myself, all in a trembling, perhaps that is Joe! for if we were chatting by the fire, and the storm beat hard against the windows, I might smile at you, but I should be thinking and saying, as I have done on many a stormy night before, for Joe."

"Oh, God bless you!" and the deep voice that broke in was not David's, but Jennie's Trueman's. Mollie sprang up and screamed shrilly:

"Jennie! Mr. Trueman! Jennie! quick! I'm going out of my mind! all this time trying to light the gas, which, flaring up at last, showed Jennie supporting, with his sister close behind him, and, oddly enough, Mrs. Peter Palme following her, and Mollie, pale and dumb, with eyes staring wildly at a tall, blue-eyed, well-looking young fellow, who, with a flush of joy was of the brownest and in the best condition ever seen.

"Joe Dory!" cried out David, loudly, and "Joe Dory!" echoed Jennie, and "Joe Dory!" sweetly enough!" piped Mrs. Minnow, making a rush from behind her husband toward Mollie; "and to think that Mollie should be the very first to discover it in the beginning! and, in the first place, Joe isn't dead. It was the wrong man, or the wrong ship, or something; and when after a hard voyage Joe thought what a start he got when passing here, he saw Mollie in the window as if she were quite at home. Off he flies to Liverpool to hear the news; and says Grim, says she, 'I have a feeling heart, Mr. Dory, and can't bear to distress you; but if the truth must be told, Mollie quit this very day, and because I said to her she was going on shameful, and you only dead a year, and nothing certain; and I heard from her own lips that she had given up to David Trueman's, and after that I suppose you know as well as I do what will come next;' and this was Joe, being a sailor, of course, and taking it all below bring her out; and I had very nearly brought myself out too! such work as I had to get Joe out of your way; and then I brought you out; and you come out, didn't you?" said Mrs. Minnow, laughing heartily and whirling the bewildered Mollie round and round, "and Joe there all the while on the other side of the door and heard every word you said! and then he insisted on coming over tonight like a ghost, instead of coming to overthrow like a decent Christian caller, and so here he is."

One, two, three—four—the clock striking twelve.

"The punch," cried Jennie.

"The New-Year," said Joe softly, drawing Mollie's little aside, "and a New-Year for us indeed, my love!"

"But since he was to come back, why the deuce couldn't he have come before I made a fool of myself?" growled David Trueman, to the bottom of his glass.

UNCLE JACOB'S WIFE.

WE were sitting round the breakfast-table, my father, mother, brother and I, young fellows, the self, one winter's morning, when the letters came in, nearly an hour late.

"Fortune's to be, bt, that the roads are frozen so slippery that he had to leave his horse at a farmhouse and walk over with the bag," said James, pedagogically, as he laid the letters by my father's plate.

"There's always something wrong," said my father, with a shrug, "when I am expecting important letters."

"Read that from Jacob," said my mother, pointing to one.

"How do you know it's from Jacob?" asked my father, always a little jealous if he thought his letters were to be wry scrutinized, even to the reading of a post-mark.

"Jacob writes across the table," said my mother, meekly. Here she touched another sensitive point of my father's; he was the slightest bit envious of her better education.

"It will wait," he said, and chipped at his egg. But the touch of spleen was but momentary, and he presently broke Uncle Jacob's red seal.

He is coming here," he said, without looking up.

"He will be welcome," said my mother, and my father read on. He always read straight through a letter before enlightening his family, which never changed. He turned pale, absolutely white, he whose complexion was like that of one of his own ruddy apples; his hand shook, too, and he threw down the letter.

"What is it? Is he dead?" asked my mother in her fright, forgetting that she was looking at his writing.

"Worse than dead!" said my father.

"What has he done?" we three girls exclaimed in a breath. "Is it bad?" for my father's face was a picture.

"Pshaw!" said my father, and his color came back as he spoke; "he's going to be married."

"Married!"

"Married!"

"Married!" We all pronounced the dreadful word, and then there was silence, and we thought much and said little. The matter, in fact, was beyond speech.

"There go your fortunes, girls!" said Tom, breaking silence, with a look that reminded me of his old mischievous school-boy days.

"Hold your tongue, Sir!" thundered my father.

"I must say I think it inconsiderate of Jacob, highly inconsiderate," said my mother, but something in her voice pleased for Uncle Jacob as she spoke; she was such an unreasoning sort of woman, my mother, in her half-of-heaven-half-of-earth side.

"Inconsiderate? Disgraceful!" said my father.

"Yes, my dear Charles, very disgraceful," said my mother; but I caught the same tone of appeal in her voice.

"Shameful! Ridiculous! Unheard of?" My father was given to the piling of epithets. "Pitiable in a man of his age."

"He is old to marry," said my mother.

"Old! Only think of it. I am sixty-seven, and he is not two years younger."

"I suppose he was very lonely."

"Why could he not have come here, then?"

"His letter suggests that," said my mother.

"I suppose he can not leave his office in town for long."

"Why not have asked one of the girls to go and live with him? if he was lonely. Lonely!—nonsense! The man has no more feeling of loneliness in any thing else than a dried mummy. Lonely!"

"It seems a pity," said the gentle voice of the gentlest of all gentlewomen.

"You don't appreciate the case at all, Mary! The old goose! So, nothing but marrying will serve his turn—and all out of spite too! Well, he is bringing it on his own head, or shoulders, and so he'll find. There's an end to his quiet life now. The trouble of a wife—" Here my father checked himself, seeing something perhaps in my mother's face.

"No, Mary; I didn't mean that! You know I did not. We have lived together very happily without a rub for five-and-thirty years. Why, Polly, what are you thinking of?" She did not speak, but I always thought that my mother's face was better than words. I am sure my father thought so too. His smile was known to us all to be the sunlight under which the rest of us grew, and it was very sweet.

"I wonder what she is like!" queried Tom, unluckily giving utterance to the thought that was rankling in each of our minds.

"Stuff, Sir! What does it matter!" said my father, effervescing again. "A designing woman, no doubt—designing for his money, Sir!"

Now Uncle Jacob had never spoken a word of leaving us anymore, but we built our hopes on the understood thing that he would, and naturally so, I think. He had not a single relation in the world outside our house. He had always been kind to us in his way, giving Tom's school-bills, and sending my mother presents of the quaintest ornaments that could well be seen. He was really fond of her,in his unconventionative way, and had told my father confidentially several times that she was an "excellent woman." On one occasion, too, my father had been lamenting in his presence that we girls could have no fortunes.

"Tom must have the farm, of course, and then if he wants money he can sell it," said Uncle Jacob had said: "Don't fret yourself about their fortunes."

There was no promise in the words certainly—that is, no promise expressed—but did not an implied one lurk there so slightly hidden as to be almost? We thought so, and rejoiced somewhat merrily over it, and made sure of our fortunes from that day forward.

And now a week passed my father had another letter from Uncle Jacob, naming the wedding-day, but not asking any of us to be present.

"Although he invites himself here, in the coolest manner possible, the fortnight after," said my father.

"I would fill the house, Sir, ask the Jenkinsons and young Clive here, and tell him there wasn't room," was Tom's sapient rejoinder.

"And make his wife an enemy for life," said Jane.

My father shortly enjoined Tom to keep his ideas to himself; so he had evidently decided to receive the visit.

The wedding-day passed, and the fortnight's honeymoon elapsed, and the bride and bridegroom were to be with us next day (roads permitting). It really was pleasant, their coming so soon, for our curiosity had been roused to the highest pitch, and had as yet had nothing to allay it—not a single particular as to the young lady's age, looks, manners, accomplishments, or fortune had been given. My mother had thought to write to Uncle Jacob, asking a few questions as to these matters, "to show him that we were interested," but as she had not done it, my father having looked things unutterable at the bare idea.

"I will write," her motherly heart, began to pity the bride, as the hour came for the carriage to be heard crunching the frost up the drive.

"I will go to be no nursery, pray, thing. Mind you meet her kindly, girls. It is not her fault about the fortune, poor thing; I dare say she knows nothing about it."

In one of my mother's pauses came the sound of wheels, and we went in a body to the hall—all of us except my father, who kept out of the way, wishing to meet the happy pair privately. Nearer and nearer came the carriage-wheels, and we opened the hall-door, and stood just inside in the biting cold air, as the green carriage, tiny horses, and velvet post-boy came to the steps. She was tall—five inches—inches taller than Uncle Jacob, and slight, and dressed in dark rich colors, but with so thick a veil down that we could not even make a

guess at her face, not even when she kissed us, for she only raised the corner, and let it down again. She was timid, no doubt, as my mother had said.

"Come in, dear aunt, by the fire."

"You must both be half frozen."

"You are an hour later than we hoped you would be."

"Dear Uncle Jacob, let Tom take your coat." Civil things we said of that sort, and finally marshaled our three visitors to the fireside in the morning-room.

"Stir the fire well in Mrs. Jacob's bedroom before she goes up stairs," said my mother to the maid as she left the room, "and take up the spiced negus when I ring. It is a great preservative from cold, negus as we make it," said my mother, turning to our aunt in an explanatory manner.

"Thank you," said the veiled lady. Uncle Jacob in the mean time had taken the poker in hand, and was "mending the fire," as he called it, to such purpose that his yellow-bronze face became suffused with ardent crimson, and we kept moving our chairs backward half a foot at a time.

"Yes," he said, replying to my mother; "it was" (poke) "a most" (poke) "cold" (poke). "The roads were" (scrape of the lower bar) "like glass" (crash of the upper one), "and we crept along slowly."

Will she never lift her veil?" pondered I, and caught myself wandering off into musings about the "Veiled Lady" and "Bluebeard," and her cell, never drawn aside for human eyes to gaze behind. What if my uncle had been tempted by visions of enormous wealth to marry—say what? Before I had decided as to the sort of ugliness my aunt raised her veil, will I came back to everyday life.

She raised her veil, and we all looked at her. Nettie made some excuse and fled from the room, but I could hear her laughter at the end of the hall.

I think my mother was relieved by the severity, quiet face revealed. It was a Scotch face evidently, for the salient points of Scotch physiognomy was almost caricatured, but was very strongly pronounced. The high cheek-bones might have belonged to a Tartar.

"Are you warm enough to go up stairs?" my mother asked her, with a tremor of surprise in her gentle tones.

"You must speak out to her," said Uncle Jacob, with a curious quiver in the corner of his mouth.

"Out?" my mother asked.

"Yes," he replied again the quiver. "Janet!" and he moved closer to his wife, "Mary wants to know if you are ready to go up stairs!" He spoke in loudest tones.

"What?" she said, turning an ear as deaf as Dame Eleanor Sperring's. "Up stairs?"

"Yes, my dear, and take your things off?"

"Yes. I am ready, quite ready, thank you," and she turned to my mother and rose from her seat.

"Bring Miss Janet," my mother said aside to Janet, let me carry your cloak," she said, in a desperate voice, but Janet was evidently deaf indeed if not entirely till my mother had taken possession of that article.

"Uncle," said Tom, "I'll show you your dressing-room."

"What on earth can he have done it for?" whispered Tom as he passed me.

Jane and I left together, and Nettie came back when she heard them pass up stairs.

"Oh, Nettie, why did you laugh in the hall?" I asked.

"She wouldn't hear it," said Nettie, "and you know Uncle Jacob's always a little deaf."

"You will be getting us into a scrape, indeed, if you don't take care."

"Not I. Oh, what a bride!"

"She is an odd-looking creature," said Jane.

"Fifty at least."

"We shall be as hoarse as rooks with shouting to her, if she stays for a week," said Jane.

"What a sight the courtship must have been! Poor Uncle Jacob must have made love under difficulties indeed; the whole neighborhood must have been as wise as himself. How ever could he have managed it?" and Nettie burst into a fit of unconfinable laughter, in which we both joined. In the height of our merriment Aunt Janet entered the room, as we all she was so deaf, or she might have heard what would have vexed her.

My father explained the cause of my uncle's marriage to us in the evening after our guests had retired.

"She was Samuel Marten's only child," he began.

"His partner's?" said my mother.

"Yes. You will not be old enough than I saw daylight at once. Old Marten died in India over a year ago, and she came home."

"That was very brave," said Nettie. "I thought she had an Indian sort of look."

"Her fortune, of course, is very large, and not knowing quite what hands she might fall, he thought it would be well to marry her; and she, as a woman of sense, saw the wisdom of the step. Jacob has acted a very honorable part, no suit that remains is for us to be civil to her: she deserves it."

"Did he say any thing about her deafness, papa?"

"No, child. Why should he?"

"Did you?"

"Nonsense! What does it signify? He'll only lead the quieter life for it. A wife's tongue—Now Mary," said he, looking at my mother—"now, Mary, you know what I mean."

"I was not using any thing, dear," said my mother. She led my father in a chain of silk that was as strong as iron.

After a day or two Aunt Janet took up the habit of coming to the morning-room directly after breakfast, and spending the whole forenoon there. At first we were rather a silent party after she appeared. No matter how deaf your companion is, it is generally some time before you can cast off the mistaken idea that half of what you say is heard, and Aunt Janet had such a stern, grim look about her—unlike the patient, waiting look that deaf people usually acquire—that we were absurdly silent in her presence for a while.

Nettie broke the ice first, and made some remarks as to Aunt Janet's personal appearance; but when I started, and looked at the poor lady's face, it was evident that all sounds fell idly alike on those dead ears of hers. "Do you know I like her," said Nettie, abruptly, one morning, when my mother was engaged as to be more attentive. "Of course she's the greatest old fright that ever was born; but she is kindly and good-hearted, I am sure."

My mother looked pained. "Nettie, don't speak of your aunt so. Never mind her looks: she can not help them."

I suppose she can not, amanna, and yet a sort of instinct makes one remember that one's looks are.

"It isn't her face I mind," said Jane, who had taken a strong dislike to our aunt; "but her voice is dreadful. Her voice is the essence of calico, and sets my very teeth on edge." Our aunt was sitting knitting quietly by the fire all this time.

"She can't hear her voice," said my mother. "You should try and look at people's pleasant side, Jane."

"I don't think she has a pleasant side."

My mother made no answer, but turned and shouted a little of the morning news from the paper to amuse our aunt. Presently Tom entered.

"Nettie, look here; there is a great hole in my pocket. Will you sew it up for me?"

"Yes, and welcome. Please stand still—do stand still, Tom, dear—I am pricking my finger."

"How long is she going to stay?" asked Tom.

"As long as she pleases," my mother replied.

"How on earth do you manage to amuse such a living statue? I would not be one of you girls shut up in a room with her for another hour morning, for something. She would mesmerize me."

"You pain me, Tom, when you speak so. There is nothing attractive about the poor soul; but I am sure she is a very worthy person, and deserving of your respect," said my mother.

"What! for marrying the old gentleman?"

"Tom," said Nettie, "do you think that is Aunt Janet's hair, or a wig (in a confidential tone)?"

"A wig, to a certainty," Tom replied carelessly. "I can not bear it, Tom," said my mother; "you must really go out of the room. Come, Nettie, and show your aunt some of the water-colors. I dare say she likes looking at drawings."

"She looks like a judge," said across Jane.

Nettie went to the piano after a while and sang a ballad or two of Balfe's and Lindley's, sliding out of them into some Scotch airs, which she sang uncommonly well. I was surprised to see that uninterested face as Nettie sang, and thinking, with some pity, how great a privation hers was, when Uncle stirred the fire till the sparks flew about him, and a chance swept across the immobile face for an instant, as if she heard—at least, I mean that for a second I thought so, for as I looked the face was dull-deaf as ever.

"Poor thing!" said my mother. "How I wish she could hear those sweet Scotch airs!"

"I should not think it would make much difference to her," said Jane. "I don't suppose she is inclined to be musical."

Two or three days afterward my father came into the morning-room just before lunch, and, seeing Aunt Janet, my mother, Nettie and I seated to tell you—" he said to my mother.

"Tell me what, dear?"

Something that Jacob told me they are going on Thursday. He is getting lodged at being away from the office so long."

Janet spoke about going to me this morning."

"Well, I hope you have kept her amused. She must be conciliated at any price, for I shall not again join a party, though I hate the sight of her. I really can not enjoy my dinner in the least, shouting out as I must between every mouthful. But I am not to be helped."

"I like her," said my mother, "she is quiet and sensible," as my father moved back out of the door-way.

Thursday morning came, and our guests were to leave us. Uncle Jacob was unfeignedly glad in his manner to us all, telling Nettie and me that we must come and pay our aunt a visit in town after they moved into their new house.

"You shall see all that is to be seen, as your aunt means to keep a carriage," he said, kindly; "and we always wish a few friends to dine. I don't think we either of us felt inclined to venture on one new aunt's hospitality.

We all went up stairs with Aunt Janet to help her to dress herself in her wraps and furs. When she was dressed she sent the maid out of the room, observing to my mother that she was not that never gave wages money to servants.

"Nor to any body she can help," said Jane.

"There you are wrong," our aunt, looking round sharply on the unlucky Jane in an instant. "I act from principle in not giving to servants, not from greed."

"How ever did she hear me?" gasped Jane, in a lower tone, to me.

"As I hear other people," said my aunt, quietly. "Goodby, dear Mary" (and she turned to kiss my mother). "You have been very kind to me. I never expected you to think of my beauty, you never gave me credit for being 'kind-hearted and sensible'—I think that was it—and that is all I want from you. Be kind to Jacob. He is a better of you for having lived with you for three weeks in the palace of Truth."

"Why, Janet, then you're not deaf after all?"

But what she answered, or what my mother said after that, I don't know, for we beat a hasty retreat from the room. We could not bring ourselves to go down and say good-by when we heard my father and Tom shouting last words at the carriage-door. I do not think we broke silence for some minutes, till Nettie said: "We have done it now! How she must hate us!"

"For what?" said Tom, suddenly appearing. And then we told him all.

"You don't mean it!" And then he gave vent to his feelings in the language of slang.

What my father said on the subject we never knew, nor, indeed, guessed—for his face was a sealed book when he so pleased it—but no doubt his heart condemned him sufficiently.

"It was the meanest trick!" said Jane. "Impossible to defend ourselves against such low cunning."

"No, my dear, you might easily have been safe. I don't think it was quite fair of your aunt, though, and I shall write and tell her so."

A few days brought Aunt Janet's letter. "You must forgive me," she said. "I allow I was wrong—very wrong, if you will, but you do not understand all, you will allow that my temptation was strong to act as I did when you are. Some day I will tell you the story of my father's second wife, who happily died before him, and you will see that my fear of fortune-hunters was a natural one, after what I have suffered. Come up to town and see me, Mary, and let us talk it all over till you forgive me."

"You have saved us, mother, I do believe," said Tom. "She likes you well enough to smile on us all for your sake."

A letter came from Uncle Jacob next. "Bring the girls with you when you come, Mary," he said. "Don't let them be worried with their aunt for her whimsies—she has taken a fancy to your Nettie."

Nettie's naughtiness serves her as well as most people's goodness, and more. "Mother," she said, in a voice that seemed to think of that!" said he, handing it across.

The clerk paid him at once.

Fodder seems to be scarce in some parts of the country. A Maine paper states that a cow in that vicinity recently swallowed a piece of the stock sign. She managed to swallow a piece of the stock sign, but not being able to digest it, it worked through her stomach and penetrated her hide, and was found by the side of the animal. Be careful how they shed their skirts about so promiscuously.

In a recent lecture on "Ireland and the Irish" it was said, as an evidence of the fact that the Irishman takes the world more easily than his neighbor, the thinks it is a great deal easier to sell a tub than to make a tub. And if you talk to him about the dilapidated condition of the house, and the pig in the corner, he says, "Sure I can't help it, and it's all right." As for the look in the eye, when the sun shines it doesn't need to be mended, and when it rains he don't carry it to the shop to be fixed. Isn't the brave story convincing that a pig could receive?

In that wretched pen at Andersonville the Irish editor turned his thoughts to journalism, and started a paper at Pinesburg, when the big cannon-balls were howling about the man's heads, it was an Irishman who exclaimed, "And now we have a paper, and have to refer them to a boarder!"

The Irish have always been noted for their original and characteristic way of saying things. Recently, at a party at Irish woman begging alms of him, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out, "May the blessed of God (that's how you all pray!)—God bless you!" He only pulled out his snuff-box, immediately added—"and never overtake you!"

A nobleman said to an Irish gentleman, "We have had a delightful rain: it will bring every thing out of the earth." "Good Lord, my Lord Lordship; I've three wives under it," was the reply."

An American lady went to London a while ago, and applied to a fashionable dressmaker. The dressmaker showed all the marks left on her face by the small-pox. She said in advance some fifty pounds, and received in return a bottle of "wonderful cream" which would remove them, which produced no effect. Not satisfied with the result she applied to the Police Court for redress; but all the lawyers' fees for troubles were not enough, since Madame Rachel refused to return the money, and had not succeeded in multiplying the lady's charms.

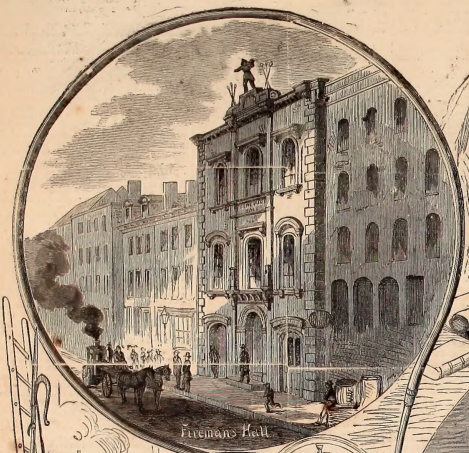
Every week appears to bring with it a new form of jacket, and as convenient as jackets found to be that many young ladies have preferred to wear during the winter. This plan is found to be very economical, as a model, with one good pattern, can make shirts; consequently, the extra outlay for a dressmaker can be dispensed with. It is so easy to buy two or three ready-made jackets which fit perfectly. The newest jackets are called Garibaldi jackets, and the patent velvet ones are used for indoors, while real skin and otter are fashionable out of doors. Very comfortable jackets for indoor wear are made of flannels, blue, and violet cashmere, bordered with either blue fur or chinchilla. White jackets are always ornamented with gold or silver braid.

The newest Parisian opera-cloaks are made either of white cloth or white silk, and are called "Watteau"—fabrics which are ribbed and woven with the most dazzling of colors. Striped blue and white plush, striped purple and white silk, and striped pink and white Lyons silks, all make up into the most magnificent of opera-cloaks. They are cut in the form of talmas, and many have large square sleeves and hoods lined with plain silk of the color which predominates in the opera-cloak; hundreds of yards of ribbon are being added to the hood, and also to the shoulder seams.

Brigham Young has had a new "revelation." He says it is "the will of the Lord" that sisters should make their own bonnets and hats for themselves and their families from straw and other materials which may be provided. Whether the next "revelation" will probably dictate the style in which they are to be made and worn. It is said that the prophet has had a bugbear of a row on his hands in lots to suit purchasers," which perhaps accounts for the straw-hat revelation.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, recently prosecuted a wretch for maliciously wounding a horse in a most cruel manner. The offender was ordered to be kept in penal servitude for five years. It would be simply humane to have a society in New York of a similar nature, that the abusers of your dumb beasts might be brought to justice.

The marriage of the Princess Anne Murat is assuming quite the form of a public event. Among the many attendees of every kind here for some time been engaged in copying recording the wonderful presents received as gifts of the bride. The marvelous contents of the corbeille de mariage, offered by the wealthy and esteemed friend, have excited the admiration of the whole world. The gratuity vigilance and activity on the part of the police have been necessary to protect them. The magnificent gifts include an Alençon lace dress, costing 30,000 francs, and a prayer-book worth 25,000 francs. It is, we believe, already known that the Emperor Napoleon has bestowed a gift of two millions of francs, besides a necklace worth half a million, and a parure of 150,000 francs. Some of the Princess's wealthy and aristocratic relatives, so far from being gratified at his obtaining a position on the fringe of a throne, complain that he is making a mésalliance.



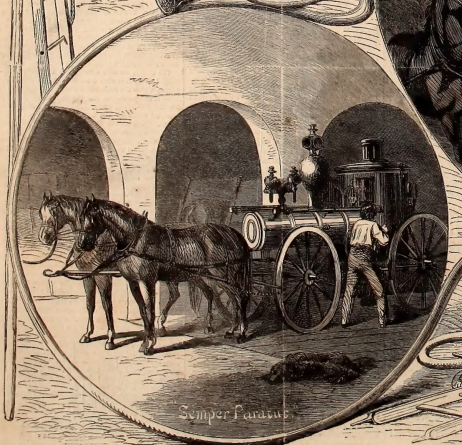




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OUR NEW FIRE DEPARTMENT.

OUR Fire Department is now as efficient as our Police Department. Within a year a most important revolution has been wrought, from which great benefits will accrue to the city. Our Legislature, last winter, passed a bill for the reorganization of our city Fire Department, doing away with the volunteer system and placing the Department on the same footing, as regards pay and discipline, with the Police Department. Three Commissioners were appointed by the Governor to carry out this law.

For a time there was considerable excitement, owing to the reluctance of the volunteer firemen to lay aside their time-honored order of things. But the law had its course, and for the benefit of all parties concerned it was agreed to take into the new organization such of the old firemen as were so disposed and were capable of performing satisfactorily the duties of their position.

The three Commissioners appointed Mr. ELISHA KINGSLAND Chief Engineer. The new Department was rapidly organized, and now there are thirty-two glass and tenders, and ten hook and ladder trucks built or under way. The engines are drawn by two horses instead of by hand as formerly. Another reform, which has been instituted more recently, is the almost complete substitution of telegraph signals for the ringing of alarm bells. The latter three together a crowd, which was always in the way of the firemen and led to much disorder in other ways.

The system of discipline under the new regime is admirable. At the engine-houses there is always a watchman outside, who is relieved every four hours, and whose duty it is to give the alarm in case of a fire in the neighborhood. Every man has his especial post of duty assigned him, and there is no delay in getting to work on the instant the alarm is given. The pay of the firemen is $700 per annum. His uniform is dark blue, with a silver button, and a cap shaped very much like the navy cap. In the lives of the engine-house, being usually unmarried.

The new Fire Department is less expensive than the old, and does not furnish an outlet for the unhealthy impulses of rowdies. Without fighting or blunder, it goes to work so promptly and efficiently that fires will soon be unable to advance beyond their limited range. The entire force of the new Department made a most favorable exhibition of its excellent features in a parade of December 28, when it passed in review before the Mayor and the Fire Commissioners.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XCVI.

GONE!

STEADILY, sternly, William Trefalden went down the broad stone stairs and into the hall. Here the lamp, emerging from its dusky recess, would have passed a tree by the road-side, took his hat mechanically, and went out. At the gates he paused. The key was on the inside; but he fumbled with it confusedly, and could not turn the lock. The housekeeper, looking after him with a new and vague terror, called to Jacques to open the gates for Monsieur: whereupon Jacques, clattering across the yard in his sabots, came running with a lantern in hand, and turned the key in an instant.

Monsieur passed out into the lane, like a man in a dream, and, turning from the river steps, stood still and leaned against the wall. The wind blew fiercely, bringing heavy drops of rain with it every now and again; but of this he seemed unconscious. Then he went slowly down the lane and out upon the high road. To the right lay Beaucaire, only ten miles away: to the left bordering the road for some little distance on either side, but lying for the most part among the vines, was the vineyard, and the village.

He stopped, walked a few yards in this direction, a few yards in that, and then stopped again, feeling faint and stunned, and all unlike himself.

It was a case of cessation, mental and physical. He had gone through a terrible ordeal, and it had now begun to tell upon him, body and brain. Dimly conscious of this, he tried to collect his thoughts, and to consider what it was that he had wanted to do, and which way he should go next. Then he suddenly remembered that he had been travelling since noon, and had not dined that day. He would go to the auberge in the village, and there get some food and some lodging. He was all, some brandy. It would put life into him steady him; lift this weight from his brain, and restore him to himself.

Acting upon this instinct, he made his way to the "Lion d'Or." Two old peasants chatting over their half-bottle of red wine in a corner of the public room looked up as he came in; and the master of the house recognizing the English Monsieur who had once brought his lamp to shoe, her that night, left his game of dominos and rose respectfully. Did Monsieur desire to see his room? The room was quite ready, and he thought Monsieur would be content with it. Monsieur could have refreshment? Without doubt. Monsieur could have whatever refreshment he pleased—a cutlet, an omelet, a dish of ham, a fowl even, if Monsieur did not object to wait while it was cooked. Good; a cutlet—a cutlet, and some cognac. He had excellent cognac; Vieux Cognac, if Monsieur indeed preferred it to any other. Monsieur would be served immediately. The cutlet would not take five minutes to prepare. In the mean while would Monsieur be pleased to occupy this small table by the window.

William Trefalden dropped into the chair placed for him by the landlord, and there sat in a kind of stupor—his hat on, his elbows resting on the table, his chin supported on his hands. His hair and clothes were damp; his feet were deadly cold; his teeth chattered; but of all this he was wholly unconscious. He only knew that he felt crushed and paralyzed; that he wanted to think of something and had no power to do so; that the brandy would put him straight—the brandy! the brandy!

He called for it impatiently, and while the landlord went to fetch it fell to wondering again what the thing was that he failed so strangely to remember. Something that had happened to him. He seemed ever on the point of seizing it, and, failing to seize it, groped about in a kind of mental darkness that was altogether painful.

Then the brandy came—about a quarter of a pint in a tiny decanter, accompanied by a liqueur glass equally diminutive. He pushed the glass angrily aside, poured the whole of the spirit into a tumbler, and drank it at a draught. It went down his throat like fire; but he was no sooner swallowed it than the pressure on his brain was relieved. After a few moments he felt warmer, steadier. Then his thoughts cleared suddenly. He remembered all that had happened; and with memory came back the whole flood of rage, grief, and humiliation.

He knew now what the thought was—that vague thought which had so oppressed and eluded him a few minutes ago. It was vengeance.

Ay, vengeance. Bitter, deadly, terrible vengeance—vengeance swift and bloody! He told himself that he had it in his hand to take. He had it might. He would give his own life for it willingly, and count it cheaply purchased. The word recurred to him like a watchword. It set his pulse, tingled in his ears, mastered and took possession of him, like a fiend.

He knew that he had a plan his vengeance quickly. It must be planned, prepared, executed at once. The blow must fall as suddenly and fatally as that of the avenging angel. How was this to be done? With what weapon?

The landlord came bustling in with a pile of covered plates in his hands and a napkin under his arm. Monsieur's dinner. Monsieur would find that the cook had done her best at so sh'rt a notice. There was a delicate cutlet, with *pommes frites*, fried potatoes, and a dish of beans. The omelet would be ready for Monsieur as soon as Monsieur was ready for the cutlet.

But William Trefalden was in no state to do justice to the fare before him. He tasted the soup, and pushed it aside. He tried to taste the meat, but set the morsel down without putting it to his lips. The brandy had supplied him with a factitious strength, but had taken away his loathe the sight and smell of solid food. One thing he took, however, from the dinner-table—a knife.

He watched his moment and slipped it up his sleeve when no one was observing him. It was a short black-handled knife, with an edge on both sides—a knife that was to all intents and purposes a dagger.

This done, he rang impatiently for the landlord, bade him remove the dishes, and called for more brandy.

The landlord was distressed beyond measure. Was not the soup to Monsieur's taste? Were not the cutlets tender? Would not Monsieur permit him to bring him another dish? Would Monsieur finding himself ill? Would Monsieur choose a cup of tea? More cognac? Good. Monsieur should have it in a moment.

The cognac was brought, and he drank again eagerly; this time from a wine-glass. The cravings for it were insatiable. It roused the evil spirit, more fiery than strong; but it stimulated him; spurred him to his purpose; nerved his arm and quickened his brain. He felt that he was not intoxicated. He felt that he could drink a bottle of it without producing that effect. So he drank, and, as the landlord went out, he drank the fire coursed through his veins till at last he felt that he could sit there, brooding and silent, in safety.

He rose and went out hurriedly. The two old peasants shook their heads over their wine and looked after him. "Ah, ah!" they said, "was surely something strange about the man. Was he ill? Or mad? Or had he drank too much cognac? Bah! was he not an Englishman? and what is Englishmen, look you, *mon ourein*, drink cognac like water!"

The rain was now driving furiously before the wind, an sweeping down the road in great gusts before which the poplars moaned and shivered like living things. The night was pitch-dark, and of cooler air, and what with the fever in his blood, the lawyer rushed at first on meeting the air and rain, and could scarcely keep his feet. But this was only for a moment. He recovered himself instantly, and, fighting his way to the south of the storm, crept under the lee of the houses till he came to the side road leading to the Château de Peyrolles. He found it with difficulty, for the night was pitch-dark and the rain blinding. On the high-road where all was open it was yet possible to see a few feet ahead; but here, in the close lane, shut in by trees and high walls on both sides, he could only feel his way along like a blind man.

At length he came upon the gates. They were again locked upon the inside. He tried them—tried to slip his hand through the bars, and reach the key in the lock; but the bars were too close, and he could not get his fingers far enough. Then he stopped, clinging to the gate with both hands, and staring in. The darkness was so intense that he could not distinguish the outline of the house; but he could see a light burning in some of the rooms. One in an upper chamber especially fixed his attention. Was that window here?

Oh! the passion, the despair, the desperate longing that seized upon him at this thought! If he could but see her once again!—see her; speak to her; touch her hand; tell her how, though false to all the world besides, he had been true at least to her from first to last! He felt that he had never half told her how he loved her. He had never even kissed her—never once; for his respect had been as profound as his love, and he had not dared to claim the smallest privileges of a lover from one so young, so helpless, so bereaved. He felt now that he would give his soul to exchange for a single kiss from her lips. Poor! Good God! how he loved her! How his heart hungered for her!

He took the gates with all his might—strove to clamber over them—flung himself against them; but in vain. Then he pressed his face against the bars, and, in despair at the prison-gate, and, sobbing, called upon her name. But his voice was borne away by the wind, and the heavy rain drove in his face and mingled with his tears.

While he was yet clinging there in the darkness with his eyes fixed upon the upper window the light suddenly vanished. He had made so certain that it was her light and her window that the disappearance of that little spark fell upon him like a blow. He felt as if the last link were now broken between them—the last hope gone.

Almost at the same moment he saw a figure (carried apparently by an invisible hand) moving across the upper end of the court-yard. Again his heart leaped with a mad fury. Then the lantern paused—moved on—paused again, and at last came quickly toward him. Then the lantern held its light above his head with one hand, shaded his eyes with the other, and asked roughly—"*Qui est là?*"

It was JACQUES—the same Jacques who had let him out an hour or two before, and who, recognizing his voice, again unlocked the gates and opened them.

"*Tiens!*" said he. "They are all in bed *là bas.*"

William Trefalden's heart leaped with fierce exultation.

"No matter," he replied. "My visit is to the gentleman. Tell me where he sleeps. That is ough."

"What gentleman, M'sieur?"

"He who came to-day with the English curé. Quick! Time presses, and my business is urgent."

"But the strange gentleman is no longer here. He went away about half an hour after Monsieur."

"Went away!"

"Yes, M'sieur—in a cabriolet with four horses, taking Monsieur le Curé and the young lady with him."

"Dog, it is a lie!—a lie, and you are paid to tell it! Give me the truth—the truth this instant, or I will kill you!"

And, half beside himself, the lawyer twisted his hands in the lad's collar as if he meant what he said.

"Ah, Monsieur!—for the love of God, Monsieur!—it is indeed the truth—if you kill me for it it is the truth!"

"Where is Madame Bouvier?"

"Gone to bed, M'sieur!"

"Then wake her! I must see her. If she were dying, I must see her. Do you hear?"

"Yes, M'sieur."

Trembling from head to foot, Jacques picked up the lantern which he had dropped in his extremity of terror, and led the way into the house. They went silently up the housekeeper's chamber, where William Trefalden thundered at the door as if he would bring it down. Madame Bouvier was not a heavy sleeper, well-night. She out of her wits, and wrapped in the counterpane of her bed.

It was quite true—undeniably true. The young Englishman was gone, and had taken mam'selle with him. They left about twenty minutes or half an hour after Monsieur's sudden departure. Madame Boussie believed they were gone to Bordeaux. Monsieur was free to search the house if he liked; he would soon be convinced; and that she, Madame Bouisse, was not deceiving him. They were gone.

Gone!

Without waiting to hear or utter another word he snatched the lantern from the boy's hand and rushed up stairs to visit, one by one, every room, floor, through empty rooms yet full of the evidences of recent occupation, down again, out into the garden, through the court-yard, shivering the lantern to fragments on the wet stones as he reached the gates! Then he paused, turned, and, with his hands in his darkness, heaped curses on the place, and raged against it impotently, like a madman.

Till now he had been comparatively calm. Busy with his scheme of vengeance, he had put restraint upon his words, and even to a certain degree upon his thoughts. But now—now he no longer attempted to curb the fire within—now the fiava-like of rage and hate welled up and overflowed, and bore him along, unresisting.

Gone!

Impelled by an instinct that seemed to take the place of sight, he ran down the lane and out upon the high-road. The "Lion d'Or" was now closed for the night; he battered fiercely at the door till it was opened. The landlord, sleepily obsequious, ventured to remark that Monsieur was back. But William Trefalden interrupted him at the first word.

"I must have a cabriolet and post-horses," he said. "At once—do you hear?"

The landlord shook his head.

"*Mon Dieu*, Monsieur!" he said, "the 'Lion d'Or' is not a post-house."

"But you have horses?"

"None, Monsieur."

"Then how can I get them? Quick—quick, for your life!"

"Nowhere in Droucy, Monsieur."

"But is there no farmer, no shop-keeper, no creature in the place who can be found to drive me to Bordeaux? I will pay any thing. Fool! do you understand?—*Any thing!*"

But the landlord only shrugged his shoulders and protested that not a soul in Drouny would be induced to undertake the job at such an hour, and in such weather.

The lawyer clenched his teeth, and stamped with rage.

"Then I must walk," he said. "Give me some brandy before I go."

The landlord held up his hands in feeble expostulation. Walk! Great heaven! Walk three leagues and a half in this terrible storm! Let Monsieur only listen to the rain—listen to the wind—look at the dirt in the road—consider! Besides, Monsieur was wet through already.

But Mr. Trefalden broke in with a fierce oath, and bade the man hold his peace and bring the brandy instantly.

Then he poured out half a tumblerful, drank it reckless, raging as a madman, at the table, and rushed out again into the storm.

He was now utterly beside himself—his brain reeling, his blood on fire, his whole frame throbbing with fever and fury. The landlord of the "Lion d'Or," thankful to be rid of him, shut and barred the door, and went straightway to bed, resolved not to admit him again under any circumstances. In the mean while he seemed to have lost all sense of his determination to go to Bordeaux, and went raving and gesticulating up and down the village, where all, except himself, were closely housed.

Thus pacing to and fro like a caged beast, he suddenly became aware of the approach of a travelling carriage. It came, thundering through the one straggling street of Drouay, with flaring lamps, steaming horses, splash and clatter of wheels, and the loud cracking of the postilion's whip. He ran to meet it—he shouted—he implored to be taken up—he would pay any price only to start upon the step, if they would let him! But the postilion took him for a beggar, and shook his whip at him; and the travelers inside, out of humanity to his wretched appearance, damp, and deafened by the rattle of their own wheels and the pelting of the rain upon the carriage-roof, paid no heed to his cries. He ran beside it, panting and shouting—tried to clutch at the traces, but, receiving a savage lash across the hands, fell back and made a desperate effort to spring up behind. But all in vain. He missed his hold; the carriage swept on, and left him there despairing.

Still, still he ran, fated, irresponsible, headlong—now stumbling among the sharp flints in the road—now getting up with bruised feet and bleeding—now pausing to take breath—now fancying he could still hear the retreating wheels; and so, frenzied, giddy, breathless, he ran on, his face and clothes disfigured with mud and rain, rushing blindly on again!

Each moment the storm increased and the wind rose higher, till at last it culminated in a terrific hurricane. Then the thunder came up in heavy peals, and the lightning burst over the plain in rapid flashes, and the wind tore up the vines by the roots, and whirled them wildly away, with all their straggling promises, into the sea. Yet still, urged forward by that fierce thirst which blood alone could slake, with murder in his heart and vengeance on his lips, William Trefalden ran—fell—struggled to his feet—staggered on again—fell again—and so for miles and miles!

Next morning early, when the storm-clouds were shifting off to the north-eastward but were with now and then a gleam of uncertain sunshine between, a party of peasant folk coming up from the way of Mondragon found the body of a man lying face downward in a pool by the road-side. His clothes, face, and hands were torn and bloodstained. He had been robbed of every thing, and in his waistcoat pocket a porte-monnaie full of bank-notes and napoleons. No letters, no cards, no token by which it might be known who he was or how he came by such a death. It might be a duel, or it might be murder. Who could discover upon the body. His very linen was unmarked.

The peasant folk—the folk laid this nameless corpse across one of their mules, and brought it charitably into the dead-house at Bordeaux. Here, lying there unclaimed for forty-eight hours, it was buried in the new cemetery beyond the walls, with a small black cross at the head of the grave, on which the only inscription was a row of numerals. His watch, his money, and his clothes were awarded by the préfet to the poor of the parish in which the body was found.

EPILOGUE.

THE world knows the Italian story by heart. How Garibaldi entered Naples, how Francis II. fled, how Victor Emanuel was King of Italy; how he cheated his enemies to the last, how he was to have gone, and went back to his soil-cake at Capera, are facts which need no recapitulation. Had one man lived but a few months —nay, a few weeks—longer, the whole might perchance have ended differently. Where we now read Florence we might have read Rome; roof for Regno d'Italia we might have printed stamp and minted coin, a word of broader significance and more antique glory. But the ideal Republic died with Giulio Colonna, and was buried in his tomb.

In the mean while Olimpia's life became a blank. Her father had been the very light of her inner world. Bred in his political faith, trained in his employ, accustomed to look up to him, to work with him, to share his most secret counsels, his schemes, his hopes, his fears, errors, and even his personal dangers, she seemed to lose the half of her own soul when he was snatched from her. Then came the sudden change of programme—a change to her so bewildering, so un-

worthy, so fatal! Mistrusting Sardinia and scorning the very name of a Constitutional Italy, Olimpia conceived that her father's memory was insulted in this compromise; and so, in the bitterness of her resentment and grief, withdrew herself altogether from the work in which her life had been spent. Avoiding all with whom she had labored and acted in time past, and keeping up no more than the merest thread of intercourse with even those whom she was used to call her friends, she then made her home at Chiswick, in the old house to which Saxon had succeeded her on the evening of their arrival in London. Here she lived solitary and apart, cherishing her sorrow, nursing the great scheme unachieved, and learning that hard lesson of patience which all enthusiasts have to learn in this world sooner or later.

Not thus Lord Castletown. Prosperous, too unprejudiced, and it may be added too sensible, to attach paramount importance to the mere shibboleth of a party, he welcomed the settlement of Italian affairs with a heartiness that he would perhaps scarcely have ventured to express very loudly in the presence of Colonna's daughter. Where she refused to recognise any vital difference between a Constitutional pronunciamento and a pure Despotism, he was far-sighted enough to look forward to that fit e and prosperous future which only dawning e n ow promised for the kingdom of Italy, nor was he slow to perceive that there might be be ne for himself in the turn that matters took in Italy. The Italian question this he solved, Italy would no longer need so much support from her well-wishers. With a liberal movement in the heart of the nation, a parliament to vote supplies, and an army to defend the national territory, the whole system of patriotic blackmail might be a special pleading of every description, must necessarily collapse. Olimpia would therefore no longer feel herself bound to sacrifice all to "the one who could do more for Italy" than himself. So the Earl loved and hoped on, and wisely bided his time.

Wisely, too, he applied himself in the mean while to the improvement of his own worldly position. Occupying his friend Saxon's vacant chambers in St. James's Street, he devoted himself to his parliamentary duties with a zeal that drew upon him the attention of one or two of the noble and influential personages. Having made a couple of really brilliant speeches during the spring session of 1861, and happening to be upon the spot when a man of ability and tact was needed at a moment's notice, he had the good fortune to be intrusted with a somewhat delicate and difficult mission to one of those petty German potentates who make up for very small territories by gigantic pretensions, and for a contemptuous amount of pride against a scanty revenue.

The Earl, as a matter of course, acquitted himself perfectly, and began thenceforth to be talked of among his elders as a "rising man. Then the Duke of Doncaster smiled graciously upon him, and several of the Cabinet Ministers did the same, and he was taught by them to their political inness: and the end of it all was, that just before the setting in of the long vacation, Germany was gold by Piccadilly. Lord of Castletowers, found himself inducted one fine morning into a very neat little vacancy in the Perquisite Office, with the very high and the salary heavy, and the chance of promotion considerable. Then, and not till then, he ventured to renew his suit to Olimpia Colonna.

The moment was favorable. A year of mourning had passed over her head, and the intensity of her grief which had been at first her only solace now began to weigh painfully upon her. She had had time to think of many things—time to see that some errors and native some hopes —time also to remember how long and well the Earl had loved her; how worthy he was of it, and the love that she could give him in return; how he had shed his blood for her Italy; and with what devotion he had performed the last sad duties of a son toward her father's ashes. Besides all this, her occupation was gone. She would no longer reproach herself for the fact, the simple reason that Italy was satisfied to rest a while upon her present gains, and preferred being left to settle her own affairs in a quiet constitutional way. The disaster at Aspromonte convinced Miss Colonna of this truth, and of the stability of the new régime. And over and above all these considerations Olimpia loved the Earl. She had loved him all along—even when she refused him; and now, after a whole year of trial, to be his wife before the ending of the year.

Secure in the consciousness of her splendid birth, Olimpia never dreamed for a moment that Lady Castletowers could be other than content and happy in this new alliance of their houses. The very proud Alethea Hamilton Fitzpoint would in this solitary instance have been prepared to sacrifice blood for gold—nay, would have actually recommended a Miss Hamilton with her two hundred and fifty thousand pounds more gladly than a portionless Colonna—was a possibility that could by no chance enter into the sphere of her calculations. So when Lady Castletowers came over to see her the next day in her humble Bloomsbury home, and kissed her on both cheeks, and said all the pretty and gracious things that the mother of her betrothed husband was bound to say under the circumstances, Lady Olimpia accepted it all in perfect faith, nor guessed a bitter disappointment lay hidden beneath that varnish of smiles and embraces. The Earl, having himself borne the brunt of her Ladyship's displeasure, was, it need scarcely be said, careful to keep his secret very cosy indeed.

In the mean while Saxon Trefalden had gone back to Switzerland; and there, despite the urgent remonstrances of those dear friends who missed his little dinners and his inexhaustible check-books, persistently remained. In vain did the Exechequin lift up its voice in despair; in vain did Blackwall lament and Richmond refuse to be comforted, and Italian prima donnas sigh for banquets and bracelets gone by. The boyish, laughing, Israelin millionaire was fairly gone, and declined to come back again. The sirens might sing; but Odysseus only stopped his ears and sailed by unheeding.

The Earl alone knew that he was married; but even the Earl knew no more. He felt it to be somewhat hard that his friend should neither have invited him to his wedding, nor how taken him in any way into his confidence upon so important a matter. He could not but be conscious, too, that there was something strange and secret about the whole proceeding. Why was he married? Was the bride pretty or plain? Rich or poor? Dark or fair? Gentle or simple? What could be her age? Where was she living? Nothing!

In reply to the first announcement of his friend's marriage, the Earl had ventured delicately to hint at the propriety of a visit to London. But Saxon limited his rejoinder to the fact that his wife was "an angel," Lord Castletowers naturally felt that the allotment was hardly so explicit as it might have been.

On all other points Saxon was frank and communicative as ever. He had every project before his friend as unreservedly in his letters as if they two had been sitting face to face over the fire in the smoking-room of Castletowers or leaning side by side in the moonlight over the taffrail of the *Alboth*. They were delightful letters, filled to overflowing with the kind of general detail: now telling of the new chateau, which was already in progress; now of the lodge just built at Castletowers for the use of the maide between Tamins and Thusis; now describing a national fête at Chur, or an entertainment at the Chateau Trefalden, and now again all about the cotton-mills which Saxon was erecting in the valley, or the enormous pasture tracts lately purchased, and the herds of cattle being imported to stock them; now giving a sketch of the design just received from the architect at Geneva for that chapel which the Right Worshipful Pastor Martin's heart had been set for the last thirty years—keeping the Earl constantly *au courant*, in fact, of every phase of Trefalden's busy and benevolent life among the simple people of his native canton.

At length it was the Earl's turn to announce the happiness so shortly to be his; and then Saxon wrote to entreat that the newly-married pair might extend their wedding-tour as far as the Valley of Domleschg, and be his guests a while. "My wife," he said, "desires to know you, and my uncle loves you already for your sake. On your wedding-day you will receive a parcel of papers, which you must accept as a souvenir of your friend."

The "parcel of papers" proved to be the titledeeds of the two farms sold to Mr. Sloper, and the lease of the Dr. Bonner's land and grounds at Castletowers. The farms were worth from ten to twelve thousand pounds apiece, to say nothing of the "fancy" price which Saxon had paid for the wool-stapler's property. It was not a bad present, as presents go, and it made a rich addition to the Earl of Castletowers' estate. He little thought as he wrung Saxon's hand when they next met at Reichenau, that to the man who had presented him with this splendid property he owed not those farms alone, but Castletowers itself—Castletowers itself, with the ancestral oaks of which his forefathers had lived and died for centuries before him. That was the one secret which Saxon kept from his friend to the very last when, walking together under the apple-trees at the foot of the church-hill, he related the story of his early marriage, of his wife's death, and of the fate from which he had interposed to save Helen Riviere.

"And now," he said, "was how I came first to know her—how I came to love her—how I won her. I brought her home at once to the little chateau at Reichenau, and I locked her from the first moment, and she adored him. I was almost jealous—that is, I should have been jealous, if I hadn't loved her so much. When she had been living here for about a month or five weeks we came up one morning, all three together, to this little chapel on the hill, and my uncle married us. There was no one present but Kettli and the organ-blower. After my uncle had blessed us and the ceremony was over, we embraced and bade him adieu, and walked along the Thusis road till the carriole overtook us; and so I took my wife home. I went with her and no soul in Reichenau knew it till we were gone. We were so happy!"

"It is a delightful story," said the Earl, "and a pretty story; and the best part of it is that you and I are cousins, Saxon, after all!"

"Yes," replied Saxon, grasping his friend's hand in both his own, "it is not much to be only cousins when we have been brothers so long!"

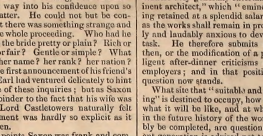
A word remains to be added respecting the other moiety of the great Trefalden property. The money was, according to the will of the testator, was to be bestowed in the endowment of a great charity, chiefly for the benefit of the poor of Bloomsbury, Bournemile men, ship-brokers, stockbrokers, poor clergymen, and members of the legal and medical professions, and widows and orphans of each of those classes respectively. "For the accommodation of these widows and orphans, the will went on to direct that a pile of freehold ground should be purchased, and that "a suitable and substantial building" should be erected thereon under the superintendence of "some eminent architect;" and this building was to be called "THE LONDON BENEVOLENT TREFALDEN INSTITUTION."

It is delightful to know that all this will certainly be done—some day. The money fell due on the twenty-second of March, 1860, and the sum then transferred to the cr dit of the trustees amounted to just four million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand two hundred and odd pounds. Since that time the exertions of the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor and Corporation have been beyond all praise. To say that they have either thought much, or done much, up to the present date, would perhaps be premature; but they have eaten an incalculable number of dinners on the subject, which to the civic mind means precisely the same thing. At these dinners they generally entertain a certain "eminent architect," which "eminent architect," being retained at a splendid salary for just so long as the works shall remain in progress, is naturally and laudably anxious to devote his life to the task. He therefore rubbishes a plan now and then, or the modification of a plan, to the intelligent and discriminating criticisms of his honorable employers; and in that position the building question now stands.

What life and "suitable and substantial building" is destined to occupy, how much it will cost, what it will be like, and at what remote period in the future history of the world it may probably be completed, are questions which the present generation is advised not to consider too curiously. No intelligent and unprejudiced person can doubt, of course, that when the ground is bought, and the building is built, and the bills are all paid, the Trefalden Institution will exist, and the resident curator, clergyman, physician, secretary, housekeeper, and servants of the establishment are all appointed, and the splendor of the foundation, there will yet remain something for "DECAYED TRADESMEN, merchants, men, shipbrokers, stock-brokers, clergymen, and members of the legal and medical professions, as well as for the widows and orphans of each of those classes respectively." In any case, however, the claims of these insignificant persons will not have to be considered in our time; how, then, can we do better than eat, drink, and be merry, after the enlightened fashion of our honorable friends, the Trefalden Trustees, and leave the future to take care of itself?

THE END.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



NO WONDER MILK AND VICTUALS ARE SO DEAR.

THE CRIBB QUESTION.—"How's your cold?"

A Slicer of Charity in Paris has been educating children by taking in lodgers under his loaf-crumb.

Some journal of undoubted authority states that several new performers are about to be added to the orchestra. The new performers are expected to be considerable bores, but the movement undoubtedly originated in the recent "strike" of the musicians. Among those new performers are mentioned:

The man who fiddles with his watch-chain.

The man who harps on one string.

The man who blows his own trumpet.

The man who is up to the bones of a dilemma.

The man who knows the miracles of algebra and the triangles of Euclid.

The man who flogs the chorage.

The man who drums on the table.

The man who "has a bone to pick."

Several *artistes (in spectacles)* with their musical glasses.

Scores of gentlemen who have refused, because they all wanted to play the first fiddle; and a chorus could easily have been formed of those who play second fiddle.

N.B.—The lady violinist will appear in intestrings.

It is rumored that a gentleman in fair and regular standing in one of our fashionable city churches entered one of our leading clothing establishments one day last week, and the following conversation ensued:

"Have you Dolphin's song? I want to get a copy."

"No—o," said the salesman, not being able to recollect at the moment whether he had ever heard of the tune: "No; I was afraid not."

"Well, I'll call at another, drawing on his kid; "perhaps it isn't out yet. Our rector spoke of it last Sunday as a production of great genius and beauty, and I want my daughter to learn it."

The simplicity of that gravity he could command, regretted that they had no copies in yet; and the customer left just in time to see the tail-feathers of the bookkeeper, as the desk behind the green curtain.

The rain has one disreputable fault; it is an eavesdropper.

The man who "took a walk" the other day brought it back again; but the next day he took a ride and has not been heard from.

AFRICAN GEOLOGICAL RESEARCH.—While Bob was in the ark, for forty days and nights it was quite dark, and Mrs. Noah said she was tired of being only in the dark, and Bob, having presented an unusual object in the head-gear line, and as the dove of the ark was continually out, he was sent by the rest of the crew. Mrs. Noah's unfailing reply was, "What will you bring?" and as each in turn went out, when the ark struck ground, she put her head out of the door and said, "Is this Ar-arat?" And the ingenious son, and is to this day, that it is very much like it.

A young widow, on being asked why she was going to get married so soon after the death of her first husband, replied, "I do it to prevent fraising myself to death on account of dear Tom."

What is the worst seat a man can sit on?—Self-conceit.

Babies resemble wheat in many respects. Firstly, neither are good for much till they arrive at maturity; secondly, both are fed on bottles, horses, and we; thirdly, both are in the family; thirdly, both have to be *sentled*; fourthly, both are generally well *thrashed* before they are done with.

EPITAPH ON A PORTRAIT-PAINTER.—Taken from life.

Why is an eruptive disease an advantage to a man in jail?—Because when he gets it he breaks out.

A widow, who had just lost her husband, was weeping bitterly for the departed. A friend tried to console her. "No, no," said the fair mourner, "all we have my sty only that I shan't think my living single long."

Who was the first jockey?—Adam, for he was the Father of the Race.

A bachelor and a young lady bought some tickets in partnership in a lottery at the recent Fancy Fair at Mile Stanken, agreeing to divide the proceeds equitably. They drew a double bedstead, a baby-jumper, and a lunch-basket, and the question is, how to divide them, or whether they shall not tie them "Hanky"?

There is a good deal of the brute in man. For example, he is generally ready to drown a puppy-dog, a mischievous predilection, and easily cure cat; occasionally eat-gorge, and is nearly ready to do such things as he likes.

CONSOLATORY.—"Which of these coals leads to the village of W——?" inquired a traveller, as he came to a place where the road he was on forked in different directions. "Why, I'm afraid I can't tell you," said the countryman, scratching his head, "for I've never been there myself." "Any one on 'em, Sir," answered the boy. "Which is the best, my lad?" replied the traveller. "Ah! I don't very one on 'em the best." "Which is the nearest?" "Ah! much different." "Which do you think I had better take?" "You may take any on 'em: and-a-the you get half-way you'll wish you'd never had back t'other one."

HIERO-GENS.—Designing mammas.

Some gentlemen were in a tavern, and at the height of their jollity in came a friend of theirs, whose name was Solomon. "Ah," said one, "you may now be sensibly merry, seeing neither sergeant nor bailiff, for, though accused not only Solomon, yet wise, and fortified by five thou-sand pounds a-year, there is Solomon, who is able to thwm them all." "Sir," replied he, "I may lawfully venture on so many as you speak of, provided you have not one of your last names."

Sir Walter Scott once had an Irishman working for him, who was a great drunkard, and who often neglected the work Sir Walter had given him to do. Complaints of this engaged in his literary labor, were was brought him that his man had returned home in a very bad state. Sir Walter dashed his pen down on his desk, and in great anger ordered the man to be sent to him immediately. He was. He entered, like bumbleness personified, and Sir Walter poured out the vials of wrath.

"You outlandish fog!" said he; "here I have been waiting up all day for you, and finding you are free from thine to time; yet to sooner are you in good grace than you take advantage of your liberty. How is this, Sir; how we meet sirs?"

"Well, said the gentleman from Ireland, "if we must part, I am very sorry, and hope no ill will happen yez; but, may I ask, where are you going to?" He got another trial.

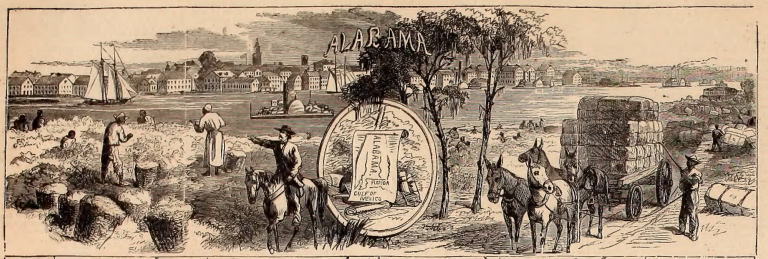
A curious law case has been tried in France, to discover who was the rightful owner of a will. Swearing to a resignation were going on about the matter, to a lengthy extent, when the judge, considering that the will in this is all about a little water. What can a matter so very much, that you should both put yourselves to all this trouble and expense about it?" Monsieur," replied one of the advocates, "style," The plaintiff was by of them, wine-merchants. The value and significance were seen at once, and created a roar of laughter.

WHY NOT, INDEED?—We have already a female doctor, why not have a female druggist? And if so, why not call her Ipecacu-Hannah?

A gentleman having occasion to call on a solicitor, found him in his office, when a man in a red coat called on the great host of the apartment, and said "It was not as an owner, but as a tenant to be," replied the lawyer, "for he here I make my *bread*."

GENERAL JOSE M. J. CARVAJAL.

GENERAL JOSE M. J. CARVAJAL, the Special Commissioner of the Republic of Mexico to the United States, was born at San Antonio, Texas, in the year 1809. He was educated in Western Virginia, under the tutorship of Father Lorenzo Campbell, President of Bethany College. Since his return from the United States to Mexico, at the age of twenty-two years, he has been actively engaged in the service of his country, holding many important military and civil positions, all of which have been in the service of republican institutions. In 1851, after having for a number of years filled many prominent and responsible offices, which had gained for him the esteem and confidence of his countrymen, he proclaimed himself as wholly in favor of republican institutions, as opposed to the system of military despotism then prevailing in Mexico—which movement in favor of republican institutions was successful in the end. In the period, and is now the ruling sentiment of the population in every Mexican State. He has always associated himself, in his political movements, with the great idea of his life — the establishment of liberal institutions, civil and religious liberty, and a republican form of government for Mexico. In 1864 he was sent by the Republican (JUAREZ) Government of Mexico, in recognition of his ability and long service to the cause of liberty, as Special Commissioner to the United States, to seek aid for his oppressed and suffering countrymen. While here he attended to the duties of his mission, and personal friends, and he has succeeded in creating in the American people a great sympathy for his cause. An agent for his Government has been appointed, with an American banking house for the sale of the bonds of the Republic of Mexico, which meet with universal favor. The public and private character is such as to win the esteem and confidence of every one with whom he comes in contact; and it is hoped that he will return bearing to his Government the fruits of his long and faithful efforts, in material aid, such as may speedily enable the Republic of Mexico to rid herself of her enemies. Having received his early education in an American college he has become thoroughly imbued with American character; and as he speaks fluently the English language, is particularly qualified to discharge, with credit to himself and his Government, the arduous duties of his responsible position. General CARVAJAL is the Military Governor of the States of Tamaulipas and San Luis Potosi, and commander of the military forces within the limits of those States. It is gratifying to know that his efforts in behalf of his people are meeting with great success, and that a lively interest is being taken by the American people in behalf of his oppressed and struggling countrymen.



MAP OF
ALABAMA
SCALE OF MILES
0 10 20 30 40 50 60

ALABAMA.

ALABAMA lies between latitude 21° 10′ and 35° north, and 84° 53′ and 88° 31′ west longitude from Greenwich. Mean annual temperature ranges from 60° to 70° Fahr. Area 50,722 square miles, of which, in 1860, 6,383,724 acres were in improved farms, and 12,716,821 acres unimproved farms, together valued at $175,821,622; value of farming implements, machinery, etc., $7,433,178.

The population in 1860 amounted to 964,201, of which 525,481 were white, 2,690 free colored, and 435,689 slaves. The following table shows the white, free colored, slave (black and mulatto), and aggregate population of each county, and also the number of bales of cotton produced:

COUNTIES.	Whites.	Free Colored.	Slaves. Black.	Slaves. Mulatto.	Aggregate.	Cotton Bales of 400 lbs. each.
Autauga	7,118	14	8,391	916	16,439	1,329
Baldwin	5,030	140	3,426	979	9,575	2,175
Barbour	14,629	13	18,943	10	33,812	4,705
Bibb	8,040	5	3,761	178	11,984	1,307
Blount	10,231	6	933	159	10,859	1,071
Butler	11,709	44	6,491	49	18,293	3,039
Calhoun	17,151	18	5,49	473	1,509	11,273
Chambers	11,015	10	10,791	857	23,3 4	3,870
Cherokee	15,121	37	2,207	395	18,260	1,0 9
Chestor	6,797	19	6,854	69	13,739	1,732
Clarke	7,959	14	6,665	771	15,409	1,829
Coffee	3,109	6	1,74	173	5,033	578
Cusenah	6,4 9	10	4,182	696	11,311	6,956
Cosea	14,459	11	4,8 2	38	19,329	13,709
Covington	3,641	17	546	73	4,277	1,761
Dale	4,313	14	1,017	1	5,345	1,830
Dallas	7,83	86	23,5 6	1,755	33,031	63,410
De Kalb	5,953	4	67	103	10,705	1,468
Fayette	11,143	2	1,4 3	781	13,7 5	3,4 7
Franklin	10,179	13	7,983	807	18,982	17,870
Greene	7,376	19	23,683	1,010	32,853	37,805
Henry	10,414	31	9,934	479	18,7 8	13,911
Jackson	14,811	17	5,631	7 8	19,283	1,7 1
Jefferson	9,075	19	5,2 8	151	14,746	4,7 41
Lauderdale	13,63	46	5,7 0	731	17,4 0	10, 31
Lowndes	7,171	14	9,12	670	17,975	11,050
Limestone	7,2 1	6	7,3 1	704	15, 6	15,1 0
Lowndes	8,3 3	14	17,8 1	1,3 1	27,7 8	30,664
Macon	8,6 5	1	1,6 6	43	26,8 7	41,1 9
Madison	11,688	122	12,6 0	1,7 7	25,4 1	21,1 5
Marengo	6,7 1	1	23,6 3	77	31,1 1	62, 25
Marion	8,3 4	5	1,6 1	58	11,1 1	4,3 6
Marshall	7,6 0	5	1,51	370	11,4 2	4,0 1
Mobile	28,3 3	1,1 5	9,1 0	2,2 4	41,1 8	440
Monroe	6,0 6	46	7,5 0	1,1 7	15,6 0	13,2 4
Montgomery	17,1 4	76	23,4 1	1,5 7	39,9 2	29,8 0
Morgan	7,5 2	31	3,2 0	40	11,3 8	3,3 6
Perry	9,47	23	16,3 9	1,2 6	27,1 4	15,6 7
Pickens	10,117	8	11,6 6	5 6	22,1 7	28,5 3
Pike	13,6 6	6	9,1 4	9 1	24,4 3	24,7 7
Randolph	10,12	23	1,5 7	3	24,4 3	6,4 7
Russell	10,5 6	18	14,2 6	1,2 8	26,5 2	28,7 8
St. Clair	9,3 6	9	3,3 3	77	12,6 5	4,2 9
Shelby	8,7 6	30	5,1 3	42	13,9 1	4,6 6
Sumter	8,9 9	28	17,1 8	91	26,2 5	36,8 4
Talladega	11,6 2	21	8,3 1	344	23,3 8	18,3 1
Tallapoosa	11,4 1	6	6,1 4	84	18,3 5	11,3 7
Tuscaloosa	12,7 1	84	9,1 7	948	23,2 0	20,6 5
Walker	3,6 0	4	3,3 1	68	7,0 3	2,7 6
Washington	2,1 7	80	2,3 1	103	4,6 1	3,4 1
Wilcox	6,7 5	30	16,3	9 6	24,0 4	45,7 0
Watson	3,4 4		53	39	3,5 6	3 2
Total	525,481	2,690	435,080	33,609	964,201	578,1 7

Surface.—Bordering the Gulf shore, and for some distance in the interior, is a low sandy region, covered for in the with pines. The central portion has an undulating surface, with a deep fertile soil, especially the lands bordering the rivers and streams. The northwest portion of the State is traversed by the Alleghany range, which, in crossing the State, merges into a series of low hills, forming the watershed between the Tennessee River on the north and the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers on the south. About two-thirds of the surface is drained by the Mobile River, which is formed by the junction of the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers. Both of these streams are navigable for steamboats far inland. The Chat ahoochee flows along its eastern border for a distance of 150 miles, and is navigable from the Gulf of Mexico to Columbus, Georgia. The Choctawhatchee, Escambia, and Perdido rivers are the only other streams of note flowing south. Tennessee River enters the State at its northeast corner, passes across the State, and returns into Tennessee at the northwest corner. This river is navigable (except a small portion at the *Muscle Shoals*) far to the northeast in Tennessee. Mobile Bay, 35 miles in extent, is one of the largest of the inlets of the Gulf of Mexico. This State has a coast line of about 60 miles along the Gulf of Mexico.

Alabama is eminently an agricultural State, and produces largely cotton, Indian corn, wheat, oats, etc. The grain crops, according to the census of 1860, were, wheat, 1,218,444 bushels produced; rye, 72,457; Indian corn, 33,224,282; barley, 15,183; buckwheat, 1847; oats, 682,128; rice, 493,445 pounds. Other productions are: peas and beans, 1,482,995 bushels; Irish potatoes, 491,551; sweet-potatoes, 5,439,917; tobacco, 252,014 pounds; wool, 775,117; cotton, 989,095 bales of 400 pounds each; and there were mad, 18,257 gallons of wine, butter, 6,628,473 pounds; cheese, 15,823; sugar, 173 hogsheads of 1000 pounds each; molasses, 80,113 gallons, sorghum molasses, 55,653; honey, 1,189,973 pounds; hay, 62,211 tons. Value of homemade manufactures, $1,817,529. The live-stock at the same period consisted of horses, 127,663; asses and mules, 111,687; milch cows, 230,337; working oxen, 88,236; other cat le, 454,543; sheep, 370,176, swine, 1,746,221. Value of live-stock, $13,411,711. Value of animals slaughtered, $10,237,131.

Manufactures, etc.—There were, in 1860, 1430 establishments of industry, with a cap. of $9,098,181 invested in real and personal estate in the business. Value of raw material used, $5,489,965; 6792 males and 1097 females employed; and the value of annual product was $10,598,536. The assessed value of real estate in 1860 was $255,034,080, and of personal property $277,164,673. The total length of railroads in operation in 1860 was 743 miles, the cost of construction of which amounted to $17,501,188.

Common Schools.—A system of public instruction was established in 1854. The number of children, in 1858, between six and twenty-one years of age, was 178,695. The returns show in the summer of 1858 the existence of 2297 schools. This does not include Mobile County, which has a separate and independent school system. The amount paid for free public schools in 1859–'60 was $271,380.

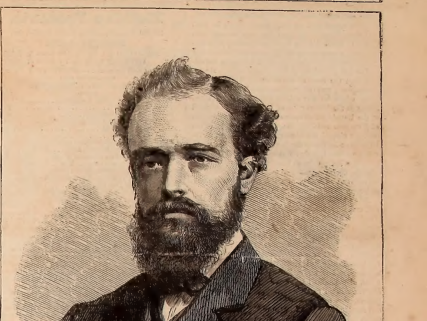
PRESIDENT JUAREZ.

BENITO JUAREZ, the President of Mexico, was born in the year 1803, in Ixtan, an Indian village in the State of OAXACA. He received his education in the city of OAXACA, studied law and began his practice with great success. He was a professor in the college of the State, and soon became the President of the Literary Institute, improving the instruction of the students, and establishing new classes of natural sciences.

He began his political career in the Legislature of his native State, and afterward was sent to the House of Representatives and to the Senate of the Republic of Mexico, where he always voted with the *pure*, or progressive party, being among the antagonists of the privileged classes and religious intolerance.

He was elected Governor of OAXACA in 1845 and instituted great improvements, establishing schools in every village, opening new roads, and acquiring a great reputation for his administrative capacity. He was among the last who sustained the liberal institutions and who resisted the dictatorship of SANTA ANNA. When this man established his tyrannical government JUAREZ was exiled and resided in New Orleans and Brownsville with ORDAZO, MATA, ARRIAGA, and other Mexican refugees. He returned to Mexico and vigorously aided GENERALS COMONFORT and ALTAREZ in the revolution against SANTA ANNA.

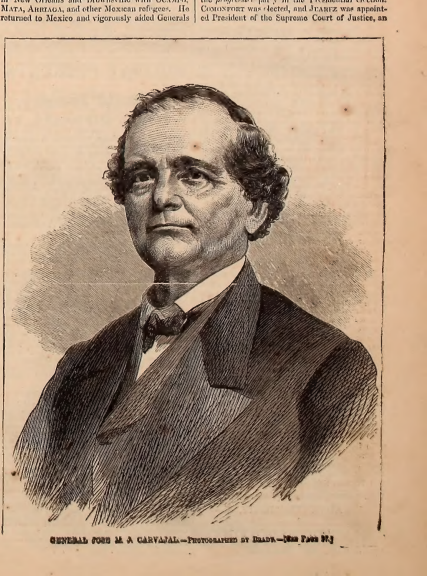
When the Liberals vanquished SANTA ANNA, and ALVAREZ was elected President, JUAREZ was appointed Secretary of State for the Department of Justice, Ecclesiastic Affairs, and Public Instructions. He then issued the famous law called the *Juarez Law*, which abolished the military and ecclesiastic privileges, and established for the first time in Mexico the perfect equality of citizens before the law. He was afterward elected Governor of the State of OAXACA, and was the candidate of the *progressive party* in the Presidential election. COMONFORT was elected, and JUAREZ was appointed President of the Supreme Court of Justice, an



MATIAS ROMERO, MEXICAN MINISTER TO WASHINGTON.—PHOT. BY FREDERICKS & CO.—[SEE PAGE 30.]



BENITO JUAREZ, PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ, A CARVAJAL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 30.]

office equivalent to that of Vice-President. Comment called him to his cabinet, where he took the Home Department until the coup d'état of Convenar, overthrowing the Constitution, and proclaiming a new dictatorship. JUAREZ left the city of Mexico and resumed the executive power according to the provisions of the Constitution. He established the seat of Government at Queretaro, Guanajuato, and Guadalajara, and, finally, at Vera Cruz, where he was acknowledged by the United States as the lawful ruler of Mexico. The Capital of the Republic and some cities were in possession of MIRAMON and ZULOAGA, but the majority of the country obeyed the Government of JUAREZ. At Vera Cruz he issued the laws called the "Law of Reform," establishing religious liberty and the most complete independence between the State and the Church, declaring the real estate of the clergy to be national property, establishing civil marriage, and suppressing the Convents of Friars.

After three years of struggle he re-entered the national Capital and was recognized as the lawful President by England, France, Prussia, etc. He organized his Cabinet with ZARCO, ALTAMIRE, PRIETO, and GONZALEZ ORTEGA, and convoked a new Congress, who issued the law for the new Presidential election. JUAREZ was re-elected and re-established the Constitution. His Cabinet has had many modifications, and GEZMAN, ZAMARRIA, ROMERO, ROMERO RUBIO, and LERDO have been Secretaries of State. JUAREZ refused to yield to the claims of European powers, was nearly recognized by France, Spain, and England, but it was agreed by the *preliminaries* of La Soledad to settle the claims in a diplomatic conference which was to be held in London. The French pleniopotentiaries violated the agreement, England and Spain disapproved such an outrage to the law of nations, and withdrew from the tripartite expedition. War began, and JUAREZ has ever sustained the flag of his country. The seat of his Government has been removed from Mexico to San Luis Potosi, Monterey, and Chihuahua. JUAREZ was recently at El Paso del Norte, on the bank of the Rio Grande. The Congress of the United States of Columbia has declared that JUAREZ has deserved well of America by his constancy and energy in defending the independence of Mexico, and has considered that his portrait may be honorably placed in the National Library of Bogota.

His Government is recognized by all countries of America except Brazil. JUAREZ is an honest man. He professes republican principles, and has been rightness in the fulfillment of his duties. He is generally esteemed and respected even by his enemies, who acknowledge the honesty of his character and the excellences of his government. The ministers are Mr. LERDO DE TEJADA for Foreign and Interior Affairs, and Mr. ULLOAS for the Treasury and Judicial Department. The proceeding of the war the President was invested by Congress with extraordinary powers, and he is therefore fully authorized to levy many, and even all the internal territory, to change the form of Republican Government, to interfere in judicial matters, and to accept foreign intervention in the domestic affairs of Mexico.

MATIAS ROMERO.

MR. MATIAS ROMERO is a native of the State of OAXACA, and has not yet reached his thirtieth year. He studied law, and is a lawyer admitted in the courts of the City of Mexico.

He was a Secretary of President JUAREZ when the latter was appointed Minister of the Interior Affairs, and afterward was employed in the Department of the Secretary of State, following the Constitutional Government to Vera Cruz.

He came to the United States as Second Secretary of the Mexican Legation under Minister MATA. When Mr. MATA returned to MEXICO ROMERO remained as "Charge d'Affaires" and ever since reclaimed the legation, and went to San Luis Potosi, demanding service in the army against the French, and fulfilled many commissions of the Government. When General DUBLADO found a new Cabinet in San Luis Potosi Mr. ROMERO was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, and was received in that capacity by President LINCOLN. Mr. ROMERO has been able to maintain friendly relations with the American Government, and has represented his country in a worthy and honorable manner, and without fear, in the cause of Mexican Independence.

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5000 Gold Pens, Silver-mounted Holders to suit.	3 00 to 5 00
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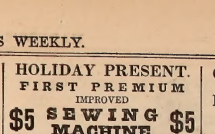
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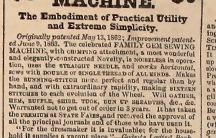
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This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
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And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good asy man, full shurely
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls as I do.

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AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
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Diseases of the STOMACH and KIDNEYS, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, GOUT, GRAVEL, and disorders arising from excesses, use
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And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARDEN'S EXPRESS, 68 Broadway.

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(PURE GOLD)
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On Inside Page.

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By the use of the recently-discovered Vegetable Extract
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CLOCKS, BRONZES, and FANCY GOODS of LATEST IMPORTATIONS, and, well adapted for
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The Glory of Man is Strength.
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PAPER COLLARS
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LADIES
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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
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Ladies' Victoria Turn-over Paper Collar.


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Gents. Reversible Paper Cuffs.


Gents. English Paper Cuffs.

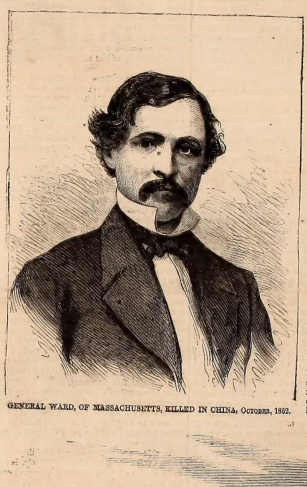
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 473.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



GENERAL WARD, OF MASSACHUSETTS, KILLED IN CHINA, OCTOBER, 1862.

GENERALS BURGEVINE AND WARD.

OUR latest advices from China mention THE DROWNING WHILE IN IRONS OF GENERAL BURGEVINE, the Chief of the Taepings, whose portrait is here given. BURGEVINE was a NEW YORKER, and went to China several years since. It will be remembered that in 1861 a BOSTONIAN named WARD, whose portrait we also give, organized a force of AMERICAN and CHINESE soldiers, under EUROPEAN and CHINESE officers, to repel the invasion of the tribe of barbarians known as the TAEPINGS. This force was for the defense of SHANGHAI, and was commanded by WARD. BURGEVINE was WARD'S second in command, and succeeded the latter when WARD was killed in OCTOBER, 1862.

It was not long before the CHINESE GOVERNOR of the province, by delaying to pay BURGEVINE'S soldiers, excited a revolt among them, the GENERAL taking sides with his men. BURGEVINE took violent measures to obtain the money to pay his men, and was ordered to resign his command, which he refused to do. The result of the quarrel was that BURGEVINE with a portion of his men went over to the side of the TAEPING rebels. He subsequently had quite a number of actions against his old command, now led by MAJOR GORDON, and was rather roughly handled sometimes. He found it quite as difficult to get along with CHENG WUNG, the TAEPING leader, as with the GOVERNOR of SHANGHAI, and by means of spies he informed GORDON that he would surrender himself, and as many EUROPEANS as he could induce to follow him, if pledges would be given of security to his life. GORDON gave the pledges. Accordingly BURGEVINE surrendered; the pledges at first were kept, but finally were broken, and BURGEVINE was recently drowned in irons, thus closing his very eventful career.

The TAEPING rebellion commenced in 1850. The leader of the rebellion, SIU TSEUN, was an ill-instructed convert to CHRISTIANITY. In 1833 he had received from an AMERICAN missionary a package of tracts in the CHINESE language, which he put in his pocket, and thought no more of them until five



GENERAL BURGEVINE, OF NEW YORK, RECENTLY KILLED IN CHINA.



FUNERAL OF GERMAN PATRIOTS AT COMFORT, TEXAS, AUGUST 20, 1865.—[SEE PAGE 33.]

years later, when, after a violent illness, during which he had seen visions and uttered prophetic rhapsodies, his notice was attracted to the pictures. He read the tracts with avidity, and, connecting them with his visions, he set out to make converts to his new religion. It was not long before he had 2000 adherents in the single district of Kewei. His attempts to overthrow the temples and rites of an Idolatrous worship created so great excitement that he was compelled to retire to private life. The insurrection of 1850, starting among the mountains and wretched people of the province of Canton, soon became, under his leadership, a formidable rebellion. He styled the Taeping (or Peace) dynasty. In four months he had a powerful and disciplined army. He assumed the title of TIEN WANG (King of Heaven), and declared himself the brother of CHRIST. He and his army carried every thing before them. In 1853 even the great city of Nankin surrendered to him, and he put to death the Inhabitants to the number of 20,000. Nankin then became the Taeping capital. Having accomplished this much, the terrible fanatic retired into almost seclusion. In the mean time the Imperialists were besieging his capital, and nearly drove TIEN WANG and his followers to starvation. In this emergency the Taeping chief composed a doxology, which was chanted by his army daily, the more vehemently as the rations grew more scanty. Finding no relief in this religious exercise, TIEN WANG tried what virtue there might be in a sortie against the besiegers. This was successful, and the Allies (or, rather, CHUNG WANG, his military lieutenant) attacked Shanghai; but the English naval force defended the city with their navy, and made great havoc among the rebels. The rebels were leisurely in their movements, and during the war between the allied Powers (France and England) and the Chinese Emperor, which terminated in 1860, they contented themselves with plundering the region about their capital.

Since 1860 they have been more active. December 9, 1863, they captured Ningpo, and defeated the native inhabitants without mercy. They then moved against Shanghai, in defiance of the notice given by France and England that they should defend the city. The rebels now began to lose ground. A number of French and English officers were employed by the Chinese Government, and some of these were so distinguished as the American General WARD, who was mortally wounded September 20, 1862, in an engagement with the Taepings near Ningpo.

The Taepings retained their capital, though they lost the important city of Soochow, December 5, 1863. There was a general massacre of Taepings upon the fall of the city, very much like that which recently followed the Jamaica riots. The war was continued in 1864. The Taepings lost whole provinces and large numbers of prisoners, but they were reinforced, and revolted without pity. After devastating the villages and committing frightful atrocities in their march, showing no mercy even to foreigners. Finally, however, Nankin, the rebel capital, was taken by the Imperialists July 19, 1864. CHUNG WANG, the highest military chief of the Taepings, was also captured, and was "cut into a thousand pieces" in Nankin. From this time, though the Taepings keep up the war, they have lost continually, and the rebellion is nearly smothered.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1866.

THE PRESIDENT'S POSITION.

THOSE who are disposed to consider the President's action in relieving his Provisional Governors, and authorizing those lately elected in the Southern States to exercise their functions, as hasty and even discourteous to Congress, should remember that it is merely another essential step in the course which he has pursued as Commander-in-Chief. The President properly wishes all the conditions of his experiment to be satisfied, and he does not assume to dictate in any least degree to Congress.

What was the problem he offered to the unorganized States? It was to present to Congress a form of government which Congress could properly recognize as Republican; and it was essential to its complete success that when it could be seen in operation. Therefore he has authorized the governments to go into action. But has neither promised nor implied that Congress shall recognize them as fully satisfactory, nor admit representatives without further conditions and consideration; nor has he restored the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* to the unorganized States.

All that the President has done is to restore the former methods of civil administration under the immediate observation of the United States. There are obvious advantages in such a course, for it tends to bring civil society back into its old channels; it habituates the people once more to the processes of peace; and shows them by renewed experience the superiority of civil to military rule. Had he withdrawn military rule altogether his course would have been perilous in the extreme. But he says merely, "Let us see with how little of that rule we can easily get on."

It must not be forgotten that the question of reorganization is necessarily practical and experimental. It will be so in any case. Whatever laws may be passed, or amendments adopted, or pledges required and given, the work will still be an experiment, and must still be closely and carefully watched. That General GRANT says that he is persuaded the great body of the Southern people have acquiesced in the result of the war; and he hopes that civil government may be soon re-established. But his good sense does not desert him. He does not say that because they have acquiesced and because speedy civil governments are desirable, therefore the troops should be withdrawn and the whole matter left in the hands of the acquiescent mass. On the contrary, he is of opinion that for a long time there must be a military supervision of these States.

So with the President. He authorizes the Governors to exercise their offices, but he does not restore the *habeas corpus*, and he does not declare the unorganized States to have resumed their functions in the Union. To do that would be to declare a question which he carefully referred to Congress. It seems to us that the perpetual distrust of the President which appears in some quarters is wholly unjustifiable. His purpose is certainly beyond suspicion. His fidelity to the freedmen is proved. He has his own theories of the status of the States, of the limitations of his power, and of the nature of the policy of reorganization. But it will be time enough to doubt and denounce him when he declares that he is willing, without another word and at once as the case now stands, to accept the entire resumption by the late rebel States of all their functions in the Union, to withdraw the military soldier from the field, abolish the Freedmen's Bureau, and to intrust the late slaves without further ceremony or security to the absolute control of the late masters.

BAD NEWS FOR THE BULLS.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has not yet commenced to attempt to contract the currency, though a better time at which to try the experiment can hardly be conceived than the present, money being easy, the Treasury in good demand, and business generally prosperous: but there are indications in Wall Street that the downward turn in prices which was to ensue from the inauguration of the policy of contraction may perhaps not wait for that event. There are ominous signs in the financial sky; losing interests, they may say, have passed these days it may be well to beware of stocks.

In the first place, the receipts of the railroads are diminishing. The Chicago and Rock Island fell off $8,16, on the receipts for the week; Michigan Southern $42,000; the Chicago and North Western $17,000. It is reported that the trunk lines will not show a corresponding decline. But as all shipments are now by canal they have been reduced from 25 to 40 per cent. within a few weeks, and that active competition for business is again reviving is not known or generally credited. On the other hand, company after company, when brought face to face with the facts, is compelled to confess to a larger increase of gross receipts in the year's traffic increase of 1865. Thus the New York Central Directors admit that, with a very handsome increase of gross receipts in 1865, there is an actual decrease of over a quarter of a million in net receipts; the Erie Directors acknowledge, in their report to the Legislature, that their expenses increased 30 per cent. to 40 per cent. two years ago to 80 per cent. now, though their gross receipts have in the mean time risen from twelve to fifteen millions; the Michigan Southern Directors, in their report to the end of midsummer 1865, in order to make sure the dividend of Jan. 1866, passed that too, notwithstanding gross receipts of $3,000,000, and the Cleveland and Pittsburg Directors, who, two years ago, were firmly persuaded that they could and ought to pay 10 per cent. every year to their stockholders, declare that 8 per cent. is the most they can pay, and to pay that, an issue of $1,000,000 new stock is necessary; the Chicago and North Western Directors, who assured the public in their report only a year ago that their preferred stock was as certainly dividend-bearing as any stock in the country, pass the half-dividend on the preferred stock.

These are ominous facts—and not the less so because they can be accounted for on very simple principles. Within the past three years every thing in the country has risen in price except railway fares and freights. Every thing which can be put on the back or into the stomach: every necessary and every luxury; every article of use and every article of ornament; every utensil and every product of industry; labor that is skilled, and unskilled labor, has risen from 50 to 100 per cent. in cost. Alone among all purchasable commodities railway travel and railway freights have not advanced since the Government and the banks suspended specie payments. You may still travel from New York to Chicago, from Boston to Saint Louis, from Washington to Buffalo, or any where else, for the same sum in greenbacks which the same journey would have cost you in gold in 1861. You may send a barrel of flour from Chicago to New York, or a case of goods from New York to Louisville, Kentucky, or a bale of cotton from Cairo, Illinois, to Boston, for the same sum in paper as you would have paid in gold for the like service in 1861. Yet the expenses of the railroads have nearly doubled. Labor which used to cost them 75 cents a day now costs $1 50; other labor which cost $2 a day now costs $3 50; iron which cost $45 a ton now costs $75; wood which cost $2 75 per cord now costs $4 50, etc., etc. It is no wonder that, notwithstanding a steady development of gross traffic, net receipts should fall off; and should the December decline in gross receipts continue in succeeding months, it will not be surprising if some of our railway companies become once more bankrupt.

This condition of affairs is the more interesting as Wall Street for a month or more has been engaged in speculating for the rise in the leading railway securities. Thus Erie and Pittsburg, which sold in April and May last @ 45 per cent., sold within a week at 97 per cent.; Fort Wayne, which sold at 87, touched 97 last week; Rock Island, which was down to 85, is up to 108; Michigan Southern, which was 46, is 74; New York Central, which was 81, is 97. Reading, which was 90, is 107; North Western preferred, which was 45, is 81, etc., etc. A notion prevailed some time ago that the first months of 1866 were destined to witness an active speculation in stocks, based on the ease of money; and the remarkable defeat of the Bears in Prairie du Chien encouraged other combinations to undertake similar operations. Meanwhile, Mr. FESSENDEN, with the veteran Director of the Erie is understood to be the leading spirit in a combination which has undertaken to put up the shares of the leading Erie in the street, while other leading operators have bought all, or nearly all the Cleveland and Pittsburg, the Rock Island, the New York Central, etc.

Should the expected speculative fever break out; should the public, notwithstanding the decline in net, and, in some instances, in gross receipts, rush into the arms of the insinuating prospect of currency contraction, undertake to buy stocks for the rise, these various combinations would find a ready sale for their stocks at a very exhibitant advance upon current prices. On the other hand, should the public continue, as heretofore, for at least sixty days, to stand aloof from stock speculation, and the Bears, the holders of railway stocks, alarmed by the increase of expenses and the reduction of dividends, determine to realize their money, the various cliques which have secured such large quantities of floating stock would be placed in an embarrassing position. Forced realizations would probably involve a decline of 15 or 20 per cent.

There is one chance for the Bulls of Wall Street which is more promising than it may at first appear to be. They publicly declare they have been given to the unpromising condition of the railway interest that a large number of professional speculators have already begun to sell stocks for the fall. In the event of a decline of 5 @ 10 per cent. this Bear party would receive large accessions of strength. On the scale on which stock speculations are carried on in Wall Street, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the sales of the Bears would soon far exceed the capacity of the market, and they would, by the necessities of the case, convert themselves. In two days, on 5th and 6th inst., the whole capital stock of the Cleveland and Pittsburg was sold in Wall Street. It is clear that when speculators operate on this scale, a shrewd manager only needs to buy a few thousand shares of an active stock, to borrow money on it for a day, and a corner results inevitably. It stands to reason that this will occur in one stock after another, and that, in spite of contraction, easy money, and other adverse circumstances, stocks will be seen to advance from time to time, at a rate and in a way that will puzzle those who try to account for them upon principles based on intrinsic values, and punish, if not ruin, the judicious operators who have sold short that which they have not got and may not be able to get. In a word, there are times when the public will do well to let Wall Street bury its dead. The leading stocks of the day are selling for more than they are worth, and are more likely to fall than to rise. But speculators who sell them short are more likely to be cornered and to be ruined than to make money. Those who try and influence, or sell, on speculation, have the chances equally against them. Bona fide holders will not risk much by selling their property and trusting to the events of the current year for an opportunity of replacing it at lower figures. But if Harlem could be put up to 280, and Prairie du Chien to 250, there will be no difficulty in getting Fitchburg to 200, or Rock Island to 1000, if the silly Bears of Wall Street undertake to sell it short.

GOVERNOR ANDREW'S VALEDICTORY.

GOVERNOR ANDREW, of Massachusetts, upon retiring from five years' service, which will be always memorable in the history of his State and of the country, has expressed his views upon the national situation in a valedictory message to the Legislature. It is a most admirable and sagacious paper. Moderate in tone and temperate in spirit, it discusses the question of reorganization with remarkable clearness, catholicity, and sagacity; and is plainly the work of a sound political thinker and wise statesman.

The GOVERNOR'S view of the actual condition of the unorganized States is that of the great intelligent body of American citizens. They are not Territories, in the technical sense, nor have they committed suicide. Their attempt to destroy their relations with the Union has been unsuccessful, and they are now without government other than the military rule of the United States. It is the duty of the United States to establish that government. It is the preliminary steps to that end the organic law of the State before rebellion may be wisely observed. The constitutional amendment be intrusted to the same body that disorganized, but requirements may be rightfully imposed upon it.

What these requirements should be is a consideration of the most momentous import. In the opinion of GOVERNOR ANDREW Congress should offer an amendment to the Constitution granting the right to vote for President, Vice-President, and Representatives in Congress to colored men in all the States, being citizens and able to read, who would by the laws of the State be competent to vote if they were white, and, without disfranchising existing voters, it should apply the qualification to white men also. The amendment should also leave the election of Presidential Electors subject directly in the hands of the people. This, with the Emancipation Amendment, would discharge the whole duty of the nation to its dependent wards.

The Governor opposes the proposed amendment apportioning representation to voters upon two grounds: First, it is important to the true republican principle to base representation upon any class and not upon the whole body of the people; and, second, it would leave the freedmen entirely in the hands of their late masters, which can not be safely or honorably done.

There is a force in this last objection which can not be overlooked. The intention of the amendment is to do by an appeal to the love of political power what could not otherwise, it was thought, be accomplished by a direct act of Congress, which it was supposed could not carry the country, and in which the unorganized States would be represented. The resumption of the amendment is, that to retain or increase their political power the whites of the South would enfranchise the blacks. The question is, would they? And if they would not, as Governor ANDREW asks, would the whites, for the sake of doubling the representation to six members, be willing to concede three to the blacks in the proportion of their containing the whole six? Would they not rather have the three which they now elect than have them double that number? This is a fair question. But we are inclined to believe it to be only a temporary question. With the lapse of time and the necessary political development of society in a free government the spirit of caste is weakened, and gradually disappears; while with the unused basis of political power at hand in half the population, parties would inevitably arise, and the party of equal enfranchisement would finally prevail.

In this country the political disability which springs from the spirit of caste seems to be sure to sooner or later removed, now that caste has no further legal recognition. But the industrial will precede the political surrender of caste which is the more free government is lighted, and it is a question of paramount importance whether, while we defend every personal and industrial right of the freedmen, we ought not to make it appear to be the interest of the white class to grant them an equal political right? If the more passage of the amendment seems to be necessary to the security of the just treatment of the freedmen by the whites, and upon their enforced assent to it the keys of the unorganized States were to be delivered into the hands of the whites with the privilege of treating the freedmen as they chose, we should oppose it as warmly as any of its opponents. But such a surrender is not all unnecessary friction. As a matter of expediency it is desirable that the whites should assent to just political equality, and we would take every fair and honorable step that would promote that result.

THE LIMITS OF PUBLICITY.

WHAT are the proper limits of publicity in cases of infamous crime, is a question which has been lately much discussed in this city. Yet the answer does not seem to be very difficult. Starting from the axiom that every thing which happens is and should be public property, except so far as public report as news, it is only to see that all publication should be governed by moral common-sense.

To say, as has been lately gravely asserted, that, because a revolting crime has been committed in a city, all the citizens are therefore "compelled" to listen to the loathsome details, is as ridiculous as to assert that, because the police may have descended upon a nest of illhouses in Mercer Street, the public are "compelled" to go and look at the abominations that are discovered in those houses. The other public will eagerly read all descriptions, and the more greedily in the degree of their prurient detail, is very probable. But it is not so much

the reader as the purveyor of such details who is truly guilty.

Nor is the assertion that crime perishes more surely in the daylight than in the dark a sufficient excuse for publishing all the exciting incidents of crime. Is it necessary for the warning of youth that, even if you faithfully show that MacHeath by his lawless courses came to the scaffold, you should describe with the most elaborate particularity every one of those lawless courses? Why is it that the newspapers which defend their recent detailed publication of a lascivious trial do not open their columns to an equal publicity of the details of other trials which they report? The answer to this question is the refutation of their own plea. It is simply that there is a pruriency and prurient detail which promises a larger sale of the paper. It is as necessary to purge society of forgery, of larceny, of arson, as it is of adultery. Why do the papers not pour a full stream of withering daylight upon their accounts of those offenses?

This case we will suppose a paper to say, has attracted great professional and social attention, and the press has been compelled to give it publicity. In other words, the notorious misconduct of the circumstances has excited morbid curiosity, and the press has chosen to turn a penny by gratifying it. The duty of the press was to censure and withstand this kind of attention, not to foster it. It was not necessary to omit all mention of the case. But every thing necessary to the public moral improvement of the trial could have been mentioned without the circumstantial reports which were presented.

The immoral influence of the stump great scoundrels, we will suppose another paper to say, is in the fact that only the pleasant episodes and not the dreary and dreadful end are related. But is, then, an obscene book the history of an outcast, told with unshrinking detail, the full daylight turned on in faithful illustrations, if only the shameful and desolate death be likewise portrayed, is the ultimate influence upon young minds? It is not the thing done, only, it is the way in which the thing is done which determines the moral influences.

NO MORE AMERICAN BOOKS.

UNLESS the Commission which has the revision of the Revenue Law in charge should recommend the modification of the tax on printed books, and Congress should act upon the recommendation, we shall soon cease to print any books at all. A more careful study of the facts leads us to the conclusion that our recent estimate of the relative cost of books printed here and the same books printed in England was too liberal to the foreign printer; we now judge that a book can be printed and published in England for *one-third* the cost of the same book here. Of course, under such circumstances, the tariff gives no obstacle whatever to importations, and should the tariff remain as it stands things continue, it is clear that, in the course of a few months, the publication of American books will be reduced to those works which can not be produced abroad.

It is understood that the Revenue Commission is bent only to a reduction of the internal duties on books—fifteen in number—that have been calculated. It should be hoped that they will lose no time in laying their views before Congress. In order to aid them in their deliberations, we present a single item, which is a fair sample of scores:

The *Sunday Magazine* is a periodical published in London, the price being *sixpence* a copy, exclusive of postage. Of this Magazine 10,000 copies are imported for sale in this country, the importers affirming that the market value in England is *three farthings* a copy. Upon this, by the present LAW, they pay a duty of 25 per cent.—that is, three-fourths of a farthing. Making the whole cost here to them, duty included, just 3¾ *farthings*, a little less than two cents a copy, or $200 for the whole 10,000. The importers, moreover, demand here twenty-five cents for this Magazine, the market value of which in England, and upon which only they pay duty, they declare to be only three farthings. We shall follow up this case by other instances, of which we have at hand more than a score.

Now let us see what the cost of the bare manufacture of these 10,000 copies would be in this country at present prices. After a careful calculation we find that the paper, composition, stereotyping, press-work, and folding of the Magazine would cost here, for 10,000 copies, 14 *cents* a copy, instead of *three farthings*, its alleged market value in England. This includes only the bare cost of manufacture, adding no allowance for literary and artistic labor and the cost of the engravings.

Upon these 10,000 copies the importers pay a duty of only three-fourths of a farthing, while the 25 separate taxes imposed by law upon the American manufacturer amount to at least four cents. In other words, we "protect" the British manufacturer of books by imposing upon him by way of duty only one-fifth as much as is paid by the American manufacturer in direct taxes upon raw material and labor alone.

If this continues, one of two things is inevitable: The manufacture of books here will cease, and the great amount of labor involved in it, directly and indirectly, must find other channels; or the labor must be paid for at English "starvation rates." Practically, both results will ensue. Three-fourths of our printers will be out of employment, and the others will receive pay at British rates: and all for the benefit of our British friends.

THE HEALTH OF THE CITY.

THERE facts compel the attention of every citizen of the city of New York, and interest the whole country. The cholera has not found the city is in the condition most favorable to its ravages; and there is no hope of relief from the city itself. These three facts very unpropitiously suggest a fourth—that if the State does not save us the city will not escape the worst force of the pestilence.

Governor FENTON, in his admirable Message to the Legislature, reminds us that the sanitary care of the city is now confided to two separate Boards, one of which is composed of the Mayor and Common Council; the other of the Mayor and the Commissioners of Health. The powers of the former are almost unlimited; and, when convened, its decisions are binding only by the official term of its members. Mayor HOFFMAN, in his Message, says that it has not met for a long time, and he sees no reason why it should be convened. The Board of Commissioners of Health is composed of the Mayor, the City Inspector, the President of each Board of the Common Council, Health Officer of the Port, Resident Physician, and Health Commissioner, and this Board, the Mayor thinks, will be able to accomplish all that may be required of it. His Honor is also of opinion that the whole care of the city should not be intrusted to a State Commission.

Governor FENTON, on the contrary, thinks that the success of the Metropolitan Police Law and of the paid Fire Department "furnish a strong argument in favor of some similar provision for protection of the health and life of the same populous territory." In conformity with this suggestion, Senator ANDREWS has introduced a Metropolitan Health Bill. It has been prepared with the utmost care, and includes the methods which the experience of the largest cities in the world has proved to be most effective and advantageous. It is the work of no party of politicians or speculators, but of the best citizens and of men of the highest practical science. Its aim is the security of the health of the city without regard to politics.

The circumstances require instant and radical action. There is really no hope whatever from any municipal authority, and without denying the abstract truth of Mayor HOFFMAN'S remark, that the city should take care of its own health, it is enough to say that no well-informed man believes that the city will ensure it either can or will take the necessary care.

The bill was defeated last year; but the imminence of the cholera will, we believe, secure its present passage, with some amendments. Should it fail again, the city of New York will be literally left to its own destruction.

SYCOPHANCY.

THERE are certain papers which have the very bad habit of assuming that those who do not altogether approve the measures of any organization are ill-conditioned malcontents and visionaries who are hostile to a speedy and secure reunion. It is evident to the United People, who is quite as much interested in the just and permanent settlement of the question as any of the papers to which we refer can be, is perfectly willing to accept the results of all due prudence, that still further consideration and delay are essential before the Government relinquishes its hold upon the lately insurgent States, or is denounced as an enemy of the Republic if policy, and as insisting upon foolish crotchets, theories, and "isms."

Now, it is a very pertinent inquiry why the purely speculative views which the President or any other eminent citizen takes of the situation may not equally be derided as crotchets, theories, and "isms." It is not a matter of legislative point—such, for instance, as the precise status in the Union of the unorganized States—it is, we presume, the function of the individual to speculate. It may also be permitted the same mind to doubt whether the speculations of the President, or of any paper which echoes him upon this point as it would upon any other, are, for that reason, binding upon the American people. There is no folly more absurd than blind and effete to "whip in" the intelligent mind of the country.

For ourselves, we have full faith in the purposes of the President, whose election we warmly supported. With some of his theories we have differed. His action, upon the whole, has seemed to the whole country sensible and sagacious. In common with the country we sincerely approve the spirit and principle of the conditions of reorganization which he has imposed upon the lately rebel States. But we know of no greater mischief which could be done to American institutions, and of no conser insult to himself, than the obsequious adulation of the President which is lavished upon him by certain papers. It is the duty of the press to reveal to him the tendency and state of public opinion, not to attempt to bully opinion into more acquiescence with his supposed views; and we are very sure that no man can have a profounder contempt for the latter effort than ANDREW JOHNSON.

MEDICAL HISTORY OF THE WAR.

THE skill and diligence of the Surgical and Medical Department of the army during the late war illustrated in the circulars lately issued by the Surgeon-General. The amount and value of statistics carefully collected are very great, and the mass of facts is reported as much exceeding the results of all previous similar observation.

The medical staff of the war was composed of a surgeon-general, an assistant surgeon-general, and medical inspector-general; 16 medical inspectors; 170 surgeons and assistant-surgeons of the regular army; 362 volunteer staff surgeons and assistant-surgeons; 5,532 regimental surgeons and assistant-surgeons of volunteers; 2500 acting assistant-surgeons and physicians under contract, and 6 medical storekeepers. There were 202 general hospitals with 136,894 beds for patients. More than a million of patients were treated in these hospitals, of which 57,000 were for wounds, and the general sanitary condition of such hospitals was never so high as in these.

The most fatal disease was camp fever; the most common was diarrhea or dysentery; and after these, inflammation of the respiratory organs. The number constantly sick was about ten per cent. of the strength of the army. The mortality from disease alone was forty-eight and seven-tenths per one thousand of mean strength in the first year of the war, and sixty-five and two-tenths in the last year. The registries of the wounded are not completed.

Meanwhile the accumulation of information in regard to the causes and nature of the army sickness is enormous, and the collection of the results of microscopical observation is of the utmost interest and importance. The peculiar enthusiasm of the profession has developed in most ample material for a medical history of the war; and it is not possible to contemplate without profound gratitude the conduct of this indefatigable and accomplished branch of the service.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHESS.

The following hard-fought game was contested between Captain MORPHY and Mr. C. H. STANLEY, on Monday afternoon, and the match between the two in a series of matches now in progress at the New York Chess Club. In this game the first winner of three games will be declared the conqueror:

KING'S KNIGHT'S GAMBIT.

Black (*Capt. M'E.*)	White (*Mr. S.*)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	2. Q Kt to B 3
3. B to Q Kt 5	3. P to Q B 3
4. P to K R 4	4. P to K Kt 4

The move is pretty generally considered the soundest, viz., K Kt to B 3rd, being recommended.

5. B to Kt 5	5. K Kt to B 3
6. Castles	6. P to Q 3
7. K Kt to Kt 5	7. B to K 3
8. Kt takes B	8. P takes Kt
9. B takes P	9. Q to K 2
10. Q to Q Kt 3	10. K to Q 2
11. P to Q 5	11. P to K R 4
12. Q to B 4	12. P to K Kt 5
13. B to K Kt 5	13. Kt to K 2
14. B takes Kt	14. P takes B
15. P to K B 4	15. Kt to Kt 3
16. Q to Q 4	16. Q to Q 2
17. P to K R 3	17. Q to Q 2 (ch)

This check we are inclined to think, must have escaped the attention of Mr. STANLEY, as it enables his adversary to assume at once the offensive.

18. P to Q	18. P takes P
19. P takes Kt	19. P takes Kt dis (ch)
20. K to B 2	20. P takes Q Kt 3
21. R to Q Kt	21. R takes Kt P

Should the 4th Q move eventually have enabled him to win the exchange of Rook for Bishop—but Black's centre pawns would have become very strong.

22. Q takes P	22. R to K 2
23. R takes P	23. R to R 5 (ch)
24. K to K 3	24. R to R 6
25. B takes B	25. K takes B

The object of the move here is to compel a drawn game by perpetual check with Queen.

26. Q takes P (ch)	26. K to Q
27. R to Q B	27. R to R 8
28. R to Q 3	28. K to B 2
29. R to Q	29. Q to K B 5
30. K to K 2	30. R to K 8
31. Q to K R 6 (ch)	31. K to Q
32. Q to K Kt 6	32. Q to K 5
33. Q to K B 6	33. Q to Q 5
34. Q to K B 5	34. Q to Q 6 (ch)
35. K to K 3	35. Q to Q 4 (ch)
36. K to K 2	36. Q to Q 6 (ch)
37. K to Kt	37. Q to Q 4 (ch)
38. K to B 2	38. Q to K 5 (ch)
39. Q to K 4	39. Q to K 8 (ch)
40. K to K 3	40. Q to K 5 (ch)
41. Q to K B 4	41. R to K 6

The scheme of a strange but ingenious resulting in an irretrievably lost game.

42. Q takes P (ch)	42. K to R 5
43. K to K 4	43. Q to B 7 (ch)
44. K to Kt 5	

Governor D. S. Walker, the regularly elected Governor of Florida, was inaugurated December 19.

On the evening of Saturday, the 13th instant, a most daring and successful robbery was committed on the express train from New York to Baltimore. An iron safe in the Adams Express Company was opened by force, probably before the train left New York, and a large amount of money, estimated at half a million of dollars, was stolen from the contents.

Mr. Hugh F. Purdy, for many years identified with the Democratic press of the metropolis, died on the 14th at 12 o'clock on the night of January 8.

On Sunday, December 31, while a party of nineteen boys were skating on the St. Lawrence River, near Ogdensburg, they broke through the ice and fell into the water and began to float down the river. A gentleman attracted by the cries of the boys procured a boat and by making three trips succeeded in rescuing the whole party.

Previous to the 1st of January the Colorado Legislature ratified the Constitutional Amendment.

Advices from Arizona state that the Indian refugees were assembling in large numbers in order to emigrate to Sonora. The gasboe mountain tribes, it is said, have evacuated that four Indian tribes were preparing an expedition against them.

A gentleman recently returned to New Orleans from Atkinson county, Georgia, State to have a census of that disorganized condition. Neither life nor property there appears to be secure.

The negroes in the South never had a graver or more dangerous foe than the Freedmen's Bureau. Its powers have just been enlarged. At Fortress Monroe the negroes of a contraband camp have been supplied with Enfield rifles by them.

A St. Louis Dispatch brings bad news from the Plains. The cold is almost as terrible as the Indians. In one regiment a hundred men have had their feet frozen, and it makes it necessary to leave them in the hospital. The Indians in Fort Reno are said to be starving.

Major-General Wilson, the captor of Jeff Davis, was married at Washington on Wednesday evening.

General William Hickey, Chief Clerk of the Senate, died at his residence, near Washington, January 4, aged sixty-nine years. He was one of the oldest as well as one of the most efficient officers of the Senate, and had been forty-two years in the service of the Senate.

There have been appointed by the Adjutant-General, at Washington, about 500 applications for a share in the remains offered for the completion of the Washington Monuments. The rewards are ready for distribution amount to about $200,000. Arrangements are now making by the claimants to get possession of the rewards offered in the several States, amounting to about $1,000,000 in the aggregate, as soon as it is announced by the Government who are entitled to a share of the money.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE President's Message met in France with the same favor it received in England. Its moderation was extolled, and many journals endeavored to explain away the allusion alike as to Mexico as being only temporary, and not intended to defy the ——— power of the American people.

The trial of Fenian prisoners ——— was still going on. At Cork, on the 20th of December, Jeremiah Donovan and Thomas Duggan were found guilty of treason. The former was sentenced to be penal servitude for life, and the latter penal servitude.

The cattle plague in England was declining. Returns for the week ending December 16 are more favorable, the increase in the number of cattle attacked being only 1,000 as against 1,500 in the week ending December 9. There is a decrease of 1,000 in the number killed, while in the week previous there was an increase of 600.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



THE AUTHOR SERVING HIS MANUSCRIPTS.

PREFACE.

NOT a Preface merely for preface' sake, but as few words as possible by way of explanation.

This book was written in one of the centres of Secession. Begun at the outset, it grew with the growth thereof, and closed with its ending. Owing to peculiar circumstances, the writer, never out of the pale of Secession during its continuance, had full time and opportunity for as careful a study of the period as he could wish. If he has cast the result in the form of a fiction his work is none the less as essentially true as the dryest history ever penned; and will be acknowledged to be by all who, by reason of occupying a like position during the war, are competent to speak. And it is as true, in most respects, for one region in the South as for any other, the sentiment as a class in all its varieties, and the Union men as a class in all its varieties, being in every village throughout the South, very much the same as in Somerville.

The form of a novel was adopted chiefly to make it impossible for any one to identify the place in which the scene is laid and the characters acting therein. And that for this reason: The period embraced in the story is one which will be, in all its aspects, a phenomenon interesting to men for generations to come. Other volumes will treat of other features of this most remarkable period; this book aims only to photograph the social aspect thereof from a point entirely within; and it is a period altogether too sublime, both in its evil and its good, for any thing so short-lived and insect-like as mere personalities, which, as they buzz and sting but during their brief moment, should perish as they and be forgotten within the same. Yes, if there be one drop of gall, a least splinter of wormwood in these pages, the writer is ignorant of it.

Born at, and having spent almost his entire life in, the South, the writer's first affections are, by that nature which attaches every thing that breathes to its own home, with and for the South. At the very same time he entertains a love yet larger and stronger for the nation of which the South is but a part, and is powerless to refuse conviction, both of head and heart, to the truth that the whole is greater than part of the whole. Above all does he yield reverence and affection, still beyond this, to Truth, Right, Conscience, God. A love herein within, the least conflict in its three degrees of positive, comparative, superlative. Toward no one, during Secession, has his hatred been even stirred. For many a one, during that time, has the writer's pity been excited—his deepest pity for the guiltiest as being the most infatuated: glad that justice, human justice perhaps, Divine justice certainly, is to be meted out; glad, shh, that, save in these humble pages, to him is committed neither its determining nor the execution.

He claims no merit whatever above others, for better, mayhap, in every other respect than himself, for, being from his earliest memory, in every thought, emotion, word, deed, through all associations, oppositions, circumstances, whatever they were, a Union man—claims no merit for this, since it required no exertion on his part, he being such by a sort of nature, as a cedar-tree is not a cypress, and as no oak-tree is an oak. Conscious of many a shortcoming in other respects, he has nothing to reproach himself with in this, unless it be for excess of love to his country, which, perhaps, the times may excuse.

The very manuscript from which these lines are printed could tell a tale of its own, apart from that which it narrates, in confirmation of this. While writing it the author was perfectly aware that his life would have paid the forfeit had a written page been discovered. On more than one Sunday the wife of the writer has borne the manuscript to church concealed about her person, in terror of leaving it, like powder exposed to chance sparks, at home. However, as our story shows, that was but a small specimen of the totally new set of duties, unprovided for in the marriage ceremony, which wives had to perform for Union husbands during Secession. On two occasions the writer was obliged to bury his manuscript in the ground, thereby damaging it seriously. To *that* the printer whose misfortune it is to set up these pages will tearfully depone.

They say that even amidst rock and glacier, avalanche and tempest of Alpine regions, there spring flowers not unworthy the gathering. Who knows but it may be so with this volume, which has slowly and painfully matured its leaves under circumstances—But suppose we permit the book to speak for itself.

CHAPTER I.

"A LITTLE more powder and a little more shot 'll teach 'em Yankees how to tout!"

"No, Amouse, no; that ain't the way; this the way:

"Little more shot an' little powder
'll make them Yankees holler louder!"

"No, Bub, 'tain't; you an' Amouse bofe wrong:

"Hurrah! hurrah! for the Yankee fing
That bears the stingin' star!"

"Lor', Miss Ria, you better not sing dat—not de Yankee fing—bounce blue fing—"

"You shut up, Amouse; hush, Ria."

"Hush your own mouth, Bub. Hurrah for Lincoln an' Jeff Davis!"

"Oh, Ria, I'll tell Pa what you said! Hollered for old Lincoln; didn't she, Amouse? If you don't hang you'll get shot, Pupper now, just coming in the gate. Oh, Pupper, here's Ria been hollering all the morning for Abe Lincoln! Ain't she a old Yankee?"

"Am a Yankee! Am a 'Bolitionist! Hate old Davis! Hurrah for Lincoln an' the Soof!"

"Hush your racket, children; hush that, Maria!" and their father fastened the gate slowly and carefully behind him.

"They know just about as much about it all as most grown people," said, but strictly to himself, the father of Ria and Bub and the master of Amouse, about whose profession, as he walks forward the house, there is no necessity of informing you. That he is a doctor you can see by the natural saddle-bags which he carries before and over his left arm. A good, careful, conscientious doctor too, especially to nurse a patient through a long illness. That you can read in his mild, florid face, in the loiter of his very gait.

But, if you are a woman, and possess intuition, you can tell by his face also that this Dr. Warner is not the man to make an eminent surgeon. As you observe, following him with your eyes toward the house, he has very light hair and eyes—not the man to scoop a tumor out of the bosom of one's screaming child—not one you would care to call in if your leg had suddenly to be taken out of its socket at the thigh. When Nature has given a decided character to a man or woman she is very apt to hang out some decided flag of it on the outer wall: eyes of some definite color; hair red, black, or very brown.

"But, Pupper," says Bub, calling after his father, "oh, Pupper, please make 'Ria stop hollering out here for Lincoln; she's all the time doing it. Joe Staples threw a rock at us yesterday; hit our Amouse plum on the head."

"You hear, Maria. Mind what Bub says. Don't you let me hear of your hollering any more," says the father, turning half around. "Don't you know ladies never holler?"

"Oh, Pa, but why don't we do?" exclaims his daughter. "Don't you know how Sally Smithers waved her towel an' hollered that day the soldiers marched?—all the ladies on the front porches—don't you 'member?"

"Handkerchief, child; but you are a little, little girl, not eight years old; you mustn't holler—"

"Yes I must, Pupper; have to holler. Amouse here, he hollers; Joe Staples hollers; Bub is always hollering; every body in Somerville is always hollering all the time."

"Well, Maria, if you must have something to holler—"

"Bligod to," put in the little girl.

"Then holler for—Andrew Jackson;" and her prudent parent passed on into the house.

Very mindful of the noxious poisons in his saddle-bags, Dr. Warner placed them on a small shelf made for the express purpose, in the hall beside the hat-stand, high out of reach of the children. Next he proceeded, with what might be styled a cautious step for a man in his own house, to the door leading into the breakfast-room.

"Ah, Sarah, breakfast over, I see," he said, first glancing in through the partly-opened door, and then venturing more boldly in, when he sees that no one is therein except the negro woman standing over the remains of the meal, washing up the cups and saucers.

Prey fairly in the trap, the trigger springs:

"Over, Dr. Warner? Of course it was. one good hour ago, and you knew it when you asked."

It was his wife who said it, following her voice into the breakfast-room as she spoke. She had been saying it over to herself ever since she heard the front gate click, and short and sharp enough were the tones in which she spoke.

"Gracious goodness! can't your patients fix it so we one have some little order about our meals? But it is all your fault, Dr. Warner. Why *can't* you just give them their physic, whatever it is, be done with it, and come home? Here's Bub and Amouse not get their breakfast, Sarah?—here's Sarah—and you haven't washed them plates up yet—here's Sarah kept from her dinner, Sarah, and kept from her coffee-pot, Sarah?—here's Sarah and you haven't washed them plates up yet—here's Sarah kept from her dinner, Sarah, and kept from her coffee-pot, Sarah?—here's Sarah—



"I DO BELIEVE THAT YOU, DR. WARNER, ARE A—UNION MAN!"

from his physiological studies, because she was so unlike to himself. And she married him?—perhaps from some vague intuitions to the same effect.

If the stream of my story did not hurry me on so urgently I would like to turn out of its current for a moment and say just one word about that admirable provision of Nature, by which she preserves, in our species as in the planets, her own sacred balance. When it is not Parent, nor Pique, nor Mammon, nor any thing other than sweet Nature herself who weds you to your wife, you will find that she mates you two on the plan of a perfect compensation; that is, she makes up for the excess of any defect in one of you by an excess of the opposite virtue in the other. It was something other than Nature that made the match if you, a tall man, are wedded to any other than an undersized woman. Woe to you, Madam, if you, a blonde, are united to a fair-haired man! So of that inner nature of which the outer appearance is but the symbol. Alas for you, Sir, if you, a man of desponding temperament, are wedded to a wife of the same dismal hue of feeling! Though I believe, even in that case, Nature strives to make the best of a union in which she had no hand. I will not say how it will be if you are a man; but if you are a woman I am certain of this: however despondent you may yourself be, the instant you detect the slightest gloom in your husband's brow, or the least growl in his voice, you go instinctively to the other side of the tilting bark, and become as cheerful as possible. And the instant you give way to gloom notice how awkwardly, yet well meaningly, he, poor fellow! attempts at least to trim the tilting vessel by putting on at least an aspect of cheerfulness. Woe, then, had it been to Mrs. Warner if she had been united to some black-eyed, black-haired, black-bearded husband! Notice the union of two sable clouds in mid-air, if you would understand the result. So that when Mrs. Warner paused from her sewing and said,

"As much as to say, if brother Barker oughtn't to say it because he is a preacher, I oughtn't to say it because I'm a woman." The Doctor only helped himself in a sidelong and deprecatory manner to the butter.

"I do believe," said Mrs. Warner—"Sarah, step out and tell those children to hush that noise—I do believe," she continued in low, sepulchral tones, "that you, Dr. Warner, are a—Union man!"

Language can not set forth the awfulness of epithet implied in the charge, the canal grew opening wider and wider. "Yes, and I know now why the bells didn't ring last night! I was wondering. I know now!" said Mrs. Warner swiftly, and with a new light breaking all over her face. "Yes, and why you couldn't leave Mrs. Bowles. Worse, a-hie! Ha! Yes, I see it all." Canal gates open their widest.

Dr. Warner glanced up from his plate at his wife with a flash of admiration. "What an amazingly sharp woman!" he said to himself.

"Bells?" he said, however, at last. "Bells? I should think, Helen, you would have had enough of bells might before last. Every bell in town! There was the big Methodist bell; I lay and counted no less than ten fresh hands in turn at that bell-rope before day. The first hand began and he would break the bell to pieces, pulled until it was broken down; then you could notice the rope taken by another till he gave up exhausted; then by another, through the whole ten. I am not nervous, but I couldn't get a wink of sleep."

"Dr. Warner!" said Mrs. W. solemnly, needle, eyes, breath suspended.

"And you know I said at the time—or was it you yourself made the remark—"

"Dr. Warner!—Sarah, don't come here, stay in the kitchen till I call you."

"Well, it was one of us said it," continued the husband, very quietly sipping his coffee, looking over the top of his cup with unusual hardihood at his eager wife.

"You know I never said it!" broke in the wife. You know I never could have been such a traitor as to have said it. And if the paper that came last night says our soldiers have been whipped there in Tennessee, it's a lie! Didn't the papers night before last tell how our men had come out of Fort Donelson and driven the Hessians back through their camps, and killed six thousand, and taken all the rest prisoners, and—and—"

"Very well, my dear, you needn't be excited at me. Have it your own way. Suppose we talk of something else."

"What is the matter with Mrs. Bowles, Dr. Warner?" asked his wife, with sudden suspicion.

"Well," replied her helpmate, slowly, "the faculty have different names for it. There are febrile symptoms, too much excitement in the brain. Nerves, hysteria."

"Stuff; but what has made her worse? I know it can not be she has heard any bad news about that everlasting Rutledge Bowles of hers, for you would have told me so when you first came. What has she heard? Something bad, I know."

"Well, yes. But you know, my dear, Mrs. Bowles permits her mind to run too much, really too much, on the events of the day—"

"Dr. Warner," says his wife, in alarming tones though lower than before, "will you tell me the news that came last night?"

"If you wish it. Remember it may be false; you will be sure it is. In any case I didn't do any thing to bring it about."

"What is it?"

"Fort Donelson has fallen, my dear. General Johnson has retreated into Alabama. Nashville has capitulated. A good many more items to the same effect. At least so the paper says. I dare say part of the news may be exaggerated, premature at least."

"It's a lie—it's a base, base, base lie! I'll bet a thousand dollars the man that prints that paper is a Yankee. He ought to be hung!"

Perhaps it was owing to her cheeks having become some shades sallower that Mrs. Warner's lips seemed so much redder, her eyes and hair so much blacker than before. "Oh, if I was only a man!" she added.

Meanwhile her husband only arched his brows deprecatingly, and proceeded to eat his breakfast with a coolness, appetite, even cheerfulness, which contrasted greatly with the vehement, almost hysterical, wife at the other end of the table.

But, oh the exquisite satisfaction of Dr. Warner in imparting the news, unspeakable satisfaction at the very core of his heart, though all the rest of his anatomy might disavow it!

How up in Heaven all the forts rang your bells and blazed in all manner of illumination, and invoked the entire hive to help utter your gratification, Heaven and History well know. Your joy? It was as nothing compared with the electric ecstasy therein which flashed unrepressed through all loyal hearts at the South. Heaven only knew it then; History shall know it forever.

"And if it is true, though I don't believe a word of it, there's some base treachery in it, or the officers were all drunk, or they were all a pack of cowards! To give up to Yankees! I do wish the Yankees had managed to kill them. I hope Davis will have them tried and hung," says Mrs. Warner.

"Why, my dear, it would take a perfect factory to keep you in rope," dares her husband, playfully but injudiciously.

"And you are not sorry a single bit!" responds his wife, turning the lightning of her rage pizzaz in every direction that offers. "I do believe you are glad. I tell you, Dr. Warner, if I actually thought so, was satisfied of it, I would not care *that*, if we have been married so long. I'd—ha! no wonder you wouldn't get up that night the bells rung so. I had to bunch and bunch you ever so often before you woke even. And when you did wake, you said it must be fire, not even expecting a victory. Oughn't to be too certain, you said, at the very time every bell in town was ringing as hard as could be. Dr. Warner, you are the worry of *my* life! And there you sit this moment just as cool—"

"But you know, Helen, I heard the news several hours ago. Besides, I've just drunk two cups of your excellent coffee. Then, my mind has been taken up with Mrs. Bowles's case. And, really, my dear," said the Doctor, eager to divert the conversation, "I'm getting uneasy about Mrs. Bowles. Such a sensitive, refined little body she is! perfect lady, too, in every respect; but she has given herself up to so much excitement for so long. Rutledge Bowles, too, the news might before last almost deranged her with joy. Then comes that news last night. The reaction was almost too much for her. I tell you what, my dear," continued the Doctor, with indolent hypocrisy, "I'm glad I have a wife who is stronger than her nerves. Glad, my dear, that you have such strong sense of your own to keep you steady these stormy times."

"No, Dr. Warner, you can't blind me. With all her aristocratic airs I know there are some things, at least, in which I can only pity. One can't help liking Alice. You never hear Rutledge Bowles from her lips—never opens her mouth about him, hardly. But, if you mean to say she loves the South more than I do—"

"But what is the use of worrying yourself? The armies are in the field, doing, I dare say, all they can. And you are doing all you can. You are out every day collecting for the soldiers, and you sing for them at all the concerts, not for them in all the tableaux, sew for them, knit, quilt. What more can you do? If one-half of the ladies of Somerville only did one-half of what you do—"

"Ah, Dr. Warner, I see what you are after!" said his wife, somewhat mollified; "but you are only from Tennessee, Eastern Tennessee at that, and you know where I'm from. What I want is for you to be n a interested, excited, more like a warm-hearted Southern man. But there you go day after day with your old saddle-bags over your arm, just as you used to do, feeling people's pulses, dosing children, pulling teeth—you can't talk enough. But this news—oh, it can't, can't—"

"In your acquaintance among the ladies those that talk most, toss most, do most of the work do they, eh? Why you told me yourself, Helen—"

"Pshaw! Dr. Warner, you know perfectly well what I mean. You are not sure enough the South is going to succeed. And you visit among those Union people just as much—more, I believe—than you do among good Secessionists. Nobody can get any thing out of you. Look at Dr. Ginnis."

"Which do you think the best doctor of the two? No, my dear, I'm a physician in large practice, I believe; all my time is taken up with my patients. Dr. Ginnis is more politician than medical man—talks about the war at the top of his big voice at the bedside of the sick, and, no matter how sick they are, for the hour at a time. If he likes, and they like, let him. I prefer to do my way, physic them, and come home to my family. You know what a quiet sort of man I am. Besides, you have patriotism enough for us both, Helen. Take your way my dear—let me take mine."

"Yes, Dr. Warner. Oh yes; I dare say. Very fine. But what worries my life out is nobody can tell. When you are with Secessionists you are as mum as a mouse, or open your ears only to dispute something. When you are with these Union people, oh I know you! Why don't you denounce them, tell me that? Every body in Somerville is talking about you. Mr. Neely told me only last Monday, when he was here to see about Bob drawing those pictures for the blackboard, as if you can expect a child to respect a Yankee teacher!—told me, humph, much faith I have in him, loud as he talks—told me he'd soon told him that Dr. Peel said he really believed you were nothing more'n less than a *Abolitionist*, if the truth was known!" But to describe Mrs. Warner's emphasis on the word is beyond the power of type.

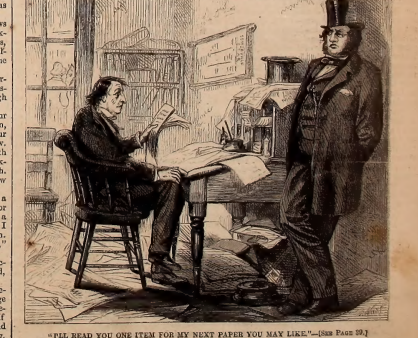
"And this great Dr. Peel knows, of course, more about me—he has been here less than a year, I believe—than you do, or than *they* body who has known me here for ten years," says Dr. Warner, pushing away his plate from before him.

"I told Mr. Neely to tell Truman to tell Dr. Peel from me that it was a lie, and I'd like to see him," said Mrs. Warner, promptly enough. "If he hints such a thing to me, the big, hideous old puppy, I'll slap those ears of his! But don't you go and say any thing to him," adds Mrs. Warner, who had got her husband's ears more or more than once in their married life, as he rises from the table.

"Not the least fear of me. I would be a fool to mind any thing any one says of me in these days," replies her helpmate.

"But this delightful, manful news! Are you sure you are not mistaken? It can't, can't be true! I'll put on my sun-bonnet and run over to Mrs. Rut Bowles and she'll know all about it. Though, poor thing! how such a man as Colonel Ret Roberts ever came to marry her, soft, my nothing sort of a thing—oh, one thing, Dr. Warner, engage me ten pounds of coffee at Mr. Ellis's. If my body has any conscience left he—But, Dr. Warner"—and his wife seizes upon him as he passes her—"do you really think, really now, there's any doubt about the South succeeding?"

Nature gives every living thing some mode of defense, or of least escape. People that have feeble hands generally are compensated with edmirable legs. Master Fox does not pretend to the rear nor to the teeth and claws of the lion; but then Sir Reynard is not deficient in cunning. This Dr. Warner can no more stand before the eyes and the tongue of his wife than he can before Atropos. Thin-haired, florid, unaggressive, fat, too, he does obey what nature has left him to do—droops his head and takes it. It is a great



"I'LL READ YOU ONE ITEM FOR MY NEXT PAPER YOU MAY LIKE."—[SEE PAGE 39.]

deal he has to take, when she is fairly at it. Spare in fat — as she is, but oh, the interpreting of her eyes and lips are about as awful a scourge r need be!

Sure — for rest in the kitchen, take their share of Mrs. Warner black and silent as night — she, the two children, dodge and escape out of range, with steadily growing contempt for her in her bursts of fondness and reserves as to her anger and loathing. At last, the Doctor gets the largest share of Mrs. Warner and her black eyes; he escapes by never looking up while she is carrying on. The words he simply hears. Long habit helps him there. As the storm lulls he flatters — consciously, awkwardly, transparently flatters. Him, then, flattery is for ever; and here was Mrs. Warner's only source thereof.

So that when Mr. Warner pressed upon him the question last recorded, one being asked at that period over every table at the South, what does the Doctor say?

"Hush, Helen; Sarah not there might hear. I'll whisper, that is, I'll let you know exactly what I really think and feel," and approaching his lips cautiously to her ear, this deceitful practitioner pressed a rapid kiss upon the convenient cheek, disengaged his arm, and was gone.

It was a little strange, such disastrous news too, but it was the first time Dr. Warner had kissed his wife in two years!

THE ACTION ATTEMPTING TO DESCRIBE SOMERVILLE.

CHAPTER II.

IT strikes me, dear reader, that every writer ought to have, from the outset of his book, a perfectly understanding with his reader. They have often noticed that no public speaker succeeds in what he has to say unless there be such an understanding between himself and his audience. And, among speakers, he is an orator of the highest order who, from the opening of his lips to the moment he ceases to speak, is on terms of the closest and clearest mutual understanding with those to whom he addresses himself.

Now, there is one thing in which I will venture to create such an understanding with you, dear reader. I can not describe. You will catch my meaning when I tell you that I have set here some ten minutes nibbling at the end of my pen holder, desirous of describing to you the good town of Somerville in which our story is laid, and find it impossible to do so. It is the same step toward this to say that Somerville is situated in one of the Southern States. Which of these States it may be in, try as I may to conceal it, the reader will be certain to find out long before he reaches the last page — it will slip out, I am satisfied. Each State has its own distinct individuality, a kind of personal identity which impresses itself upon each one of its children. Now, I have more than a notion that I could, after half an hour's conversation with a stranger, tell him to be a preacher, if he was one, and even the very denomination of which he is a preacher; and so if he be lawyer, doctor, planter, schoolteacher, or what not. So of State identity. Throw me down with a man, and I can give you a shrewd guess whether he is a Southerner or not; and if I miss it in naming the very State at the South which he is a native of I will be the first time. And yet I must add one thing more, that the whole truth may be told. Very often have I more nearly hit what one was generally known as the peculiarities of the New Englander — reserve, caution, sharpness in trade, obsequious parsimony, and yet, who had never been outside of his native South in his life. And often, too, have I been quite assuredly assisted with one having all the opposite peculiarities of the Southerner — frank, cordial, generous, radiant with every noble impulse — but we somewhat mournfully claim to be the characteristics of a thorough-blooded Southerner, yet, at last, born and "raised" among the snows and nutmegs, not at all tropical, of New England.

The truth is, we of these American States are at last one people. Our origin and history so far, railways, intermarriage, and other powerful processes of approximation and assimilation now working, at a more and more fierce pace and rate are leavening us into one, and that altogether irrespective whether we like it or not. Those of us who look upon this continent from the point nearest to that from which the Almighty regards it, well know that all things, even the most unlike, are learning millions by a process, which is none other than the purpose of God, into a unity infinitely sublimer than any thing and every thing we have hitherto understood by the word Union! You know this already? Well, but let me say it.

However, it is of Somerville we are now attempting to speak. And how shall it be described? To say it contains some twelve hundred people learns but a very little to the average mind. Could I describe a river as meandering beside it, or forests as engirdling it, or mountains as towering above it, this would be some help. The only objection to this is, that it would not be the truth — a level, post oak, sandy plain is the locality, no mountains, no forests, and no scrubby forest.

It may assist us to say that Somerville is mainly built on one principal street, with tributary streets, like rills to a river, emptying into it on either side. The court-house, too, should be specified as square brick building in the centre of the town. But why should one feel the strong aversion I feel for that gloomy building with its black-pencil portico, its well-worn and exceedingly dirty stairwity, its breezy court-room above, its yellow walls spangled at a young man the figure with the uneven joints, its bewhittled benches and hide-bottomed chairs, its dozen and posts plastered with cut Sheriff's notices, its cracked bell writing, and with notices of cattle lost, written in all possible varieties of spelling and grammar?

The architecture of the four churches yields me nothing whatever to describe in regard to them. Plain, unpainted, wooden structures they else and nothing more — having in many respects a painful resemblance to the dreary court-house. And yet a sound, practical sermon was usually delivered in one and all. Sincere worship, too, as ever was offered in stately cathedral and towering minster, have those unpainted walls witnessed. Or, if there ever was lack of fervor in the morning and night services at which the white congregants of the various churches met in the place. Let us not mind so excessively much about our color and condition in this present world in other regards, if we intend to be found safely in heaven there will be infinite, diviniest influences operating on us there, with an eternity for them to operate in.

Nor will we say any thing of the post-office, two doors off from the principal hotel; if it will help us not to say that Somerville is situated on the one, and Staples, Joe, host in the other, let that also be added; nor of the dry-goods stores, with the red blankets hung in front, nor of those of the provision stores, sticky with sugar and molasses, and greasy with great piles of bacon.

I am aware of it being unpardonable in a story that it is impossible to describe Somerville. In a journey across the State you pass through a dozen towns just like Somerville, and there is nothing at all by which you can remember it from the other towns; just the same sort of post-office at which the cars stopped with you to give out and to take in the mails, just the same grocery and provision and dry-goods, just the same sort of tavern at which you could have dusty meal; like beads on the thread of your travel, they slide on and slide off with the hours. But there is to Somerville a focus, a point having the same relation to Somerville, and to the county of which Somerville is the capital, that even to the State in which Somerville is located, that the brain has to the body. I refer to the office of the Somerville Spy.

Imagine a two story frame-house, not very far from the post-office. True, the huge sign-board which is suspended in front of it has fallen down, but then the largest half of what remains has been stood up against the side of the house on an end, and some one has painted upon it who already know what is inscribed thereon. All the printing is done up stairs. The editor's room you enter through a door in front of the office. Nor need you knock; the door is never locked, and all you have to do is to push it open, if it should be shut, and walk in. You need not wait to introduce yourself, and you will be waved by the editor to a seat and to the last paper. If you are any body of importance, and any where on this side of the country, a Judge say, or a candidate of the same views as Mr. Lamum, or a Colonel of some regiment which Somerville may have had, have only to make yourself agreeable, and in the next number of the Somerville *Star* you will read how "greatly pleased and honored by a visit from our excellent friend," Colonel this or General that. . . . "We are extremely gratified to learn from him, or . . . that the sentiments he has informed by him," and then you will read the information you may have incidentally communicated to the editor, which you may be sure will be in print vastly more important and decided in its expressions than you ever dreamed it to be at the time you mentioned it.

At the very moment Dr. Warner and his wife are conversing upon the news of the night before at their breakfast-table, Lamum and Dr. Peel are full of it in the editorial sanctum. This is not quite correct, however, as there is an individual in Somerville — in the whole land, in fact, who is not at the same time conversing upon the same subject.

"I say, Lamum, between us, you know, what do you think of this news?" It is Dr. Peel who asks the question. He has read the bit of brown paper upon which it is printed some six times over, and holds it to read several times over yet before he is done.

"I think, Sir, that one half is false and the other half is exaggeration," replies Mr. Lamum, promptly. Lamum has printed a paper too long not to know all about such things. We call him Mr. Lamum. The fact is, he is called Colonel Lamum and General Lamum and Major Lamum indifferently. Mr. Lamum by very few. Indulge me in the weakness of dropping all his titles and calling him simply Lamum. People never called him any thing else except in speaking to him.

An authorized man is Lamum. He may be shirty, and he may be fifty years old — you can form no conclusion on the matter merely by looking at him. Excessively lean; eyes much stooped in the shoulders; face very pale, and with a singular color under any possible circumstance; nose long and sharp; thin black hair; a of swift gait in walking; prompt and sharp speech; very shabby in clothing — that is the man.

Although continually associated with people that do, Lamum never smokes, never drinks, never plays a game — at least of cards. You never catch him in a billiard-room or doggery, unless it is at a church or common school to hound nowhere else. Lamum rarely enters a church — never, in fact, save for some political reason, such as the delivery of a political prayer or sermon. Yet Lamum swears only when very gentlyly provoked. No one has ever breathed a syllable against him as a profane man. In regard to his various pecuniary transactions his enemies violently assail him; but then his friends as vehemently defend him. All these transactions are enwound in lawsuits without number, it is impossible to decide upon them in advance of the jury.

One word expresses Lamum from his earliest manhood upward, heart and soul, body, mind, and spirit, every thing and conduct — he is a politician. Above politics, beneath politics — if it had any beneath — Lamum has not a thought or emotion. All his reading is political papers; he holds no conversation, when he can help it, except upon political topics. He knows no ties to any living creature except political ties. As to his wife he sees her only across the table at meals, or, perhaps, in bed; in bed is when he comes in late at night. His printer's devils have a joke that all his courting consisted of political conversation. This is believed generally why she married him Venus would have to ask of all the gods of Olympus to ascertain; perhaps Mars could tell about it. Certain it is, all of his street fights have been with political foes. There is nobody in the world — perhaps his wife excepted — he is so thoroughly, he has no time for such nonsense — loves this pale, cold, eager man.

There are many who fear him throughout his State; but oh, how unanimously throughout the State, which he rules with his pen, is he hated! Rebels hang in effigy, there must be a resemblance between the very appearances of the two men. Like Robespierre he loves politics not for the glory of it — he brings him no wealth — for the dry sake of politics itself. Something like the intense fealtiness — not so much of a rabbit for the sake of a dog-skin — possesses his mystic game. He has a cold yet infinite zest in the intrigue, the twisting of facts, the moguling of cold nothings, the diffinishing of disagreeable somethings — the downright lying, the bullying, the bribing, the rewarding, the punishing — the wielding of Power; that is it. Robespierre had his guillotine, had he? Every Saturday's Spy has like an axe. Terrible weapon! some if not his neck! Talk about the unscrupulous devotion of a Jesuit to his order!

Let it suffice to say that Lamum was, in the most exclusive and intense sense possible to the word, a Politician, not in the sense of a statesman. Lamum was a politician, feeble voice could not make speeches, never tried. But his pen! Ah, how powerfully he spoke through that! Ah! how he could with it hammer away in every county in the State who did mount the stump.

"Look here, General," says his companion yet again, "you are going to print this ridiculous dispatch, are you? I say, you will fix it so that your name shall not be entered in the office. Dr. Peel resumes his brown dispatch. A large, dark man is Dr. Peel. What you might call a bilious temperament, with very black hair and whiskers, singularly black. Dr. Peel possesses deep black eyes as singularly restless and eager for the news. The Doctor has been in Somerville but a few months; shortly before the blockade was established over the Southern ports he arrived. Dr. Peel has long given up his practice, he says — has means enough to live on.

And the Doctor *has* means, plainly it would seem — gold. No man can be more prompt in paying his board bill; nor does he make a single client a present. He is constitutionally a liberal one and all, and purchases freely. The Doctor is partial to buggy-riding, and makes it a point to take some one of the acquaintances with him whenever he drives out. Though he has been in Somerville for so short a time he knows every body. Especially is he bland and glove with Dr. Ginnis, Mr. Neely, Colonel Roberts, old Mr. Jugler, the Rev. Mr. Bolger, Lamum, and the rest of the genuine, from-the-start, unmitigated mistake Secessionists. Of those who are suspected of Union people he has the most unmitigated horror.

"Thank you, Sir; I wish to have nothing to say to such traitors" — he remarks — "I'd just as lief hang them as eat my dinner." He has frequently observed, "I'd put an ounce of lead through them, or six inches of cold steel into their ative livers and black hearts as quick as take drink, Sir, and a — sight quicker!" ar ance his hands would clench, his whole will, p he would curse the individuals in question ith a species of frenzy that left any other man ar behind.

Not a war-meeting of any sort but he was the first to be present and the last to leave, if he could not to augment the longest to contribute. On one occasion, at least, he publicly offers from his own pocket to equip and clothe in a full uniform to the fifty-dollar bounty, to every man that will enlist in the new company being raised. From the earliest hour of the day till the latest moment at which he can find any one to converse with him, he has but one topic — Secession and the War. He can not come from the house even at table. It is confessed that he is stronger and louder and more violent in the matter than any other man in or around Somerville. There is a ferocity of manner, a recklessness of assertion, an insanity of feeling about him, which rather cooler than otherwise the most violent of his associates.

Considering all the circumstances of his advent in Somerville; that he is — he has — the money — not paper-money, but gold, Sir, round twenty-dollar piece — I'll be hanged, Sir, if I don't believe they the men has no occupation here at all but talk Secession and the War — I'll be — —, Sir, if I don't firmly believe that Dr. Peel is a spy. And here the voice of the speaker is sunk into a whisper, and is received with a start and an oath by the hearer: such that often before are remarks made in Somerville.

"There is my trunk, gentlemen." Dr. Peel remarked when a committee visited his room at Staples's Hotel to investigate matters. "Don't forget the lid part of it, please. My extra coats, waistcoats, and breeches are hanging on the hooks behind the door. I will take off the clothes I now have on also. Don't forget those extra boots under the bed — might have papers in the linings or between the soles. There you see my revolvers too; pair of howie-knives also — examine the sealskards, gentlemen. My Enfield rifle stands in the corner. The mattress, too, and the books on the table. Make a thorough search, please."

No man's room can be more unembarrassed than Dr. Peel by the visit and the suspicion which led to it. One would have supposed that he would have felt somewhat at it, resented it, killed some one. Not a bit of it. Dr. Peel was not ruffled a feather by any thing of the sort.

There was in the some singular discrepancies in the Doctor's statements in regard to the place of his birth, in regard to his having corresponded ence with his cold and intimate friend Beauregard," which "had got confusedly mislaid" when desired to produce; but no evidence could be found as to the Doctor of a negative nature, and so he "sued his course louder than ever.

It was a little singular, however, the conduct of Dr. Peel, after having stely exerted to the door of his chamber the committee above referred to — Bob Wilson, Jugler, Lamum, study Dr. Ginnis the committee were. Seating himself, having called out after them as they descended from the stairs the last direction, even cordial good-morning, with his hands in his lap, forefinger and thumb arched to meet forefinger and thumb, his first thought it seems, then began to smile, at last rolled himself upon his bed, fairly convulsed with laughter, genuine, prolonged, complete, sparkling from every pore, nostril, streaming in tears from his eyes, possessing him and shaking his every frame from head to foot.

"Going to the war? I *am* going," the Doctor had often remarked, in answer to questions on that effect. "If you think, Sir, I'll run away when there are Yankees to be killed? No, Sir, I *am* going; and if I was to see my own brother fighting against me I'd not scruple to shoot from my rifle here through their hearts first one. To you think money could pay me to stay behind? And the Doctor had proceeded to point out the rest of the feelings of his soul on the subject in a way which left nothing to be desired.

And yet Dr. Peel's burly figure was still to be seen in every store, at every street corner, before every bar. It was singular. In constant correspondence with Beauregard! Called from my rifle here through their hearts first one. To you think money could pay me to stay behind? And the Doctor had proceeded to point out the rest of the feelings's for his soul on the subject in a way which left nothing to be desired.

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"THE NEWS OF TUESDAY NIGHT.

"Thank Heaven, we know our readers well enough to know the manner in which they received the news of Tuesday night. Unbounded exultation was what all men, who have said, 'At the first glance, we take for certain that large part of the report which is manifestly and palpably false. Months ago the North was taught, and the nation generally, to believe that some sort of victory, a turn which one of the South have always known as well as we know our own existence. We feel certain that the people are the very appearances of our hopes expressed.

"It is because we suppose that this has been other than the case at Fort Donelson? Did not the last dispatch distinctly declare that the enemy had not yet entered force assaulting that fort? But yesterday we were telling in which we stood as a matter of fact. Why, then, do we pay the least attention to-day to the grossest possible which have come to our ears? We feel certain that intelligent readers will trust such trash with the contempt it deserves.

"Even supposing the Federals have met with some slight success in Tennessee, it is but for a moment. All the news all the South will pour forth its legions by millions, and, ah! by then, on many fields, and, above all, will the Federal armies be driven back, but our territory will be freed, and Louisville, Nashville, Memphis and Chicago! Looking at this news as we will, by any news we find in a general copy of register. Besides Europe this our Government has been recognized by every

nation in Europe, hailing with enthusiastic welcome its advent among the noblest nations of the earth. The Seventh, already exercised by the whole civilized world. North, already exercised by the whole civilized world. North, already exercised by the whole civilized world. can not endure two months longer its enormous expenses. For what we know, our independence has been achieved elged by the North even in spite of this sheet could pen we will say—very sincerely—that and by to bring about this a line but the utmost ability was in the warmest sympathies from their very constitution of his soul, in the establishment of this nation, and long of his life. Of the establishment of this nation, and time it will come for very establishment, rank second to none else on the globe, we are as certain as of our very existence.

"Good as wheat!" exclaimed Dr. Peel, as the editor laid down his blotted sheet on the table.

"Oh, that is only one article!" replied the editor. "I will have a dozen like it, longer or shorter, in the next number."

"It's good, very good," said his companion; "yet it seems to me you do not pepper it or stimulate enough. Why don't you print as I *talk*, as you talk? Pitch in, you know; lay it on scathing hot. You don't let on your steam, nowadays."

"If I did I would simply burst the boiler. No, Sir," said this Machiavelli; "that is the blunder other editors and *all* stump speakers make, eternally falling into. They go it with too much rush—overdo the thing. It is in politics as it is in a battle, the heaviest-needs people always get the whipping. It is the cool, deliberate ones that gain the victory. I show myself positive and absolutely certain; but no fuss, no fury. Strike the wedge too hard and it bounces out, you know."

At this moment a gentleman, evidently a country planter, entered the room. The editor hailed him as Colonel Juggins.

"That is I, Colonel," he added, with a wave of the inky hand toward his companion.

"Oh, I know the Doctor. Many a good, warm talk we've had over the Yankees," said the Colonel. "But look here, General," he continued, "what about this news? I tell you things is looking pretty: this child came mighty nigh taking a scare."

"We've read the dispatch, Colonel?" asked the editor, indifferently.

"Yes, I *do* read that doggoned dispatch," said his visitor, anxiously, "and I'm mighty anxious to get your next paper to see what you will fix it up. Fact is, I couldn't wait; I thought I *must* see you right away. I want to know what you think of things *now*?"

"And is it possible, Colonel Juggins, that a man of your sense can ask such a question, and you know the Yankees as well as you do?" began the editor.

"Don't know nothin' about them; never was there in my life; never want to be," interrupted his visitor. Fact is, you and Mr. Neely is about all the Northern-born people I ever see to say intimate with. I don't suppose such as you are fair specimens of Northern folks. Yes, I've known a lot of overseers in my time hailing from the North. But what I want's they hand on the hands! But go on, General, go on; I'm anxious to hear what sort of a way you have got to have news, if it's hard to swallow, I tell you!"

"Well," continued the editor, "if you don't know our drastically enemies, you can't pretend to say you do not know our own brave boys?"

"I know, as well as you, General, they'll fight to the last drop. My Tom is among them. I suppose I ought to know. Fight!" and Colonel Juggins had not breath left to say more.

"Well, then," said the editor, "you know my opinion of the enemy?"

"Yes; but look here. Executed Bowling Green, didn't they? Beauties, that's our forwardest fellows do, supposin' they meet overwhelmin' numbers, or their guns won't carry as far as the others, or they've got corned at their lead, or their waistcoat buttons about, or their fodder gives out, or—"

"If you will listen a moment I will let you know what I think," interrupted the editor; and he proceeded to read aloud the leader he had just written, besides one or two articles in the same effect, to all which his visitor listened with the deepest and most painful attention.

"If you want any thing further to set your mind completely at rest, Colonel," continued the editor, "there is a whole pile of the latest papers lying about the floor there. Read them, Colonel, see what they say, all of them! You'll find there's not a paper there isn't just as confident as I am, and every Southern man ought to be."

"Well," said Colonel Juggins, with a glance at the pile of newspapers and a contraction on the floor, but with a sigh of relief, "I dare say it's all right. You see all the papers, General. Besides, you live out at the North and ought to know the sort of people they raise there. What fellows they are to make things, calicoes and such like, and to invent machines, and to make cars and sewing machines, and fifty thousand such contraptions. I'm glad you think they can't fight. Now we've got it on your say-so we can put the thing through. My place keeps me so hard at it, breakin' up and plunkin', and cleanin' out the weeds and pickin', and gittin', and pressin' all the year round, I don't her any time to examin' into things at all deep like. One thing heightened me up a little," continued the old planter, as he settled himself to read, "Pete Shehan fell in with me as I rode into town this morning. It happened so, you see, or else he didn't believe one word of this doggoned news. If the truth was known, says Pete, Beauregard is this minute in Baltimore."

"Who is Pete Shehan?" asked General Lamum.

"Well, Pete isn't any body in particular, a sort of well-digger like," answered Colonel Juggins. "Irish, he is. He's been at me to let him dig a well two hundred and fifty feet, and down to the quarters. I must her them wells, but then Pete he gets drunk all the time, and, that's more, he never gets sober. But Pete's all right on the goose—strong for Secession I tell you. Another thing Pete told me: he know the British had recognized us; he ought to know, he said, since he came from one of the British islands himself. Pete's only *Pete*, but he cheered me up a heap. However, don't let me interrupt you, General," added Colonel Juggins, for the editor had taken his pen and was busily engaged writing.

"Make yourself at home, Colonel, you'll find plenty to encourage you in the papers," said the editor, never taking pen from paper while he spoke.

Colonel Juggins ventures on the first of the pile of papers.

"I don't forget to give it to those Union chaps this week," remarked Dr. Peel at this juncture. "I tell you what, gentlemen," he said, "when I got that news last night I was sitting up till it came in—if I had met one of those Union men with any thing like a glad look on his face I'd killed him dead on the spot. If I had met one of them, I believe I'd have shot him down any how, I was so savage."

But in leaving out the oaths and curses with which Dr. Peel garnished his remarks, very cold and meagre and unlike the Doctor's diction in his recent Address.

"Look here, Dr. Peel," said Colonel Juggins, paper in hand, "I must know about this Tennessee body known as the Union man, but I can't chime in with you there. Them fellows is dreadful mistaken, but they've been forced, they've been put upon, that any of us. All they her in the world is in and around Somerville. They always was opposed to this here war. You and I would ruin this country, and all that. They ought to go into the thing now we are in it. I know; it's a shame they're in it. I'm not denying that, even though. Almost every man of them is Southern born and raised; every soul of them owns his own hands—"

"Don't, you mustn't speak ill of Neely," in a volley of oaths. "There's that Guy Brooks to begin with—"

"Why, Dr. Peel, Guy owns fifty hands!" put in Colonel Juggins.

"I don't care; he is from *Kentucky*, and Kentucky is as rotten as East Tennessee. Then there is that Parson Arthur—"

"Why, what has he been doin'?" asked the old planter, with amazement.

"Nothing, Sir, nothing at all, and that is the very reason he ought to be looked after. Comes him into town from Bethel, and, I find Barker on the streets all the week, using all his influence one way. Go to his church on Sunday, his sermon from one end to the other is the best sort of stump speech I ever want to hear. Did you ever hear one of his prayers?"

Colonel Juggins made no reply. "Oughter one of his members," he added.

"There's a prayer for you; prays for the Confederacy, prays for Jeff Davis, prays for our army, prays for victory—and it's worth going ten miles to hear that man pray for the defeat and the utter destruction of the Yankees. Barker the Rector sealed his cordial approbation of the Reverend Mr. Barker's prayers with the most emphatic oaths, and Colonel Juggins,

"Parson Arthur, I suppose you know," said the planter, "was born and raised at the South. Barker says he was born in Ireland, but Parson Arthur is different. When we had that burying about Know Nothin'ism, Arthur he kept clear of it, though I should about like him then a heap; staid inside of his pulpit like. Brother Barker, you'll remember—no, you won't remember, but you were in Europe, but General will, though—Brother Barker he pitched in, went all over the country organizin' the Know Nothin' lodges. I preached Know Nothin'ism, prayed Know Nothin'ism. Oh, Brother Barker he is a full team, specially on a camp ground when things is full blast. Parson Arthur, he is different. Old Master didn't make him that sort; he's quiet, sober-like. However, seems to me, Parson Arthur ought to—don't much of a hand reading papers, specially where there's so many. Glad to learn from you, General, things ain't as bad as I feared. Parson Arthur looks a little squally like. You see, I'm from old Tennessee myself, and all that about Nashville and Fort Donelson and Henry County Court House. Good-mornin'."

"Hold on, Doctor, one moment," said the editor, as that individual rose to depart, "you are a Union man, and that immense stores to the value probably of millions have fallen into the hands of the Confederates, our men will be thwarted in prosecution of Washington! He may be there even as we talk!"

The same gentleman who informed our friend that there is no longer any doubt of the fact that Gen. Beauregard has abandoned Richmond, and, England, and, probably, by all the other powers of Europe. The Confederate army, which was to be so much increased in effect, and one who has had access to the highest circles in Europe, has no doubt whatever that the recognition, important as it must be, is but an indication of the final acknowledgment of the Southern Confederacy by the civilized world. We give this news as we heard it, but we think our readers may rely upon its correctness.—[ED.

"Why, General, how did you get it? when did it come? why didn't you tell me of it before?" asked Dr. Peel before his companion was well through, and, mingled with his oaths, there was a singular nervousness of manner which strongly resembled anxiety.

"You heard it yourself from Juggins," answered the editor coolly, even indifferently.

"Yes, but, look a-here! Pete what's-his-name? Come, General, you don't mean to say—"

"Hush your racket, Peel," said the editor rather testily, while his friend indulged himself in convulsions of laughter mingled with hearty swearing.

"Lamum, you are a genius?" exclaimed he at length, wiping his eyes, and emphasizing his opinion with a string of oaths.

"But how if Juggins—?" he began to ask.

"Do you suppose the old codger will ever receive opinion in a thing *he* information?" replied the editor, coolly.

"Recognize it, certainly not!" replied the Doctor, hastily. "Oh, but you manufacturers of public opinion are geniuses! I never was exactly so close among the machinery before. And then this item of yours will be copied in all the rest of the papers, with their favorable comments upon it!" Ha! ha! But I say, Lamum, ain't you afraid occasional?"

"Are you fool enough not to know that whatever appears in paper to-day is knocked completely out of the minds of the people by what will come out in it to-morrow? It's with all sort of shavings we keep the pot boiling. Search those papers," continued the editor, pointing at the heaps of them which covered table, floor, and chairs of his very dirty and disorderly office, "and you will find they are made up of just such items. They originate now here, now there, and all the rest copy them, commenting on them, swell them. The people read at little else all the time. Most do it, Sir; we've got into this way that we have to fight or we get out of it! They beat hollow drums and blow brazen trumpets to urge them on when in battle—our editors keep exciting the people are doing, in our way, exactly the same thing. We are in for it! Any thing is better than the old Union. That we should go to submit to—to submit to—don't care what comes so *that* is down. 'Disgardless of all possible consequences,' was what Jackson used to say; that is the jog we are under—our motto in place of old *E Pluribus Unum!* I believe in what Pryor, and John Tyler's son there is, that we are in the rest of them now."

GERMAN UNIONISTS IN TEXAS.

THE engraving on our first page illustrates an interesting and affecting episode in the history of the rebellion in Texas.

In the summer of 1862, when an attempt was made by conscription to drag into the rebel army the Germans of West Texas, a number of these gathered from the mountainous counties of Kerr, Kendall, Llano, and Gillespie, with the determination to proceed to Mexico, and, if possible, to join the Union army. Their plan was defective: they had no rifles, and the evening of August 9, in the neighborhood of Fort Clark, where they encamped in a little valley surrounded by a thicket of cactus, they were awakened by a volley of musketry. Two of their pickets, wounded, came running in and gave the alarm. A sharp fight of an hour ensued, before a red men it was impossible to say, was advancing upon the camp. Two pickets, ERNEST BESELER and LOUIS BOERNER, were killed in the fight.

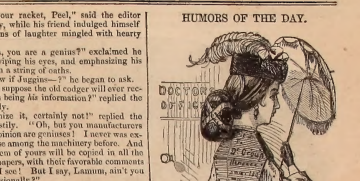
The small and badly-armed band of Germans prepared for resistance. Daylight, now at hand, disclosed to them the strength of a body of a hundred strong. Their own ra'ks had been thinned by desertion, but the fight was at last hopelessly maintained. The struggle had lasted an hour and a half all but twelve or fourteen of the Germans were wounded and the others were wholly unmanned. Retreat was resolved upon, but while withdrawing from the field they twice repulsed their assailants, who then desisted from pursuit. The band now numbering but forty-two, of whom eighteen were wounded, fled to the mountains, where they found shelter in a cave, and where they remained in cactus leaves. Some of them got astray and were captured, some were murdered by the rebels.

The widow of the Union man who had been killed were left on the battle-field, and so long as the rebel flag floated over Texas no parent or friend ventured to afford them the slightest aid. As soon, however, as the United States had re-established its Government in the State, E. DEGENER, the father of two of the victims, accompanied by twenty-five men, relatives and friends of the slain, went to the battle-field, collected their remains, and brought them to Comfort. Degener received the honors of Christian burial, on the 29th of August, 1865. The funeral ceremony was of an imposing and touching character. Our artist has taken a faithful sketch of the loyal people, headed by the fathers of four of the victims—old men of sixty and seventy years—who bared the deep furrows made by four white horses. Under the Union banner lay the remains of the MARTYRS OF LOYALTY. A detachment of United States troops, under Lieutenant-Mesmer, accompanied the cortège. At the grave E. DEGENER pronounced an oration which brought tears of grief to the eyes of the assembled, who manifested patriotism the hearts of the loyal mourners. He concluded thus:

"The sacrifice that we, the fathers of the slaughtered, made to our country and to liberty is great and dolorous. We shall, however, console ourselves; we shall be capable of having offered to our cause the Lord, if the glorious victory of its arms bear all the fruits that this nation and the whole of humanity justly expect from its cause!"

The Government of the Federal troops fired a salute over the grave, and the liberated soil of Texas inclosed the remains of its brave and faithful sons. The little remote spot where they rest must be to the nation as sacred as those places where thousands of her fallen defenders are deposited. Small in number, far away from the patriotic heart and the strong arm of the loyal North, surrounded by foes and enemies of the Union, these brave and devoted Germans offered their lives as a holy protest against the treason of the recreant rebels.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



ONLY A HINT.

OBSERVE CAREFULLY THE SHADOW OF "A SMALL WHAT," AND YOU WILL SOON DISCOVER A LARGE DOCTOR'S BILL AND THE OUTLINES OF A COFFIN!

"HAVE any of Toby Continent's stories been printed in book volumes?" inquired a country gentleman in one of our book-stores the other day.

"Toby Continent! Who's he?"

"Why, the man that writes so many stories for the papers. I see he came to more newspaper copies than any other man, and I want to get 'em in bound volumes."

The salesman answered in the negative, and the gentleman continent went elsewhere with the inquiry, which we dare say he will be continued.

Is there any kind which can sing The Lays of Ancient Rome?—Yes, they are MODERN LAYS.

But look a simple a man with his hands in his trowsers pocket and a pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out. Good luck to a man of pluck, and he catches, his sleeves rolled up, working to make it come out right.

MY OWN IDEAS.

I would rather fall in love than from Bunker's Hill monument.

I would rather feed a boa than be a seal.

I prefer a legal tender to a tax-collector.

I would rather wait my brave than knit my stockings.

I would rather be kicked by my dog than by my enemy.

The "other" most parts of the earth are supposed to be the parts which nobody else want to live in.

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.—To dream of a mill-stone around your neck is a sign of which you may expect if you do not keep straight side. When a young lady dreams of a coffin it indicates that she should immediately discontinuing her tight, and also that she should not go out in wet weather. To dream of fire is a sign that—if you are married and your wife has lights in your house are out before you go to bed. To dream that your nose is red at the tip is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy-and-water.

THE ONLY MILITARY COMMAND THAT THE SUTLER UNDERSTANDS.—Charge!

Don't open your purse to lustily or too wide—nor your mouth either.

The latest invention is a "palpitating broom" for the ladies, which is said to render by concealed spring when an extra display of "emotion" is required.

FEEING OR FEEDING.

Whoever dwells at big hotels
Should be prepared to "feed"—
The guest, 'tis said, can't be well fed,
Unless the waiter's fee'd.

The order of the country grace, who sent to the proprietors of a morning newspaper for some of the "latest dates," which the paper announced as just received, has got his best grammar with.

How was the weather on Monday last—Joe Halligan's title?—Because it was quite complex.

We hear constantly of absconding railroad contractors. It is not a matter of much surprise to us, when we consider that it is a regular business with these fellows to make tracks.

The man who was "carried away" by the eloquence of a certain popular preacher, was brought back on the following Sunday by the same influence that carried him away.

When is a smack on the mouth no offense?—When it is received from the lips of a pretty woman.

A wag in Detroit has been taking liberties with the reputation of the Prairie republic. He was asked whether he knew of an accident on that road, and replied: "Only one, and once a week." Inquiry elicited the routine for Detroit, and died of old age at Binghampton—half-way!"

When a broker loses all his money he is dead broke; but when he dies he is dead beat.

Love's fetters were formerly made of flowers, but in our day *gold bonds* are preferred.

In a Southern exchange we find a column containing what is termed "A Brief Treatise to the Memory of—*sketches of men setting up with the body.*"

Easy way to make a bank canoe. Take any canoe and put a dog in it.

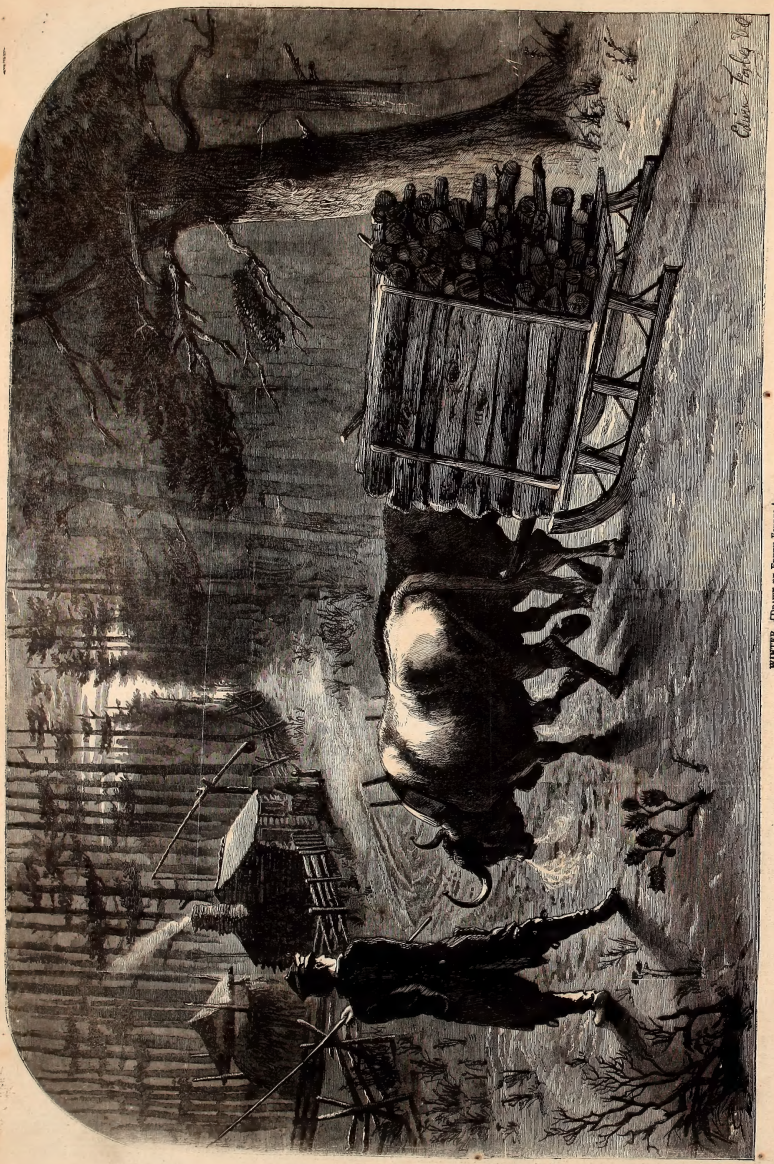
"Hallo, Mr. Englishman! can't you stop your steamer a minute or two?"

"Stop the boat! What for?"

"Why, we want to look at your biler; she's afraid of it herrin'."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Partington to Ike the other day, as she was reading the paper, "what an astonishing circumstance, poor, dear man! I suppose it was the wind on the eternal deep. I do believe boat." Here she came to the paper, and found the paragraph, as she supposed headed, referred to a death of an esteemed gentleman on view as a visionary respectfully.

Why is a dog's tail a very great novelty?—Because no one ever saw it before.



WINTER.—DRAWN BY EDWIN FORBES.



TYPES OF AMERICAN BEAUTY.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. H. WILLIAMSON, BROOKLYN, L. I.]

BREAKING THE SNOW.

SEE the masses of the snow
Piled across the trackless highways,
Choking all the lanes and by-ways,
Covering brooks and hiding bridges
And the leeward sides of ridges;
Dazzling, cold, so smooth and white
That the fox tracks overnight,
Delicately stepped and straight,
From the wood to farm-yard gate,
Miles away his courses show.

Ho! The stalwart men are out,
Traveler blind with ghostly light
Of the snow and of the night,
Doctor, weary of patient pale,
And the carrier of the mail,
Farmer, with his load of corn,
Woodman, rising ere the morn,
Through the drifts must come and go.
Ho! The breakers of the snow
Come along with call and shout.

Bob-sled quickly down have they,
Drawn by many a patient pair,
And wild steers, with sullen air,
Flouncing wheezing, dragged along
By the leaders, slow and strong,
Through the drifts with sinking feet,
Wet with struggling, white with sleet,
Till they know man's will and thought,
And their great wild eyes are brought
All his mandates to obey.

Muffled breakers of the snow,
With high boots and shovels bright,
Toss the masses left and right,
But the boys, too quick to shift,
Work to play in bank and drift;
Tumble in half-smothered heaps
While the great dog on them hops—
And some man, who keeps the joy
In his memory of the boy,
Reaches them with long-armed throw.

Life of health in mind and limb,
Self-exerted, free and pure,
Full of all that shall endure,
As the firm foundation-stone
Of a nation's hope alone,
Proof against the storm and cold,
Cut like granite, sharp and bold,
From eternal quarries deep,
Where earth's strongest forces keep
Empire through the ages dim.

ABBY DILL'S FORTUNE.

WE taught school together. It was a district school "down East," and she had the girls under her charge and I the boys. I presume she was eighteen when we met, and I know I was twenty-five. I had heard her name before I saw her. It was Abigail. I am an ugly man, and I expected to see a spinster to match. That was perhaps why she seemed so very pretty as I caught the first glimpse of her in the golden morning light streaming on the old school-house steps. She had on a white dress, and the blue frill on at her neck was no bluer than her eyes. Fourteen dazzled calls I let hair red. It was really burnished gold. When I stood beside her she said, simply, "My fellow-teacher, Mr. Lorne, I presume. I am Abby Dill."

And we shook hands and were friends from that moment.

There is little romance in the rule of a district school. Do you wonder that I strove to find a little for myself in the presence of Abby Dill? Most young men of five-and-twenty would have done so and—the circumstances. Weary of boy faces, dull or saucy, of stammering names and stupid eyes, I turned to look at her over my desk a hundred times a day by way of relief.

It always helped me, I never saw her flushed or angry. I never saw her sleepily drudging at her task. Always alert, always pleasant. Sometimes with a pencil stuffed behind her rebellious, sunborne with a comic lifting of the eyebrows (quite involuntary I knew), when the biggest dunce in the class fell prostrate over some childish stumbling-block.

It was not the sedate placidity which will at times pervade a mature lover, but a merry good temper not to be soured by trifles.

I had taught before with one Mrs. Goodenough, and only my wife's status, or some church who knows watch over poor schoolmasters, kept me from flinging the dictionary at her head, when, in moments of more than mortal trouble, I caught sight of her with the same fat smile, the same front teeth visible, the same sleepy folding of her hands at her waistband.

Abby Dill, smiling or grave, always made me feel comfortable. Pretty soon I began to think what pictures I would make of her were I an artist. Whether I should choose the time when the sun burnished her golden hair, as it fell through the window near her seat, when cheek and lip and lily throat were three-like masses of high lights and color, or that hour when the long shadows crept over the school-house and amidst them the fair face was mellowed and toned down to that of a Madonna.

Then I began to think of a home and fireside where she should welcome me after the day's toil. I fancied her running to meet me at the door; sitting opposite me at the table; sewing while I read to her in the long winter evenings; leaning on my arm as we walked together in the summer moonlight, and then I acknowledged that I was in love with Abby Dill.

It was not the work of a few days nor of a few weeks. She had taught together a year before I said, "I must have her for my wife or be wretched." And then I hardly knew whether she liked me or not.

In that country place "courting" was performed after a set fashion. The gentleman was paired off with the lady on all festive occasions. They sat together and whispered in public. They made no great secret of kisses, and the usual manner of promenading, even in broad daylight, was with the masculine arm about the feminine waist. Consequently no mortal guessed the state of my feelings, and village gossip never suggested the possibility of Mr. Lawrence Lorne and Miss Abby Dill "keeping company."

But I think she knew how I loved her. I thought then she liked to know it. She had a look she kept for me; a tone in her voice. I believe, I alone heard. Loving all the world as she did, I could not help hoping that she loved me best of all. Yet I was not sure.

I tried to find out for myself without asking—all in vain. At last I resolved to tell her how I felt. That day, after school, I wandered away into the woods, and sat there thinking. I knew I was not rich: I knew she was as poor as I: were we really too poor to marry? Should youth wait for gold and labor before it took love to its heart? Were gray-beards right, and the heartless boys who disobeyed them wrong? It seemed to me not. We were young. I had energy, hope, and strength. She had all that I possessed, with the sweetness and beauty that had made me her. Why, if she loved me, should not we begin the world together?

The breezes sighing through the branches whispered, "Why not?" The birds sang it. The sun smiled it in the golden blotches of light dropped through the leafy shadows. My heart said, "Why not?" in its every beat. And the noon and went to her home across the fragrant clover-field, where the honey-laden bees seemed once more to drone it, "Why not, if she loves you?" I found her sitting on the porch, sewing. In the cozy parlor her old grandmother sat asleep over her Bible.

The summer day was nearly over, but it was light yet, and the windows of the houses and those of the little church were turned to flame-color by the setting sun. All along the road tinkling bells told of homeward-driven cows; sweet labores trudged out of the fields into the village. Everything was peaceful and calm, and then a flitting flock of birds flung a passing shadow to the earth, and far away a sweet-toned bell was ringing. It was going for a forty bell; I knew that, yet it minded me of the olden peal of the curfew. And still the sweetness and the loveliness of Nature, the look in Abby's blue eyes, the throbbing of my own heart seemed to say to me, "Why not, for she loves you?"

But I could not speak out there. If I had this story would never have been told. She must be quite alone with me before the words I must speak could come. So I asked her to walk with me. She assented.

"But we must have tea first," said she. "I am not ethereal enough to dine on love and air, and grandmother is ready for hers, no doubt. Come in!"

So she folded up the muslin she was covering with bits and blossoms, and went to the door where the table was spread with a snowy cloth, and the homely home-like tea-time sights and odors asked the same old question.

I remember she had just poured out a cup of tea for me, and that in taking it my hand had, by chance, touched hers, thrilling me through with its velvet softness, when some one came to the door and knocked. Abby said, "Come in!" and in walked a great hulking lad, a scholar of mine, whose father kept the Post-office.

"Evenin', Miss Abby," he said. "I was comin' past, and father said I'd call and get his mail. It comes in this time afternoon, and looks important."

Abby took the letter.

"Thank you, Tom," she said. "Won't you have a cup of tea?" But Tom, scarlet with confusion at the request, "hadn't time, couldn't stay," and shambled out.

The letter remained upon the table, a large envelope, with a great red wax seal, four or five postmarks, and in many corners of the globe the existence of other Winstons. Miss Abby Dill had waited several weeks for her letter, whatever it was, and it really "looked important."

"But it is not," she answered, with a laugh. "How could an important letter come to me?"

"Mercy on us! Are you going to read it, nih? you, Abby?" asked the old lady.

"Yes, by-and-by, when I have had my tea and my walk, grandma."

"Have you no curiosity whatever on the subject?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "I will own the honest truth. I never was so silly before; I'm actually afraid of the letter. I know of no one who would write to me on any subject of importance. I can think of no possible event which, in any great degree, could give me joy or pain of which I should hear by letter; but I am afraid of the letter. That seal seems an ominous red eye staring at me."

"How you do talk, Abby!" cried the grandmother. "I couldn't rest until I read it, if I felt that way."

But Abby left the letter on the table, and, when finished our meal, and had cleared up her bonnet, and still never touched it.

At the door the old lady called her back.

"Abby, you never behaved so before; I'm curious about that letter, if you are not."

"I suppose there must be something terrible in it, grandmother," said Abby, with a laugh. "I want my walk first."

"At night?—with these spectacles that never suited me?"

Abby looked at me. "Well," she said, "must I read it?"

"Well try," said I, and took a penny from my pocket. "Toss up for it. Heads, Miss Abby Dill reads the letter now; tails, she reads it after her walk."

I spun the coin in the air—Fate brought the head uppermost.

The candles were lit by this time, and —th a laugh Abby sat down near them and opened the envelope. At the first words I saw her change color and grow deeply interested, and at the close she started to her feet.

"Important! Tom was right," she cried.

"To think that such a letter should come to us. It's like a fairy tale. Am I *really* awake?"

She was too much excited to read the letter aloud, but soon I understood from her words that a far-away cousin of her father's, who had been fond of her as a child, was dying, leaving her all that he possessed. She had not heard of him for years, but that he had never forgotten her was plain in the fact that, by his death, she had become his heiress.

The letter had been several weeks upon its journey, and had reached her an hour too soon at last. An hour too soon for me. She was so startled on our walk before it came, I should by that time have told her how I loved her—should have known whether she loved me. Now, when she had suddenly become a rich woman, I could not do this. What would she think of me were I, who had never uttered a word of love to her, to speak the first one that night? She would see in it the most transparent fortune-hunting, and reject me with scorn. I must, at least, wait longer now, and I hated myself for not having had the courage to speak before.

We did not go for our walk. She seemed to have forgotten, and I did not wish to remember it. I could not congratulate her, I could not talk at all. My only words were those of a cold farewell.

Going home through the summer moonlight, the katydids chirping shrilly in the bushes seemed to answer the question I had never had asked me in the sunny afternoon—"Why not?"

"Ah, Lawrence Lorne! because she is a rich woman and you are a poor man."

It was not so much that she was a rich woman, after all, had she been an all-hour; but now, Abby Dill must always be a rich woman. I could not bring say to her the words which would have been uttered that night had the letter been delayed a little longer. The passionate love, the tender appeal were to a forgiving than he knew of the next day, as he blundered over his spelling-book.

Was she aware of this, or I cool to her? 'I can not tell; but our intimacy seemed to diminish. She was very busy, too, for they were going to New York in a week, and the person had already agreed to take her place in school.

The day before they left I went to see her. I could not stay away. I had not the courage to be forehand, I found myself walking with her in her garden, all aglow that evening with gay autumn flowers. She picked a bouquet for me, and sighed as she was tying it.

"Who will watch these flowers blooming next year, I wonder?" she said; "I have been so fond of them."

"You can have finer flowers," I said, "and will forget them and every thing else here very soon."

"Am I so very fickle?" she asked, quickly.

"I'd give the world to be sure you were not," I said, but to that she made not one word of answer.

Next time I saw her she was in the cars to the depôt, and, as I watched them go, I knew the first step of what might be an eternal parting had been taken. My heart said, "Follow her," but I could not say a word to hinder it, even had I hoped she liked me well enough to make it worth the while.

We walked a few steps by the broad path of the garden quite silently after the bustle was past. She had written her city direction on a card, and I had put it in my pocket-book. She had hoped "she would have a pleasant trip." She had hoped that "I should find the new teacher a pleasant person." Why we were so formal and so coldly courteously distant that afternoon I can not tell. One tremulous tone, one tender look, would have broken down my resolution, but they were not to be spoken.

At last I said, "Good-night." It was night now, for the sunset had passed and the gray twilight dimmed the path.

She answered, "Good-bight, Mr. Lorne."

Our hands just touched, though I was filled with a wild longing to clasp hers to my breast and kiss them.

"Do not leave me so. Tell me you love me, Abby."

And then the gate had opened and closed after me, and I stood in the road alone.

She was miles away when I took my place at my desk next day, and I was left with only time whether I should ever see her again. I also should leave the school in a few days, for the term was nearly over, and I had to look about for some path in which a fortune might be won, become a rich man, and then—

Alas! Time was fleeting, and one of us might die, or another might win her; or, when the wealth was won, the heart might be too dull and cold to beat as it should. I knew that as well as any one could have told me, but I was a dreamer by nature, and one dream beings gone I must have another to live by.

Almost without an effort on my part the chance I longed for came. I received a letter from Abby, reviving a long absence from my native land, a residence in a country for which I had but little love, and with which I had but little to do, and bring with it a chance for speculation; and possibly a fortune to match Abby Dill's. I undertook it cheerfully. I packed my office zealously, and, receiving a few farewell dinners, and five years from the day of my departure from America returned to it a rich man. Not as rich as I had hoped to return to Abby Dill, and did not know, when I set foot upon my native shores, whether she were alive or dead, or single, or married to another. But I felt that I must probable, for she had health and beauty, and was now full five-and-twenty years of age.

I went straight to Winston. I never expected to find Abby there, but she had made friends in the place she would hardly drop, and they might know her whereabouts, I hoped. I found Winston altered. Somewhere of rick dwellings had grown up. There were a dozen stores instead of one. The church had a new steeple, and there was a fine new academy of fice, known as the Methodist meeting-house, besides. As for the school-house, that was altered past knowing, and had a porch, a two-shaded playground, and four new class-rooms. It was vacation-time, and it was quite empty, so I was free to visit the rooms and admire the improvements if I chose. All I did was to sit down at my old desk and fancy Abby Dill among her girls in the light of the long-south window.

Opposite the school arose another edifice, handsome and exceedingly pretentious—the Winston Bank, an institution of which the Winstonite were wondrously proud. But it shut out the prospect of distant hills, and the little pond with the willows and drooping flags and rushes was quite hidden, and I did not like its alteration.

On the way home I passed Abby's little cottage. Some one lived there now who cared more for beans and cabbages than for flowers, and I gave one look over the palings and walked away.

Yes, Winston was altered, but I heard pleasant news that Miss Abby Dill had returned to Winston and lived with her old grandmother in a beautiful cottage on what was called The Hill.

She had returned from Europe, they said, but she was single still, and "kept company" with nobody.

On Sunday I saw her at church. She had not altered. She was even lovelier than ever, and I felt that the path lay clear before me, and that I was free to woo and win her.

But I put a restraint on myself and never went near her. I wanted her to learn that I was there, and that I had become wealthy and sought her not without being accused of mercenary motives. A monomaniac for the time being, I withdrew all that I possessed from sundry excellent investments and deposited every cent in the Winston Bank, that gossips, amiable-tongued enough in Winston, might carry the news to Miss Abby. On Wednesday I called to call upon Abby Dill and begin my wooing. Alas! the most positive intentions fail to be carried out at times. On Wednesday evening, coming home in the dark, I struck my schrobye against the door. Next morning I had a terrible black eye. To present myself in that state the first time in a night was simply impossible. I fumed and fretted in vain. I was not presentable for, week despite the spotbeauty's kindness. She was going to church once more with the intention of offering Abby my escort home I found her sent empty. She had gone away on a visit with her grandmother, and would not return for a fortnight. When they returned there came with them a lady and gentleman, brother and sister. The gentleman was a splendid fellow of twenty-six or thereabouts, who devoted himself to Miss Abby Dill in the most noticeable manner. He walked with her, talked with her, sang to and at her (for now often I listened, miserably enough, under the cottage window as the summer evenings drew on), and in short was said to be favored by her as no one had been favored before.

I would not see her while this rival must be seen also. Yet I felt conscious that I was leaving the field free to him, and that, by acting as I did, I manifestly underrated his influence.

One day, desperately bitter, I set off for a long tramp through the woods on a dump, foggy sort of day. Lost my way, caught a cold, and an interwitten fever came on. I was ill for weeks. When I grew better there was news in store for me. My landlady understood it. She came and told me, as I sat, pale, weak and worn, at a garden bench and began,

"This is a world of trials, Mr. Lorne."

I acquiesced.

"And trouble comes when we least expect it, and when we are feeling our best, Sir," she added, "Now are you prepared for bad news, Sir?"

My thoughts flew at once to Abby Dill. The words, "Is she married?" passed my lips unawares, and my landlady cried,

"Who? Abby Dill? Lor! it's nothing about marriage. I wish it was. There's a deal of trouble here just now, and you have a big share in it. They said you were rich, and I suppose Abby Dill broke, Mr. Lorne, and nobody that has had money there will ever get a cent of it as long as they live."

I heard her through without a word, and then arose and walked away. For the next few hours no mortal eye saw me, and I can only desire to forget them as though they had been.

In the evening I went out into the village. The stores were full of people talking over the event; some curious spectators of the woes of others; some truly sympathetic; some crushed into a sort of stupor by the losers; and others, more selfish, uttering threats against the bankers, and cursing them and their own folly. I heard my own names more than twice, but spoke to no one. Also I went home and locked myself in my room, but not to sleep. Long after every light was out in Winston I paced the floor.

Midnight had passed and the moon had set, when against the dark sky I saw, as I gazed from my window, a dull-red glow, which grew brighter, which puzzled and attracted me. As I gazed forked tongues of blue flame burst through the lurid mass, and I knew something had begun to burn. In a few moments the sky grew crimson, and I could see the flying sparks and cinders plainly. The fire was not in the village, but beyond it, on the wood shore, with other of the best houses of the place.

At the thought I started from my post beside the window and dashed down the stairs and out into the street.

A bell was ringing by this time, every door open, and people hurrying to and fro. The direction of the fire. Two bank directors occupied dwellings there, and some mad wretch, ruined by the failure of the Winston Bank, had become an incendiary, forgetful in his wrath that between the two stood the abode of one innocent of all wrong-doing—Abby Dill's home, which was in one broad blaze from roof to cellar when I reached the spot.

They had the old grandmother safely out by that time, and she was seated in the front yard, and carried her bodily through flame and smoke; and now she stood wringing her hands and calling for help for Abby.

"My child!" she screamed; "my sweet, good child! Save her! save her!"

But all stood helpless, gazing on the roaring flames hopelessly. I pushed my way through the crowd and dashed toward the doorway. Some one cried, "Stop him! It's certain death!" And then I was in the midst of a suffocating smoke, in a forest of horrible heat.

But the worst was past in a moment, and I was on the stairs calling softly for Abby to answer me, and a faint voice replied, and, springing forward, I clasped a white figure in my arms and turned—but one moment too soon! Each Hanson's mercy brought me safe in life and limb through the greedy flames to the sweet outer air.

I was weakened by illness, though excitement had sustained me to perform my task; but when all was over a death-like swoon crept over me, and I had conscious moments. I thought, I knew myself dying, and was happy; for, as sight and hearing left me, I knew my head reposed on Abby's arm. It is there still when I awoke to life again. It was gray dawn when I stood with her and looked upon the ruins of her pretty home. A tear was in her eye, and a sad look on her face.

"Poor old house!" she said; "I loved it; but I should not grieve so were it not for grandmother. She will feel the privations of narrow circumstances more than I."

I looked at her curiously.

"Surely no house will make but little difference to your circumstances," I said. "Others are to be thought or built."

"With money," she answered. "I have none. A mouth ago I was a rich woman; but every cent I had was in the Winston Bank, and you have seen enough to know what that implies. I'm as poor now as when I first began to teach in the old school-house yonder."

I acted on the impulse of the moment, and caught back Abby's little hands in mine. Standing thus I told her all I had got, and then I said:

"I must begin life over again, Abby, will you help in it with me?"

And she did not draw her to me, and kiss her on brow and cheek and lip, and hold her to my heart—my promised wife, my best be ved, who loved me.

"The path will be rough for your feet shall not be bruised," I said. "The thorns of life shall neer pierce you, my treasure!"

But she answered me not, if there are ills I must share them, and I have little fear: love can compensate for poverty. Then with a change of look she said, "And mother? I cannot leave her. You must know that vacation is almost over, and they have asked me to teachers in the old school. You can sail without me, and the world again together. Shall it be so, Lawrence?"

"If you also, darling," I said, and kissed her, for once while I was master of my fate, with the old scarray of broad red faces before me; but beyond, among her gifts, my golden-haired wife-to-be while I lived. Then I said she should be queen no toil hard, no lot humble, that was shared with her.

We are richer now; and there is more silver than gold in her bright hair, for we are old people together, and have grandchildren about us; but we are not rich enough, or old enough yet to despise that dear old school or the life we began together there.

THE RUINS OF CAPE HAYTIEN.

BY JAMES REDPATH.

The rebellion in Hayti has been unfortunately extinguished. While I regarded it (from my personal knowledge of its character) as a spontaneous (Jean Crosiere) as an uprising of the barbarous elements and hopeful for the success of the existing government, I deeply regretted that the suppression of the revolt is due neither to the amnesty nor to the arms of the President, but wholly to the unwarrantable, lying, and cowardly intervention of the English fleet. This fact will embitter not the native and educated classes only against GEFFRARD's triumph, but probably a large majority of the negro population is opposed to his Excellency. An attempt to gather a supposed declaration on the part of his Admiralty Instructions to the naval authorities, was the cause of an attempted insurrection at Gonaives a few years ago, the rallying cry of which was—

"Vive le reprime article de la Constitution?"

The seventh article referred to is in these words:

"No white man, whatever be his nationality, shall ever be subject to the soil of the Haytian Territory, nor shall he own, in future, to acquire there either real estate or the rights of citizenship."

As it would have been unfortunate for us if England or France had aided us in suppressing the slaveholder's rebellion, so it would be such a triumph would have engendered a bitterness in the Southern heart, and a just contempt for our power which no effort on our part would ever have been able wholly to remove—so the fact that the rebellion in Hayti was put down by strong as ever, still defiant, still able to repel every attack of GEFFRARD troops when left to themselves would undertook to interfere and "pacify" the trade. The President "master of the situation," as the official account published it, will, in all probability, cause a sullen submission to his power for a time, but it is dreaded then open revolt.

The reports of events in Hayti are always so unreliable and contradictory that I have waited until I could learn from worthy sources how the rebellion was suppressed before I completed my record of its civil war.

It is my opinion that an uprising of the blacks, in sympathy with the movement of SALNAVE at the North, was attempted at Jeremie or Jeremie, but that it was promptly put down by the upholders of the Government. It is charged that GEFFRARD by his cowardly conduct has made himself exceedingly obnoxious to many of the best families of the capital, and that, instead of prosecuting the offenses which followed on his advent to power, he has been slavishly seeking to purchase his safety by a mean submission. It is further alleged that his unpopularity with the masses is sufficiently indicated by the fact that there have been eighteen attempts at revolution!

Whether these are the capricious complaints of the Cote Outs merely, or just indictments, will presently appear; for if GEFFRARD increases his efforts to educate all the people, and pre erves peace and order combined with freedom of the press and religion, he will not be unfavorably affected by them the cavils of his opponents. I am not at all convinced that the President is unpopular because so many efforts have been made to depose him, nor am I sure that the prompt extinguishment of these attempts was not due as much to his popularity as to his alacrity. I do not speak with confidence on either side, but of no person, unless his correspondence with the island is more extensive, has he can justly judge of her political combinations. For the last three years we have had no party politics. The Haytian method of depositing a ruler is by inciting a revolt, printing dozens of proclamations, appointing a Cabinet, and then with a yell "Hip! hurrah! and "Vive la Republique d' Haiti," or "Vive l'Empereur!" as the case may be, entering Port-au-Prince. The next day the old rule of DESSALINES, generally on board a vessel bound for Kingston, Jamaica. Speeches, new proclamations, eloquent denunciations of the "late unfortunate" that has been deposed, and an election of a Chief Magistrate for life follow. Thus, whether the ruler of Hayti be called Faustin or Geffrard, he is in fact the head of a limited military monarchy—limited, if he is a mulatto, by a fear of the blacks; and, if he is a negro, by the contempt of the mulatto aristocracy. In these revolutions no lives are lost and no damage done to property. The troops on both sides understand perfectly that the bullets are intended to hurt each other. It is only when the parties are of equal strength, or when the rebellion is powerful enough to overthrow the Government, but unable to capture the capital, that bloodshed ever ensues.

The recent rebellion was evidently more formidable than the means of the Government represented. It held the North with stubborn tenacity. Every assault on the rebel capital was successfully met and promptly repulsed. SALNAVE and the leaders were not killed. The port was not blockaded. On the contrary, the Government lost its largest steamer by capture. The bombardment of Cape Haytien and the rebellion would have been successful if the English war-vessels had not interfered. Whether the protected steamer would have left on the establishment of a Northern "Empire," and left the South to "go to the gold," a separate and independent republic, as in the days of CHRISTOPHE and PETION, it is impossible for us to guess with any accuracy. The probabilities seem to be that it would have left to a compromise, which would have given GEFFRARD to reign, and DAMIEN, or some other distinguished leader, to be put forth, by parties, to succeed him as President of the undivided Republic.

The pretext for the intervention of the English was forcibly stated by the leader of the rebellion to recognize the right of the British Consul to rank him in his own capital. The "bold Hilton" undertook to defend and protect several persons—Haytians—who had become obnoxious to SALNAVE and SALNAVE. On demand he declined to deliver them up. SALNAVE, with his usual impetuosity, the Consulate, seized the refugees—and shot them. The *Building*—Her Britannic Majesty's *B. D.*—a ship of war, is now "all hurray, and o' nothing to do," burning itself by bombarding the rebel fort. The fort fires back; *B. D.* got scorned. The situation becomes serious and the Commander of H. B. M.'s *B. D.*, *B. D.* to save it from the courageous negroes the order was given, and the *B. D.* was blown up! The monument of the British Consulate, Hilton, probably felt as the overwhelmed but unconquered citizen of Charleston did when a negro soldier stepped up and asked him if he would like to see a monument. His "feelings were hurt;" his dignity outrageously infringed on; but amusement—complete and stupendous—overcame all resentment. To think of the audacity of the act—for negroes to dare to interfere with the amusements of H. B. M.'s officers! It was too much!

But incredible as it was, H. B. M.'s commander of the late *B. D.*, when he saw his vessel blown to fragments, at once, and with the utmost determined on revenge. He posted off to Jamaica for aid.

On the 7th of November, writes a resident of Cape Haytien, "the English fleet of the *Galatea* arrived from Jamaica, bringing the English Consul-General, Sir JOHN, from Port-au-Prince. The rebel Admiral, SALNAVE, which was then lying in the roadstead sent commissioners on board to learn what conditions were to be proposed to them. The demand was made by Consul-General Sir JOHN that SALNAVE and Monsieur DE LORME, the chiefs of the movement under JOSEPH. Knowing what their fate would be in the power of the enemy, at the *same time replied that, as they were unable to offer any resistance, they would gladly give up the city.* Whereupon the Admiral of the British fleet, who was present, fire was opened from both steamers on the rebel batteries and on all the forts in possession of General SALNAVE, which were soon silenced. This occurred on the morning of the 9th. The firing of the steamers was accurate. Fort Madeline (commanding one portion of the harbor) was battered and three hours, very gallantly—no Briton flinching as he fired, no Haytian trembling as he assailed it. The fort was soon evacuated and the guns dismounted. All the guns were spiked. General SALNAVE and his devoted friends had taken refuge on the Yankee steamer, *De Soto*, which carried them to the adjacent port of Monte Christo, in the Dominican Republic.

It was reported, when the news of the fall of Cape Haytien first arrived, that the British vessels had reduced the town to ruins, and that the troops of GEFFRARD "occupied the site of what was once the city." The absurdity of this statement caused me to withhold credence in it, as this report until more trustworthy information should reach us.

I find this passage in a private letter, which I believe to be a correct account:

"During the bombardment, and before GEFFRARD'S troops entered the city, some desperate characters set fire to the principal quarters, and all the most valuable retail shops and dwellings around the market and in the Rue Espagnole were soon reduced to ashes. They also tried to destroy the foreign warehouses on the sea-side, but without success, as these were saved from fire though not from pillage, having been mostly broken open and plundered of every thing they contained, particularly the houses of such persons whose occupants were known to be hostile to the rebellion. These were completely gutted; furniture of every description being thrown into the streets and broken up by them. In the case of Vaudelin many families have been ruined and driven to seek refuge in the plains. Previous to the bombardment, which seems to have been expected, if not known, every one was busy all day long in carrying off their goods to the white foreigners took refuge on board the French and American steamers, as well as the English; and Captain Walker, of the *De Soto*, particularly, has earned the gratitude of hundreds of unfortunates by his kindness and consideration toward them during the whole time he has been in the station.

"The fire burned for two days, and this lately-thriving city, which, with the exception of the French, was their 'Paradise on Earth,' is a second time little more than a heap of ruins. Property was totally destroyed by earthquake and fire in 1842, and since which time it has been rebuilding slowly by its citizens without one dollar of any foreign aid.

"The policy of the rebellion, after the occupation of the city by the President, was the total destruction, by fire or order, of that port or suburb known as the Fosette, inhabited mostly by the commercial class, and the most active and bitter opponents of the Government, and to leave open those streets where the houses belonged to the lower of the citizens, as well as foreigners, by this rebellion, have been protected, and it will take years to place them where they were before it began; money is very scarce, and no one can afford to rebuild except for his own residence, have been reduced almost to beggary.

"President GEFFRARD has not entered the city with his troops, published a general amnesty; notwithstanding which it is to be feared that blood will still be shed on those of prominent citizens for their complicity in the rebellion against him—either openly or secretly."

Cape Haytien used to be called by the old planters the little Paris of the Antilles, and their "Paradise on Earth." It is not to be, in fact; but it is very questionable whether the luxury and wealth that they boasted of were not vastly exaggerated.

When I visited Hayti, Cape Haytien had as many ruins as Venice has canals. This destruction will be severely felt for many years to come. Houses are not plenty, and many have suffered by good fires within a few years; and although the value of property destroyed bears but a small proportion to the whole amount owned in the Republic, yet the Barbarity of the tropics needs years where we require months only to rebuild the waste places.

There is at present, however, a speedy increase of wealth in Hayti, excepting by universal education, the disbanding of the present army, and the substitution of a few hundred well-drilled and well-equipped regulars in their place. It is to be hoped that GEFFRARD will now go vigorously to work and accomplish these reforms, and win for himself a proud place in the history of his country and his race.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"WOMAN and women!" exclaims MRS. BROWN; "*this* exceeds any thing we have had yet!"

"What now, my dear?" inquires her liege lord, looking up from his newspaper.

"Just look at that gas bill! Perfectly outrageous! Never before in my married life was I save ever look at a *item* we have not burned five in proportion to it. The fact is, we are positively surrounded by gas-men! and something is very wrong about the whole of it."

"Well, well," returns MR. BROWN, soothingly, "that is a fact, but what can we do? We must have light."

"I know it," responds the lady; "but if *I* were the city of New York, or the Legislature, or *somebody*—I'm sure it must be *somebody's* business—the gas companies should not have it all their own way. It is a perfect swindle." And the indignant matron, in her excitement, nicely thrust the offending gas bill into the lowest corner of her pocket.

"Why don't you burn candles?" suggests the country cousin, who has been quietly toasting her toes at the grate.

"Burn candles!" echoes the astonished matron. "How would write a moment by candle-light? But it wouldn't make the slightest difference. I am convinced, if we did not light our rooms for a week or so long as we have a meter and burners in the house, we should have a gas bill regularly presented, graduated according to the season of the year."

Whereat they all laughed, and concluded they might as well light their rooms as not, since so much gas we there wanted.

We agree with MRS. BROWN, in the main. We can't burn candles; oil is disagreeable; and good gaslight is not only a luxury, but almost a necessity nowadays. But is the case of New York, how New York is not one whit better off in regard to gas than London is; and we generally fancy ourselves a notch ahead of that or any other city. Certain companies have recently invigilated bitterly against certain of their moneyed corporations, in the endeavor to break down and destroy the monopoly of their business, people are compelled, as it were, to patronize them. So, also, is it in New York. Competition is a thing unknown, and the extreme selfishness of mankind—poor human nature is to weak. Whenever that is excluded the people are forced to accept the extort offered at any extortionate price demanded, or go without it. "These things ought not to be."

Meanwhile, as we remarked or applied, we join with some unknown sufferer, in the following appeal to the Gas Companies:

Oh, makers of our gas! relent
What rates on us you levy!
It surely can't be right or meet
Our "light" should come so "heavy!"

Blame not my verses if they halt,
Or rhyme in lines complete are;
You ought to know how oft a fault
Will happen in the meter!

By law just ten per cent. your gains,
You did it honest, surely!
At twice that sum to fill your mains;
Your profits then are nearly—in fact,
I'm to a *gas-tric* fever!

Give us cheap gas! you'll find it pays
As well (I'm certain quite of it!)
Gas is no trifle nowadays,
Although a very *light of it!*

Every body has heard the phrase, "Frightened out of your senses," rough and true though it may be, but I believe no one ever wondered what the origin of it was, and queried whether originally man had seven senses, and some fearful fright exposed him to the danger of losing that as it may, some enterprising individual seems to have found one of the lost senses, or discovered a new one. This is the proof. Let there be a couple of cubical blocks of wood, of the same size and appearance, one, however, is—vitally filled with lead. Take them in your hand and you instantly detect the difference in weight. Not by the sense of touch, sight, taste, hearing, nor smelling. What is it then? It is said to be by the sense of *weight*. Who will discover the seventh sense?

It is often said that a good, hearty laugh is better than a dose of medicine, and certain it is that merriment has a wonderfully happy effect oftentimes upon the sick. A story is told of a young wife, apparently dying from swelling and inflammation of the throat, so much that she was unable to stop the way; she could swallow nothing; every thing had been tried. Her friends were standing round her bed in misery and helplessness.

"Try her wi' a compliment," said her husband, in a most unromantic manner.

She had genuine humor as well as he; and as physicians know, there is a sort of mental tickling which is a bypassal and above control, being under the reflex system, and as instinctive as sighing. She laughed with her whole body and soul, and burst the abscess and was well.

Advertisements, and paragraphs of various kinds, often find their way into newspapers, in which, by the omission of a comma, or more frequently, in some excess of an awkwardly constructed sentence, the most extraordinary statements are made. For example: A newspaper states:

"A child was run over by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed with parakeets [a misprint for paralysis] which died."

An exchange, describing a celebration, says:

"The procession was very fine and nearly two miles in length—we saw the mayor & Dr. Perry the chaplain."

A Western paper announces:

"A cow was struck by lightning and instantly killed, belonging to the village physician, who had a beautiful calf four days old."

In the report of a certain School Committee the following paragraph occurs:

"We have a school-house large enough to accommodate four hundred children for one school."

It gives one an idea of progress to see such an advertisement as this:

WANTED—A young man to take charge of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind.

In this connection it may be mentioned that on the table of Representatives, near Tycoon Johnson, is placed a book in which is inscribed the following:

"Any person passing beyond this point will be drowned by order of the Committee."

We clip the following flaming advertisement for the benefit of all interested in household economy:

"WASHING MADE EASY.—A lady having discovered a new and inexpensive method of washing clothes, without the trouble to Three Hours' Hard Labor of a washer-woman or the use of machine or soap in less than half the time usually required, sends for circulars addressing (inclosing stamped addressed envelope), MRS. ——, Lock Box ——."

This is truly delightful! No more putting things to soak, no more wringing, no more tea with a washing in it, no more weak tea to mend! All this is done in two hours—and the things wash themselves, for there is no woman and no soap needed. Alas! that the doubting Thomases will not believe us by the story, we are about to send off the stamped directed envelopes, and suggest that perhaps after all the circles and the discovery ellis "won't work!"

Apropos of this they have a method of washing in Syria, which, if we mistake not, is yet more easy and economical. There ladies who have the care of this weekly vexation have only to know that wives are duly appreciated in some countries.

"According to the laws of the Greek Church, the clergy may marry once only, and if the wife dies, may not take unto to choose a successor. It is said, and may easily be believed, that this practice for the lady is a super-mortal respect and attention than is usually the lot of her sex in the East. The husband residing in the same compound, on entering the house of a bereaved priest, to find him engaged in the duties of the office of washer-woman, and quitting the room of each on apparently unrelated occasions, he is met by the gentleman replied: 'I am sorry to see my wife labor; but she may live the longer; for you know that the loss of one husband is the gain of two to have another, and I wish to keep this as long as I can."

Not long since a lady was passing along the streets in Cincinnati, when she came upon a nail projecting from a packing-box which had been left on the sidewalk, and the result was a hideous rent, whereupon the lady, in righteous indignation, entered suit for damages. The owner of the packing-box undertook to have the dress repaired, but it was not to be done, and the suit was pressed. Whereupon her husband brought suit against him for wrongfully obstructing the public highway. The unfortunate packing-box was pronounced a nuisance, and defied himself by getting on the sidewalk was ten feet wide, and that the offending packing-box occupied a space three feet wide, so that in fact the lady an unobstructed passage seven feet wide. He claimed that this was room enough, and that it was negligence on the part of the lady to run against it.

The English Court of Law held otherwise, and gave a judgment in favor of the lady, and the damages for the dress had sustained. We don't believe that packing-boxes have any business to occupy so much space on sidewalks as they do in the streets of New York city. But the ladies of this city will be delighted to know that it will be understood henceforth that a breadth of seven feet is within the proper and legal limits of a lady's skirts.

Here is a new and interesting revelation:

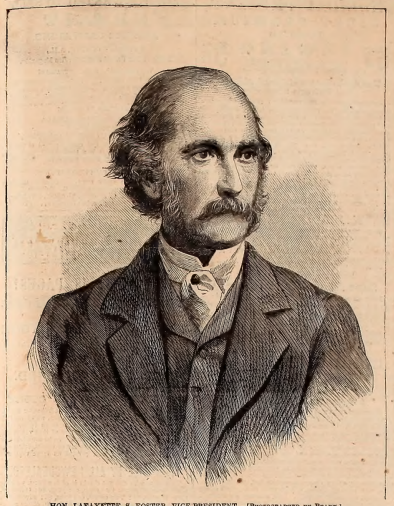
"A French sewer says that Adam was a hundred and twenty-three inches in the collar, and, for a man so hauled and eighteen feet nine inches and three-quarters. Noah he declares was a giant of two hundred inches."

Since cooking schools have come into vogue it is believed that it will only be *fashionable* for the lady to know how to cook. "Only fancy," remarks some hungry husband, "what a comfort it would be to mankind if ladies were so well educated in dressing a meal that we generally are in dressing themselves out for one! No longer than would husbands be obliged to wait for the tardy dread of both, cold mutton, and potatoes underdone. We would not wish our wife to be seen always with her apron on; but even if she were the Emperor of the French, we should wish, in case of need, that she knew how to broil a steak for us."

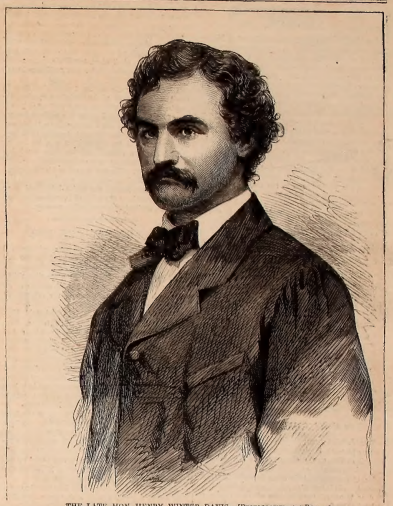
The other day a New York lady,—who justly prides herself upon having every article that comes upon her table nicely cooked—remarked: "I would give a great deal if I knew *practically* how to make good bread. My bread does not rise, and, though I understand the theory of bread-making, I do not know enough about it practically to be sure of success; so I must let my cook take her own method, though I don't like the appearance of it. I would not be unlike, in such a case, to waive all pride, and remind spelling a few batches for the sake of learning how to make such an im, yeast article as good bread.



RECORDER HOFFMAN SENTENCING MR. EDWARD KETCHUM IN THE COURT OF SESSIONS, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 30, 1865.—[SEE PAGE 46.]



HON. LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER, VICE-PRESIDENT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



THE LATE HON. HENRY WINTER DAVIS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

VICE-PRESIDENT FOSTER.

THE Hon. LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER, Vice-President of the United States, was born in Franklin—part of the old town of Norwich—Connecticut, November 22, 1806. He is a direct descendant of MILES STANDISH. At the age of twenty-two he had completed his collegiate education at Brown University. He then entered upon the legal profession, studying at Norwich with the Hon. CALVIN GODDARD, and was admitted to the bar in November, 1831.

Mr. FOSTER began his official political career as a member of the General Assembly of Connecticut, in 1839. He held this position during that and the subsequent year; was again elected in 1846 and the two years following, and again in 1854. In 1847, 1848, and 1854 he was Speaker of the House. He had in the mean time, in 1850, received from Brown University the degree of LL.D., being at that time Mayor of Norwich.

In May, 1854, Mr. FOSTER was elected United States Senator from Connecticut for a term of six years, and at the expiration of that term, in 1860, was again elected. During his Senatorial career Mr. FOSTER served as a member of the committees on Revolutionary Claims, Private Land Claims, Public Lands, Territories, Indian Affairs, the Judiciary, and Foreign Relations, and was at one time Chairman of the Committee on Pensions. He was elected President *pro tem.* of the Senate March 6, 1865, and about six weeks afterward, upon the death of President LINCOLN, he became acting Vice-President of the United States.

Mr. FOSTER is a man of quick perception, and is one of the best presiding officers in the country.

HENRY WINTER DAVIS.

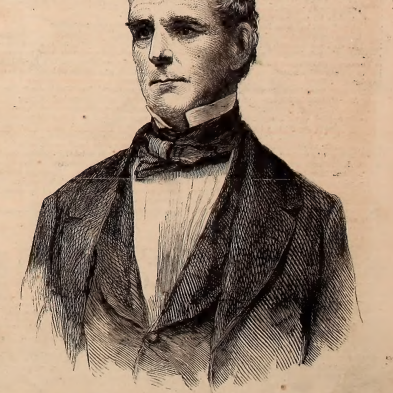
THE death of the Hon. HENRY WINTER DAVIS, on the 30th of December, 1865, deprived the country of a very able statesman. Mr. DAVIS was born in Annapolis, Maryland, in 1817. He received his collegiate education at Kenyon College, Ohio, and after his graduation devoted his energies to the study of law. He grew rapidly into a very large and lucrative practice at the Maryland bar.

In politics he was a Whig until the dissolution of that party, when he joined the American party, then very strong in Maryland. In 1856 he gave a warm support to Mr. FILLMORE. He had been the previous year elected to Congress, where he served on the Committee of Ways and Means. He was elected to the next Congress, and was the only Southerner who voted for Mr. PENNINGTON as Speaker.

During the war Mr. DAVIS was a strong and ardent supporter of the Union cause, and if he ever differed from the Administration it was because he thought a more radical policy ought to prevail than was adopted by the great body of the Union party. Our readers will in this connection readily recall to mind his part in the celebrated "WADE-DAVIS Manifesto," which administered somewhat of a rebuke to President LINCOLN, on the ground that the latter, in his policy of reconstruction, disregarded the views of Congress. Though somewhat eccentric in his political views and conduct, Mr. DAVIS was a man of great ability, a fluent speaker, and an accomplished gentleman. His erratic course in politics probably deprived him of a large measure of the influence to which his talents entitled him. His funeral took place at Baltimore, December 31, 1865.



THE LATE REV. J. W. CUMMINGS, D.D.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 46.]



THE LATE GERARD HALLOCK, ESQ.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

SENTENCE OF EDWARD KETCHUM.

THE last but not least memorable act of Mayor HOFFMAN's official career as Recorder was the sentencing of EDWARD KETCHUM, for the crime of forgery to the State prison at Sing Sing, for a period of four years and a half. Five years is the full extent of the time of imprisonment allowed by law for this crime, and the full penalty would have been exacted but for the limitation preventing the criminal from being released during the shorter months.

Many there were who, judging from precedents, thought that a respectable family, wealth, and the easy enormity of the crime would afford a cover for this derelict young man. Recorder HOFFMAN thought otherwise. His address to the prisoner was direct, at the same time full of dignity, honor, and temperate. He alluded briefly to Mr. KETCHUM's former position and to the confidence which business men had reposed in him. His confidence he had betrayed, and the consequence had been reckless to money. He had given a check to credit and business from which the business interests of the city did not readily recover. Referring to the pleas offered in defense by Mr. KETCHUM's friends Mr. HOFFMAN said:

"Your friends and those who ask for you the mercy of the Court say you were laboring under a mania. But every man whose personal sympathies are with you entertains the judgment known that it was no other mania than that which enters on every man who commits a crime in order to seem a personal calamity which he can not endure to meet. If, sitting here as a Judge, I should mitigate your punishment for any of the reasons assigned, or because hearts are aching and fainting, or because of my own personal sympathies with those who mourn for you, I should feel that every sentence I had passed upon a first offender had been a wrong, and that I was indeed a respecter of persons."

Mr. HOFFMAN's official integrity in his late position gave good promise of economical and faithful administration of the city government during his term of office as Mayor.

REV. J. W. CUMMINGS, D.D.

REV. J. W. CUMMINS, D.D., whose portrait we give on page 45, holds the pastorate of St. Joseph's Church in this city, died on the 4th instant, aged nearly forty-two years.

Dr. CUMMINS's family came from the North of Ireland. He is not of Celtic descent, belonging, we believe, to one of those families whose existence in Ireland dates from the overrunning of that island by the old Scotch Covenanters under CROMWELL. He narrowly escaped being brought up a Protestant, his mother not having received the full creed till after his birth. The family emigrated to this country in the midst of the American Revolution, and settled down in the District of Columbia Captain. WORTHY STEPHENSON, Dr. CUMMINS' maternal grandfather, was one of the founders of the city of Washington, and was at the head of all the ceremonies on the day when General WASHINGTON laid the corner-stone of the Capitol. Dr. CUMMINS's mother was left by the Captain's decease to rule three of his large farms, and numerous chattels were the consequence. These and the child's connection to Catholicism, which occurred very shortly afterward, caused much estrangement among the older members of the family, and the early years of Dr. CUMMINS, who was born in Washington, April 5, 1821, were thus necessarily passed almost entirely within the restricted limits of his mother's immediate sphere, to which circumstance is due, in great measure, those habits of philosophical introspection and reflection for which he which the subject of our sketch was distinguished.

After a preparatory course of training, first in New York and subsequently in a collegiate institute on the Hudson, Dr. CUMMINS was sent to Rome there to be fitted under the auspices of the *Propaganda* for the work of the ministry. Here he resided fourteen years, and in 1841, at the age of 20, he returned to his native country. He was attended at St. Patrick's Cathedral by Bishop DUBOIS, from thence removed to a school-house which he had built on Twenty-seventh Street and Madison Avenue, and of wood erected St. Stephen's Church in Twenty-eighth Street. At the altar, at the pulpit, in his pastoral ministrations, he was always popular and beloved by his people. In the simplicity of manners and refined amiability made him many friends outside of his denomination as well as gained him the esteem of those of his own politics was only equaled by the courtesy with which he consistently maintained them. Dr. CUMMINS was an accomplished musician, and in none of our churches can be a sublime harmonies of the Catholic ritual be listened to such advantage as in St. Stephens. MISS PICCOLOMINI and nearly all the great opera-singers have been during their stay in the city regular attendants at this church.

On Sunday, the 7th instant, after the children's mass at St. Stephen's Church, the pupils of the Sunday-school, to the number of several hundred, attended, visited the pastoral residence to look upon the features of their departed teacher and friend. A room the editors and a few friends of the deceased gathered together in the mortuary chapel at the residence, where a short service was recited by Dr. MCGLYNN. Then the body was laid in a handsome purple and borne to the church by eight bearers. Among these were one or two Protestant gentlemen, friends of Dr. CUMMINS, to whom, in a recent social interview, he had expressed his conviction of approaching death. "But," said he, with his usual naivete, "you must come to my funeral; we shall have some splendid music." The scene at the procession entered the crowded church was most solemn and impressive. When the body had been placed upon the catafalque, and prayers recited, Dr. MCGLYNN made a brief address. As he spoke of the great charm, the good priest, and the loving friend they had lost, the entire audience was melted to tears. At the conclusion of Dr. MCGLYNN's address the congregation began passing in the aisles to view the body. From the time the congregation commenced moving until six o'clock in the morning it was computed that the mourners passed through at the rate of four thousand an hour. The funeral was celebrated on ... ... Father HECKER preaching the discourse. The music was indeed beautiful. CHERUBINI's Grand Requiem was sung with sublime effect, the choir of St. Stephen's being assisted by a large number of the best musicians in the city.

Dr. CUMMINGS was the most promising man in the American branch of the Church. Indeed, he had been the favorite of the Pope, and when he left Rome he came away bearing the highest honors which the college of the Propaganda could bestow. More than once he has declined the office of bishop. His position was an independent one, he having erected his own church, and therefore not being subject to removal by any ecclesiastical authority in this country. He was liberal in his theological views, advocating the diffusion of Bibles in the English language among the entire laity, and more nearly approaching the spirit of Protestantism than any of his clerical brethren in this country.

GERARD HALLOCK, ESQ.

GERARD HALLOCK, ESQ., whose death occurred on the 4th instant, was formerly senior editor and proprietor of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, a position which he occupied for more than thirty years, commanding the respect and esteem of all who knew him, whether through the columns of his paper or at private life.

GERARD HALLOCK was born in Plainfield, Massachusetts, March 18, 1801. His father, MOSES HALLOCK, was a noted divine, who, out of four sons, sent three to college. GERARD entered Williams College in 1818, and was then a little more than fifteen years of age. After graduating with honors in 1819, he spent two years in teaching, and in 1821 went to the Theological Seminary at Andover. In 1822 he opened a private school in Salem, Massachusetts, where, in addition to his pupils in Latin and Greek, he also taught mathematics. In 1824 we find Mr. HALLOCK in Boston, at the head of a weekly paper, the Boston *Telegraph*. In 1826 the *Telegraph* and *Recorder* were united on equal terms. Two years later Mr. HALLOCK sold his share of the paper for $7500, and bought one half of the New York *Observer*, of which paper he was sole acting editor until 1828, when his connection with the *Journal of Commerce* began.

At that time the paper, which had been in operation about a year, was in a desperate condition. Mr. ARTHUR TAPPAN had started it, and his principles of abolitionist at the outset militated principles were unpopular in this State. Mr. HALLOCK was invited, under these circumstances, to enter into partnership with Mr. ARTHUR TAPPAN. From that time, for the third of a century, Mr. HALLOCK devoted himself exclusively to the editorial conduct of the *Journal*. When Mr. HALLOCK assumed the charge of that paper there was great excitement in connection with revolutionary movements in progress in Europe, and the paper became, by extraordinary effort, successful in anticipating all the other papers in the publication of foreign news. This contributed greatly to the wonderful success achieved by the *Journal*.

Mr. HALLOCK was an indefatigable worker. From Monday to Saturday he was steadfastly at his desk, and for a good portion of the time attended to the duties of night-editor, preparing the paper to press at two or three o'clock in the morning. This secured for the paper extraordinary accuracy of statement, which was noticeable in whatever returns. His industry has been abundantly rewarded in influence and fortune.

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Agents are wanted in every part of the United States and Provinces, and to all such very liberal inducements will be offered, and, application, a circular of terms will be forwarded. We prefer money sent in Post-Office Orders where they can be obtain d, or by Bank Draft to our order. Address all orders to our agency, which will be conducted by Messrs. JAQUET, STERLING, & CO., 181 Broadway, New York.

DR. CLEVELAND'S LIVER TABLETS relieve Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Costiveness. They give a perfect ease and comfort. Sold by druggists, hotels, hardware, grocers, &c. No. 11 Ann Street, New York. Established 10 years. Send stamp for Pamphlet.

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You can make Six Dollars from Fifty Cents. Call and examine it or send stamp for circular or sample. Or send a sample sent from by mail for 50c that retails easily for $6; by R. L. WOLCOTT, 159 Chatham Square, New York.

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For the Army and Navy Hospitals, Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. ADAMS PRESS COMPANY, 79 Ann St., New York.

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PRESCRIPTION, FREE OF CHARGE, FOR THE CURE OF "PIMPLE BANISHER." MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS FOR STAMP. Address, Dr. J. C. ADAMS, 25 CENTRE ST., P.O. BOX 2128, NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA. Sold by all druggists.

Marvin's Patent

ALUM AND DRY PLASTER, FIRE AND BURGLAR

SAFES

Never lose their fire-proof qualities, corrode the iron, or mould their coin s.
Sideboard and p ate her safes for silverware.
MARVIN & CO.,
265 Broadway, New York.
721 Chestnut-st reet, Philadelphia.

Allcock's Porous Plasters.

A celebrated physician says he was amazed at the great number of diseases it relieves produced by one of these Plasters. He affirms that headache is cured by one worn just below the temple-bone; that one placed over the navel will cure hysterics as well as dysentery, and affections of the bowels.

CURE OF VARICOSE VEINS.

GREY TOWN, VA., December 24, 1865.

T. ALLCOCK & CO.—Seeing your notice in the Pilot Gazette, I got four of your Porous Plasters, and placed them on the knee where the pain was the most severe, and in less than twelve hours could walk as well as ever. I could hardly believe it, I was so well pleased. I wanted to see if Dr. Jamieson would come back on me or not, so I did more walking that day than I had done for a week. The next day I had some pain in my hip; but I put on a plaster there, and by noon here the pain was all gone; nor have I felt it since. Certainly they are the best application for the relief and cure of pains in the joints and back, and for varicose or enlarged veins, I have ever known; and I would not be without them at any money.

Yours, truly, JOSEPH GAZEWOOD.

MY CELEBRATED EUREKA HAIR-DYE is warranted to produce ready or gradual effects, for which get a beautiful jet black. Sent free to any address, with full directions for use, on receipt of $2 00. Address BRYANT M. LEWIS,
No. 39 E. E. STREET, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

SERPENTS DE PHARAON,
OR,
SERPENTS EGGS.

The latest scientific miracle.
Truly marvelous and apparently inexhaustible—*London Times.*
Wholesale and retail by
OLIVER A. SAWYER, 206 Canal St., New York.
Fifty cents a box, free by mail. Liberal Discount to the Trade. Agents Wanted.

[From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1865 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some time been giving attention to the preparation, having for its basis the last-named of white pine, and as it so completely set to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in cases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of one Medicine that I had been planning, and gave it to a member of the family. The result was gratifying. Only in two cases the first days of the trial was removed the cough entirely relieved, and the throat well. And, since that time some to a be in hands to serve. So it, from the many testimonials that have come under my notice, I have developed by a sudden cold, and had only a month to deal with those, no one found relief, and some few cases. Only took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1865, I first advertised it, and in the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled.—*See our Journals.*

This great cure was discovered by accident, and was offered to the afflicted, nothing in a pr vail by the test of eleven years of the Compound which is now offered to the public as well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, all bleeding, pulmonary affections of blood, and many other diseases of the system. It is a remedy for diabetes, which I grant the strength and vitality of the system, and for all kidney and urinary ills it is found valuable. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GOLD BY SWETT, M.D., PROPRIETOR,
Boston, Mass.
BURNHAM & VAN SCHAAK, Chicago, Ill.
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio.
And by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

Magic Leather Preserver.

"Truly marvelous and apparently inexhaustible."—*Economist Commercial.*

Warrant on to keep the sole of Boots and shoes from leaking in the most severe weather. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 75 cts. per box, or 6 boxes $3. Address J. W. YOUNG, 167 & 169 Chatham-st., New York.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR JANUARY, 1866.

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AN EXTRAORDINARY ENVOY FROM SPAIN.

[From a Photograph taken near Valparaiso.]

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our personal attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

Take no more Unpleasant and Unsafe Remedies

For unpleasant and dangerous diseases. Use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU and IMPROVED ROSE WASH.

MOTHERS!

Children die by thousands.—Worms the cause.—whose lives might have been spared, had they used VAN DUZER'S WORM COMFITS. Children are as fond of them as they are of Candy. Sold by Merchants. 25 Cts. a Box. Sent by mail on receipt of the price. VAN DUZER BROTHERS, Kingston, Ulster County, N. Y.

Calenberg & Vaupel's
AGRAFFE-PIANOS,
101 Bleecker Street, Second Block West of Broadway.
Warranted for Six Years.

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POLLAR & SON Manufacturers, 601 Broadway, near 4th St., N. Y., wholesale and retail at reduced rates. Pipes and Holders cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send stamp for circular. Pipes $6 to $50 each.

Enfeebled and Delicate Constitutions,
Of both sexes, use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. It will give brisk and energetic feelings, and enable you to sleep well.

TO CURE
Diseases of the STOMACH and KIDNEYS, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, GOUT, GRAVEL, and disorders arising from excesses, use
Smolander's Extract Buchu.
Price ONE DOLLAR. Agents for the South and West, D. BARNES & CO., New York, and BARNES, WARD & CO., New Orleans. BURLEIGH & ROGERS, Boston, Mass., General Agents.

A Ready and Conclusive Test
Of the properties of HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU will be a comparison with those set forth in the United States Dispensatory.

Clergymen, Teachers, The Press,
Unite in saying that the new Juvenile Magazine,
Our Young Folks
is the best Magazine for the Young ever published in America. It is filled with attractive illustrations, and its articles in prose and poetry, are by the best writers for children in the country.
It is sold at the low price of two dollars a year. Each number contains thirty-four pages, beautifully printed. A liberal discount to clubs. Send 20 cents for a specimen copy and circular to the Publishers, TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.

ARRANDALE & CO.'S
Great Gift Apportionment
OF
Jewelry, Silverware, &c.
No. 167 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

MERCHANTS, BANKERS,
And others would send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 66 Broadway.

Ladies and Gentlemen,
Send for our MEASURING CARD, and
Take your own measure, and we will send a
PERFECT FIT.
575 Broadway, N. Y., E. A. BROOKS, AGENT.
Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, and Slippers, of every description, for ladies, gents, boys, misses, and children.
N. B.—LARGEST ASSORTMENT IN THE CITY.

MAKE Your Own SOAP with
B.T. BABBITT'S POTASH IN TIN CANS
70 WASHINGTON ST. N.Y.
PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH,
Or READY SOAP-MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or lye in the market. Put up in cans of 1 pound, 2 pounds, 3 pounds, 6 pounds, and 12 pounds, with full directions in English and German for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make 15 gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market. B. T. BABBITT,
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington St., N.Y.

SALERATUS.
B.T. BABBITT'S, SALERATUS
70 WASHINGTON ST. N.Y.
If you want healthy bread, use B. T. BABBITT'S best Medicinal SALERATUS. "Made from Common Salt." Brand made with this Saleratus contains, when baked, nothing but common salt, water, and flour. B. T. BABBITT, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington Street, New York.

LIGHT BISCUIT
Made in fifteen minutes with
B.T. BABBITT'S
STAR YEAST POWDERS
70 WASHINGTON ST. N.Y.

HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT BUCHU
IS THE GREAT DIURETIC.
Helmbold's Concentrated Extract Sarsaparilla
IS THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
Both are prepared according to the rules of Pharmacy and Chemistry, and are the most active that can be made.

DEAFNESS
And Discharges from the Ear Radically Cured
By the use of the recently-discovered Vegetable Extract
OTITINE.
Price $2.00 a bottle. For sale by all Druggists. WEEKS & POTTER, Druggists, No. 170 Washington St., Wholesale Agents.

TRADE MARK.

OF THE
MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY,
To be found on each box and each piece of GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLE. All other goods of whatever name, not having this mark, are worthless imitations and infringements on the patents of the Magic Ruffle Company. The GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES are full six yards in each piece, are well made of the best material, and give perfect satisfaction to consumers. Office of the Company, No. 15 Chambers Street, New York.

PINE APPLE CIDER
70 WASHINGTON ST. N.Y.

UNION ADAMS,
HOSIER, GLOVER,
AND
SHIRT MAKER,
No. 637 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

"American Union Company."
Manufacturers of the NEW ORGAN-TONED PIANO, EQUAL, if not SUPERIOR, to any. Warranted in every particular. Warerooms and "Agency," 467 Broome St.

For non-retention or incontinence of urine, irritation, inflammation, or ulceration of the bladder or kidneys, diseases of the prostrate glands, stone in the bladder, calculus, gravel or brick-dust deposit, and all diseases of the bladder, kidneys, or dropsical swellings,
Use Helmbold's Fluid Extract Buchu.

For Great Sale of
FRENCH JEWELRY
(PURE GOLD)
See Advertisement of
BOSANQUET, CRAUD & CO.
On Inside Page.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
Gives health and vigor to the frame and bloom to the pallid cheek. Debility is accompanied by many alarming symptoms, and no treatment is submitted to, consumption, insanity, or epileptic fits ensue.

PATENT REVERSIBLE
PAPER COLLAR
The Cheapest Collar Ever Invented,
Showing the embossed or printed stitch equally well on both sides. Made in white, fancy and printed stitch.



Is made of the best Spring Steel Wire, and is just the thing to wear with Paper Collars, being far superior to elastic cord for holding "Butterflies," "Uniques," "Bows," &c., in place on the shirt button.

PATENT EXPANDED
STAR COLLAR
This Collar, showing a space for the cravat, excels all others by its superior shape and weight, and the exquisite finish and elasticity of the linen.
MARCH BROS., PIERCE & CO., AGENTS,
Winthrop Square, Boston.
Dealers can be supplied with the above Collars and Scarf Supporters at the lowest Boston prices, by—
BOWEN BROTHERS ..... Chicago, Illinois.
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C. CARPENTER ..... 295 Broadway, New York.
WM. A. SMITHURST ..... 7 Bank St., Philadelphia, Pa.
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THE NATIONAL REVOLVER.



This new celebrated Revolver excels all others for exactness, effectiveness, durability, power, and safety in carrying. Is light (14 oz.), small (only 7 in.), with larger *metallic water-proof cartridge* ($3.50 ball) than any Revolver made of like size and weight. Send for circular. GEO. A. HICKCOX, 54 Cliff Street, New York.

The Glory of Man is Strength.
Therefore the nerves and debilitated should immediately use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

$50 per Week.
10,000 ACTIVE STIRRING AGENTS (men or women) wanted in every city, town, village, hamlet, factory, and shop in the land. Business strictly honorable, and little or no capital needed to commence. The right sort of employment we offer inducements which will enable them to make $50 per week in the town, and a proportionate amount in the interior.
Send $1 for five samples, worth $1 each, for your own use, if you do not choose to sell them again, and our confidential circular of terms to Agents will be also forwarded.
T. & H. GAUCHAN & CO., Importers,
116 Broadway, New York.

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BUY IT—TRY IT.
BURLEIGH & ROGERS, Wholesale Agents.

Helmbold's Fluid Extract Buchu
Is pleasant in taste and odor, free from all injurious properties, and immediate in its action.

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PERFECT FITTING
SHIRTS.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of Shirts and Collars, sent free every where.
THE CASH CAN BE PAID TO EXPRESS COMPANY.
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The Graefenberg Vegetable Pills.
The best *liver* Pill, and the most certain remedy for all bilious and digestive troubles. Price 25 cents a box.
MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON, now acknowledged to be the only certain remedy for Female Weakness and uterine complaints of women. Price $1 50 per bottle; 5 bottles for $6. Use none except with the seal of the Graefenberg Company. Sold wholesale and retail by the Graefenberg Company, No. 250 William St. (near Fulton St.), New York. Inquire of dealers every where.

MANHOOD and YOUTHFUL VIGOR
Are regained by HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.



TAXIDERMISTS' MANUAL,
GIVING full instruction in Skinning, Mounting and Preserving Birds, Animals, Reptiles, Insects, Eggs, Skeletons, &c. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00.
ADDRESS S. H. SYLVESTER, TAXIDERMIST,
Middleboro', Mass.

Shattered Constitutions Restored
By HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

Holloway's Ointment—To Mothers.—Children are frequently exposed to such accidents as cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, &c. This Ointment will immediately relieve the pain and remove all the bad consequences of the casualty. Sold every where.

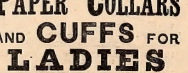
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Can be made by active men in the Stencil Name Plate Business. Complete outfits of tools and stock furnished by M. J. MEYCKLE & SON, 101 Union Street, Boston. Send for Price-List.

"THE *last Ninety Days of War in North Carolina*," the first of a series of articles by an able writer having access to private papers; a new Poem by Thos. H. Hill, and other papers. See "Watchtower" for January 13, 1866. Terms of this large and well-filled Journal of Literature, Religion, Art, Science, Finance, and Politics, edited by Charles F. Deems of North Carolina, $4 a year. Office, 119 Nassau St., New York.
The trade supplied by the American News Company.

CURIOUS FASTENERS for Ladies and Gents. Sent for 25 cents. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED—every man in the United States, who has lost either an Arm or Leg—to engage in a profitable business. Send Twenty-five Cents, for Sample, to A. F. BELCHER, Box 45, Philadelphia, Pa.

WARD'S
PAPER COLLARS
AND **CUFFS** FOR
LADIES
& GENTLEMEN.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
387 BROADWAY, N.Y.



Ladies' Victoria Turn-over Paper Collar.
Ladies' Empress Turn-over Paper Collar.
Ladies' English Standing Paper Collar.
Ladies' American Standing Paper Collar.



Ladies French Paper Cuffs.
Ladies' English Paper Cuffs.



Gentlemen's Piccadilly Paper Collar.



Gentlemen's Standing Paper Collar.
Gentlemen's Turnover Paper Collar.



Gents. Reversible Paper Cuffs.
Gents. English Paper Cuffs.

Ladies' Collars from 75 cents to $3 per 100.
Gentlemen's Collars from $6 50 to $8 per 100.
CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—These are the only paper collars and cuffs that are made from pure linen stock.
NOTICE TO THE TRADE.—Wholesale Price-Lists sent by mail. Also, our Sales for sample.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 474.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



Tar-a-ker. Fe-ti-o-ki-ma. Log-qu-lish. Too-bi.

INDIAN DELEGATION OF IOWAS, SACS, AND FOXES FROM NEBRASKA TO WASHINGTON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 50.]

THE TURKISH MAIDEN.

TURKISH maiden! Turkish maiden!
Draw aside this cruel veil,
If my eyes are doomed to fade in
Sight of Eden, let them fail.

Maybe, like the Hebrew prophet,
'Tis to spare a heart like mine,
And you dare not draw it off it,
For its brightness is divine.

If he from the lofty mountain
Saw the "Land of Promise" gleam,
Let, oh! let me see the fountain,
Source of Eden's fevered stream.

In those brilliant eyes are burning
Flames like Sinai's fearful scene;
Save, ah! save mine, as I, turning,
Hide them from its fatal sheen.

Breathe, oh! breathe no cruel sentence,
Horeb's thunder 'twere to me,
Lest I die (without repentance)
For my daring wish to see.

No! She smiles—a piteous token,
With a look so sweet and calm,
That my heart, so nearly broken,
Is now healed with "Gilead's balm."
JOHN P. BROWN.
CONSTANTINOPLE, *Dec.* 18, 1865.

THE WINTER WIND.

THE night it is wild and stormy;
The chilly rain falls fast;
The blast is sobbing and wailing,
The dreary winter blast,
Sobbing and wailing and calling
Like a voice from out the Past.

Oh, what is it saying, I wonder,
The wind as it rises higher,
To the rich man in his palace
As he sits by the glowing fire,
With every comfort round him
That the vain heart can desire?

It is shouting his power and his splendor—
What sultan is grander than he;
It is counting the sum of his riches,
And telling of what they shall be;
It is lauding his palace so costly,
And naming his ships on the sea.

Oh, what does it say to the woman
Who is sitting with him there?
It is chanting a hymn to her beauty,
It is praising her eyes and her hair:
It is wooing her like a fond lover,
And calling her stately and fair!

Oh, what does it say to the beggar,
Outside in the stormy street,
As she treads the city's pavement
With cold and naked feet,
Looking in vain for shelter
From the cruel rain and sleet?

To her, half-famished and homeless,
'Tis a mocking voice that calls,
And its influence, like a shadow,
Across her spirit falls;
And its dreary, dismal wailing
Her hapless heart appalls.

What does it say to the children
When they wake from dreams at night,
On a sudden in the darkness,
And find no cheering light?
'Tis an ogre's voice that is calling,
And they cry aloud with fright.

Oh, what does it say to the sailor,
The noisy winter blast,
As he keeps his watch at midnight,
Or climbs the dizzy mast,
When the shores of home have vanished
And the friendly capes are passed?

It shouts aloud to the sailor,
In the dark and stormy night,
It speaks to the gallant sailor
Of the cottage window bright,
And the hearth inside all ruddy
With the glowing embers' light.

Oh, what is the depth of meaning
To my weary heart addressed?
It seems like the voice of old longings
That for years have filled my breast—
The passionate voice of old longings
That will not be at rest.

THE INDIAN DELEGATION FROM NEBRASKA.

We give on our first page portraits of four of the Indian delegates from Nebraska. A party, consisting altogether of eight Indians, arrived in Washington on the evening of January 2, in company with Major J. A. BERDAN, United States Indian Commissioner for the Great Nebraska Agency. The Indian delegation of the Iowa tribe and three of the Sac and Fox tribe. These, of our portraits are of IOWAS, namely: LAG-LER-LASH, or BUFFALO, TWO-BIL BEIDE ROSE, and TARA-KEE, or DESHAM, the two first being half-civilized, while DESHAM represents the wild portion of the tribe. PE-TI-OE-SA, or HARDSHIP, is a wild representative of the SACS and FOXES.

Many of the delegation are dressed in wild aboriginal costume. Some years ago one of them, MOLESH, was sent to Kentucky, and received a very liberal English education, which, however, he failed to improve upon his return to his native wilds, and consequently he derived but little benefit from it. GEORGE GOMEZ, the interpreter of the SACS and FOXES, is a fearfully ugly old fellow, who, report among his people says, has had seventy-five or eighty wives.

The tribes represented by this delegation occupy fifty sections of land, are surrounded by whites, and are quiet and peaceable. The Iowas are the most thrifty; cultivate their lands, and carry on extensive dealings in wood. One of the delegates, MAH-HOE OF THE KNIFE, has an extensive woodyard on the Missouri River, and Major BERDAN thinks that, next to the Cherokees, Iowas are the most civilized of the Indian tribes. They are also truly loyal to the Government of the United States, and during the late war the Iowas sent over one-half of their braves into the Union army. They served principally in Missouri and Arkansas under Kansas regiments, but many were scattered among Missouri and other border regiments.

The main object of the present visit is to have a "talk" with regard to a treaty made in 1861, and to have it renewed. When they sold their lands to the Government, they understood the agreement to be that they were to receive the purchase-money in hand. The United States holds the principal, however, and the Indians are regularly paid the interest.

But of course enjoyment is partly the object of their visit, for an Indian considers it one of the greatest events of his life to visit Washington and see his "Great Father," and nothing gives him more pleasure, or makes him livelier, than to be received by others of his tribe, a great man, than when he can rehearse to a listening audience what he has seen and heard on his travels. They will also carry back with them new silver peace medals, a number of which are now being struck at the Philadelphia Mint. The medals for President JOHNSON are of full size. On the face is an excellent cast of the President, with the words "ANDREW JOHNSON, President of the United States." On the reverse is a pedestal bearing in a wreath of laurel leaves the word "PEACE." In front of the pedestal two figures—an Indian and America—are clasping hands. At the feet of the Indian lie the pipe of peace and the tomahawk, and in the background are a herd of buffaloes. In the back-ground, near America, are represented a train of cars passing over a bridge, and a limnacle wheel and an anchor lie at her feet. The medals are beautifully designed, and are about two inches and a half in diameter.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1866.

A LONG STEP FORWARD.

THE order of General GRANT, defining the military authority of the United States in the late rebellious States, should reassure our friends who fear that the Government is too ready to imperil the public peace by delivering the whole authority of those States unconditionally into the hands of a class which can not be expected to use it in good faith.

The General's reply to the request of Governor PARSONS, of Alabama, that the national forces should be withdrawn and the local militia armed, is also significant and sensible. It is as follows:

"For the present, and until there is full security for equitably maintaining the rights and safety of all classes of citizens in the States lately in rebellion, I would not recommend the withdrawal of the United States troops from them. The number of infantry posts might be reduced, but a movable force sufficient to insure tranquility should be retained. While such a force is retained in the South, I shall use the propriety of *putting arms in the hands of the militia.*"

The bill of Senator TRUMBULL'S continuing the Freedmen's Bureau and extending its operations to every part of the country in which freedmen are to be found in large numbers, is the complement of these military orders. It will undoubtedly be generally the Republican and become a law. This is another of the plain signs that neither the President nor Congress wish to make haste unwisely, and should certainly tend to temper the acrimony of debate upon the general subject.

Senator TRUMBULL'S bill recognizes two vital and fundamental facts of the situation. First, that the National Government means to protect and secure the personal liberty which it has conferred; and second, that it is essential the freedmen should have property also. Without that provision every other device will be futile.

At this moment, it should be remembered, the freedmen, excepting those settled upon the sea islands by General SHERMAN, and whose freehold Mr. TRUMBULL'S bill confirms, are without land and without the means of buying it. They are helpless in the midst of a population which is generally hostile to them, and they have no chance of bettering except from the landowners who may choose to employ them. Any landholder may say to them: "You are free to go. I do not wish to employ you. Get off my land." And they must go, or starve. The tragedy of his situation can hardly be exaggerated: and although the feeling against him may mellow with the lapse of time, and although the necessities of the case will gradually persuade the landholders not to quarrel with their bread and butter, yet meanwhile, under these winter skies, and amidst hostile bayonets, the suffering of the freedmen is terrible and incalculable, and the duty of the country is plain and imperative.

The freedmen are placed by General GRANT'S timely order under the protection of the military power. But that power can not feed them, nor house them, nor enable them to work and be paid for working. Mr. TRUMBULL'S bill authorizes the President to reserve for them 3,000,000 acres of good, unoccupied land in Florida, Arkansas, and Mississippi. The laborer or family is to have forty acres at a rent agreed upon by the Commissioner and the freedmen. Afterward the tenants may buy the land at a price to be named by the Commissioner and approved by the President. Meanwhile the pauper freedmen are to be provided with such lands as the United States may have in any district, and necessary schools and asylums are to be built upon them; while as the paupers become productive laborers the land is to be sold to them under fair conditions.

The necessity of immediate and decisive action upon the subject is urgent. Give the freedmen land free which they can not be compelled; protect their rights against all aggressors by the national power; and Time, the great mediator and educator, will gradually show the prosperity of landholders in the late rebel States that their interests is one with that of their late slaves, now become citizens; while the necessary labor will be found, the wages and the education for which the freedmen are so anxious and so ripe will develop the self-respecting and independent manhood which will fit them for the political power which can not long be withheld.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

THE wish expressed by us a week or two since that the public might be informed of the present state of our foreign questions has been gratified by the publication of the correspondence between our Government and that of France. The important point of that correspondence is that on the 18th of October M. DRUYN DE LHUYS, the French foreign Minister, wrote to the MARQUIS DE MONTHOLON, the French minister at Washington, that the United States would recognize MAXIMILIAN, France would doubtless be able to withdraw its forces from Mexico. On the 6th of December MR. SEWARD replies that the condition suggested is impracticable; and on the 16th of December he writes to MR. BIGELOW that the United States earnestly desire peace with France, but that peace would be impossible if MAXIMILIAN and France should retire from Mexico, and he expresses his regret that from a conversation which MR. BIGELOW had had with M. DRUYN DE LHUYS, the French minister had understood that the United States would recognize MAXIMILIAN.

The position of this country upon the question is fully defined. It will not recognize MAXIMILIAN, and it maintains diplomatic relations with JUAREZ and the native republic. In its eyes, therefore, MAXIMILIAN is an interloper, and dangerous to the United States. The interests and safety under present circumstances require his departure: and if, after a forcible and courteous remonstrance, a declaration of war is the bugbear of every honorable persuasion, France still persists in sustaining MAXIMILIAN by arms, it will become a practical question for the United States whether to abet and how to help by the sustain JUAREZ. The whole world is aware that the circumstances under which France and the United States stand are changed. The French enterprise depended for success upon our national destruction, and France must conform to the unexpected result of our triumph by a change of policy. This consideration is suggested by MR. SEWARD, politely, but plainly and emphatically. We believe, as we have always believed, that France will not push the matter to extremity.

The question of our *Alabama* claims upon Great Britain has also taken a definite form. On the 21st of November MR. ADAMS informed Lord CLARENDON that the United States declined the proposition for a joint commission. On the 8th of December Lord CLARENDON replies that, while the correspondence discloses "the British Government have steadily and honestly discharged all the duties incumbent upon them as a neutral power." His Lordship says that the vessels which we call, and he known as the *Alabama*, and then his rejoinder would have been consistent and complete.

The history of the *Alabama* has been written by MR. GEORGE BEMIS, of Boston, in a series of exhaustive papers upon the subject. He shows from the Parliamentary Blue-books, including those of documents, that the insurgent vessel *did* depart from a British port to cruise against American commerce. That question is not open. And if the British Government is contented with the precedent of neutrality which it has established, it is satisfied with a course that must inevitably destroy its own commerce the instant it is engaged in war.

But as we do not expect that France will proceed to extremities upon the Mexican question, so we do not believe the United States will make war upon Great Britain to enforce the *Alabama* claims. In both cases the position of the United States is just and dignified, and it is certainly a matter of honest pride that in the gravest hour of our history our diplomatic ability has been as masterly as our military skill.

THE PRESS AND PUBLIC OPINION.

NOBODY believes that there is any party among loyal men opposed to the speediest national reorganization, although there are many who say or in the Democratic journals that capital. The sole practical question is one of method, and we are much more likely to err by haste than by reflection. We are very sorry, therefore, to see journals of which a fine sense of duty was to be expected abdicating their function of enlightening public opinion by argument, and raising the cry that the people have made up their minds to a certain result, right or wrong, and that any party will be ruined which tries to withstand it.

None can be more conscious of the enormity of such a cry than some who raise it. The business of an honest journalist is not to guess at the tendency of the popular current and then float with it upon the theory that it can not be resisted, but it is to endeavor to turn that current in the true direction. RICHARD COBDEN did not exhort the people to believe that the British mind was set upon protection, and that any party which opposed it would be destroyed, but he went to work to show the British mind that it ought to favor free trade. And for what, indeed, are free speech and a free press valuable but to mould public opinion? The people are the controlling force, to be moulded by a tyrant as by the tyrannical fear of a majority; and the most contemptible newspaper in the United States is such because its only aim is to reflect what it believes to be the current opinion, however base.

We are not unmindful of the necessity of parties to the discussion of the great political reforms, and of the peculiar necessity of union among the true friends of the Government at this time. We are indeed quite sure that there is rather an apparent than an actual difference in the Union party. But nothing more surely tends to create a schism than hot and reckless talk in Congress and in newspapers, and contemptible which is amusing in a katydid and ridiculous in an editor or a legislator.

There can be no assumption more utterly baseless than that the people of the country, who have the decision of the question, are solely anxious to have the form of the Union restored without consideration of the means by which that work shall be accomplished. They are not anxious to put fire to gunpowder and consider afterward the question of explosion. Public opinion, we are glad to know, is more thoroughly fixes the just and honorable settlement of our great questions, and it is the pleasant duty of the press to sustain and fortify it.

But these words butter no parsnips. The people are not deceived as to the real feeling and condition of the late rebel section. They know perfectly well that the most conciliatory treatment was adopted there because the voters could not help themselves. The President made it an indispensable preliminary step toward reorganization. That step has been accomplished, and the President waits patiently to see what other steps Congress may deem desirable and essential. That question will not be "rushed," and the country has only to wish for peace and security, desire that it should be. It will be considered thoughtfully and thoroughly, and settled ingeniously and securely.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE "NEPTUNE."

WHOSE duty is it to take care that a poor woman arriving in an emigrant ship at this port, and being confined after her arrival, shall not be left for two days in a state of utter dirt and a berth with a little straw to lie on, "very cold and damp and wet," and there to remain "exposed and cold" until she is frozen to death?

This was the fate of MARY ANN GILROY, a passenger by the Liverpool ship *Neptune*, Captain ENOCH W. PEABODY, belonging to Messrs. H. MARSHALL & CO. Captain PEABODY is of opinion, according to his testimony, that it is the ship's doctor's business to look after the sick passengers, and is satisfied that he has performed to the best of his abilities all the duties under which he shipped his passengers. The Captain says that it is the business of the Commissioners of Emigration to take charge of sick passengers arriving in port; and although he did not report to them that there was a woman on board prematurely confined, yet MR. LAWSON, one of the Commissioners, told him that the Commissioners had been notified.

MR. FARNSWORTH, inspector of Customs, testifies that he boarded the *Neptune* on Tuesday afternoon, and at eight on Wednesday morning the passengers were all removed by an agent of the Commissioners of Emigration, excepting MARY ANN GILROY, who had been confined on Tuesday night. All Wednesday the poor woman lay in the wet and cold straw. The inspector thinks that there was a blanket over her, and can not say whether there was a bed

under her. At some time he saw the ship's doctor and a woman attending to her. On Thursday afternoon at five o'clock she was moved from the ship by the authority of the Commissioners of Emigration. On Friday morning she died. In her ante-mortem examination MARY GRAY testified that four days before reaching port she told the doctor that her feet were "frosted," and he "wouldn't believe it;" paid no attention to her, and forced her to come on deck to get her medicine. DR. BEACH, who accompanied the Coroner, talked with the unhappy woman, found her sensible, and able to converse intelligently, and is of opinion that she died from want of proper care and attention.

A helpless woman has been frozen to death upon a ship in the harbor of New York. Death's work is responsible. Who is guilty of this murder? Is it the Captain, the Doctor, the Commission of Emigration, the owner of the ship? It is pitiful to think of the sorrow and suffering of these emigrant ships, and how easy it is for the guilty to screen themselves. But here is an offence that will not be hidden. Are our laws impotent to protect the defenseless? If not, by what process will keep this tragedy fresh in the public mind until the offender is brought to trial and to punishment.

YOUR DOXY AND MY DOXY.

In the time of the Inquisition it was frightful, it is now happily only very comical, to hear a man state his view of a religious question, and then, drawing a long breath, add *one rotten egg*, pressing with both hands, both feet, and both knees upon all the keys and pedals, exclaim: "To doubt or deny this rule is infidelity begun."

Of course it is. The blatant infidelity of assertion. But whether his assertion be the truth is quite another question.

Thus there is a familiar Biblical phrase that the husband is the head of the wife. What is the exact significance may be is a fair question. Does it merely state a fact, or imply a rule? Does it mean as the intellect is generally more pronounced in man than in woman, or women, therefore the guiding force will naturally be in the husband? Does it mean that a drunkard or an imbecile has a rightful ascendancy over his wife, or that where the superiority is all with the woman she is to yield always to the inferiority of her spouse? Does it mean that if the husband be the head he may do as he chooses with his wife? and if not, is she to be the judge when he transcends the rights of headship? It is a fine truth, a phrase which will be as variously interpreted as men's minds are different.

But that any man should now, and in this country, pronounce a doom of his interpretation of this or of any scriptural passage as infidelity, or doubt of the essential truths of religion, is so preposterous as to be incredible. Yet it is done: and the Christian gentleman who does it would doubtless be amazed if he in turn were convicted of infidelity by the same easy and absurd method. The Romish Church would inform him that his whole interpretation of Christianity is the beginning and end of irreligion and infidelity. To believe in the antipodes was once held to be infidelity, and the plain teaching of the Bible. Yet the truth upon that subject has been tolerably demonstrated, and the Bible is not discarded. In the light of to-day it may be very properly suspected that to doubt or deny any individual interpretation of a passage in the Bible neither imperils good morals nor religious faith.

THINGS OF COURSE.

THE New York *World*, a few months ago, spoke of ANDREW JOHNSON as a "drunken, drunken brute, in comparison with whom even Caligula's horse was respectable."

The same paper prescribed an acrimonious assault upon SECRETARY SEWARD, the head of President JOHNSON'S Cabinet, as "the scraping of the old sow SEWARD."

It need surprise no man that the same paper now denounces ABRAHAM LINCOLN as a thief and a swindler.

What could more happily illustrate the original sagacity than that the party of which this paper is the fit organ has been utterly spewed out by the American people?

ROBERT B. MINTURN.

The true treasures of a nation are its good men, and neither Death nor Time can steal them. The man, indeed, dies, but the memory of his character still survives, and is a perpetual inspiration of the noblest activity. This is a solace to all of us in the high and clear-sighted moments of life, that every honorable man would wish to build his monument, like that of ROBERT B. MINTURN, in the unmeasured respect and tender love of his friends and neighbors.

Gentle, just, and generous; modest, humane, and sagacious: honored by the most successful and prosperous, beloved by the poorest and most forgotten; his sense of responsibility growing with increasing fortune, until his devoted life was that of an humble steward of the Divine bounty—this was the New York merchant, the American gentleman, the serene Christian, whose life was a public blessing, and whose death is a universal sorrow.

Wholly withdrawn from what is technically called public life, and declining every position of merely personal advantage, there was no citizen of New York whose name was better known, and known only for an ideal probity in all business relations, and for the most earnest and unwearied practical humanity. He was one of the first Commissioners of emigration, because he knew what severe and often repulsive labor the sincere and faithful discharge of that duty demanded; and therefore he was not content to give his name and his money to the relief of the suffering emigrant, but he gave his time, his sagacity, and his strong train of the poor, who knew him as their friend, and who, when his sudden death was known, came weeping to the house to look upon his face once more—have known that, once when a poor emigrant woman lay ill of ship-fever and neither nurse nor medicine could be had, he threw her for necessary removal from her bed to a carriage, he quietly took her in his arms and tenderly carried her, they would have known that one of the endless services of his practical charity, from which no fear or fatigue was entirely could deter him.

But his sensitive sympathy did not impair his sagacity. Too finely balanced for extravagance in thought or deed, his mind and heart were in the fullest harmony, and his distinctive trait in his business relation was as wise, unobtrusive, and faithful as his charity. The most conservative and reasonable as his impulses were generous, so that all who knew him well and those who but seldom met him equally bore testimony to his impression of manly symmetry and completeness.

The death of such a man to those who were nearest him is a bereavement the most poignant. But to the community his influence is so vital and enduring that it should rather be grateful that he lived so long. His example is the best of sermons. When RICHARD CORDEN died his political opponent, DISRAELI, said of him that there were "some members of Parliament" whose loss, when they should be present, are still members of this House, are independent of dissolutions, of the caprices of constituencies, and even of the accidents of life." It is true, also, in a corresponding sense, of some men in the larger sphere of society, and of none truer than of ROBERT B. MINTURN.

PORCELAIN PHOTOGRAPHS

The beautiful porcelain photographs of MESSRS. HUSTON and KUNZE, of No. 895 Broadway, fully justify the high praise which we have bestowed. They are printed directly from the negative, so that the outline is exact, and they are then exquisitely colored with the most accurate regard to likenesses, with all the delicacy, softness, and tenderness of the most finished miniatures upon ivory. They are also as durable as the porcelain plate upon which they are painted, and may be wiped and washed and exposed to the sun without losing their brilliancy and freshness. Many of these pictures we seen are colored with great skill; and this application of the art must be regarded as a very important step in the progress of photography.

"INSIDE."

THE second number of this interesting and striking story is published in this paper, with the illustrations of MR. NAST, who delicately characterizes the peculiar individuality of each of the tale. The spirit and dramatic skill of this "Chronicle of Secession" will surely commend it to the faithful attention of those who begin, as every body should, with the beginning.

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

Tares are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish
While the days are going by;
If a smile can make us merry
As our journey we pursue,
Oh! the good we all may do,
While the days are going by!

There's no time for idle sorrow
While the days are going by;
Let our face be like the morning
While the days are going by;
Oh! the world is full of sighing,
Full of sad and weeping eyes:
Help your fallen brother rise
While the days are going by.

All the loving links that bind us
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will bear a golden crop
While the days are going by.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

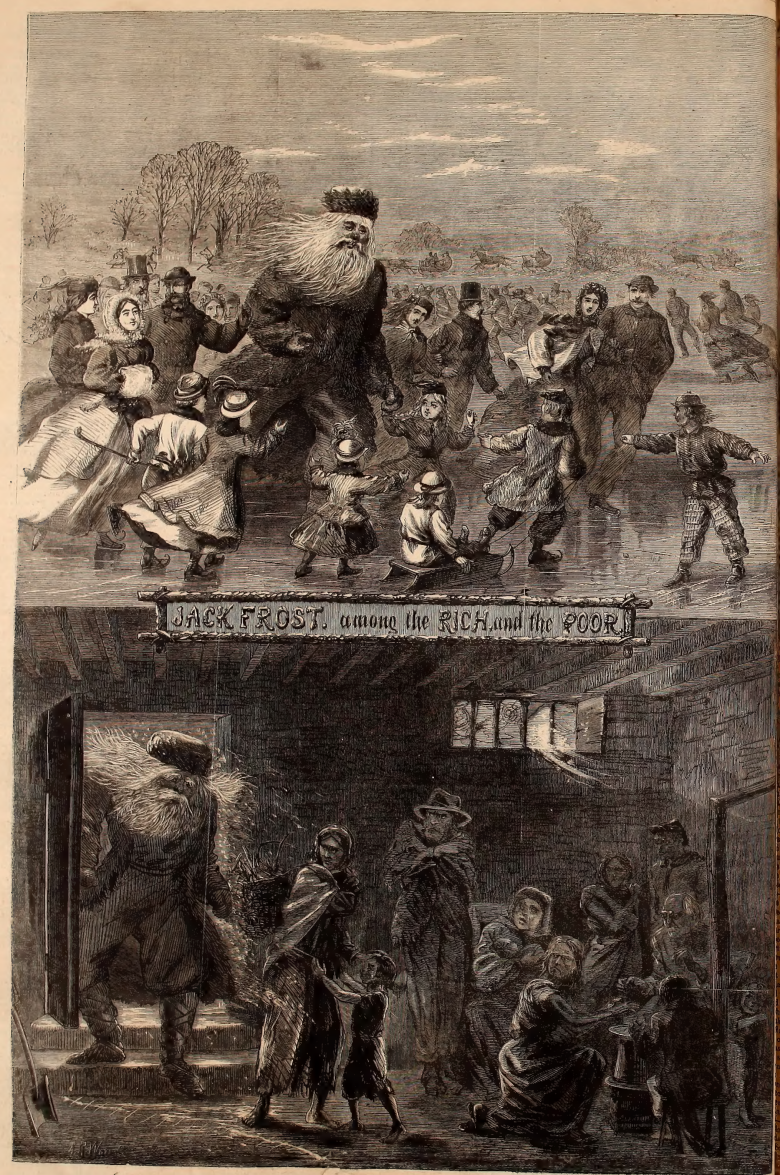
January 9:

In the Senate, MR. SUMNER presented a memorial soliciting for the donation of public lands for educational purposes to colored soldiers and sailors. MR. WILSON offered a resolution, which was adopted, appointing WM. J. McDonald, Chief Clerk of the House, to pay salary due. Another resolution offered by MR. SUMNER was adopted, inquiring if any legislation is needful to prevent the kidnapping of freedmen and their transportation as slaves to Brazil or Cuba.

In the House, MR. Washburne of Illinois introduced a bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law. MR. Baldwin, of Massachusetts, declaring that the real purpose of the New York and Washington Air Line Bill was not to operate against the Camden and Amboy monopoly, but to relieve the Central Pacific Railroad Company from its obligation to carry United States mails and troops free of charges. A resolution was offered declaring that the Bill as it had been hastily passed under a call for the previous question, thus suppressing debate, and that therefore many members who voted for the bill had done so misunderstanding its real purport. It was finally agreed that the bill should be debated for two hours on the next session.—MR. Broomall, of Pennsylvania, introduced a resolution, which was referred to the Committee of Fifteen, to the effect that, before Congress conferred the necessary power to enable the rebellious States to form State governments the rights of those among them always true to United States should be guaranteed and protected.—MR. Voorhees, of Indiana, then called up the resolutions heretofore submitted by him declaring the President's Message as an able, judicious, and patriotic state paper; recommending the appointment of a Select Committee to the Soldiers' Union; and pledging Congress to uphold the President's policy. In the course of the debate MR. Voorhees declared by Congress to immediately admit the Southern representatives and was followed by MR. Cox, of Ohio, who declared him of his former attitudes against Federal coercion. Delegates appointed to attend the Soldiers' Convention at Pittsburg here have manifested the slightest disposition to be influenced by the Executive.—MR. Cox, of Ohio, also made up a conflict with him. "If the day ever comes when we will take sides with the President we will be in Hell were buried so deep that the hand of resurrection can never find us." MR. Cox then read the President and extracts from his friends." In conclusion he offered the following as a substitute for the resolutions of the gentleman from Indiana: "*Resolved*—That this House hereby declares its confidence in the President: that in the future as in the past he will co-operate with Congress in restoring on equal political rights with the other States in the Union all the States lately in insurrection." Under the call for previous question Bingham was supported 167 to 32.

January 10:

In the Senate, MR. Wilson offered a petition of the colored citizens of Savannah, asking confiscation, which was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs. A resolution reported the House bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay certain claims of Internal Revenue. MR. Sumner said he would vote for the bill on the understanding that the Judiciary would act on his own authority, as he had done heretofore, relieve the citizen by appointing a Commission. The bill passed by 27 to 9. The bill was laid over.—MR. Wilson introduced a bill to increase the efficiency of the peace establishment of the United States. It provides that the military peace establishment of the United States shall hereafter consist of seven regiments of artillery, ten regiments of cavalry, eight regiments of infantry, and such corps of engineers as may be provided for by this act. Section 2 provides that, in addition to the five regiments of artillery now organized there shall be added one regiment, to be composed of white persons, and one regiment to be composed of colored persons—the officers of which shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of the country who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for personal gallantry in the field. Section 3 provides that in addition to the six regiments of cavalry now by law authorized there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. Section 5 provides that there shall be added to the present force of the line of infantry, and ten Brigadier-Generals, who shall have the same pay and emoluments as Brigadier-Generals now by law authorized to be appointed by the President and by and with the consent of the Senate, and who shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of the country who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for personal gallantry in the field. Section 6 provides that in addition to the six regiments of infantry now by law authorized there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. Section 8 provides that there shall be appointed, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, one Brigadier-General, who shall have the same pay and emoluments as Brigadier-Generals now by law authorized to be appointed by the President and by and with the consent of the Senate, and who shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of the country who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for personal gallantry in the field. Section 9 provides that in addition to the six regiments of infantry now by law authorized there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. Section 10 provides that there shall be appointed, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, one Brigadier-General, who shall have the same pay and emoluments as Brigadier-Generals now by law authorized to be appointed by the President and by and with the consent of the Senate, and who shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of the country who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for personal gallantry in the field. Section 11 provides that in addition to the six regiments of infantry now by law authorized there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. Section 12 provides that there shall be appointed, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, one Brigadier-General, who shall have the same pay and emoluments as Brigadier-Generals now by law authorized to be appointed by the President and by and with the consent of the Senate, and who shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of the country who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for personal gallantry in the field. Section 13 provides that in addition to the six regiments of infantry now by law authorized there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. Section 14 provides that there shall be appointed, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, one Brigadier-General, who shall have the same pay and emoluments as Brigadier-Generals now by law authorized to be appointed by the President and by and with the consent of the Senate, and who shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of the country who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for personal gallantry in the field. Section 15 provides that in addition to the six regiments of infantry now by law authorized there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. Section 16 provides that there shall be appointed, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, one Brigadier-General, who shall have the same pay and emoluments as Brigadier-Generals now by law authorized to be appointed by the President and by and with the consent of the Senate, and who shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of the country who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for personal gallantry in the field. Section 17 provides that in addition to the six regiments of infantry now by law authorized there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. Section 18 provides that there shall be appointed, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, one Brigadier-General, who shall have the same pay and emoluments as Brigadier-Generals now by law authorized to be appointed by the President and by and with the consent of the Senate, and who shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of the country who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for personal gallantry in the field. Section 19 provides that in addition to the six regiments of infantry now by law authorized there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. Section 20 provides that there shall be appointed, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, one Brigadier-General, who shall have the same pay and emoluments as Brigadier-Generals now by law authorized to be appointed by the President and by and with the consent of the Senate, and who shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of the country who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for personal gallantry in the field. Section 21 provides that in addition to the six regiments of infantry now by law authorized there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. Section 22 provides that there shall be appointed, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, one Brigadier-General, who shall have the same pay and emoluments as Brigadier-Generals now by law authorized to be appointed by the President and by and with the consent of the Senate, and who shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of the country who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for personal gallantry in the field. Section 23 provides that in addition to the six regiments of infantry now by law authorized there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. Section 24 provides that there shall be appointed, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, one Brigadier-General, who shall have the same pay and emoluments as Brigadier-Generals now by law authorized to be appointed by the President and by and with the consent of the Senate, and who shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of the country who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for personal gallantry in the field. Section 25 provides that in addition to the six regiments of infantry now by law authorized there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. Section 26 provides that there shall be appointed, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, one Brigadier-General, who shall have the same pay and emoluments as Brigadier-Generals now by law authorized to be appointed by the President and by and with the consent of the Senate, and who shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of the country who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for personal gallantry in the field. Section 27 provides that in addition to the six regiments of infantry now by law authorized there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. Section 28 provides that there shall be appointed, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, one Brigadier-General, who shall have the same pay and emoluments as Brigadier-Generals now by law authorized to be appointed by the President and by and with the consent of the Senate, and who shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of the country who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for personal gallantry in the field. Section 29 provides that in addition to the six regiments of infantry now by law authorized there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. Section 30 provides that there shall be appointed, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, one Brigadier-General, who shall have the same pay and emoluments as Brigadier-Generals now by law authorized to be appointed by the President and by and with the consent of the Senate, and who shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of the country who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for personal gallantry in the field. Section 31 provides that in addition to the six regiments of infantry now by law authorized there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. Section 32 provides that there shall be appointed, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, one Brigadier-General, who shall have the same pay and emoluments as Brigadier-Generals now by law authorized to be appointed by the President and by and with the consent of the Senate, and who shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of the country who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for personal gallantry in the field. Section 33 provides that in addition to the six regiments of infantry now by law authorized there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. Section 34 provides that there shall be appointed, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, one Brigadier-General, who shall have the same pay and emoluments as Brigadier-Generals now by law authorized to be appointed by the President and by and with the consent of the Senate, and who shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of the country who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for personal gallantry in the field. Section 35 provides that in addition to the six regiments of infantry now by law authorized there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. Section 36 provides that there shall be appointed, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, one Brigadier-General, who shall have the same pay and emoluments as Brigadier-Generals now by law authorized to be appointed by the President and by and with the consent of the Senate, and who shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of the country who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for personal gallantry in the field. Section 37 provides that in addition to the six regiments of infantry now by law authorized there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. Section 38 provides that there shall be appointed, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, one Brigadier-General, who shall have the same pay and emoluments as Brigadier-Generals now by law authorized to be appointed by the President and by and with the consent of the Senate, and who shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of the country who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for personal gallantry in the field. Section 39 provides that in addition to the six regiments of infantry now by law authorized there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. 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JACK FROST, among the RICH and the POOR.

ered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

INSIDE.

CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

COLONEL JUGGINS GOING HOME.

CHAPTER III.

COLONEL JUGGINS emerged from the office of Somerville *Star* like an honest blue-bottle newly he carried away a good deal of the about him out of the den of a spider. very much better the Colonel felt in leav- than when he entered its door.

en he heard of the investment of Fort Don- by the Federal forces, never had the Col- been more certain of the rising of the sun ayer than he was of the repulse and de- on of the Yankees. When the news ar- that the fort had actually capitulated, that Federate forces had failed to make a stand Nashville, it fell upon his ears, and upon very many like him, more like the tid- some great phenomenon, some unpre- interruption of the laws of nature itself, erally as the news of battle and defeat. mind left most painful impression was Heavens! if we have been defeated— the South—defeated once, what may not hereafter! The truth is, the events of so far had settled the common mind in ople, and throughout the South, in the direction of which had always been ed opinion, that Northern troops could ed before Southern. True, Bowling had been repulsed, but that was easily ; it was a splendid stratagem to draw mind troops further South, and so make a ish of them.

e historians will write Mannassas as the of the Confederacy. The cup of victory there drank was followed by a of intoxication to the South, of a greater which history has no instance. As has ed before, the universal opinion at the of Southern invincibility had hardly need ning to establish, and Manassas petri- opinion into granite certainty.

ld the events following Manassas fail to this certainty, had such increase been possible.

So thoroughly settled was the South- upon the whole subject that the vague Northern preparation going on excited no interest. The same sentiment pos- like the people, the press, and the offi- least, from no quarter was heard a syl- to the same note. Any one who had otherwise would have been marked as creature, unsettled in his wits by an attachment to the Union, which ought regarded as traitorous, if it were not so implied as contemptible.

the most firm among the Union men beginning to settle themselves down to med the will of Heaven—tasting about the best of an inevitable matter. Nor to be wondered at, when it is remem- now successfully all intelligence from the was excluded from the South. By a most policy, the Southern press copied from ern and European papers, as a general that which was favorable to the South. more than human to withstand an influ- unmingled and universal.

as to the inherent and unchangeable wrong of the matter, the minds of men were unchanged; but they had be- now to the thing as to a Providence too to be understood—as a thing in which remained but submission to the will of the destiny, whatever it was to be called. the Border States may have been less ful, but to the people of the States far- th, thunder from a cloudless sky is less than were the tidings that Federal had actually run up the Tennessee to that Fort Henry was taken, that Fort had fallen, that Nashville had capitu- The dominant feeling was—bewilder-

ear Helen," Dr. Warner remarked to his wife, in a calm which had followed one of his domestic tempests, "you may depend on it, and your own clear, strong sense will say yes to me in it, truth is much the best plan. Frankly and truthfully, from the first, with my patients is my plan. They have confidence in me then; they are sure to follow my prescriptions faithfully. There is a mutual understanding between us; no miserable dodging and deceiving on either side; and, whatever the result is, we at least know that all has been done from the start that could be done. The South has been grossly deceived by its doctors, I mean its leaders, from the first."

"Yes, you always hated Secession," broke in the partner of his bosom, the casual-gates opening.

"I was not speaking just then, of Secession, but of the course pursued since then; but it is all of a piece. Either our political doctors were themselves all deceived, or they deliberately and systematically deluded, the unfortunate people who had been cast into their hands," observed the mild physician.

"Went it blind, ma," said Bub, who was making a kite on the floor beside his parents, and who could not possibly have been the child of quick-witted Mrs. Warner and not have known himself smart.

"Hold your tongue, Bub!" broke in his mother. "Nice thing, Dr. Warner," she continued, "you are not satisfied not to be a whole-souled Southern man yourself; you are poisoning even the mind of your own child. I have no patience with you, Dr. Warner—cool, slow, patient submission to rogues! They were days of giving up to those vile Yankees! Before I'd do it I'd die a thousand times over! You laugh at old Colonel Juggins, I know; but if he is a coarse, ignorant, old man I only wish to goodness you were as hearty in the war as he is! He was always wondering what Johnson was doing, staying there at Bowling Green, when he ought to have been across the river into Ohio. And Davis, and his set of clever men, were not more than twenty miles from Washington, month after month, instead of marching right on, taking Washington, catching and hanging old Lincoln. Set of cowards! You men are all alike. Oh, if I was only a man!"

"What would you do if you were a man?" asked her impassive husband.

"Do! I'd raise fifty thousand brave men, lead them right on into the North, burn every house, batter down every town, kill every man I could! I tell you," said this Mrs. Warner, her black eyes sparkling, "I'd kill and burn, and cut their throats till they'd be glad enough to make peace with us. That's what Mrs. Bowles and Dr. Ginnis say. Instead of that, they are evacuating Bowling Green—running away, I call it—and Davis there in twenty miles of Washington and not going right on! Never things," continued Mrs. Warner, with bitter sarcasm, "will I read some morning the precious news that they have evacuated Columbus—even Massfassas!"

"My dear," said Dr. Warner, helping himself to another slice of ham—for they were at dinner on the same day as that in which we first introduced them to the reader—"my dear, I do firmly believe that if you *were* a man you would succeed vastly better than nine-tenths of our men. But we have to take them as we find them. However, if you were a man I would have missed the most active and excellent wife in the world, and Somerville the best housekeeper going!"

And it was only the fact; Mrs. Warner *was* the greatest housekeeper in Somerville; as to the other the Doctor lied, and he knew it.

But it was of Colonel Juggins we intended to speak in entering upon this chapter. Slowly rode the Colonel home meditating upon the news. Lamum and Lamum's pile of newspapers had relieved his mind somewhere, but not entirely. There is a certain mysterious assurance which a fact always carries with it wherever it flies: you may deny it loudly, you may hate it heartily; but when a fact comes to the ear, the mind receives it as such by some mystic affinity as a *fact*—recognizes it by spontaneous appetite as the palate recognizes its natural food. As well as he knew his name did Lamum know that the disastrous news from Fort Donelson was true. Dr. Peel knew it. Even Colonel Juggins knew it—acknowledge it? no—yet none the less every body knew it to be true. It was as if the sun had varied from his path. Gracious Heavens, what might not be the next news!

Somehow, before he alighted from his horse at home—some five miles from Somerville—all Lamum's consolation had been dissipated from his mind, and the ugly news remained in all its hideous reality. The Colonel belonged to one of the three classes into which all slave-owners at the South may be divided. As a representative man of this class let us say a word or two in regard to the Colonel.

Tom Juggins was the son of a rich Tennessee planter. There had been six or eight children in all, but what with being thrown from unbroken colts, and cholera morbus from eating green water-melons, and chills and fevers, one by one all the children had died except Tom. As to him, he doubtless owed his special strength of constitution to the fact that he had been suckled from his very birth by a negro "mammy." In that mammy's cabin passed the days of his infancy, his mother being a confirmed invalid, and his father having an unfortunate habit of spending in town and in intoxication pretty much all the time he could spare from field and cotton-house. On the earth floor of his mammy's house Tom learned to walk, and around the chicken-coops in front of it were spent his first hours of play.

In her way never child had a more loving mother than Tom had in his mammy, preferring him, as she decidedly did, to all of her own dark brood. And a very paradise of childhood Tom had of it; permitted to get as dirty as he pleased, very little washing, and no switching whatever. Nor was his childhood less suspicious as it advanced into older years. With a troop of little blacks at his heels he haunted the calf lot and stable-yard, worrying the calves, riding the horses to water "bare-back," hunting and eating all the eggs. With his allies to back him did he stone the cats and the birds, clip the tails and ears of the puppies, kill the snakes, paddle in the spring, and climb the trees. Among his sable associates, too, did he learn and practice many a vice peculiar to their semi-savage nature and easily ingrafted into his.

In due time Tom was sent to school; yet it was very little Tom learned. What with playing truant, and "barring out" the schoolmaster, and holidays occasionally, and idleness all the time, it was very little Tom learned beyond reading, writing, and the beginning of ciphering.

The rest of the story is soon told. After a month of breaking horses and swimming and hunting, and accompanying the cotton-wagons occasionally to the nearest city, and frolicking a little at weddings and corn-huskings, Tom fell in love with and married a neighbor's daughter, and settled down. The death of his parents not very long after deceased to a "place," with all its negroes, on his hands, and Tom went to work ginning cotton and selling it as his fathers did before him. The old log-house in which his father lived did well enough for him. True, he did once take a notion to build, had vast quantities of sand and sand-lumber hauled for the purpose; but something or other turned up to postpone the matter, and there the heaps of material continued to lie, an admirable lurking-place for snakes, laying place for hens, and playing-ground for the swarms of little negroes, till winds and rain and towering weeds had made a medieval ruin of the whole.

Year after year in a row of wretched cabins did Tom, now Colonel Juggins, continue to live, as contented in his house as any hand in his little inferior hut hard by. He had become accustomed to blubbing his head in passing through the low doorways, to walking over the rolling pancheon planks which composed the floors. As to the roof, a chap-board or two could be nailed on in half a minute to keep out the worst of the rain, and a rock or so, with a handful of mud, could close up the worst of the cracks between the logs of the wall. Abundantly able to build a stately mansion, the Colonel saw little in his limited travels to awaken desire for any thing beyond what he already was so accustomed to. Besides, the Colonel was fat.

And so rolled the years by with Colonel Juggins. Hardly would he do as a specimen of the terrible slave-holder of excited imaginations. Such there are, but not one of that class was the Colonel. His dwelling was first cousin to the worst which any slave on the place occupied. His clothing was rather inferior than otherwise to the Sunday suits of his men. As to his daily food, it was about the same in house and in hut. Very often, in fact, was Mrs. Juggins glad enough, when company unexpectedly came, to borrow of some of their "people" the honey, poultry, eggs, or butter with which to eke out the dinner.

True, the Colonel voted and his hands were denied that inestimable happiness; but, then, the Colonel knew very little more at last about the principles voted for or against than they would have done. The Colonel, having all the responsibility and bother of the "Place," was, upon the whole, much the least happy man of it, and, as to his religious principles, if he was a churchmember, so was almost every one of his grown hands, and they had the opportunity of receiving just as much and as good religious instruction from Sabbath to Sabbath as he.

There are two other classes of slave-owners, each as distinct from the other as his is from both. The Yankee owner of slaves, Mr. Neely for instance, and the aristocratic slaveholder, Colonel Ret Roberts as a specimen. Of them we will speak hereafter. I am altogether unwilling to say that the Colonel is the largest class, the base of the pyramid, because I am not entirely certain that it is so.

"What I've got to say is this: why can't they just stay at home where they are, mind their own matters, and let us alone." That was Mrs. Juggins's opinion in regard to the war, she always mentioned it at table when company was present and the war the topic. With her it was a plain, common-sense solution of the whole matter, embracing the whole thing entirely and conclusively. "We are not going where they live, and bothering them! Why *can't* they let us alone!"

But since the Yankees *would* come South "with their guns and things," Mrs. Juggins yielded to the necessity of sending Tom, their only son, to help drive them back. In her idea it was an operation precisely like having the chickens driven out of the garden—troublesome, but not very dangerous. Often had Mrs. Juggins heard the plan suggested of building a wall around the South, over which no Yankee was ever to intrude. It was intended as metaphor, but Mrs. Juggins adopted it as highly feasible. The fact is, Mrs. Juggins was the duplicate of the Colonel. And you have been introduced to the Colonel, and an hour after met his wife in a store, say the first time, you would have said on the spot: "There is Mrs. Juggins, and I know it!" Both bore in weight about the same relation to two hundred pounds, both had the same large, red, good-humored country face. It was little education Mrs. Juggins had when she married, and she certainly had seen time for nothing except the management of the negroes and of her fast coming, fast going too, as for that, children since that event. Except an almanac, a Bible, and a hymn-book or two, there was no reading in their house save the papers.

Of those that he took the Colonel decidedly

"WHAT I SAY," ADDED Mrs. JUGGINS, "IS JUST THIS."—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

preferred his religious paper, which, while it gave him all the news of his church, gave him also Secession in its moral and religious aspect. No, sir, Heavens! why is it that the more say so of a mortal has so much more weight and force when printed than it has when only spoken? No mistake about that paper!

Never in his life could the Colonel read a paper, or any thing else, except aloud and very slowly. In consequence of this his wife managed to get her news without much trouble on her part. Every syllable was heard by the Colonel as he read it, and by his wife with a double faith, because of the fact that it came to her from the lips and backed by the opinions and assurances of her husband. If angels are permitted to hover over mortals, one would think the very tongue of such visitants would have unwrigled to speak out and apprise this poor Colonel Juggins and his wife of the enormous falsehoods which they fed upon thus from day to day with such a pitiful, implicit belief. But no; the Colonel and his wife then in their extreme were the representatives of millions at the South—millions willing to know and to do the right, yet so systematically, so awfully, so utterly blinded! To keep them apprised of the arts by which they were deluded would have withheld the heavenly enjoyment from all the experiments and rules in unintermitting artillery. Ah, how even angel bosoms must have heaved to smite with flaming swords the guilty authors of the gigantic delusion! How patient is God! And if the inhabitants of heaven know what goes on upon earth, largely must they be partakers of the astonishment of the divine nature—else would heaven cease to them to be heaven, at least so long as earth continues to sin and to suffer Juggins!

It was an immense relief to Colonel Juggins, as he entered the door of his house, to find Brother Barker there. Peter Barker had assisted him in regard to Fort Donelson for a time as he rode into town, Lamum had cheered him in it little the moment, but Brother Barker was worth more than all besides. Pete, Lamum, and the rest were all very well, but Brother Barker was the ear on the ear of the Colonel with all the weight of religious truth. From his earliest recollection the Colonel had been accustomed to receive as certainly true what his preacher said whether in the pulpit or out of it. Besides, Brother Barker proved all his points from Scripture itself. To doubt Brother Barker's conclusions was irreligious, and the Colonel hadn't been a "member" for thirty years now—class leader, steward, and all—to do that!

"And what do you think of this last Fort Donelson news?" asked the Colonel, unbuttoning after saluting his guest, and making himself comfortable by seating himself in a hide-bottomed chair and tilting himself back in it against the wall.

"As I see you do, Brother Juggins—painful, painful indeed!" replied the preacher, sighing.

"You believe in it, then?" asked the Colonel, slowly and with a sinking heart.

"Believe in it? Certainly I do. There isn't the least doubt, as I can see, but the Federals are in possession of Donelson and Nashville, Tuscumbia and Huntsville, and—for what we know!"

"Well, you take it easier like than I can," said the planter, with a gloomy brow.

"Why not, Brother Juggins? It is of the Lord, isn't it? Besides, what is it, and what ought you to care about Donelson, Nashville, and the like, when I know and when you know that the end of it all is going to be so? Why, Brother Juggins, whatever I expected of a worldling I didn't expect it of you. A man out in the world, now, I wouldn't be surprised at, but you!" And the preacher shook his cheerful as his host was gloomy.

"I was jinjin' strong it wasn't true," said the planter, after some time. "To me it sounds mighty bad, no use tryin' to hide it."

"And take after all you know on the subject, after all the talk we've had! Well, Brother Juggins, you must pardon me saying it, but I am surprised and grieved," said the preacher.

"Surprised at what?" asked the planter. "Bad news is bad news, I suppose."

"Strange human nature, really! oh, yes, of course; ought to expect it at last," mused the preacher, with his head down on his bosom as if in soliloquy. "So many thousand years ago it was those Jews talked the same way! As in the instant they heard Pharoah's chariots rattling behind them. Very like the people of the wheels they forgot Moses, forgot God, forgot every thing except that Pharoah was after them, Dimph! Well. Yes."

"I hadn't thought of it exactly that way," said the planter, accepting the reproof humbly, and seeing consolation in it.

"Did I ever say we would escape some fighting, some bloody defeated before we got through? I asked the preacher—"tell me now, Brother Juggins."

"You did at the first, as I mind," said the planter with a thoughtful brow. "Christian Israel you know we were. Baldwin, he made that plain in his book. And then we came from his father's house, our forefathers drir of God over the ocean, God's special people in both cases. Thirteen tribes settled in Canaan, thirteen colonies settled in America. Some of them tribes split off from the rest, some of our States split off from the rest, too. And, you mind, when Secession first started, come to think of it, you proved from the Bible there would be no fight, not a bit. God wouldn't let that fool son of Solomon fight the tribes that split off even when he wanted to. There was goin' to be no fight, no fight at all! God himself would interpose to hinder, you said. And it did look mighty plain."

"But, Brother Juggins—" began the preacher.

"In one moment, Brother Barker. I've been studyin' over it, and I want to speak about that Christian Israel idea while I remember. I've been wantin' to ask you; it don't seem to gee like. In the Bible the tribes that split off were all except two; in our case it's the fewer number has split off from the larger number. Then, and this hurts me worst, the tribes that split off were the ones that sinned against God in the thing, that became worse and worse, that went to—what did ever become of Jeroboam's tribes that split off from remained the favored people of God, had Jerusalem, and the Temple, and all. Let me, Brother Barker—I was all very pretty when you first look at it, but the more you study into it—there was that about three long as Solomon's lifetime, that between the tribes when the break-up took place. I declare, for one man, I don't understand it!" concluded the old planter, somewhat testily.

"Brother Juggins," said the preacher, graveley, "do I understand you to say that you have studied Baldwin's book from end to end, deeply, thoroughly?"

"No, Sir," said the planter. "It's near three inches thick, that book. I only skimmed over it—a little here and a little there."

"I really do not think, Brother Juggins," said the preacher, in a kind of expostulation, "that you ought to decide so upon what you say yourself you never studied to the bottom."

"Well, perhaps so," said the planter, as he remembered how ponderous was the material question, and how very little he had mastered its contents. "But there was not one syllable about Secession in the whole book, I know that, that was in it. Was Secession the character the author was to fight the battle of Armageddon in the Mississippi Valley. Not one hint about Secession!"

And Colonel Juggins was not the only one who had puzzled over the book in question—"ARMAGEDON, OR THE SOUTH AND HER PROPHECY." You saw the thick and well thumbed volume on every shelf during the two or three years before the war.

"Brother Baldwin was mistaken about that," consented the preacher. "But he has found out his mistake, and they say, is recasting the wild-fire every where setting people right. I believe as certain as I do my own existence those prophecies in the Bible mean the South and our Confederacy. I'll talk with you any day about them as long as you like. No man, at least no Christian man, can read the Bible prophecies and say they don't have reference to the Confederacy. But we won't talk about that now. Brother Juggins, will you kneel down with a little by me?"

The Bible was found, dusted, and brought. Mrs. Juggins drew still nearer with her knitting.

"Brother Juggins," said the preacher, after he had found the place in the large, well-thumbed Bible, and putting on his pulpit manner as an Episcopal clergyman would put on his gown, "you often say you are a plain man. Well, you can understand a plain passage in the Bible—"

"That passage in Timothy?" inquired the Colonel.

"I know we've been over it often before," said the preacher, "but we can hardly have too much of the Bible, I suppose. This book was given to guide us. Brother Juggins' Sister Juggins?" Very solemnly. The persons in question nodded their assent. "Now then," continued the preacher, and he read, in a slow, solemn manner: "It's First Timothy, sixth chapter. Those who are servants under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honor, that the name of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed. And they that have believers to the pint." Next is: "If any man teach otherwise, and consent not to wholesome words, even the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine which is according to godliness." That is, ay thing against slavery he's just been speaking about, "he is proud, knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings, perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness."

Now let us hold on one moment," said the preacher, closing the book, with his finger in the place. "I put it to you, Brother Juggins, Sister Juggins, isn't all that a description of the Northern people—the Abolitionists?"

"I suppose so," said the planter for self and wife.

"What I say," added Mrs. Juggins, "is just this. Why can't them people stay at their own home, mind their own business, let us alone? We ain't goin' up where they live to trouble them."

"Exactly, Sister Juggins. But here's what I want to get at," continued the preacher. "This is the Word of God we're reading. It says all that of the Northern people plain and clean. Next it tells us exactly how to deal with them—it's as plain as any part of the Bible. Listen," and the preacher opened the Bible again, and, pointing with his finger, read, slowly and very slowly and with prodigious emphasis, the rest of the verse, "'From—such—*withdraw*—thyself!'"

"Yes, just so; that was your sermon about Secession. I can't see how any thing can be clearer from Scripture than that," said the planter.

"Wait a moment, Brother Juggins. I'm not through yet. I want to ask you one plain question. Do you suppose God ever commands a man or a people to do any thing and then punishes them, or permits any body else to punish them, for doing it?"

"No, *Sir!*" said the planter.

"Well, we are coming to see our way out, then. As you well know, Brother Juggins, the South was only obeying this direct command of God in withdrawing itself from the North and setting up for itself. A man is stone-blind who don't see that our Secession was the command of God. And here you are talking to me about Fort Donelson and Nashville," continued the preacher, becoming greatly excited, "frightened by the uprising Egyptians, exactly like those Jews were, as if God did not *command* us to leave, as if God was not going with us in leaving! He will be with us through Nashville, he taken just to prove us and to try us, as he said to the Jews, and I'd like to know how we are standing still! We have won the greatest victory at Manassas just to show us, in a way we couldn't help seeing it we was to try it, that God was with us. But what is the result? People forget God, say we did it all ourselves; we're waxing fat and kicking, and now He is letting us be whipped a little just to show us it is that ruineth up one and casteth down another."

"I liked mightily what you said in your last sermon, Brother Barker," remarked the planter, after a pause of rumination; "all that about the hearts of the kings in the hand of the Lord to turn about as he pleased. Only I wish England and France would make haste and show some of it. Them Egyptians have been a goin' to acknowledge the Confederacy every paper I've read since we set it up; somehow they hain't come to it yet."

"Brother Juggins," interrupted the preacher, in a tone of reproof, "I am surprised that your old notions about that old Union in the first place; it was like drawing your eye-teeth, and it was like pulling out your right eye to look truck it is awful work to keep you to it. It's true, we have been acknowledged by England and the rest of them, and they will be, and it soon will be; but, don't you see, it's wrong in us to look to them so much. Trusting in Assyria and going down into Egypt for help—not that I see as it was the sin of God's other peculiar people. I tell you now, we're going to get it worse and worse from the North, and from England and in the Lord. I believe you know I've had some experiences in religion—real, warm experiences; you want to know if I am not sure of mine? Experience now—the religious feeling which happifies me most?"

The planter and his wife looked up expectingly.

"It is that we here in the South are God's chosen people. Promises of Scripture have come out to me plain before now; but I just tell you this, nothing in the life of this book has ever stood out before me as it has in the last year. The North has gone off into Free-Loving, Garrisonism, Mormonism, Spiritualism, and that worst and basest of all, Infidelity, Atheism, Abolitionism. There was some religion there once; I grant that makes it worse—gone apostate in the North has there, and is apostatizing, wide-spreading, universal apostasy—and God has just given them over to it. So he has rescued the South—he has called us out. If there was a single free here at the South I never saw it—not even Universalism. Talk to me. No, you don't see that you may as well give up all the Bible if you give up what it says on our side? God on our side? Is there any doubt of it? Are not the only people who have apostatized from him? I'm as certain this day he's on our side as I am there or ever will be in Heaven. Are not they those people—*can't* do it? Look at the Jews! Don't you see how he punished their enemies in which they were? Punishing them in this life. If those poor, miserable, blinded Yankees only knew it—the ruin that is coming upon them from his hand! Ah, Brother Juggins, it is a revival in my life as I've felt to pray for their defeat and destruction. It's the Lord in me! Sure sign when I feel so. Why, I was there in New York, in the General Conference of fortyfour, the Church South has been praying and praying for years that God would "lay his hand," he has heard our prayer! For one, I'll trust him for the rest!"

It would be unreasonable to suppose we can record all that Brother Barker said. A small, pale man was Brother Barker, with thin, dark, black hair combed flat to his head, and narrow forehead. Were you to see him in a crowd his small and stooped form promised little of the strong currents of passion contained by him. There was a peculiar thickness and heaviness about his eyelids which gave an additional sense of darkness to his look. Yet, as Brother Barker get fairly into the stand, and fully under way in a sermon, brighter and brighter grew the preacher and brighter his arms, and words rushed to his lips faster than he could deliver them. Like most of his denomination, the Methodist Episcopal Church South had begun in his bosom an alienation of feeling from the North, which had steadily increased ever since the Church was divided in the two denominations; but Brother Barker's Church was peculiarly in the lead, as it was the first in the agitation.

Perhaps not a member or minister of the Church South was more deeply and thoroughly it was leavened in the matter. The spirit of Secession revealed an earnestness and intensity of vitalization in the Southern Church, in which surprised the Southern politicians as much as it gratified them. Bishops, presiding elders, preachers, pastors, were all engaged in consecration ready to the work—in their eyes a religious work. As with every religious body the feeling was deeper and stronger than any merely political body of men ever know. Even the most heated politicians now themselves utterly distanced by the religious fervor of the clergymen as Brother Barker. It was not only heart, it was soul these threw into it. And no one can doubt the immense power exerted by such men in all the denominations at the South.

Accustomed to receive as religious truth every thing coming from such a source; impressed, and which is far from being the popular feeling in regard to the politicians, with the disinterested, heart-felt sincerity of their spiritual guides; aware of the moral purity, too, of these, is wonder the masses of the South were so moved by the unceasing efforts of their ministers. No one at all familiar with the South but knows that the Southern clergy accomplished more for Secession than all other influences combined. By far the ablest arguments and the most eloquent appeals for Secession were from ministers; and what the mass of Southern writers lacked in ability and eloquence in the pulpit and by the press they more than made up by their subtlety, adroitness, and persistency during the week, and the power of, at least, their public prayers on the Sabbath.

Assuming as they did, that their theological foundation for slavery which the last thirty or forty years has been evolved from Scripture, those among the Secessionists who were Southerners in the Bible planted themselves thereupon as upon rock—making thereupon and therefrom their confident appeal to God and the world. And since the universe afforded no other conceivable ground to stand upon in the matter, the pious were not the worst ones to accept this theory position. Multitudes who never opened the Bible had awful reverence for this one divine institution, for no other could compare with it. Around infidels, too, accepted eagerly so much of Sacred Writ as proved slavery right, even though they scouted all the remainder as fable. And it is a fact worth recording, that, as a universal thing, from the right side of the line, the whole movement settled down; amidst a thousand side considerations, unanimously into this. The abiding of the appeal was to God in the matter. From this point, in case it was decided against the institution, was a contingency which never entered the mind of a single person of any pretension to trust. History furnishes no instance of men more absolutely confident of the will of God in their course than the Southern people. Such history is seen in the case of the Zealots in Jerusalem at its bloody fall. Ah, direct of all infatuation to the opposite of what the Almighty God is upon our side when He is—not!

THE BONE MAN OF HOSTONIC.

IN a recess beside the great west door of the church in Hostonic, a tall figure, stood for many generations a gaunt skeleton, its skin dried upon the breast, and the hands folded as though in prayer. Underneath it was a tablet with the words legibly once reading in the neighborhood, but now extinct.

The strange attitude of the skeleton fixed the idea in the popular mind that the Bone Man prayed without ceasing to a dead woman who lay in the church-yard, but who was not there, her body removed from its niche and buried under the grass sod in the church-yard, but on the following morning the Bone Man was found in the same grave open and the turf folded back, and within the sacred building stood, as before, the white Bone Man with his hands folded in prayer, and his face downward. And well might he be condemned by the judgment of God to stand thus, year by year, before the tomb, for long ago he had been a living man, with flesh, lolly once residing

The maid recoiled in horror, and her cheek blanched.

"Oh, Sir!" she said, faintly, "do not make a mock of me in my misery, and tempt God with such profanities!"

But the other brothers praised him who had made the offer, and drawing their purses from their pockets they threw out thalers and groschen, and made of them a small pile in the middle of the table.

"There!" shouted they, "fetch us the Bone Man, and you shall have this as a baptismal gift for your trust."

The poor girl trembled in every limb; she looked at the money and then at the red, heated faces of the drunken men, and she knew not what to say. That little pile of silver would, indeed, be a good end to her—but at what a cost was it to be won? She thought of the gloomy church-yard, and the sad-eyed church, shrouded in darkness, and of the skeleton standing in the wall niche before the tomb.

"Come, you must not be long making up your mind," said the eldest of the brothers; "we do not make such offers more than once."

"I am not two minutes to decide," she begged, looking once more at the money, and then, flying to her chamber, she bent over her little one and kissed it. "Any thing for thee my poor one!" she sighed, "and if it be a sin, may God in His mercy pardon me." Then, after having crossed herself, she returned to the parlor and agreed to do what the three men required.

As she left the tavern all was dark, a keen wind blew over the country, and a still, starry sky, without a cloudless sky; it was all among the eaves of the houses, and tossed the autumn leaves about in the square of the fir trees by the church door. As she rose; as the young woman approached it her heart beat faster.

She opened the church-yard gate as the evening bell tinkled; she stood still, and recited her "Ave Maria" with fervor, then stepped out of sight, to allow the sexton to return without observing her. The old man, bent double with age, went coughing from the grave-yard to his bed, and she remained alone among the dead. For some moments she struggled within her; she shuddered at the prospect of what she had to do, and felt disposed to return to the inn, but the next late prevailed, and she walked up the path leading to the church door.

"And now there was a feeble glimmer in the east, and the pure stars twinkled above the bottom; and she shuddered as she stepped into the shadow of a mulberry-tree which grew to the church porch.

She turned the handle of the door, and the latch flew up with a noise which was echoed through the vaults and arches of the nave. A feeble, yellow glow from the lamp burning before the Blessed Sacrament gleamed on the altar, but a white monochrom through a high window in the west, where the west bringing out the skull and folded hands as frosted silver, in strong relief against the clon gloom of the recess in which the skeleton of the Man of Mammon. As the frightened girl looked on the skeleton it seemed to her as though the fleshless mouth moved in prayer, and as though a blue flame flickered in the eye-cavities.

The girl summoned up all her courage, grasped the skeleton's arm above the wrist, and true through the church-yard, passed the gate, flew with her rattling load across the market-place, dashed into the tavern, and threw the Man on to the table, and, sinking on to a bench, burst into a flood of tears.

A silence fell upon those in the room; all looked with a shudder at the heap of bones, and then in astonishment at the girl. Even the three brothers recoiled from the skeleton as it was flung before them; but recovering from their amazed thirst, they had reckoned on her turning back at the church-yard gate, and had calculated on joking her on the failure of her courage.

But the eldest, staggering to his feet, said: "I told you all, the lass has well earned her money. She shall have it, and sit down by us and have a drop of something to warm her too."

In the mean while the girl had somewhat recovered herself, and raising her head, as she was ready an account of her expedition. But she, still pale with fear, only replied to their questions with:

"God save you from any thing very terrible; but, as I carried the skeleton, it seemed to me as though some one were following. Not for any money would I do it again."

"But what is to be done with the Bone Man?" asked one of the brothers; "he can not remain here, and I daren't take him back."

"Nor I," said the second.

"And I am quite sure," hiccoughed the third, "that I couldn't walk as far."

"The skeleton must go back, that is positive," said the first: "we shall get into trouble if it is found here."

Then let her who brought it take it back," thundered out the second with an oath.

The maid, shuddering at the thought of having to make the horrible expedition again, exclaimed, "But was not part of our agreement. I have kept my portion of the contract, and you have sait yourself that I have earned the money."

"So you have, my girl; so you have, undoubtedly," said the fellow "but have it we don't want to have a skeleton lyin—long our glasses, and under our very noses, while we are making merry. I'll take it myself to its proper place, were my legs steady enough, and my conscience clear. I will give you more money, if you will replace the Bone Man in his old position in Hostoch Church."

"Oh, Sir!" gasped the maid; "I can not, indeed! I swore that I never would tempt God by this again for the love of gold."

"Nor shall you," quoth the toper; "not a groschen shall you get from any of us, if you do as we bid you; but this will I promise—I have no children of my own, and I will pay for the education of your little babe when it is old enough to go to school, but I will call three comrades here to witness that the lad shall not be unrewarded in my will."

The maid loo'ed with trembling at the hideous object which sprawled across the table. Her breast heaved, she rolled her hands in prayer and closed her eyes. The agitation of her feelings, and the battle of conflicting passions, were clearly traceable on her countenance. Suddenly her face became calm.

"As you wish," she said, resolutely; it is God's will, I soon be the sin, and you will have to answer for it."

As she spoke she lifted the clickering frame of bones, and slung it on her back. Clasping together her load, she went forth into the night, and none ventured to follow her.

What can you know the cause of the girl's courage? As she had prayed, an idea shot into her brain as an inspiration from God, that she should dedicate her child to the church: she took the thought as a revelation of Divine will, and vowed there and then that it should be one to God, if He would protect her on her expedition.

She traversed the market-place with her clattering burden, and passed through the hill, scarcely hearing the rattle made by the bones, for she had become used to the sound.

But as she neared the grave-yard the weight of her load became greater and greater, and the burden bowed her down. She also did not observe at first, as her senses were in a whirl of confusion, but, at the lych gate, it became so evident that she was filled with overwhelming horror. In crossing the churchyard she took repeated rests with her knees, all but prostrated beneath the load which seemed to weigh a hundred-weight. It was with a desperate effort that she stumbled into the church, reached the niche, and tried to shake off her awful burden. With unspeakable horror she found that the skeleton was no longer in her arms, but seemed interlaced upon her bosom, and the arms held her as in a vice.

A voice like the moaning of wind through distant trees rushed into her ear, and a chill breath stirred over her cheek.

"I will not let thee go till thou swearest to obtain pardon for me from her below. Descend into the vault and pray for me."

Every limb of the poor girl's head stiffened, and a cold sweat broke out upon her brow. She shrieked as aloud in the wind, and was unable to articulate a word in reply.

"Wilt thou do my will?" asked the voice, and the maid felt the hands tightening their grasp, and heard the creaking of the bone fingers against each other.

"I will!" gasped the girl, scarcely fear. The fingers fell apart with a click, and the unclean shape from her shoulders. She turned and looked at the skeleton. A dim and phantom life seemed to animate its countenance; the eye-cavities glared in unutterable eagerness in the fleshless face, and a shiver of anxiety vibrating through the bony limbs. The lips opened, and the same strange voice rushed into the girl's ear.

"Lift the stone from the vault door, and go down into it. You will find a dead Christian woman in black, sitting in her coffin, by lamplight reading a book. Plead with her for pardon. Till her pardon and I can find no fellowship with God."

The maid obeyed. She lifted the slab from its place by the iron ring which was riveted into it, it fell upon her touch, and disclosed a steep flight of stone steps.

With swimming brain the girl descended into the vault. By the flame of a lamp which burned in a niche, a soft coil air breathed over her cheek. As she reached the lowest step she looked round. The vault was square, and was supported by huge drums of Romanesque pillars. A feeble glimmer irradiated it. On all sides were stone coffins, some ornamented, bearings sculptured upon them. On some lay withered wreaths of flowers, on others corroded swords or helmets. The light by which all this was revealed was a lamp suspended in the small saffron flame of a lamp suspended in the centre of the vault over an open sarcophagus. There, draped in black, in her stone coffin, with her pale face supported on her hand, her head surrounded by her long golden hair, sat a woman, motionless, out of a large book which lay open on her lap. The maid approached her with vacillating steps, and with the book before her. Not a motion in the solemn reading figure. The white face was not raised, nor the shadowed eyes lifted from the pages of the book.

With faltering voice the girl besought forgiveness for the Bone Man. No answer. The woman in the coffin seemed to be unconscious of the presence of a living being before her. More earnestly pleaded the maid, her heart beating, and a deep anxiety to obtain the delight which would follow her compassionate bosom. She called to the woman's remembrance her old love for the knight, the deep sorrow which he had endured for so many ages, standing deprived of rest before her tomb.

The reading woman shook her head without raising her eyes.

With heavy heart the girl retraced her steps, despairing of obtaining any thing from the lady in the vault. At the top of the stair-case the Bone Man bathed in pure moonlight, an expression of agonized expectation on his face, every bone clickering with emotion.

"Am I forgiven?"

"She has not forgiven you," answered the maid, in a scarcely audible voice.

"Back, back into the vault, and plead till you be obtained my pardon."

The maid would have spoken, but the skeleton raised its hand and pointed perem-torily toward the vault, and the girl felt constrained to obey. Fear now disappeared, and she felt the warm blood flow into her cheek as evenly as though she were at home rocking her babe.

Again she knelt to the woman in black, and prayed with fervor for the Bone Man. She pleaded by the hopes of salvation, the mercy of God, the Redeemer's wounds, but the lady never raised her floor; she wrung her hands, and sobs broke the thread of her prayer. Still the pale woman remained unmoved: still did she read in the great book without raising her eyes to the weeping petitioner before her, and only at intervals shook her head. An hour passed thus; the girl clasped the rim of the sarcophagus, and writhed in the vehemence of her supplication on the pavement. There was no change in the pallid woman, save that the wreath about her temples had shed its withered leaves, and had broken into tiny fresh buds.

Faint and weary, despairing of success, the poor girl again retraced her steps to the upper world. The skeleton was in the porch, leaning forward in breathless eagerness, and gray fear spread over its ghastly face.

"Has she forgiven me?"

The maid sadly shook her head.

"Back again," moaned the strange voice; "without you I can not obtain pardon. If you can not procure my release I am accursed forever. Quick! midnight is long past, and all must be decided before cock-crow."

The trembling bony hands were wrung in bitterness of distress.

One more the maid descended. The same scene was re-acted. Again she supplicated, and again for all answer she obtained was the shake of the pale woman's head. The girl had pleaded by the name of every thing sacred, and had failed; she seemed to have nothing left by which to plead; but, with her head on the cold floor in the exhaustion of her hope, she asked for pardon for the knight in the name of her own little new-born babe.

At the word the great book was closed, the pallid woman looked up, and a flush ran over her face, the wreath of roses around her head burst into a glorious white flower, filling the vault with exquisite fragrance.

"For the sake of thy little babe be it pardoned," said the woman. Then she sank back in her coffin, the great book fell closed on her breast, the lid shut down with a clash, and the lamp went out.

The maid hurried above with joyous heart, guided by the patch of silver which the moon cast on the opened step.

"She has pardoned you!" she cried, as she saw the white face gleaming down to her.

The voice which replied was soft as the murmur of a summer breeze among the corn.

"You have done well in saking in behalf of an innocent child. If my life spared not innocence, and God sentenced me to find no rest till in the name of an innocent child I could obtain release."

The skeleton knelt toward the Blessed Sacrament, before which burned the sanctuary lamp.

"Glory be to God!" he said, and extended his fleshless arms, and his eyes moved in prayer and thanksgiving.

The girl looked at him, kneeling in the glory of the moon, and a sweetness and calm settled over the face, divesting it of all that was dreadful. Softly and almost imperceptibly he seemed to melt away, with the peaceful and beautiful expression on the uplifted countenance steadily brightening, and when the crowing of the cock rang out sharply through the night air the Bone Man of Hostoch was a little heap of dust.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

DARWINS YIELDS.—Two individuals were inveighing against the last ingoing of Brooklyn. "It's infernous!" exclaimed one. "Why, look at that gas. I declare it's quite black." "Yes, you may say, lamp-black," rejoined his companion. "And jet-black, too," as quickly added the first denunciator. And the witty pair disappeared in the gloomy distance laughing. It was evident that with them, at least, the brightness of their humor made some amends for the darkness of the streets.

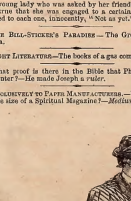
A young lady who was asked by her friends whether it was true that she was engaged to a certain gentleman, replied to each one, innocently, "Not as yet."

THE BILL-STICKER'S PARADISE.—The Great Wall of China.

LIGHT LITERATURE.—The locks of a gas company.

WHAT proof is there in the Bible that Pharaoh was a carpenter?—He made Joseph a ruler.

EXCLUSIVELY TO PAPER MANUFACTURERS.—What should be the size of a Spiritual Magazine?—Medium, of course.



WATERFALL *VERSUS* FAL. ON THE ICE.

WARY OLD GENT. "Fell on your back, did you?—Well, do as I do—borrow a waterfall from one of the girls—makes a capital fender!"

SIGNS OF WINTER.

When you think that you don't know whether the fir. t bell has been rung or not.

When it strikes you that your watch is at least ten minutes fast; and so if you get up when the minute-hand is "at a quarter to" you'll be in capital time.

That if you could only be taken out—and "to be washed and dressed in a second by machinery, you wouldn't mind getting up.

That another five minutes' sleep will make you all right for the day.

That it's three minutes to the half-hour, and you'll get to exactly at the half-hour.

That it's just one minute past the half-hour, so you'll up directly at the thirty-five minutes.

That as five minutes won't make much difference, say, get up at the quarter exactly.

The following considerations will also lead you to the conclusion that the winter has come:

That you can't get up without hot water.

That you don't bring that water in a can hot.

That he had better bring a little more water, please, will take care that it is quite hot.

That you can't get up until your clothes are all ready for you.

That a little cocoa while James is bringing the clothes and while he fetches some more hot water will do you all the good in the world.

That when you do get up you won't be a second dressing.

That you'll get up in exactly ten minutes from now.

That (the two minutes having passed) you'll just settle down you're going to do to-day, and then get up.

That, if that's the first bell, you've plenty of time; and if it's the second, it's no good hurrying up now, as you're late any how.

The consideration that is generally required before making a move out of bed is in itself a pretty sure sign of the presence of winter.

THE HUMBUG OF GOOD-BREEDING.—The glenns Champ and Arnx, it is said by those who know them, are most estimable persons, and indeed we must allow that every one looks up to them.

SIGNS.

When a cat prepares to wash its face, it is a sign that you in the house will shortly receive a visit.

If a woman cuts her nails every Monday it is lucky for her husband.

To strike a grass-eyed cat with a white spot on her nose is lucky, and keep pure will be the consequence.

To have sixteen warts on the left hand is a sign that you are unfortunate.

To take the gridiron down from the nail where it is hanging, with the left hand, is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitchen.

If you are in a hurry and hear a baby cry it is a sign of marriage—or if it isn't, it ought to be.

The *Scientific American* has an article on "Water as a direct agent in the production of milk." We believe the evidence in this case is unquestionable.

"What would you take, my man, to carry a message for me from here (the Fulton Ferry-house) to the Cocoa Grove?" asked a gentleman of a colored man the other morning, at the same time pulling out his purse. "Faith, Sir," replied the man, "as if I'd do it at all for ye, I'd take the FIFTH Avenue Omnibus!"

The following is a *verbatim et literatim* report of the evidence given in a magistrates' court by a young man named Doctor Jones, who accused another negro man named Washington of stealing his watch:

"I'm some Doctor Jones—name so 'cause old master named Doctor. I was settin' in de sitty my watch hangin on de wall. Dat nigger pointing to Washington) came in, and down, got up went out, and de watch was dis-missed. Dat's all I know about it."

CON. BY A CREDITOR.—Why should every lamplighter be named William?—Because they turn up so quickly.

LOCKS.

What lock frequently represents union without unity?—Wedlock.

What lock is most in request among physicians?—Lockjaw.

What lock must be looked for out of doors and on the ground?—Hemlock.

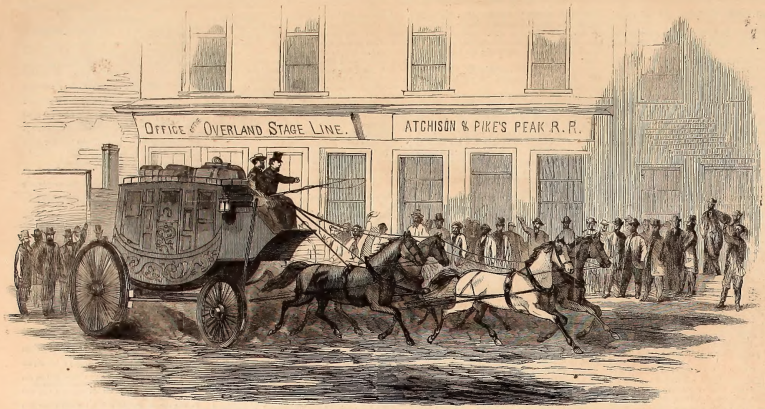
What lock is generally lost in the decline of life?—Locks of hair.

A QUESTION FOR REFLEXION.—When a star shoots how many stars does it shoot at?

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.—Houses are run up in a few weeks by landlords, and run down by tenants ever after.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE IN IRELAND.—The plague, we regret to inform our readers, has broken out among the Irish bulls—several of which, driven jocularly into conversation, have fallen dead among the audience. To prevent the spread of the disease the Lord Mayor of Dublin has ordered that "The time the old cow died on" shall not be played in any public thoroughfare.

A gallant captain of a whaler took for his motto, "Blubber forever." "She's it," said his wife, now a widow.



BUTTERFIELD'S OVERLAND MAIL-COACH STARTING OUT FROM ATCHISON, KANSAS.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM M. MERRICK.]



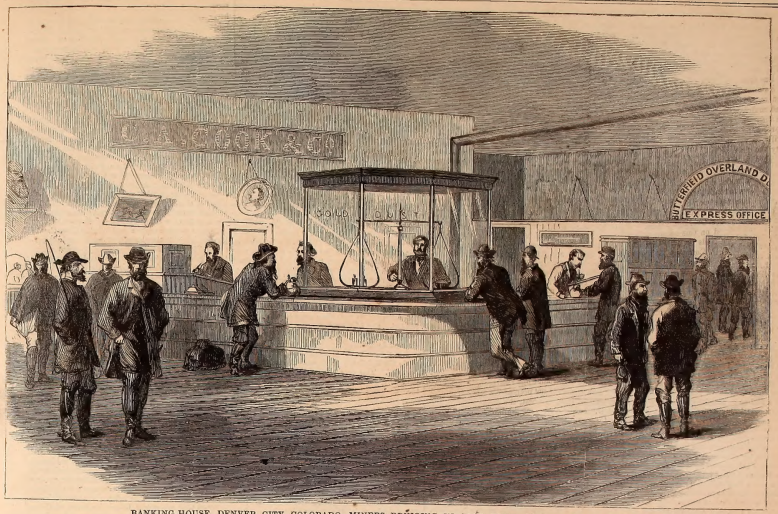
DRIVING THE FIRST SPIKE ON THE ATCHISON AND PIKE'S PEAK RAILROAD.
[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM M. MERRICK.]



EASTERN TERMINUS OF BUTTERFIELD'S OVERLAND ROUTE, ATCHISON, KANSAS.
[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM M. MERRICK.]



OUR ARTIST'S TRIP ON THE OVERLAND ROUTE—"COUNCIL OF WAR" ON THE PLAINS.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



BANKING-HOUSE, DENVER CITY, COLORADO—MINERS BRINGING IN GOLD DUST.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

JOURNEYING ON THE PLAINS.

THERE are many things which at this time draw our attention toward the GRAND OVERLAND STAGE ROUTE across the plains of Kansas, Colorado, Utah, and Nevada, to California, making it a subject of intense popular interest. One of these things is the Pacific Railroad project, in which there is now so lively an interest—the route proposed for that road being very nearly identical with the Overland Route. The recent trip of Speaker COLFAX and his party "across the continent" by the Overland Route is also attracting attention to the route itself. And, finally, the raids of the Indians upon parties journeying by this route across the plains have added a tragic interest to the subject. We publish on this page and on page 56 several illustrations relating both to the mail route and to the proposed railway line from Atchison to Pike's Peak. This proposed railway line, together with that from Aspinwall to Panama, which we illustrate on page 61, are characteristic of the energy and enterprise of the American people.

THE EASTERN TERMINUS of BUTTERFIELD'S



THE OVERLAND COACH OFFICE, DENVER CITY, COLORADO.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.

Overland Stage Route (of which BEN HOLLIDAY is sole proprietor) was removed in 1861 from St. Joseph to Atchison. This latter place, the outmost point of our Eastern railway system, is situated in the northeastern corner of Kansas, along some low bluffs on the west bank of the Missouri River, 200 miles from St. Louis, and 20 miles below St. Joseph, the metropolis of Northern Missouri, communicates with St. Joseph and Leavenworth by railway; is the head-quarters of the Overland Stage Company, and is also one of the chief points on the border for the transhipment, from cars and steamboats to wagons, of all sorts of stores bound to the mines of Colorado, Idaho, Montana, and Utah. Atchison is also probably the border town of the West, and is memorable for its connection with the dark days of Kansas history. It was the settled by border ruffians of the worst type, with SENTOR FELLOW at their head. New England proved too much for the ruffians, however, and one morning long Atchison awoke a Puritanic town, having gone to bed the night before with strong Southern proclivities. The town has prospered ever since.

The daily line of the Overland Mail Route leaves Atchison at 8 o'clock A.M. This line employs over one hundred coaches, about one thousand horses, five hundred mules, and seven hundred and fifty men. The distance of the entire route, before it reaches the terminus of the Sacramento railway at Placerville, is about two thousand miles. To Denver City the distance is six hundred miles, and is accomplished in fifty-six stages of about ten miles each. It takes five days to reach Denver, twice that time to make the journey to Salt Lake, and seventeen days to reach Placer City, California.

The Indians have made such havoc on the Plains during the past year that food for man or beast has been very scarce, and the Overland Company has been very much crippled on this account, making the grain with which it feeds its horses some eight dollars per bushel. The company has also lost about half a million in buildings, grain, and stock by the Indians, and another half a million, probably, from the loss of receipts in consequence of roads by the noble red men of the forest." Upon General CONNOR devolves the important duty of taking care of the Indians on the Plains. Among the principal chiefs of his command are two regiments of Pawnee Indians from the old reserve. They cheerfully re-enlisted into the national army, calling themselves "galvanized Yankees." It was only last autumn that General CONNOR's protection was extended to the Overland Route.

The Butterield Overland Dispatch coaches are frequently crossed with an encounter with the Indians. An event of this kind took place in November on the route between Chalky Bluff Station and Denver. The circumstance had just been received of depredations and murders committed on the Smoky Hill route by a band of Indians supposed to be Cheyennes, under the lead of "Fast Bear," who, on the 23d of November, the Overland Dispatch coach left Chalky Bluff Station with a small escort of cavalry. Among the passengers were General BUSWEIER and our special artist, MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.

The coach reached Monument without any adventure, and left that station on the morning of the 24th; accompanied by an ambulance under the charge of Sergeant N. G. WHIPPLE. Mr. DAVIS thus gave was apprehended that only an escort of eight men was considered necessary. three of whom were in the ambulance with WHIPPLE, while five mounted men rode in advance of the coach. The coach had nearly reached the next station when the ambulance driver cried out, which did not pass the station but which joined the main road a mile further on. The encounter which followed is thus described by the MR. DAVIS correspondent:

"When within fifteen hundred yards of the station, MR. DAVIS, of the Overland Mail, observed that a party of Indian Indians were charging down on us. He at once gave the alarm and on the road alike with his Belted rifle, which performance was immediately imitated by General BUSWEIER, MR. HANSCOM, and Your Special. MR. DAVIS doing duty with his revolver from the outside of the coach. As the Indians approached with Bedlam, we threw the party off quite so fast as they came, two of them bearing the marks of our speed in the shape of rather elegant cones of lead. The driver of our coach was not wanting in the cool nerve which does his team up to him. We left the coach at once, and discovered that another party had succeeded in passing the horses and mules that were grazing near, disappearing them. As the stock-tenders had started at the first alarm to gather the mules from the grazing near the station, only the Indians discovered him and gave chase just as we got out of the coach. We quickly mounted him and started with him—to help the stock-tender. The Indian drove us across the valley, and, finding himself cut off from the fort from MR. DAVIS rifle ended the little performance, and the Indian was left to the tender mercies of the stock-tenders who saved him from being scalped. The Indians were all armed with rifles, and were dressed in the usual Indian fashion. The whole affair was over in a few minutes, and we all went on, but the mules were brought back to the station. The Indians were all young men, and the party was probably a war party on a hunting expedition."

In the mean time the ambulance was pursued by some fifteen or twenty Indians, and the four cavalrymen were dispatched to its assistance. The party in the ambulance made a brave skirmish, till the wagon and retreated toward the cavalry sent to their aid, and thus escaped with safety. The whole party now brought up the unmolested twelve-mule team, all well armed, but they were surrounded by Indians on all sides. In the critical situation they resorted to the method which the garrison at Smoky Hill Station had dug in the hill-side, where they determined to await the arrival of the Government train that was due that evening or the next day. No serious thought was made by the Indians upon this bomb-proof, and the shot day the Government train arrived, and after a slight skirmish with the red-men the whole party proceeded on to Denver.

Denver is the leading town of Colorado, and lies under the very shadow of the Rocky Mountains, a few miles south of Pike's Peak. The vast trains of prairie schooners, as the tented wagons seen in our sketch are called, give the place an appearance of activity which, indeed, the amount of business transacted in Denver is wonderful, when the small number of inhabitants is considered. The RAILROADS are crowded with miners in all sorts of costume, bringing their bags of "dust" to exchange for greenbacks, the dust being sold at so much per ounce. It is not an uncommon thing for barbels of gold dust to accumulate in the safes of the principal bankers.

"PEACE ON EARTH."

BY THOMAS HUGHES, M.P. FOR LAMBETH.

THE last time that the season of peace on earth and good will to men" came round, the great struggle for the existence of the United States in America had not yet come to death-grips. Here, at least, many people still believed that the Southern States were only trying to get, in a more safe manner later to establish their independence, and a new policy which would set for the one hand a check to the destructive to the dangerously popular institutions and ideas of New England. The year has passed, and the great revolutionary war has been fought to death. Perhaps some of us may still stop short of Mr. Seward's triumphant summing up "Death," he says in his yearly address to his fellow-citizens at Auburn, "death has removed his victims; liberty has crowned her heroes; humanity has crowned her martyrs; the sick and the afflicted have been cured; the divine combatants are fraternizing; and the country—the object of our just pride and lawful affection—once more stands collected and composed, firmer, stronger, and more majestic than ever before, without one cause of dangerous discontent at home, and without enemy in the world." We may think him somewhat too hopeful in the breadth of his assertions, and may have our fears that it may take a generation yet, before the nations can be reconciled all the States of the Union. But, when he predicts so fearlessly that "under next October's vote no doubt will be cast by disloyal persons in Auburn, to rejoice in the restoration of peace, harmony, and union throughout the land," we can not but own that he speaks truly, which must be correct at least as rash, have been fulfilled almost to the letter. In my case, we do all willingly and cordially, and hope, the majority of our fellow-citizens with which the great game has been played out by the American people. A few of the more English, who show their faces in that people never faltered during the contest, I do most heartily rejoice to see that all classes of the people, and all the parties are ready to appreciate, but hearty in their appreciation of, what has been done for freedom in America in the revolutionary war. For my own part we now only want further knowledge of facts to honor out with and across the Atlantic as they deserve to be honored, for the most unselfish struggle that is there made of all that was most precious and dearest to them in a struggle upon which not only their own life as a nation, but the future of at least one-third of the world, was at stake.

In this belief, I think that Christmas is the right time for letting the North and the South see their right a side of the drama which has not been as yet fairly presented to us here: I mean, first, the strain on the resources of the North during the war which was lasted, and, secondly, the heroism of the men of gentle birth and nurture, who, so far from shrinking from the work, and fighting manfully (as he was asserted by some of our leading journals), took at least their fair share of all the dangers and misery and toil and hardship of the war.

First, then, as to the people's work; and, highly as we may value the men who have come to the front, and whose names are known to all Americans are now known over the whole world, we must acknowledge that the true hero of the war is after all the American people. In no part of this I will take one or two of the Northern States, and look for a moment at what the call was which was made upon them, and how it was answered to it. Let us look, as a first instance, at the smallest in area of all the States, and the smallest in population of all who fought for the Union—Little Island, at the census of 1860, just before the breaking out of the war, contained a population of 174,620. Of these, by far the largest people, the negroes consisted nearly exceeded the males, and of the latter there were 82,204 altogether. Up to December 1, 1863, that is to say, in less than two years from the first call of the President for troops—Rhode Island furnished 23,763 men to the army and 1400 to the navy, or almost 1 in 5 of her total male population, and, of course, far more than that proportion of her able-bodied fighting age. And this is not all. In the first enthusiasm, when the call for 500,000 men came in the summer of 1861, the quota of Rhode Island was 1,500, and she furnished 1,804, in order to give the later returns, because there appears to have been a large number of substitutes among her regiments and batteries. It is impossible to say exactly whether these were or were not natives of the State. There is no need to overstate the case, and I should, on every consideration, be inclined to think that Little Island, though the smallest, is tenth in rank of all the States as a producer, and her people are consequently the least numerous. But, in the first months of the war, they found substitutes in large numbers, it must be, at the same time, remembered, that they contributed nearly seventeen men to the army in proportion to numbers, to that noblest of all charities—the Sanitary Commission.

But Little Island was very likely say, "Give us an instance of any but a New England State: they are exceptional." Let us take Indiana, then, one of the Western States, whose population is certainly scarce half a century old. A stronger contrast to Rhode Island could scarcely have been found. Indiana, in 1860, possessed 11,262,294 acres of improved farming land; Rhode Island but 329,884. Indiana was fifth of all the States in agricultural production, and fourteenth in manufacturing—Rhode Island standing tenth, or three higher than her gigantic younger sister. Yet we find the same readiness of response to the President's call to arms among Western farmers as among New England mechanics and merchants. The population of Indiana is returned at the census of 1860 at 1,350,428, and her males at 693,469. On the 31st of December, 1863, she had furnished 102,688 soldiers, besides a militia home-guard when her frontiers were threatened. When Morgan made his raid into the State 60,000 rendered their services within twenty-four hours, and nearly 20,000 were on his track within three days. I do not happen, in this case, to have the later returns, and so must turn back to New England, to the old Puritan Bay State, to give one perfect example of what the American people were in the great struggle.

Massachusetts, at the outbreak of the war, held a population of 1,230,600 or thereabouts, out of which there were 571,000 males between the ages of 15 and 40. The first blood shed in the war against the slave power, as in the Revolutionary war against England, was Massachusetts blood. The 6th Massachusetts was fired on in the streets of Baltimore on April 19, 1861, and had to fight its way through the mob, after having 4 killed and 36 wounded in the operation. Well, the number of men demanded of Massachusetts during the war was 171,624. The number actually sent (by her quota was all to the three years' standard) was 125,437, being a surplus over all calls of 7815. Besides these 6670 were considered in order to a call for three months' men in 1864, which were never credited to her by the Government. Look at the meaning now of this other fact, that the nationally sent more men to the war than are now to be found in the State liable to do military duty. How does this tell as to the sacred fire of the human material in those Seventeen regiments. The last assessors' return gave three at 438,767; while the total number who served (including the three months' men, and those not adhering to the three years' standard) was 155,486. Of these how many died? The statistics on the head has probably heard more or less of "stopping the war by prohibiting emigration from Ireland," and of "the Irish brigade being more numerous than to do the fighting"? think were foreign recruits? Just 907. This does not include men born out of the United States, but only foreigners who joined during the war broke out. These latter, however, I suppose, could not come within the definition of foreign mercenaries. Of the men receiving in America during the war, Massachusetts enlisted, as I have said, 907 out of 150,000. While on this point, I would be sorry to have captured strangers to the whole forces of the North show that of native-born Americans there were nearly 80 per cent., of naturalized Americans 15, and of foreigners 5 per cent. only, in the ranks.

I can honestly say that I have chosen these States at random, without the scrutiny of which examining free States would give a very similar result. And now let us consider what that result is. Rhode Island and Massachusetts were poor; perhaps equal in population this metropolis with its immediate suburbs; while one of them alone actually sent to the front within the four years of the war, an army equal in numbers to the total volunteer force now under arms in Great Britain. Rhode Island is not a manufacturing State, but a State in seven months she armed and sent South 15,000 of her citizens. I know that England in like need would be equal to the task. Let us hope, then, that as they deserve the people of our own lineage to whom the call has come, and who have met it.

I need scarcely stop to note how the Northern people have paid in purse as well as in person. Let one instance suffice. In 1864 the assessment of Massachusetts for the purposes of national government amounted to fourteen millions, every fraction of which was collected without impediment or delay. Into the State treasury the taxes and the amounts contributed to the Sanitary Commission and other organizations for distributing voluntary contributions in support of the war fund we should reach a figure almost exceeding belief. I have no means of stating it accurately, but am inclined to believe that it had risen to 25 000,000 dollars, actually raised and paid, by a State with a population less than half of that our metropolis, and one twelve-month.

And now for my second point—the example set by the men of birth, wealth, and high position. Here, I think, we have the most simple facts, drawn at hazard from the mass which I have under my hand, will be more than enough to satisfy every fair and just mind as to the truth of my statement, and I am proud to believe that, whatever our prejudices may be, there are few indeed among us to deny such an appeal to be made in vain.

I have said above that the mass of materials is large. I might have said unmanageable. It is, indeed, impossible to deal with them as one would here and there, and to bring these out as clearly as one can in the limits of an article. Let me take as a name a family with which one or more of each of those members I have the honor of friendship or acquaintance. And, first, that of J. Russell Lowell, the son of the late poet, and a gentleman distinguished specially for intellectual power and attainments. Surely the sickle of war has never mown down a more promising youth in any field! First in order comes Willie Putnam, age 21, the sole surviving son of Lowell's sister, a boy of the highest culture and promise, mortally wounded at Ball's Bluff in October, 1861, in the first months of the war while on the staff of gaining to the help of a wounded companion. At the same time fight his cousin, James Jackson Lowell, aged 24, by no company raised in Boston. Warren Goddard fell at Bull's Run, in August, 1862. Many of us here was remember the account, which was reprinted in the *Times* and other papers, of the gallant conduct of colors to the 24 Massachusetts Infantry, by Mr Morley, at Boston, in the summer of 1861. It attracted special attention from the fact that the author of the "History of the Dutch Republic" had been so lately living among us, and was so well known and liked here. The agony of officers who received those colors were the very *paroxysm d'agonie* of Massachusetts—Quincy, Dwight, Abbot, Robinson, Russell, Shaw Gordon, Savage, Perkins. Such a roll will speak volumes to all who have any acquaintance with New England history. These colors have come home riddled, tattered, blackened; but five-sixths of the young officers have given their lives for them, and of the 600 rank and file who then surround them scarcely 150 survive. This to the way. I refer to the muster, Thomas Russell Sullivan was among the officers—a name already honored in these pages, and another nephew of Lowell's. Shaw's sister married Charles Lowell, of whose sons, previously. We all know how Robert Shaw, after two years' gallant service, accepted the command of the first black regiment raised in Massachusetts (the 54th), and he had been in the operations before Charleston, and was buried with his "negroes" in the pit under Fort Wagner—the grandest sepulture ever given to a soldier of this century. By his side fought and died Captain Russell, the third of Lowell's nephews, then a captain of a black company. Stephen George Perkins, another nephew, was killed at Cedar Creek; and Francis Charles Russell at one of the innumerable Virginian battles.

I pass to the last on the list, and the most remarkable. Charles Russell Lowell, the only brother of the James who died "dressing his line," was also the first scholar of his year (1854) at Harvard. He had visited Europe for health's sake, and was long riding-tours in Spain and Algeria, where he became a consummate horseman. On the day after the 6th Massachusetts were fired on in Baltimore streets, Charles Lowell heard of it, and started by the next train to Washington, passing through Baltimore. All communication between the two cities was suspended, but he arrived on foot at Washington in forty-eight hours. In the first days of confusion he became aide-de-camp to Mr sachusetts Governor, and brought order out of chaos for his own State before joining the army. His powers of command and organization gained him major promotion. He served with distinction in the Peninsula campaigns of M'Clellan, and, after Antietam, was selected to escort the captured standards to Washington. He raised a second cavalry regiment at home in the winter of 1862. He was placed in command of the cavalry of the force which protected Washington during the dark days of 1863. In Sheridan's brilliant campaign of 1864 he commanded the cavalry brigade of four regular regiments, and the Massachusetts volunteer cavalry. He had thirteen horses shot under him before the battle of Cedar Creek, on October 19; was hard wounded early in that day, and lifted on to his fourteenth horse to lead the final charge, as Sims, that he had to give his orders in a whisper. Urged by those around him to leave the field, he pressed on to the critical point of attack; and himself fell mortally wounded while cheering on the most obstinate battles of the war. It is the death of this nephew which wrung from Lowell the lines which opened the series of the last.

"Bigelow Papers," published in one of last winter's numbers of the *Atlantic Magazine*—

"Wot's words to them whose faith and truth
On War's red touchstone rang true and clear?
Who ventured life an' love, an' youth
For the gret prize of freedom dearer
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
Flashed up afore the battle's wonder,
Tippin' with fire the tost of men
To cheer his comrades through the thunder?

"Taint right to her the young go first,
All thankful full of grit an' joy,
Leavin' life's prospect dry an' dust
To crawl back to its wormy old nest;
Nothin' but tells as wut we miss;
There goes our love, an' there our say is,
An' that 's wut seems so far from this,
Let 'em be leaders to grow gray in."

He died exactly as any of his comrades, leading a widow of twenty, himself not thirty. The *Gazette*, in which his commission as general was published, did not reach the army till after his death. Sheridan, with the generosity which most of the great Northern captains have shown, declared that the country could better have spared any man, and that there was no one quality of a soldier which he could have wished added to Charles Lowell.

My list ended then, gives the one family, in which there was no soldier in 1860, losing eight young men under thirty in little more than three years' fighting.

I have mentioned the name of Motley above. Let us see how it fared with his circle. He has asserted me more than once that of his own immediate family there were fewer than the averages in the ranks; but he had at least five near relatives serving—his son Thomas, one of whom was killed in Louisiana, Major Motley, badly wounded in Virginia early in 1864; and Major Stackpole, another family-officer, a graduate of Harvard, who served through the whole war, and has now resumed his practice as a barrister. Mr. Motley married Lydia Ives, a gentlemen of fortune in Rhode Island, who was traveling in Europe when the war broke out. He immediately left for home, commanded the Potomac flotilla, and accompanied Burnside's expedition to North Carolina, where he contracted the disease of which he died soon after. Both his cousin Robert Ives, also a man of large fortune, volunteered into the army, and was killed at Antietam. I believe that these are the two last men who bore the name of Ives in their State.

The name of Wadsworth is better known here than most American names in connection with English connection. The head of the family was a country gentleman living on his estates at Geneseo, in New York State, when, up to the age of thirty of three sons and three daughters. At the news of the attack on the Union troops in Baltimore he instantly chartered a steamer, loaded it with provisions, and sent her up the Potomac—a most timely aid. The capital. He acted as aid-de-camp to M'Dowell, and was his right-hand man in the Bull Run campaign, his "youngest as well as his oldest aid;" was made a general soon afterward; and, after several years of active service in Maryland and Washington. His reputation as an officer had now become such that at the beginning of the last cam-

Potomac applied to the War Department to have him with them as brigadier. He was killed in the Wilderness in the last advance on Richmond. His three sons have all served, the youngest having enlisted at sixteen. Thus every man in the family served; and the only married daughter is the widow of Colonel Montgomery Ritchie, one of two brothers, both of whom served with distinction, one to the sacrifice of his life by the same subtle disease which struck down Captain Ives.

I could go to any length, for every acquaintance with whom I am large, and I scarcely know a man who has not lost some relative in the war. But, apart from one's own acquaintance, which is scarcely one of the famous Colonial and Revolutionary names which has not been represented. The Jays, Livingstons, Schuylers, Livingstons, Van Rensselaers, have not failed their country in her second great need; and have fought well, and worked hard, though the present holders of these honored names, mostly quite young men, have not had time to reach their ancestors' places. The bearers of great names, I take it, do not get such a start in life as those in with us at home. A descendant (a grandson, I believe) of Alexander Hamilton, however, became a general, while several of his cousins entered the lower ranks. Colonel Fletcher Webster, only surviving son of Daniel Webster, was killed in Virginia. Perhaps no one man who excited more the pride and martial enthusiasm of Americans in the first months of the war was Major Theodore Winthrop, a descendant of the famous Governor John Winthrop. A traveler, poet, athlete, who was killed at the disastrous battle of Great Bethel, June 10, 1861. A son of General Porter, who was distinguished in the Mexican war with us, fell as a colonel in the spring campaign of 1864. Even the families famous, as yet, for wealth only have not shrunk from the call. Hamilton Aster, at least, and Cuttings, Schermerhorns, Lydigs, and others, having held their gun in the volunteer ranks.

Or, let us come to names more familiar than any other Transatlantic ones to us—the Boston group. Longfellow's young son (Charley, as he is familiarly call him) has managed to fight a campaign, and get badly hit in Louisiana, at an age when our boys are thinking of their freshman's term at Oxford. Oliver Wendell Holmes (poet, artist, Greek scholar, virtuoso, has been twice—I was going to say killed—shot through the body and disabled and again in the heel; and, having fought through all to the end of the war, is again hard at his pen and pen. Olmstead has fought, with mightier weapons than rifled cannon, at the head of the Sanitary Commission. Of four brothers Lowell, two have been killed, and a third fought his way to general. Whittier, Appletons, Lotings, Crowninshields, Dehons —but I will not pay my readers' (or my own) wits with rolls of names which, perhaps, except of these, will be names, and nothing more! Let this last summing up of the work of men of all ages participation in one State suffice (I choose Massachusetts again because, thanks to Governor Andrew, we have more accurate returns as to her than as to any other State). Since the declaration of war, 434 officers from Massachusetts have been killed—2 generals, 16 colonels, 11 lieutenant-colonels, 20 majors, 15 surgeons, 2 chaplains, 110 captains, and 245 lieutenants. Of the 35 general officers from that State, 10 only have not been wounded. Of all the living graduates of Harvard (the university of highest repute in America), one-fifth, or to be as accurate as possible, nineteen and some fraction per cent., have served with the army. At Yale College the percentage has been even higher. Conceive a struggle which should bring out in every five of men who have taken degrees at Oxford and Cambridge under fire, and which should call on us, under our regular army, to find, arm, and recruit for three years; volunteer army five times as large as our present one!

Such plain facts and rats as these will, I am sure, convince the last skeptic. If there be one left among us at this Yule tide, 1865—that New England has not spared of her best blood in the day of the Lord, under the burden and heat of which the whole North has reeled and staggered indeed, but without a fainting heart or failing knee, and is gaining fresh power, through three years of war which have seemed—nay, which have been—lifetimes. In such a time sin is not committed in forty days. The America which looked on, paralyzed and doubtful, when John Brown prophesied all these things on the way to the scaffold, looking like a child as he passed along, while Stonewall Jackson and his pupils guarded the globet—the America of State secrets and Dred Scott decisions, of which the Gospel news meant avowedly "Good will to *white* men," and abolitionism was loathed as a vulgar and mischievous fanaticism—is far from the America to-day for all practical purposes as the England of the Stuarts, or the France of the Regency. That it remains, for the Old World as well as for the New, I will not pause to consider. My estimate might miss many perverse criticisms and sneers at the war which (good as they are in their right time and place) I can anxious here to avoid.

I prefer waiting to endeavor now to put my readers in sympathy with the spirit, the heart, and conscience, of the North, in the presence of their astounding success. I am not do this better than by a glance at the Commemoration of the living and dead soldiers of Harvard University. Commemoration Day at Harvard, 24 July, 1865, must indeed have impressed the self indelibly on the memories of all those sons of the first of American universities who were present at the gathering. To me, I own, the most touching reports are got over here in the American papers were so speakably touching. The irrepressible joy of a people delivered, after years of struggle and patient waiting, from an awful burden, almost too heavy for mortal shoulders to bear, tempered, as it was, by the tenderest sympathy for the families of the fallen, and a solemn turning to give glory and thanks with the heart to that God who giveth victor, and healeth wounded! spirits, and sustaineth above His people as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land—the magical power of triumph, and agony, and trust, and love, which went up from the very heart of that meeting—must ever, to my mind, rank among the most noble, the most sublime pieces of history of the century in which we are living. Let the reader consider the following as compared with ordinary commemoration poetry. The first is an hymn written for the commemoration service by Robert Lowell:

"Thy work, O God, goes on in earth,
With choirs of war, with harvest songs;
A ready will is all our worth:
To Thee our Maker all belongs."

ING LEOPOLD AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

No event in European story has been the subject of greater comment, the occasion of more profound speculation, than the death of King LEOPOLD of Belgium, which occurred December 10, 1865. We give on this page a portrait of ing LEOPOLD, and also e of his son and successor.

The death of President NCOLN, of PALMERON, and of King LEOLD were the three great ituries of the year terated. LINCOLN died an act of violence, but th Lord PALMERSTON d King LEOPOLD lived a ripe old age, and ir deaths, though of great significance, had m long expected. — OPOLD was a Prince of e-Coburg, and uncle Prince ALBERT, consort of the British Queen. was born December 1790, and had thus rly completed his nety-fifth year. He was husband of Princess ARLOTTE, and was, over, connected by riage with the principal thrones of Europe, had latterly been the fidential adviser of the de family of sovereigns. His second wife a daughter of LOUIS LIPPE, but that circumstance did not prefer him from being a nd and confidant of Emperor NAPOLEON. was related to the ian, Prussian, Austrian, Italian, and Portuse royal families, and Empress of Mexico is daughter. His ancestors were the famous tors FREDERICK and s, who had protected EM from the wrath e priesthood in the of the Reformation. ESS CHARLOTTE, his wife, was heir-presumptive to the throne reat Britain; and at time it seemed not ely that LEOPOLD d hold the same poin relation to the ish throne which at er day was so sadly filled by his w, Prince ALBERT. PRINCESS CHARLOTTE in childbed in 1817, event cast a deep over the nation. VICTORIA was born two years later, and was the daughter of Princess LOUISA VICTORIA, of SAXE-COBURG, sister of LEOPOLD, her father being the Duke of Kent.— On the occasion of LEOPOLD's marriage with the Princess CHARLOTTE the British Parliament voted a large sum as an outfit for himself and the Princess, and £50,000 for their joint lives, and for the life of the survivor.

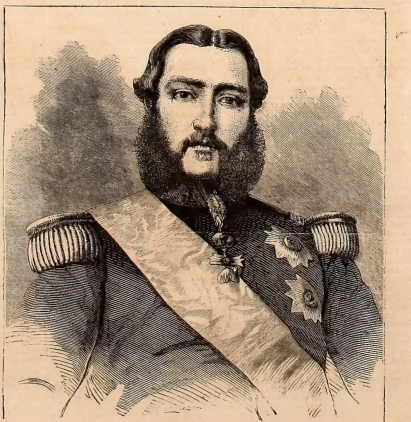
The French Revolution of 1830 brought to an end the ill-assorted union between Holland and Belgium. The conflict in Paris by which LOUIS PHILIPPE succeeded CHARLES X. powerfully affected all the kingdoms of Europe. The Provisional Government of Belgium declared that kingdom independent, and ordered Belgian troops to drive out the Dutch from the country. The great Powers united in disavering Belgium from Holland, and appointed LEOPOLD king of the Belgians. In the establishment of the independence of Belgium Lord PALMERSTON, then Foreign Minister of England, took a prominent part. The Belgian Congress, out of gratitude to the French nation, as the only power giving material aid in freeing the country from the Dutch, had elected the Duke de Nemours, son of LOUIS PHILIPPE, to the throne. The great Powers generally, and England in particular, objected to this arrangement, and hence the appointment of LEOPOLD. The latter was elected June 4, 1831. A war followed between Holland and Belgium, but France sent 50,000 men to the aid of the latter, and a treaty was signed in October, in which Holland recognized the independence of Belgium. In the following year LEOPOLD married LOUISE, daughter of the French king. When, in 1848, LOUIS PHILIPPE was driven from the French throne, there was great excitement in Belgium, and a cry was raised for a republic. LEOPOLD met this crisis with dignity, disarming his opponents by an appeal to the people. Subsequently his reign was a tranquil one, the chief difficulties of his position arising from



MOTHER'S DARLING.



THE LATE KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM.



LEOPOLD II., KING OF BELGIUM.



ASPINWALL, CENTRAL AMERICA—THE PANAMA RAILROAD TRAIN STARTING FOR PANAMA.—[SEE PAGE 62.]

the conflict between the Church party and the Liberals.

And this leads us directly to the prospect open to his successor, LEOPOLD II. This latter prince is somewhat inexperienced, he having had no participation with public affairs heretofore, on account of his well-known leaning to the side of the Church party. What future complications there may be growing out of the succession of LEOPOLD II. to the throne we know not. We only know that the new king has entered upon his reign in the midst of a popular applause apparently sincere, and with the expression toward him of the good-will of the principal reigning heads of Europe—expressions apparently equally sincere with those made by his own people. But in either case these expressions have been made while yet the late king had not been buried, and are in great measure a tribute to the wise and temperate reign of the latter. Certain it is, however, that the chief difficulties which are likely hereafter to disturb Belgium will arise, if they should exist at all, from internal dissensions rather than from external aggression on the part of other powers. There is now a lull in the affairs of Belgium—but at any moment the storm may open, and the affairs of that country become again the subject of foreign concern—it may be of foreign intervention, and perchance of another European war.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 62.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Open "cold soup" has come and gone. An old-fashioned "January thaw" is threatening to follow in its wake. But these change is the end of all things, and one fancies that when they may bring forth, whether ice or "slush," Cornhill is it, however, that the 5th of January, 1866, stands out as *the cold day* in half a century. Not since 1806 has the temperature been so low in this vicinity. A few old times which that period the mercury has fallen below zero; but on the present memorable Monday it run away down from seven to fifteen degrees below the point, varying in different parts of the city.

This terrible blast from the Frigid Zone swept over the east coast of the United States so suddenly that they compelled even in closest proximity to a bright coal fire, and forced the water-pipes with unusual sensitive ness. And what a dismal green the unfinished housewife gave as she found no cream for her morning abstinence.

"My dear," says she, with chattering teeth, to her spouse who is still enveloped in blankets and comfortables—"My dear, all our water-pipes are frozen up—this day."

But he might be frozen too for all the impression she can make upon him; and so she energetically rouses an action—and summons the plumbers—feels are ripped up, walls are pulled down, the offending pipes are reached. But where must be left, in many cases, to the slow process cure, which will be announced in due season by overflowing floods. Breakfast, in such circumstances, is a difficult affair.

"My love," says the good man of the house, with a spasmodic effort to speak quickly, and regardless of the mouthful dressing gown about him closer, "What shall we do? The water all frozen—the milkman son cut—and I have just discovered that the key of the coal-bin closet is missing!"

But the woman's ingenuity in time solves or dissolves the difficulty, and patientalone, having satisfied his appetite, complacently betakes himself to his newspaper. Only those who are married can venture out to express our sense to the affectionate wishes of Jack Frost. Close to the fire as possible; and if not warming though it burns with little impression on the circumjacent air. Evening brings a new vexation—the gas won't burn, and candles must be substituted.

But these comparatively slight annoyances, which the recent "cold snap" brought to house-keeping people in luxury usually unknown to the rest of the world suffering of the multitude of half-clad, half-fed poor. While many sheltered and comfortable before the glowing grate, there were more mourning for lack of fire and food.

"Young America," however, never gave a thought to suffering or poverty but regarded it as capital fun to have every thing freeze up. He had but one sole-memory, skating—and that gathered a state of hilarity and hilarious quite overwhelming. Even before the weather had comfortably moderated the various lakes and ponds in Central Park and vicinity were thronged with gay folk. But when a bright, mild, sunny day came crowds of both sexes and all ages flocked to the ice—as on a day of rest—seen. The Central Park ponds presented the appearance of a gay carnival. Experienced skaters shot across the ice in a variety of fantastic groups, or drew on the ice the flowing wonderful gyrations and fancy figures, whilst novices, who fell on the ice, rising on again, laughed at others, and made merry over their own downfalls. Here and there were couples skating together with ease and dexterity. Along the right and lones were seated, as we done by "children of larger growth." One little miss, no more than ten years old, attracted special attention as to most of her companions, by the grace and ease of her picturesque attire—a bright, calumet dress, black velvet basque, embroidered in gold, and jaunty hat to match.

It this connection we can not forbear a criticism upon the dress of many of the ladies who indulge in this delightful and healthful exercise. A long skirt should never or without crinoline—none have tried the experiment of laying aside the last mentioned article—as experience tells the dress must be looped up. But the present style of crinoline, having such an immense circumference, is very ungraceful, especially if they are skating together, and is not unfrequently results in an unsolicited *expose*. A small crinoline only is suitable to skating. For those who do not own any the common gymnastic dress, worn in classby ladies, would not form as appropriate, convenient, and tasteful costume. We might refer to the bird of Paris as a matter for consideration while they are waiting for the "ball" to "go" again.

Young ladies look better be a little shy of making hasty acquaintances every where.

A nice young man in Sandusky, Ohio, the other day obtained an introduction to a young lady on the ice, and shortly after stole her skates, which she had permitted him to assist her in putting on.

There is an ice-house at Lyon's Falls, New York, which has not been empty for twenty years, nor has a pound of ice been put into it. The building is constructed after the ordinary method, and when it is designed to fill it, a nose jet is placed in the water-pipe, and as the water comes through it is chilled and drops into the ice-house, where it forms in the solid mass.

If skin is really a practical method of filling ice-houses, why do we . . . dealers adopt it generally? We should think it might save time to supply ice more rapidly and cheaper rates than they have done for a few years past.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE!—The Savannah *Republican* of date some few weeks ago says:

"Are we ever to have a cold day in Savannah during the winter season again? Was not Christmas-day last more like the 4th of July than the ordinary Christmas? Wood-cutters are complaining bitterly at how dull business is, for nobody will buy fire-wood. Nothing but the lightest summer clothing is worn, and our charming Southern belles go to church with their bright bright faces shaded with many bright flowers in their summer hats. In the evening, at the moment the sun set on this glorious day, the most part in their short-sleeves and bare-headed, quietly smoking their cigars."

Here is an original method of settling matrimonial difficulties:

A couple in Litchfield County, Connecticut, had lived together for ten years, supposing themselves married. Difficulties having arisen, one applied to law counsel for redress. Upon investigation it was found out that they had never been married. Like sensible people, they gave up the idea of a divorce and were married.

Not every body, however, can apply the same remedy, and wives who are found to be legally single can be married, some people find wonderful reason for trying to cut it. For example:

A wife in San Francisco lately put a petition for divorce in the court on the ground that her husband was a "confirmed fool." The judge, who was an old bachelor, wouldn't admit the plea, because every man would be liable to the same imputation who gets married.

A man in Unity, N. H. (He certainly did not dwell in single blessedness) went from his wife because she used a pound of tea a week. In his bill he talked to her with all the eloquence of a Cicero, Webster and Clay.

It may be invidious to make a selection from the numerous advertisements that present no body of relief—discontented couples. But, really, the following bears such an air of high-minded candor that our readers can not fail to appreciate it for what is it worth!

DIVORCES OBTAINED WITHOUT PUBLICITY IN any different States; all other law business attended to on the square.

A California editor, speaking of the complaints by his readers that he don't publish all . . . local items they desire, says *he justly publishes but it. That is more than they do not sending the facts.* He says *don't like to publish a birth after the child is seven years old, a marriage before the groom is over, or the death of a man after his widow is married again.*

A good story is told illustrative of business enterprise in country towns:

A grocer from an adjoining village sent his clerk to New London, one morning, last summer, with a load of produce to dispose of. The young man was gone all day, and at night returned with a load of goods from the depot, and dumped it on the floor with the remark: "There's your groceries, sir; I've sold everything—God's!" "Why," said the grocer, "haven't you sold any?" "Sold any? I guess I've sold any. Sent to New London for any thing and nobody sold any thing about green corn. Two or three fellows said me what I'd got to any beg, and I told 'em 'twas none of their business."

How ingenious women are! . . . Who ever met her equal in any contingency?

Whisky is said to be smuggled from Canada into the United States in the wire "bird-cages" in their tails, resembling something in shape and size real live "linnets." But, on examination, the "linnets" turn out to be in this case containing from three to five gallons of whisky. And, to give the deception a finishing touch, the other day, thirty-two such women with such babies were found in a train coming from Canada across the line, and thirty of them were arrested, and over 100 gallons of whisky recovered.

A lady-smuggler, the other day, had a pint flask of brandy attached from the top of her stocking.

The London *Illustrated News of the World* has a good story of a *pedlar horse*.

He was peacefully carrying with his wife in Ireland, some one day, in the course of his rambles, to the town of Wicklow, when, passing through a village, he met a considerable of excisemen, eagerly hugging for the honor of his gathering. The original title on the pedlar's horse was not observing. Dick, shame and faith, your Honor, take my word, the horse is the most perfect "Wicklow" I ever met with the peculiarity of the inducement, the gentleman engaged. Not in any the least, your Honor, for the pedlar's wife, luggage, and Paddy safely mounted. Soon after starting, the good-natured woman was seen to dismount, and, though the rate of progress was, to say the least of it, not all that could be desired, she kept close behind, and would not allow Paddy to ride, and said, "Now, Paddy, why did ye not tell me before that the horse was a Wicklow? Sure, you say your horse was a Wicklow, and don't he go much more in comparison than in reality?"

The following is a recent item we have been following Wilkie Collins's novel, "Armadale," in the page of *Harper's Magazine*:

There is a vessel lying at present at the Hankinson Dock (Liverpool) called the *Armadale*. On Saturday a gentleman called at the office and asked to see the ship. On Sunday another keeper, a pilated in his place, was refused admittance. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and yesterday another man was found dead on board."

It is said that among the Parisian ladies incessant exertion can not be found to keep the hair in order, and the "Empire" dominates, and to draw the skirts tighter and tighter around the figure. "Empire dress," as it is called, may suit to me the other day, while deploring these unbecoming tendencies, "lies in the good taste of the lessons, who is known to be the best in the city, and she replied, "Now, as we must all know that an Empress looks well in any dress, I think I can introduce, I think the "empe" very groundless and slight.

The leading Parisian dress-makers have been fully occupied of late in preparing mourning.

Mourning articles were now considered suitable for mourning, which formerly were only to be seen in colors. Even the last number of the Journal des Modes says, and when the mourning is about to be laid aside, pearl-gray or white crêpe, with black trimmings, make a very stylish toilet.

Black crêpe lace is considered the most dressy toilet for day wear, and the low *crepe* for evening wear.

For evening dress, white crêpe, over white satin, is much admired; *crepe*, striped with silver, is also made in this way. It looks very sombre, but is said to be very rich in an exceedingly pretty effect. Steel stars are in vogue for decorating mourning dresses, and black silk cord, with steel beads are used for looping up black skirts. For the first days of mourning, jet ornaments are worn, and the black velvet coronets, studded with jet cameos, linked together with jet chains, are considered the most suitable for the milliners have invented for the present court mourning.

Very few flowers are used for the mourning bonnets: pansies and narcissi are the only flowers now fashionable. Empire crepe bonnet, as a wreath round the crown of a fine crape bonnet, but they are too sombre for young faces. Some round bonnets, covering jet stars in black tulle bonnets, bands of black pleated or stitch feathers in velvet bonnets, are also fashionable. Black velvet bonnets with mourning bonnets are made of crepe lisse in pelerine, trimmed with a fall of *crepe lisse* fringed with jet, and tied with wide *gros grain* ribbon, starred at the ends with jet.

England certainly excels America in one respect. We never heard of our theirs being so religiously inclined to the following item from world holiness:

A well-known thief stole a horse-collar at Liverpool recently, and on the night of Christmas-day, he and his wife fell upon his knees and burst out into prayer. The policeofficer determined to watch the effect of prayer, and the prayer seemed to be interminable cut it short by walking his prisoner off to jail.

ASPINWALL AND THE PANAMA RAILROAD.

THE sea-port town of Aspinwall, on the coast of New Granada, in the Gulf of Mexico, is the Atlantic terminus of the Panama Railroad. Until lately passengers are conveyed in a few hours to the shore of the Pacific Ocean. It is, as all the world knows, quite a busy place, having been founded in the eighth part of its surface is yet cleared. As opportunity offers trucks-loads of earth are brought down and the swampy ground is gradually filled in, but this process is a very slow one. When completed, however, Manzanilla ought to present a solid surface. There is no fresh water on the island; and all the water required for the consumption of the inhabitants has to be carefully collected from the mainland or brought in pipes from the main land. The principal fea ure of the place is the railroad, with a number of hot-house cars, which thrive amazingly. The streets are filthy, and there does not appear to be the slightest effort to improve the condition of the town. The roadstead or port of Aspinwall is very exposed; between the months of October and March tremendous northers visit the coast, and commit great havoc among the wharfs and shipping.

Our engraving represents the starting of the train on the Panama railroad, for Panama, in the early morning. The railroad was constructed by an American Company, and is one of the most striking examples of American energy and perseverance. It was constructed in 1850, and finished in five years, being the first railway ever undertaken in a tropical country. Its length is forty-seven miles and a half, and the charge (there is no distinction of class) is over fifty cents a mile—the most expensive railway traveling in the world. The fortunate shareholders receive a dividend of 30 per cent., but much more is earned. Each passenger is allowed 50 pounds of luggage, and has to pay five cents for any more. Freight is equally dear. The time of crossing from one ocean to the other is about four hours. The rolling-stock is American, and the engines are acknowledged by Englishmen to be an improvement on those of the English railways.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY

THERE is no particular change to chronicle in the fashions for any thing, the robes get rather longer and the "cataques" shorter. The latter are either trimmed with fur or lavishly embroidered with gold braid. Bonnets have undergone no change. "Ecstines" are made to come higher up than ever, and are generally trimmed with sable, astrakan, or swandown.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. 1. Ball-dress of white tulle, looped up at the side with black velvet ribbon, and bordered with three rows of the trimmed with a flounce. The body is cut low and pointed.

No. 2. Morning robe of silk, with epaulets of the same. The head-dress is of simple lace.

No. 3. Evening dress made for the Princess de Metternich. Blue satin tunic bordered with a passementerie composed of two rows of ribbon with embroidered bullbetween; the bolt and trimming of the corsage of the same material. The jupe is of white tulle covered entirely with silver crescents. The under jupe, which is of silk the same as the tunic, is fluted at the bottom. The coiffure consists of a wreath with bows of blue satin and a diamond star.

No. 4. Toilet worn by the Princess de Metternich at the wedding of Princess Anna Murat. Robe of white silk striped with green. Over-skirt of green satin with long tunic of the same material. Corsage and jupe are trimmed with gray narrow fur. White bonnet, trimmed with light green velvet, with ostrich feather fastened by a gold clasp. Muff and stockings.

Chintz *Dress*.—Frock of black moire. Jacket of black velvet, lined with chintz. Hat likewise of velvet, with their canoe ornaments and a red feather.

The costumes and accessories worn in the engraving are from the establishment of Worth & Bobergh, Rue de la Paix, Paris; the head-dress of Mme. Elise Reiffer's, Rue de la Paix; and the head-dress of the morning toilet is from Mdme. Alexandrine's, Rue d'Antin.

DR. EDWARDS'S OLIVE OINTMENT.—DR. EDWARDS'S PREPARATIONS have secured such a reputation that comment is unnecessary.

Ladies and Gentlemen will find a variety of useful information in DURYEA'S ROYAL HAND-BOOK" for 1866, embracing, among other things, the most complete dictionary of the Language of flowers ever published, as well as a descriptive list of the choice preparations of this House. It will be distributed gratuitously.—*Boston Journal*, December 8.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, Proprietors.

For sale by all dealers in medicines, perfumery, fancy goods, and groceries.

ADVERTISEMENTS

VALENTINES! VALENTINES!
NEW DESIGNS, NEW MOTTOES,
NEW STYLES.
$10, $20, $30, $40, and $50 lots always on hand.
Send in your orders at once to the VALENTINE DEPOT of T. W. STRONG, 98 Nassau Street, New York.

GOLDEN PALM OIL SOAP.
For the Bath and Toilet.
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.
LINDLEY M. ELKINTON, Manufacturer,
138 Market Street, Philadelphia.

144 COMIC VALENTINES
Mailed free on receipt of $1. B. W. HITCHCOCK, 14 Chambers St., New York. Circulars free.

DON'T BE FOOLISH
You can make Six Dollars than Fifty Cents. Call and examine an invention superior needed by every body. Or a sample sent free by mail for 50c. that retails easily for $5, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, New York.

Central Park
SKATING and POCKET
LANTERN.
No person should skate after dark without this Lantern; enabling the Skater to discern and avoid bad spots in the ice.
It is adapted for any other purpose.
Sent to any address on receipt of $1.
BRUNDRETT BROS.,
103 Beekman St.,
New York.

THE DAYS OF
BRASS JEWELRY
Are Over.
THE COSMOPOLITAN
JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION,
Capital, $2,500,000.
Great One-Price Gold Sale.
Sell no Brass or so-called Plated JEWELRY.
WARRANT ALL JEWELRY GOLD, OR NO SALE.
Let it be distinctly understood that this is emphatically a GOLD SALE, by an association of manufacturers, on a one-price average system, and that not a single article of brass or plated jewelry is included in the whole immense stock.
250,000
PIECES, Gold and Silver Watches, Diamond Rings, Sets of rich Silverware, Fine Gold Jewelry, Photograph Albums, &c.,
Worth $2,500,000,
All to be sold for two dollars each, an average price of one-fifth the usual cost, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive.
INSURING TEN DOLLARS WORTH FOR $3.
☞ THE PROOF.—We guarantee to send any customer, in exchange for the least article they may get for $3, a splendid richly chased or engraved silver Butter-Dish or Cooler, fine plated, worth at $20, or a solid gold Watch. The entire morocco Photograph Album, valued at $6; and you have a possibility of getting a
Fine Gold Watch or Piano.
Send 25 cents for the Golden Envelope, containing valuable receipts and songs; and one of the sealed Certificates, which are well mixed and taken out regardless of choice. It will be sent, which will inform you what you can get for $3, from a Butter-Dish or Cooler, worth $16, to a Watch or Grand Piano, worth $1000. Also will be sent our circular, containing list of articles and full particulars and terms to agents, to whom great inducements are offered.
Two for 60 cents, with a beautiful Photograph; 5 for $1, with a Silver Nut-Pick, worth $1; 11 for $2, with a Silver Napkin Ring, worth $1; 17 for $3, with a Silver Fruit Knife, worth $3; 30 for $5, with a Gold Pen, Extension Case, worth $5; 65 for $10, with a Gold Dollar Locket, worth $13; 160 for $18, with a fine Silver Watch, worth $18; 200 for $20, with a Silver Hunting Watch, worth $20.
In all cases, upon receipt of the money, the premiums as above will be sent with the envelope.
Address CALKINS & CO., Managers,
No. 37 Park Row, New York.
Or, if nearer you, 36 South Fourth St., St. Louis, Mo.; or 83 and 85 Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER.
EUROPEAN POCKET TIMEKEEPER.
ONE DOLLAR EACH.
PATENTED IN THE UNITED STATES, June 26, 1866.
AN EXACT AND RELIABLE POCKET TIMEKEEPER for Ladies and Gentlemen. Correctly constructed on the most approved SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, and warranted to KEEP SOLAR TIME with absolute certainty and the utmost precision. It never runs down. It requires no key and no winding up; WOUND RUNS DOWN, and can never be too fast or too slow. It is an instantaneous article. Approved by the PRESS and ALL WHO HAVE USED THEM. Just introduced into this country from Europe, and secured by Patent by the LETTERS PATENT. Price for a single one, with plain or fancy dial, by mail, securely packed in a box, with a three postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. Sole delivery of agency for the United States. Agents to imitate this advertisement with a view to swindling the public, by offering a useless article, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address the sole proprietor and manufacturer, M. JULIUS MEYER, 207 Broadway, New York, or SOLE PROPRIETORS, 594-596 Broadway, New York.

Wonderful! Wonder!—Full instructions, by which a person can make the finest art of ventriloquism in a few hours' practice. Satisfaction given, or money refunded. Sent by mail for $1. Address J. A. D. SPENCER, Calhoun, Ill.

AGENTS ALWAYS WANTED.
Circulars free. Address B. W. HITCHCOCK, 14 Chambers St., New York. Big chance for Agents.

Chapped Hands and Face,
SORE LIPS, CHILBLAINS, &c.—HEGEMAN & CO.'S CAMPHOR-ICE WITH GLYCERINE cures chapped hands, &c., instantly, and keep the skin soft and smooth in the coldest weather. Sold by druggists. Price 25 cents. Sent by mail for 30 cents. HEGEMAN & CO., Chemists and Druggists, New York.

$1,000,000 Worth
of
Watches, Jewelry, and Silverware.
To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, not to be sold for under that price. Read what are to receive.
100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches . . . . . each $125 00
500 Silver Watches . . . . . each 20 00 to 35 00
10,000 Gold Pens and Silver Cases . . . . . " 5 00 to 8 00
And a large assortment of Jewelry and Silverware of every description. The method of disposing of these goods at ONE DOLLAR each is as follows:
Certificates, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents; five for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5. Agents wanted, to whom we offer liberal terms and premiums. Address A. D. BOWEN & CO.,
88 Nassau Street, P. O. Box 4230, New York.

Holiday Presents.

GREAT SALE of
WATCHES, CHAINS, DIAMOND RINGS, &C.
One Million Dollars Worth!
TO BE DISPOSED OF AT
ONE DOLLAR EACH!

Without regard to value!! Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive!!!

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES!

All to be sold at One Dollar Each!!

500	Musical Boxes, each	$1
150	" with Bells and Castinets	200
500	Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns	250
500	" Chasting Dishes	300
1000	" Pitchers	150
1500	" Syrup Cups with Silvers	200
5000	" Cake Baskets and Pitching Cakes	300
5000	" Castors, from	150
700	" Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets,	300
10	" Dozen Silver Tea spoons, per dozen,	1000
10	" Table Spoons and forks, per dozen,	2000
50	" Table Cutlery,	4000
50	" Ivory-Handled Hunting-Case Watches,	4000
50	" Ladies Gold and Enameled Hunting-Case Watches,	4500
50	Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches,	3500
50	" Diamond Rings,	4000
5,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains,	400
5,000	Gold Guard Chains and Bracelets,	400
6,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets,	600
2,000	Gentlemen's Albs and Guard Chains,	1000
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches,	400
5,000	Cameo, Jet, and Emerald Brooches,	600
5,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Earrings,	400
7,500	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops,	400
4,000	Gentlemen's Diamond Breastpins,	800
8,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys,	200
4,000	Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides,	800
5,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c.,	800
5,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.,	400
20,000	Medallion Lockets,	1000
4,000	" Magic Spring	1000
5,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc.,	400
5,000	Plain Gold Rings,	400
5,000	Chased Gold Rings,	400
2,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings,	800
1,000	Ladies' Gold Watches,	1000
1,500	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Set and Pin,	1000
4,000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Studs, Pencil, Opal, and other Stones,	400
10,000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension Holders and Pencil,	400
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	600
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	1500
5,000	Gold Pens and Ivory Holders,	800
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bars and Balls	500

AREADA & CO., Manufacturers' Agents, No. 167 Broadway, New York, announce that all of the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar Each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of goods in the jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent over for sale in this country, and will be SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE.

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved to Send Out Appointments, and to dispose of nothing to the following regulations:

Each person will receive what is described in an envelope, undisturbed, sealed up; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent to the party who may draw for them.

On receipt of the certificate you will see what you have to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any box of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

What the "Press" say of us.

The *Lafayette* (Indiana) *Daily Courier*, March 18, 1865, says: A letter of inquiry, some weeks since, to an assortment of jewelry can not be found on the Continent than ARRANDALE & CO., are now offering for sale at One Dollar each, and which, we are informed, are of the same description of goods as those which they have been selling at from $5 to $10 per piece. The statements may be implicitly relied upon, both as to the character of their goods and the manner of doing business especially, in all parts of the country, are realizing handsome profits as agents, and if any of our readers desire to interest themselves in the enterprise, they may do so with perfect confidence.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They offer an immense stock of articles, worth $1 value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is by gift system—you serve to get any article of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you choose to take the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb. 19, 1865.*

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, June 11, 1864.*

Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement the advantages must be very great to the customer. So he has every thing to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. We know what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Leader, Aug. 8, 1864.*

We have the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to favor their advertisement.—*N. Y. Leader, Sept. 3, 1864.*

LADIES, BEWARE FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies in the sale of certificates of the Great Gift Distribution of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this line, not only in filling up her own time, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom the sold the certificates, as will be seen by our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Evening Herald, August 14, 1865.*

The British Ship of Kingston, C. W., say, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our subscribers has sent an order for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought home twenty certificates, sent a party over her agency, to call for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have had some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Gold "Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Angerson Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb. 15, 1865.*

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, besides, powerful their remittances to one Dollar. Also other inducements, which can be learned on application. Agents will collect the money for each Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. ARRANDALE & CO.,
167 Broadway, New York.

FIRST PREMIUM
IMPROVED

$5 SEWING $5
MACHINE.

The Embodiment of Practical Utility and Extreme Simplicity.

Originally patented May 15, 1862; Improvements patented March, 1865. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with complete attachments, is the most wonderful and elegantly-constructed novelty, is noiseless in operation, has the strength of any high-priced machine, sews with double or single thread of all kinds. Makes the strongest-stitch alike on both sides. Lighter than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to every revolution of the wheel. Will stitch, RUN, HEMBLE, BIND, TUCK, DARN OR BRAID THE, &C., &C. Every machine has instructions. Warranted not to get out of order in 3 years. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the highest testimonials from journals and of those who have used it. It is the only low-priced machine that has ever been offered to the public that is PATENTED. ALL OTHER sewing machines at the same price are counterfeits.

"For the drummaker it is invaluable; for the household it supplies a want always felt."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly sews, hems, gathers, binds and runs; in short, performs quickly the hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of $5 per piece. *Sole delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Circular, containing liberal inducements, sent free. Address

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
Office 323 Broadway, New York.

Superfluous Hair Removed

From all parts of the body in five minutes, without injury to the skin, by "DYKE'S DEPILATORY POWDER." Sent to any address, free of postage, for $1. Depot 25 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. Sold by all druggists.

Allcock's Porous Plasters

CURE LUMBAGO, PAINS OF THE SIDE, VARICOSE VEINS, AND ALL WEAKNESS.

An Electrician, who has great experience of their effects in local rheumatism, in the dolorous, and deep-seated nervous and other pains, and in affections of the kidneys, &c., etc., strongly recommends the Porous Plasters, and pain-relieving effects to their electric qualities. He asserts they restore the healthy electric condition equilibrium of the part, and, that being restored, pain and morbid action cease.

Lame Back.

BRANDRETH HOUSE, NEW YORK, Nov. 25, 1859.

T. ALLCOCK, ESQ.—Dear Sir: I was entirely relieved yesterday from a weakness in my back. Having heard your Plasters much recommended in cases of the kind, I procured one and applied it, and all that I could desire. A single Plaster cured me in a week.

Yours, respectfully, J. G. BRANDRETH.

General Agency, 274 Canal street, New York.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

VIOLINS and BOWS

Sent to any part of the U. S. on rec't of following prices: GERMAN, Best or brown, $2 50, $3, $4, $5, $6, $8.
ITALIAN LEAGUE, Best, $5, $6, $8, $10, $12, $15, $20.
JAPANESE, Blocked and inlaid, $8, $10, $12, $15, $20.
ITALIAN, Very fine, $15, $20, $25, $30, $40, $50.
OLD MASTERS. Very fine tone, $40, $50, $75, to $200.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of every description at lowest Cash Prices. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
Especial attention given to this department.
WM. A. KING, 297 Broadway.

HOWARD MISSION AND HOME FOR LITTLE WANDERERS, No. 37 New Bowery, New York.

Board of Managers—Joseph Stickle, President, 151 Broadway; H. S. Terbell, Vice-President, 69 Worth St.; H. Ketcham, Secretary, 37 New Bowery; Wm. Frith, Treasurer, 384 Canal St.; A. Baldwin, 321 Broadway; W. Allen, 8 Pine St.; Wm. Whitlock, Jr., 3 Wall street; W. Abbe, 8 Pine St.; W. Sanford, 229 Water St.; Rev. W. C. Van Meter, Superintendent.

"*The Next Song*."—Three days ago, in a cold room, sat, freezing and starving, three little children. The eldest, a girl of nine years, had but a few months since received from having had nurtured her through fever and the winds pipe, by her brutal mother. The other two are brothers, the youngest scarcely three years old. Had the heartrending exhibition of perishing infancy or neglected childhood. They were the children of parents who had already given up by the parents. For the first time they enjoyed the luxury of warmth, food, and clothing, and the shoes, toys, combs, and brushes had finished their work, nose, soft, warm clothes, so kindly sent by friends, and the pieces of flannel wrapped around their feet and around the register they warmed into new life, and our heart smiled as we heard sweetly, from the eldest girl of their little hearts, they sang:

"I'm happy, I'm happy, I'm so my way to Zion;
I'm happy, I'm happy, I'm so my journey home."

God grant that these little ones may remember that perishing little ones in our city! We want home for the little ones. Who will help us? Who will help him? We have received over $600 in four years—more than $200 in the last four months—but we need $1,000 more to be comfortable. One Dollar a Week will buy food for a child. Who will help us? Send to our agent, Mr. Whitlock, 3 Wall street, or to the treasurer, Mr. Wm. Frith, 384 Canal street, or to the superintendent, Rev. W. C. Van Meter, 37 New Bowery.

January 1, 1866.

There is no Book for Choirs

Superior to the "HARP OF JUDAH," by L. O. emerson. Seventy-five Thousand Copies have already been sold, and the demand for the present indicates a continuation to all who have used it. For choirs, singing schools, conventions, and singing classes, it is unequaled. A musical that is universally liked. Price $1.38 a copy; $12 a dozen. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

Pile Remedy.

DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure.
For sale by all Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

Coughs

DR. STRICKLAND'S SHELLBLOSSOM COUGH BALM will be found invaluable for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Whooping-Cough, Sore Throat, Consumption, and all other forms of Throat and Lung Disease.
For sale by Druggists. 25 cents per Bottle.

PARLOR ORGANS.

The Highest Premium, a Special Gold Medal, was awarded to Dr. Liv. the great Fair of the American Institute over all competitors for the best instruments.

A Gold Medal was awarded to CARHART, NEEDHAM, & CO. for the best Reed Instrument on exhibition—a most just testimonial.—*Tribune, Oct. 14, 1865.*

"I can speak of them in the highest terms."—G. W. MORGAN

"The finest instruments of the class I ever saw."—GEO. F. BRISTOW.

"The best instruments of their class."—WM. A. KING.

"Their tone, delicacy, and power, is the perfection of any other instrument of a similar kind."—CHARLES FRADELBURG.

Illustrated Catalogues sent by mail.

CARHART, NEEDHAM, & CO.,
No. 97 East Twenty-third st., New York.

S—T—1860—X.

Drake's Plantation Bitters.

They purify, strengthen, and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an unfailing cure for cramps of voice and diet.
They overcome the effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the nerves and relieve the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the blood and acidify the stomach.
They cure dyspepsia and constipation.
They are a specific for diarrhœa, and cholera-morbus.
They cure liver complaint and nervous headache.

They are the best farmers in the world. They make the most work out of the least nourishment from grass and water. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated California Tonic, and the roots and herbs which form the groundwork of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particular attention is invited to these bitters requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, Saloons, and Country Stores, and by the proprietors at No. 10 Park Row, Room 2, Brown & Counterdicks and refitted below.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
21 Park Row, New York.

In those cases of scanty, retarded growth the present season of 1865, the balsam of the Spruce Swamp Shrub has been found to excite the Beard, Mustache, &c., to a rich and vigorous growth. (See Dandelion.) The History and a small Sample of this Balsam will be mailed to those requiring it.
JOHN EAWLINS, 815 Broadway, New York.

THE HORACE WATERS Grand, Square, and Upright PIANOS, MELODEONS, and CABINET ORGANS. Wholesale and Retail. To let, and rent allowed if purchased. Twenty pianos received for the trade, and one and piano at bargains from $80 to $225. Factory and warerooms, 481 Broadway, New York. Second-hand Pianos. Pianos tuned and repaired.

HORACE WATERS.

Youth and Beauty Restored

To the gray-headed by the use of

Webster's Vegetable Hair Invigorator.

DEMAS BARNES & Co., N. Y., General Agents.

HOW TO MAKE CIDER WITHOUT APPLES or other fruit. The Hunter's Secret complete. Information of value to Ladies, and those interested in things worth knowing, will be found in the "HOUR OF WORKING." For Agents' Terms, address H. DOW & CO., Boston.

DUMB-WAITERS.

JAMES MURTAUGH'S celebrated DUMB-WAITERS are manufactured only at No. 1335 Broadway, New York, where a model can be seen.

$1500 PER YEAR! We want agents every where to sell our NEW and CHEAP $20 Sewing Machines. Three new Holds. Under and upper feed. Warranted five years. Fully licensed and protected by law. Do not be swindled by travelling peddlers. We pay no Salaries. Address or call upon SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine, or at No. 335 Broadway, New York. No. 298 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.; No. 14 Lombard's Block, Chicago, Ill.; No. 181 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.; Boston Office; or No. 8 Spaulding's Exchange, Buffalo, New York.

PHARAOH'S SERPENTS.

Eggs of the largest and most rich of Pharaoh's Serpentgirted, will evolve if a few seconds a harmless Serpent, several feet in length. Full set of ten eggs mailed to any part of the country, for 50 cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 37 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. The Trade supplied.

DR. GLOVER'S LIVER TONIC relieves and cures more ruptures than any other. Sold by druggists generally. Also, his unfailing stockings, belts, bandages, crutches, &c. No. 11 Am Street, New York. Established 20 years. Send stamp for Pamphlet.

Pimples on the Face

REMOVED AT ONCE BY THE USE OF "UPHAM'S PURIFYING POWDER FOR THE SKIN." Sent anywhere for 75 CENTS, by S. C. UPHAM, No. 37 SOUTH EIGHTH ST., PHILADELPHIA. Sold by druggists.

HOME EMPLOYMENT.

A GOOD MAN WANTED IN EVERY TOWN and County in the United States to engage in an honorable employment. Fifteen cents per hour. Light manufacturing required are tact and industry. Address, with Half Stamp, ROBERTS BROTHERS, 13 Bond Street, Jersey City, N. J.

$19 PER DAY. Active, enterprising men wanted everywhere to sell the article required by every person. Useful, attractive, and quick sale. Business honorable and respectable. Full particulars and a sample sent free by mail. Address American Golden Pen Co., Hartford, Ct.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

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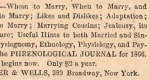
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—NO. 475.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BIRDS IN WINTER.

THE birds have been called God's Messengers ever since that old and holy time when the prophet Elijah, waiting for his evening meal, saw the broad-winged ravens painted black upon the golden sunset, which flooded with glory the brook Cherith, by which he knelt. Our Saxon ancestors called those birds that built about the churches God's Birds, and held them in as great reverence as those which reared their nests against the temples erected by David and Solomon.

We read of winters in England so severe, even within the last century, that nearly all the small birds perished. There were very few robins, wrens, linnets, or larks seen the following spring, and it was the end of sum mer before any young birds appeared. During those hard winters thousands of birds were picked up frozen to death, for all the rivers were ice-bound, and it was so cold that the oil was frozen in the street-lamps, and they could not be lighted, so that the towns were left in darkness. Freezing showers often fell during those hard old winters, coating every thing they touched with clear bright ice, even the plumage of the birds; while the crimson holly-berries showed as if they were under glass, and the moss and lichen looked like jewels inclosed in crystal cases. How do the small birds live during our severe winters? Where do they find their food?

Even in the severest weather there are millions of leaves in our forests amidst which insects are to be found. Then, too, the birds find berries in considerable quantities. There are also myriads of insect-eggs glued on tree, bush, or hedge, to foliage that never falls, and these the birds find out and devour; and well would it be if our gardeners looked a little more closely to the few leaves which remain on the fruit trees at the end of winter, for they will be found covered with squares of insect eggs, all glued so close together that it is difficult to force the point of a fine needle between the rows. Amidst mosses, among withered grass, in the open hollows of no end of weeds and reeds, in decayed wood, in the thatch of stacks, dwellings, and outhouses, insects are concealed, and seeds are to be found which are only visible to the sharp sight of birds. We see them searching every hole and cranny in old walls, holding on by their claws and the pressure of their tails, and can fancy that the light of their sharp, flashing eyes must be as startling to the poor insects they fasten upon as the bull's-eye of a policeman's lantern is when turned upon a concealed felon. In farm-yards, in places where flocks and herds are foddered, amidst every variety of foliage and herbage, the birds find food that we know nothing of. Watch some bird busy pecking, then kneel down and examine the ground closely, and all you find will be grit, sand, and loam—to your eye nothing else is visible: what else might be revealed can only be discovered through the aid of a microscope. The sight of birds is marvelous. They will drop down like a stone upon an insect from such a height as in our eye would render it as indistinct as a grain of sand on a gravel walk.

The birds pass two-thirds of their time in mid-winter in sleep, during which they require no food. The same Providence which causes so many created things to hibernate during the period they would perish for want of food if awake, also provides rest and sleep for the birds, during which they feel no hunger, and renders the few brief hours of winter daylight long enough to gather a sufficiency of food before retiring to roost.

Chief favorite of all our winter birds is the little robin. He never leaves us, but still sings the old year out and the new year in, as his forefathers did, centuries before a Christmas carol was heard. His beautiful red breast and the crimson holly-berries are generally the only bits of warm coloring we see out of doors, where all the landscape is whitened with winter. He hops on the window-sill, leaving the print of his long claws in the snow, while he peeps through the pane with his bold black eyes, asking, in his way, for food, and will enter the room, after a few visits, if he is treated kindly. He has such winning ways that all the children love him, and would not harm him for the world, were he caught and placed in their hands. How delighted the children are to stand at the door and feed the birds in winter, to watch their shy habits, as they draw nearer and nearer until they reach the furthermost crumb; then they open their wings and are off in the twinkling of an eye! Throw up a few shovelfuls of earth in the garden, and there the robin is rummaging among it to see what he can find, almost before our back is turned; or else we find him perched, impudently, on the handle of the spade we had left sticking in the mould, and singing away, with all his might, as if trying how much space he could fill with his song, since all the other birds are silent. Neither does he forsake us for long together, either in spring or summer, except at breeding-time, but comes every now and then, as if just to look on and say he has not forgotten us. Then he comes again, with his little family about him in their juvenile suits; and you must look very close at them to see a likeness, for they are too young to wear the red waistcoat—the proud crest of the house of the Robins: but they will put it on in autumn, and be able to take a part in the Christmas carols.

In England, where the climate is less severe than in this country, the scene which we illustrate on this page is a very common one in the winter. There the wrens, robins, and finches are frequent visitors at the window. And as for the sparrow, it is never absent. They are the plague of the English farmer. They eat up the early seeds which he sows in February. They are born thieves, and are even said to fight each other in the winter for no other reason than to keep warm.

There are thousands of secluded homesteads scattered over England, where tender-hearted children may be seen administering "out-door relief" to the birds in winter, such as our artist has so beautifully pictured. The speckled fieldfare and the bull-picking bull-finches gaze timidly from the branches of the holly-tree; while the shy, wild blackbirds seem afraid to draw nearer, and the thrush crouches low, as if he feared the noisy sparrows, who make themselves quite at home any where. The timid green-



BIRDS IN WINTER—OUT-DOOR RELIEF.

finch, the graceful chaffinch, and the merry wagtail seem shy, though the chaffinch has approached so near to the noisy sparrows; while bold Robin Redbreast has ventured on the window-sill, and we see a sweet face turned toward him from behind the diamond-shaped lattice.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1866.

UNION.

IT is a matter of sincere congratulation that the vote upon the Suffrage in the District of Columbia shows that the great Union party does not mean to serve the purposes of its enemies by fatally breaking its ranks. There is an honest difference of opinion as to the wisdom of unqualified suffrage. The party in Congress seems to have been about equally divided. When, therefore, Mr. HALE proposed to recommit the bill with instructions to the Committee to report certain qualifications, the Democrats hinged by joining the radicals—who put a convenient distinction—against the motion, to compel the Conservatives to vote against the bill as it stood, in which case the Democrats hoped that their vote united with that of the Conservatives would finally defeat the bill.

These fond hopes of a foolish faction were utterly baffled. The Conservatives refused for the recommittal. The Radicals and Democrats defeated it. The question recurred upon the bill as reported. The Democrats voted solidly against it. But the Conservatives, with insignificant exceptions, voted solidly with the Radicals for it, and carried dismay to the enemies of a sound and peaceful reunion. Then the Senate has passed upon the bill and the President has signed it, the union of the Union party will be closer than ever.

This result just at this time is of the highest importance, for there were beginning to be very serious doubts not of the intention but of the sagacity of the Union party. A few days since a gentleman sitting in a circle of persons unfriendly to the Government read aloud Mr. RAYMOND'S Indiana bill. After the most sarcastic comments by the company, an ex-rebel officer said: "No matter. Don't trouble yourselves. The dominant party is going to pieces fast enough, and there will be still Democrats will just have things our own way."

It was a very plain statement of a very plain peril. The consequences of a serious defeat in the Union party at this time would be inconceivably disastrous, and whoever precipitates it, whoever does not labor strenuously to prevent it, incurs a responsibility which will be cruel every honest man in the country. It would be infinitely worse than a mere party defeat, it would involve the honor and peace of the nation. Every object for which the Union party is now contending, with whatever differences of view as to method, would be wholly lost. The Union policy of reorganization would be scornfully repudiated, and the President, whom the ex-rebels and their abettors now obsequiously flatter, refusing, as he would refuse to submit to their dictation, would be contemptuously set aside.

Why should men sincerely devoted to the wise reorganization of the Union and to securing the evident results of the war tolerate the mere possibility of such a peril? Surely we are all agreed upon certain substantial, fundamental points. Upon the abstract question of the exact status of the unorganized States we differ. But that is a purely theoretical question. The essential practical point is, that they are not to resume their full powers in the Union except upon certain conditions, and upon that point there is no difference. Thus we all agree that the constitutional right of secession must be plainly disavowed; that the rebel debt must not be recognized; and that the Emancipation amendment must be supported in good faith. But still further we are agreed, and the President and the Lieutenant-General assent, that there must still be military occupation of those States for the security of their own inhabitants as well as for that of the country; and that the Freedmen's Bureau must be maintained to make the radical change of the industrial system as smooth and easy as possible. Me. And more than this there is no serious disagreement among Union men as to the fact that the Republic, becoming by the war an emancipation free men, must sooner or later share every guarantee of individual rights that any free man enjoys, including, of course, the suffrage.

Upon these great vital points there is substantial unanimity of opinion. For these ends we are all working. But if we allow the differences of method to drive us to the fatal extremity of party dissolution, we shall see a spirit quarrelsome to the Government and Union triumph through our folly. We shall see the military removed, the Freedmen's Bureau abolished, the rebel State debts approved, the national debt repudiated, the faith of the nation to the freedmen broken, and those who for four years by arms or by sympathy sought the overthrow of the Government, controlling it to its destruction, and we shall have our own criminal conduct to thank for it all. The late vote happily reveals the clear conviction among our friends that the defeat of any particular method of action can not be so hazardous to the country as a party schism. And however deeply the superior wisdom of any particular policy may be felt, and however earnestly defended, we are very sure that the good sense which saved the country in the present instance will continue to inspire Congressional action.

THE TAX AND EDUCATION.

THE report of the Commissioners upon the revenue system is awaited by the whole press and heroes by all who feel that the recommendations of gentlemen so wisely selected, and who have so faithfully devoted themselves to their arduous work, must necessarily have great weight with Congress. We trust that two facts will not have escaped their attention; that English publishing houses are rapidly establishing agencies in this country, and that school committees and teachers in all parts of the land are busily devising means to avoid the expense of schoolbooks, the prices of which are necessarily so high.

Cheap school books are surely a cardinal necessity of this United States. Is any one thing that should escape taxation is education. We certainly do not say that any trade should be favored at the expense of any other, but we do ask whether what is essentially benefited by the circulation of school-books do not harm the country more than they help it?

Paper, which is the principal material of books, after the chemicals used in its manufacture have paid a heavy duty, is taxed as a whole under the Internal Revenue act. The printing-ink and all the materials used in bookbinding also pay separate taxes. Finally, the finished book is taxed as a whole. In England, where, as in this country, foreign reprints are imported, books, paper, etc., are entirely exempted from taxation, and the English manufacturer is able to pay his duties and land books in New York or Boston at about half the price at which we can make them here.

The inevitable tendency of this state of things is to send our book-publishing to England, to stop our paper-mills, and force our skilled workmen into other channels of labor. Yet three-quarters of the works now published in this country are books of education. Do we wish that England should write and make them for us? Newspapers are justly exempted from taxation. But are the spelling-book and geography less essential? No honest trader wishes to shirk his share of the common burden. But ought those who manufacture articles of such primary necessity to pay much more than their share? If the Commission should recommend that books, as such, be exempted from taxation, they will recommend only that which common sense has reduced; while the increased circulation caused by the reduction will partly compensate the Government for the apparent loss.

We earnestly trust that the Commission will simplify the whole system of taxation, which is now an exasperating snarl of perplexities; and, when they have done that, and, with the other great luxuries, will emancipate popular education from the chains which are forging for it at the very moment in our history when cheap school-books universally diffused are a national necessity.

ABSTRACTIONS.

WE have elsewhere repeated what we have said more than once, that the question of the present exact status of the unorganized States is practically unimportant. As Mr. SUMNER has expressed it, it is "a pernicious abstraction." But SENATOR DOOLITTLE in his speech, a few days since, warmly denied that it was unimportant, and declared it to be a vital question.

So it would be if the Senator held strictly to his view of the question and agreed to abide by the inevitable consequences of his view. But he does not. Like every statesman, he is wisely illogical upon occasion. Indeed, the only truly logical advocates of his theory are the ex-rebels and ex-Tycoons. They assert that "once a State always a State," and rebellion having ceased, arms being laid down, Alabama and South Carolina are as much entitled to Wisconsin or Maine, and are, therefore, entitled to unconditional representation. They hold, and upon their premises justly, that the whole procedure of the President in the matter of reorganization, has been absolutely arbitrary and unconstitutional.

We say that the Senator is wisely illogical, for while he roundly asserts that a State can by no possibility lose its status as a State in the Union, he declares in the same breath that some States shall not recover their status as States in the Union unless they will submit to certain conditions imposed by the National Government. Yet does he suppose that the State of South Carolina adopted the Constitutional Amendment as freely as the State of Massachusetts? Of course he does not. But if so, is it not clear that whether a State can go out of the Union or not it can so derange its relations to the Union that they can be restored only as a new State is admitted, namely, by the consent of the Government?

The Senator seems to forget that the war is not over because the rebels have laid down their arms. The war continues until the Government determines it is ended. Every thing that the President has authorized in the lately belligerent States he has authorized as Commander-in-Chief. The military civil Governments in all the Southern States are, as SENATOR TRUMBULL truly says, merely tolerated by the Government of the United States. Governor ORR, of South Carolina, frankly recognizes this fact. The President continues the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* in those States. General GRANT continues military occupation. The supreme controlling authority in all those States is that of the nation.

Now nothing can be plainer than the duty of the nation not to relax that authority except upon perfectly satisfactory terms. In the actual situation the plea of State rights is pure folly. State rights are not to be resumed except upon conditions prescribed by the United States, and the United States are the sole judges of those conditions. Suppose the Government to suspect a conspiracy extending throughout the late league of rebel States to rise in arms as soon as the national hand was withdrawn. Would it be the duty of the Government to withdraw that hand because there was no present armed rebellion, and because the white inhabitants declared that they sequiesced in the result? But if the Government has the right to impose any condition whatever to satisfy itself that no rising could be successful should be attempted, it has the right to impose every condition necessary to the same satisfaction.

That is our situation now. Of course the choice of those conditions must be sagacious if it would achieve the end in view. Senator DOOLITTLE asks whether we would seriously undertake to govern the people of the unorganized States without representation. The Senator must first explain on what ground he proposes a system of State government, by which a third of the citizens are to be ruled entirely without representation. He is willing to admit Senator MARVIN from Florida. But will he explain on what ground he favors the assumption by the Union by the States which have a proportionably superior representation?

However, the question must be settled according to the Constitution, says some one. Certainly it must. The war was waged under the Constitution, and it must be ended under it. But the Constitution did not prescribe the methods in which the war should be carried on; and it does not specify the conditions upon which its results are to be secured.

THE FINANCE BILL.

THE financial measure before Congress, which contemplates the reduction of the currency by funding, is of so alarming a nature that it can not be passed upon too hastily. Not only have the Committee of Ways and Means implicitly obeyed the behests of the Secretary of the Treasury, they have gone further, and invested that functionary with powers which he never even thought of soliciting—powers greater than any organized Government in the world ever conferred upon any executive officer.

It was explained a few weeks since in these columns that the aggregate volume of debt to be funded or paid in the next sixty thirty months does not vary much from $1,800,000,000. Mr. MCCULLOCH in his report asked for power to fund this debt, and seemed to intimate that from one to two hundred millions a year might be funded. On this the Committee of Ways and Means, through the MORRILL sub-committee, prepare a bill which empowers the Secretary to sell bonds, or bonds, bearing any rate of interest not over 6 per cent., running for any number of years not over forty, at any price whatever, at any time or times, and in any amounts he chooses; and further permits him to receive in payment not only the lawful current money of the country, but any of the short dated 7-30 Treasury notes which the Government has been issuing. It is hardly necessary to say that, if such a measure became a law, Mr. MCCULLOCH would be created an omnipotent a dictator of the money market of the country as Congress and the Supreme Court are of our political concerns. By offering bonds for sale in large amounts, he could at any time produce a stringency in the market which would involve a general fall in prices; by accepting all, or nearly all, the bids, he could cause a general panic; while on the other hand, by rejecting bids below a certain figure, or by accepting in payment of his bonds securities not used as currency, he could relieve the monetary market at once, and cause prices to react as quickly as they had risen. Under this bill he might offer $250,000,000 of bonds for sale for lawful money. He might offer would assist an active recall of loans, a decline of 5 @ 10 per cent. in all securities, and a general turmoil in commercial circles. When the fall had taken place he might announce that no bid under par would be considered, and that Seven-Thirty notes would be received at par and interest in payment of his bonds. Such an announcement would cause an instantaneous "let up" in money, a rebound of 5 @ 10 per cent. in all securities, and a sudden recovery in merchandise. All this he might do without violating the law, or exposing himself to the slightest blame or censure. Is it safe to intrust such power to any one man? Is it fair to any man to expose him to such temptation?

HON. MCCULLOCH enjoys the perfect confidence of the American people. For many months he has had opportunities to learn all of the secret sales of gold made by the Department, of realizing fortunes for himself and others. And no responsible person, not even his bitterest political enemies, has ever even hinted that either he or any one else has made money by an early knowledge of the intentions of the Department with regard to sales of gold. The practice of selling gold secretly has been generally condemned on grounds of principle. But by common consent all admit that HUGH MCCULLOCH is an honest man, and that he will not himself speculate, or permit others to speculate, on what he does as Finance Minister of the United States.

If it were mathematically certain, therefore, that the extraordinary powers conferred on the Secretary of the Treasury by this bill would never be exercised by any one but Mr. MCCULLOCH, the country might view its passage without much alarm. But what if Mr. MCCULLOCH resigned, or should become, or died? Such things have happened before. And though there is good reason to believe that Mr. JOHNSON would be careful in selecting his successor, it must not be forgotten that we have had, heretofore, Secretaries of the Treasury and other Cabinet Ministers who were also carefully selected and who proved to be not above suspicion. HOWELL COBB was Secretary of the Treasury, and, as we all thought, a most respectable man; yet he did his best to ruin the public credit. THOMAS, of Maryland, a most respectable man, was Secretary of the Treasury, and equally unfaithful to his trust. The post of Secretary of the Treasury has always been filled by an able and an honest man; but how would the public view the placing of such enormous and irresponsible power in the hands of such persons as the late Postmaster-General or ROBERT J. WALKER—both of them in their time Secretaries of the Treasury? How if such men as ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and R. A. TOOMBS—both of them United States Cabinet Ministers in their day—chanced to be appointed to the Treasury Department?

The very fact, and the necessity for dictatorships may fairly be assumed to have passed away. It is about time not only that all public officials should scrupulously avoid assuming needless responsibility, but that Congress should, as heretofore, hedge its grants of power with proper restrictions and limitations. A curtailment of the currency being deemed requisite, the Secretary of the Treasury may properly be invested with the power of selling bonds to retire short securities or legal tenders. But the amount to be sold, the kind of money to be received in payment, the periods at which such sales may take place, the price at which the bonds may be offered, and the character and interest payable on the bonds, should all be fixed beforehand and openly by Congress, and not left to be determined privately by an executive officer. The public have a right to know what is going to be done in the vital matter of the currency.

There are two other points—we pass over the objections raised to the issue of Sterling Bonds as trifling and immaterial—upon which exception may fairly be taken to the financial measure now before Congress.

The first of these is the repeal of the section of the old law which establishes a Sinking Fund. That section had been flagrantly disobeyed by Mr. CHASE, and has been disobeyed by his successor. Finding it a dead letter Congress repeals it. This is repudiation. Men of means demand and at length obtain from the bonds on the faith that a sinking fund would be established which would gradually pay them off. Congress has no more right to abolish the Sinking Fund than it has to alter the rate of interest payable on the bonds, or the date at which they shall become payable. The Sinking Fund was one of the essential conditions of the contract between the United States and their creditors. It may have been an unwise condition. But it was voluntarily and deliberately established by the United States, and to abolish it now is to break faith with the public creditor, and to enter upon the broad highway of repudiation.

The second objection has reference to the payment of the currency interest on Seven-Thirty notes, debt certificates, and the like. By Mr. MORRILL'S measure it is proposed to absorb a large proportion of the legal-tender notes now afloat. Assuming that the bill will pass and will be a success, in this respect, it is clear that the Treasury Department will not be able to pay its currency interest in legal-tender notes, but will be compelled to pay it in the currency received for taxes—national bank

notes. This also will be repudiation. When the Government put forth the compound-interest notes, the Seven-Thirty notes, and the debt certificates, it covenanted to pay to the holder so much per annum as interest. The covenant necessarily implied, as all covenants do, that such interest should be paid in lawful money. If JONES agrees to pay BROWN $6000 on a given day he must pay in legal tenders or gold, or he can not claim a discharge. Now if Government, before the maturity of the Seven-Thirty notes and compound-interest notes, so contrives to reduce the volume of the legal tenders that all its taxes are paid in national-bank notes, it will have no means of paying the currency interest due on the securities in any other medium than in national-bank notes, which may, and probably will, at the time be worth much less than legal-tender money. Sound banking authority predicts that if $200,000,000 of our legal tender currency be withdrawn from circulation, the remainder will be worth from 2 to 5 per cent. more than national-bank notes. In such an event, to pay the interest on the Seven-Thirty notes, compound notes, and debt certificates in a currency worth considerably less than the money in which Government agreed to pay when it borrowed the money of its creditors, will be a very shabby piece of repudiation.

It is not very likely that the Committee of Ways and Means or Congress will pay much attention to the warnings of the press. Party discipline proves to have quenched individual freedom of opinion, and there is to little financial ability in Congress that both the committee and the body of which it forms a part are generally content to obey the orders of the Treasury Department. Were it otherwise, some effort might be made to induce Congress to let the currency alone for the present, and to take advantage of the large revenues of Government to reduce the public debt by selling the surplus gold in the Treasury, and by paying off each short date obligation as it matures. This would be the way to diminish our burdens without producing a commercial crisis, and in the end, it would probably prove an efficacious as Mr. MORRILL'S method for bringing down the price of gold. But there is no chance that any recommendation of the kind would be heeded.

COMMUTATION ON RAILROADS.

The principle of commutation is simply this, that a low rate of fares to permanent residents along the line of a railroad stimulates settlements and improvements resulting in profit. It supposes that the growth of such a population may be encouraged with advantage, and that there is a maximum attainable low rate for the solid advantage of the road. The policy applies whenever a crowded city is located at either terminus capable of throwing out a large suburban population. In England all the numerous railroads leading out of London and other principal cities have practiced it from the outset with perfect confidence in its direct remunerative system. The two great lines leading northward from New York (the Hudson River and Harlem roads) pursued the policy until they had passed into the hands of their present owners, who manage them so as to discourage further settlements, greatly to the injury of those doing business in the city who were induced by moderate fares to establish homes in the country. Rates to commuters who use the road daily were increased last season in many instances over three hundred per cent. A step so decisive warrants the conclusion that the policy of commutation is regarded by the proprietors with distaste, and that further experiment to settlements will not be afforded except other and different views prevail.

The subject is one of sufficient importance to justify public discussion, and particularly as the true interests of the roads and of the large number of property owners along their lines concur in the establishment of rates at which commuters can afford to pay, and such as will encourage improvements. The population along both lines is rapidly increasing, and with that along the English roads, but may be increased by a wise and permanent policy to an extent certain to reward the stockholders with ample revenues. The policy which gives the largest possible compensation from each commuter treats the present population as having attained its maximum, and strips them of all means to influence others to build up adjacent homes. These residents, instead of being the earnest and constant friends of the road, as they were at the outset for mutual benefit, are forced to make the complaints which prevent additional settlements. On both lines the great body of commuters, living at points not influenced by counter inducements, are dissatisfied, and could not be relied upon for any friendly service to either company. In the matter of taxation, trials before those not influenced by free tickets, coroners' juries, the sufficiency of fences, and applications to the Legislature, these roads will constantly be met by opposition from those commuters who regard the late sudden increase of fares as wholly unjustifiable.

This state of feeling could easily be changed by adopting the policy in use on all the English lines, of discriminating in favor of commuters owning or occupying houses along the line, which can be done with equal advantage to both stockholders and the public.

The London and North Western Railway adopted in 1862, and have since continued the following mileage scale of rates for season tickets for one year for ordinary commuters who use first-class carriages, although authorized by Parliament to charge higher prices per mile. Certain resident commuters pay half these rates. From one to five miles, inclusive, £7 10s. per annum, or say $36 gold. For each additional mile up to fifteen £1 per mile, or say $85 for fifteen miles. For each additional mile above fifteen 16s., or say for forty-eight miles $213. This distance, forty-eight miles, is the greatest on the Harlem road for which commutation is allowed. The Harlem road charges for commutation to Croton Falls (forty-eight and a half miles) $212 per annum. The rate between White Plains and Croton Falls is in very nearly the same proportion. Tickets, one hundred at a time, purchased, the use of which may be deferred for any period within four months.

The English rates are reduced 50 per cent. in perpetuity in favor of owners of houses rented under twenty pounds per year of rental value, and are continued to any successor or other occupant. Students or apprentices living with their parents at the distance of their residences pay also one-half the established rates. The Great Western line has adopted very nearly the rates specified above. Other lines charge about 25 per cent. in excess. The Chester and Holyhead Railway has established the following rates per annum: for seven miles £8, for fifteen £12, for fifty £28, for sixty £30, for eighty-five £40.

The extravagance of the Harlem rates is the more conspicuous if the amount of accommodation is considered. The commuters on White Plains there is but one morning train to New York, which is the only one a business man going daily to the city can be expected to use; there is but two afternoon trains up, and four in the whole each way per day. It is unnecessary to say that this is very, very far short of the accommodation furnished on the English roads. We understand that their commutation tickets are good for three hundred and sixty-five days, while here they are good for only the week days of the week. The commuter there is not restricted in the number of times he may travel back and forth, but here he must go or return more than one trip each week per day. Abroad, a general ticket is issued which is exhibited only when called for, here a ticket must be surrendered on each excursion and entered or exhibited on return.

But the important difference between the two systems is the assurance of a permanent policy in the English roads looking to the substantial interests of those who erect improvements along their lines, tending strongly to mutual benefit and the entire failure of the managers of these two roads to establish any such policy. This may be due to the fact that these lines have recently come into the hands of those who, although of large experience in other matters, are without experience on this subject, and hence they have adopted a rate of commutation which must diminish the population, repress industry, and actually damage property along these great lines of travel.

THE EIGHT-HOUR SYSTEM.

J. T., who is sanguine of the success of the eight-hour system, is agreed by our saying that the British laborer drudges fourteen hours a day for a pittance, and would deny the truth of the statement, but that he understands us to have asserted that fact as an illustration of the law of supply and demand. He thinks we should have said ten hours a day. But if drudging for ten hours a day is not a pittance to the British laborer, what would drudging eight hours give him? That we did not misrepresent the substantial fact of the condition of the British laborer is our saying what Mr. BRIGHT said in his late speech at Birmingham.

"Have you read," says MR. BRIGHT, "a paragraph which lately appeared in the newspapers about J. CROSS, a Dorsetshire laborer? He worked six days in the week. He had an excellent character from his employer. On which he worked 24 years at the rate of 8s. per week.....I tell you that many thousands of cases like that of JOHN CROSS could be found throughout England, and especially in the south, and that their condition is such that hitherto the most anxious investigation has been unable to solve the mystery how they manage to live and soul together." It is truly, as he calls it, "a desperate condition." Does J. T. think that if the British Parliament were to reduce the daily hours of labor to six that JOHN CROSS could keep body and soul together any better?

J. T. is a stone-cutter. He says that as yet there are no mechanical inventions to lighten his labor, and that competition is so intense that when a stone-cutter's day's labor is done he is too utterly exhausted for any mental application, or even enjoyment, whatever. He adds, that the trade in New York, Brooklyn, and the neighborhood, have given only nine hours for a day's work since November 10, 1863, and that no more has been required. This was undoubtedly in pursuance of the law that we mentioned in the "Saturday Sermon," of the practical limitation of effective labor. Nine hours' work at stone-cutting is doubtless, upon the whole, as valuable as twelve, and it is worth, therefore, the wages of twelve. If eight hours' work is equally valuable, it is worth the same. But the question is, whether a law can make eight hours' good labor worth the same as ten hours' good labor. If it can not, the inevitable effect of the law would be to drive capital where it could get the best return for investment.

J. T. thinks that if the Legislature will pass the eight-hours' law "they will check the selfishness of both labor and capital." But how? Can you compel capital in a particular direction? If you try it you will merely paralyze both capital and labor. Suppose the Legislature of New York were to pass a law that nobody should work more than five hours a day, nor be worth more than twenty thousand dollars. Might they not just as wisely and successfully enact that every body should be comfortable and happy? There are some things that laws can not effect, and laws about labor are wise and effective only so far as they enact the natural relations of capital and labor. That it is found that in the work of computation for the census and other statistics six hours a day is quite enough. It would be a very foolish law that would limit it to fifteen.

It seems to us that the friends of the eight-hour movement are of opinion that it needs only an act of the Legislature to secure eight hours' work, eight hours' sleep, and eight hours' recreation. J. T., however, while apparently urging this kind of legislation, expresses his opinion that it is not so much to secure that our social evils can be removed by legislative acts." What arguments, then, and to what end, shall be addressed to Congress?

ONE QUESTION SETTLED.

ONE of the perplexing questions has been virtually settled. The petition of the colored veterans of Ohio to be enlisted from the noblest impulses, and who after long service have been discharged, often from illness and wounds, and bounded out of the army without the least enlisted troops, was so plainly natural that it could not well be set aside.

But the Paymaster-General reports that it would take $10,000,000 to equalize the bounties. In view of such a sum and the present condition of the finances, do the patriotic petitioners themselves retain their honorable claim? Some kind of provision might be possible, but who would advocate such an addition to the burden of the country?

We want to see before we are generous, and the necessity of absolute economy is imperative. It is not only the duty of the nation but of individuals. Let us all be a unit even to the conduct of the people during the war if they universally and individually economized to help pay the debt as they nobly supported its necessary creation.

FIFTH AVENUE SKATING POND.

Now that the skating season has fairly commenced, we take pleasure in reminding our readers of the advantages connected with MAJOR OLTMANS' Skating Pond, on Fifth Avenue. It is the favorite resort of all lovers of the sport, both male and female. This pond is always open to visitors when the skating is good, except on Sundays.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 16:

In the Senate, MR. CHANDLER'S resolution to withdraw our Minister from Great Britain, etc., was laid upon the table, 25 to 19. MR. SUMNER'S resigne fixing the pay for the District of Columbia, MR. DAVIS indulged in his usual abuse of the negro. "Curley," he said, "had a descent of the Africa, but he ought to have added that a fool only descended from his skin, and not the least noble in the ground."

In the House, MR. CONKLIN, one of the Committee of Fifteen, offered a resolution, which was objected to, providing for the following amendments for the restoration of the Southern States: first, renunciation of secession; second, prohibition of the payment of the rebel debt; third, human rights to all populations of color; fourth, the impartial distribution of the representative population of the country, so that four millions of people shall not be represented as five hundred thousand; proportionate taxation the same thus they are excluded from political rights and privileges; fifth, a general amnesty. The resolution is referred to Congress.—MR. DEMING, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported a bill reviving the office of Major-General in the army, which was recommitted.—The House resolution to print the testimony before the Committee of Fifteen to send for persons or papers, 128 to 15.—The bill to extend suffrage in the District of Columbia was debated through the remainder of the session. The black population of the District is about 14,000, or about one-fourth the entire population of the District. The provision made by the bill is simply that there shall be no restriction to suffrage based on distinction of color. MR. JULIAN claimed that suffrage was the natural right of the negro. MR. RANDALL, of Kentucky, would go with his State in opposing negro suffrage. MR. STEVENS, of Pennsylvania, declared to be a member of the Republican party, but thought that the negro question should come with emancipation.

January 17:

In the Senate, a remonstrance of MR. SUMNER against arming the militia of Alabama was referred to the Committee of Fifteen.—MR. HOWE'S resolution to provide Provisional Governors for the rebel States was taken up. MR. DAVIS addressed the Senate at length, claiming that President JOHNSON had in his policy of restoration simply followed in the footsteps of his predecessor. He supported the President's policy, and claimed that to insure the very Union for which we have been fighting we must have a rapid a restoration of all the States to their normal relations to Congress as is possible.

In the House, MR. Blaine presented the credentials of JOHN P. HALE, elected Senator from Arizona, who was qualified and took his seat.—The bill to incorporate the National Freedmen's Relief Association, the object of which is to encourage emigration to the South, was taken up. MR. STEVENS, Pennsylvania, opposed the bill as unnecessary, and purported to be a charitable institution. The bill contemplated the loan of arms, and embraced only a small number of persons who might convey lands without limitation. The bill was laid on the table, 90 to 59.—The negro Suffrage bill for the District of Columbia was taken up, MR. BLAINE, of Maine, MR. DARLING, of New York, favored qualified suffrage, the qualification to be one of education. MR. STEVENS, of Pennsylvania, opposed negro suffrage in Districts. He moved a postponement of the bill to the first Monday in April. MR. HOLMAN contended a restriction of suffrage to all who could read the Constitution of the United States. MR. KELLEY, of Pennsylvania, supported the bill on the ground of equal and impartial justice. MR. BANKS, of New York, opposed the fortress that this was exclusively a white man's Government.

January 18:

In the Senate, a bill was passed to distribute 500 copies of MR. MEDILL'S writings among the different State Legislatures and Governors, etc.—MR. WILSON, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill for the admission of Colorado, until filling the State government with the negro question.—MR. NESMITH of Oregon spoke on MR. HOWE'S resolutions, supporting the President's policy. He said he would not say act of Congress necessary for the admission of the Southern States. This was a white man's Government, etc. MR. WADE followed in a reply to MR. DOOLITTLE'S speech of the 15th. He declared that we were not such to support a policy simply because MR. LINCOLN or MR. JOHNSON adopted it. MR. JOHNSON had not been more than MR. LINCOLN, and had compelled the Southern States to adopt the Thirteenth Amendment before their slaves were set free. MR. WADE wanted to go still further and place all men, white and black, on an equal footing. He thought it a bad faith, after trusting the negroes into the military service, to abandon them to their entire control. The bill was adjourned.—A bill was passed giving MRS. LINCOLN the franking privilege.

In the House, the bill for negro suffrage in the District of Columbia was taken up. MR. ARNOLD, of Illinois, opposing against it. MR. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, was opposed to postponement. He thought the negro suffrage should follow emancipation. He thought the negroes should have a claim in the Government that we were not



OLD FOLKS AT HOME AND YOUNG FOLKS ABROAD.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

MRS. SOREL.

CHAPTER IV.

BROTHER BARKER was in the full tide of the most confident and convincing assertions upon the state of the country when he experienced a sudden and singular interruption. This was none other than the entrance of a somewhat tall and slim but very neat lady, who was hailed by Mrs. Juggins with a cordial,

"Why, if here ain't Mrs. Sorel now! Walk in, Mrs. Sorel; glad to see you; don't take that chair, this here is an easier one; take off your bonnet; come to spend the day, I do hope; how are all at home?"

There was nothing specially wonderful in the lady, at least to look at. You could see that her mass have been beautiful in her youth; the clear gray eye, regular features, and still graceful form, showed that plainly enough. Yet, being only a lady, clothed in some gray stuff, with a calico sun-bonnet, it was hard to account for the interruption caused by her simple entrance. The preacher stopped in his conversation, singularly abashed and confused. Even the old planter received her more like an overgrown boy caught by the owner thereof in the midst of a watermelon patch than the master of a household. And Mrs. Juggins, too, seemed embarrassed to hide something beneath the bustle of her welcome.

A close observer might have detected a peculiarly arch smile which passed over the face of the visitor at the sudden silence and evident embarrassment which attended her arrival, but it was gone in an instant as she saluted the company with quiet ease and took a seat beside Mrs. Juggins. It was evidently with an effort that conversation was resumed; and the burden thereof was thrown upon the visitor, who had herself to mention the facts in regard to the weather, which, in the section of which we are speaking, and probably all over the world besides, form the invariable introduction to conversation.

It is strange; yet if ever countenances expressed the sense of being caught at something wrong, the countenances of the persons thus interrupted expressed that guilty emotion. Certain it is, there was in the bosoms of the persons interrupted a sharp, sudden sense of guilt which surprised even themselves, but which their outward bearing was too true to their inward self not to manifest. Of all of them the preacher had the deepest, strongest sense of this; and a sense of it which, a moment after, he resented more than the others, being more violent and positive in his after-conversation from this very cause. Meanwhile, if any one could have known it from her composed and natural manner or eye Mrs. Sorel was saying to herself, as she took out her sewing—"Dear me, I wish I had known, but, as it is, I can not help it!"

With the rest, she felt that it was in vain to sit there five minutes and not get into the one, grand, only, all-absorbing, everlasting topic. That it should not, at least, be her fault, Mrs. Sorel immediately engaged Mrs. Juggins, who was her near neighbor, in conversation about the making of butter and the raising of chickens and turkeys. The energy of these was evidently leading into the topic of the war, so that it was necessary to avoid that theme also. The gentlemen had from her entrance ceased conversation; she preacher apparently engaged in reading the *Advocate*—the religious paper of the Church to which Colonel Juggins and himself belonged—and the Colonel engaged in smoking his cob pipe and solemnly thinking over Fort Donelson and Nashville.

Now there was no better soul in the world than Mrs. Juggins, but conversation formed no part of her excellences, so that it devolved upon Mrs. Sorel either to say something or to sit in silence. To avoid this and, at the same time, keep the thread of conversation in her own hands, Mrs. Sorel began in a lowered tone to tell her neighbor of her various devices in the economy of her household; how much a little alum had improved the candles she was making at home; how easy she found it at last to plat straw into hats for her household; how she had succeeded in making starch—a large sample of which she had brought over for Mrs. Juggins from wheat bran.

"Yes; and just as good as any I ever bought of the store—Yankee made," remarked Mrs. Juggins, as she examined the starch carefully.

"That is what I say," continued the old lady; "we can do without them, we don't want them here; we don't they just stay at home and—"

"But I must tell you how I managed about making shoes," interrupted her visitor; and she proceeded to tell how many wax-ends of shoe she had made the children collect from about the place; how she had soaked them well in water, and so made them again into shoes. Mrs. Sorel also informed her neighbor how keenly she had suffered under the dearth of bluing, then desolating all the wash-tubs of the country, and how she had found out that common blue ink, largely diluted, answered just as well.

Yes, and ink went right a great deal two bits to fifty cents a bottle, soon's you found it out," moaned Mrs. Juggins.

Much more did Mrs. Sorel have to tell her neighbor, talking rapidly and in her most cheerful manner. Not, if she could help it, should the conversation glide off into the war.

"By-the-by, when did you hear from Frank last?" asked the Colonel, suddenly, in the midst of a description his wife was giving Mrs. Sorel of a loom she was having made.

Colonel Juggins had no such intentions, but his sudden question ruined every thing. He was an ignorant man, somewhat dull too, yet he had that intuition of the unexpressed which would have been as well not to have asked the question. But it was too late. Even Mrs. Juggins saw that they were, as she afterward expressed it, "in for it now."

"Not for several weeks, Colonel," replied Mrs. Sorel.

"Your son is in Virginia, I believe, ma'am?" said the preacher, in his usual tone at the beginning of a discussion. Brother Barker always began his sermon in a low and scarcely audible voice: he got loud enough, however, long before he got through.

"With our Tom," said the Colonel, promptly. "And now, Brother Barker, suppose we take a look at that Memphis paper. I did you about; you circuit riders know a good animal when you see it if any body does: takes a Methodist preacher to judge horse-flesh."

"In a moment, Brother Juggins," said the preacher, who was not to be interrupted in that way either. "To continue my remarks," he continued he, "that you have a son to fight the battles of his country; it must be a great satisfaction to you."

Now, "Brother Barker was built for fight," had been a highly complimentary remark often made in regard to him by his friends. No knight ever went into tourney with greater zest than did this man into any theological controversy, whenever and wherever the lists were opened. But controversy upon the well-worn themes of Church Government, Election, Baptism, and the like, had ceased entirely, had utterly passed from the minds of men. The one great controversy of the day, raging not only upon battle-field but in every village, in every knot of talkers, in every separate heart and mind, this controversy had swallowed up every other. It was men gave all the zeal they had hitherto squandered in dozens of different directions: certainly with Brother Barker this was the case.

"You are perfectly aware, Mr. Barker, that Frank's course does not give me satisfaction," said Mrs. Sorel, calmly.

"Ah, is it so?" said the preacher, raising his brows in wonder. Like every man who stakes every thing on a cause, falsehood favorable to that cause was a totally different thing from the old, abstract, abominable falsehood.

"You must pardon me, Mr. Barker," said Mrs. Sorel; "but I have observed from the outset that equivocation, departure from strict truth, has been a leading feature of Secession. You know perfectly well what my sentiments are to-day and always have been. Frank would not have gone to the war if he could have staid at home. He no more wanted to go himself than I wanted to send him. He was taught to love his country from his cradle, and from his earliest recollection he was trained to regard Secession as the greatest of crimes."

"You must permit me, ma'am," began the preacher.

"Only let me finish, if you please," said Mrs. Sorel, in a manner as cool as it was decided. "At the opening of the war Frank never dreamed of volunteering, as I have said, under that flag, but his case became more unpleasant every day. Hardly a day but he would say when he came home, 'I feel like a thief; as much as you do, mother, but what can I do?' Not a day, not an hour of the day, but his old companions were after him to enlist. So many of them were gone that he began to feel as if left alone in the world. The hints, too, about his being tied to his mother's apron strings, about his being afraid to go, and a hundred things of the kind, were upon him till he could stand it no longer. One bitter, bitter day he enlisted! He did as tens of thousands of others have done—swept away against every prompting of reason, religion, and conscience—swept away in the wild tide that sweeps the land—and woe to the wicked men that set that tide going! I tell you, Mr. Barker, if to no others, to ourselves of Secession must these fearful words be answer for it—the war of God!"

If Mrs. Sorel had only spoken this in an excited manner and with raised voice it would have been a much easier thing for Mr. Barker to reply; but there was a calmness, a conviction, a sense of being unquestionably right, in her manner which embarrassed the preacher. Or, rather, there was a sense—struggle against it he might—of being wrong in the matter in the bosom of this individual which he could not overcome. Loudly as he talked, abundant as were his arguments from Scripture, fierce as were his denunciations of the Yankees—all the time there was under it all that sense of being in the wrong which the preacher could not get rid of to save his life. Perhaps it may be with other men, the really pious man has a sense of right and wrong in his bosom which nothing can quench—it is the unquenchable spark within him of an eternal life.

"I would think, Mrs. Sorel—you are a professor, I believe?" asked the preacher.

"Mr. Barker," said Mrs. Sorel, with a steady and surprised look at him, "why do you ask such a question? You know that I am."

"Then I would ask, ma'am, why you do not have faith in God to leave your son in his hands? You should not grieve over your son, as I am told you do. Thousands of us—Sister Juggins here, for instance—have sons in the war—"

"And that is just the difference in my case," said Mrs. Sorel, breaking quietly in upon the preacher. "I do not grieve over Frank because he is away from me, or because he may be lying at this moment in some crowded hospital without a mother's hand to tend him. No. Nor if Frank was dying there of some disease or some dreadful wound, would *that* be what would break my heart. For all that I could and would trust him in the hands of the Lord—it is the cause he is engaged in that cuts me to the soul."

"Really, Mrs. Sorel," said the preacher, greatly excited, "your views are very singular, and they may be such as may injure you."

"Such have always been my views, Sir," said the lady, quietly and gravely, "and always will be. If I speak at all on the subject I have none others to express. And what I now think and feel was, a year ago, the sentiment of every individual in our then happy land, with the exception of a few desperate politicians who were even then plotting our ruin. Then they were regarded as bad men; to-day they are the rulers of a deluded people."

If Mrs. Sorel had only got angry as she spoke! But she was so entirely calm, spoke with such force of moral conviction, in such a tone as if of burglars or murderers whose guilt no one could deny, that, in spite of himself, the preacher was confused. A mere politician would not have been; but Mr. Barker, on the other hand, had a conscience.

"Were you not born at the North?" he asked, at length.

"Mr. Barker," said the lady, after a grave pause, "why do you ask such a question? You know perfectly well that I am a South Carolinian. Mrs. Juggins has told you that repeatedly—so have I."

"You are a strange sort of South Carolinian," said the preacher, with a sarcastic smile.

"Perhaps so," said the lady, quietly. "My father was a plain, sensible planter, living in South Carolina, as his people and his wife's people had lived from the settlement of the country. In the days of Nullification he was a Union man—not without some influence—his unpretending influence of plain, sober, Christian sense—in his neighborhood. He was murdered by a Nullifier, a leading politician they said, and I never can forget the lesson I learned then—the calm, solid conviction of the one set of principles, and the loud and violence, the shouting, bullying, cursing, threatening spirit of the other. When I look over the country now I see the same difference between the two parties—only the noblest and best among us have, in many cases, been poisoned and borne away with the wicked spirit which was at one time confined to the bosoms of the desperate few."

"And it is possible, ma'am, that you, a Southern woman, can have any regard for Yankees?" said the preacher, with a strong emphasis, as of contempt, upon the first syllable of the word.

"Not for want of learning what a dreadful people they are," said Mrs. Sorel, with a smile. "Only last week Mrs. Juggins was telling me that marriage has been altogether abolished among them."

"Law me, yes!" broke in Mrs. Juggins; "so I'm told. Up there the women all wear pants like men, make speeches, vote, and, I do suppose, carry their revolvers, curse and swear, drink and gamble, just like the men! When any man and woman happen to meet any where and take a liken to each other they just consider themselves married—free love, they call it!"

"And you remember, Mrs. Juggins," said Mrs. Sorel, "what you told me about the Yankees having contracted with people to go through the South burning up people's houses by night, so much a house."

"And Mrs. Juggins could have told you, too," said the preacher, "that the North has apostatized into a universal infidelity."

"Mr. Barker," asked Mrs. Sorel, pausing from her work and looking steadily at the preacher, "do you believe yourself that the Christians of the North have thus apostatized?"

"I asked Lamum the last time I saw him," said the preacher; "he is a Northern man, too; he ought to know, and he said he didn't know that any one doubted it. Though, to put it to a preacher, with candor, "there may be—I say *may be*—some Lots in the midst of Sodom: for what I know there may be even some thousand there that have not bowed the knee to Baal."

"Don't mention that man Lamum, Brother Barker, if you please," broke in Sister Juggins. "Preferred cold light bread, he said, that night



COLONEL JUGGINS READING THE "SOMERVILLE STAR" TO HIS WIFE.

he staid with us—a Yankee, a regular Yankee. He has a cold, crequir, calculating kind of a way. Bein' born and raised North, for my part I don't see how he can help feelin' with his own people; it's nature he should. For all he says, take my word, he don't want the South to whip. He ought to be made to leave—put the other side of that wall!"

"Sister Juggins," said the preacher, "you forget. Charity believeth all things, hopeth all things. But new,: mind about that. Please hand me that Bible again. Mrs. Sorel is an intelligent lady, a believer in plain Scripture, and when he was sleeping, off his tongue, for the last year. He adduced all the passages in the Bible which are considered as countenancing the institution of slavery, and which were as familiar to his finger and tongue now as the proof-texts in regard to election and baptism had once been in his less interesting controversies of old. Having established slavery as a biblical institution, he then summoned the infidelity of the North because hostile to that divine ordinance.

This position he confirmed by numerous references to the avowedly infidel writers and infidel practices of the North. Garrison, Theodore Parker, Gerrit Smith, Bertha Heighton, Wendell Phillips, John Brown, Lucy Stone, Antoinette Brown, Mormonism, Spiritualism, Millerism, Lovejoy, Lincoln, Lovejoy, Lincoln! The preacher rose with a fluency and a force amazing to hear. These were the things which, like the well-worn pebbles in the rivulet, the very sight of which we age warrior, Brother Barker made deafening noise with. It was astonishing what a mass of ammunition he had accumulated upon the subject. But Mrs. Sorel ceased to wonder when he began to refer to the *Advocate*, lying on the table beside him. It was a very large paper, and week after week it had come to Brother Barker, as to almost every family connected with the anti-slavery denomination in the State, full of nothing else.

As the preacher proceeded he waxed warmer and warmer, louder and louder. But when he came to the unnatural, unchristian, despotic, malignant, fiendish, diabolical, hellish conduct of the North in actually waging war upon the South, recounting deed after deed of atrocity which he had gathered from his favorite paper, he seemed to have forgotten Mrs. Sorel—who sat by quietly sewing—altogether; seemed, in fact, even to have forgotten himself. His whole manner was rather that of an intoxicated bully than of a minister of the Prince of Peace. His sallow cheek became livid with passion, his voice became shrill with the violence of his wrath. To Mrs. Sorel it was a painful spectacle, like the raging of a drunkard past unpleasantly from the merely unpleasant, in fact. Even the Colonel and his wife hung their heads, deeply conscious how little in accordance with the quiet spirit of religion was the temper and language of their pastor.

It took Brother Barker little time to get his feelings fully wrought up when he began, and then it took him a still longer time to get them down again. Only when he was exhausted did he draw to a close.

"And now, ma'am, knowing all this, is it possible you can desire to be associated longer with such a people? United! Bless me! It is impossible to describe the loathing with which the speaker pronounced the hated word.

"Mr. Barker," said Mrs. Sorel, very quietly, "I was told something the other day in regard to yourself. You have a number of sons. Is it true that I took for granted it was not so."

"What was it, ma'am?" asked the preacher, borne from his exertion, but not from his pride.

I was told that Dr. Peel made a speech in Somerville, in which he said that if he supposed the Yankees engaged in the war were fighting for, for his part he would prefer going to hell. And it was said that you clapped your hands, with others, applause. Will you permit me to ask you if that is so?"

"It is impossible for me, ma'am," replied the preacher, "to remember distinctly all I may say or do. If I did applaud such a sentiment, it was because I well know it is impossible for any one engaged in the murderous war upon the rights of the South to get to heaven!"

"I am free to say," observed Mrs. Sorel, after quite a pause, "that I am conscious of some things by what you have said."

"Ah! ma'am, I believed you were open to conviction—and what are those?"

"I think it is extremely probable," said Mrs. Sorel, gravely, "that those Northern soldiers in Missouri did look into the shrines and drink all the milk; because our soldiers have done the same to my dairy." And Mrs. Sorel looks up with a smile.

"I had hoped, ma'am"—began the preacher.

"Pardon me, Sir" continued Mrs. Sorel. "Your remarks have thoroughly convinced me of something more to the purpose than that I have myself, and you are yourself, a small worm of the fact as I am—that when one is entirely satisfied of the truth and of the moral and religious quality of a matter, in regard to that matter they are calm. It is to them a something as clear and settled as is the existence of God, and I can not imagine a person getting into a passion in asserting the existence of the Almighty, or any other thing in regard to which his mind is entirely made up. Now, if Secession be a thing so certainly right—a cause approved from Scripture, and for which the Almighty is so certainly pledged—why such feverish excitement on the subject? why such incessant argument and assertion and violence? Or that North is pursuing a course so horribly wicked why abuse them so? Why not let them, with little emotion save of pity, to the certain vengeance of God? And yet that paper you read in your hand is full, from week to week, of nothing else but inhuman, scoundrelly North! villainous, detestable Government! and the like. Before this thing began the editor of that paper, and all the pro-slavery writers—yes, and all Christians—would have shrunk with horror from using, in regard to any thing, language which, in the mouth of every apostle but even ministers in the pulpit, to say nothing of Christians in private life. Can this be a holy cause which inspires such language? And we, poor Union people, why are you so exercised in regard to us? We are quiet and silent; one would say, now you have a pity, a contempt even, for people so deluded! Why are you so uneasy about us? You see no opposition to your holy conviction. Can we help convictions which are as clear to us as any conviction can be? We don't interfere with your views—why can you not leave us in peace to our delusion?"

"Mrs. Sorel," said the minister, more excited by the calmness of the woman he would have been by her violence, "I tell you, as a friend, the Union people about Somerville had better look out. The feeling in the country are getting hotter and hotter every day. As sure as you live, every Union man, woman, and child will have to leave Somerville, or worse may befall them. You are not going to be trifled with, ma'am," and there was a dangerous fire in his eyes as he spoke, "I tell you as a friend. The people are hot priest," he added, with bitterness.

"And what has Mr. Arthur done?" asked the lady, with a smile.

"He voted, against Secession, ma'am, and," continued the preacher, "so far from being ashamed of it, he has been known to say that he will always rejoice that he did not stay away from the polls, as many of his neighbors did, but went and cast his vote, at least, against the measure."

"I always wished I could have seen him that mornin'," said Colonel Juggins. "I like Mr. Arthur, like his preachin—jist a word or two from me would have kept him out if he'd the Colonel resumed his pipe, greatly regretting he had let the magical words unspoken.

A close observer might have detected a slight motion at the corners of Mrs. Sorel's mouth, but she said nothing. The training in the art of holding the tongue, which Scott pronounces the South underwent during the revolution, was amazing. Also! the long and severe training, then, in all manner of forbearance, self-control, and dissimulation which many of them submitted to was one of the demoralizing influences of that most demoralizing institution.

"Never you mind," interposed Mrs. Juggins, with a wise look from over the sock she was darning—"I know all Mr. Arthur's views."

"And who is that?" asked the Colonel. "Neely isn't the man to work on a man like Mr. Arthur. As for Billy Brooks, he's worse Union than the parson himself. As to that redheaded Ferguson, somebody ought to get hold of that fellow's throat. Since Scott got him he hailed him as he was riding by to ask the news. Would you believe it? he stopped the horse, threw out the palm of his hand, and told me a long story of how Washington people was taken by Secession, and how Lincoln had been hung on a pole—flag-pole it was —on the dome of the Capitol; the Washington people hurrying round to look at him. And all his dying confessions, and such like. He told it all as solemn—you know how dry he is—never stirred a muscle! I'll be bound he'll be enough to believe it. Next time he saw me there in Somerville he came up to me, regretted every as you remember, and asked me if he was false! 'We hear so many things every day just as probable,' he said."

"Mrs. Sorel knows who I mean," said Mrs. Juggins, demurely. "Law me! it's no secret—Miss Ally Bowles. If she isn't sound nobody is, and if she don't make him toe the mark I'm mistaken."

"There is a true Southern woman for you!" broke in the preacher, as if forever his art his late antagonist. "You remember, Colonel, and you, Sister Juggins, that day she presented the flag to the Somerville Rifles—how womp it will remember. How straight she stood—as an Indian! Her hair down her shoulders, her cheeks as red as the flag! Her eyes flash. With her flag in her hand, and all, she reminded me of a picture of the Goddess of Liberty I saw somewhere once. I can't remember where."

"But they say Mr. Neely—" began Mrs. Sorel.

"A Yankee!" interrupted Mrs. Juggins, "Gingour!" may come very strong from the lips of an exasperated Southerner, but he could not express more unutterable disgust than "Yankee!" did from the lips which then spoke it.

"To like a Yankee!" continued Mrs. Juggins in the art which Satan himself might envy. "To run like a Yankee!' left the old similes of deer and greyhound far behind. "A Yankee!" I smiled by one boy on the play-ground at another was considered the quintessence of all insult and cursing. "A Yankee!" Mrs. Juggins rendered strong language, but "Yankee" was stronger still —it meant the abolitionist armed and equipped and in full operation.

"Yes no one is a more ardent Secessionist," said Mrs. Sorel, in her gentle manner.

"Fine looking fellow, too!" put in the Colonel.

"I don't care," persisted Mrs. Juggins. I don't think Miss Ally could stand a Yankee. I don't care how much they make-believe Secession. I hate them only that much more. Let 'em go back where they came from! Vengeance! and I

let them let us alone; we don't want to go among them that I know of. However, Ally'd rather marry even a Yankee than a Union man any day. And if she did, there's Mrs. Juggins would kill her stone-dead!"

"Why, you are as pert as a tree-frog, old woman!" said her husband. "It's more than I feel after that Donelson news."

In a few moments Mr. Barker had left, carefully and cordially shaking hands with Colonel Juggins and his wife, and scarcely honoring Mrs. Sorel with a distant bow in passing out. The subject of the war being exhausted with his departure, Mrs. Juggins and her husband were to Mrs. Sorel for the two—for there the same plain, cordial friends as before Secession was dreamed of by them.

But it was not vain, a day or two after, that the Colonel read aloud to his wife every word of the Somerville *Star*. That Fort Donelson had fallen, and that Nashville was evacuated, was too evident. It is true the Colonel read several times over, with deep satisfaction, the important information with regard to the gentleman direct from England; yet even this news, new as it was and delightful as it was to the Colonel, produced but a momentary relief.

It was a satisfaction, however, to learn, as he did from the Somerville *Star*, that the recent disasters were due to the most unexpected and abject cowardice of the military leaders—an event which could by no possibility have taken place. Besides, the *Star* had ascertained that the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers were both falling so rapidly that the progress of the Federal gun-boats and transports was a certainty. The *Star* even gave an estimate of the amount of rainfall necessary to cause a rise which would thus fall into the hands of the Confederacy—it brought us to by the fiendish enemy just when most needed! It was wonderful!

Never had the Somerville *Star* shone more clearly than in the passing darkness of the hour. "Mark our words," said the *Star*, "all of our readers fall in with any one who entertains a doubt, or the shadow of a doubt, of our success in this struggle, and if we have a single dear, that doubter is a *traitor*; yes, a TRAITOR to his country, and *should be dealt with as such!*"

A NEW DISEASE.—DR. PROPHYLACTIC QUÆ MALBUS.

SAID Mr. Jonas Barcarole, looking about him at breakfast, "Has any body seen John Misling late, by?" Every body looked at Clara.

"He has not been here a month, Sir," answered the beautiful Clara, promptly.

"Hum!" said Mr. Barcarole; "ha! the young fellow may be ill. I hope he has somebody had better look after him;" and buttoning up his overcoat, for it was now well on in the chilly weather, the President of the Somerville Board of Health, with a due sense of his responsibilities, went to find and nurse her missing cousin.

Now John Misling was a wholly inappropriate, unfortunate, unnecessary, and ridiculous friend of Nolay when he should be silent, mum when he should talk; the round man in the square hole, the third person in the way when he was never to see the paper in which he was told to call somewhere and hear something to his advantage; to have in the smallest degree his own end in view as a genus man; to break his leg if your case depended on his evidence; while his mental and physical qualities, taken together, were of the kind of stuff that you might have supposed that Nature had compounded him out of the scraps and leavings of every body's constitution. Not that he was in the least near to the muscle of a young lady he had a proposterous itching for frays and adventures. He blushed and perspired in the presence of ladies, and was always dreadfully snubbed by them, and yet fancied himself a lover among them. He measured five feet two inches in height, with a huge nose and a red shining face, and yet was haunted by a notion of carrying off some girl in a romantic way. His squeaked, stammered, talked fast, and without any command, and insisted on trying to shine in society. He was the sort of man who sometimes writes acrostics than any one in the United States, and yet firmly believed in his own talents as a writer; and though without any serious intention in every one's eyes but his own, was madly in love with his beautiful cousin, Clara Barcarole, the daughter of the wealthy and respected Jonas Barcarole, and one of the most fascinating girls in New York.

During the month in which he had been missed from the Barcarole mansion he had written a book, and the polite publishers of the house of Sanscrit & Co. had promised it "their earliest attention." He had also given the "earliest attention" signified three weeks, and at the end of that time intended to demand an advance of five hundred dollars on the book. One of these he had intended to spend to buy a pair of new trousers, and in the trousers he would call on the beautiful Clara, and give her an opportunity of becoming Mrs. John Misling. Meantime—and there is not a more difficult operation in the world than living out "meantime"—Misling had only a balance of twenty-five cents in his pocket, and no prospect of money from any quarter. In the afternoon he picked up a little printed bill, reading as follows:

"J. CANTRELL, Dealer in all kinds of Ladies' and Gentlemen's cast-off Clothing, Bed-clothing, Boots, Shoes, old Metal, old Umbrellas, Musical Instruments, for all of which, the Subscriber will give the highest Prices. He hopes, as one who strictly attends to his business, to get all kinds of Rags, if required to buy, it will be purchased. J. C. returns his sincere thanks for the liberal Encouragement he has received, and hopes every Favour will be continued to him. J. C.

"N.B.—The Bill and the Goods will be called for in two hours.

"WASTE NOT, WANT NOT."

Misling had no old umbrellas or musical instruments to offer the accommodating Mr. Cantrell; but besides a gray mixture that he was just then wearing he owned a pair of linen trowsers. There would be a certain risk in the venture; for, between the cleanliness of the linen and the mixture of gray, there was nothing left for the "gray mix" but to be washed. While they were in the hands of Mrs. O'Flaherty, the washer-lady, the trowsers man; and it would be like his luck for the house to take advantage of his situation and burn down for some one else's profit; or Mrs. O'Flaherty might get drunk and forget him. But nothing ventured, nothing had. Misling sold the trowsers, and then ventured himself with crackers and cheese, and, with many injunctions, placed the "gray mix" in the hands of Mrs. O'Flaherty.

It was then, of all days in the year, that Clara Barcarole brought her violet-hat, her aunt, and her luncheon-basket to look after her unlucky cousin, and fluttering up the dingy steps of the dingier lodging-house, filled its onion-scented halls with the fresh air of Broadway, and the sweet breath of its landlady with profoundest astonishment.

Misling heard them coming, the shrill voice of the landlady scolding her out of the way, and with no waiting-room, the good woman had marshaled them up the damp stairs at once.

"This will never do," Clara cried—them steps at the top is broken. The third door on the left, ladies."

Misling heard and glanced wildly around him. There was the fire-place; but it was obstructed by a fire-board and a rusty stove, and, besides, he had never learned how to climb chimneys. The doors were none. He had no trunk, and might have betted about getting into it if he had. Impossible to get out of the window, for it was shut, and, in his fright, it never occurred to him to lock the door; and hearing the rustle of silk and patter of boot-heels in the hall, he dived under the bed, discovering himself up to the tip of his nose, just as Clara and Mrs. Douglass entered.

"Ah!" said Clara, looking about her compassionately. "Just as I thought. Now, Cousin John, you've had of your ill. Here's some lunch for you, and make me come all this way to find how you were!"

"You are an angel," answered Misling, vaguely, and tingling with pleasure and pain alike; *for* if it was so good of her to search him out, yet how dreadful to be revealed by an angel when a man's trowsers were in the wash!

"Have you been long ill?" asked Mrs. Douglass, kindly, her sympathies awakened strangely around by the dreary, chilly, bare, little room.

"Yes—no—that is—a day or so;" returned Misling, getting red.

"He has a fever," said Clara, growing more and more concerned. "Look at his face, Aunt Mirriam! Just think of his lying sick alone in this—"

She was going to say miserable den, and certainly the expression of her face implied it; there no more than justice; for there was no fire in the rusty stove—the carpet, in the wear and tear of years, had disappeared from the floor; the bed, the only bed available, adorned with bowl, ever, shaving utensils, crackers, cheese, and stationery, was of pine, as were the two hard chairs and the deal table.

"What medicines have you taken?" asked Mrs. Douglass, observing that Misling shrank from every notice of his surroundings. "I just have fever I would recommend—"

"I never take drugs," cut in Misling, hastily. "Perfect rest and a diet" cause he glanced at the crackers and cheese—"are the remedies to which I always resort."

"You are accustomed to it then. You are often ill in this way?" queried Clara.

"Yes; my attacks may be said to be periodical," said Misling, and without a secret relish of his own wit, dangerous as was his situation.

"Yes," observed Mrs. Douglass, a young lady, to whom the words conveyed a very dreadful idea indeed, and opening wide her handsome brown eyes, "and you do nothing for them at all, cousin John?"

"Well, no—not exactly. I—I—" stammering, and conscious that he was in a fearful mess, "I use hydropathic remedies. I have great faith in the virtues of water;" secret relish of his own wit again.

"You must have had a deal of washing for you pore you are going on in this heathenish way now, Sir, that you have fallen into better hands than your own," observed the landlady of the lost pair of gloves. "We do not mean to leave you till we have seen you more comfortable, do we, Aunt Mirriam?"

Misling burst out in a cold perspiration, and, for the first time in his life, wished his fair cousin at the antipodes.

"You must not think of such a thing! You are too good," he stammered. "I am well—that is, I shall be soon. You really give yourselves too much trouble."

"Nonsense," said Clara's conscience, beaconscale as ever, under the velvet basque; "he lives here, half frozen on bread and cheese, till he falls ill; and then he calls you an angel, and because for a time he approached you, 'too good,' because you take the trouble at last to ask whether he is alive or dead. Nonsense, indeed! I'll be bound if he dies whose fault will it—" Here the conscience was cut short by a tear from Clara, which she wiped away, not on the lace handkerchief, but on a plainer one taken from her pocket, saying:

"We are not too good at all; and we are not going to be put off in that way, are we Aunt Mirriam?"

"If John will tell us something of his symptoms," returned Mrs. Douglass, doubtfully. "What do you call your illness, John?"

"Yes, what is it, Cousin John? What is the matter?" asked Clara, turning her face, all alarm with compassionate interest, toward the unhappy Misling, who experienced to eagony of all ropses when they see detection approaching. Whatever he pleaded he was sure to be tripped on the symptoms, or exposed by the first doctor called in to attend him. If grew pale and red, hot and cold, by turns, as he ransacked his brains for some unheard-of disease, when suddenly he remembered, apropos of nothing, Shakespeare, Charles Bonnet, and that "*Propria quæ maribus*," and also that Clara not only knew no Latin but seldom opened a book.

"The disease is constitutional, in fact it may be called hereditary," said the little wretch, his mouth full—"quinsy." I remember to have often suffered from the same cause. There is nothing for it, as I said before, but time, quiet, and the watchful eye. It is called *Propria quæ maribus*."

"How strange!" exclaimed Clara, with evident horror. "It must be dreadful. Is it very painful? I never heard of such a thing; did you, mamma dear?" But Mrs. Douglass had walked hastily to the windowand stood there looking out, presenting to the enquiring lady a back view of her shoulders, which for some reason twitched unaccountably.

"Aunt Miriam!" exclaimed Clara, in surprise, and vaguely alarmed; "Cousin John! Why, Mia! what is it? Is it incurable? Is it any thing like fits?" edging around to peep under her aunt's bonnet, when, to her ingreatest astonishment and delight, that lady crimson, convulsive, and choking with suppressed laughter.

"I think we might go, Clara," said Mrs. Douglass, gurgling. "I do not believe that it is very dangerous. John will be likely to get on better without us," gasping hysterically.

"Aunt! Cousin John! what *is* it all about," said the astonished girl, turning toward Misling. Misling turned his answer. He was in a fury. Just at this juncture a heavy step shook the boards of the little house, and, without knocking, entered Mrs. O'Flaherty, the "gray mix" dangling under her arm.

"Ah! here's yer pants, Misther Misling," laying the articles in question on his bed, "though yes, bother not be aither pattin' thim on jist yet, I'm thinkin', you may be'r dirty jintly. I'll bring him to thim so." All the time staring hard at the blue hat and Aunt Miriam; and coming to a dim notion that she might have been indiscreet. Mrs. O'Flaherty drew a long breath, and mended the matter thus:

"An' shure and I'd have waited of I'd known yez had company—sorry I am to disturb yez—but I'll stand till I brung thim, and charged me so petiklar, ye knows."

Douglass rushed frantically out of the room, followed by Clara, and Misling heard them on the landing.

"Aunt, what *is* it, and what is *Propria quæ maribus*?"

"His trousers, child, his trousers! Is means, that which I gave for mine! Did you ever hear the story? Oh! oh! oh!" Suppressed giggles, rush and rustle of skirts on the stairs, and then the jar of the front door below. They were gone. Misling was a proper and a decorous little man, but he could not help saying, in strict confidence to the huckster "gray mix," still on the foot of his bed, "D—n it!"

Shortly after the President of the Primrose Bank gave Misling a new suit and a situation in his office, and a year; but we fear Misling could hardly have been sufficiently grateful, for he never gave the President's daughter in return that opportunity of becoming Mrs. John Misling.

WATCHING FOR THE NEXT THING.

THERE is reason to believe that some people never watch, so that their lives never contain any Next: their argument, and there is no use in it, is doubtful if such persons could understand Cato's soliloquy, or Hamlet's, if they have any feeling about death. Indeed, it must be that it is next—to nothing; but probably they have none. Such people, however, even if they ever read, can not be readers of any consequence; for the better part of the interest of reading lies in watching for the next thing. Even in books, have the curiosities of reading these good folks till—next time. Their constitutional peculiarity will prevent their feeling the slight. Take the man while we are on the subject, compassionate them; for theirs is in many ways a melancholy lot. They can never enter with zest into the higher mathematics. They can have no joy in thinking of the infinite divisibility of matter. They can take no proper interest in disovering why soda-water bottles explode. They could not possibly become absorbed in Fearne on Contingent Remainders, or astrology, or unfulfilled prophecy, or the Kabala, or the kaleidoscope, or anything that comes Next. They must stick to their Last; and, for my part, I would not stand in their shoes.

It is just among other things that the persons of whom we now speak could never, in childhood, have watched the fearful joy which you and I have had when we have authentically told a story and then die after It. *This* demands an acute apprehension of the Next—and they have none at all. They can appreciate no development founded upon a cause. They never enjoyed the spectacle of a file of soldiers coming round a corner, or a flight of birds coming up behind a gable, or a group of trees or flights of stairs in a proper manner. What could a man of this kind make of Jacob's ladder? or of the paying out of the Atlantic telegraph, for instance? It must surely have been a witness of this order who gave that ridiculous answer to the barrister's simple question, which way the stairs ran. "One way; they ran up, and the other way they ran down." To a properly constituted mind there are few objects of greater interest than a cork-screw, but the class of whom we speak could make nothing of such an instrument.

To some lukewarm person who had never quite approfounded the subject we are, doubtless, indebted for the popular proverb which informs us that the watched kettle never boils. Then, pray, what does it do? Are we to be told that a kettle is conscious, and has a will, and that the laws of matter are suspended? I will maintain, to my last cup of tea, that the singing of a kettle is unconscious, metaphorical; and that watching can communicates no disinclination to come on to 212° Fah. Watching is either a parable or a *jeu d'esprit*—take your choice. If a parable, the Kettle is the Universe; which, to human eyes, is ever on the boil, without doing it always growing, never full-grown. Or, again—and this will please people who like a good moral—the kettle is the work in which the man is whether he neglects some plain duty; and in that case the meaning is, leave your kettle to the fire unbothered with, and go and do the next thing that lies handy. But there is a *nearness* about this vice of the subject which throws a shadow upon the kind of author to whom the proverb should be attributed. Taken as a metaphysical *jeu d'esprit*, the meaning of the subject would be the sort of thing from the Brazen Head in the Middle Ages, you know. If you *watch*, the kettle never boils; it is either going to boil, or it has boiled. This is evidently the subject of a mind like that which said the stairs ran up one way and down the other; and, unless it be talk, it is a pure piece of unmistakable instance of humorn depravity. As a practical joke it may pass—it is like taking away a man's chair when he is wanting to sit down; but about it is the solidity of Consciousness. It is rubbing out the *punctum stans*, and destroying the Eternal Now. And what is the next thing?

The nearest practical approach to *this* view of the case of the watched kettle is that of sleep that is watched for. Many a night of woe have I had to bed counting the hours, and watching for unconsciousness. Now, this is manifestly absurd of us. We are as bad as the man who lies awake and sees in the glass how he looked with his eyes shut; or as the man who, keeping his pigtail between his finger and thumb, would see if it went. These errors are founded upon misconceptions of the eternal nature of things, which are as plain to the meanest capacity as that a pig's tail is not to be cake and eat it; and the melancholy fate of the two men is well known. The man with the pigtail never so distracted with the delight of the new gymration become unbearable, and he span to death: the Irishman tried so persistently to look into his eye that, reflected in the mirror before him, he fancied he had become a camera obscura, or a cataleptic cat-fish, I forget which, and alienated all his friends by charging to be let out.

Well, you and I may, and, let us hope, shall, escape the fate of these men; but we are quite as ridiculous when we watch for sleep. The way to know is that we are not asleep, and that we want it. It is impossible to know the fact, when the essence of being asleep is that you are not. We are awake. If Dr. Wigan were right—if the two hemispheres of the brain could carry on separate lives, and hold different opinions, and argue with each other, and convey different impulses to the motor nerves—there might be a chance of being asleep, and knowing it. But who would wish for a double action brain, unless, indeed, he contemplated making a fortune on the stage, playing Punch and Judy, and bubbling, upon his retirement, into becoming uniformity? Double consciousness might be agreeable at times, and would solve many complicated conditions, but it could never rank higher than throwing up two balls at a time for amusement. I would rejoice to see a man at the head of Protestant with half his head, and Romanist with the other half; nor would the policemen, to say nothing of the street-boys, be long in forming themselves, a man to stand at one spot all day long, with his right leg propelling him one way, and his left the other. Even then, I fear, conclusions were to be encouraged, what would become of Social Science? You would have double columns of everything, and double leaders, and double return upon you, in a fresh form, of the insoluble problem of the three bodies?

It is quite certain that the clown, who said all he wished for in the world was to sit upon a gate and eat fat bacon forever, made a mistake. In time he would have found himself watching for the next thing, and so on, in endless repetition, till he discovered, if any one interrupted him to himself, that he wanted both ends of the gate. Or, like *Jacob Le Versât* of Madame de Genlis there is a fairy, who, in the revenges of her jealousy, sentences her husband's successor to a life of unsatisfied and fruitless ailments. One of them, a very vivacious girl, she condemns to an apparently endless stay in a country mill on the borders of a river, where there is grass, smooth green sea, and cloudless sky bending over. Unless the poor creature had been rescued she would have gone mad, or watched for something to be next. There are situations in life when the absence of such a rescuer from the fairy's power is that has reached the sensitive note—it grazes the brink of the next, which seems as if it must come. Such a feeling is one of the worst of pains, and one less if there be much suspense. A rapid, seemingly endless ascension of nerves is capable of giving the same feeling, if the nerves are not used to the idea, of soothing it. Who does not know what it is to look over the side of a vessel and watch the swift-following waves, or the foaming bubbles which mark the foaming track with a feeling that, if the line were broken, if one single nerv were missed, it would be unendurable, and that the whole universe, if the world must at that moment end? I have done it myself till it seemed as if my heart would stop beating, and with it the world, and that God, which beats time for heaven and earth, if the pace of the current were broken. So, again, with a field of waving wheat, or blowing grass, or a mass of woodland bent by a great even wind. It has seemed to me as if no note of passion, no shriek of agony, or shout of joy—for either would do—could so strong enough to express sympathy with a meaning, but always too weak and relessed by the wind. If that should be the case with undulations of the golden flowers should wave—to more! A feeling as of drowning, as of sense half-submerged in a full volume deep through silent water, comes over me when—there is, already, a singing in my ears, and a mist before my eyes—the time is, in reality, only a part of a second, but it seems an eon till the next wave comes. But it *has* come—there move, they laugh, the golden billows—the pendulum of God has not stopped because it is not yet the day of endlessness and silence. It is at such a moment as this that the horizon strikes the eye afresh with a sense of infinity. The sea-gull flies, the wings like a wheel, for then would I flee away, and in the pulses of an endless flight there would be something to silence the leadings of the heart.

If there are readers who can remember nothing in their own moods, of which this is a very faint copy, then such have my pity—I think, but they will not be able to recall something like it in connection with music. Have you never felt as if the close of some exquisite piece of harmony must be *followed* by something, or that your heart must that moment cease to beat? No man can see God and live, says the old soul say: but what remains but that I *should* see Him and die? And then there is the beating sound in the ears, the half-moment of watching, overpowering fear, with a feeling as if some monstrous bird, blacker than a thousand midnights, were sweeping up, up, up from the underworld behind to darken all, and end all, if nothing comes. And nothing comes. But these

Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,

do not pass without being remembered; sometimes we can recall them at one bound of thought; and there—

Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

We have all heard of the "rustic"—*sentence* expected—to be condemned to be watching till the river has run past him. But the human mind never feels exactly such a rustic. Wordsworth says, you recollect, "Lines on Epitaphs"), that "there never was a child who, standing by a stream, did not speculate where it came from, and where it would go to." If such a child there were, he would, of course, be father to the man (if such a man there really is), but I fear I have (and very much) who never watches for the next thing. But there are, in truth, perhaps few children, perhaps none, who have not felt what we may call the transient madness, the hysteric passion, of watching for the next thing. Some have felt it, as adults remarked that they were in the habit of looking at the dancing spangles of a chandelier; others in looking at a tree, the top of which just peeped over the gable of a house, or at the ever-coming moon. The tree seems as if it must grow higher that instant; and what then? what will not happen? The moon, as if she must climb gently up to a given mark, and then up to another, and another—and what will be the consequence? what will not be the consequence? A passage in a well-known poem of Wordsworth's, in which the dropping of the moon behind a cottage-roof is followed by a suggestion that the life of its Lucy, may help to redeem this kind of phantasy from contempt in the minds of mysterious, if any—who feel that it is too trivial to be worthy of a thought. Indeed, nearly all men, in highly-wrought moods, have sensations which are inexpressible. It was not a child, a weakling, or a fantastic person, *into* whose mouth the same poet put words such as these—he was only a man in love:

The clouds pass on; they from the heavens depart:
I look—the sky is empty space;
I know—I see
But when I cease to look, my hand is on my heart.

Then Egmotian, whose arch are proudly towers
Above the sea, and whose long hall the wash,
Thou one fair shrub, oh! shed thy flowers,
And still be found in spring!

For thus to see thou nodding in the air,
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Disturbs me till the sight is more than I can bear.

"The man," Wordsworth continues, "who makes this feverish complaint, is of giant stature, and stands down in the valley of the shadow of death." *Le Versât* of Madame de Genlis there is a fairy, who, in the revenges of her jealousy, sentences her husband's successor to a life of unsatisfied and fruitless ailments. One of them, a very vivacious girl, she condemns to an apparently endless stay in a country mill on the borders of a river, where there is grass, smooth green sea, and cloudless sky bending over. Unless the poor creature had been rescued she would have gone mad, or watched for something to be next. There are situations in life when the absence of such a rescuer from the fairy's power is that has reached the sensitive note—it grazes the brink of the next, which seems as if it must come. Such a feeling is one of the worst of pains, and one less if there be much suspense. A rapid, seemingly endless ascension of nerves is capable of giving the same feeling, if the nerves are not used to the idea, of soothing it. Who does not know what it is to look over the side of a vessel and watch the swift-following waves, or the foaming bubbles which mark the foaming track with a feeling that, if the line were broken, if one single nerv were missed, it would be unendurable, and that the whole universe, if the world must at that moment end? I have done it myself till it seemed as if my heart would stop beating, and with it the world, and that God, which beats time for heaven and earth, if the pace of the current were broken. So, again, with a field of waving wheat, or blowing grass, or a mass of woodland bent by a great even wind. It has seemed to me as if no note of passion, no shriek of agony, or shout of joy—for either would do—could so strong enough to express sympathy with a meaning, but always too weak and relessed by the wind. If that should be the case with undulations of the golden flowers should wave—to more! A feeling as of drowning, as of sense half-submerged in a full volume deep through silent water, comes over me when—there is, already, a singing in my ears, and a mist before my eyes—the time is, in reality, only a part of a second, but it seems an eon till the next wave comes. But it *has* come—there move, they laugh, the golden billows—the pendulum of God has not stopped because it is not yet the day of endlessness and silence. It is at such a moment as this that the horizon strikes the eye afresh with a sense of infinity. The sea-gull flies, the wings like a wheel, for then would I flee away, and in the pulses of an endless flight there would be something to silence the leadings of the heart.

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"The man," Wordsworth continues, "who makes this feverish complaint, is of giant stature, and stands down in the valley of the shadow of death." But what he has brought him to? Love, who "has been a villain since the days of Troy and Helen; who caused the fall of Troy, and many more things.

There are times when a quick succession of nerves would merely soothing; but they are times of reactionary languor, when there is not a little force enough to watch; when what we attend to is the rhythm only. Then, we find the ticking of a clock soothing—indeed, to mention this is overpraise. But what a dreadful effect may be produced upon the mind by the consciousness of the ticking of a clock, when once a certain experience has been gone through! Who that has counted the beatings of a pulse, or counted the fluttering of a breath, watching for the next, and the next, and the next, and coming at last to the one which has no next, can bear, without a shudder, to hear a watch or clock stop ticking, or to hear any rhythmical sound cease suddenly? Reader, one of the most horrible moments of my life occurred in which the rhythmical noise of a common saw, heard over the parapet of a bridge in London, stopped suddenly when I was listening to it. I thought the sound of misery was softened; it had a *magh* with it, which reminded me, not too painfully, of the sound of human speech; but when it stopped, I thought I should hear no more in this world, and longed to be that moment taken away. Of course the emotion of that moment was imputed from the consciousness of a moment of which it was the symbol; but I think the sudden cessation of any thing with a *beat* in it was always a terror to me.

The fact is, there are some of us who have too much nettiness in our composition. Can you spend an infinitive hour?" said Oldridge to the clown.

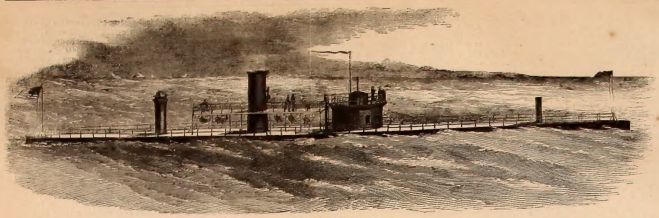
"Yes, Sir," says the clown, "a cart-load of 'em!"

That is the way with you and me: we are too eager to draw our cart-load of inferences; and when we find the inferences will not be drawn we suffer. No man can live into the middle of next week. Respect the almanac. How can you possibly have a whole twelvemonth at once? There is this peculiarity about the Next Thing, remember—that it is sure to come, whether you watch or not. And what a blessing there is in certainty! What relief in the thought that something must happen! We know the difficulty, *nemo curavit*, of holding in check our troubled, habitual anxiety about *now*. Every second of time in our experience throws out a pertenet bridge to the next. We live by a clock that has two sets of hands on the same dial-plate: one is right, and the other is always too fast. Our twelve o'clock is twenty-and-something-short-of-one-o'clock. This depends upon constitutional peculiarities, of course—we can not wholly help it, and why should we try to? Still it is painful to have to confess, for example, that the beautiful new boy-board over made to a piano appears too short for us. It is so. Looking at a piano the other evening, in a dreamy mood, I was afresh struck with a sense of the truncated or arrested appearance of the series of black and white keys over which we step when they *want*. "It is a vice one, isn't it?" said the lovely mistress of the instrument, bending her hair back over the calmest of blue sounds. "Imperfect," said I, lazily. "Dear me, where, Mr. Browne?" she inquired. "The key-board," I replied. "It is not long enough." And why? she resumed, "it's full compass—they do not tell them larger—but what structure would you have?" How many? said I, "million." What! she said to the last, there ought to be one next to it; and one next to that." "Yes," I said to her lady, "it would be like the picture in the 'Vicar of Wakefield'—you could not get it into the room!" "No," said I, "it is already too-crowded for room." Music-stools are always made to turn on an axis, so it would be easy to play upon." "Oh, Mr. Browne!" said this bewitching lady, "what a thing—think how giddy I should be!" "Then," said I, "let it go straight on till it comes to a stop; let it shade off into space!" Upon which she struck the notes, verce. People talk about wanting room for this, that, and the other, when extension is unbounded! I lay it down as a principle that people never can be too well up on the wings of some huge, hovering bird, to such a sublime height looking down upon the billows of the ocean, dark-green curves fringed with white, chasing one another, on and on, in an everlasting round. But there is another circumstance, very feeling comes over me when I picture to myself the last wave seething up to the same spot again, like the imaginary ship in the problem of geography. It seems so foolish of it—as bad as a conuet, which has always appeared to me a stupid form of being. For *coming* feels quiet—does not a billow of any spirit watch his opportunity and go off into space, gradually changing the parabolic inflection of the stars into a straight line? That is my feeling. Hence, I love better to think of the sea as a great plain, on which the white coursers run an endless race. Rough are their manes in the blowing south, and on they go, multitudinous in remote. Now and then, we who stand on the shore, see one of them again. When *this* is gone, this in which dip the feet of the children, we shall see—the next. And always, and always, the next. How long shall we watch?

OUR IRON-CLAD NAVY.

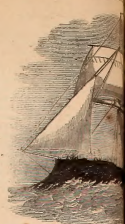
WE give this week on pages 72 and 78 engravings illustrating the iron-clad vessels of every class in the United States Navy. All together the number of iron-clad vessels constructed since the beginning of the rebellion amounts to 62. A very few of these have been lost, but a sufficient number for this loss several formidable ranks, built by the rebels and captured by our forces, have become, with certain modifications, very valuable vessels to the United States Navy—sketches of three of which, the *Stonewall*, *Atlanta*, and *Tennessee*, are also given, in connection with those constructed by our Navy Department. Our iron-clad vessels are of the most various kinds, from the light-draught Monitor to the gigantic sea-going *Dunderberg*. All but six or seven of our iron-clads have the Ericsson screw. We have 13 double-turreted vessels. One—the *Roanoke*—has three turrets.

If we compare our navy with that of Great Britain two great points, one of which is very apparent. In the first place, our navy greatly outnumbers the British in iron-clad vessels. According to the published returns of the British navy in 1863 the whole number of armor-plated vessels of all kinds, even including floating-batteries, was 34. Then, again, the very powerful vessels which our iron-clads are built renders them, we think, vastly superior to even the most formidable armoured vessels in the Queen Majesty's navy. Instead of a large, unwieldy vessel of the *Warrior* type, exposing a large surface to the shot and shell of an adversary, we have the compact, light, and easily-handled Monitor. In the latter but a small surface is exposed, and that is rendered almost impregnable. As a ram the *Dunderberg* takes another specimen of our iron-clad fleet—is the most formidable vessel in the world. For simultaneous broadside vessels we own much to the admirable lithographs published by Messrs. Currier & Ives of

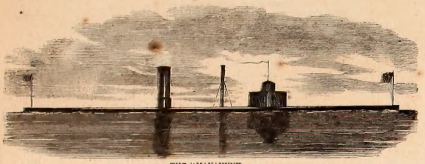


THE "DICTATOR."

Iron-clad Ram, 2 guns, 3033 tons, length 324 feet, breadth 50 feet, depth 23 feet. Built in New York by C. H. Delamater, from drawings and plans by John Ericsson. Launched December 26, 1863. Two vessels of this class—the "Dictator" and "Puritan"—both sea-going.



Steam Ram, a rebel cruiser, com... close of the war.—3 guns, 1300 ton...



THE "MANAYUNK."

Iron-clad, 2 guns, 1034 tons, length 224 feet, breadth 43 feet. Built at Pittsburg by Snowdons & Mason. There are eight vessels of this class, of which the "Canonicus" is one. Designed for harbors and rivers.



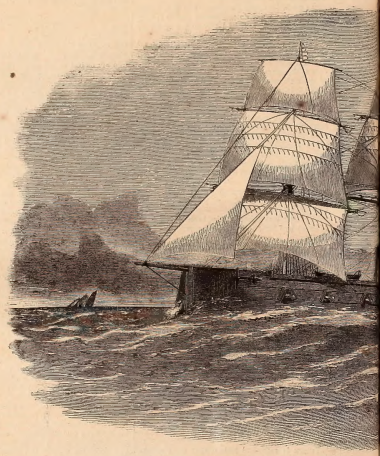
THE "OZARK."

Iron-clad, 2 guns, 878 tons. Built at Mound City by George C. Bestor, 1863. Three vessels of this class—the "Ozark," "Neosho," and "Osage"—3 to 7 guns. Tonnage of the three, 1694.



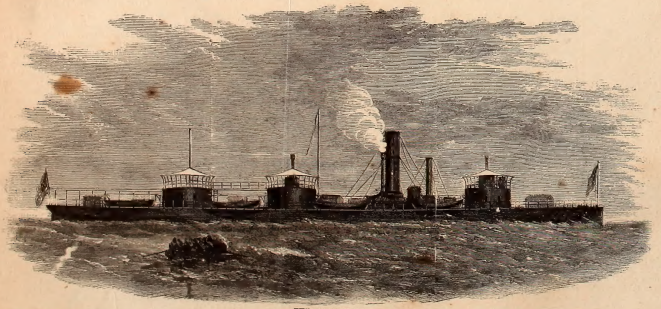
THE "ONONDAGA."

Iron-clad Battery, 4 guns, 1250 tons, length 229 feet, breadth 50 feet. Built by T. F. Rowland, Greenpoint, L. I. Launched July 29, 1863.



THE "NEW IRONSIDES."

Iron-clad, 20 guns, 3486 tons. Built by Merrick & Sons, at Philadelphia. Launched May 10, 1862. Sea...



THE "ROANOKE."

Iron-clad, 6 guns. The United States Frigate "Roanoke" cut down to her gun-deck, plated. Received three Ericsson turrets at Novelty Iron Works, New York, 1863. Length 265 feet, breadth 65½ feet. Sea-going.

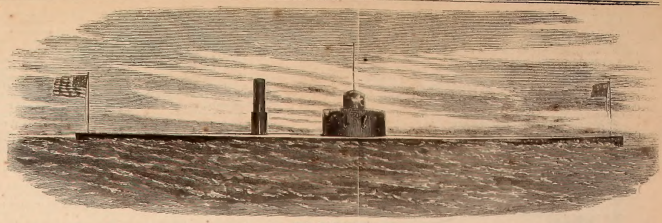


INTERIOR O...

THE IRON-CLAD NAVY



by the Spanish Government at the
and 6 inch forward.



THE "WEEHAWKEN."

Iron-clad, 2 guns, 844 tons. Built by Secor & Co., Jersey City, 1862. Sunk in Charleston harbor, December 6, 1863. Nine vessels of this class, of which the "Passaic" is one.



THE "ATLANTA."

Iron-clad Steamer, 4 guns, 1006 tons. Captured from the Rebels by the "Weehawken," June 17, 1863.



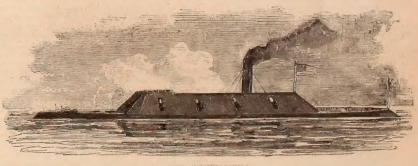


THE "YAZOO."

Iron-clad, 2 guns. Light draught. Built at Philadelphia. Twenty vessels of this class, carrying from one to two guns, 614 tons each.

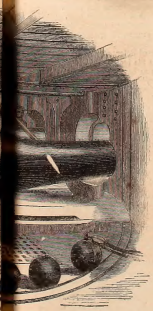
battery, 4 guns, 1564 tons. Built at the Boston Navy-Yard. Length 230½ feet, breadth 53 feet. Launched
1864. Four vessels of this class. Sea-going.

THE "MONADNOCK."

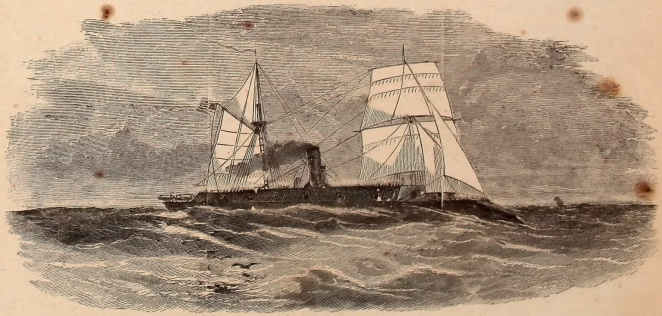


THE "TENNESSEE."

Iron-clad ram captured from the rebels by Admiral Farragut, August 5, 1864. Length 209 feet, breadth 48 feet.



TURRET.



THE "DUNDERBERG."

Iron-clad ram, 16 guns, 5000 tons. Length 380 feet, breadth 68 feet. Built by W. H. Webb, at New York City. Sea-going vessel without turrets. Launched July 25, 1865.

ED STATES.—[See Page 71.]

GRAFTED INTO THE ARMY.

In the list of wounded in the memorable battle of Antietam might have been found the name of Patrick Mahoney, private in the 147th Michigan, and a subsequent examination or inquiry at the Adjutant-General's Department would have disclosed the fact that the said Patrick Mahoney had been honorably discharged from the service, within a short time after his convalescence, on the ground that he no longer represented the legitimate allotment for powder. This action of the Government for powder. This action of the Government was due to the Surgeon's report, wherein it was stated, in ambiguous technicalities, that the said private Patrick Mahoney was the subsequent proprietor of three bullets, one of which he carried in his right arm, and the other two in his left leg. The report, moreover, stated that the ninefold aperture had been so skillfully lodged in the fleshy tabernacle of the Irish hero, that all attempts to dislodge them through the ordinary processes of probing, turning, cutting, gouging, and other atrocities usually perpetrated upon the living subject under such circumstances, had totally failed.

With his discharge from the service in his pocket, together with a certificate signifying that the Government would at some future time supply a little bill for services rendered, a pipe in his mouth, a thick stick (alias shillelah) under his arm, the ex-infantry man, while making down the main street of the town of K——, in the State of Michigan, tormented himself with perplexing speculations as to the means of getting back into the service again. That very morning he had called upon a celebrated physician of the place, in hopes of procuring a certificate of physical ability which would enable him to enlist again in his old regiment, but the doctor had assured him that it was quite impossible to do so, as, in the utterly disappointed, bewailed to himself the injustice with which he had been treated, and mentally anathematized the old physician, whose conduct appeared to the disappointed candidate to be prompted entirely by a spirit of personal malevolence.

"Shure it's a sin and a shame," soliloquized Pat, "that the old sawbones should say I wasn't fit for the service. I wonder where was the necessity of cheat a poor boy out of an honest living, and the chance of fighting for the dahl flag. I'll go dahl, now, be a nothing but a retrograde, and dhrive dhray ies horses. Sorra know I wouldn't trust him to physic a clothes-horse. He's swallowed a whole medical dictionary, and got the meanin' of every word foremost. And just because I've got three bullets in my arms and legs. Shure I could carry a ram-head of bullets—don't I feel them. And didn't I hear Captain Matchlock say that rest on the golden time a man had both his legs and arms in a scrimmage and fought it out on his stumps, like a mad old Irish gentleman as he was? And his name was Gyrald Fitzgerald, a relation of me own by me mother's side. Hillon! here's a pair of shoulder-straps coming down the street. By the powers, it's Captain Matchlock! Ah! isn't he the man intirely! He ought to have been born an Irishman, he takes to a shindy so aze."

The officer in question—a tall, dark-complexioned, handsome fellow—approached. As he drew near to Pat he was surprised to see the latter throw his cap into the air and dance an impromptu jig.

"Long life to ye, Captain!" shouted the Irishman; "and how's the old Hundred and Forty-seventh? and when did you leave the front of Petersburg? And how's Teddy Murphy, and Jemmy Molloy, and the old Billy Goat, and all the other boys? And sure ain't I glad to see you standing on your own pins, and not a scratch on your handsome face, my darlint, after that little scrimmage?" This little scrimmage referred to the battle of Gettysburg.

The officer, who seemed to be quite as much pleased at the meeting as did soldier of his regiment, shook hands with the private, and exclaimed:

"Why, Pat! from what part of the world did you spring?"

"Old Ireland!" answered Pat: "first flower of the earth and first gem of the say!"

"But how did you leave your regiment? You haven't deserted, I hope?"

"Deserted!" indignantly exclaimed Pat. "No; they discharged me."

"For what?" asked the Captain.

"For getting two bullets in my leg and one in my arm," said Pat, sorrowfully.

"They seem to trouble you much," said the Captain, laughing.

"Trouble!" returned the dejected Pat; "my heart's jaded with them."

"Why don't you get medical advice?"

"I'm just full of that same. The last surgeon I consulted wouldn't give me a certificate."

"What did he say?" asked the Captain.

"Oh," replied Pat, "he said a power of nonsense, and told as bad deranged idaies in his conceit."

"Nonsense!" said the Captain.

"Throe for you, Sir," replied the indignant Pat; "that's just what it was—the ignorant haythen! But, Captain, I want you to do me a favor."

"What is it?" said the Captain. "If I can help you, you have only to show me the way. I've not forgotten that lot for you I should have been left upon the field of Antietam."

"Ah!" said Pat, "that was the pleasantest scrimmage I ever got into; and, on my conscience, that bothering gentleman from Kentucky was the direct chiefery of the whole lot. Do you mind that old piece of a scythe he was laying about with? I've kept it ever since, and, by the power that played before Moses, I'm going to leave it to be handed down to my ancistors!"

"Yes," said the Captain. "I believe I should have become intimately acquainted with that interesting weapon if it had not been for your gallantry. But you haven't told me what I can do for you."

"Why then, Captain, darlint!" said Pat, "you are going back to the Potomac?"

"Certainly, Pat," replied the Captain. "The chances are that the army will advance."

"Then," said Pat, "I want you to take me along with you."

"Why, Pat, how can I take you?" said the Captain. "You know they won't allow civilians in the camp."

"Tear and ages!" cried Pat, with a howl, "I'm not a civilian. There's nothing civil about me! You know they allow you a servant; they'll see the buttons, and have no misgiving."

"I might smuggle you in in that way, to be sure," said the Captain.

"Of course you might," returned Pat; "and when it comes to the shindy—"

Pat said no more, but went through an expressive bit of gentleman with the cudgel, commencing with the sabre exercise, followed up with such accurate aim at a visionary general officer in a gray coat, and ending in a swelling an inch deep on the leveled shillelah.

"Very well," said the Captain, much amused at Pat's enthusiasm. "Since you have set your heart upon camp life I'll see what can be done for you."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Pat, jumping up, and then executing a startling and rapid "pas seul" on the sidewalk. "Hurrah! I'm *grafted* into the army of the Potomac. Perhaps I'll get to be a general. Don't it read beautiful in the dispatches. On the 16th General Patrick Mahoney made a severe diversion, all alone by himself, in the midst of the enemy, and returned with the loss of one killed and seventeen wounded. Won't I get into the newspapers! Perhaps I'll be knighted, or have a leg, and they'll send me to Congress. Whew! Long life to the Mahoneys!" Here Pat executed another excited fragment of a jig or hornpipe.

"Now, Pat," said the Captain, as soon as the volatile Irishman had become a little subdued, "there is another difficulty to be met. How is it I can rely on your discretion."

"Of course you can," eagerly exclaimed Pat. "I don't know when I've had a chance to rely on it."

"Very well," said the Captain. "I want you to deliver a note to a young lady."

"I'll give you a steady hand, Pat," and you can send it through the post-office."

"Why, you stupid baste," said the Captain, "you want delivered it secretly."

"Well, 'rejoined Pat, "they won't break it open in the post-office without there's money in it; sure it's safe enough."

"No, no," said the Captain, impatiently. "I want it delivered to the young lady under her uncle and aunt won't know any thing about it."

"Of course," said Pat, confidently; "I don't know her uncle and aunt, and I'll give it to her safe enough."

"You must be careful," said the Captain, "and be sure you deliver it to the lady herself."

"Oh, I'll be careful, sure. Where does she live, the darlint?"

"Turn round," said the Captain. "Now do you see that large white house facing the end of this street on the top of the hill?"

"Murder! Captain, I can't go there," said Pat.

"Why? What's the reason?" asked the Captain, anxiously.

"I've been there before," said Pat.

"Well," said the Captain, impatiently, "that's no reason you shouldn't go there again, is it?"

"Isn't it, though," said Pat, scratching his head. "Perhaps you never had a kettle of boiling water emptied over your head, and a part of it into your stomach?"

"No, I certainly never did," said the Captain, laughing.

"Well, I have," growled Pat, "and the sensation is mighty disagreeable. I went there to see a cook girl who is the cook there, and the old woman, old Mrs. Safeguard, that's her name, she baptized me."

"Well," said the Captain, still laughing, "she didn't approve of your flame, perhaps."

"No," returned Pat, with a grin; "but she introduced me to something else, and that was boiling water. And the old gentleman, he's a nice old curmudgeon; he called me a 'thaving blackguard of a soldier,' and said I ought to be sent to the almshouse.

"That didn't suit your views, I presume," said the Captain.

"Faix! I don't know," replied Pat. "Perhaps I was thinking of the *arms*-house when I went to see Biddie."

"It's unfortunate," said the Captain, "that you are known there; but you must make an effort. Can't you disguise yourself?"

"I can do that same," said Pat, in the most confident manner. "I'll get some of my old mother's petticoats and shawl, and Biddie, and I'll do it."

"That might do," said the Captain, highly amused at the idea of such a transformation, "if you think you could manage it without fear of discovery."

"Of course I can," said the elated Pat. "Don't you remember when the boys used to dance jigs, on the barn floor we used to have Thanksgiving? I was always the old woman with the petticoat and the hoops I got off of a four barrel? Just you wait till you see me with the long flagrant bow on the little dudeen in my mouth, and you'll take your davy I'm my own mother entirely."

"Very well, Pat," said the Captain, "I must trust to you. Do the best you can. You'll find me at the K—— Hotel, after you have gone through your mission, which, I hope, you will carry out without going through boiling water a second time."

"Never fear me, Captain dear," cried Pat, rushing off. As he disappeared down the street the passers-by were electrified with an occasional line from the melodiously descriptive ballad of "Rory O'More."

The Captain looked after him as he disappeared, and then took his way to the hotel. On his way he reflected upon "the situation." His sole resources were the pay of a Captain in the army, rule health, indomitable will, and a buoyant and elastic disposition. He was in that singular abnormal condition of mind always the result of a dreadful fall. His was of unfathomable depth, into the abyss called love. In the face of the dangerities over which he had thrown himself he had seen a pair of blue eyes, lovingly gazing upward through a maze of golden hair, and the last object given to his view when he completely lost the sense of the stress, he found to his dismay that an obstinate abatis of dog-wood, in the shape of a miserly uncle, and wormwood, in the guise of a still more secretive aunt, completely barred the entrance to the Temple of Hymen.

Captain Matchlock knew that his brief leave of absence would not suffice. He had made a visit to obtain an interview with Mary Safeguard, for that was the name of his divinity, but had signally failed. The old curmudgeon had peremptorily opposed to the match, kept the young lady under watch and ward, and exercised such a vigilant surveillance that the accomplishment of any of the lovers for either a chance or a premeditated meeting. Letters had been intercepted, and every device that human ingenuity could invent had been resorted to to create a breach in the faith and constancy so perseveringly shown by the lovers. The Captain was at his wit's end. He had almost made up his mind to call for volunteers, storm and carry the place at the point of the bayonet, when Pat unexpectedly turned up and suggested a transformation unknown to Ovid—Mercury in petticoats!

"I wish," said the Captain, "that I had a better fortune to offer her than a Captain's pay, and a ticket in a lottery of bullets; but her guardians use her as unfeelingly as if she were my cousin, even the rude life of the camp, would be welcome to her. I have offered to take her away, by force if necessary; and I have a full conviction she would receive her; and when this war is over, and that will soon be, we would be married. I hope Pat will not fail. I must see her at once. Here we are at ease."

Here's the *Times* and *Journal*, morning edition —great news from the Army of the Potomac! Repeated attempts to cross the fords of pegtown under his arm, who now came tearing up the street in full cry.

"Here, boy!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Yes, Sir," said the boy, coming to a stop, and standing on one foot. "Here they are, Sir; morning paper—greatest fight! Capture of Richmond—all the particulars."

Never mind about the capture of Richmond," said the Captain. "I can't be interested by the newspapers so often that the army don't take much interest in it. Let me see," he continued, looking over the telegraphic column, which the boy unfolded on, starting the whole street with the news that Richmond was taken, and the war was over," said the Captain. "Hum!— Frightful murder!— 'Grand Cavalry Skirmish!' Felicitous juxtaposition that—grand cavalry skirmish! Ah! Dr. Department, of course; this correspondent was originally intended for Secretary of War. Here we have it, at last. 'Grand Cavalry Skirmish on the Army of the Potomac!' *No probability of an Advance!* There's something gratifying in the originality of that announcement. Some of these rebel-hearted patriots had small appetite for their breakfast this morning, I'm afraid. 'List of drafted men— Drafted men!' Ah! here it is. 'Drafted Men—*Peter Safeguard!*' Huzza! I have him now. I'll *buy* my wife. Why, this fellow must be in the last quarter of a century. He must be very reasonable to get a substitute. Mr. Peter Safeguard, in about one hour, I shall do myself the honor of calling upon you." So said, the Captain threw down the boy, which he had reached at the close of his cursory glance at the paper. Leaving him actively preparing to take the enemy's quarters, the reader may take the liberty of inspecting for himself the garrison of the white house on the top of the hill, now commanded by Peter Safeguard, vice Peter, retired for gross incapacity.

Peter Safeguard was a small pattern, about five feet four inches in height, very thoroughly bespecked and subdued, and with one trait of individuality which perhaps saved him from sinking into hopeless imbecility under the discipline of his wife's tongue. This salient point, which redeems Peter from being the most ordinary example in this sketch, was his grasping and covetous disposition. It was the only point upon which he contended with his wife. He had a shrewd notion, however, that it was expensive; and if the climate had permitted, in his cordial dislike of tallow and dress-makers, and their adjuncts, the crinoline shape of 1865, would have advocated the original fig-leaf costume as being strikingly appropriate, and, above all, economical. Mrs. Peter, in the European sense, at the age of seventy-three, becoming fascinated with the attractions of a little, pale, slender widow, married her by mistake for Peter, after he had left his wife, and brought her home to preside over his household, to the great wrath of his daughter. A great mistake this was out, and the widow found that the Amazonian daughter met with a most ignominious defeat from the fragile widow, who proved herself a very Bonaparte in arms. She not only succeeded in driving her enemy from the garrison, but beat the old diplomatist at his own weapons, by compelling him to settle every dollar of his property on her; and by dint of judicious nursing got rid of her supernumerated husband, who died in a year after their marria.e.

Mrs. Peter kept up the conflict in society; but the widow, from the experience with the daughter, retained the superiority, and spoke of her stepdaughter in so patronizing a manner to their mutual friends that the latter would have cheerfully consented to the introduction of the Celestial system of burning widows on the tomb of their defunct husbands.

This estimable lady is now seated in the drawing-room of her own house; and seated with her, in very despondent mood, the fair heroine of the story is compelled to listen to the advice, so unasked and administered, to receive the attentions of an old clothespeg whose only attractions consisted of gold spectacles, and other evidences of the great social evil, money.

"It is no use for you to talk, Mary," said Mrs. Safeguard, "what you may think of him—you are eligible *parti*. I am determined you shall marry him, and your uncle is determined you shall marry him; and you no doubt will make up your mind to submit."

"I think my uncle has little to do with the matter," said Mary.

"Indeed he has," replied the irascible Mrs. Peter, "and if he pleases to have a voice in the matter I'd very soon teach him that he had. His voice is mine, and whatever *I* am determined on *is* is determined on, and very determined too, or I'd know the reason why."

"But, aunt," said Mary, "you know I have given my promise to Captain Matchlock, and if you could only be induced to approve the engagement—"

"Engagement! You talk like a child; there is no engagement, and never shall be, and there's the end! I believe in the old saw, 'Marry a soldier and carry his wallet.' Besides, we have both set our hearts on your marrying Peter Safeguard."

"Why, aunt," said Mary, "he is seventy years old if he is a day!"

"Well, aunt Mrs. Peter, "that don't hurt him. If he is seventy years old he has twice seventy thousand dollars."

"And Peter rejoined Mary, "I suppose you consider equivalent to twice seventy thousand virtues."

"Nonsense, child," said Mrs. Peter, impatiently. "Since you want to talk nonsense, I recommend you your head is full of rubbish and romance. The Princes of Orange once went down on one knee and put my—your great-grandmother's ancestress on the court-ball. If it had been you, your head would have been completely tortured. It didn't spoil me, though. And I'll tell you what, Mr. Matchlock is a delightful young man, with weak eyes and light hair, with a great golden mustache, offered me his hand and heart, and I'll be bound, would have given me out his income was just six hundred dollars, not enough to pay my shoemaker's bill. I married Peter, a steady man, and a man of property—that is the consequences. He is a model of a husband, never quarrels, and we have every thing to make us comfortable. Depend upon it, there is nothing like money and the comforts it will bring."

"I would rather live on a crust for the remainder of my days," said Mary, "than marry a man I did not love."

"Stuff and nonsense!" rejoined Mrs. Peter, in the most positive manner. "I love in a cottage.' Bah! love in a pig-sty; and who is this Captain Matchlock? Nobody knows any thing about him."

"He is a brave soldier, aunt," said Mary, indignantly—"a brave soldier, who has fought for his country—a title that every man who loves his native land should be proud of."

Mrs. Peter was about to reply to this indignant burst on the part of her niece, with some reflection upon the patriotism that was based on money, when she was interrupted by the opening of the door and the appearance of the servant Peter, who came in with a newspaper in his hand, and was proceeded to walk up and down the drawing-room in a manner most remarkable, and indicated that it excited the wrath of his amiable wife.

"Mr. Safeguard," said she, "will you have the kindness to cease that most ridiculous habit of turning into my presence like a mad bull, and bounding about like a polar bear in a cage?"

"Matches!" exclaimed Peter, who was so completely taken up with his own troubles that he could not see the signs of the coming storm—"matches enough, I should think. Have you read the morning papers, Mrs. S.?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Safeguard, in her most sarcastic manner, "I have read the morning papers; but I don't think it incumbent upon myself in consequence to behave like a lunatic, though the papers nowadays are aggravating enough to worry a saint."

"That's it," retorted Peter, with as near an approach to a sneer as his benignant countenance was capable of; "you have read the papers, and don't know the news."

"I should like to know," said the acidulous Mrs. Peter, "any sensible woman who *does* know the news after reading the morning paper, especially when she has read the largest portion of it the day previous."

"I have seen more than I care to see, at any rate," growled Peter.

"Mr. Safeguard," said his wife, with her most determined look, "do you intend to explain yourself, or shall I have to see force?"

"That depends," said Peter: "now do you understand?"

"The draft," said Mrs. Peter; "what draft? Do you mean to say you have got the rheumatism again?"

"The rheumatism be—blowed!" said Peter, checking himself on the utterance of an oath and substituting a milder term, "has something worse than that, or, rather, it has caught me."

A sudden light broke in upon the understanding of his wife. She stamped her foot impatiently. "You don't mean to tell me, Peter," she cried, "that you have been fool enough to get drafted!"

"Well, my dear," replied Peter, in a mildly-sarcastic manner, "as I had no particular choice in the matter, I don't see how I was going to prevent it."

"Prevent it!" retorted his wife, scornfully, "why didn't you get appointed on the Committee, and see that your name was left off the list?"

"I've had better ask," rejoined the exasperated

Peter, "why I didn't reduce myself to sixteen years of age, or become suddenly deaf and dumb."

"Peter," said Mrs. Safeguard, whose wrath had changed to contempt, "you are a fool!"

Thank you, my love," said the gratified Peter.

"Unfortunately the Government don't reject individuals of the intellectual status that you have established for me."

Mrs. Safeguard, wringing her hands à la Julia, exclaimed, like that unfortunate heroine in the Hunchback, "Whats to be done?"

Peter, misinterpreting the soliloquy for a call upon him for an opinion, proceeded to express it:

"Well," he exclaimed, "there are two horns to the dilemma: one is to shoulder a musket; and the other is to pay a thousand dollars, or more, for a substitute."

"The last is not to be thought of," said Mrs. Safeguard, reflectively.

And the first won't bear thinking of," added Peter, with a shiver.

"Oh," said Mrs. Peter, impatiently, "you are a coward!"

"The fact of my marrying you proves the contrary, my dear," said Peter, complacently.

"That's right!" retorted Mrs. Peter, "abuse your wife! But I advise you," she said, with sudden ferocity, "to save all your wrath for the enemy. You'll need it before you get through!"

At this moment, and before Peter could find a fitting retort to this last unexpected attack, a knock was heard at the door. "Come in!" said Mrs. Peter, the while it was one of the servants.

To her orde the door quietly opened, and there appeared a stalwart woman, dressed in a calico frock, which was so long that it trailed on the ground. Al nough the weather was warm she was bundled up in a large woolen shawl, while her head was ornamented with the most outrageous pattern of a straw-bonnet, dating back seemingly to the fabulous ages; a green veil almost concealed the face—what could be seen of it indicated a red, coarse, Irish countenance; while her voice, in its unmistakable brogue, proclaimed her race. This overgrown edition of Bridget, at the door and curtsied several times, until Mrs. Safeguard, irritated at the sight, cried out:

"What do you want here, old woman?"

Sure, ma'am, I'm in a dale of trouble," replied a voice so deep and hoarse that it effectually put to rout any fragrance already left by Mrs. Safeguard at her presence.

"What's that to me?" she cried. "Say what you want, and get about your business!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Pat—for it was he. "As you say, it is none of mine for the poor misery; and my boy, the only one living out of seventeen, has been *grafted* into the army."

"Serve him right!" ejaculated Mrs. Peter, who hated the Irish. "What business had he to come to this country?"

"Sure, ma'am, he didn't come here at all. He was born here, ma'am."—Here Pat, by some ingenious twisting around, contrived to show Mary the corner of a letter, by "poking it in the back," as he termed it, from underneath the shawl. Mary, whose perceptives had been sharpened under the surveillance to which she had been subjected, saw in this old woman an emissary of her lover, and by an almost imperceptible nod gave Pat to understand that she comprehended the plot.

"Sure, ma'am," said Pat, addressing himself to Mrs. Safeguard, "it wasn't the poor boy's fault that he was born here."

"Yes, it was," retorted Mrs. Peter. "He had no business to be born here! He's as big a fool as Peter here, who has gone and got himself drafted. But what do you want here?"

Pat, disregarding the question, grazed admiringly at Peter and exclaimed, "So they've *grafted* you into the army, Sir?"

"Yes, they have," said Peter, desponding as he thought of it. "The army is in luck."

"Of course," said Pat, "you are going to shoulder a musket and have a halo in the centre of your back."

"No!" replied Peter, reflectively, "I think, considering the imperfect knowledge I have of that weapon, I shall rather prefer some other here of soldiering it for me."

"Do you want a substitute?" asked Pat, eagerly.

"Well, I suppose I must have," said Peter, with a second-hand one cheap."

"I know where you can get one, Sir," said Pat.

"Where?" said Peter.

"Here," said Pat, striking himself on the chest. "I'm your man. I'll go cheap, just for the fun of the thing."

"You!" said Peter, looking contemptuously upon the blundering Irishman. "Do you think the Government will take an old woman in my place?"

"An old woman!" retorted Pat. "Begorra I he muttered to himself, "I quite forgot I was my own grandmother. Faix, Sir," he said, "I don't know why one old woman isn't as good as another old woman.

Here Mrs. Safeguard, who allowed no one to abuse her husband but herself, immediately struck in, most defiantly:

"How dare you," she cried, "call my husband an old woman, you impudent old wretch? It's my opinion you are intoxicated!"

"Sure," said Pat, "I'm fasting from all but sin this blessed moment; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to insult a poor lone widder, without a chick or a child in the wide world—not one out of seventeen, barring my poor boy Jemmy, and they've *grafted* him into the army. Sure they've taken the heart entirely out of my have, oh! oh!" Here Pat began to sob violently. "I've got the draft somewhere. I feel bad. Oh! somebody give me a glass of water. Oh dear! oh dear!"

Peter, who was the soul of liberality when it came to a glass of water, told Mary to bring it, and, with Mrs. Safeguard's assistance, supported Pat into a chair, M and, in terror lest the old wretch, as she t , should Pat, should have a fit. Mary returned in a moment, bringing a glass of water. As she held it out to Pat that ingenious gentleman contrived, with two simultaneous movements, to tread heavily upon Peter's foot, and to give Mrs. Safeguard an unpleasant dig in the stomach with his elbow. While Mr. and Mrs. Peter were writhing under these inflictions Pat contrived to slip the letter into Mary's hand, who, on receiving it, turned her back and walked to the window.

"Oh, I feel so much better now," said Pat; "I feel so much *relieved*. Every time I hear of any body being *grafted* it gives me a pain in my waist."

Mrs. Peter, who had been dancing around in the extremity of pain, recovered herself in time at last sufficiently to order Peter to turn the old woman out of doors.

"I'd like to see him try it," said Pat; "I'd give him a disability in the army."

"Do you mean to say, you horrid old wretch, that you'll stay here in spite of us?" asked Mrs. Peters.

"Av course I do," said Pat, composedly. "Isn't Jemmy sleeping out on the cold ground, and you living here in luxury, you ungrateful old woman?"

"Peter," said his wife, "if you don't kick that old woman out of doors you shall go to the army as sure as my name is Safeguard."

Peter, thus urged, ordered, rolled up his cuffs and slowly advanced toward the old woman, thinking to intimidate her by the mere demonstration, but as he put out his hand to take her by the shoulder he was horrified at seeing a huge cudgel rise slowly and portentously from the folds of the woolen shawl. It shook ominously in the eyes of the startled Peter. He turned back his coat cuffs and backed away from the formidable encounter.

"No, I thank you, Mrs. S.," he cried. "I'll join the Army of the Potomac: I think it will be safer."

Mrs. Peter did not hear this refusal to obey her commands. She had suddenly become aware that her niece, with her back turned, was reading with a letter: approaching her cautiously, she caught the paper from her hands, and in a moment made herself acquainted with the contents.

"Very pretty, indeed, you minx," she cried. "A love-letter from that wretch of an officer. But I'll frustrate his plans. As for you, you graceless old woman, I'll teach you what you may expect if you ever put your foot in this house again."

So saying, she seized the only polished brass poker which stood as an ornament at the parlor fireplace, and threatening Pat with it, ordered him to leave the house, or she would turn him over to the police with her own hands.

"The police!" exclaimed Pat. "I'd like to catch one of the villains putting their hands on to a kine widder."

"Very well, ma'am, I'll see if this poker or your Irish head is the hardest," said Mrs. Peter. So saying she attacked the unfortunate Pat, and rained such a storm of blows on his back and shoulders that the terror of a hornet's nest was compelled to save himself by flight. He ran round the table, and Mrs. Peter pursued him with the fury of Achilles raging before the walls of Troy. Mary, in the while the flying foe broke down the bridges behind him in his flight by strewing chairs in the path of the infuriated Mrs. Peter, who stumbled and fell over Pat, finding himself encumbered by his long skirts, gathered them up, and consequently exposed the light blue of the infantry. Mrs. Peter, at this instant at the sight, for one moment, and then rushed from the room and shrieked for the police. Mary followed her, and Peter and Pat resumed the services of the skirmish. Pat immediately divested himself of his feminine garments, and stood in his shirt and pants, looking like blue-bird in a cage. Peter, amazed at the transformation, was unable to speak for a moment. At last, recovering from his stupor, he exclaimed:

"Who are you, you rascal?"

"Who am I?" retorted Pat, "why, don't you see, you unconscionable old haythen? I belong to the One Hundred and Forty-seventh Michigan."

"Then you mean to say," said Peter, *that* (pointing to the hoop-skirt) is the uniform of that regiment?"

Here Pat, looking down, discovered that he was encased in the hoops. He divested himself of that incongruous addition to his wardrobe; and standing erect, shillalah in hand, wicked pleasantly and genially upon his surviving companion.

"Now," said Peter, "I should like to know, just as a matter of curiosity, what the d—l brought you here?"

"It wasn't that gentleman at all," replied Pat "I got mine by myself."

"And," continued Peter, "you had the impudence to bring a letter clandestinely to my niece?"

"Yes, a bit," returned Pat; "I brought it in my pocket."

"Who was it from?" said Peter.

"From the gentleman who wrote it, sure," answered Pat.

"Now, mark me, my fine fellow," continued Peter, "you have laid yourself liable to severe punishment. You have entered my house surreptitiously."

"I never," replied Pat; "I entered through the door."

"And," continued Mr. Safeguard, "you are trying to escape the consequences of your misdeeds by an affected simplicity; now it's my opinion you are more knave than fool."

"Begorra," retorted Pat, "and that's more than I can say of you."

"Pat," said Peter, "you will give me the name of your employer or take the consequences."

"If it's all the same to you," said the imperturbable Pat, "I'd rather take a glass of whisky and water."

At this moment the door opened and Mrs. Safeguard appeared, followed by Captain Matchlock.

"There, Sir," said the old lady, with a double-distilled acidulous expression, "there's Mr. Safeguard, since you insist upon seeing him; but if you have any business with him, you'll find that *his* business is my business."

"I'm afraid you'll have to make an exception in this case, my dear Madam," said Captain Matchlock, "unless you feel disposed to join the army."

"Sir, if your business is to insult me," retorted Mrs. Peter, "I am inclined to think I may have to make an exception, although my husband does seem to be perfectly indifferent in the matter."

"You will, Mr. Safeguard, then?" said the Captain, turning to the stupefied Peter.

"The sum, Sir, as your service," replied Peter.

"Peter Safeguard," continued the Captain.

"I believe I am indebted to my godfathers for that appropriate name on the occasion of a long list of Peters," replied Peter, "but, I assure you, I had no choice in the matter," returned Mr. Safeguard.

"Then I have the pleasure of informing you that you have been drafted into the One Hundred and Forty-seventh Michigan."

"Sir," said the dauntless Peter, "the fact of my having been drafted was made disagreeably public in this morning's paper."

"Oh yes," said the Captain, "you will report yourself for examination within fourteen days from to-day, and I hope I shall soon have the gratification of shaking you by the face of the enemy."

"I assure you, Captain, that I should infinitely prefer seeing the *back* of the enemy in full flight," said Peter.

"That," returned the Captain, "will depend, in a measure, upon your own valor."

"That," said the dauntless Peter, "I think the chances of my witnessing that gratifying spectacle are very remote."

"Mr. Safeguard," broke in his wife, "if I were you I would not exhibit my cowardice to a stranger."

"My love," rejoined Peter, "as Iican not afford the luxury of a substitute, perhaps you will favor mind going in my place. The Government would certainly be a gainer, for I don't think there's a rebel regiment that would stand before you for a moment."

"Sir," he jabers," interposed Pat, "shd be equal to a whole battery of Parrott guns!"

"You can procure a substitute," suggested the Captain, "for a thousand dollars, or about that sum."

"I'm much obliged to you for the information," returned Peter, "but I really don't feel able to present the Government with that trifling amount of money. Now, Captain, you have seen a good deal of service. Look at me: do you think I could be of any use?"

Devil a bit!" exclaimed Pat. "Enlist the old woman."

"Do you think," persisted Peter, "the Government could get any thing out of me, physically?"

"I am afraid the Government will try the experiment," replied the Captain.

"Come," said Peter, imploringly, "find me a way out of this scrape, and I will be eternally indebted to you."

"That's two days longer than I'd let any man be indebted to me," said Pat, with a knowing shake of his head.

"I see no escape for you," said the Captain, "unless either go or pay the price of a substitute."

"Under some circumstances," said Peter, reflectively, "I think I could make great sacrifices for my country: but, unfortunately, those circumstances are not within my reach."

"Go in, old gentleman," said Pat, with an encouraging smile. "After the first battle you won't mind it."

"I have no doubt," said Peter, "that your prediction would be singularly verified; but, unfortunately, the fact is, I really can't go."

"Well, then, fight your second one first," retorted Pat, with the triumphant air of a man who had cleverly surrounded an apparently inextricable difficulty.

"You object to joining the ranks, then?" asked the Captain.

"Most decidedly," replied Peter.

"And you equally object to paying a thousand dollars?" continued the Captain.

"No," said Peter, reflectively, "I don't so much object to paying as to parting with the money."

"Well," said the Captain, "as I don't think you'll reflect much credit on the service, I'll furnish you with a substitute. Good-by."

"My dear Sir," said Peter, seizing the Captain by both hands and shaking them in a fervor of gratitude.

"On one condition," added the Captain.

"Oh!" said Peter, with a sudden abnegation of his countenance, and regarding the Captain's hands.

"I love your niece, and I have every reason to believe that she loves me," continued the Captain.

"With all my heart! Enter part of your assistance," exclaimed Mrs. Safeguard, with great superiority, "I can inform you, Sir, that you are very much mistaken."

"On one condition," added the Captain.

"Oh!" said Peter, with a sudden abnegation of his countenance, and regarding the Captain's hands.

"I love your niece, and I have every reason to believe that she loves me," continued the Captain.

"With all my heart! Enter part of your assistance," exclaimed Mrs. Safeguard, with great superiority, "I can inform you, Sir, that you are very much mistaken."

"Indeed, he is not, aunt!" exclaimed a voice, gently but decidedly; "and I think my opinion on that subject is worth some consideration."

This opinion conflicting so strongly with her aunt's was uttered by Mary, who now advanced and took the hand of the Captain.

"Now," said the Captain, holding Mary by the hand, "give your consent to our marriage and I will furnish the substitute. If you do not, I think we shall have to manage to do without it."

Peter, whose dread of the army, together with his love of money, combined to excite a rebellion against his better half, reflected a moment, and then, turning to the Captain, exclaimed:

"It's a bargain. Get me out of the scrape, and she is yours."

"I say," exclaimed the angry Mrs. Peter, "he shan't have her!"

"Dry up, old woman," interposed Pat, "or we'll have you *grafted* into the army."

"You have my uncle's consent, Charles," said Mary, "and it is quite needless to say you have mine."

Mrs. Safeguard looked from one to the other with amazement.

"Then I suppose," she said, sarcastically, "you have all made up your mind that I am nobody."

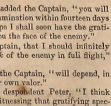
"Not a soul," said the irrepressible Pat. "You're neither use nor ornament. You and the old supernumerary can go on to the retired list until his turn comes round again." And then he added, "If he is a poor crather entirely," nodding to Peter, "I hope that it won't be him, but Patrick Mahoney —Wedding Cake?—that will be graded into the army."

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following communications are accepted:—"Twenty Greenbacks." "From Pudding Grove." "A Case of Sham-pain. By a Re-tale-er." "Will you take some Wedding Cake?"

DECLINED.—"Castor Oil and Catnip Tea." "A Night in the Rain." "Kicks, Slaps, and Thumps." "Good Advice."



THE GIRLS OF OUR PERIOD.

A gentleman was about completing the sale of a horse when he was asked to guarantee the sound wind and limb. "Guarantee!" cried the gentleman, in a little uncertain accent and innocently inquired, "Grandpa, which horse you gettin' to sell—that one you built a mile yesterday to make him draw?" The bargain was at an end.

"You like plenty of nice things, don't you, Jimmy? How many cakes did you have at the pastry-cook's yesterday?" "Five, four, a sponge-cake, then an almond-cake, then a currant-cake, then a sweet-cake, and then a lemon-cake!"

"Well, Mr. Tree, if you're about to leave I shall detain you further," exclaimed an incensed landlady to her lodger, who was slightly in arrears.

A clerk in a music-store was lately overpowered by a fastidious young lady who wanted to purchase "Mr. Howl's——some cliffhanger—gentlemen's under-garment!" The clerk is still alive.

A correspondent tells of a youngster who, on being admonished by his teacher not to take all the bank from the dish, because he should save some for manners, replied, after looking around the table, "Well, I don't see any manners here to save it in!"

The feast of imagination is described as follows: "When your stomach is empty and your pocket ditto sit down and read a cookery-book."

Good news for husbands—Ladies wear their dresses longer than they used.

A sharp grocer, when a customer who was buying a gallon of vinegar observed that a great deal was wasted in the measure after it was turned, remarked: "There was more in the measure before I drew your gallon."

Mrs. Partington says that lies, having become enameled of a stem of thistles, has led her to the mental altar. He didn't appear like least bit decomposed on the back of his wedding-cards except two little cubebs with wings.

A confirmed old bachelor used the following argument against matrimony: "Calico is a great promoter of latitude." Some married man, who was present at the moment, either with head or hand, they must keep clear of the institution altogether, as all events, from a pink waist, a swelling chest, a pressure of two delicate hands, and so on much to the same, a man as three times, the measles, a bargain-sized whooping-cough, a pair of lack-jaws, and an hydrophobia, and the rest's hell.

Different rounds travel with different degrees of velocity. A call to dinner will run over a ten-acre lot in a minute and a half, while a summons to work will take from five to ten minutes.

"My dear," said Mrs. Dogberry to her daughter, "you should not look at the people so high in the street as the street." "Then, ma," replied the maiden, "how shall I ever show the beauty of my new bonnet, unless I have almost ruined my eyesight to manufacture? I'm sure I don't care if the brute do look at me." Mrs. Dogberry spoke of "the sin of vanity and the beauty of decency," and walked off in high dudgeon.

"My dear," said a gentleman to a young lady whom he hoped to marry, "do you intend to make a fool of me?" "No," replied the lady, "Nature has saved me the trouble."

A county old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve because when she appeared man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

A country "chap," who recently visited the city for the first time, gives his views of the ladies in this way: "Some wear in every circumference and some wear in many strings clene 'em's alines a woman, I s'pose; but how much can the holler is that to me with men, when it comes to the genuine, the spectatin' don no. A feller marys a wife, and then, when it comes to the test, he finds her outside in his arms but regular anatomy. If men is pay deceaved, what is to be said of the female that deceive for a hundred and forty weight, but hasn't really so much fat on her as would grease a griddle? All the spiritual pleasures consisting of cotton and whalebone."

Do not ever rely on delicacy in the choice of his companion, when you marry by agreement of convenience. He once called a clergyman a fool, who, indeed, was little more. The latter, however, told the wedding party of this saga to the bishop. "Do," said the doctor, "and my lord bishop will make you a deacon."

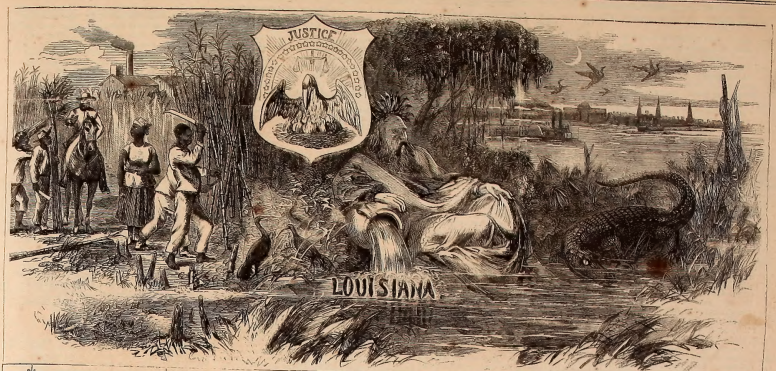
EPIGRAM ON A DRUNKEN SMITH.

"I heard that Sump the smith, for ale and spice,
Sold all his tools, and yet he kept his vice!"

It being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool, the poet Moore, to whom the story was told by Lord Melbourne, observed, "I am sorry to learn such material for a literary lady than to double down a page." "I would rather," replied his lordship, "strike Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."



THE LOST FOUND.—[DRAWN BY A. R. WARD.]



MAP OF
LOUISIANA

SCALE OF MILES

ARKANSAS

MISSISSIPPI

GULF OF MEXICO

LONGITUDE WEST FROM GREENWICH

LONGITUDE WEST FROM WASHINGTON

LOUISIANA.

LOUISIANA extends from the 29th to the 33d degree of north latitude, and lies between the 89th and 94th degrees of longitude west from Greenwich. Mean annual temperature varies from 73° to 64° Fahr. Area 41,255 square miles, of which, in 1860, 2,707,108 acres were in improved farms, and 6,001,468 in unimproved farms, together valued at $230,783,602; and the value of farming implements and machinery at the same period was $13,688,223.

Surface.—The Delta of the Mississippi occupies nearly one-fourth of the surface of this State. It is entirely composed of alluvium, and the elevation is not more than five metres above the surface of the Mississippi River, and much of it is annually inundated by the overflow of its waters. The *Levee*, an artificial embankment, commences a short distance below Baton Rouge on the east side, and extends nearly to the mouth of the Mississippi River; and on the west side it extends nearly the entire length of the course of the Mississippi in the State. The southwestern portion of the State consists of salt marsh near the Gulf shore; thence rising slightly inland, it forms extensive and fertile prairies. The region along the Mississippi River, and for 30 to 50 miles west, is annually inundated, and is of exceeding fertility; and so also are the lands bordering the Red River. The northern central portion of the State is slightly elevated, and so also is the ridge between the Red and Sabine rivers. The Mississippi, with its numerous affluents—the Red River, etc.—is the great channel of drainage; and in its lower courses diverges from it the Atchafalaya, La Fourche, and Iberville, all of which empty into the Gulf of Mexico. The only other rivers of note are the Pearl, from the State of Mississippi, which flows along a portion of the eastern border of Louisiana, and the Sabine, from Texas, which runs along about three-fourths of its western border. Several lakes occur, the most noted of which are Pontchartrain, Borne, Chemitlacbe, Calcasieu, etc. It has an entire sea-coast line of about 500 miles, which affords but few good harbors.

The population of the State in 1860 was 708,002, of which 357,629 were whites, 18,647 free colored, and 331,726 were slaves.

PARISHES.	Whites.	Slaves.		Free colored.	Aggregate.
		Blacks.	Mu-lattoes.		
Ascension	3,940	7,163	6,598	107	17,808
Assumption	5,199	10,000	7,000	84	22,283
Avoyelles	5,903	7,4	6,061	574	19,967
Baton Rouge	4,707	7,0	7,303	1,307	21,417
B. Rouge, N.	1,309	113	4,300	45	5,767
Bienville	2,000	1,000	1,000	100	4,100
Bossier	3,343	7,257	603	11,048	40,928
Caddo	4,236	6,000	6,000	1,000	17,236
Calcasieu	4,467	2,0	1,200	2,0	9,0
Caldwell	1,859	1,0	1,0	100	4,159
Carroll	4,150	10,350	1,951	15,052	64,505
Catahoula	4,000	8,000	8,000	1,000	21,000
Claiborne	8,000	0	6,20	918	31,071
Concordia	4,247	12,000	12,000	906	29,153
De Soto	4,377	14,1	7,1	12,1	16,954
Feliciana	6,000	8,000	8,000	1,000	23,000
Iberville	6,903	287	4,068	176	11,834
Jefferson	4,000	2,000	2,000	1,000	9,000
Lafayette	4,000	2,000	2,000	1,000	9,000
Lafourche	7,203	14,0	4,78	1,0	14,044
Livingston	2,415	2,0	1,0	1,0	6,415
Madison	1,040	76	11,662	814	14,152
Morehouse	3,764	6,0	8,322	742	18,828
Natchitoch's	6,000	8,000	8,000	1,000	23,000
Orleans	146,000	10,000	10,000	9,500	25,500
Ouchita	1,887	2,0	2,0	0	4,737
Plaquemine	4,500	7,0	7,0	1,0	19,500
Pt. Coupee	4,0	12,0	11,162	1,7	28,947
Rapides	6,0	12,0	12,0	1,0	31,000
Sabine	1,0	1,0	1,0	1,0	4,0
St. Bernard	1,411	1,0	1,0	1,0	4,411
St. Charles	1,0	3,0	3,0	1,0	8,0
St. Landry	8,0	12,0	12,0	1,0	33,0
St. James	3,5	6,0	6,0	1,0	16,5
St. J. Bapt.	3,0	7,0	7,0	1,0	18,0
St. Landry	10,3	16,0	16,0	1,3	43,3
St. Martin's	3,0	6,0	6,0	1,0	16,0
St. Mary's	5,0	12,0	12,0	1,0	30,0
St. Tammany	3,0	1,0	1,0	1,0	6,0
Tensas	1,4	7,0	14,0	1,0	36,0
Terre Bonne	4,0	12,0	12,0	1,0	31,0
Union	6,0	8,0	8,0	1,0	23,0
Vermilion	4,0	1,0	1,0	1,0	7,0
Washington	2,0	2,0	1,4	1,0	6,0
Wilkinson	6,0	12,0	12,0	1,0	31,0
Total	357,629	18,647	331,726	46,0	708,002

The great staple product of Louisiana is sugar, of which in 1860 it produced 227,726 hogsheads of 1000 pounds each, and 13,439,123 gallons of molasses. The grain crops of the same period consisted of: wheat, 32,398 bushels produced; rye, 26,063; Indian corn, 5,953,743; oats, 59,371; barley, 1,000; buckwheat, 160; rice, 6,331,257 pounds; and there were produced of pease and beans, 431,148 bushels; Irish potatoes, 1,253,253; sweet-potatoes, 1,777,588 bales of ginned cotton of 400 pounds each; tobacco, 29,940 pounds; wool, 290,647; hay, 52,721 tons; and there were made at the same time, 1,444,742 pounds of butter; cheese, 6154; and 250,481 pounds of honey. Home-made manufactures were valued at $692,096. The live stock in 1860 consisted of, 78,703 horses; 91,762 asses and mules; 129,655 cows; 238,338 working oxen; and other cattle, 326,655; sheep, 181,534; swine, 634,295; valued, in the aggregate, at $24,346,940. Value of animals slaughtered, $3,000,000.

Manufactures, etc.—There were, in 1860, 1744 establishments of industry, with a capital invested in real and personal estate in the amount of $7,151,172. The value of raw materials consumed was valued at $6,738,466; hands employed, 7853 males and 916 females; articles valued at $13,688,223. The internal improvements in 1860 consisted of several lines of railroads, the aggregate length of which amounted to 334 miles, and cost $8,021,000; and there was canal and slack-water navigation amounting in the aggregate to 19 miles.

Education.—The free-school and seminary funds in 1860 amounted to $1,106,313. The superintendent of Public Education in 1865 reports: "Our system is very defective in nearly every essential particular, and before we can possibly realize the benefits which should flow from the large annual amount expended for the purpose of carrying it out, it is absolutely necessary that the same be entirely remodeled and placed upon a more practical foundation."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A NORTHERN teacher, who in the far South is now striving to teach "the young idea how to shoot," writes as follows:

"Our schools are three in number, and contain about 225 pupils. Many more could be gathered, but the room is full. I have a primary school for the children of both sexes, with intermediate schools for the larger boys and girls. The privileges of these schools for several years have been peculiar, and their tone of order are very creditable. Some of my brothers and sisters who have taught here thought it learned more at this school than he ever did before; that he could do all kinds of nothing but sit and chew tobacco and spit on the floor, adding that the teacher was a 'lady.'

"I noticed some of the little fellows chewing tobacco and spitting over the floor as I passed to and from recess, but said nothing about the former. I was somewhat surprised on coming to school one morning to find the following *small epitome*."

"Now, do not think that last-mentioned idea no very "*crude.*" On the contrary, we are inclined to the opinion that these Southern children may be "reckoned" as being at least one day in advance of large class of grown-up New Yorkers, in regard to the subject of—we may as well use the vernacular—spitting. Nothing shocks the undisputed right of every man—and every woman, too, for that matter, "free and equal" right to all, in the popular doctrine nowadays—to spit upon his own particular carpet as much as he pleases, provided his wife and children are not thereby annoyed. This is their own property, or supposed to be, and he is entitled to ornament it according to his own taste. But this promiscuous spitting in public places is another matter altogether, and one of serious annoyance in our city cars. How often a man enters a car, and, with a nonchalant air, seats himself, little dreaming that he has taken two steps inside! Or, if it chance that he sits by an open window, it never occurs to him to use the street as a spittoon. No, he will spit upon his coat or upon his head, the floor is more convenient. This is not so much to be wondered at when it is considered that subsequently it is necessary for some individuals to experiment. We "found" it the other day. About midway in the car was—well, not a lady, but a woman, who was neatly dressed like a gentleman, earnestly engaged in conversation. He evidently was a "*gentleman*" by nature, "*discharged*" at pretty regular intervals of about thirty-three and a half seconds during a rule of nearly an hour, to the great annoyance of all who sat within the vicinity, and to the imminent danger of her dress.

"A vigorous application was set in the corner of a car the other day, chewing his cud, and enjoying the scenery through an open window. Every now and then, however, he complacently turned his head, and with one hand would his receiver apparently at the dress of a lady opposite, presumably his wife. The lady, finally, became somewhat disgusted, and drew her drapery away as far as possible. Presently the man slit his mark again, though he was too absorbed to notice the movement. Then, with a remark of 'Sir,' and the indignant lady, pointing emphatically to the offended silk dress, "I'll thank you to spit out of the window!"

Another incident of a similar nature came under our observation a week or two since. A lady, a friend of the Right Avenue car, accompanied by a little girl of some four years old, entered the forward car, and proceeded to pass their little pets. The seats being filled, the child stood near the door, apparently delighted with the motion of the car; meanwhile a gentleman, unobserved, entered from the further end, but just as he reached the door he "discharged" his contents, and the child received the whole broadside of the little girl. You might have lighted a match at the lady's eyes as, with an appearance of extreme disgust, she took the child in her arms, and left the car, not to be seen again.

If it were only the genuine article—the "pure juice of the cigar," as to speak—that came out of a man's mouth, one could not mind so much if accidents did happen, but such thing as tobacco is a luxurious. Many men won't linger on the subject, but beg some ingenious Yankee to invent a small, potent, pocket-spittoon, and put it on the market."

SOME time ago doubters in men had half-submerged in mud, while others were drowned in the overflowing of the night-multitude of men and horses, suggests that our city authorities be requested to construct a causeway by which pedestrians and equestrians could cross the streets they without peril to life and limb. She furthermore invites attention to the "Crossing Sweepers" who stand across Broadway from the terminus of the cars, at the Astor House, to the opposite corner, and then enable passengers to cross at only the utmost imaginable peril to ragbits?"

If such a plan were practicable it would certainly add greatly to the comfort and safety of the community in general; as well as lighten the labors of the attentive policemen, who are now compelled to give such aid as is possible to ladies in crossing the streets.

At the New England dinner which is annually given in New York, on the anniversary of the Pilgrim Fathers' Landing Day, the following toast was given: "*Women*—the strong staff and beautiful rod which sustained and comforted our fathers through the wilderness of the Pilgrim journey."

MR. THEODORE TILTON having invited to respond to this, some gentle spirit undertook to do the honors for him, two or three or which we quote for the benefit of our readers:

"There was good Mistress Bradford, whose fate were not unlike that of many a Pilgrim Mother. She died, in the season, came only near enough to see but not to enter the promised land. Her husband, the governor, survived her, and—and to this day the sea is her grave, and Cape Cod her monument. Then there was Priscilla Mullins, who married a perpetual June Engineer, to smelter and overturn those mountains of difficulty which lay in the way of his love. Those mountains were more than a Dagmore; it is a matter, to the astonished spectator, how they ever got out of the way. Then, after the first vessel, with three masters, there came the Mayflower, with the Pilgrim Fathers, leaving tracts drawn from the olden land by those white wheeled vehicles which are known as Conscience Carts. For instance, Governor Bradford, a tenacious widower, went to the Dutch, and, being rebuffed, went to the Indians, and love-letter over the wide ocean into the lap of Alice Southworth—and Priscilla Mullins was left out in the cold. She said, 'Yes, I will go.' And she went! And it is said that the Governor, in the course of time, married Priscilla Mullins. Which, according to the New Theology, furnishes the providential explanation of the whole Pilgrim Father overland!"

The reader stated that each of the Pilgrim Fathers as found good wives had doubtless their full share of matrimonial "scrapes." And among the early *histories* of Connecticut there was one which said: "No Gospel minister shall smite people in marriage; no civil magistrates shall smite people in marriage; as they may do it with less scandal and liberty."

In closing, the following advice was given; whether it had the effect to shorten or to lengthen the feast, is not recorded:

"The cottages of our forefathers had few pictures on the walls, but many needles hung in a row. King Charles the Twelve Good Rulers, the eleventh of which was, 'Make no long meals.' Now King Charles lost his head, and you will probably make a long meal. Then always, after your long meal, you go home to your wife, and what does she say to you? Scold? You will find my name—Woman—a beautiful rod? Now, my advice is, '*Kiss the rod!*'"

A London Journal presents a somewhat lengthy commendation from a New York correspondent on the subject of dress, particularly that style of dress which ladies sometimes appear in or rather out of, and which is sometimes called the ragged girl dress. This writer, after remarking that, although fashionable New York ladies are not at all averse to displaying their charms in this and portion, yet they do shrink from appearing in *full dress* at places which are open to the public—refuse an incident with a story:

The lady referred to in the following story had some unpleasant experiences in attempting to disregard the fashionable requirements in regard to the unsuitableness of certain styles of apparel in public places.

"She became a widow in comfortable circ., and having married a South Carolina planter, effected no little sensation in the aristocratic circles of New England folk. She went at Newport one season, and having just returned from Europe, had a new gay wardrobe. One evening at the tea-table a gentleman with whom she had a very slight acquaintance asked her to accompany him, and the lady spoke for him happening to have no butter-knife by it, he used his own pen-knife, bright knife to take a bit of butter. He was a man of culture and social standing, but a Yankee, and his natural pretension she evidently detested. She seized the opportunity, and calling a waiter, said in an elaborately ruptured Southern accent, 'Take away that butter. That gentleman has had his knife in it.' He took up the offending article, looked at it over upon him and upon the ladyy, but by-and-by she stretched out her hand for another knife, and the man clapped dried beef, which stood between her and her victim. This was a second stroke, but she was fairly turned at once, and calling a waiter, said, only as if he were asking for more tea, 'Pshaw—take that dried beef, this hot tea had her fingers in it.' In this encounter, such as it was, he was brought to bay, but he rallied, and she did not forgive or forget. So a few days afterward, they being at dinner, she, complying with the fashion of the adopted since her tour to Europe, and which was so very 'chic' that it would have excited unfavorable comment if omitted, took one from a dish of fresh figs before her, and putting it up to plate, began to eat it with a manner of much pleasure, but saying in a tone of unmistakable significance, which was heard all around her, 'I beg of you, Sir.' He accepted it gratefully, and taking in his turn a brief time to enjoy it, said, in a tone of a tutor with 'A fig for you, Madam.' She fled the table, and took her room, and the unfortunate victim left the house. It was generally agreed that he had done what a gentleman would, although he had not been in the conversation as much that he was holding utilities of offence, and applauded for his wit; and nobody except perhaps a few of her slavefolding friends, pitied her.

The other day a respectably-dressed individual called at an undertaker's in this city, and, nearly choked with sobs, and with a most pathetic countenance enquired in weighing the tears from his eyes, informed the lady in attendance that he had lost a very dear friend, and that he desired to see the coffin in the store. She showed him a number, and at length, when his grief had somewhat subsided, he selected one and requested that it should be directed to be sent to a certain number in Hamy Street. He took out a well-filled pocket-book, and handed the lady a $100 bill. Not suspecting that a man who was laboring under such a misfortune could be a rogue, she changed the bill, giving him fifty, fifty other bills and the change. It was soon discovered that the $100 bill was counterfeit, and that a coffin was not at present required at the house designated by the Inspector.

An extraordinary marriage recently took place in Philadelphia, the bridegroom being rather below middle stature, and the bride rather above standard and fine proportions, while the bride weighed five hundred and eighty-five pounds.

The English language fairly deserves some such criticism as the Frenchman made, who, in attempting to study our grammar, complained bitterly of the irregular verbs. "Policeman, stop!" he cried, "I've got. Did you ever see one such verb?" And with the utmost gravity he read from a sheet of paper, "I go, I shall go, departure, the cloak out, we cut stick, ye or you nakes trucks, they absquatulate. *Now then! man, form!*" What dismissar verbs you have in your English language!

A French chemist has invented, for summer use, a fuel of its description: Ground charcoal, four parts; starch, one part; tannin, one part; nitrate of potash, one part. Solidified, they will burn without flame or smoke a long time with intense heat. A four-ounce cake will boil one pint of water in 15 minutes.

A good story with a good moral is never amiss, especially if every one practices upon the lesson inculcated:

"A young man, on his way home one evening, occasionally called at his house for a supply of milk. One morning he came with the pitcher, as usual. He found his good wife rose to wash upon him, but the demon said, "I will fill and go." She did so, and meantime the demon made some inquiries of the milk-woman, and discovered that the husband was a drunkard. While the demon waited him to go out to the barn with the pitcher, he entered, "Thank you, Sir," the demon, pointing to one of the cows, exclaimed, 'Thank you, Sir,' and the 'Wonder' looked. The man thanked him heartily for the cow, and started. He then looked around, and saw the sweet face of the attitude of deep thought until the man had gone some rods. He then looked at the pitcher, and said, 'Where's the cow?' The man looked around, and the demon added, 'Let that cow remain with you, and you will be rich.' He did so, and when he came back into the yard again, the demon had gone. The man went into the house, and told his wife what had occurred. She replied with a sigh, 'I have a story to tell you, too.' She then related the story of the visit of the demon. Coming upon the group so suddenly that they were unable to escape, he had taken—*a cow*. The divine looked on a while, and then, raising his hat, invited the gentlemen present to attend church the next day and invite him privately to the house. The next day Beneficy found Judge and lawyers seated in the "Amen corner." The sermon was one of the most unpremeditated:

"Friends, the citizens of this town have built a fine church; there is still fifteen hundred dollars due. We propose to take up a collection to-day, and finish paying the Judge! I go one hundred dollars; who goes before?" The Judge, following the example, slowly responded, "I see your hundred." "Thank you, brother," says the divine, "will any one raise it?" looking at the same time at lawyer No. 1. The lawyer saw he was in for it, and quietly responded, "I go a hundred bills," and so on through the list. The divine raised down the bar and when the money was counted over by a thrifty, skilful waiter announcing, "I see the ten hundred and 'still you?'"

Our readers will appreciate the astonishment of the congregation. We venture, however, that those lawyers will not soon have the divine to witness a "social game of whist" where stands "see" such other, "go it blind," and call the hand.

One of the most marked features of the present fashion is the omnipresence of rufling. Embroidery and even lace have both been swept away before it as chaff before a whirlwind. Every lady garnishes her clothing now with rufling, for the plainest and least expensive rufling is considered more elegant than the most extraordinary embroidery. In view of this enormous demand for rufling, the MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY learn the same relation to the female toilet that the steam engine does to the traveling world. For in the old days when rufling was laid little progress was made, and even spent all the moments they could glean from necessary duties in the never-ending and fearfully tedious toil of hemming. Now rufling is the very fruit and mean the hand-made rufling is when compared with the brilliant and perfect article fabricated by the MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY, which, in their perfect evenness and unbaired beauty, seem rather a work of art than one of domestic manufacture. Those garments which are not bordered with magic rufling nowadays may be said to be only "half made up" and "not to be worn in a mass" fame and imported conclusion."—*New York Leader.*

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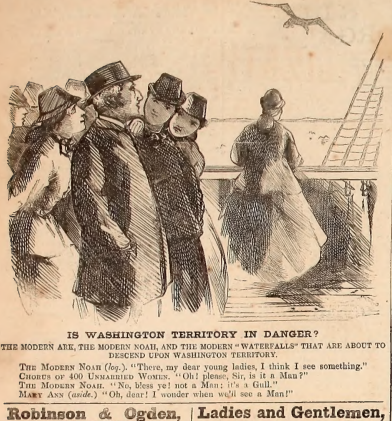
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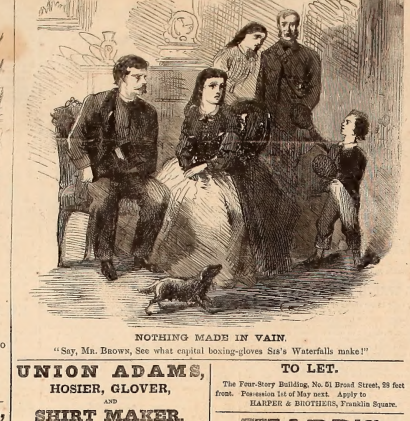
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 476.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE PRINCESS OF WALES WITH THE INFANT PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER INFANT.

A YOUNG mother, holding a baby or two years, is one of the loveliest and holiest objects that can be seen on earth, whether she be a Princess and future Queen or the wife of a poor laboring man. In either case we must look upon this attitude of womanhood grouped with childhood as an embodiment of the most sacred affections and capabilities of human nature, and the ideal of maternity, which the mystic piety of the Middle Ages was inclined to worship, under the noblest artistic forms, as of necessary to divine revelation, still remains all but the highest conceivable type of moral harmony and grace. There is no woman who bears a child, in the humblest home as well as in the palaces of Royalty, who does not, while she cherishes the young life derived from her own, exhibit a living picture of the adorable ideal, more truthful and more impressive than any which RAPHAEL or MURILLO has drawn.

We are happy to be able to present our readers this week with an illustration representing ALEXANDRA, the Princess of Wales, with her first-born infant, the little Prince VICTOR, whose second birthday occurred January 8 of the present year. Prince VICTOR EDWARD is in the direct line of regal succession, and, if he lives long enough, will one day be the King of England. The picture we have to give is from an excellent photograph by MESSRS. WINDOW & BRIDGE, Regent Street, London.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1866.

THE PROPOSED CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

WE have a very high respect for the admirable services of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, and for the earnestness with which he holds opinions in which we do not always agree; but Mr. STEVENS lacks some important qualifications as a parliamentary leader. He is too fond of snap judgments at a time when the utmost deliberation is required. He does not understand the intention of the motion for the previous question. Its object is not to stifle discussion, but to save time when debate is clearly exhausted. Yet when the Reconstruction Committee reported a constitutional amendment of the utmost gravity, and before the House could have a chance of deliberation, or the country of declaring itself, he threatened the call of the previous question. Had he persisted a very serious mischief would have been done. As it is, the House will be wary hereafter.

The amendment reported is substantially that of Mr. BLAINE. It proposes, in addition to apportion representation in the whole number of the population, excepting those who may be disfranchised by reason of race or color. In effect, it is a bribe of increased political power offered to the late Slave States to induce them to give political equality to their colored population. It is one of the innumerable indirect methods suggested to reach a result which is now gradually seen to be virtually indispensable to the successful reorganization of the late rebel States. But which, we think, will at last be attained by simpler and directer means.

Mr. JENCKES, of Rhode Island, and Mr. ELIOT, of Massachusetts, have indicated very distinctly and forcibly the objections to the adoption of the amendment. It admits, by implication, that States may disfranchise because of race or color, and that a supposition of which Congress should not be guilty. Then it enables a State to exclude large masses of its population of all colors by a property qualification, thus establishing an oligarchy where Congress is bound to secure a republican form of government. By merely omitting the word "white" in their present laws defining the electoral qualification, many of the States could still enjoy their present superiority of representation. In South Carolina, for instance, more than three of the population are colored. But the colored population are not property-holders. Nothing is easier than for the State to retain its law of a property qualification, by which more than half of the population would be excluded from the polls while they would be counted in the basis of representation. Yet if the amendment which authorizes or requires such legislation should pass, Congress would have virtually decided that such an exclusion is republican. There is still another objection, which is this—that while the object of the amendment is to protect colored citizens by giving them the vote, the feeling of caste in the unorganized States is so strong that they would probably be willing to submit to the lessened representation as the price of obtaining the complete control of the freedmen—a result which is to be resisted to the last by every honorable American.

The amendment, as it stands, will probably not pass—at least, we sincerely hope it may not. We do not know, indeed, what further suggestions the Committee may propose which will modify and control this. But we presume that the debate will have shown to the Committee the feeling of the House and of the country, and induce them to consider a very simple and obvious solution of the difficulty—an amendment defining the qualifications of all adult male citizens of the United States in national elections. Should some educational test be required of future voters, it would still be impossible to trust the education of their colored population to the unorganized States. They would keep them disfranchised by ignorance. Even ignorance is a very bad thing; but loyal ignorance is better than disloyal, and the Union would be much more secure if the one had been allowed to neutralize the other in the votes, as Mr. STEVENS has asked with emphasis, than educational test were imposed and the decision of its adequate fulfillment were left to white judges in the Slave States. And for every "conciliation," will have an opportunity of learning wisdom from events. The duties of no Congress can bind upon them those of the present, and it has thus far shown a sagacity which we have no reason to fear will desert it.

SENATOR TRUMBULL'S BILL.

THE passage, in the Senate, of Mr. TRUMBULL'S bill for continuing and enlarging the operations of the Freedmen's Bureau will be followed, we trust, by its swift passage in the House. The debate was ample, and it is only the truth to say that every argument urged against it was utterly refuted. The ability and the tone of the speeches in its favor were contrasted with those against it as humanity and justice and enlightenment are always contrasted with injustice and meanness. It is a fine thing that Mr. GARRETT DAVIS should make a wretched spectacle of himself, and offer a motion upon the final passage of the bill which the President of the Senate would not entertain, for the unfortunate Senator from Kentucky is distinguished only, with Senator SAULSBURY of Delaware, by terms of impotent and ridiculous rage. Almost over any proposition is made toward justice to the race whose long unjust treatment by us brought the war upon our homes and hearts. It was fitting also, in every way, that a Senator from the Northwest, a friend of President LINCOLN'S and from his State, should have presented the bill which will do so much toward finishing his work.

Land and education are to be the grounds of security for the liberty of the whole Southern population. If they are not made secure, it, every step, taken for the elevation of the freedmen is an immense gain for the Southern States and for the country. Whatever developing their self-respect and stimulates them in industry and thrift brings us all nearer to permanent peace. Governor ORR, of South Carolina, complains of the Freedmen's Bureau as opposing and perplexing the President's policy, and of its confirming the tenure of the Sea Island district to the freedmen for three years as an injustice. He should remember that the prospect of a homestead makes the freedmen unwilling to conclude contracts.

Nothing is more probable. If Governor ORR were homeless, ignorant, and penniless; if he were in the midst of a community which despised and hated him; if he knew that his most sacred rights, his most precious relations, were at the mercy of those who regarded him as a bad man and treat him as an ox or a dog; if he knew that the power which had given him his freedom, and which alone could now maintain it, intended to secure him against the consequences of the cruel hostility which surrounded him by giving him land and defending his rights upon it, we are inclined to think that Governor ORR—unless he were the dull brute which the colored man is represented to be by the political and social theory of Governor ORR—but which his conduct disproves—would do exactly what the freedmen are doing: he would wait the action of his friends before confiding himself to his enemies.

Governor ORR and the opponents of the Freedmen's Bureau do not appear to understand that it is just as important to the white population of the South to have the law for the freedmen as it was for the Catholics of three centuries ago to be just to the Protestants. How absolutely and entirely the fine gentlemen at the South misunderstand the colored race and the conditions of progressive civilization let our long war show. Nobody would be so mad as to insist that if the colored race had been always fairly treated in the South there would have been any serious alienation ending so tragically. And in view of their ghastly failure in dealing with the question, modesty might prompt these gentlemen to be slow and distrustful in offering their advice to those who have become the guardians of the colored race.

It is true that it is a question of peculiar moment to the Southern States, because the freedmen are native in that section, and will inevitably remain there. But it is no less true that experience has proved the Southern white policy upon the subject to be intolerable to the peace of the country. That policy was based upon a spirit of caste which is inconsistent with our whole system; and every sign in the Southern legislatures and conventions and papers and speeches and correspondence and conversation, and indeed in every form by which opinion is expressed, shows that the same policy will be continued if the States were left to the same old authority. There is a universal tendency in the unreconstructed section toward black codes, black laws, and an absolute class distinction. But since the white race which is utterly abhorrent to the American principle has failed, why not try a policy founded upon that principle? Shame inspires many of us in the war, why not try justice as a means of keeping the peace? Since we have resolved that the late slaves are men, why not treat them as men?

It is the object of the Freedmen's Bureau to secure that treatment. The result can not be reached without vexatious delays and perplexities. There will be complaints, often well founded, of the officers and agents employed. There will be friction and disappointment of many kinds in the working of the system. But they will be the friction of constantly working out toward justice and the equal rights of men, upon which foundation only can future prosperity and union be erected.

FENIANISM.

WHILE General SWEENY declares that, if supported, he will conquer a spot of British territory before Easter, Mr. ROBERTS indulges in the dangerous delight of prophesying that within ninety days the green flag will be flying over the largest city in Ireland. In other words, the British courts are sentencing Fenian prisoners to long years of penal servitude, and the Head Centre, SARSFIELD, is fighting upon the Continent. At the same time, also, Irishmen are every where asking themselves whether the prospects of the Fenian movement to emancipate Ireland from England by the Irish Republic are so promising that they can hopefully run the risk of ruining themselves and their families.

Indeed, the late Fenian performance in the city of New York must be lamentably farcical that the whole movement seems to have died quietly in ridicule here, as it ends more tragically across the sea. It is a symptom both of the discontent of Irishmen and of the utter incapacity of the leaders who have sought to direct that discontent to practical political ends. Yet that discontent must be allowed, is greatly traditional and sentimental. Probably few Irishmen who are established in this country would care to return to their native land, and still fewer would wish to give their lives and the comfort of their families to place that land under the rule of no higher wisdom than has been displayed by the Fenian movement. The British government of Ireland is not a noble or humane story. No honorable Englishman can contemplate it without sorrow and shame. And if the people have been ungenerous as it may be now, it is undoubtedly preferable to the government of such leaders as have appeared in the Fenian ranks.

And even were it not so, every sensible Irishman, and from such only will actual danger menace England, sees that the British Government is not to be overthrown, and does not hesitate to take the most decisive measures, and that a revolution in Ireland would be for every British subject a question of the very safety and honor of the British empire. Indeed, this revolution is baffled before it fairly begins. And what kind of a revolution could that be which a veteran leader vociferously three thousand miles away in a foreign country, and explodes in a ludicrous wrangle of would-be leaders? Meanwhile, however, we suppose that the collection in Ireland of the money that many a hard working man and woman is giving the money which should buy comfort for their families to a scoundrel who is known only in itself to an Irishman, shows not the least chance of practical success.

There is truly no nobler sacrifice than that of life and of every effort for the salvation of an oppressed country. There is no more splendid spectacle in history than the revolution of our fathers in '76. But grand and ennobling as that struggle was, it would have been a criminal folly if they had obeyed a mere vague sentiment, and had not literally counted the cost and scrupulously weighed the chances of success.

IS THERE TOO MUCH OF ONE SUBJECT?

IF any body thinks that both in Congress and in general conversation an undue prominence is given to the subject of the colored population, he ought to remember that precisely that subject was the root of our late war, and that it must necessarily be for the most prominent topic in all considerations of settlement. But, says some one, why not discuss questions of trade and methods of conciliation, because, after all, it must be by commercial intercourse and social ties that the alienated sections are to be knit together again?

The reason is obvious. Trade and commercial relations depend upon the stability of the industrial system; and the question of the industrial system at the South is that of the colored population. Spite of ourselves, there fore, spite of our weariness of the topic, spite of the monotony of the discussion, it must turn first upon the colored people. Not until the industry of the Southern section begins again, there can be no resumption of commercial relations; and until there is some final settlement of the industrial system there will be no capital invested and no risks taken, and consequently the land will remain comparatively unproductive.

But still further, as in this country there is no serious impediment any where to the acquisition of political power by every man, an equal share of political power has come to be the security of the fruits of industry. The most ignorant of foreigners, after a short probation, may be naturalized and share political power equally with the most intelligent native. If, therefore, any considerable number of the population should be arbitrarily excluded from political equality, and under circumstances which threatened to make this exclusion permanent, they would be dissatisfied and restless, their claims would be supported by an immense party, a great agitation would ensue, and the industrial relations of the region in which that population lived would be radically disturbed and unsatisfactory.

In our present situation, therefore, the political relations of the freedmen must be clearly defined and established upon the justice which all the sets of the general government have ourselves unanimously to take a single forward step safely and immediately. This explains the prominence of the question in Congress and in public mind. The important point is to determine in what way the political equality of the population in question may be most wisely secured. That is the end and intention of the amendments to the Constitution which are debated in Congress. That is the natural and serious interest of the people of the United States. It is with no wish to withdraw exclusive and undivided attention to any question that this is so constantly considered, but only because this is the key of the situation, and because it is already settled all other questions are less difficult.

THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD CASE.

LAME as Justice is said to be, she travels steadily and surely—at all events in some cases. It lacks but a few months of twelve years since the financial community was paralyzed by the news that the President of New Haven Railroad Company had been flooding Wall Street with spurious certificates of stock, and had run away to hide his guilt and his shame in foreign lands. So vast was the extent of the fraud, and so high had stood the character of the criminal, that people at first refused to believe the story. The culprit was not only a member of the church and a scion of our "hereditary nobility," he was a man personally well known in Wall Street, universally esteemed and respected, a king among railway men, a potentate among financiers. Yet this SCHUYLER, as it was soon proved, had issued thousands upon thousands of certificates of the New and New Haven Railway Company to an amount exceeding two millions of dollars, had foisted them on his friends and acquaintances, the bankers, brokers, and money-lenders of Wall Street, and had run away leaving no trace behind.

After the first shock Wall Street turned its attention to the practical consequences of the development. There was $1,000,000 of genuine stock of the New Haven Road, and $2,000,000 more of stock fraudulently issued by SCHUYLER. The stock had been active, and on the morning when the fraud came to light there was hardly a broker or banker in New York who did not hold directly or indirectly some shares. How could the so-called spurious stock be distinguished from the genuine? The brokers examined the certificates, and finding that all the certificates were alike, all duly signed and registered, and all to outward appearance equally valid, could that no distinction could be made between them, and that the Company—being bound for the acts of its officer—must be equally responsible for all. This was the sense of the New York Stock Exchange, and of the bankers and brokers throughout the country. They therefore summoned the New Haven Railroad Company to recognize all the certificates whatever their origin, and to transfer them on their books.

The Company refused. Its counsel took the ground that though the Company was responsible for all acts of its officer performed within the scope of his official duties, it was not responsible for acts committed beyond that scope, much less for acts committed by him, as some of the subordinate clerks of the Company undertook, by a process never clearly explained, to separate the so-called spurious stock from

the genuine, and to pronounce two-thirds of the floating certificates of New Haven stock absolute waste paper.

Naturally indignant at this proceeding, the brokers clubbed together and instituted legal proceedings against the Company to compel them to recognize the so-called spurious stock. More than half the leading lawyers of the city were retained on their behalf. The Company accepted the issue, retained able counsel on its side, and prepared for a long fight. The stock was struck from the list of the Stock Exchange, and has never since been bought or sold at the Board.

The suit began in the fall of 1854. It took many shapes, and came up in various ways. There is not a leading lawyer at the bar who has not been engaged in it at some time or other, either for or against the Company. As a rule the pros and public sentiment were throughout in favor of the brokers. People generally took the common-sense view of the case, and decided that as a loss must fall upon somebody, it was more equitable that it should fall on the Company, which had erred in the choice of an officer, than upon innocent holders of stock who had been guilty of no negligence, and could not, by any possibility, have protected themselves against the event. But the Company stood unmoved. It had a long purse, an obstinate Board of Directors, and ingenious party of lawyers. Year after year dragged on, and but little progress was made. Every technical difficulty was urged by the Company; every side-issue was elaborately discussed; every possible motion was made; every point of law raised; and thus, as we said, year after year passed; the law costs of the injured brokers were steadily on the increase, and they seemed to be no nearer judgment and redress. Last, some six years after the commencement of the suit, a judgment was obtained in one of the cases. It was substantially in favor of the Company.

This was discouraging to the litigants that many of them, worn out by long waiting, loss of time, and heavy law costs, concluded to accept a compromise which was judiciously offered by the Company. On condition of their withdrawing their suits and giving no further trouble, they received one share of real stock for every two shares of so-called spurious stock. Thus at least one half of the claims were adjusted at the cost of all the net earnings of the Company for several years.

But there is one man among the prosecutors of the Company who was not discouraged. This was CORNELIUS VANDERBILT. He had lent money to the Company on the doubtful securities stock. He had examined the stock before he lent his money, and had proved the certificates correct. He was not now willing to admit that they were otherwise. The adverse judgment did not dismay him. If the Company had patience, so had he. If they had a long purse, so had he. If they could be able lawyers, so were the Company's counsel. And to have received no less than $100,000 for work in this single case, so could he. He rejected the offered compromise with disdain, and bade his lawyers appeal, and prosecute the appeal with vigor. Encouraged by his example, other victims of the fraud declined to accept the compromise, and appealed their cases likewise.

Then followed more tedious years of postponements, argument on side issues, motions and counter-motions, and all the legal manœuvres which are so profitable to lawyers and so heartsickening to needy seekers after justice. There is a fact that the Company has built its hopes in great part upon the probable death of Commodore VANDERBILT. If he died, there was every reason to believe they might succeed in wearing out the other suitors, and either inducing them to accept the proposed compromise or defeating them altogether. And he was old now, and very severely, with heart disease (so 'twas said), with a fondness for fast horses, and a habit of being dashed out of his wagon from time to time. The New Haven Directors sent up many carefully worded bills of deaths under the letter V, and mutely prayed for the release of their relentless prosecutor.

Their prayers were not heard. The Commodore did not die. On the contrary, in spite of heart-disease, fast horses, and upsets, he seemed to grow most pertinacious at the very time other men's advice would work for him—at the very moment the Company expected a session of repose he was upon them more furiously than ever, with new motions and arguments and fresh indictments of lawyers. And so, at last, after over eleven years of waiting, he fought the suit to judgment in the Court of Appeals, it—obtaining a decision against the Company for the whole amount claimed, with eleven years' interest and costs.

There is something quite refreshing in the statement published by the Board of Directors in which, after reiterating their opinion that the judgment is unjust, they offer for sale $2,000,000 of new stock in order to meet the claims of the Commodore and his faithful adherents. No reliable statement has been published of the amount of money paid—directly or in the shape of stock—to the parties who accepted the compromise three or four years ago. But we judge that the Company would have saved not much less than a million dollars in one way and another had it pursued an honest course at the start, and acknowledged itself responsible for the frauds of its agent.

A healthy public sentiment has thanked Mr. A. T. STEWART for having promptly preferred a complaint against a newspaper which had seemed to charge him with improper conduct in private life. And a like reason is due to Commodore VANDERBILT for having had the patience and constancy to pursue this railway Company through the mazes of a lawless civil lawsuit. It would be well if we had more such men. As for the Company, we trust we shall never again hear of a wealthy corporation directed by responsible men trying to shift to innocent shoulders the burden of the crimes of its own officials.

ANOTHER PRESIDENTIAL VETO.

WHILE Spain is apparently threatening Chili, she suddenly finds herself forced to look at home. General PRIM, the officer who withdrew from the Mexican invasion during our late war, and who thereby made his name pleasant in our ears, after passing privately through Europe for several months, and evidently proposing a movement, returned to Madrid, lived quietly in his own house under the eyes of Marshal O'DONNELL his rival, and one day, when the Marshal sent some soldiers to arrest him, General PRIM's servants replied that he was not at home; that he had gone out shooting; grinned and bowed; and the next day PRIM appeared in arms at the head of part of the army.

Of course it is impossible to know much of the probable success of a Spanish revolution. Political chaos is permanent in that country, and the rest of the world can only hopefully await the event of any movement. But the defection of any popular military chief is as alarming as it was in Rome. Every Spaniard is convinced that the throne stands upon volcanic soil. The royal family has not now the popular heart; and it may be said that a skilful leader of an insurrection has a fair chance of success. It may end in a compromise. The Queen may offer him a port-folio if he will sheathe his sword. But that merely makes the ground more visible for the mine. Or PRIM and some leader who declines the port-folio appears the Queen may lose her crown.

The collective disputes denounced as soon as the rebellion began that it was all over. The royal troops held all the mountain passes. Three columns were bearing down upon the insurgents; a reward was offered for PRIM, dead or alive, and the insurgents were straggling away toward Portugal. Official bulletins, however, express official desires rather than facts. Later accounts speak of the wildest excitement and of the disturbed condition of Catalonia and Aragon. It is the old story, and certainly nothing can be more unfavorable to the chronic political situation of Spain, for which she has to thank the Holy Alliance of forty years ago. But there is hope that every new revolution destroys the power who will truly help their wretched country.

EDUCATION OF THE FREEDMEN.

"THE Freedmen," said our martyr President, "are the Wards of the Nation." "Yes," replied Mr. STANTON, "Wards in Chancery." What is our duty to them as their guardians? Clearly, to educate them as they are asked; to teach them if they are ignorant; to nurse them if they are sick; and to adopt them if they are homeless and motherless. They have votes, war made them freedmen, and peace must make them freemen. They must be shielded from unjust laws and unkindly people-taught, nursed, and instructed in the principles of social order and democratic government; they must be prepared to take their place by-and-by in the ranks of the nation, and thereby filled up the ranks in the great army of fighters. The superstitions, the vices, the unthriftiness, the lowering and indolent habits which are the inheritance of all men of blacks alike, who were cursed by its presence in their midst, must be dispelled and supplanted by all the traits and virtues of a truly Christian civilization.

The North, that liberated the slave, has not been remiss in its duty to the freedman. The common school has kept step to the music of the advancing army. Wilson's Readers have followed GRANT's soldiers every where. Many of the colored troops are learning with pleasure the first leaves and primers in their pockets. They were namesakes, but not of the same family. Chatterton had not been captured upon them a week before the spelling-book for freemen and poor whites were opened there. It is proposed now to educate all the negroes and poor whites in the South—as a political necessity; in order that henceforth there may be no other insurrections, the result of ignorance, either on the part of the late slave or the late slaveholder. Ignorance must not too readily be suffered to disturb us again. In free countries it is not the intelligent but the ignorant who rebel. Ambitious men could never induce an enlightened people to overthrow a free Government. It was because there were over 600,000 white adults in the slave States, and 4,000,000 of slaves who could neither read nor write, that DAVIS and TOOMBS and SLIDELL had power to raise armies against the nation. Let us prevent all social upheavals in the future by educating all men now.

The Freedmen's Bureau Relief Association of New York—of which FRANCIS GEORGE SHAW is President and JOSEPH B. COLLINS Treasurer —has been the most active of the agencies in relieving the wants and diffusing the ignorance of the freedman. It has expended during the last four years three quarters of a million of dollars in feeding the naked; in establishing the freedmen on farms; in supplying them with tools; in founding orphan homes; in distributing school-books and establishing schools. They have over two hundred teachers in the South at this time. They support orphan homes in Florida and South Carolina. They teach ten thousand children, and large numbers of adults. They have instituted industrial schools to educate the negro women to be thrifty housewives. They are continually laboring, in the face of the negroes self-reliant and self-supporting. They appeal for additional aid. There are but a thousand teachers for freedmen in all the Southern States; whereas twenty thousand could find immediate employment. The National Relief Association could find pupils for 5000. It has but 200. And this work is a good and great one, and as the officers of this Society are eminent citizens of New York, we heartily commend their appeal to the generosity of our readers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHESS TOURNAMENT.

In a late number of the *Weekly* we presented our readers with the first game occurring in a match incidental to the tournament of the Chess Club, between the well-known amateurs Mr. C. H. STANLEY and Captain H. REMEE. This contest has subsequently been brought to a close, having been won by Captain MCREEZE, in the subjoined game as follows, viz.: MCREEZE wins 3 games, STANLEY, 1, drawn games 2. Mr. STANLEY'S old friends and admirers, however, are not prepared to accept this result as altogether conclusive of his inferiority—attributing it mainly to his great want of practice; and it is quite probable that when the series of other matches still progressing in the tournament are completed, the tables may be arranged. Meanwhile we print below the final game of the late contest:

SICILIAN OPENING.

Black (Mr. S.)	White (Capt. M'K.)
1. P to Q B 4	1. P to Q B 4
2. K Kt to B 3	2. Q Kt to B 3
3. P to K 3	3. P to K 3
4. Kt takes P	4. K Kt to B 3
5. Q Kt to B 3	5. P to K 3
6. Kt takes Kt	6. K P takes Kt
7. B to Q 3	7. P to Q 4
8. B to Q 2	8. P to Q 4
9. Castles	9. P to Q B 3

A very excellent move, the utility of which will be more apparent as the game advances.

10. P takes P	10. B P takes P
11. P to Q R 3.	11. B to Q 3
12. Q to B 2	12. Q to Q B 2
13. P to K R 3	13. B to Q Kt 5
14. P to K Kt 4	

A very ill-considered move, by which the loss of Rook for Bishop will follow. 14. Q to Q or B would probably be the correct play, when we should be inclined to give Black's position the preference.

14.	D to K 4
15. Q to K	

Far better to make up his mind to a loss which is unavoidable, and play Kt to R 4 at once.

15.	B to Q B
16. Kt to Q R 4	16. B takes R
17. Q takes B	17. Castles
18. Kt to Q B 5	18. Q to Q B 3
19. B to Q B 3	19. Kt to K 2
20. Q to K	20. R to B 2
21. Q to Q 2	21. B to B
22. Q to K 2	22. P to K B 3
23. P to K 4	23. P to K 4
24. P to K 5	24. P to K Kt 3

Black appears to have been demoralized by his first error on the 14th move; and, in consequence, his disasters accumulate.

25. P to Q Kt 5	25. P to K 4
26. P to Q B 5	26. Q to Q 2
27. P to Q Kt 6	27. Q takes P
28. R to Q B 4	28. Q to Q 2
29. B to K 3	29. R takes Kt

And Mr. STANLEY resigns the game and match.

RECONSTRUCTION.

The interest connected with the reorganization of the Southern States is chiefly concentered on the action of Congress. Mr. HARLAN, Secretary of the Interior, recently made a report, which has been somewhat misunderstood in its tenor. The importance which would attach to this speech at coming from a member of the Cabinet is considerably diminished by the fact that the Secretary has determined to leave his office and enter the State Senate. President Johnson, it is announced, has in private interviews expressed his entire approval of the views expressed by Messrs. Stevens, Sumner, and Howe. He holds, it is said, that the Southern States are in a peculiar political predicament than they ever had before, and are entitled to representation.

CONGRESS.

January 25:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner proposed an amendment to the bill for the admission of Colorado, providing that the act should not be construed to confer upon the inhabitants that there shall be no restriction of suffrage on the basis of color.—Mr. Howe, of Wisconsin, introduced a bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau. Mr. Buckalew, of Pennsylvania, opposed the bill as a gross outrage, an expensive burden to the country and an unwarrantable exercise of power, particularly in its application to States which had not been in rebellion. Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, favored the bill, and at the conclusion of his speech declared that there was no collision between the President and the Union party.—Mr. Saulsbury, of Maryland, thought the bill unconstitutional.

In the House, the discussion was mostly taken up in debate on the Amendment to the Constitution proposed by the Committee of Fifteen. Mr. Stevens was for pushing the thing through without debate, but was not sustained by his own colleagues. The debate which followed is not noteworthy.

January 24:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson proposed an amendment to the Constitution to prevent any future discrimination for emancipated slaves, which was referred to the Judiciary Committee.—The bill to enlarge the Freedmen's Bureau was taken up. An amendment to strike out the section giving the negroes three years' possession of the late Island land was rejected, yeas 10, nays 37.

In the House, the proposed amendment to the Constitution was again debated. The debate covered minor points and has not been particularly interesting in the bill.

January 25:

In the Senate, the bill to enlarge the Freedmen's Bureau was passed, 37 to 10. The bill provides: 1st. That the freedmen's Bureau shall be maintained, with its present power to divide the section of country included within the provisions of the bill into districts (sec. 2). That the Commissioner may divide the districts into sub-districts, and may employ for the same, the salary of each not to exceed $1500 (sec. 3). That the Secretary of War may issue supplies, without charge, to destitute freedmen for the relief of freedmen and refugees: 4th. That the President shall make report of the freedmen receiving public lands in Florida, Mississippi, and Arkansas, not exceeding three millions of acres of good land, the occupants to pay a certain rental with the privilege of purchase; 5th. That the occupants of the lands under General Sherman's special order shall be permitted to remain for three years; 6th. That school and asylum lands shall be held for the freedmen at the expense of Government; 7th. That in any district where the civil rights of whites alone are denied or forbidden, the freedmen thus discriminated against shall be protected by the Bureau (sec. 7 and 8). That any person, where there is such discrimination against the freedmen, who shall under cover of any local law subject freedmen to the deprivation of any civil right or to any punishment other than such as is inflicted upon the whites for a like offence, shall be liable to imprisonment for one year or to a fine not exceeding the $1000, or both, and that the Bureau shall have power to try and adjudicate cases of this nature.

In the House, the debate on the Constitutional Amendment was continued.

January 26:

In the Senate, the House bill, extending the time for the withdrawal of bonded goods from the warehouses, was passed.—Mr. Howe's resolution for the appointment of Commissioners to confer with the States was debated.—Mr. Howe replied to the speeches made by Messrs. Doolittle and Johnson.

In the House, the debate on the Constitutional Amendment was continued without result.

January 27:

The Senate was not in session.

In the House, Mr. Smith, Mr. Baker, and Mr. Broomall spoke in favorable of the Whole on the subject of reconstruction. Mr. Smith, of Kentucky, wanted nothing from the South to take the test-oath. Mr. Baker wanted prominent rebels directly excluded from any participation in the Government. Mr. Broomall insisted upon it that the Southern people had been conquered, and therefore had no rights except what we chose to yield.

January 29:

In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull spoke at length on the bill extending the powers of civil rights.

In the House, Mr. Raymond spoke for two hours on reconstruction. Mr. Boutwell followed. Mr. Raymond, by the adoption of a Constitutional Amendment to regulate the question will secure representation to the negroes. He did not think it necessary to meddle with the so-called law of the country. He thought that it was not the desired certain guarantees of the South, but the Southern States themselves that had been conquered, and were lost. We had gained no new rights over them by our victory, but had only forced them into the occupation of a new government. The South had not been subjugated. We could not hold them as a conquered people. Mr. Raymond was in favor of accepting the status of the Southern States as having resumed their functions of self-government in the Union; of admitting Southern Representatives, including many Whigs as well as Democrats, and thereby of excluding from the Federal offices the leading actors in the rebellion; of repealing such amendments of the Constitution as may seem wise to Congress and to the States, acting without reference to the question whether supplementary measures as would prevent the overthrow of a republican form of government may be any thing. Mr. Raymond thus concluded: "I beg you to bear in mind this fact—that we of the North are the party in power, and responsible. The gigantic contest is at an end. The dead of the contending hosts sleep on the battle-field the rest of one common country under their common flag. Their hostilities are hushed, and their acts the deed of the nation they represent. The victor may well exult in the victory he has achieved. Let to be our boast, as it is our duty, to show that victory was the vanquished and their posterity to the latest generation rejoice in the end."

NEWS ITEMS.

The Twenty-first Illinois Infantry, the regiment which General Grant commanded at the beginning of the war, has lately returned from New Orleans. This veteran regiment now numbers four hundred and seventy-one men and twenty-one officers, among whom are only fifty men and two officers who started out with the regiment four years ago. One of the originals is the commanding officer of the regiment, Colonel Jamison.

Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas was married on the evening of January 23, to Brevet Brigadier-General Julius White, U.S.A., at her residence, corner of New Jersey Avenue and Delaware Street, Washington. The ceremony was performed by Father Lynch, of the Roman Catholic Church, in the presence of a small and select circle of friends of both parties.

There is much excitement in the Pennsylvania Oil Regions caused by the existence of incendiaries. Lynch-law is being resorted to, to effect a remedy.

January 23, the *New Jersey Senate* ratified the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery. The next day the ratification was signed by Governor Ward.

On the 23d January, United States Marshal Murray seized the *propeller Arrow*, Mr. Folsom, an attaché of the Spanish Legation, having charged that the vessel was to be fitted out as a Chilean cruiser.

In Brooklyn, Patrick Fallon has been convicted of the murder of Otero, and sentenced to be hanged at an early day.

New York City contributes one-fifth of the entire internal revenue of the country.

THE CHARITY BALL IN NEW YORK.

On the evening of January 29 the *crême de la crême* of the New York City aristocracy exhibited their finest costumes and their most refined taste in charity. The Nursery and Child's Hospital were in need of funds, and the *bon ton* was eager for excitement, and so the Charity Ball was devised at once and the same time, it was determined to give a grand ball, the proceeds of which should be devoted to the aforesaid institution.

The grand ball came off with great éclat at the Academy of Music, and every thing was arranged in accordance with a decided success. The occasion will be long remembered in the annals of Terpsichore. The ball was most elaborately arranged, and was attended by a splendid patient company. In the centre were two beautiful fountains; at the end were two Cupids holding candelabres. The house was tastefully decorated with drapery and flowers, and the lobbies handsomely carpeted. There were two bands of music, and the beauty and splendor of the whole scene, including the dancers, baffle description. We can only refer our readers to the illustration given by our artist on page 88.

SIGNOR ETHARDO ON THE SPIRAL PLANK.

ONE of the most attractive features of the entertainments at the Crystal Palace in London is the performance of Signor Ethardo. This wonderful gymnast, who is a native of Italy, ascends a long spiral platform by propelling up the narrow path a large ball on which he stands, and on which he immediately descends by the same difficult and narrow road—a feat which seems to be by far the more difficult. The spiral platform, in the shape of a cork-screw, is built on the platform in front of the great orchestra, and in full view of the many thousands of spectators. Signor Ethardo has been favored with royal patronage; for, at the Dante Festival at Florence, he appeared in the presence of King Victor Emanuel, who expressed his high approval, while his Majesty's subjects burst into a frantic fit of enthusiasm, which, it appears, baffled all powers of description. Italian sensitiveness was also carried to such a height that the music was stopped, for fear the vibration should cause the gymnast to make a false step. Certainly the large Christmas assemblages at the Crystal Palace displayed no particular anxiety for the performer's safety, though they were not backward in applauding him as he arrived at various stages of his tortuous and narrow pathway, as he reached the small circular platform at the summit, and as he finally descended in safety. The globe on which this extraordinary performer works his way up and down is 20 inches in diameter and 90 inches in circumference. The width of the winding platform is 12 inches, and flat, with no groove or protection of any sort to assist the ascent or descent; and the height of the spiral column is 50 feet. The incline winding from the base to the capital of the column is upward of 140 feet in length. The globe is constructed of wood and iron, without any India rubber, gutta-percha, or other adhesive material to assist the Signor in his difficult task.



SIGNOR ETHARDO ON THE SPIRAL PLANK AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON.

THE WADSWORTH MONUMENT.

THE adjoining engraving is a good representation of the monument erected at Geneseo, New York, last autumn, to the memory of General JAMES S. WADSWORTH. The monument stands in the burial-ground of the WADSWORTH family on Temple Hill. It is built of granite, about eight feet long and five feet wide at the base, and about two feet wide and five feet long at the top. It is about ten feet high, and is surmounted with a flag-draped urn made of bronze. On the four corners are four miniature cannon. On the west side of the monument is the inscription in bronze letters:

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES S. WADSWORTH,
DIED MAY 8, 1864,
FROM A WOUND RECEIVED IN THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.
AGED 56 YEARS.

Above this inscription is an emblematic design in bronze, composed of a sheaf of wheat, a cluster of fruit, scythe, sickle, and a reaper's knife. On the east side is another design, of a sword, epaulets, and laurel wreath. Under this are the names:

Manassas, Chancellorsville,
Fredericksburg, Gettysburg,
The Wilderness.

THE NEW STEAMSHIP "RISING STAR."

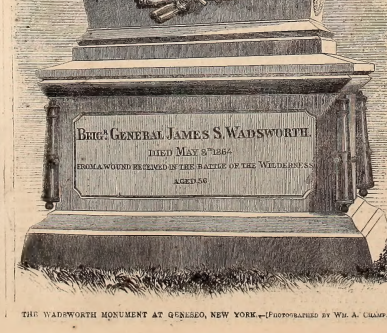
THE new steamship *Rising Star*, of which we give an illustration on page 93, is one of the largest and finest ever built in this country. She is thirty-two hundred tons burden, three hundred and fifteen feet in length, forty-four feet breadth of beam, thirty-one feet six inches depth of hold, and three thousand horse-power. For handsome fitting up, convenience for passengers, and capacity for cargo, according to tonnage, this vessel is the peer of any thing before sailing from this port. She combines all that is necessary to a perfect steamer, with the comforts and luxuries of the most sumptuous hotel. She has a beam-engine of 100-inch cylinder and twelve feet stroke, with surface condensers, auxiliary engines, etc. She seems to be a model for speed, and in her build a tower of strength. The *Rising Star* has accommodations for two hundred and twenty first-class passengers. The crew of the vessel numbers eighty-five men.

Captain HORATIO NELSON, of the *Rising Star*, was born in 1826, in New York city. He is a son of Captain WILLIAM NELSON, so well known to the mercantile community. Captain NELSON graduated at Columbia College of this city in 1843. Immediately afterward, although his education fitted him to enter any of the learned professions, he went to sea on a sailing vessel bound to Australia. He soon rose to the rank of Captain, and has for a score of years been a well-known ship-master in connection with the New Orleans trade. Before he became Captain of the *Rising Star* he held a similar relation to the *Morning Star*, of the same line.

While in this position Captain NELSON, last February, was the means of rescuing the officers and crew of the United States gun-boat *Merrimac*, off the Florida coast. When he first discovered the vessel there was some doubt as to the character of the latter. She might be a Government vessel or she might be a rebel cruiser. At any rate the Captain soon discovered that the vessel, whatever her character, was lying in a position in which no ship-master would place her, and he determined to leave her to her fate. Upon doing so he found that she was the gun-boat *Merrimac*, that she was foundered, and that her fires were out. Much to his own embarrassment, and at a great cost to the Company, he took the crew and soldiers, numbering in all 140 men, on board his vessel and landed them at Port Royal. Strange as it may seem, after going so much out of his way, and having consumed nearly all his coal, he found it impossible to obtain, even by purchase, a fresh supply either from the Government yard at Port Royal or at Norfolk. Never has the Government in any shape testified to Captain NELSON its approval of his generous action. On this NELSON is one of the most careful and accomplished ship-masters of this country. He has carefully kept all the observations which he has ever made at sea, and his discipline on board ship is perfect and a great source of confidence to his passengers. Generous to a fault, he is a gentleman of culture, of the most refined manners, and we can wish no sea-faring happier fortune than to travel under his care. The *Rising Star*, of which Mr. NELSON is Captain, cost nearly $800,000.



HENRY HARTU, LORD NORTHCOTE, 1866.—(SEE PAGE 91.)



THE WADSWORTH MONUMENT AT GENESEO, NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WM. A. CRAMP.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



AT THE KNOW NOTHING CEREMONY.

CHAPTER V.

ONCE in his life the Rev. Edward Arthur had a misfortune befall him which was really one among the most fortunate circumstances he ever experienced. If it will make this seeming paradox any plainer, let us say instead, the gentleman in question stumbled over an obstacle at the outset of his ministerial path, but so stumbled as from that moment to walk that path, when it had become a thousand times more difficult and dangerous, with a step firm and sure where multitudes fell never again to rise.

This most fortunate misfortune, this most beneficial blunder, happened on this wise:

Some four or five years before Secession was ever regarded as a possibility outside the Pinelines of South Carolina, a great political movement took place throughout the United States—a movement as sudden, as unexpected, and, it may be added, as much underground, too, as an earthquake. At first there floated a vague rumor, eddying about the street corners of Somerville, of something new and remarkable in the political world. To the people of Somerville it was, however, a something as little understood, and so very far away, that no one felt or expressed much interest in the matter.

The matter, however, which at first was only hinted at in the papers with a scornful item here and there, began to be more fully and frequently and respectfully alluded to. Each successive paper contained news of sudden and amazing victories obtained by the new party at city elections here and there. The excitement rose rapidly. Overwhelming majorities for the new organization swept away whole States at once. The Whig and Democratic leaders ceased from their mutual strife in amazement; not more astounded were the white-haired old generals of Europe when the youthful Napoleon rushed with victorious hosts over their obsolete tactics and old-fashioned battalions. The one thought with these leaders was how to take possession of the new party, so as therewith to defeat each his ancient enemy. But while Whig and Democrat thus schemed and planned the new movement swept them, for the time, both aside from its onward course.

Somerville was very far from being at the first of things; but even Somerville became finally and deeply interested in this new thing under the sun. In vain, at the outset of the matter, did it look to the Somerville *Star* for light and guidance. For a time Lamum held both his tongue and his pen. Lamum was taken completely unaware, and was waiting to see. Weeks rolled by, friends and enemies alike were waiting for the Delphic syllable from the lips of the renowned editor—friends waiting, afraid to step save after him who had so often led them on to victory, doubly afraid to place themselves in possible antagonism to that trenchant pen—enemies waiting for fear of committing themselves to an organization until Lamum was pledged against it; then, and not till then, could they be certain the organization was a thing right and good.

At last Lamum spoke. A thunder-peal was not more distinct, a lightning flash not more direct and destructive. The new movement was wrong, unprincipled, detestable in every point. Those who had gone into it were deluded fools or designing knaves. From that moment Lamum turned his artillery steadily and terribly upon the new party. It was enough. In a few days his followers had all abandoned and denounced it, his enemies had to a man united themselves to, and henceforth defended, it.

Lamum never hinted an explanation of his course in those days, but it was readily understood afterward. From his earliest political life the dissolution of the Union had been to him what it is said the conquest of Constantinople is to the Russian Government—the great end, object and end of existence. If Lamum paused when the new party first rose into notice, it was only to ascertain whether that party could in any way hasten the destruction of the Union; could by any possibility be so wrought by main force as to be a new and effective engine to that glorious end. Had Lamum only been satisfied on this point he would have gone into it with all his—we will not say *soul*, the word does not apply to his gentleman—let us say intellect.

It was soon sufficiently clear to him that the new party was not available to this end; nay, it might even switch off the public mind into a new track! Lamum was down upon it. Shrewd politician, men said afterward. Lamum had opposed and denounced Know Nothingism in the very moment it seemed certainly victorious over all opposition. In sudden and universal unanimity left Lamum amazingly in the secondrut. His influence was increased beyond computation. Yet all the interests of the man, all the force, influence, success of Lamum rose solely from his having given himself up wholly to one idea. "The destruction of this accursed Union"—that was the thought, the passion, the end and aim of his life. He had cherished it years before he had dared whisper it even to his most intimate friend. He had attended years ago the Nashville Convention to plan toward this end, when almost universal contempt attended the step. Patiently, hopefully, unwearyingly had he toiled inwards one direction. What amazing force it gives a man, the abandoning one's self to one purpose in life!

Had Europe known, had this continent known, how completely the destruction of the Union had been for long years the one fixed purpose in life of a few able men at the South, pledged heart and mind to this thing, Europe and this continent would have been less amazed at the attempt when it was made.

"Be at my office—can you?—this afternoon at four," said Guy Brooks one morning to Mr. Arthur on the rise of the great Know Nothing movement of which we have spoken. As he said this the lawyer—for Guy Brooks was a lawyer—had an aspect of meaning and mystery in his expression thereof did not suit him either. A face franker and more open you might have searched every street in Somerville to find.

"I can be at your office then," replied his pastor; "but what for?" Not that Mr. Arthur needed to be informed of the

spread it out upon the table before his friend, and leaned back in his chair with a "There! what do you think of that?"

As the minister read the flaming capitals the lawyer studied his countenance. It was the countenance of a poet as well as a preacher—coal brown eyes, clustering brown hair, quiet face, almost too full to be so firm; an expression of thought, suffering, patience, and that altogether indescribable spiritedness of the man from active mixed which characterizes the countenance of him who habitually looks within himself and above himself.

There was a marked dissimilarity and as marked a similarity between these two friends. The lawyer was of an unusually large frame—the singular characteristic of Kentucky—stature fit for those who man that outpost and bulwark of freedom, while the minister was but of medium size. The lawyer was angular, and somewhat awkward and cumbrous, while his friend was the exact reverse. The brown face of the lawyer would have been homely were it not for the frank and good-humored expression which pervaded it, while peace and thought came to the face of the minister that which elevated and refined a countenance already prepossessing.

Even had the two men not been drawn together as minister and officer of a young and struggling church, in a new community having but little sympathy with religion, they would have been drawn together by an instinctive affinity. Genuine piety and heart-felt sincerity in both, the dependence of the lawyer upon the minister as his spiritual guide, and of the minister upon the lawyer as his counselor in matters of this world, these ties bound the two closely together. The lawyer found singular freshness and artlessness and elevation of sentiment in his friend in comparison with the rough and practical world in which he was struggling; and the minister turned with pleasure from his books and his own abstractions to the healthful, matter-of-fact, free-spoken lawyer. Not in vain, thought he, may, side by side, learned and unlearned labor during the raging of Know Nothingism, and of all that followed upon its heels.

"Yes, but what do you think of it?" asked the lawyer, as his companion read the poster through, then, without a word, folded it up and returned it to the lawyer.

"Nothing at all. But where did you get it?" was the reply.

"Tore it down from beside the door of the Post-office," said the Kentuckian, with emphasis.

"It was hardly worth your while," said his companion, "to have surely attach no importance to any effort of the sort."

"You are mistaken, Sir; terribly mistaken, Sir!" said the lawyer!" continued the lawyer, and he opened the poster as he stood, and read it in a powerful and earnest voice.

"FREEMEN OR SLAVES!

"The die is cast. The unprincipled Abolitionists of the North have accomplished their diabolical purpose. Beyond a doubt Abraham Lincoln has been elected President. And you proposed to submit to the iron yoke of an Abolitionist! Your freedom as a sacrificed! Freemen, will you submit strike for our liberty now, or be forever SLAVES! All those in favor of calling an immediate Convention of the people of this Sovereign State will meet that distinguished at the Court-house at 3 o'clock. Come one, come all!

"'Strike for your altars and your fire,
Strike for the green graves of your sires!
God and your native land!'"

"Well, and what of all that?" asked the minister, perfectly cool beside the excitement of his companion.

"What of all that?" replied his companion. "Is it possible you do not know what is to follow? Is it possible you know that South Carolina has already seceded? That Mississippi has probably followed? That the storm is just rising which is to overspread all the Southern States? What of that? It means that our State, too, is to be hurled into the movement."

"By whom?" The minister patient with his mistaken friend.

"By the leaders of this meeting this afternoon."

"And who are they? Look at it, man. Lamum, first and foremost; Colonel Roberts. Judge Lamum receives his late election from Lamum; Colonel Juggins will ride; Dick Sim from the country; Dr. Ginnis; Alf Pike; Dick Simmons; Bob Williams; and the like. There may be others, but only as spectators, like yourself, Mr. Ellis, and Ferguson."

"You seem to take it for granted that I am not going into the thing," said the lawyer, composing his face.

"May I be forbid!" ejaculated the minister, fervently, and somewhat anxiously.

"He has forbidden, he does forbid! But you do not estimate the thing right. Perhaps only a dozen or two of the professional politicians will meet there really determined to act. Lamum will be called to the Chair. Brother Barker, by previous arrangement, will open the meeting with prayer."

"Never!" interrupted the minister, eagerly.

"It shows how little you know, shut up here among your books. Brother Barker will open with a long and fervent prayer. His whole denomination at the South will identify itself, has identified itself with the movement. The strongest kind of resolutions have been written out by Lamum weeks ago, and will be introduced and passed. Not a hundredth part of Somerville will sympathize in the thing—the community as a community will heartily disapprove of the thing—Joe Lamum will publish a blazing account in his paper, and represent the proceedings as the unanimous and enthusiastic expression of the whole county. Meanwhile, by letters and visits to all parts of the State, made weeks ago, months ago, similar meetings will be got up by similar politicians over the whole State; an enthusiasm will be kindled, will rage with fury over the State. Then a Convention will be held, Secession will be consummated, and then—God only knows what!"

"But the Governor—" began the minister.

"By—by nothing at all!" burst out the lawyer, deeply excited. "What a splendid opportunity for immortal fame that man has! Oh, if I could but be in his place to-day!"

"And what would you do, could you do?"

"Do? I would run up the flag of my country, rally around it by proclamation every true friend of the State, and put down the Disunion and all his infernal work! I tell you, Sir, three-fourths of the voters of the State would rally to the flag. The politicians and the clique over the entire South—the *politicians*—are utterly distinct from the people in this great matter. The politicians by a long-cherished hatred against the North burning in their bosoms; they want plunder and power. The people are busy with their crops and their families; they want only their rights and peace. Yet in one month—in two weeks from this hour, the people will have passed helpless into the hands of the politicians. And while this golden, glorious moment is in their hands—while the governor there they sit at the capital of the State, the Governor and the heads of departments, bowling and disorganized, and paralyzed by the awful ruin they have at least sense enough to know is coming upon the State. Unwilling to shed blood! Unwilling! Ashamed! Afraid! And all if the cause of Right and Liberty and Law, and all we hold dear as American freemen, is not in the one scale, and the life of a man in the for Shame! Shame! Shame! As if *that* should paralyze us in this last moment. Only run up the flag of our country, rally around it, and the honest men of the State, arrest every traitor; only a firm front and a bold hand for this next golden month, and the State is safe, and with the State, Kentucky will be!" And the lawyer walked the floor in excess of impatience.

"But the Governor?" insisted the minister.

"Understands the whole evil as well as any man; would do what is right; but—but—"

"Is too old," supplied the minister, in sorrowful tones.

The lawyer's head sunk against Christian his breast.

"You draw a terrible picture," said the young minister, after a long silence; "yet I am compelled at all times to feel certain faith in any human arm or brain. But I do feel a full and quiet faith in God. Trust Him, and all will be well at last. You know perfectly well that he orders all hearts, all minds, all events in infinite wisdom and love. This new, this terrible question, has been founded as such. Ever since its peculiarly religious foundation was laid in prayer and sown by the blessed Saviour while on earth, it has been a nation trained to piety. Think of the numerous and powerful denominations of the people, the numerous associations for the advancement of Christianity at home and abroad, and of their millions of income. Why, Sir, it is a Christian nation. I can not for a moment believe it is to be given up to distruption and ruin. I would as soon expect the sun to—to—"

"Go out?" asked the lawyer. "Well, and the sun shall be turned into sackcloth—I don't remember the rest of the passage—the moon into blood."

"Oh, that refers to the latter days," said his companion, with a smile of superior theological information.

"I myself can't think, can not bring myself to believe in the raging of evil and the [illegible] nation—*this* nation. It seems preposterous, said the lawyer, as if reasoning with himself.

The minister kept silence. He could not dream you were ever troubled with such morbid notions, Mr. Brooks. Really Lamum frightens you altogether too much. I don't think that such men as Lamum, and the class whom he represents, are to be compared with the vast body of quiet, sensible, Christian people who make up this great country. Or, if that is not strong enough, I add the minister, with a pitying smile, "do you imagine that a million of Americans are too powerful for the Almighty? For my part, I cannot think of it the more composed I feel. Wo! Nonsense!"

"God often uses bad men to accomplish his greatest purposes," said the lawyer, "but I, as our Christianity, we may turn out to be not so Christian a people as we have fancied ourselves to be. Perhaps it is to be added, looking at his friend in a way which both puzzled and awoke vague pain in his bosom, "but that the Almighty has a special controversy with the people—a *special* controversy? If He has, you depend on it no amount of Christianity, nor of Christianity, will save us. Come, come, I must rest His hand until that one matter be settled. We will see very soon. No matter about that now. I have thought the matter all over, the pain of the good men just now! I declare it does look like the hand of the Almighty, though, Heaven knows, it is the work of human hands, and by the rash hands of the South itself, that I fear. However, I am glad to find we think and feel alike in this matter. Now, my patient South, and by the rash hands of the South itself, that I fear. However, I am glad to find we think and feel alike in this matter. Now, my patient South, Time for me to go to my office. Good-morning." And the visitor was gone only to look back again the next moment.

"I am afraid I know somebody with whom you will not be able to agree in regard to Secession," he said, significantly.

"And who may that be?" asked the minister, feeling his face suddenly burn as he spoke.

"Not the man sent to inform you," said the lawyer with a smile, and closing the door after him.

THE WARRANTEE DEED.

AIR—"*Villikins and his Dinah.*"

A LAWYER there was, whom I'll call Mr. Clay,
He had but few clients, and those didn't pay;
At length, of starvation he grew so afraid,
That he married an heiress to keep off the maid.
Chorus.—Ri ti ral li, to ral li, to ral li, day.

At the wedding this lawyer made one great mistake;
'Twas not in omitting the name of the cake;
The ring was well chosen, the parson well fed,
But the groom signed a warrantee deed.
Chorus, breathing this out mistake.—Ri ti, etc.

One night, in their chamber, the lady arose,
And began to prepare to retire to repose;
She let down her hair, as she sat by a chair
Which it gave him much pleasure to clasp in his arms.
Bespattered flattery, appropriate to the feelings of the joyous bridegroom.—Ri ti, etc.

She went to the wash-stand to bathe her fair face,
But the process deserved all it possibly can claim;
The rest on her cheek, whether ruddy or faint,
When displayed on the towel was nothing but paint!
Amazed Chorus, on witnessing the materials of the lady's countenance displayed upon the towel.—Ri ti, etc.

She went to the mirror, to take down her hair,
But when she had done so, her cranium was bare!
Said she, "Don't be frightened to see my poor head,
I shall put on another when I get into bed."
Chorus; to be sung as smooth as the lady's hand.—Ri ti, etc.

Her husband next saw, with amazement and grief,
A curious performance of hers with her teeth;
She took them all out with her fingers and thumb,
Said she, "I've forgotten to step in my gums."
Toothless Chorus; to be sung by Dr. Colton's Patent Advertising Tooth.—Ri ti, etc.

Then she loosened the robes which enveloped her waist,
And took something out which within them was placed;
Said she, "When I'm dead, let it not be forgotten,
You can put me in pickle with this new article."
Chorus; exhibiting the sudden change in the features of the unknown, produced by receiving the price of the cotton.—Ri ti, etc.

The groom had been sitting in stupid surprise
To see such strange doings before his own eyes;
But now he burst out, rushed out at the door,
And poor Mrs. Clay never saw him more!
Slam bang! Bloodcurdling chorus from the departing husband shut the door after him.—Ri ta, etc.

Young man, when you go to agree for a wife,
'Tis the gravest matter you'll ever make in your life;
Don't trust to good looks—of my counsel take heed;
But be sure and *insist on a warrantee deed.*
Grand final Chorus; by twenty-four resolute young men, each determined to exact a warrantee deed.—Ri ti, etc.

PHILIP FALKLAND'S STORY.

WHEN my mother was left a widow, and it had been discovered that the money which was supposed to be lying in the Crampton Bank had been invested in the consolidated Bubble and Smash Company, and that the mysterious summer dinner-guest with it; when the old Portman mansion was sold and the furniture sold with it, and all our earthly possessions were packed away in trunks and distinctly reared under in the hall for the morrow's flitting, while Mrs. Falkland sat weeping on the throne of us, all boys, sitting sadly over the fire, and sighed out:

"Well, I'm glad there are no girls among you; men can make their way in the world, give them half a chance. Maybe it will be the Lord's will that I should go too; and how could I leave young Jane's children? Not half a dozen never—and learning every day; and Samuel with good prospects before him—if the inconsequency isn't quite to what we have been used to, and Phil"—there she stopped and reddened, and said, quickly—"Phil's but young yet, and has elder brothers."

I knew what she meant right well—why her face flushed and her lip quivered. And when Eben had taken his light and gone up stairs to bed, and Samuel had gone to study, and we have given the servants had followed him, I took my crutches and came out of the corner where I had been sitting, and sat down by mother's feet.

"You've been fretting about me, mother," I said.

She looked at me with another flush, and said, "It's a great deal to fret about just now, you know, my dear."

"I can't hear, mother," I said. "But I know this also—when you are not thinking before the fire just now—often since our troubles came upon us you have said this to yourself."

"Then will the doctor in good practice some day. Samuel will succeed and make friends and fortune. But what can Phil do but drag his brothers down by living on their bounty?"

My mother put her hand over my mouth. "I never thought that of you, Phil," she said. "Elder brothers should always help the younger."

"And how much younger am I than they?" I said. "Eben is nineteen and nearly one-and-twenty; I am full nineteen. Mother, you have been anxious on my score. You are still."

"Well, Phil," she answered, "I won't deny it; we have tried—your poor father and I—to make life easy for you, and it seems so terrible for you now. I wish spirit enough to be glad to work for you, that I could carry you about and cuddle you up in my arms more than ever. Ever since you were about I've liked you best, Phil! the others were manage, and *I'm* an old woman; but what will you do without money?"

"As well as rest, dear mother," I said.

"No, Phil," said mother. "They can walk and run. They hardly used the carriage when we had it, and you always rode, either in that or on horseback. They can eat common dishes with appetite, and you need things that cost money to tempt you. And soft cushions and carpets and cozy seats you must have, and I've seen the others choose to spend all day in their work-shop or the tan-yard. I love all my boys the same, but I'm right, I don't feel for the others as I do for you."

"Never fret again, mother," I said; "I've got into lazy habits, and am stronger than you think. And the riding was all pride. You see I took better any where than on my feet. And as for treadwinning, I can do *something* in that way too. I have hands, if I haven't feet, that are worth much to me."

"The boy never means to turn tailor or shoemaker?" cried mother, with a gasp.

"I'll do that before I'll be idle," I said; "but I was thinking of something else. Do you know I believe Nature made me an artist?"

"Goodness!" cried mother. "Why, what makes you think so?"

"Because I've always loved to paint and draw," I said. "Because I've done more than you know in that way, and because—to the truth to my own mother—I feel certain I don't daub. My pictures are not what they ought to be. I have every thing to learn, but *I feel* what I can do, and I'm certain some day to do something."

Mother looked at me as though I were a pet child who had proposed some absurd attempt, and said, in a humoring voice,

"Yes, dear, of course you can. It will amuse you nicely."

"Wait here," I said. "Only wait here a while."

And I went from the room and along a little passage to my pretty bedchamber and brought out my port-folio.

Mother put on her glasses and prepared to look indulgently. But in a little while, as she turned the pieces of millboard over, her eyes began to sparkle. And at last she almost screamed,

"They're fit to frame and put in an exhibition, They are, Phil! I always went to one in the spring with poor dear Mr. Falkland, and ought to know. Oh, to think that *I*, nobody but, I should have such a genius for a son. A boy who paints pictures fit to hang in exhibitions! Phil, Phil, I didn't think it of you. Oh, Phil!"

She put both arms about my neck and cried outright as she spoke; and I could have cried for joy to see her so glad. I knew better than she how far my work was from that of an experienced artist. That this or that, and that could, and the other a little out of drawing. But it would have been pure cruelty to point out these defects to her who sat gloating over the sketches with her eyes dewy and her lips a-tremble.

After a bit, when she was half at rest, I slowly gathered them up, and said,

"So you like them, mother?"

"Like them! Oh, Phil!" sobbed mother. "And to think how good God is all the while. So often I've watched boys at their games and wished my lame-halted Phil could be among them; and, perhaps, if you had not been lame you would never have painted at all. And to be such a genius in letter Sun on the evening else in this world. Money! Surely, Phil, I need not fret now. I've heard of great artists being paid small fortunes for one picture. And you'll be a great one, Phil. Phil, I could almost kiss that little girl! I have almost (not quite) forgiven her."

"Forgive her entirely," I said, "for she was never to blame."

And as I plodded wearily into my chamber I could not help thinking of the picture I had turned upon. I could not help sighing a little heavily to think, after all, how glad I should be to be strong and active like Eben and Sam.

I had not always been lame. It was not until I was fourteen that, as I sat sketching the vessels on the Bideton river one afternoon, I spied a little girl, a mere child, on the railroad track between the bank I sat on and the river. She was picking up some flowers she had dropped, and knew nothing of the great iron monster screaming up the track toward her, or of her danger. I called to her, but she did not hear me, and then I saw as well as heard. In spite that I had nearly reached the spot when— No matter—you have guessed the whole already, and I saved the child. She had, they said, no scratch or bruise upon her.

I was so glad of that, when I was able to talk of it, that I forgot for the little moment my own pain. And then, for the first time, I knew that mother, with her heart full of sorrow for me, had spoken very bitterly of the other Falklands. For I also had come weeping to ask after me and thank me, and had forbidden her to come near the house again. They were rough boys, and had their own share since that time, and so we lost all trace of them.

I can now mother the sweet memory of the child; but I always felt tender toward her—something as a mother may to the child who owes its life to her preservation.

While I tied up my port-folio I gave a few moments to these remembrances, and then called "Goodnight" down the hall. Mother's voice answered almost cheerily.

"Good-night, Phil!" And soon I heard her in her own room, and Eben coming in last night in our dear old home, fell to sleep and dreamed of pleasant things until the day broke.

Then, with the ringing of the breakfast-bell, we were up and doing. There were good-bys to be said to a few neighbors; two faithful servants to part from. And mother had to visit some favorite spot alone, and each dreaded the last moment for the others. But it passed better than we expected with all of us. Mother hid her face in her handkerchief—Eben sched, and Sam's voice was husky; but that was all. After we were in the cars I felt my hand and that of my mother and my heart beating fearfully from the excitement I had hardly been aware of; but I had given no sign of what I felt to the others, and when the train began to start, as I watched the roof of our old home fade into the distance, and saw at last even the steeple, in whose shadow my father lay asleep, turn into a cold dream and vanish.

Four days later we had found some rooms in one of the plainest streets of New York, and were fairly started upon our new, strange life.

Even I was busy, for the sketches had been shown to my brothers. Eben had said:

"I'm no critic, but I think he's got it in him, mother."

And Sam had cried, "You may turn it to profit somehow, Phil."

All the cabinet council decided that the best room was to be my study, and that the front door should be garnished with a plate bearing the words —PHILIP FAIRLEIGH, *Artist*. So the plate was up; and my sketches were upon the walls, and a new easel and pallet and mahlstick ready; and while Ellen divided his time between the cheerful shop and hard study, and Sam, as clerk in an iron foundry, earned his small salary well, I painted and waited for purchasers and sitters.

They were slow in coming; but daguerreotypes were not in all hands then, and some people were glad to find a new artist who would paint cheaply. My first patron was a coachman, who wanted a likeness to present to his sweet-heart; my second a little dressmaker from over the way. After that I had double been smitten by brother Eben, and fancied him the artist; and my third was a gentleman who longed for a portrait of his dead wife, and whose name was Hargrave.

I paint it her as she lay, a beautiful piece of marble, on her pillow, and my fancy helped me to the life-like glow on the cheek and the radiance of the smile.

The husband told me his daughter's eyes were like her mother's, and the young lady was to sit to me while I painted them.

One morning I waited in my studio for her coming, and heard a little knock on the door. When I cried, "Come in!" it opened, and a girl of seventeen, dressed in deep mourning, entered. It was no surprise to me when she said, "I am Mr. Hargrave's daughter Jessie, Mr. Fairlight." For I expected her; yet something startled me as I placed a chair for her. As I uttered the few commonplaces which usually come to the lips of strangers who meet for the first time, I was aware of a strange feeling that I had known this girl before, and tried to remember when it could have been.

Afterward, as I tried to transfer those strange, solemn, long-lashed eyes to canvas, I began to know that I had always fervently expected to paint just such eyes. That since I could dream at all I had dreamed of this face. That this girl, yet a stranger, would be more to me than any other living mortal. Somehow she was interwoven with my destiny. Somehow she was to be good or ill to me.

Thinking this I painted on, and the daughter's eyes shone from the mother's pictured face. I had never painted so well before. I had never so waited for more time over my work. When the evening shadows began to creep over the sky I laid my brush aside with a sigh, and said:

"If you are as weary as sitters usually are, you will be glad to hear that I have done for to day, Miss Hargrave."

She answered: "I am not tired in the least;" and came around my easel to look at the picture.

"It is like mamma," she said. "I could love you, who never knew her, paint so good a likeness?"

The eyes, too, though hers, were handsomer than mine will ever be. I love pups will increase.

It came into my mind to tell her that no eyes could be more beautiful than hers; but I held my peace, and only thanked her by a bow for the praise of my work. And then, as she was going, saw her to the door, not knowing that we should ever meet again. In fact, that we should not meet most likely; for Mr. Hargrave had spoken of returning to England—his native place—and of taking his daughter with him. The picture was already paid for, and was to be sent for on the morrow, and I had no excuse for intruding upon the privacy of either father or daughter.

Yet, again and again the haunting memory of those eyes seemed to warn me that we were not to part thus. And when a month afterward my door opened and Mr. Hargrave entered with his daughter on his arm, I felt no surprise at their appearance.

It was my task, this time, to paint a portrait of Miss Jessie Hargrave—a small one, which her father could take with him on his journey. "For I have changed my plan," he said. "I shall travel until I feel that the old house yonder may be lived in again, and then will keep it home-like for me. She does not wish to leave it."

"I had rather live there than in any other place," said Jessie. "I can remember poor mamma better, I think, with things she has touched about me; but the doctors say papa must go. And as says I should be a child to stay him."

The beautiful eyes filled with tears that I longed to kiss away. And she turned hastily to a portfolio which lay open on the table. While my mother and Mr. Hargrave conversed I made my way across the room and stood beside her. And we looked over the pictures together, and I answered her questions and turned the sketches over for her.

At last we came to a child's drawing-book. A common thing, much dog-eared, and old, and picked up.

"I wish you would not look at that," I said. "It is a schoolboy's handiwork. Nothing more."

"Yours?" she said.

"Mine, years ago," I answered.

She smiled. "An artist's first attempts," she said; "I should value it, were I you." And she furled the leaves.

There were caricatures of the schoolmaster. A picture of our house-dog on his mat. No end of wagons, steam-engines, and ships. Two or three copies of Hogarth's prints, at last, a sketch from nature. The one I had been at work on when I saw the child by the rails. It was half-finished, and a blur was across it, for it had lain face downward on the grass, but Miss Hargrave looked at it eagerly.

"Ah," she cried, "that is a place I know! Is it not it ——, on the Hudson."

"Yes, that is my native place, Miss Hargrave," I said. She gave a little sigh.

"Papa," she said, "look, you remember?" and the father came and gazed on the paper earnestly.

"My poor wife loved that place, she said. "Ah yes, yes, I remember!"

"And why did you not finish the sketch?" asked Jessie. "You can't value it as I do. May, I have it?"

"Take the book," I said, "if you will so far honor it." But I did not tell her why the sketch was not finished.

The little book was in a pretty reticule she carried when she left me. And the next day she came to fit for me. Again I looked at will into the depths of those glorious eyes. Again I marked the delicate outline, the flower-like coloring, the billowy waves of dark-brown hair. She was, to my fancy, the loveliest thing on earth. And soon I knew I loved her. Much as one might love the dweller of some sphere above him—for I had no hope of a thought from that quarter. Jessie was far too rarely and truly. A glove that she had worn, a flower she had touched, were precious to me as relics to a devotee. And when, though I strove to banish them, thoughts of what might have been, had I been handsome and happy like Eben, a stalwart as my brother Samuel, would fill my mind, and make me sit idly before my easel in a waking dream.

I said to myself, "When the picture is done I shall see her no more;" but though I knew this would be best for me, my heart gave a great leap of joy when I heard that she had taken a fancy to drawing-lessons, and that I had been chosen for her teacher.

"If you will do me the favor of taking a pupil," said the courtly father, never guessing that the request had given me the keenest pang of pain,—

"Could she learn something in a year? You think so? Then for a year you shall try to make an artist of my little girl, though I doubt her talent."

So matters stood when he went away; and so gained the months of Mr. Hargrave's absence. I gave her lessons. Twice a week I had the privilege of sitting beside her for an hour and guiding her pencil. I grew to believe that her progress was owing to me. I was then alone with her. But we saw each other often at other times. A grim old aunt presided over her home, but made office came to mother for advice or comfort. She grew intimate with Ellen and Samuel, with Sam and Eben and laughed with merry Sam, and saw every sketch I made at its beginning.

Whether I dared to tell my love, or whether it sometimes was revealed by look or tone, I could not tell; but one thing troubled me. Sometimes, when she thought I did not see her, I found her looking at me in the strangest way. The look she might have given one she had injured—a remorseful look. Sad, and nothing else.

By-and-by I began to fancy I had fathomed it.

My handsome brother Eben was often at her side. Always ready to wait upon her and her little cousin Madge, who had come to live with her. Never tired of hearing them sit and sing. And persistently "remembering ever" with a rose, a new flower, or on some excuse or other. So plainly a mere subterfuge that he blushed very red when he uttered it.

Eben liked Jessie—*loved* her, and she had found it out—found out also that I adored her, and feared in her gentleness to tell me.

She pitied me so, you see; knew that, and it was hard to be pitied only, where I longed for love. She knew I could not endure that love in any woman's heart; and because of that was kind to me.

Often, when we walked out together, she would leave the rose in her boy's hair or button; and many a time I have seen tokens of her remembrance that I was different from the others in her sisterly watchfulness for my comfort. Yes, she loved Eben, and both were keeping the secret for my sake.

When I once felt sure of this, I said to myself, "Do not be selfish, Phil. Be glad that she owes to the kind brother and the sweet friend that you can be happy in their happiness: and I set to work to conquer my own heart. I was prompt! The love I strove to smother was too strong.

But at least I could mask it; and rather than be a blight upon their joy, I would endure in dark and look I played a part; pretended to be surly; refused to join their walks; shut myself in my studio when they were in the house, and, in the evening, and hoped at least to make the handsome pair less tender of me. And I prayed earnestly. Heaven knows, that I might not be a curse to the two I loved best in my heart; quiet Eben, who would have cut his right hand off rather than do me harm.

Yet sadly insane I must have been, and once, when the spring days were growing bright, they had planned a quiet little picnic. Only mother, Madge, and Jessie, and my brother Eben, who was to provide people the girls knew, and were full of merry talk about it, while I, refusing to join their arrangements, kept my own counsel ever since I had given a crusty answer to, her coaxing invitation. The others had begun to let me have my own way, and Jessie alone left me to my sulks.

"If you don't like the place," she said, "or if it is too far for you, we will go somewhere else. Do come, Phil!"

And as she spoke her little hand touched my arm, and that pink cheek drooped near my shoulder. The touch thrilled me through. I trembled and grew pale; but I only answered:

"No; I had better stay all day. Don't stop to think of me. Good-by!"

And I went to my easel and pretended to be at work. Glad I was when they were gone, and when they had gone out into the sweet spring sunshine I flung brush and pallet aside, and, lying prone upon my little bed, remembered how, by her love and wept—wept as a girl might, sobbing and moaning—for once, for the first and last time, giving vent to the emotions so long pent up within my breast.

The passionate storm was over at last, and I looked up to see Jessie standing in the door-way of my studio looking at me. Her hands were clasped, her face very pale.

When she saw me she advanced and knelt down beside the lounge. Of their own accord her little pearly hands took mine and held them.

"What is the matter, Philip?" she said. "Have we offended you? We have been so different of late to what we were that I have feared so."

I looked at her ashamed and troubled.

"Since you have seen me blubbering like a baby you might as well know the full extent of my childishness," I said. "It never happened before. It never shall again. But, for once, I longed to walk away beside you, as Eben and Sam can. The sweet air did it, or the sunshine. It's over now; and you have always been only too thoughtful of me. Go—they are waiting for you, Jessie."

"I am not waiting," she said. "And so it is *that*; and you suffer so in secret. Oh, Philip!"

She seemed to turn faint, and sat down on the floor near me and rested and leaned against it heavily.

"How you must hate the girl!" she said—"the child you saved upon the road. Better for me that she had never been born! Better for her to have died than this! Ah, you did not think I knew of her! Your mother told me."

I arose and crossed the room. Even when I bent over her I could not see her face, but she trembled like an aspen leaf.

"Jessie," I said, "my thoughts of that innocent child are the happiest of my life. Has he——my good, kind mother told you that I love the child? I love her, rather, because I have suffered to do her some little good. I think of her sometimes as the woman she will grow to be by this time, and think of her young beauty still unmarred—her young life full of joy, as I pray it may be, and say, 'God protect that child and bless her.' Often since I knew you I have thought she may be like you—I have wished it could have been you— Jessie!—Jessie!!!"

For she had started up and stood before me with clasped hands.

"I was afraid of this, Philip," she said. "I have not guessed its truth, yet I must speak as you do to spare me. You know I—I, Jessie Hargrave—was the child you saved from death at such a cost. Better that I had died! Better for you! Better any thing than the purchase of life and strength at such a price. Look at me as you must feel—shew me your sorrow—your hatred—your pain—let me forgive. Have I marred your life—I—I—I!"

She was so pale, so lovely, and I drew nearer and put my hand upon her shoulder.

"For God's sake, Jessie," I said, "don't speak so, lest you kill me with your pain. Hate you! Oh, Jessie, I never guessed that you had been the child lost from my heart I say, 'Thank Heaven for it!' At least I have given you some little good, my darling my— Leave me, Jessie—for Eben's sake, leave me!"

"For Eben's sake?" she cried. "Leave you for Eben's sake—what can you mean?"

"Foolish words," I said. "Dear friend—dear sister, forget what I said!"

She turned her wet eyes full upon my face. Her fingers touched my arm and clung to it.

"Say it again, Philip," she said. "Tell me you never hated this wretched child—that you do not hate her now! I have striven so long to keep the secret here locked. I have said, 'While he does not guess who I am he may like me a little still.' I have wept so much for the harm I have done my friend. Tell me, Philip. Is it possible that you have not hated my memory?"

"It is true that I love you better than my soul!" I cried. "Can you give me all my world and half my heaven! Go, now; go—best, sweetest, dearest Jessie, and let me forget that Eben's brother ever spoke those words to you. Whatever happens, the memory of those moments passed beside you will be the sweetest of my life. Some day I'll can say 'sister' from my heart, for God will help me."

Her clinging fingers never left my arm.

"Then you love me, Philip?" nearly you do not think we love each other? He is betrothed to Madge. Did you not guess that?"

A great load seemed to have passed from the face of my sun. The world was bright again. At least no other claimed her. At least I had done no wrong in loving her. I bent and kissed her eyes. I felt the touch of her hand. I breathed her very breath—sweet as new-mown hay!

"Jessie!" I cried. "I scarcely dare to ask you for your love, and claim you for my very own. Oh wert I strong and able to cherish and protect you! Oh, that I were a man not; I have not what it would be madness to hope for!"

Still, her fingers never stirred. Her eyes never left mine; and then her sweet lips fell these sweet words:

"If you dare not ask for my heart, Phil, how dare I, a woman, tell you how long it has been yours without great shame?"

I caught her in my arms. but paused even then.

"Is this a sufficient payment of a debt?" I asked. "Do you sacrifice nothing in giving yourself to a cripple who has only his love to give you?"

And she answered: "It is not pity—it is not gratitude. It is pure love, and love is all it asks."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—The person who made the "welkin ring" is now engaged in the trade in surgery for "the twelfth finger of the left hand but one."

Buttoning on a collar is cruel work for the nails when the linen is thick and sternly starched, and the button is large and closely sewn. But if you will give me some string I will tell you how to meet the difficulty. Dip the button-hole for ten seconds into water.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

How he has language if a flower is dear!" remarked A. "Contrive a meadow to talk!"

"Why, it's easy," said Q, "what a flower would say To discover—a meadow from its o'talk."

HOW TO KEEP A GOOD SERVANT.—Keep on discharging the bad ones till you meet with one that suits you.

HOW TO DISCOURAGE THE PERSEVERE STRIVE.—Never stand still and look on.

What is the difference between a boxer-room and a hen-coop?—One is a great cell, and the other a lot of little cells.

MISER'S UTTERER.

SAWS BY OUR OWN SAWYER.

Empty tubs by the noise of their drum may tell their states,
Empty heads by their wordy, dogmatical prate;
Empty jars are prepared any ware to receive,
Empty minds any folly or tale to believe;
Corn grows up best and best when the empty ear pride,
And conceit makes the idle pragmatic and vain;
Empty boxes are places for vermin to breed in,
Empty brains for suggestions of Satan to seed in;
Empty rooms are so cold that they give us a chills,
Empty hearts are so selfish they sympathy kills;
Empty purses can not long stiff and upright remain,
Nor long undeserving their credit maintain.

SUFFERINGS KNOWLEDGE.—Ascertaining the cost of a fellow-creature.

When does a man sit down to a melancholy dessert?—When he sits down to wine and pine.

When a man and woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is, which is the one. Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before this matter is finally settled.

The man who, on account of the high price of sugar, determined to sweeten his coffee with the white article, has concluded to fall back on the "granulated juice of the cane."

Wrong! Of course you are, stupid! Egypt is not a Nile-land, but part of a continent.

ART OF LOVE.—A lady told her husband she read the "Art of Love" and he gave her permission to be agreeable to him. "I would rather have love without art," replied he.

A boy, who displayed a long, dangling watch-chain, was asked,

"What's the time of day, Jim?"

He laid down his watch very ceremoniously, and after examining it for a while referred to another boy, and asked,

"Is the the figure nine or the figure seven?"

The boy said that it was the figure seven.

"Well, then," said the genius, "it lacks just about half an inch of eight."

I BELIEVE YOU, MY BOMBA!—It is stated that Cleopatra ate a pearl worth £8,000 in the tea-time. If so, the fashionable guest must be a remarkably fine specimen of their High-ness.

SNUFF-TAKING.

What a moment, what a doubt!
Ah my nose is full out,
All my thrilling, tickling canstic,
Pyramid rhinoceratic,
Wants to sneeze and can not do it!
How it pines me, chills me, grieves me,
How with rapturous torment file me!
Now, now—Sneeze, you gracious—get through it!
Shoe—shoe—Oh, this most delchi—
Handkerchief gullah!
Heugh it, I shall sneeze till spring!).
Ah, it's over—false thing.

THE BETTER CUT.—How annoying it must be to a historian to have a hotsie-mose!

IMPROMPTU.

I met a friend the other day,
We both went our separate way,
When told, no wonder, you will my—
His pocket was picked of MY.

A story is told of an inveterate drinker, who, after a great deal of solicitation, signed the temperance pledge, but soon after was noticed to imbibe as frequently as ever. To his friends, who remonstrated with him, he replied that the document he had signed was illegal, and of no binding force, because it had upon it no internal revenue stamp.

What notes compose the most favorite tunes?—and how many tunes do they compose?—Bank-notes—they make for cash.

WE observe a magazine article with the inviting title, "Under the Lash, by One who has been Flogged." Pleasant reading, if the announcement is to be read literally. We suppose it will be followed by "Coffee Cooled, by One who has been Hanged."

CABINET CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a crazy old speechifier like the Secretary of the Navy?—He is giddy on wake.

Why is the postal-card-writer hearing the White House like an outward-bound steamer?—He is going Seward.

Why is a fast-walking like the Secretary of War?—He regulates the canoes.

Why is the Secretary of the Treasury like a weaver?—He can't do without a Spinner.

Why is the Postmaster-General like a girl at a boarding-school?—He looks after the mails.

Said the lovely Julia to the bewitching Fanny:
"My dear, why is a new-born baby like a new's-bell?"
"I don't know. You know I never can guess a conundrum."
"Because it was never seen before."
Fanny fainted.

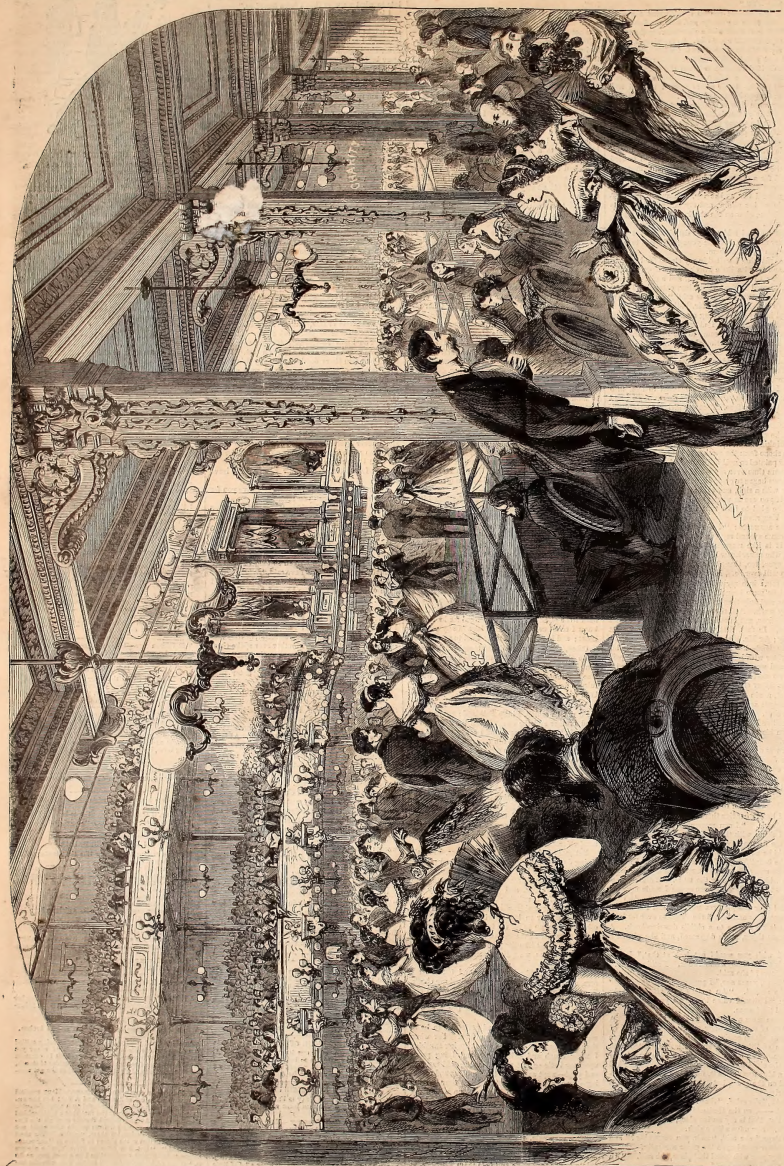
A CAPITAL R.—The clown's "Here we are?"

A lady wrote upon a window some verses, intimating her fondness of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath:

The lady must receive these words betoken,
Wrote them on glass to show that it may be broken.

An elderly and good-natured clergyman, called upon to bless a newly-married couple, "Good Lord," he prayed, "as here have been, because I have always kept in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Society since 1800, and have preached to more converts than any other man in the connection, I do not see why I should not be rewarded for my labors. Therefore, I pray Thee, bless this couple, and make them as happy as I am with my wife."

A NOTE THAT COULD NOT BE HEARD.—Many musical composers make use of a sharp and a flat; but the author of the "Marseillaise" introduced an A under the circumstances. Which calls our attention to the fact that a philosophical member of the Anthropological Society says that the European races are descended from people who could not speak, or, as he designates them, "Mutes." We shall consider the author of the theory in future as "our mutes." Which is—But, I say, reader, suppose, when always listens to instructive conversation like a good boy, as he is, he first speech were all mutes, who were the undertakers, and who did they bury?



THE GRAND CHARITY BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, JANUARY 29, 1866.—SKETCHED BY ARTHUR LUMLEY.—[SEE PAGE 83.]



LEAVING THE MATINEE.

DADDY DODD.

JOHN BEADLE was an honest man, with a large family and a small shop. It was not a hopeful circumstance in John's position that, while his family kept on enlarging, the shop obstinately maintained its contracted dimensions; that, while there seemed to be no bounds to the race of Beadle, the business which maintained them was strictly limited. John's shop was situated in one of the many by-streets, with no main thoroughfare among them, which constitute Somers Town; and it was devoted to the sale of coals and vegetables. As a householder, John, though in a small way of business, was a person of some importance, inasmuch as he was the sole lessee of an entire tenement. It was something to boast of in that neighborhood, but not much; for the roof which John called his own was a low-backed roof, and contained only one floor besides the basement, which formed the emporium. The tenement seemed to be fast sinking into the earth. The impression of the beholder was that one story had already sunk, and that the others were rapidly following it; so that it seemed probable in a few years there would be nothing visible but the broken-backed roof lying flat on the spot, a monument of departed commerce in coals. Meantime, by the agency of two upright beams and one transverse one, the broken-backed roof was kept over the heads of John and his family.

John's family consisted of his wife Martha, seven children, and Martha's old father. All these, including the old man, who was past work, and utterly without any means of his own, were dependent upon the exertions of John, aided, when urgent family exigencies might permit, by his wife. John's exertions were divided between chopping fire-wood, taking out baskets (*more frequently* half-baskets) of coals in a truck, and "serving." The occupation of "serving" may be described as going to houses about quarter-day, wrestling with chests of drawers, bedsteads, and bedsteads' appendages, articles of furniture, and getting very little money, but a good deal of bear. If John had been a peliean of this world, he might have maintained his family upon beer for a week after a moving; but he was only a man, and could do little more than find them in bread, beer with the single drop of which was generally all his reward in available currency.

The door and the window of the shop being always open, the nature and extent of John's stock in trade were obvious to the world. It consisted of about a ton of coals—which generally in small heaped up in a corner, a little pile of fire-wood, a few strings of onions, a few bunches of carrots, a basket or two of potatoes, a box of red herrings, a bottle of peppermint-stick, alluringly displayed with some sweetmen nuts and winkles, and a bill on a board outside the window, and a bed-wrench. This last instrument was a wonderful auxiliary to John's other trade. While the two upright beams and the single transverse beam were the support of the emporium architecturally, the bedwrench was the support of the emporium commercially. It was a thing not to be bought, but borrowed; and the charge for the loan of that bed-wrench was twopence. A Somers Street woman was very borrowing, and it seemed to be a street which did not lie easy in its bed, for it was always taking its bed down and putting it up again. The result was, of course, that John's bed-wrench was in constant and urgent demand. Such has been the eagerness to secure the instrument, that two rival applicants have been known actually to wrench each other in the effort to possess it.

One half of John's shop was occupied by the stock, the other half formed the ordinary sitting-room. This latter room had a fire-place, surmounted by a mantel-shelf, on which stood various articles of art in china; and its furniture consisted of two or three Windsor chairs, and a small round table. Little active domesticity was ever witnessed in this department except at the close of the day, when the family, entering from the coals, and the potatoes, and the fire-wood, made a rush at the little round table, and scrambled for herrings and thick bread-and-butter and tea. At such times the little room, Martha's superannuated father, was to be seen sitting in an arm-chair by the side of the fire, his bald head enriched by a glory of onions, and his coat hiding on his right like a distant mountain range, put in as a back-ground to the picture. Those family banquets were short and short. All the necessary conveniences of luxury, such as knives and forks, slop-basins and the like, were dispensed with. Tea had to be finished hot enough to be turned round and threw the dregs upon the heap of coals, and, when he had finished picking his herring, nothing was left for any one but Daddy Dodd to dine on. Daddy Dodd was a gentleman who had finished picking his herring, and who threw away and forgot the fish as soon as he had got into the fire. After the meal, Mr. Beadle was accustomed to sit down opposite old Daddy, while Martha drew up between them, and composed herself to the mending of the family linen; but, as the number of shirts was limited, the younger branches of the family usually relieved the classic fashion, among the coals, from contact with which they issued in a sweetliness of complexion which caused them to be known in the neighborhood as the "black Beadles." John and Martha loved their offspring dearly, and would not have had any thing happen to one of them for the world; but they began to find that they were increasing both in numbers and in appetite in a way altogether disproportionate to the development of the trade in coals and vegetables, notwithstanding that the rolling stock had been increased by a new truck and a second bed-wrench. John's ambition had often taken a run at a horse and cart; but it had never been able to vault so high, and always fell back upon the truck and hurt itself in the region of its dignity. A truck is not a glorious kind of vehicle—especially a coal-truck. It is a vehicle that takes the pavement rather than the middle of the road, for choice, and although the thunder which it makes at it traverses the cost of which the pavement is considerable, it is not a source of profit to its owner. Besides, it does not warrant the assumption of that sceptre of authority, a whip; and it is usually propelled by one of the human species. Well, it would never do if we all had the same ambition. While some persons aspire to rule their fellow-men, there are others who prefer to exercise authority over the brutes, in driving a horse and cart. This was John's case. He saw visions of a thriving and extending increase of business, and a drive down the road to the Jolly Butchers on Sunday afternoon, with the missus in all her best, and the children in a row, with their faces washed behind, like a pen of clean little pigs —this had been the dream of John's life; but it was a dream that had not yet come true. Indeed, so far from this, John's prospects were becoming darker than brighter every day.

"What was to be done?

This question, which had long suggested itself both to John and Martha, found audible expression one night, after the family had accompanied away to their holes for the night. Old Daddy Dodd was sitting dozing in his chair by the side of the fire, and John and Martha were sitting opposite.

It was John who propounded the question:

"What was to be done?

Martha made no audible reply; but, after a pause, raised her eyes to John's face, and then looked from significantly at Daddy.

John shook his head, and covered his face with his hand.

"I know no right to ask you to do it any longer, John," Martha said. "I had no right ever to expect you to do it."

"Don't it was my duty and my pleasure to do it, Martha," John replied. "He's your father, and I couldn't see the poor old man starve!"

"But he shouldn't starve, neither, John," Martha said; and her lips trembled as she said the words.

"I know what you mean," John returned; "but I can't bear the thoughts of it. It's not what ought to be, when he's had a house of his own, and drove his own chay, and paid rates and taxes, and every comfort."

"Well, it is hard, when you think of it," Martha replied, softly; "and the drawing-room that we had, too, and the silver spoons, and the real china cups and saucers!" And at the thought of the china cups and saucers Martha's tears fell fast.

"Yes, it is hard," John returned; "and that's why I have stood between him and it as long as I could."

"But you can't stand between him and it any longer, John, and I mustn't ask you to; it's not fair to you, John, and you shan't be burdened with any longer."

Poor old Daddy was sitting dozing in a chair, blissfully unconscious of the deliberations, of which he was the subject. In his time Daddy had been in a good, though small way of business, in the carpentering line, commencing the trade undertaking (which he undertook in his overtime, to use the fashionable phrase) to bring up families of age began to creep upon the old man, and he was no longer able to work with his own hands, he disposed of his business as an alternative to being reduced to live on his means. His means were small, but his remaining years were few; and, proceeding on his philosophical principle, Daddy lived upon the principal instead of the interest (which he could not have lived upon at all), and lived longer than he calculated. Daddy Dodd's disposal of his business, and let the carpenter's shop, he still continued to occupy the dwelling-house of which it formed a part, and like all the world, knew that the old carpenter was pretty well off. His daughter Martha shared in this impression, and was rather disposed to look upon the old gentleman, her father, and cherish expectations of an inheritance.

One day, about two years after Martha had been married to John Beadle, and shortly after she had prodigally presented John with the second pledge of her affection, old Daddy Dodd, at the emporium, suffused with smiles. Martha thought he was going to present John with the silver spoons. When the old man had settled himself in his arm-chair, and received his breath, he said, with a pleasant chuckle,

"I've got something to tell you, Martha."

"What is it, father?"

"Well, Martha, I've been looking in the toy drawer, and—and—"

"Yes, father, yes," said Martha, eagerly, making quite sure now that baby was to have the spoons.

"I've been looking in the toy drawer," the old man repeated, and—and—"

"The spoons," Martha suggested, as dutifully helping her poor old father in a difficulty.

"No, not the spoons, Martha," he said—"the money."

"What about the money, father?"

"It's all gone, Martha."

"All gone! The money you've got to live upon, father!" cried Martha, hysterically—"all gone?"

"Every farden," said the old man.

Martha could not believe it. She gave baby to a neighbor to mind, and insisted upon her father going back with her to his lodging immediately. He gave her the key, and she tore open the top drawer in a frantic way. She seized the canvas bag in which the old man kept his money (for he had an unconquerable distrust of banks), and plunged her hand into it. She could feel nothing like coin. She turned the bag inside out and shook it—nothing fell out of it. She rummaged among the useless odds and ends in the drawer, and not a farthing could she find. Suddenly she paused, and said:

"You've been robbed, father. Somebody's been at the drawer."

"No, no, my dear, you mustn't say that; nobody's been at the drawer but me. I've spent it all. There wasn't much of it—only eighty pounds altogether, and it wouldn't last forever. It's me that's lived too long, Martha;" and the old man sat down in a chair, and began to whimper and weep.

Martha could only sit down and weep too. She was overwhelmed by the thought of her father's destitution, and the prospect which lay before him, in his weak old age. His money was all gone, and his few sticks of furniture, with the shop upon which were the only portion of his plate which remained, would scarcely realize enough to bury him.

This was sad news to tell John when he came in (from a moving job) to his dinner. Martha, by way of breaking it gently to him, hysterically shrieked out the tidings at the top of her voice, as John was coming in at the door.

"Oh, John, father's all gone!" she cried.

Seeing that Martha was in a dreadful state of excitement about the matter, John, with a proper appreciation of artistic contrast, took the unwelcome announcement coolly.

"Well," he said, "in that case we must keep him. He has nobody else to look to."

And so one day John went over to Daddy's house, sent for a broker, disposed of all the things except the old man's bed, which he dispatched by the truck to the emporium. That done, he locked the door, sent the key to the landlord, and taking the old man by the hand, led him from the house which he had rented for the last seventy years, and which, looking after them, seemed to breach her tears. It was barely a quarter of a mile to the new home, but it was a long journey for Daddy, who was getting very frail now. He dropped his stick very often, and John had to stoop and pick it for him, and when a dustman's cart happened to pass, where it was necessary for John to signal to drivers of vehicles to draw up and slacken speed while the old man got safely across to the other side of the road. Poor old Daddy, going to the work-house, was highly honored that day. The passage of the traffic made its current and diverted its course to let him pass. It could not have done more for the Lord Mayor. At length John, leading his venerable charge by the hand, arrived in front of the work-house gates. At the sight of the gloomy portal and the high black wall, which shuts in the last hope, his resolution began to fail him. He stopped and hesitated.

"Grandfather," he said, "it's about time for your glass of ale, isn't it?"

"Well, yes, John, I think it's getting on that way," said the old man, in a cheery tone.

"Will you step in here?" said John, and he added, "Is this the Nag's Head?" the old man inquired.

"The Nag's Head was the house which he had "used" for forty years.

"No, grandfather," John said; "this is not the Nag's Head; but they keep a good glass of ale here."

Well, just as you like," Daddy assented.

So John led the old man in by his own hand. While Daddy was sipping his ale John tossed off a couple of glasses of spirits; he was trying to screw up his failing courage to the point. When the old man had finished his glass John took him once more by the hand, and hurriedly led him across the road. He was at the gate, hesitating with a full heart, looking through a mist of tears at the handle of the work-house bell, inviting only the clutch of despair, when the old man looked up in his face and said:

"John!"

"Yes, grandfather."

"Ain't this the work-house?"

Daddy's face, with its intimation that he knew where he was, the thought that he suspected his design, struck John to the heart; and he hurried the old man away from the gate.

"The work-house, grandfather, no, no!" John said; "what made you think of that? Come, come away: we're going to my home, going home, grandfather, going home as fast as we can."

John was so anxious to drag Daddy away from the spot that he nearly lifted him off his feet and carried him across the road. In his excitement and haste he quite forgot Daddy's feebleness, and hurried him along at such a rate that he was hot his breath, and was nearly failing. It was not until a street had been put between them and the work-house that John relaxed his pace and allowed Daddy to recover himself. After that he led him gently back to the emporium, took him in, and seated him in his old chair by the fire.

"I couldn't do it, Martha," he said; "my hand was on the bell, when he looked up at me and spoke to me; and his face, and what he said, struck me to the heart. I couldn't do it. I felt as if I was going to murder the poor old man. It's worse than murder, Martha, to put a fellow-creature in your der; it's burying him alive!"

"But, John—"

"I say I shall never be done by me, Martha," John interposed, sternly. "We must do the best we can for him, and strive to the last to save him and support him that degrading."

An interchange of looks sealed the compact between them—Daddy was to have a home with them while they had a roof to call their own, and a loaf of bread to share with him.

Old Daddy had not only been a considerable expense to John and Martha, but during the latter months he had been much in the way. He was always getting about in the shop, which being also the sitting-room, did not afford much room for business and domesticity combined. But now the fine days were coming, and Daddy would be able to spend a good deal of his time out of doors. So, when the fine days came, little Benjy, John's youngest but two, who was not old enough to be of any assistance in the business, was appointed to the sole and undivided duty of minding grandfather, and taking him for walks. Benjy was commonly sent with him out of the way. Little Benjy, a little, large-headed, wise-looking boy of six years, was Daddy's

When breakfast was over, John said to the old man, in as cheerful a tone as he could command,

"Grandfather, I'm going to take you for a walk."

"That's kind of you, John," said the old man, very kind.

"Well, come along, grandfather; here's your hat and stick."

"I'm ready, John, quite ready. Eh? bless me, what's the matter now, my dear?"

Martha had thrown her arms round his neck, kissing him.

"Good-by, father," she said, through her sobs, "Good-by."

She had resolved not to say it, but she could not help it.

"But, tut, my dear," said the old man; "we are not going far, are we, John?"

"No, grandfather, not very far."

"And we'll come back soon, my dear?"

"Oh yes, grandfather," said Martha; and the words almost choked him.

Martha whispered to the children to go and shake hands with their grandfather; and wondering what this unusual ceremony meant, they did as they were told, quietly and silently.

The old man was as much puzzled as the children, and wanted to know if it was a birthday. John could not answer him; his heart was full and his utterance choked. Without a word more he took the old man by the hand, and led him from the emporium. Martha stood in the doorway, surrounded by the children, looking after them, and wiping her tears. It was barely a quarter of a mile to the work-house, but it was a long journey for Daddy, who was getting very frail now. He dropped his stick very often, and John had to stoop and pick it for him, and when a dustman's cart happened to pass, where it was necessary for John to signal to drivers of vehicles to draw up and slacken speed while the old man got safely across to the other side of the road. Poor old Daddy, going to the work-house, was highly honored that day. The passage of the traffic made its current and diverted its course to let him pass. It could not have done more for the Lord Mayor. At length John, leading his venerable charge by the hand, arrived in front of the work-house gates. At the sight of the gloomy portal and the high black wall, which shuts in the last hope, his resolution began to fail him. He stopped and hesitated.

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especial pet and favorite; or, perhaps, it might have been said, so much more responsible a person was Benjy, that Daddy was *his* pet and favorite. Be that as it would, they loved each other, and on fine days, when the sun shone, it was their delight to wander hand in hand among the neighboring streets, prattling together like two children, and gazing in, with child-like wonder, at the pretty things in the shop windows. The people round about called them the Babes in the Wood, and old Daddy was certainly as much a babe as Benjy. Little took the same interest in the contents of the toy-shops, and sighed as deeply as Benjy sighed to think that his youthful grandson could not become the possessor of a small-sized, wooden, top-gun (with a stock) which went off with a spiral spring. In their wanderings, day by day, the Babes saw many strange things, and added the wonders of Common Town with the deepest interest. It was their special delight to stand before any open door or window which afforded them a view of a process of manufacture. They stood on gratings and listened to the rattle of sawing machines that went by steam. Benjy informed his charge and pupil, who was not very well up in the modern arts and sciences; they gazed at little men in shirt-sleeves and flat caps, who turned a miniature coffee-mill under a glass case at the grocer's—such industrious little men, who were busy on grinding coffee while their master was in the shop or not, and never seemed to go home to their meals. They superintended the lowering of barrels into public cellars, and, watching the mysteries of the inclined plane, and speculating as to whether the barrels contained the particular kind of ale which grandfather liked, they watched the making of tea-chests and the turning of wood, and were sometimes observed to be much absorbed in the history of sheep, a pursuit which had a deep abstract interest for Benjy, while it set Daddy babbling about the delightful days now purely visionary, of a boiled leg of mutton and caper sauce.

In these wanderings Benjy was careful not to release his hold of Daddy's hand, for he was particularly enjoined never to leave him for a moment, and whatever he was to let him tumble down. One muddy day Benjy *did* let Daddy tumble, and a sad state of mind he was in for fear his mother should find it out. He had to be beat with his Sunday pocket-handkerchief to efface all traces of mud from Daddy's trousers; but he was afraid lest the old man might "tell upon him." Not that there was any want of loyalty between them, but Daddy was getting so garrulous that he sometimes, quite unintentionally, let things slip which got Benjy into trouble; so, when any thing happened, Benjy was obliged to remind grandfather that he was not to tell.

"You won't tell mother that I let you fall in the mud, will you, grandfather?" he would say, as they beat their umbrellas forward.

"Oh no, Benjy," the old man protested. "I—I shan't say a word about it."

At first, this complete confidence had been established between them, Benjy sought on one occasion to purchase his grandfather's silence with a penny (which did not at that moment possess the but expected to have some day), but he had come to know now that the bond of love between them was strong enough to sustain their mutual affection, except when it was occasionally loosened by an inadvertence, or a lapse of memory, which, in Daddy's case, was beyond the power of either love or money to control. Going home in the summer evenings, after their rambles, Daddy and Benjy had deeply interesting tales to tell the family of the wonders of the great world of Somers Town.

Alas, that those relations should so often have fallen upon inattentive ears! But, dear Aunt Martha were becoming sullen and moody, a pew both of them to the deepest anxiety. The family was still increasing, but the business connected with its still efforts in the direction of development. John was getting into debt at the coal wharf, and matters potato were rotting. The times were bad, and were coming on harder with the approach of winter. Coals were at eighteen-pence a hundred, potatoes at a penny a pound. The poor people couldn't pay the price. Poor women came for a few pounds of coal and took them away in their aprons. There was scarcely a sale for the truck. When coals were so dear and fires so small, Chaldron Street was a good deal given to warm itself in bed. The which that became a permanent institution. The consequence to John was that his bed-wrench rusted in idleness. In view of the evil which accumulated upon it, this apparatus might have been engaged in the disastrous occupation of eating its head off. Expenses of the emporium were not in very low ebb; John and Martha could scarcely provide bare food for the family. The block Bed, borrowing for victuals, and not finding satisfaction at the little round table, passed like a cloud of locusts over the stock in the shop, and making short work of the carrots, and even over the cabbage-leaves and the turnip-tops. John and Martha were denying themselves day after day, that the rest might have a bit of something rich and nourishing. But things were coming to a crisis now. The coal-merchant, the potato-merchant, and the landlord, all three threatening voices, and John was in hourly expectation of an execution. All his strivings had been of no avail. Darkness Was coming from that direction. It must come now. Nothing could avert it.

One afternoon John was sitting on a stool, on the side of the mountain of coal, which had been removed to the last shovelful of dust (and, alas! the capitalist at the wharf had not the faith to replace it), utterly dejected and dispirited. It was a terrible trial for a strong man with a stout heart and a vigorous will to be thus beaten down and trampled under the feet of a cruel and relentless Fortune, whom he had wooed with all his art, and wrestled with all his strength. Poor John! he was a-tired: it was very false that the spirit was almost crushed out of Him. When he looked up and saw a stranger man darkening the door he felt that the last blow was about to be struck.

"Come in," he said; "don't stand upon any ceremony, I beg; I'm quite prepared for you."

"Are you?" said the man, curiously.

"Yes, I am," John replied. "I know your errand as well as you do yourself."

"Do you?" said the man, in the same tone.

"Do you come here to mock me?" cried John, angrily, rising and facing the intruder; "to mock me as well as ruin me?"

"Mock you?" said the man.

"Yes, mock me," John repeated, in the same angry tone.

"I did not come here to mock you; far from it," the man returned. "In fact, my business is not with you at all. I came to see Mr. Dodd, who was an old neighbor of mine."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said John. "You'll excuse me, I hope; but we are in great distress, and I expected nothing but bad news."

"If I am not mistaken," said the stranger, "it is good news I bring you. You are Mr. Dodd's son-in-law, are you not?"

"I am, Sir, and I was I were a richer son-in-law for his sake," John replied.

"Perhaps there will be no need for that, *for his sake*," the stranger returned.

"What do you mean?" John asked.

"Well, just this," said the stranger. "A few days ago I published an advertisement in the paper addressed to Daniel Dodd, informing him that, if he applied to Mr. Johnson, solicitor, in Bedford Row, he would hear something to his advantage. Now, thinking that the Daniel Dodd wanted might be my old neighbor, and knowing Mr. Johnson, of Bedford Row, to be a respectable man, I inquired and learned that the person wanted *is* Daniel Dodd, my old neighbor, and that under the will of his brother uncle, who died once a year ago, he has a little fortune to—"

"Hush! hush, Sir," said John, grasping the stranger by the arm, and staring at him with fixed eyes. "You're not having a lark, a cruel lark with us, are you?"

"God forbid," said the stranger, gravely.

"And answer me another thing, Sir," John continued, in the same excited way. "You're not out of your mind, are you?"

"Certainly not," returned the man.

"Very well, Sir," said John, "you may go on."

"I was going to say," the stranger continued, "that under the will of his deceased brother George, who died in India, Daniel Dodd is entitled to five thousand pounds."

"Martha!" cried John to his wife, who was on the stairs cleaning the room.

"Yes, John. What is it?"

"Father's money's come back again! Father's money's come back again!" Father's money's come back again!" And he shouted it over and over again up the stairs, and stopped the bolusters every time to get his breath.

"Are you gone mad, John?" was Martha's reply, when she was allowed to speak.

"No, my dear, I'm not gone mad," said he; "but I'm not gone mad, I'm not gone mad," he added about his brother George who went to India; but I thought he had been dead long ago."

At that moment Daddy came in from one of his walks with Benjy, and was told of his fortune.

"Dear me," he said, sinking into his chair, "brother George! Dear, dear, dear, poor boy!"

The poor boy had died at the good old age of threescore and ten, but Daddy still thought of him as the lad in the blue jacket from whom he had parted at Wapping when they were boys.

Not without considerable delay, and considerable cost, Daddy's claim to the five thousand pounds was established. John gave all his time—utterly neglecting the emporium—to the prosecution of the matter, and, oddly enough, in wooing Fortune in this most audacious and presumptuous manner, he proved himself worthy of her favors, for when he had humbled himself in the dirt to implore her for a single smile, she had contemptuously passed on—well, bespattered him with one of her chariot-wheels. And one day John, knowing Daddy's weakness, brought home the five thousand pounds all in gold, and he and Daddy and Benjy had been the old man's bank in the days when he was well to do.

"Now, father," said Martha, "putting the bag in his hand. And now what will you do with it?"

"What will I do with it?" said the old man. "I'll—I'll keep my promise to Benjy, and that I'll do."

"But there's more than that, father," said the man.

"Oh yes, father, a heap more."

"Then," said Daddy, "I'll give the rest to John to buy a horse and cart."

"But there's more, even than that, father; ever so much more."

"Oh, well, you just keep that for yourself, Martha, for taking care of your old father."

And Daddy, with an elaborate design, but with the simple innocence of a child, which is sometimes wise than the acutest cunning of law, saved the dangerous formalities of will-making and the charges for legacy duty, by handing to his daughter Martha the long-coveted five thousand.

Before John even thought of his horse and cart—though that was lurking in a corner of his mind—he regained the tenancy of the old house, and established it with as many of the old sticks as he could recover from the brokers' shops, with many splendid new ones besides for the drawing-room, and when all was done, led Daddy back to his old quarters, and joined him there with Martha and all the family.

But dotage had been coming upon poor old Daddy, and he could scarcely be made to understand the change which had taken place in his position. He was always in fancy the poor old man, and sitting by the fireside of an evening, and recognizing his old room peopled with the faces of John and Martha and their children, he would tell his daughter to wake him up by-and-by.

And so he went on dreaming, until one winter's night he woke up in a land where there was no more going to sleep.

And the days of John and Martha are likely to be long and prosperous, for they honored their old father in his age, and sued, and the bread which they cast upon the waters has come back to them with a blessing.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

GENTLE reader, if a fit of the "blues" comes over you some day, and you think God and the world have been hardly with you, take a trip to the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. It will quicken your sympathies for your kind.

Step into the Eighth Avenue cars, and ride up as far as they go—to Manhattanville. Do not be impatient if you have to wait a little here. Take a seat in the shelter car; or, if it is cold, there is a neat room near by where you are welcome to warm your toes while you watch for the omnibus from Harlem. It soon comes, a dingy little coach closely resembling your mind, here is half a seat vacant, and there will not be much room for the cold to enter.

A drive through Carmansville would undoubtedly be delightful in summer as the street is lined with many trees, whose bare branches at this season stretch themselves shiveringly toward the sky. And while you are striving to imagine the change June will bring, the coach stops at the entrance gate of the asylum of the Institution, and Washington Heights, and a short walk brings you to the building itself.

It happened to be on a Monday when we visited the Institution; but every nook and corner was as scrupulously neat and clean as on the substantial cleaning day of any thoroughout Christendom. We peered into some of the class-rooms: intelligence looking hats and mittens were adding sagacious air to withstand to the blandest. The teachers, a gentleman and a lady, were both master; but it was wonderful to see how well they could make themselves understood these and the readiness with which their pupils received them.

In one room we saw a class of older pupils, under the instruction of Mr. Peet, the gentlemanly superintendent. They were busily engaged in writing down from the Bible, that been written by them on the blackboards. One young man had written the tests in French, and was said to be able also to read them.

One exercise was of a very novel and interesting character. We have often seen it stated that the deaf and dumb were afflicted what it could serve in such an institution. At a sign from their teacher several pupils turned to the Blackboard, and began to write what they could see in it. He asked us to mention some word; and then he slowly spelled them on the fingers of his hands on the dress, using the same symbols for each letter as are used by the operators on the electric telegraph. Though the pupils heard not, they evidently understood the whole information, and they wrote each letter as it was indicated by the dress. Similar exercises were performed in other rooms, and seemed the more strange since the experiment was tried for the first time only five days before.

The pupils are taught to articulate to the class, some of the young ladies wrote a graceful welcome, showing at once their knowledge and appreciation of kindness.

About four hundred gathered at the dinner-table—from six years old upward. What a confusion of sounds, did we say? Not a sound. Nothing but the busy knife and fork, only an earnest turning of eye ya to the superintendent, while, in the expressive language of signs, he indicated his wishes. Then a clatter of knives and plates, they unconscious making more noise than would four hundred people of a manner by gay and talkative, and evidently well prepared.

We take our leave marveling at the intelligence and kindness—the patience, the invention and motion—the cleverfulness and happiness which characterize these deaf mutes, who, though unfortunate, are yet fortunate in the education they receive in that institution.

The opening of a new hotel in the Central Park will be a matter of much interest to many who seek summer air in that vicinity. It has long been the design of the Commissioners to erect a spacious hotel within the limits of the Park. Accordingly, they have appointed a site, and modeled a cluster of buildings opposite One Hundredth street and Fifth avenue, to be called Mount Pleasant, and known as "St. Vincent's." The older parts of this series of buildings are full of historic interest. It stood before the Revolution and was used as the McGown's House. It was occupied by the British officers when they held possession of the city, and was also the British encampment. Gen. General Washington made that house his headquarters. The hotel is tastefully fitted up, and offers extraordinary facilities for comfort in the shape of lodgings are to be furnished or allowed in the building. Early breakfasts, with the fruits of the season, with dinners and late suppers and refreshments at all hours are to be provided. An elegant parlor for the reception of ladies is prepared, and other conveniences have omitted nothing that taste and talent can devise to secure the comfort of visitors. The house is under the charge of Messrs. Stetson and Post, who have also the same interest in the Astor House. Early risers and early riders, as well as others, will find a warm welcome and satisfying viands at the Mt. Vincent.

The following hints fix the restoration of frozen limbs are given on medical authority:

Do not beat the frost-bitten limb; do not put it into warm water. The water used should be cold, and not about the temperature of thirty-two degrees. Some persons use ice water. Rub the limb with the frozen or benumbed flesh with snow. The danger is that this will be too cold. Let cool at all events, but not ice, if it is not excessively cold, or in a room in which the temperature is moderate.

The old proverb, "He who would thrive must rise at five," is considered applicable to the sons of more wealthy suppers. There seems, however, to be more rhyme than reason in the saying.

He who would thrive must rise at five,
It must follow, naturally,
He who'd thrive more must rise at four;
and it will more surely follow that
He who'd still more thriving be
Must leave his bed at three o'clock;
and so this latter would outdo
Will rouse him at the stroke of two.
And, by way of climax to it all, it should be said good that
He who'd never be outdone
Must ever rise as soon as one.
But the best illustration would be—
He who'd thrive must rise at five,
Should never go to bed at all.

The following advertisement cut from a popular London gossip will be interesting to a question often asked nowadays, "Where do all the waterfalls come from?"

CHIGNONS! CHIGNONS! CHIGNONS!! For Sale, by Order of Government, several cart, of HAIR from the HEADS of FEMALE CONVICTS in conformity with the Regulations established in His Majesty's Jails throughout the United Kingdom.—In LOT, a very description of color. The attention of PERFUMERS, PERFUMERS, and others is invited to this opportunity of securing a exquisite Supply of Material for the manufacture of CHIGNONS of every Shade and Hue. A liberal Allowance will be made to PURCHASERS on taking a QUANTITY.—N.B. The HAIR of these UNFORTUNATE CREATURES, the Property of the United Kingdom, has been carefully subjected to a DISINFECTING PROCESS under a Temperature of 212° Fahrenheit.

The authenticity of this advertisement may be questioned, we mention that the gazette in which it appears is one of the most reliable in London, and is published at "Punch Office, 85 Fleet Street," where further inquiry can be made if desired.

At this season of the year a good many novelties in the way of fabrics are brought from London and Paris, and the new styles of materials for dresses it is said that black and gold colored silk will be very generally worn during the winter months, for ordinary walking dress, for evening, for full-dress, or rather gala orange stripe, being narrow, crosswise satin stripes, with the intervening spaces of gauze are trimmed with black silk and with narrow silk braid, and sometimes the gold stripe, even on half an inch from the edge of the black silk braid. The velvet for the front of the bodice are made with the black silk and narrow braid, a band of the same is placed over the waistcoat and cuff of the coat-shaped sleeve, and a waistband is likewise formed with the same materials. As a fact worth knowing, it should be observed that these new materials are going out of fashion, and that, besides being made considerably narrower, they are to be featured at the left side of the waist with a rosette, but without ends.

As collars are worn large and pointed in front, and decorated with a deep embroidery, and as the fine, silky young ladies are wearing loose and long streamers of narrow ribbon at the back of their dresses, the fine ladies are stitched to the top of the bodice in the centre of the back, the loops being downward, and the streamers, attached merely, are a yard and a half long. Ribbons, consequently fall far below the waist. The ribbon should match either the dress or the trimming, and those of black-and-gold striped dresses it would be either black velvet, or silk with gold-colored silk edges.

Bodice with a deep, round, or very much square at present with creamy undone tollets, and likewise with evening bodies. They are generally short in the back, and the richest are made of velvet. Imagine three square cuts, longer at the back than the front, studded with either jet or diamonds, and finished off with a deep fringe. Sometimes, made in either black or rich-colored velvet, enlarging only on evening dress with the addition of a few ruches. These wide scales are now always fastened on to a small velvet corselet studded with beads to match, under each of which are two beaded ends, and are finished off at the points with gold tassels, beads, or fringe.

Many very handsome and useful mantles of the evening wear have lately made their appearance; they are trimmed with loops and ends of ribbon, arranged much in the same style as those worn on the skirts and of dress, only broader, and the cuadet of white muslin embroidered with gold.

The official recognition at the Tuileries on the first days of the new year were conducted with the usual magnificence; the court mourning being partially laid aside. There were some striking dresses. A young Russian lady, who was presented, wore a train of white crape lisse puffed all over, and the same hollow between every puff was black velvet chrysanthemum. The train was fastened on a *corps lisse* dress, cut in the *Princesse* form, and trimmed all down the centre of the front with chrysanthemums, themselves instead of with large buttons, as is usual with that style of dress. The head-dress was composed of a *bandeau of chrysanthemums*, and of a pearl and amethyst comb. The toilet was considered to be in most exquisite taste. A white *faille* lady, who is one of the Austrian Countess, was studded all over with bees represented in velvet velvet and gold, and was fastened on the shoulders with gold cord and violet chenille tassels. Other trains were ornamented with wide sashes having three or four bees, and these sashes had a straight fringe, and they adorned the centre of the train.

At a Carlsbad concert, at which was given at the Tuileries, and to which only the most intimate among the Court circle were invited, the Empress wore a most charming dress. The skirt was composed of a number of falling nets made of different shades of green velvet ornamented with white, and studded with white pearls and gold. The head-dress was formed with a coronet of white sarcelet, and round the throat her Majesty wore a magnificent pearl necklet. The Princess Mathilde's dress was white, with a satin dress, with a tulle tunic, and over the tulle a cascade of lace, made of the finest point d'Alençon, and a large gauge binding the lace. A diamond and emerald comb in the hair, and a diamond necklace round the throat.

A curious custom is kept up among the Saxon peasantry in some parts of Germany. On the morning of every marriage the bride sends her betrothed a shirt of her own making. The whole of the household is accordingly enumerated in the form of the carnation and the rose: also cars of corn are represented; the ruffles, too, are composed of a delicate sort of lace. This garment is worn on the whole life long—it is worn at the first marriage festival, and again and again when death comes to summon the old grayheaded man to be wedded to eternity."

DR. BARTH, THE AFRICAN TRAVELER.

DR. HEINRICH BARTH, the great and successful explorer of Northern and Central Africa, is so well known by the public to the whole civilized world that we can not pass in silence over his premature death, which occurred in Berlin on the 25th of November last. His great work, although so large as not to have been read as extensively as one a third as large would have been, is the best account of his character; showing alike his modesty, good sense, courage, coolness, and learning. Germany can rest on none of the best, if not the best, equipped travelers of modern times. It would be hard to find banner which in this respect can stand before Heinrich Barth. Of course, Humboldt, Leichhardt, Rüppell, Hemboldt, Zoeller, Leichhardt, and Barth. Among these the last-named is admirable *par inter fratres*; and although snatched away without warning at the age of only forty-five yrs, he has lived long enough to see his name among the foremost of living geographers, as well as to have completed two great categories—the scientific examination of the whole of Northern and Northern Central Africa, doing in both cases a work which had been accomplished by no predecessor.

His first great work is much less familiarly known among us than the second, and for this reason I may allude more fully to it, as, after all, it was the natural goal of all his earlier years. BARTH'S career may be divided into two sections, one of which was completed, the other of which was left incomplete. The goal of his youth was to examine the Mediterranean Basin, the geographical mother, as he thought, of all civilization. The goal of his later years was to prepare a grammar of the North African languages, a work for which his philological attainments eminently fitted him. This work has been left incomplete, and I know not who can walk in his footsteps and bring it to a conclusion.

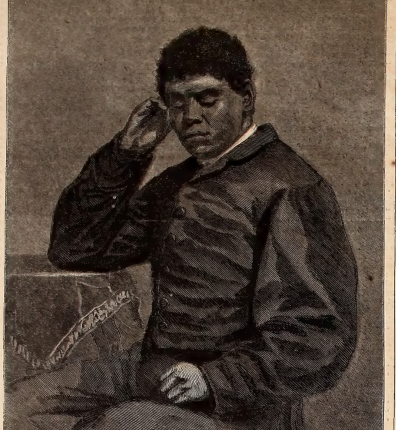
The son of a prosperous Hamburg merchant, BARTH enjoyed the advantages of peculiarly independence his whole life long. While at school in his native city he was remarkable for the same qualities which characterized him as a man—modesty, reserve, boldness, zeal, industry, and talents. He entered Berlin University in 1839, and studied philology and geography mainly, his instructors being the eminent BÖECH, CURTIUS, GRIMM, and RITTER. His desire to see something even then of the Mediterranean Basin led him to Italy and Sicily, where he spent four months, and where he conceived the plan, to be executed at the close of his academical career, of following the whole course of Phœnician colonization on the shores of the Mediterranean. This goal he kept steadily in sight. In 1845 he went to England, acquired the Arabic language, took letters to the English consuls of the Levant, and then set out on his first great tour. He passed rapidly through France, over the Pyrenees, and spent four weeks at Madrid. Thence he journeyed on to Cadiz and Tarik, where his true tour commenced. Here, at the pillars of Hercules, he was at an outpost of European travel. My brief space will only allow my giving the slightest abstract of his course. He touched the African coast at Tangier, passed on to Tunis and Tripoli, explored the ruins of Carthage and Utica, Cyrene and Barca. Arriving on the Egyptian frontier, he was attacked by Bedouins, wounded, and robbed of every thing valuable, including what he most prized—his note-book filled with observations on the way. The work which he wrote and published after his return shows the excellence of his memory; and happily he had been in constant intercourse with his brother, Captain SCHUMACHER of Dresden, and the letters to him proved of unexpected value after the loss of the original notes.

He passed up the Nile to the second Cataract, then through Arabia Petræa, Palestine, and Asia Minor, and so back to Berlin, where he became a lecturer at the University, and prepared the first volume of his travels. The cost of the whole expedition was $11,000 gold. It was worth all it cost to him, however, as a preparation for the next expedition, which was the great work of the next few years.

It is impossible for me, knowing Dr. BARTH as well as I did, to condense the matter which would be interesting to American readers into the brief space at my command. His own volumes contain, however, a full transcript of his later African life. That work was written in English as well as German by BARTH, who spoke and wrote our language perfectly. During the last five years he has been Professor in Berlin University. At the time of his death (which was caused by a mistake of his physician, who gave him six grains of tartar emetic to relieve a slight attack of dyspepsia) he was lecturing on the Mediterranean Basin, and preparing his work on the languages of Northern Africa. It aggravates his loss immeasurably to think that he was murdered, but it is too late to save him. I had a long conversation with him less than a week before his death. He was then in perfect health. His bronzed face still bore the impress of African travel, as well as of the journey through Albania, which he made this last summer. He called himself perfectly well; and he who was spared while both his companions, RICHARDSON and OVERWEG, succumbed to the African climate, lived to fall by the carelessness, not of an apothecary's clerk, but of an educated physician.

The portrait of BARTH, on page 84, is from a very accurate photograph taken a few years before his death. He was of medium height, thickly and strongly built, with a noble brow, deep though not large eyes, a reticent manner, and great modesty in speaking of his own achievements. He used to be a great admirer of England and the English, but within the last few years his admiration had much subsided, but he continued the friend of America and Americans. He went seldom into society, and it is worthy of record that the last time when he appeared in a social gathering was just one week before his death, at a soirée of Americans at Governor WRIGHT'S. Dr. BARTH was never married; but his life was not without its romantic side, a disappointment in love having been the impelling cause of his joining the African expedition. The same mighty passion which made KÖRNER a soldier made BARTH an explorer.

BERLIN, Jan. 6, 1866. W. L. GAGE.



"BLIND TOM"—THE CELEBRATED NEGRO PIANIST.—[PHOT. BY BENDANN BROTHERS, BALTIMORE.]

TOM, THE BLIND NEGRO PIANIST.

THIS extraordinary boy, who has for several months astonished and delighted the thousands who have had the good fortune to witness the astounding demonstrations of his wonderful genius, was born near the city of Columbus, in the State of Georgia, about the 25th of May, 1849. Shut out from all knowledge of the external world but such as could be acquired by hearing and by touch, his whole being seemed to be open to and occupied by touch and sound. No matter what its character; the moan of pain, the cry of anger, the harsh grating of the corn-sheller, the roar of the thunder, and the soft breathings of the flute, all were music to him.

Before he was two years of age BLIND TOM sang every thing he heard. When the young ladies of the family, upon their return from school, sat upon the steps and sang, TOM came and sang with them; and such were the facility and correctness with which he took up the air, that they were impressed with the belief that he did not have to learn the tune, but that upon hearing the first note he knew intuitively the balance. Soon without knowing, but from the promptings of nature, that there was any such thing, he began to sing seconds.

At about four years of age he heard the sound of a piano for the first time. Upon the arrival of the instrument he was amusing himself as usual in the yard. The first touch of the keys brought him into the parlor, he was permitted to run his fingers over the keys simply to gratify his curiosity, and to indulge his propensity to make a noise; this luxury he enjoyed occasionally only, as he could chance to find the parlor empty and the piano open. Very soon, however, between midnight and day, he found his way into the parlor, the piano having been left open, and the young ladies were awakened by the sound of the instrument. To their astonishment they heard TOM playing one of their pieces; and the coming of morning found him still at the piano. After this he was allowed to play occasionally, and his powers were so rapidly and so astonishingly developed that in a little time he was permitted to go to the piano at his pleasure. From that day he has played every thing he has heard. He is still developing new and startling powers, the existence of which has been heretofore unknown to the musical world, and the possession of which seems to have been vouchsafed by the power of God to TOM alone.

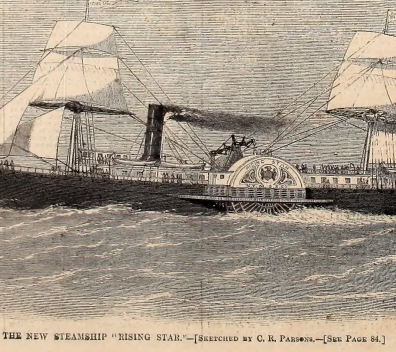
Seventeen teachers of music in Philadelphia spontaneously testify over their own signatures as follows:

"The undersigned find it impossible to account for these illumined results upon any hypothesis growing out of the known laws of art and science. In the numerous tests to which TOM was subjected in our presence, or by us, he invariably came off triumphant. Whether in deciding the pitch or component parts of Chords the most difficult and dissonant, whether in repeating with correctness and precision any pieces, written or impromptu, played to him for the first and only time, whether in his improvisations or performances of compositions by THALBERG, GOTTSCHALK, BEYER, VERDI, and others—in fact, under every form of musical examination (and the experiments are too numerous to enumerate), he showed a power and capacity ranking him among the most wonderful phenomena recorded in musical history."

BLIND TOM plays with wonderful effect some pieces of his own composition. One of these he composed when he was not yet five years old. It was immediately after a storm, and he called it, "What the wind, the thunder, and the rain said to him." Another he composed after hearing the various excited accounts of the first Bull Run battle. The imitation of the setting out and approach of both armies, the skirmishing, the fight, the whistle announcing the approach of KIRBY SMITH'S reinforcements, and the terrible retreat, is wonderful, and brings tears to the eyes of his audience. He plays a variety of the most difficult music of the great authors, with a delicacy of touch and a power of expression such as is rarely heard. BLIND TOM, we are informed, goes to Europe in Spring.

SKATING IN CHICAGO.

OTHER cities besides New York have their skating-ponds, though they do not rival in size our Central Park lakes. We give on page 93 a representation of the interior of the "Great Skating Rink" at Chicago. This is the largest institution of the kind in this country, covering 18,100 square feet of surface. Here are daily and nightly congregated the *élite* of the City of the Lakes, and the scene represented by our artist when the waltzers are in motion and the fancy skaters are showing their skill, all under a flood of light from reflectors above, is brilliant in the extreme.



THE NEW STEAMSHIP "RISING STAR."—[SKETCHED BY C. R. PARSONS.—SEE PAGE 84.]



THE GREAT SKATING "RINK" AT CHICAGO.—[See Page 92.]

THE DEAD LETTER.

A NEW AMERICAN NOVEL.

CHAPTER I.

THE LETTER.

I PAUSED suddenly in my work. Over a year's experience in the Dead Letter office had given a mechanical facility to my movements in opening, sorting, and classifying the contents of the bundles before me; and, so far from there being any "ring cracking to the audacity of" interesting to the mind in the employment, it was of the most monotonous character.

The letter which I held in my paralyzed fingers when they so abruptly ceased their dexterous movements was contained in a small, unsealed envelope, inflamed by time, and directed in a peculiar hand to "John Owen, Peekskill, New York," and the date on the stamp was "October 18, 1857"—making the letter two years old. I know not what suggestion passed from it, putting me, as the spectacular say, on "mesmeric" watch; but I took not yet the paper, and the only thing I could do upon as the cause of my arrest, this was that at the date indicated on the envelope I had been a resident of Blankville, twenty miles from Peekskill—and something about that date!

Yet this was no avenue for my agitation; I was not of an inquisitive disposition; nor did "John Owen" belong to the circle of my acquaintance. I sat there with outstretched hand, my face not one of my fellows, branching and, evidently, jestingly.

"What is it, Redfield? A clock for a hundred thousand?"

"I'm sure I don't know; I haven't opened it," I answered at random; and with this I cut the wrapper, laying the paper carefully defined, irresistible interest to read the time-stained sheet inclosed. It ran in this wise:

"DEAR SIR,—It's too bad to disappoint you. Could not execute your order, as every body concerned will discover. What a shindy!—good for hanging a dozen. That old friend I introduced you to won't toll tales, and you had best look to your yourself to visit him. The last time you find yourself in his area don't feel in his left-hand pocket for a broken tooth-pick which I lost him. It is welcome to it. If you're at the place of payment I think's the time, you having fulfilled the order, and having given up my castigation project, such age not my will, so govern yourself accordingly. Sorry your prospects are so poor, and believe me, with the greatest possible esteem,

"Your friend

"ROGERS."

To explain why this brief epistle, neither lucid nor interesting in itself, should affect me as it did, I must go back to the time at which it was written.

CHAPTER II.

EVENTS OF A NIGHT.

It was late in the afternoon of a cloudy, windy autumn day, that I left the office of John Argyll, Esq., in his county-jo, with the paper the writing of which I had seen was a law-student in the office, and was favored with more than an ordinary share of confidence on account of a case which had existed between him and my deceased father. This being statutory, I was expected to go home with him and stay several days, if I liked.

We quickened our steps as a few large drops were sprinkled over us from the darkening clouds.

Entering the parlors, we found no one but James, a nephew of Mr. Argyll, a young man of about my own age, hanging upon the bell-rope.

"Where are the girls?"

"They haven't descended from the heavenly regions yet, sir."

Dressing themselves to death, I expect: It's Saturday evening. I reasoned, mailed the indignant father, preparing on into the library.

I sat down by the wet window, and looked out at the coming storm. I was like James Argyll much, for he was so stout, as much as we three thrown together, are inferior and unmixed, combined. On this occasion, however, he seemed in excellent spirits, persisting in talking on all kinds of indifferent subjects despite of my brief replies. I was wondering when Eleanor would make her appearance.

At last she came. I had heard her silk dress rustle down the stairs, and my eyes were upon her when she entered the room. She was dressed with unusual care, and her face wore a brilliant, expectant smile. The smile was for neither of us. Perhaps James thought of it; I am sure I did, with something of pain—with a sharp pang, for I was ashamed of, and fought inwardly to conquer.

Presently she stood at the window, and as she stood by my side a burst of grey streamed through the fast-closing clouds, enveloping her in a golden atmosphere, tinting her black hair with blue, flashing her clear eyes, and the pearls about her throat. The fragrance of the rose she wore on her breast mingled with the light. For a moment I was thrilled and overpowered; but the dark-blue eyes were not looking at me. They were sparkling with wonder.

"How provoking that it should rain to-night!" she said; and as the slight cloud of vexation swept over her face the luminous light closed over the golden ray, and was so suddenly that we could hardly discern each other.

"The rain will not keep Moreland away," I answered.

"If comes to-night, but I don't want him to; we intending up from the depôts, and Billy has put up the carriage in view of the storm."

At that moment a wild gust of wind smote the house so that it shook, and the rain came down with a roar that was deafening. Eleanor sprang for lights.

For the next half hour the rain came down in wide sheets, dripping against the windows as we could hear it hither and thither. James continued at the Piano, and Eleanor moved restlessly about, stealing glances now and then at her watch.

All at once there occurred one of those pauses which precede the loudest thunderings of a storm. In the midst of my sudden lull, James Argyll paused in his playing. Just then the sound of the locomotive pierced the silence with more than usual power, as the train was about to start from the centre of the hill not a quarter of a mile away, and the next moment the depôt in the lower part of the village.

Eleanor, with maiden artifice, took up a book, and composed herself to pretend to read; she would not have her lover to know that she had been so restless while awaiting his coming. Only Mary fluttered about like a hummingbird, diving into the sweets of things, the music, the flowers, whatever had honey in it, and tasting me in the intervals.

I have said that I loved Eleanor. I did, secretly, in silence and darkness, against my judgment and will, and because I could not help it. I was quite certain that James loved her also, and I felt sorry for him; for I knew what he fought me by my own sufferings, though I had never felt attracted toward his character. He seemed to me to be rather sullen in temper, as well as selfish; and then again I reproached myself for unchartableness; it might have been his circumstances which rendered him morose—he was dependent upon his uncle—and his subjugation which made him appear unamiable.

I loved, without a particle of hope. Eleanor was engaged to a young gentleman in point of many worthy of fine demeanor, high social position, and unblemished moral character. As much as her many admirers may be worthy of Moreland, I believed him to be worthy of her. To see the young couple together was to feel that theirs was to be one of those "marriages made in heaven." All age, character, worldly circumstances, beauty, and cultivation there was a rare correspondence.

Mr. Moreland was engaged with his father in a banking business in the city of New York. They owned a summer villa in Blankville, and had been there for the weeks of summer idleness here that he had made the acquaintance of Eleanor Argyll.

I was a student of the law his business kept him in the city; but he was in the habit of coming out every Saturday afternoon and spending Sunday. It was during one of these Sabbath days that the marriage which was to terminate a betrothal of nearly two years being now set very far away. On her acknowledging this, which came in Blankville, Eleanor was to be married.

Despite the watching and waiting, young Moreland did not arrive that night. Eleanor endeavored to conceal her disappointment under a pretence of gayety, and we passed the time, as if in a happy evening, until the hour we retired. I never heard it rain as it did that night; the water sound like waves, and the wind every moment that it would shook the strong mansion as if it were a child.

While we were at breakfast the following morning, the servant brought in a message for me. It was at the door, who wanted to see Mr. Argyll in haste—who was somewhat surprised to receive a request to be ushered into the next into the hall, and two minutes later I also was summoned. The news which awaited me was this: Henry Moreland was dead. His body had been found on the road shortly after daybreak, and had been taken into the house by the nearest depôt.

"They want you to come down to the inquest," said the messenger; "they think it's a fit; there's no more to be found out."

Mr. Argyll and I looked at each other. Our first thought was of Eleanor. He gave the direction to the servant, and, as the man left the room, said, strict orders to admit no one until our return, nor permit any one to approach Miss Argyll and not to breathe a word of the news to any one in the house.

Hastening to the hotel, already surrounded by many people, we found the direction's message too true. Upon a lounge, in a private sitting-room, by the body of Henry Moreland. The coroner and a number of physicians had already arrived. It was to—— [illegible] had found a pocket-book and there he——"he kept a residence of violence to be seen. The face was—— mat as in slumber; we could hardly believe him dead—— it touched the hand, it looked, and not going—*he not!*

The kisses; the light, gentle touches of his hands and forehead, and the cheeks with the same warmth of life she could not withhold; the instant look which continually watched him as if expecting an answer, the miserable suspense, the hope, the new thing of fear—all were wasted on those who saw them through many a future slumber.

Was the echo of her own last word recalled her wandering reason.

"My husband!" she exclaimed, suddenly rising to her full height, and gazing at me; "he do you say poor did it?"

Her cousin was standing near; her eyes fell upon him as she asked the question. The look, the manner, were too much for his already overwrought sensibility; he sank upon a chair, and his sunk down insensible. I did not wonder. We all of us felt as if we could endure no more.

The arrival of the relatives was the last scene in the tragedy of that day. Unable to bear more of it, I went out into the storm, and walked for hours in the rain. It was hot; the cool air felt grateful to me; I leaned long upon the trunk of a tree, and watched the storm-cloud starlight from about me; thought was busy with recent events. Who was the murderer? The question revolved in my mind, seeking vainly to work from conclusion to certainty as the turning of a wheel brings a certain point to the eye at every revolution. The image of a stalwart fellow leaped my mind to fix upon every slightest circumstance which could lead to any conclusion.

As I stood there in silence and darkness, pondering the matter, I heard a light rustle of the dry leaves upon the ground close by me. I turned, with a figure just then might have thought it one of the servants, were it not for the faint odor of cigar smoke which came to my nostrils. In the shadow of the trees were lies thick, I detected a person stealing toward the house." As she paced before a lighted window for a moment, the woman saw the suspicious conduct at the gate had attracted my attention. With considerable caution, and under the west side of the premises, and touched down under one of the windows from which a light was streaming. Here she remained for a time. She remained more than an hour, I watching her, and perplexing myself with vain conjectures. I could not help connecting her movements in any or with the murder. At last she arose, lingered, went away, passing near me again in the same manner as before, and left the village, where she went down a side street, and disappeared in a basement house, the entrance-hall of which was open. As I came up the walk on my return, I met James Argyll in the grounds, near the front portico.

"Oh, is it you?" he exclaimed, after I had spoken to him. "I—I——" stammering, and with a hollow voice. "The fact is, you frightened me. Where have you been at this hour, Richard?"

Walking in the wet air. The house smothered me."

"Ah!—indeed. I've just come out to get a breath of air. Do you know that it is midnight?"

CHAPTER IV.

MORELAND VILLA.

SEVERAL minor circumstances prevented my going in search of the woman who had excited my suspicions on the previous day until about nine o'clock of the morning, when I engaged an officer, and we two went quietly, without communicating our plans to any one else, to the tenement house before spoken of.

Arrayed in Blankville was not a large village, there was in it, as in nearly every town blessed with a railroad depôt, a sunday, quarter where the meaner portion of the working people lived. The house stood in this quarter.

It is not necessary to give the thousand questions and answers between us and our Irish friends, by which we gained all the information at present available. In one thing we were disappointed. The bird had flown. But we learned her name—Lucy Sullivan. Her aunt occupied a room in the second story of the building, and supposing we came to employ her neice to do some sewing in the family, she gave us the information we desired. Lucy had formerly served in the village; had worked for the Moreland's when they were at their villa in the summer. About a year since her health had failed; she was threatened with consumption; and having a small sum of money in her good, she had gone to the city, and got a place to do fine work in a fancy store. Once in a while she came home Saturday, and went back on Monday. She had done so this last Saturday, and had returned to New York by the train of which morning. Thought, dear Lucy, she was—she'll fit to sit the step, for the gals awful wet comin' up with the depôt that mornin'; another week o' the warmer next day had upset her entirely; she'd fainted dead away when she heard it. And no wonder; for the Morelands—the young one was dead—and John Owen, the old, and good pay," adding, "and have they heard any thing of the murderer?"

We responded that nothing had been learned, and descending to the street, it was arranged, as we walked along, that the officer should go to New York, and put some detective there on the track of Lucy Sullivan. I intended my conjecture of the discovery of the murder as final arrival in town and her appearance at her aunt's, before the woman had purposely deceived us, or her case had not gone beyond the usual range of affairs in Blankville. I went with him to the depôt, where we made a brief inquiry, and learned that the train of that day arrived on Saturday morning, but set an hour or two in lady's cars, and then started back empty up town.

There was sufficient to justify our looking further. I took from my own pocket means to defray the expenses of the officer, as well as to interest him in the discovery, adding that liberal rewards were about to be offered, and went until I could hear from him again.

When he left me, led by some "spirit in my feet," I turned toward Moreland Villa, which lay about a mile out of the village on the Peekskill road. It was almost was a long and vigorous walk, and the day I stood in need of it. The pace had never looked more beautiful to me than it did on my return. I walked in the house by the garden. I came nearly upon the portico which extended across the front of the house, when I found that he was occupied. Sitting on its outer edge, with one arm and rough around a column, I beheld Mary Argyll, the girl after whom I had dispatched an officer to New York. She did not perceive me, and I had an opportunity of studying the face of the woman I had failed to make my conjecture.

It was a face made to express passion. And, although the only passion expressed now was that of despair, so intense that it grew like apathy, I could easily see how the passions of love and hate might be called into mood. The forehead was rather low, but full, conserving with the rest of the cheek and chin; the nose was small and rather heavy. I remembered the wild black eyes which I had seen the previous day, and could guess at their hidden fires.

It seemed to me that if I could see those eyes before she was conscious of my presence, I could read in them the story, as light, or only sorrow in her heart; therefore I remained quiet, waiting. But I had mistaken my powers, or the power of the woman. What she thought was, as I steamer came pulling around the base of the mountain on the dark river. She was in the river at a time when solitary enclosures arise, where I stood not ten feet from her; I saw only black, unfathomable depths, pointing out a route to eternity. Her eyes gave no indication beneath their power.

I had stood upon observing me, which, as I thought, a guilty person, harder in self-accusing reveries, would have done—it seemed only slowly to penetrate her consciousness that I was standing near her. When I raised my eyes, which had sunk beneath the intensity of hers, she was moving rapidly away toward the eastern gate.

"Miss Sullivan, you have forgotten your bonnet."

With a woman's instinct she put up her hand to assure her disordered head-dress was slowly from the hole but which I extended toward her, without speaking. I arose, and followed her as she left the portico, to address her—she was here, in my grasp, and I ought to satisfy myself, as far as possible, about the circumstances when I had conceived. Yet for the life of me I could not detain her. She had reached the gate and gone forth into the road while I was trying to decide what I ought best to do. She did not return toward the village; as if conscious of impending danger, she fled away, with a rapid step over the hills.

Within two minutes the gardener's wife came up the road to the gate, and I left the premises to the kind corps of her young master; her eyes were red with weeping, and she was in deep trouble. Her woman, it appeared, had sufficient faith to confide to her the visit of the sewing-girl to the premises, telling her if that person came to the house again to inform her of the fact at once.

When I reached the office, on my homeward route, I went in. Mr. Argyll was there, and I found him leaning on the bench, in his accustomed seat, with his brow reclined in deep thought. As soon as I came in he sprung up, closed the outer door, and said to me in a low voice:

"Richard, another strange thing has occurred."

I stared at him, afraid to ask what.

"I have been robbed of two thousand dollars."

"When and how, sir?"

"That is what I do not know. Four days ago I drew that amount in bills from the Park Bank. I placed it, in bed, just as received it, in a drawer of my bureau. I locked the desk, and have carried the key in my pocket. The desk has been in my bed-room constantly since I have gone to it. How long the money has been gone I cannot say; I never looked after it from the time I drew it there, until an hour ago. I wanted some cash for expenses this afternoon, and, going for it, the rob was gone."

"Could you identify the money?"

"Not all of it. I only remember that there was one hundred-dollar bill, a fresh issue of the Park Bank, of which, possibly, they may have the number."

"Have you said any thing to Eleanor about your loss?"

"Not yet. You may tell him when you see him; and do what you can, Richard, for I feel helpless as a child."

I saw that he was really ill, and promised to do all in my power. As I expected to go that afternoon to the city with the funeral cortege. I resolved to take the opportunity of putting the police on the watch for the money.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 477.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



CENTRAL CITY, COLORADO.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]



A GAMBLING SCENE IN DENVER CITY, COLORADO.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 103.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1866.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

THE Amendment to the Constitution, of which we spoke last week, has been passed by a triumphant majority in the House. Of course our view of its adequacy to obtain unbridled the special result sought is undiminished by the votes of a series of measures designed to secure certain indispensable ends — which is probably the truer light in which to regard it — it may yet appear to be wise. If, for instance, as Mr. STEVENS urges, this is all that the country will now bear, while the discussions and delays consequent upon its passage will enlighten the public mind to further essential measures, the objections to it as an independent proposition will disappear.

But last any one should be inclined to think this sole amendment enough, let us look at its probable operation. Mr. STEVENS says that the ambition of political power is the strongest feeling of the white people in the Southern States, and that this will induce them, under the pressure of the amendment, to enfranchise the colored population. Now it is perfectly clear that this feeling, which undoubtedly exists, is controlled by another just as powerful, and that is the feeling of caste. That the proposed amendment is intended to work in the interest of the white inhabitants of every State to overcome this feeling we do not deny, and that it may ultimately do so is very possible. But we have a very plain duty to the living generation of the colored population, and we have no right to sacrifice them to an ulterior advantage. And as we see, that would be the probable operation of this sole amendment.

In the State of South Carolina the population is about equally divided between the white and colored citizens. Let us assume that it has now three representatives, and would lose one of them if the colored basis were excluded, and would gain three if it were counted. If there are no people who know better than the whites of South Carolina that the colored men are not born fools. Their instincts are as good as other men's, and their knowledge, if not of reading and writing kind, was quite sufficient to inform them who were their friends in the late war. With every advantage apparently on the master's side, the colored population were against him. Despite the liberal lying, the unblushing and consistent story that the Yankees were coming to sell them to Cuba, that they would be left to starve and freeze; despite the insane orders of HALLECK and M'CLELLAN, which were the most convincing possible proof of the truth of such representations, the colored population believed in the Yankees with an unshaken faith; the name of "LINCOLN" was as sweet to their hearts as that of liberty, and the whites could not coax or drive the blacks to fight for them.

The war ended, and for ten months the same whites have shown the bitterest hostility to the blacks, and both sides know it. On what ground of reason or experience is it supposed that, if the blacks were enfranchised, whether by the State or the Nation, they would vote with the late masters? Nobody knows better than the whites that they would not. Why, then, should the white population wish to neutralize the three representatives whom they now elect and control? Rather than do it they would infinitely prefer to lose one that they might still have two. That is human nature, and especially Southern human nature, as much as the desire of political power. Indeed that is what the whites would do if they wished the white political power. For they know that the three supposed representatives upon the colored basis would act with the liberal party of the country, while the three of the white basis would ally themselves to the Democratic or Tory party. As against men, therefore, they would prefer to have no voices for their own purposes rather than no voice at all. And how could we excuse ourselves for having delivered the freedmen into the hands of the whites upon the plea that we thought we had devised a method of inducing the latter to be just? Mr. BECKER deprecates rigor in the treatment of the Southern States; but, unless the amendment misrepresents him, he said in his Philadelphia speech, at the Freedmen's Anniversary Meeting, that the one point upon which he could not trust the white Southern brethren was their treatment of the colored population.

Other objections to the amendment as an independent proposition might be easily stated. But its intention is right, and it will doubtless be followed by other suggestions from the Committee. The object of the amendment is to punish arbitrary deprivation of political power, based upon race or color, by reduced representation, and no object could be more laudable. Thus the State of New York politically discriminates against a part of her population, not on account of ignorance or incapacity, but of color; a discrimination as outrageously unfair as if it were based upon bodily height or weight. The amendment will exclude that part of the population from being reckoned in the basis of representation. It may, indeed, be so distributed in the various districts as not to affect the whole number of representatives, but any national act imposing a penalty upon the indulgence in so unmanly and demoralizing a prejudice will hasten a reform. Moreover, if the colored voter in the State will not be deprived of his vote, and he will be very sure to cast that vote for the men and measures which will best promote the organic law of the State conform to common-sense and equal rights.

A PREPOSTEROUS BALANCE.

THE balance in the Sub-Treasury, on the evening of January 31, was about $105,000,000, of which over half was gold and silver coin. This is a larger balance than could be shown by any other civilized government in the world. It is considerably more than our whole annual national expenditure used to be before the war. It is nearly one-third of our whole annual national expenditure now. The question arises, how comes this extraordinary accumulation of money in the Treasury at a time when the excess are so extraordinarily great? How is it that Government, which finds it necessary to levy fifteen separate taxes on the manufacture of a book, can contrive to accumulate several pounds of legal-tender money, and ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE TONS OF GOLD COIN in its vaults?

We have heard of no considerable amount of suspended requisitions. We know that the Generals and the contractors have all been or are being paid off. Nothing is heard now about the delays of Government, which used to be such a standard topic of denunciation a year or so since. Congress is "shutting down" pretty firmly on private claims for damages arising out of the war. The whole appropriation for revenue being in fact in excess of the expenditure, what does the Treasury do with a balance of $105,000,000?

If we examine in detail the accounts of the Treasury Department we shall find that on the day on which this extraordinary balance was shown the Government held $100,000,000 of money belonging to individuals, and deposited in the Treasury on call after ten days at 4, 5, and 6 per cent. interest. A very insignificant proportion of this amount was held at 4 and 5 per cent.; the great bulk was drawing 6 per cent. interest. Assuming that the whole amount drew 5½ per cent., Government was paying $5,479,000 per annum for its use, or $15,000 a day—and was not using it. On what theory can such extravagance be justified?

If a Funding Bill be passed on the market in this month of February, and the deposit certificates are to be received in payment for the bonds at par and interest, one might perhaps understand the squandering of $100,000 a week for a few weeks in the payment of interest on money that is not wanted, and lies idle in the Treasury. Then because there is no excuse for such mismanagement; and before Congress commits to Mr. M'CULLOCH the exorbitant powers granted by the Funding and Means Bill, it may be well for some member to ascertain why this $100,000 a week has been wasted? The country is not in a condition to waste any money. The whole people, with their old whole-souled obedience to law, are paying taxes steadily just as they are exacted of them, there is none the less a feeling among all classes that Government is drawing at least as much money as it ought from individual pockets, and it is an outrage to throw any of it away through carelessness.

Another point. Of the Treasury balance shown on 1st February about $52,000,000 were in coin. What did the Government want with all this gold in the Treasury except what was to be made to resume specie payments? For over a week gold has been so scarce in this city that ½ @ ¾ per cent. has been paid for its use for a single day. This scarcity has not been occasioned by any export of coin —for exchange has ruled steadily below the point at which coin can be profitably shipped—it has been wholly due to the withdrawal from general circulation of over fifty million dollars by the Government deposits. And it may also be explained that coin once received at the United States Sub-Treasuries is practically lost to commerce until it is disbursed. So long as it remains in the Treasury it is loaned over or used in any way that is required. Once in the Sub-Treasury it might just as well be at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico, so far as any benefit to trade is concerned. During the year 1865 Government sold its surplus gold as fast as it accumulated in the Treasury vaults. But this was necessary, for in no other way could no one could be sure that Government was selling until the deliveries were made; and thus the operations of the Sub-Treasurer were the basis of much speculation. But bad as this practice was, it was infinitely better than hoarding the gold idly in the Treasury vaults.

We pretend to no knowledge of the reasons of the Secretary of the Treasury. It is questionable whether he has any set purpose beyond the general one of resuming specie payments as soon as he can. It may be his scheme to accumulate gold enough in the Sub-Treasury to resume specie payments suddenly, in which case the national banks and most of the mercantile community would break. In fact he has not disavowed his desire for a gradual resumption. In this event, it is difficult to see why he should fill the Treasury with gold of the country in the Sub-Treasuries, and thus renders it easy for speculators for the rise to keep up the price.

For many months the course of the Treasury Department has led financiers to suspect that it was "adrift." No great mistakes have been made. But there has been an obvious absence of direct policy in many matters. Even General GRANT and President JOHNSON have kept down the price of gold, and the cotton growers of the South have settled the balance of trade. It is possible that matters have been as well managed thus as they would have been if Secretary M'CULLOCH had interfered at every juncture and attempted to control the spheres. But there is surely a limit to "masterly inactivity." It is surely not masterly to pay 6 or 5 per cent. per annum for money that is not wanted, or to create a scarcity of gold by piling up a hundred tons of coin in the Sub-Treasury before resumption is contemplated.

THE COTTON CROP.

WHEN the war ended the cotton dealers and Southern planters assured us that there was no cotton worth mentioning at the South, and that under the best of circumstances none would be raised for years. After the lapse of a few weeks, however, a certain number of bales began to come forward, and the authorities in the trade became reluctantly convinced that there might be 1,250,000 bales on hand. We have already received more than this, and the best informed cotton men now assert that not less than 2,500,000 bales will come forward before 1st September — worth, at present prices, 50 per cent. more than the largest crop ever raised in this country.

Again, until within a few weeks, the partisans of the defunct institution of Slavery were positive that the crop would not be even in a state of freedom, and that many many years would elapse before even so small a crop as a million bales was raised at the South. For some weeks this theory has been practically and it has begun to be admitted that the crop of 1866 will be 1,500,000 bales. A fortnight since, the best-informed authorities, after a careful examination of the area of land that was likely to be planted, and of the amount of labor that could be relied on, came to the conclusion that, under favorable circumstances, the crop might reach 2,500,000 bales. And now the trade seem agreed that, if no accident happens, we may have a crop exceeding 2,000,000 bales.

Two results will follow. In the first place the price of cotton must fall, and with it the price of cotton goods which have been selling at exorbitant prices. And, secondly, our friends in Europe will find it much more difficult to pay us for the cotton we shall send them, and with which they can not dispense, than we shall to pay them for the goods we are importing.

THE REVENUE COMMISSION REPORT.

THE Report of the Internal Revenue Commission is a most interesting document. It is both practical and philosophical, and is in itself an admirable illustration of one of its own observations—the advantage, namely, of putting the right men in the right places. If all other commissions for all other purposes in this country were filled with men who were peculiarly fitted for the work, if all the degrees and varieties of talent in the Government Departments were occupied by men trained for their duties, the economy and efficiency of the Government would be incalculably increased. Fortunately, the choice for the peculiarly arduous undertaking of investigating the confusion of the present Revenue system, and of recommending a remedy, could be at once the most extensive, simple, and effective, fell upon those who were signally competent.

The Report is clear in the plainest and most intelligible style, and without a single weakening touch of rhetoric. It finds fault with the extreme diffuseness of the present system, producing a bewildering multiplication of taxes, and consequent high prices. As a most striking illustration it presents the very case of the book manufacture, which we have earnestly exposed in these columns, and freed of unbrellas; and it recommends a repeal of all excise duties upon printed publications.

But this is not all. Starting with the principle which the Report considers should be fundamental in a wise revenue system—an entire exemption of all manufacturing industry from all direct taxation, excepting distilled and fermented liquors, tobacco, and a few other articles, for the reason that such taxes check the industrial development of the country, and reduce national wealth. The Report proposes, therefore, to draw the revenue from a few sources; and after an exhaustive and unexaggerated survey of those sources, it estimates an aggregate revenue for the year ending June 30, 1867, of $367,000,000, about two-thirds of which are to be derived from customs, distilled spirits, fermented liquors, tobacco and its manufactures, cotton, coal oil, and spirits of turpentine and resin. The other third will be derived from incomes, licenses, salaries, legacies, stamps, gross receipts, sales, legacies, and successions, with miscellaneous receipts. Adding to this sum the amount derived in 1865 from taxation on industry, the gross revenue possible under the present rates, with the proposed amendments, would be $435,000,000. The estimate of $416,000,000 as the income of the Secretary of the Treasury for the year ending June 30, 1867, which will make $300,000,000 for meeting semi-annual coupons, and the reduction of the principal of the national debt, there will remain a surplus, assuming the estimates to be correct, of $85,000,000 for the reduction of taxation.

The recommendations of the Report for immediate action relate exclusively to the reduction of the present excessive duplication of taxes, which would not seriously impair the revenue. The adoption of further reduction should depend upon the experiment of another year; and indeed the Commissioners recommends that the change from the old to the new system should be made only so fast as experience shows that it can be safely done.

The reasoning of the Report is conclusive upon the great principle involved: its recommendations seem to us generally most judicious, and the confidence of the people of the country to sustain its burden are a singular confirmation of the substantial correctness and value of the little pamphlet, "Our Burden and our Strength," which was prepared during the war by Commissioner DAVID A. WELLS, and which gave to our foreign friends, like JOHN STUART MILL, and RICHARD COBDEN, and JOHN BRIGHT, a new and surprising ground of faith in our success. The present Report is of so universal and vital an interest, and so simply stated, that every man in the country should ponder it.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. A. T. STEWART has been doing a very disagreeable but a very necessary public service in endeavoring the law to punish the editors and correspondents that they can not publish the defamatory rumors concerning conspicuous men, which are always circulating in a great city, without being held to the strictest responsibility. A libel suit is always so unpleasant that most men are content to "take no notice of it," and let it die out. But the circulation of many of the letters written from New York to newspapers in various parts of the country is personal gossip; and the temptation to seize a chance to hang and cut and draw and quarter with "spicy" scandal is found to be very irresistible. The habit has been growing into an intolerable nuisance which Mr. STEWART's decided action will tend radically to abate.

But this fondness of gossip about noted persons is not confined to Yankees. Foreign critics are very apt to accuse Americans of orders of unpardonable personalities in their descriptions, and THACKERAY sharply satirizes the Yankee tourist for this offense in "Roundabout Paper." But the sins of gossip and foreigners are white as snow compared with those of the foreigners, often well recommended and really gentlemanly and accomplished men, who come to see us and then go home to write about us. Their "trivial fond records" show that there is, especially perhaps in France, another standard of true gentlemanly conduct than in the United States.

The personal memoirs and diaries of sagacious persons who are thrown into intimacy with society are always agreeable and valuable; but the kind of literature known as personal gossip is as respectable as the tittle-tattle of the kitchen or of the tea-room, and is one of the purity tastes that look no further for enjoyment. There are certain proprieties which are as sacred in the case of every public man, whatever may be his distinction, as they are in that of the most private individual; and it is just as impertinent a folly to tell us how often General GRANT changes his collar, or how much some interesting revelation about an unimportant private soldier. There is a kind of strictly personal detail which should be reserved for biography.

No arbitrary rules can be laid down to regulate contemporary personal descriptions in literature, but every gentleman instinctively feels when they are violated, and the inevitable effect of their violation is to close the doors of those whose society would naturally be sought with curiosity by foreigners as well as natives. Besides, it concerns the honor of the literary guild that every man who holds a pen shall not by the frequent misuse of the pen come to be considered a bravo who may whip out his weapon at any moment and transfix you before the world.

The public are not entitled to more of the time of any man, however famous, than his duties demand or his inclination allows. Yet how many persons, because they delight in a

poet's poetry, for instance, do not hesitate to consume his time in tyrannical visits of curiosity, from which it is not always easy for him to extricate himself. He is forced to seem churlish when he is merely asserting that his house is his castle. Of course he will not seem so to those who speak to offer the homage of sympathy and respect, even if he does seclude himself. They will understand that if he would do his work he can not always be the host of strangers, however kindly may be the mutual feeling.

But that American travelers have a peculiar relish for curiosity or disregard for consideration for that our descriptions peculiarly transcend the fair bounds of such literature, we can not believe. Cousins Johnny Bull and Chapeau are even more curious than a gossip than we. A fine observer who is a gentleman will paint portraits in his travels with the most delicate hand, as EMERSON does in describing LANDOR and CARLYLE. But a traveler with the spirit of an admiring barber will confound fair and unfair details in a huge swash of gossip.

And how they might be paid off in their own coin! An indignant gentleman was speaking of a really cultivated and eminent foreigner who had the most valuable introductions in this country; and when he returned wrote about our most conspicuous men. "He said with my friend X," said the indignant gentleman, "and in his book he spoke of his personal habits. I should like to speak of *his* personal habits, and I would inform the world that this prodigious orator always himself one shirt a week. On Sunday morning it was clean. Then his waistcoat and coat were thrown fully open. On Monday the waistcoat was closed a little. On Tuesday a little more. On Wednesday it was buttoned to the throat over suffers of repeat over the bosom. On Thursday they quite overspread it. On Friday the waistcoat closed quite easily. On Saturday there was nothing but cravat to be seen. On Sunday there was the full effulgence of the clean shirt again, coat and waistcoat generously thrown open, and an impercevable cravat.

No man can defend himself against the ingenious ridicule of an author, or from his own meaning after print. But when the criticism or description descends to the most odious and unclean charges, if he refuses to endure it and invoke the law, he puts every lover of public decency under obligation.

MR. STEVENS'S RHETORIC.

In the first reports of MR. STEVENS's speech before the vote was taken upon the Reconstruction there were several allusions to the President which were the grossest insults. The speaker was said by the papers to have called the President "the pundit at the other end of the avenue," and "the man at the other end of the avenue;" and every decent reader was disgusted. But in the later reports it appears that the expression was "high authority at the other end of the avenue introduced through an unusual *confuse*"—the latter word being evidently misheard by the reporters.

Yet while this correction is made the foolish sarcasm is still plain enough. "We shall not trouble President JOHNSON by sending him the Amendment; it should be passed upon by Congress, because it is not necessary to submit it to him for his approval." And again: "We do not ask him to come and ask his opinion of it, and therefore it was all the more kind in him to send us his opinion without being asked for it. The folly of such talk under the circumstances is plain. There may be a case when sarcasm is wise; but if MR. STEVENS is of opinion that this is the time when sarcasm directed against the President is most effective, speeches of the President's party in Congress, it is but another proof of his singular incapacity as a leader.

MR. STEVENS would justify his remarks by repeating what he said in his speech, that the reported conversation of the President with a Senator was an attempt to coerce Congress, and that although conduct in other times would have cost a king his head. MR. STEVENS is ardent and rhetorical; but as the members of Congress are constantly going to the White House and talking with the President, who freely states his views, we can not see the enormity of his conduct in expressing his private opinion upon the subject in which his opinion was asked. If, however, the matter be a grave one, and then under discussion in Congress, we may regret that peculiar publicity should be given to the conversation. But it is surely unnecessary to give the worst interpretation to the incident. The President must be a much duller man than even the Republican journals and orators declare him to be, if he does not know that the infallible way of insuring the passage of a measure which he disapproves is the mere appearance of an attempt to coerce Congress. That would be the most unpardonable insult which could be offered to the people of the United States; and the assumption of such an attempt, except upon the plainest grounds, would be an equal insult to the President. He may think, as he has argued to say, that legislation **upon** suffrage in the DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA is untimely and unwise; but as he knows that Congress is the supreme and only Legislature of the District, it by no means follows that he would think it a timely or wise act to veto an overwhelming expression of its will.

The course of MR. STEVENS invites a quarrel between those whom time and mature deliberation might readily harmonize, and must therefore be deprecated by all thoughtful men. Let us be patient," he said to MR. SUMNER, in asking him to yield a favorite plan. Certainly, let us be practical. Let us also be firm and clear-sighted. Let us not betray any interest confided to us, and not be hood-winked or seduced. But let us also understand that honest men may honestly differ, and that the height of folly is to insist upon the ultimatum of those whose union is essential to success.

MAGNANIMITY AND CONCILIATION.

In his late speech MR. RAYMOND said that he "would exclude from Federal office the leading actors in the conspiracy which led to the rebellion in every State;" and then added: "In the courage and sincerity of each side, which made it [the contest] so terrible and so long, no longer owe a divided duty, but have become the common property of the American people, the priceless possession of the American Republic through all time to come. The dead of the contending hosts sleep beneath the soil of a land common to both, and made dear to all by its common fog. Their bostilities are hushed, and they are the dead of the nation for evermore."

But surely if the rebel dead, who died, so to speak, in their sins, are worthy of this tender national regard, it would be very hard in the same generous spirit to withhold from the rebel living who may truly repent. For instance: WISE of Virginia, KEITT of South Carolina, COBB of Georgia, and BARNWELL of Mississippi, were "leading actors in the conspiracy which led to the rebellion." They all took up arms. KEITT and BARNWELL were killed; COBB and WISE were not. If KEITT and BARNWELL are to be considered "the dead of the nation," why, in the name of fair play, are WISE and COBB to be dishonored and disfranchised by the nation? WISE has been engage in a criminal undertaking, and one is killed in the act and the other escapes, how can a nation be considered sincere in repenting the "courage and devotion" of the fallen if it stigmatizes the survivor? The sincerity and bravery of many of the Colonial Tories who fought against their fellow-countrymen in the Revolution were unquestionable; but we are not aware that they were ever considered the "priceless possessions" of the country. The distinction in our opinion is not essential to magnanimity, nor stultification to conciliation.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

THE coincidence of the appearance of the cholera and of the cattle plague is remarkable, and it is striking that no effectual preventive has yet been discovered for either. The loss of cattle in Great Britain already is great. The most earnest attention is given to the subject, and while Commissions are investigating and advising, the whole history of the matter is faithfully recorded.

It appears that the cattle plague, from Pharaoh's "grievous murrain" down to our time, has been constantly recurring. During the ninth century it was especially severe. The armies of Charlemagne with their necessary supplies, strewing whole countries with dead carcasses, were largely responsible for the pestilence at that time, as armies are responsible for some other of the fearful scourges of humanity. The *London Medical Review* for 1757 has an interesting paper upon the subject, says that the wars of the eighteenth century, and especially the cattle plague, settled in also, generated the cattle plague, and that in the three years from 1711 to 1714, 1,500,000 cattle died of it in Western Europe. It lasted seven years in Italy, and Holland, in ten years, lost more than 200,000 cattle. In eight years after the death of Charles VI. three millions of cattle died of the plague in Central and Western Europe. Between 1745 and 1758 at least 16 reports were published in the several States of Britain; and the *Review* says that no method of cure tried in 1865 was not tried in 1745 and found wanting. It is computed that during the eighteenth century, from 1711 to 1795, more than 200,000,000 of horned cattle were swept away by the plague in Western Europe.

The result of investigation in Russia is, that the pest proceeds from the steppes of European Russia. The lower part of the Dnieper is bordered by Russian provinces in which there were 8,000,000 cattle, among which the plague always prevails. The stock sent from these steppes to Polish and Austrian markets introduce the disease, which then penetrates Europe. The neighboring countries struggle to keep out these herds. Prussia destroys even birds and dogs that might convey the plague; but cattle is smuggled in at the frontier wherever it appears. Austria is not so rigorous or so successful. It is supposed that 100,000 infected cattle pass yearly into Hungary and Galicia, and in the former country it is now destroying sheep as well as horned beasts. The Hungarian cattle known as Dutch beasts are often seen in the London markets, and they are supposed to have brought the present plague into England.

The disease is apparently very contagious. Dogs, sheep, pigeons, hens which have picked among the affected cattle; the attendants on the sick beasts; ponds and streams into which the diseased animals have been driven drinking; high winds and public roads along which the herds have been driven—all retain and convey the deadly virus. The disease appears in five or seven days after the poison is taken into the system; and although upon the steppes inoculation has checked the disease, it fails to arrest it elsewhere unless it be performed through the ear of eight beasts; and it is remarked that the pestilence increases in intensity and fatality as it spreads northward.

The British Commission appointed to investigate the subject have decided that the only way to arrest the spread of the disease is to prohibit the movement of cattle, thus confining the ravages to one district. It is in accordance with this conclusion that MR. WENTWORTH, of Illinois, introduced his bill into Congress forbidding the prize-fighting of cattle. The latest accounts from England make the loss at the present time, in consequence of the plague, about 10,000 cattle a week. Prevent and cure—the act of prohibition of import during the rage of the pestilence would doubtless save our own stock from its ravages, and it is the interest of the whole country that such an act should be stringently enforced.

THE CITY HEALTH BILL.

SENATOR WHITE, of the Onondaga District in this State, was one of the Committee appointed last year by the Senate to investigate our municipal affairs; and the curious and interesting knowledge he then acquired has lately made effective in a remarkable speech in the Senate upon the Health Bill. In the course of his researches he found that an enormous number of subordinate officers now employed in that Department under its present partisan auspices. He read the names of some of these officers, and said: "It seemed to be a kind of requisite to such an appointment that every man should be a liquor dealer by profession and a bullyman by decent. Without ignorance, he said, was amazing. All the officers brought before the Committee—and it will be remembered that these are the persons to whom the care of the public health is by new confidence—were asked if they understood Hygienics. Some were of opinion that they had it had in some quarters; some thought it did not prevail much; but one officer told the Committee that Hygienics was the bad smell that arose from stagnant water! It is matter of devout public gratitude that we have not the guardians of the municipal health. I know that stagnant water does not smell sweetly.

Senator WHITE did not claim that his own party would manage the Health Department altogether better than that which is now responsible for it, although he might have safely urged that they could not manage it worse. But he is reported to have said that very much of the shameless swindle of the present Health system was due to its partisan character, and the most flagrant instance making the one proposed a party machine. The opponents of the bill, as reported, claim that it is merely an extension of the power of the Police Commission, and through that of a certain political faction. But it is pretty clear that the objection comes from those who would not oppose the bill if it gave their own friends the ascendency. And meanwhile we shall be glad if so imperatively necessary a measure as the reported bill should become a law before these words are printed.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 30:

In the Senate, a joint resolution was adopted, authorizing the payment of $10,000 to defray the expenses of the Committee of Fifteen.—Mr. Doolittle offered a resolution which was adopted, calling upon the President for a copy of the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue of the States within his department in his recent visit thereto.—Mr. Trumbull, from the Judiciary Committee, reported that John C. Stockton, of New Jersey, had duly presented himself and was entitled to a seat from the 4th of March, 1865.—There was a long debate on the Civil Rights bill.

In the House, the Constitutional Amendment on representation and the Rebel States was referred to the Committee of Fifteen without instruction.—A resolution was agreed to instructing the Committee on Ways and Means to report a bill referred to them for examination by citizens of any of the States lately in rebellion.—Adjourned over Monday.

January 31:

In the Senate, a joint resolution of Thanks to Admiral Farragut and his men was adopted.

In the House, a new rule was adopted forbidding the use of the Hall of Representatives for any other than legislative purposes.—Mr. Stevens, from the Committee of Fifteen, reported back the Constitutional Amendment relating to representation. As thus reported, the amendment has no allusion to taxation. It reads as follows: Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each state, excluding Indians not taxed, provided whenever the elective franchise shall be denied or abridged in any State on account of race or color, all persons therein of such race or color shall be excluded from the basis of representation." In addition to this amendment to the status was adopted, by 120 to 68, Messrs. Hale, Davis, Raymond, Eliot, Sedgwick, Hendricks, and other Union members voted in the negative, not because opposed to the principle, but because they objected to its present shape, and to the power exercised by the Committee of Fifteen.

February 1:

In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull's amendment to the bill of Civil Rights was adopted, 33 to 19. The amendment declares all persons born in the United States not subject to foreign Powers, except Indians not taxed, to be citizens of the United States without distinction on account of color.

In the House, the bill was passed providing that no duty originally registered as an American vessel, and which, having been sold to a citizen of a foreign flag, shall be deemed or registered as an American vessel, or to the benefits of the American flag.—Mr. Stevens, from the statement of the Secretary of the Treasury, $40,000 was appropriated to pay the expenses of bringing and returning the witnesses in the case of Jefferson Davis.—Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, introduced a bill to prohibit the transportation in the bond or the carrying trade on the coasting trade.

February 2:

In the Senate, Mr. Saulsbury offered an amendment to the bill for Civil Rights, making the right to vote an exception. The amendment was rejected by a vote of 29 to 12. The bill was then passed, 33 to 12. The bill is very similar in its provisions to some of the sections in the bill for enlarging the Freedmen's Bureau.

In the House, nearly the whole session was occupied in the discussion of the question of reconsidering the vote allowing Mr. Brooks's evidence in the case of the election contested between him and Mr. Dodge to be taken before the Committee. The motion to reconsider was withdrawn.

February 3:

The Senate was not in session.

In the House, a resolution called elucidation took place to the bill for the enlargement of the President's Bureau.

February 5:

In the Senate, the Constitutional Amendment in regard to representation came up. Mr. Sumner occupied nearly the whole session in a speech in favor of the bill and for the Amendment, the provisions of the constitution being that in the body constituting the right to vote for the Legislature, supremacy, state, or municipality, invested with peculiar privileges, and that no State shall deny to any individual of rights, civil or political, on account of color or race; but all persons shall be equal before the law, and subject to the same form or at the latest two; and the debate, made in pursuance of the resolution, that the question be taken for or the land, any thing in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Johnson objected to the proposed amendment as a compromise of human rights, and as inflicting heavy penalties of inferiority, where there was no representation. He thought that there was a way to make the South right, and as much equal before the law. He pedicted the horrors of San Domingo at the hands of the blacks should the policy of Jefferson to the negro.

In the House, several amendments to the Constitution were offered and referred to the Judiciary Committee. There was some debate on the Freedmen's Bureau bill, but no action was taken.

NEWS ITEMS.

We have received letters from General Lumsden, the Hayden General, dated at St. Thomas, from which it appears that he was bound to a very different destination by the English authorities. We have no reason, however, to argue for this conduct. The letter is interesting as showing the action of Jamaica on a cannon.

The steamer Memphis arrived from Memphis for Arkansas River, when six miles above the mouth of the Arkansas, January 29, struck a sunken log and sank. Some cotton and fifty barrels were lost, including the cloth. The boat was a portion of Company A, Thirty-third United States Cavalry.

The steamer Missouri exploded January 30, opposite Robertson's saw-mill, half a mile below the mouth of Green River. About 100 lives were lost.

Lieutenant-General Grant has contributed the sum of $5000 to aid in the erection of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church in Washington.

The report of Mr. Crawley, Engineer of the Croton Aqueduct Board, that the present aqueduct is inadequate, and Chief Engineer Roland on Resolved, It be ordered more immediate attention to the subject of a new aqueduct, although they anticipated somewhat the character of the Aqueduct. There is no thought on the part of the report is a serious blow to the underground project, but the commission has found to overcome it.

Herschell V. Johnson was, on January 30, elected United States Senator from Georgia by the Legislature of that State, Mr. A. H. Stevens not allowing his name to be used.

Commissioner Conley, of the Indian Bureau, recommended a delegation from the Choctaw, Chickasaw, Cherokee, Creek, Seminole, and Osage Indians to come to the President's mandate February 1, whether they were for the purpose of having an interview with the Indian Department were favorable to peace. The Cherokees were opposed to the Confederate cause and fought for it. The latter expressed no gratification at being able to communicate with the President.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FENIANISM is not dead yet in Ireland. The city and county of Limerick were proclaimed on the 29th, and the city of Waterford have been proclaimed under martial law. The Fenian organization has, however, punishable by two years' imprisonment, with or without hard labor. Any person in carry or in custody in his dwelling-house, arms or ammunition of any description by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The *Limerick Chronicle* says that London is no safer than Dublin. "The late great fire in Kilmainham Jail is generally believed to be the work of an incendiary, and common rumor now asserts that the political prisoner was rescued up in the word Fenian. A rejection of the catastrophe in the London Times and the appointment of Lord Lieutenant House is demanded by the authorities, and extra licenses to carry arms are generally seen to be patrol sentinels by night."

The Paris *Presse* of January 19 announces that Baron Salland left Paris on the 16th for the purpose of making accompany arrangements with the Emperor Maximilian for the return of the French troops from Mexico at the earliest possible day. The Emperor is to leave Mexico on the 25th, and there was much speculation as to the person to be left behind as the Imperial representative on the proclamation.

General Prim says Spanish insurrection does not appear to be formidable and very unintelligible plans are put. It was also said that Prim was endeavoring to form a party still asserted that the Government have confiscated the entire property of the Archbishop of Toledo Church in Madrid. By progeny of the Government, dated December 26, 1865, and published on January 19, the bodies of the Royal palaces, promulgated on January 19, the bodies of the Royal palaces, the royal chapel, stocks, claims, and all the property belonging to the national establishments, other belongings have been seized and appropriated by the Crown.

The English steamship *London*, for Melbourne, recently from the Thames with one hundred and twenty-five souls on board as soon as she came into the Atlantic Ocean, encountered the ever and three passengers overboard. The ship could not be saved, but the boats were lost. The ships supplied with English coast number between three and four hundred. Among the passengers was Admiral Fitzroy, who, in 1860, which became a work December 26, midway between New York and London. Her passengers were also saved by the English ship Faraway.

The American quadroon inventor, Abdiel Goldborough Jones, has received orders to leave for Madagascar and proceed to Lisbon. Reason not stated.

The steamer Hibernian has arrived at Liverpool, detained by the severe weather. Her voyage occupied fifteen days. The ship was driven to the Irish coast, and was saved by the pilot. The ship was driven to the Irish coast, and was saved by the pilot. The ship was driven to the Irish coast, and was saved by the pilot



GEORGE BANCROFT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

GEORGE BANCROFT.

THE eminent historian of the United States, whose portrait accompanies the present sketch, is a remarkable instance of the intellectual culture and development which may be attained under the influence of American society and institutions. A cosmopolitan by education, habits, and tastes, in spirit and character he is an American of the Americans. Nurtured in the traditional literary discipline and choicest scholastic learning of New England, at an early age he sought the more liberal and profound methods of European education. Absence from his native country only quickened his attachment to freedom. With the study of ancient philosophy he drank in the love of human progress, and with an instinctive foresight of his future career, conceived the purpose of embodying the spirit of Plato in the democracy of America. Like Dante and the patriots of the Middle Ages, like Milton and the champions of English liberty, his political aspirations were inspired and ennobled by ideal visions of the destiny of humanity. This is the key to his opinions and aims, the secret of his literary and official life. Hence his public course as a statesman, a historian, an essayist, and a popular orator exhibits a pervading unity which is rarely witnessed in the career of our most prominent men.

Mr. BANCROFT was born about the commencement of the present century in Worcester, Massachusetts, where his father was for many years the pastor of the First Congregational Church. By birth and early surroundings he belonged to the order of New England Brahmins, whom WENDELL HOLMES so quaintly celebrates, as predestined to a life of studious culture and lettered fame. At Harvard College, which he entered when a mere boy, he was considered a prodigy. Cambridge tradition still preserves the memory of his slight figure, his ruffled shirt-collar falling over his shoulders, and his voice of childish treble, in marked contrast to the facility and grace of his utterance and the mellow ripeness of his classical and philosophical attainments. His oration on graduating, when only seventeen years old, was on a profound theme, and is said to have been a master-piece of thought and eloquence. The brilliancy of his powers and the vivacity of his manners made him a universal favorite. His precocious genius, tempered with a wisdom beyond his years, was the admiration and pride of friends, and called forth the most sanguine prophecies of his future renown.

Upon leaving Cambridge he sailed for Europe, where he passed five years in travel and in study at the principal German universities. His instructors were among the most celebrated men of the day. His course of study was more extensive and profound than at that time had been pursued by any American. He evinced a rare capacity for labor, and a strenuous diligence that was unimpaired by any vicious indulgences. His course in history, philosophy, and classical learning embraced the whole development of ancient and modern thought. In each department he showed an aptitude, as if that had been his favorite specialty. His youthful zeal awakened a deep interest in the mind of his teachers, whose pride was gratified by his reports of the progress of their fame in the Western World. At the same time he formed the acquaintance of many eminent men in different branches of literature and science, with several of whom his intimacy soon ripened into a warm and permanent friendship.

On returning to this country in 1822 he received a year at Cambridge as Greek tutor in Harvard College, and introduced several valuable reforms in the course of classical study, although the conservative spirit which was cherished among the ingenuous youth of that place was too strong to accept any innovations. [illegible]er useful, without a struggle. His enthusiasm for learning, stimulated as it

had been by his long residence at the highest seats in Germany, and his fresh and ardent faith in intellectual life and progress, came into violent collision with a mass of prejudice, ignorance, and stupidity on the part of youngsters who had scarcely ceased to be school-boys. His dreams of improvement amidst the shady retreats of Harvard were rudely disturbed; and he soon found a more congenial field of effort in the celebrated Round Hill school at Northampton, which, in conjunction with Mr. COGSWELL, he established in 1823. This institution was a decided novelty among the modes of education in the United States. All its appointments were on a scale of prodigal liberality before unheard of. The ablest teachers, native and European, were employed in its service. The routine of study was varied by long and attractive excursions in the pleasant season. A certain splendor was thrown around the administration of learning which was scarcely in accordance with American tastes. Pupils, however, flocked to the place, and a wide and generous impulse was given to the cause of classical education.

At this period Mr. BANCROFT commenced his preparations for the "History of the United States," the plan of which he had conceived at an early stage of his historical studies. This magnificent work forms one of the proudest monuments of American literature. The composition of it has extended over a series of more than thirty years, each successive volume enhancing the value of the work and the reputation of the author. Profound and accurate in research, rich in illustrations from the whole field of contemporary events, ingenious and brilliant in its general views, every where alive with the spirit of humanity, founded on the soundest philosophical conceptions, and written in a style of remarkable terseness and picturesque glow, it fulfills all the conditions of a great historical production. Considered not only as a faithful record of a most important period in the development of modern civilization, but as a highly-wrought specimen of literary art, it may be said to take the lead in merit, as well as in date, of the admirable works in its kind which have so signally illustrated our youthful literature.

Mr. BANCROFT's career as a statesman, if somewhat eclipsed by the splendor of his literary success, presents a highly honorable record. His discharge of the office of Secretary of the Navy, and of Minister to London, during the administration of Mr. POLK, was marked by sagacity, earnestness, and the love of salutary improvements. As a political leader, in which capacity he has been prominent in his native State as well as at the national capital, he has been distinguished for his reliance on ideas, for his ardent faith in the democratic principle, regarded as at the highest expression of the spirit of humanity, and for his uniform advocacy of liberal and progressive measures. Mr. BANCROFT is a powerful and effective public speaker. He has the eloquence which proceeds from lucid thought and strong emotion. Always in earnest, often vehement, he appeals to the imagination by his impressive and poetic and graphic illustrations, while he masters the intellect by his power of transparent exposition and cogent argument. Not the least honorable distinction which crowns his name is the decision with which he sided with the friends of the Union during the most terrible conflict, in opposition to the claims of party associates and political antecedents.

[Entered according to Act, of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By George P. Harrington.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VI.

It may tend to lower the Rev. Edward Arthur in the eyes of the readers of these pages; but none the less must it be stated that, although a minister, he was none the less also a man. Not an ethereal being, not an ideal of all excellence, but, from head to foot, a human being like the rest of us. Perhaps the intensest human part about him was his heart. His capacity for loving, his proclivity for loving, his unwearidness in loving from his earliest recollection upward was wonderful.

Of course it is painful to make the statement, yet it must be said that, from the day when just three years old, he was detected in the act of kissing behind a door Miss Lucinda Harry, a young lady-visitor of some six months or so less experience of life, upward he had never ceased to love. His own relatives, of course; but, in addition to these, all the little flaxen-haired companions of his childhood were always being for the day some special queen of his heart in virtue of hair specially flaxen, eyes particularly black or blue, cheeks uncommonly rosy, and fair, and dimpled, dress remarkably beautiful, or, what was even more to the purpose, the being specially associated with him for the time of the little Cleopatra of the hour. Up to the very day of leaving for college he had not learned to master such nonsense.

With the development of lungs and brains and all the rest the heart had persisted in growing also. Not that, when he called away, just sixteen years old, in the stage from his father's door, he had as yet met exactly with his ideal. None the less did he bear away with him the image in his heart, the lock of her hair being in his Bible in his trunk, of the last, the quite last successor of the queens of his childhood; not so much because he loved her, as from the pleasure it was to him, the absolute necessity it was to him to love somebody.

His four years' course in college was a sudden and total interruption of all this. Minerva set aside Venus with perfect success during those four college years. Heart had to content itself with merely keeping up the circulation while the brain was being developed. Vastly better would it have been could the two have shared the man more equally between them—not so well had the would those four years been. Languages, philosophy, mathematics; mathematics, philosophy, languages all in succession through. The impulse thereof bore him, like a locomotive over a break in the track, over the gap of each vacation with a by no scarce perceptible jar. That day Edward Arthur graduated he could have laid his hand upon the folds of the silk gown which covered his bosom, and have truthfully declared his heart to have been, during the previous four years, wholly free from thought of woman. And as he descended the steps of the platform after Commencement, he could have safely declared that, leaving more sacred things aside dearer to him than his entire sex, from Eve down, was the honor he had obtained from Alma Mater, most deserved and beloved of all her sons.

Altogether too short was the period which followed to think upon any thing but the immediate Past and the immediate Future. Bright and early that September morning following his graduation did he present himself in the chapel of the Theological Seminary to be enumerated: no man more free from every thing else in the world to devote himself to his studies for the ministry. Into it went Church History; Theology polemic, didactic, patristic, exegetic; the preparation and delivery of sermons; Hebrew; Chaldaic; Syriac; German. Grudgingly was the morning and evening walk granted to the muscles; only because it was a necessary instance was the latter complied with the regulation food at the regulation hours in the regulation refectory—it was the brain must be exercised, the brain must be fed. No wonder if, like the right arm of the blacksmith, it was developed beyond the rest of the body, out of proportion to the rest of the body. True, the heart was allowed free play in regard to things spiritual and divine, even stimulated and evermore prompted to this.

And, perhaps, it was well that such things should thus by years preoccupy the heart; obtain from long habit, the time-seated, uniform custom of the heart, before its doors were opened to all the world. Yet, if the heart, after all, else could only be kept duly subordinate, the very exercising the heart in the love of all human things would be the very best preparatory loving of things superior to these; even as the eye and the hand, quick to see and prompt to gather every little flower-cup by the way-side, is but trained thereby for the prizing and the gathering the more eagerly of all diamonds and precious stones, too, which may happen along the road-side of life. Is it altogether fanciful to remember here that, though the heart beat in the breast with but one name for its idol within itself two separate and distinct sets of organs, an auricle and ventricle on the left side thereof, and an auricle and ventricle on the right side thereof? Thou shalt love God, and thou shalt love men, is the divine command. Only as we love either perfectly do we love both perfectly. Only as we love both as we should, do we, as we should, love either; only when both sides of the heart are whole, and keep equally time to each other, does the entire heart throb aright: "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God love his brother also."

One thing is perfectly certain, if ever there was a man prepared to love, prepared to love any thing and every thing which could be loved, that man was the Rev. Edward Arthur when he found himself, college and seminary passed through, pastor of the church in Somerville. Neglected, forgotten, the heart of the man was to assert itself—was to make up for the long-endured tyranny of the brain.

Let me pause a moment here. I have something to say which may greatly weaken the reader's estimation of the Rev. Edward Arthur. Shall I say it exactly as it occurred? Shall I not rather soften the fact, so that the young minister may be but much the greater



AND ARTHUR WAS IN LOVE.

and stronger individual in the eyes of those who read these pages? Hesitate as I may to say it, ashamed as I may be to announce the fact, deeply conscious, as of course I am, of the damage it will do our hero from this instant to the end of his history, I must none the less say, because I would possibly avoid it and be at all coherent in my narrative, that the Rev. Edward Arthur during the very first day of his arrival in Somerville fell in love! Pardon him, dear reader, he could not possibly help it; at least he *did* not help it. Pardon him, indulgent reader, for it was a love which, however hastily kindled, never ceased to burn thereafter with but stronger and brighter and purer flame.

The way of it was this: When Guy Brooks, Esq., years before Secession, had written to the young theologian to come to Somerville and organize a church in that now but promising town, and had received a promise of doing so in reply, he forthwith began, in a terrible hurry, to look around among the families of Somerville for some suitable home for the new minister. It ought to be among the members of the contemplated church, to begin with. Next, in which of these families should it be?

He himself was then a widower and boarded at the time at the hotel, and the hotel was no place for a preacher; half an hour in the bar-room or any where else about the house was sufficient to dishearten one of his calling through all the avenues of smelling, tasting, seeing, and hearing. Mr. Ferguson, the Scotchman, offered to shore his bachelor home with the new-comer, especially as he was to be also a member of the church to be organized. Guy Brooks thanked him but declined. A most substantially and inflexibly good man was Ferguson, like all Scotchmen who are not utter reprobates; but like every other Scotchman, reprobate or not, Ferguson was set in his way, notionate to the last degree. And even too; no tropical thunder-gust more suddenly, unexpectedly, and violently so. Upon Mr. Ferguson Guy Brooks counted confidently as upon a very cakes' beam in the proposed church organization, but, as a host of the pastor thereof? No. The lawyer did not entertain the idea one instant. Suppose the guest should derange, should injure, should lose a Number from Mr. Ferguson's collection? The very possibility was a catastrophe, with all its disruptive effects upon the proposed church, was sufficient to settle the matter. No one can dislike to pause more than the writer. The selection of Mr. Ferguson has been unintentionally alluded to. But now that it has been mentioned, it must be explained before we can proceed.

In Mr. Ferguson's mind existed the instinct of collection. It is an instinct. Look at the magpie. We all know what a passion it has for stealing and secreting bits of rag, cotton shag, and rags, fragments of pottery, articles of jewelry, and the like. There is a story afloat in works on Natural History of another kind—a species of hawk—which has its nest in the centre of a thorny tree, and which impales upon those thorns all manner of grasshoppers, worms, insects of all sorts, as well as the smaller birds. Toward the decline of its days this winged virtuoso has collected a perfect museum of natural curiosities, and lives and dies in its overshadowed nest, in the centre thereof, in scientific and serene content. However true this may be, we are certain of the instinct in the case of the magpie. And it is the same instinct which is seen in the collector of autographs, peculiar pamphlets, fantastic pipes, singular walking-sticks, rare editions of old books, and the like. Very strong was the instinct in the case of Mr. Ferguson. A Scotchman should have been more sensible; but in an old bachelor the object of his collection was preposterous—he had collected into a tolly every treatise on the subject of Infant Baptism he had ever heard or read of. It may have begun by making the collection, quietly and innocently enough, but it had grown into a passion—a mania.

The walls of a certain room in his house were devoted exclusively to these treatises. Books in folio, quarto, octavo, duodecimo, were there; single books and thin books, and in every possible style of binding. Pamphlets, too, of all shapes, sizes, and ages upon the subject. Piles of old newspapers also as contained articles upon the subject, and the whole collection patched, pasted, annotated, in every stage of wear and deterioration. Then there were bound volumes of letters he had evoked from reverend and irreverent sources, in all degrees of angry pro and contravinting cos. A bulky scrap-book or two contained every flying anecdote, paragraph, item, cut right and left, from every page of which he had ever come upon bearing upon the one theme. One stood amazed to behold how much had been said upon the subject in the world, and turned away aghast at the remembrance that, even yet, the question remained as unsettled as ever. The plain facts, Mr. Ferguson took hardly the slightest interest in the subject dissected itself—it was in his collection upon the subject that his interest lay.

"No, and it would sicken him, yes, for life of the whole subject" laughed Guy Brooks to himself, as, after declining Mr. Ferguson's offer of a room in his house, the expected minister, he walked back to his office.

"If she saw one of my collection none the less, surely no room in Somerville could be appropriate for a minister as just that room," said Mr. Ferguson, as he parted from the lawyer. In something of a huff, too; only he knew that no amount of huff on his part could provoke any thing but amusement and good-nature on the part of the frank and open-hearted lawyer.

There was Dr. Warner, also. He, too, was to

to a member of the church. There was not a pleasanter house in Somerville than his nor a better spread table.

"He can have my office in the front-yard," said Dr. Warner, after having previously received his wife's views upon the subject.

A nice office it was, too, as Gay Brooks knew, for it was therein, in retreat from his wife, that he Doctor entertained his gentlemen friends. On the shelves therein were the Doctor's row of bottles and boxes of herbs. For there was also his mahogany case of surgical instruments. The wooden apparatus, too, was in the corner, with its complicated straps, in which Bob and Nia had more than once imprisoned Amos when suffering, in imagination, with the fracture of a limb, or his body in consequence of a fall from the top of the stable. In the book-case were the Doctor's medical books, especially the large and intensely-colored Surgical Atlas, of the inside of which he was so careful Bob should know nothing, and yet whose every plate had been pored and most thoroughly studied by Bob in the absences of his father, assisted by Amos, with his carefully locked-out. Therein, also, was the good Doctor's collection, in glass jars and alcohol, of such tumors, bits of lungs and brains, amputated fingers and toes, embryos, and the like delicacies, as had come in his way in the course of his profession. And there, also, was a full-length skeleton in his corner.

"The first thing he will see in the morning, the last he sees will close upon at night—have an impressive influence upon his manhood," said the Doctor, in commending the room for the expected arrival.

But no. There is a certain smell about that room, considered the lawyer with himself. Besides—and the idea struck the lawyer with considerable force—deprive the Doctor of that retreat from his wife? It would be a base imposition on his easy good-nature. And then, her tongue! Phew!—bah!

There was Colonel Roberts also. Fine, commodious house; Mrs. Roberts an excellent woman, and member of the church. And who knows but he might be able to influence even Roberts? Burn his lawyer, charitably speaking as he was, shook his head even as he said it. The squat figure of the Colonel stood before his imagination—the insect—and those bulging, those splendid black eyes, that full face, so much like that of a bull-dog, and yet so handsome! "What an unequaled bully and blackguard that man is!" said the lawyer to himself, as the image rose before his mind—forgetting all about the minister. "Another, bullied, drubbed, down scene to the last degree; unmatched and unmatchable in profanity; base to dishonesty in the payment of his debts and in all his business transactions; avowedly a scoffer at the truth of religion and the virtue of women. With all this, when it comes to so, what dignity, what power, what eloquence, what polished wit, what equitable courtesy! That it should be possible to combine such a devil and such an angel!" murmured the lawyer to himself.

Colonel Bet Roberts! Nothing could be more familiar to the public ear and mind in the public tongue than that. He had been a bold young lawyer; then an indefatigable stump-speaker throughout the State—copious in anecdote, fearless in statement, vehement in invective; next an Elector of a successful candidate for the Presidency; then, for six months, Chargé at one of the minor European courts; after that Governor of the State. When Gay Brooks was debating whether or no to make him the host of the expected minister, he was drinking, gambling, playing at once the Roman and the bully in the United States Senate at Washington. All the State knew pretty well the kind of man Colonel Bet Roberts was—could easily be disguised nothing of himself from any one. Yet all over the State religious, grave, and sober men applauded the Colonel's speeches, and pretended gladly pigs, turkeys, and beeves toward barbecues in his honor; introduced him, with pride at the opportunity of doing so, to their wives and daughters, and voted him into whatever office he demanded rather than asked at their hands.

"As you say, my house is too far out of Somerville for the purpose; or, there being only Bobby and myself here, I would be pleased to have Mr. Arthur with me," Mrs. Sorel observed, when Gay Brooks, throwing his cheeries into the matter, talked out to every one but the one subject. There is Mrs. Bowles, thought Mrs. Sorel to herself, and she knitted and thought over the matter, as we have related, but not on the subject, before she spoke out. It was not altogether so clear.

"I have thought of the hotel, of Ferguson, of Dr. Warner, even of Colonel Bet Roberts, besides every other place possible," said Gay Brooks, after a somewhat despondent silence. "It ought to be in the family of a member of the church, if possible."

"How old did you say he was? or did you say any thing at all on the subject?" asked Mrs. Sorel, at length.

"I do not know, somewhere under thirty, I suppose. I can remember I never saw him," said the lawyer. "Warner, Warner, Ellis, and—I will write to the boss of the Theological Seminary to recommend some one to us for the purpose of organizing a church there."

Arthur was warmly urged upon the way recommended with him, he says he will come? that is all we know of him."

"Have you thought of Mrs. Bowles?" inquired Mrs. Sorel, at length.

"The very person!" exclaimed the lawyer, rising t. his feet. "Strange I never once thought of her. That is, if she will consent. You know what a delicate, retiring lady she is. Besides, it would be an assistance to her, his boarding with her. Yes," added the lawyer, with enthusiasm, "and there is the office Roberts Bowles occupied before he went to college in the corner of the yard. The very thing! She is a member of the proposed church, too. I do not think she would consent to the arrangement except on that ground. I will see her right away." And the lawyer took his hat to go.

"There might be one objection," said Mrs. Sorel, accompanying her visitor to the door.

"What, what can it be?" inquired he, turning suddenly. Mrs. Sorel smiled demurely and continued knitting.

"Oh, nonsense!" said the lawyer, looking at her first, inquiringly, and then with a smile breaking over his wholesome face: "Beg your pardon, I didn't mean to use such language, Mrs. Sorel. But you never fear. We men, especially in such a new place as Somerville, with every thing before us to do, have no time to think about such things. You ladies flatter yourselves; really, I beg pardon again," said the frank lawyer, laughing at himself.

"Do we, Mr. Brooks? Well, perhaps we do," said quiet Mrs. Sorel, not at all cast down by quite confident reply.

"You would not really advise against Mrs. Bowles on that account?" asked the lawyer, seriously, pausing for the final upon his front step.

"By no means, or I should not have mentioned it. Yes, see her, and see what you can do. Don't let me detain you. Good-evening!" But the wise, placid smile was still on her face as she said it.

"Stuff, nonsense. It is to be hoped he will find too much to do to attend to such things." Oh these women, they think men never think of any thing else; sensible lady like Mrs. Sorel, too! Got up, Colonel Bet Roberts, a conspicuary out of his whip the Kentuckian cantered back into Somerville.

Mrs. Bowles came into the arrangement the moment the lawyer mentioned it, which he did with characteristic promptitude that same evening.

But it was after having most clearly and distinctly ascertained from the lawyer that the expected minister was a Virginian, Mrs. Bowles from Virginia, born, raised, educated there. Good! If any spot on the globe could be said to stand next to Kentucky, Virginia, in Mrs. Bowles's estimation, it was Virginia. "Though I have a great admiration for Kentucky also," Mrs. Bowles said, with the dignified condescension of the daughter of a hundred Earls to a newly-knighted Baronet.

"If he will consent to live plainly there will be no inconvenience to us at all," she said to him immediately thereafter. "I have been so long without seeing a minister of my own church that it will be a treat to me to have him. There is Rutledge Bowles's office. We can put a bed in there for him, you know. It will do for his study, too. If I do not like the arrangement afterward, you know, we can make a change. But I am sure we shall like it. I am quite sure of it!" and excellent Mrs. Bowles was almost enthusiastic upon the subject, greatly to the delight of Gay Brooks.

The truth is, Mrs. Bowles was enthusiastic in every thing. In the liked any thing or person she liked enthusiastically she could not, would not hear or believe any thing to the contrary. And, indeed, Mrs. Bowles was almost as much liked as sincerely and vehemently as her piety would permit. It so happened that Mrs. Sorel and herself were born and bred in the same town in South Carolina, had been school-girls together. Yet it was singular that the same soil could produce two persons so unlike as Mrs. Sorel tall, dignified, grave, self-possessed; Mrs. Bowles rather *petite* and *spirituel* in face and figure, uncontained, full of lively humor, sparkling, quick-spoken. Both were thoroughly ladies in the highest sense of the term—strongly attached to each other from remembrance of their childhood, still more from contrast of character; for while Mrs. Sorel could not but love the ardent and warm-spoken widow of her youth, and in every thought and feeling, Mrs. Bowles could not but feel a warm affection for one in whose judgment, strong sense, sober opinion she had learned to have the deepest confidence. She had long been in the habit of consulting Mrs. Sorel in every thing of importance, and more so since the death of her husband, the Major.

I wish our story could pause long enough to permit us to say a little more, or more of a good deal about Major J. C. Bowles. You can gather all you may wish to know of his character and history by turning to our first chapter. Suffice it, You will find him there among the politicians of South Carolina of some forty years ago. A state, a gentleman he appears to be, coming from the somewhat stiff portrait in question, the half-length painting, from which it was taken, hanging in state in the parlor of the house in Somerville. Often did the young minister sit in that parlor of summer afternoons and study, not only his biography, Mrs. Bowles's, but a real deal of national history, too, in that imposing portraiture.

Evidently a commanding man the Major was, with his high rolled collar, huge cravat beneath his chin, and the locks brushed away from the broad forehead, only to be thrown across the bosom lacking to make it pass as the likeness of a royal duke. The painting in question represented him then: the gentleman came presented him by his constituents after his great speech in the canvassing season which knew, the sword wherewith he fought in the Revolution hanging on the wall behind him. St. Michael's Church through the window, to s ow the portrait was taken in Charleston. Do you can see it all for yourself, dear reader, turning to the window in question, and his life besides on the next page.

Let us talk here long enough, however, to say at least this: Colonel Bet Roberts and Major J. C. Bowles were as exactly alike, and as utterly, eternally, and irreconcilably unlike, as any two men can possibly be. Both were apparently gentlemen of the highest type of breeding and courtesy, yet Colonel Bet Roberts was only under the surface as much a bully as Major J. C. Bowles was a genuine gentleman to the centre of his soul. Colonel Bet Roberts was a talented, highly talented man; Major J. C. Bowles was not, even a little dull. With Colonel Bet Roberts, the Major believed to the hour of his death that South Carolina was the first State in the continent—in the world, in fact; unlike the Colonel, however, the Major never in his life uttered and published his opinion upon the point. In the Colonel did every day of his life, whoever and whatsoever was in conflict with him on this point. That Calhoun was the superior of Webster Major Bowles never entertained the slightest doubt; yet Webster was a national, respectable, perhaps conscientious individual. This the Major sincerely believed, while the Colonel did not—or, at least, swore he did not. That the peculiar institution was a blessing, nothing, religiously, politically, eternally right, the essential definition of a perfect government, a thing to exist for ever and ever by every lover like that which rolls the stars, both heartily believed; yet Major Bowles, a gentleman, cared for his negroes like the Christian gentleman he was; seeing himself to it, with a deep sense of responsibility, that they were preserved from every irreligious instruction neglected. Colonel Bet Roberts, on the other hand, believed and acted in every sense of the word that his negroes were only speaking animals, to be worked to the utmost by the strictest overseers. However, as Colonel Bet Roberts would but seek reference himself to his own higher nature as an immortal being made in the image of his Maker, you could not expect the purpose he should impose on any such thing for an instant in reference to his slaves. When in good-humor he would treat them to Monongahela whisky, and all manner of frolics and illness; but with the same feeling toward them in good-humor as in bad, that they were but animals, and no more though than the horses in his stable, pretty and sleek, but beasts as such.

Major Bowles had no specially rigid notions on the subject of religion, yet he was not an avowed and insolent scoffer at it like Colonel Bet Roberts—even attended church, at least occasionally, a thing that Lamum never could induce the Colonel to do even when the most important political object was at stake. Nor did Major Bowles admire any Puritanism in regard to morals; yet he would have sold his fingers with the greasy cards, the dirty dice-box, the dripping gin-tumbler with which Colonel Bet Roberts was familiar, to say nothing of the profanity, obscenity, and practical debauchery which peopled the Colonel's plantation with his mulatto offspring, as much to the Colonel, and not to him, the pure inheritors of his kennels. And the Major had as supreme an adoration for honor as the Colonel; but it was a principle which would have made him blow to leave a debt unpaid, or to do even a deed of doubtful honesty wherein the Colonel differed from him amazingly in practice. A gentleman gentlemen of honor, both had "been out" with an antagonist. The Major had gone out only when grossly insulted, and then had privately received his enemy's fire in the air. The Colonel, on the other hand, had ever been the one provoking the quarrel, and then eager on the field to kill; in which, by the number of scars five or six foes, he had been remarkably successful.

But why speak of Major J. C. Bowles? Do he not speak for himself with too profound an hospitality, too utter a devotion to politics, and so subside, in his later years, first into what remained of his large property, a small house in Charleston, and a practice at the bar, for which he had become too old or too unused by politics to do to succeed, and then into his grave there in St. Michael's church-yard? Had he but had Colonel Bet Roberts's—but shall we call it?—some high-toned and unsworn foe about him, he would not have lost acre or negro. However, so it was.

When somewhat advanced in life the Major married his wife, of as distinguished and of as decayed a family as his own. A son and a daughter were the children of his old age—Frederick and Alice. These were both but children when, after the death of her husband, Mrs. Bowles removed and settled in Somerville. The Major owned lands there; Mrs. Bowles could not endure to take a lower rank in Charleston than that which her husband occupied. Mrs. Sorel had preceded her, and had written, urging to the step. So it was, that, at the date of our story, Mrs. Bowles was living in her own little cottage-home on the edge of Somerville. She had left South Carolina, it is true, but the soil was all of South Carolina that she brought.

The young minister learned all this, bit by bit, after his arrival. Welcomed at the hotel door, as he stepped out of the stage by Brooks, he and the lawyer were at home with each other from that moment; for where people are sincere they are soon at home with each other. The first sight of each other's face, from the first grasp of each other's hand. The energetic lawyer had his new possession into his chamber in a moment; and had him brushed, dined, and introduced to Warner, Warner, Ellis, and half a dozen more, within half an hour.

"You must feel yourself at home with us," he said to him in his frank, hearty way. "We are all fragments of the church that is to be. Warner here is ready to devour you the moment you say the word. Mr. Ellis has a store down town, a good place to drop into to get acquainted with people. Ferguson here—well, Mr. Ferguson can put you on the subject of Infant Baptism, if you need it at all. I am the only one not of much use. However!"

"Something to cure you for my fancy; it is a fair-cheeked, brown-haired girl we wanted for such a place as this rough and unchristianized community," said Mr. Ferguson to himself, as he went back to his room.

The afternoon of his arrival—"Why not?" the lawyer said to himself—Mr. Ellis was carried over to Mrs. Bowles to be introduced, the lawyer explaining matters to him as they walked over.

"What a neat, home-like place!" the newcomer said to himself, as they entered the front gate and walked along the path of white bark between the althæas and rose-bushes to the door. Like all houses at the South not built by people direct from the North, a goodly portico was in front of the residence, admitting to a hall into which rooms communicated on either side. It was a May morning when the new-comer stood there, inhaling the fragrance of jasmine and mimosa, glancing around at the many evidences of a refined taste everywhere, while they waited for the door to be open'd. With Mrs. Bowles, a few moments after, so warm-hearted and cordial in her salute and grasp of the young minister felt himself at once at home and at ease—he was in such hands, exceedingly much, in refinement when warmed by a glow of heart!

"I have but a small family, Mr. Arthur," she said, at last, "only Miss Bowles, my only son, is at college in Columbia." Mrs. Bowles did not say, "Columbia, South Carolina," because to her there was but that Columbia in the world. "My daughter Alice—" she began; but at that instant the front gate was heard to slam, hasty steps sounded along the gravel, and a young girl threw open the parlor door, with sunbonnet in one hand, school-books in the other, her face flushed, her eyes flashing.

And the Rev. Edward Arthur was in love!

THE MYSTERY OF TWO VALENTINES.

CLARA and KATE are twin-born maids;
Bet Clara is dark and Kate is fair:
Clara looks like a lily in shade,
Kate bath a crown of golden hair.

Clara's eyes dash, but Kate's cheek glows;
Clara is your love, Kate is mine,
Let us for once be selfish foes,
Each for the other, a Valentine.

Then for an hour's silent flow
Brows were knitted and ink was shed,
Till—this was just a year ago—
The verses were the Valentines we sped.

I.—TO CLARA.

Him that loves thee, woo bashful!
Thou wilt chill him with thy pride;
Pierce his heart with thine haughty glance;
Slowly crush him with a reign
Of alternate bliss and pain.

I have loved thee well, but now
I revoke my love, I vow,
By the martyred Valentine,
Not for Ophir's richest mine
Will I bind my heart to thine!

II.—TO KATE.

I have lain full long in the shadow
Of a love that sheds no light
Save such as the transient meteor
Flings fitfully on the night.

Thine eyes are dipped in the azure
Of the stainless heavens above,
And the color of thine golden hair
Are the constant sun of love.

I have lain full long in the shadow,
And I fain would seek the sun;
With thee shed over my heart
From thine eyes, Sweet?—only one!

These were the Valentines we sped,
In a shrewd disguise, one year ago;
But—"Love is blind," it hath long been said,
And blind love it was, second-sight, you know.

How it befell I can not say.
Love is the sport of the trickster, Fate!
But Clara is my betrothed to-day,
And Herbert sighs at the feet of Kate!

THE WHISPER-ROOM.

It was a paragon lawn, that of Housely Cottage—smooth as velvet, deep, closely matted, and flawless in smoothness. It was a fitting inclosure for the red and white roses which, in regular succession, girdled it round. The lawnmate, between their pollard blossoms above it, the great sycamore, whose broad leaves bravely faced the sun's fiercest rays, and the willow-beds below it, needed it, all added their attractions to Housely Lawn.

Seated in a low chair, under a waving cluster of blossoms on the grass-plot, apparently asleep, was Ada. Her hand held listlessly an open book; but her eyes were fixed on the blue expanse of sea that stretched far away, and on those white beacon-like sails that abounded a glorious view. She was very fair; the rich masses of light-brown hair glinting gold in the sun, the hazel eyes, which were radiant in their truth, and the rich complexion, all asserted her claim to beauty.

The open windows of the drawing-room were thrown noisily open, and a tall girl, rather older than she whom we have described, came hurriedly down the lawn.

"Oh, Agatha!" she said, "do come in and per-

suade your mamma to join the Daltons' picnic. It *will* be capital. Fred Hawkins and Harry Collier are coming."

The other's face wore an expression of humour.

"Lucy," she said, "I do wish you wouldn't talk in this off-hand manner. I don't see that any practice lies in the fact of Mr. Hawkins or Sir Harry Collier coming—certainly not enough to make you call them by their names."

"Oh, bother!" said the other, who was a dashing beauty—blue-eyed, fair-haired, and gifted with superb self-possession. "You're such a prim creature!"

The two girls strolled down the garden together, and while one was ill, in a few words, describe their history.

Agatha Clare was the only child of Mrs. Clare, widow of a physician in large practice, and left for him in affluent circumstances. She was a woman of rare talent, tact, and generosity, and very popular for her kindness and charming manners. Her house of Housely-wa as favorite resort of all the younger members of the population, for her dances and creeper parties were perfection.

Lucy Harwich was the daughter of the officer in command of the coast-guard, a retired commander, with more private property than usually falls to the brethren's share. His wife, too, had money, and his daughter was what is termed a "most pretty lady." She was a beauty, very daring and very willful, very ambitious, and very selfish. Truth must be regarded as a wondrous chronicler.

The two girls re-entered the drawing-room, where there was a group of visitors eagerly discussing the picnic. Among them was a man named Sir Harold St. Vraie was a scion of old Norman stock. Unassuming English gentleman as he was, himself called the picnic suggestion, appeared in attire dressed in gray tweed, with a hunting-whip in his hand, he bore the features and the name of a line of steel-clad warriors, whose sword had been foremost in every field of English battle from that of Hastings. The manors of his house had stretched through half a county, and the soldiers of them had been repeatedly offered a peerage.

But with him fortune had dealt harshly. But one old manor-house and a hundred pounds of land remained to him of all his ancestors' territory. His small income sufficed for his wants, and his interest with the government would probably win him a diplomatic post whenever he married, which event was not unexpected by the young ladies of the locality.

"Let us, my Vraville Towers," Sir Harold, impetuously; "the ruins are splendid, and the legend wonderful."

"Lucy," said Agatha, softly, "remember Mr. St. Vraie's family. Look at him."

Lucy did look at him, and saw that his face flushed, and that he looked annoyed.

"Poor fellow!" said her mother to her nearest neighbor, "could ring how long the property has been in the family, and the place in the place, I don't wonder at his annoyance."

"I'll console him," laughed Lucy, and swept across the room to Harold St. Vraie's side. "I'll show Miss Agatha my winning colors," she said to herself, mentally.

"Pray forgive me, Mr. St. Vraie," she began, in a subdued tone, very unlike the usual rapid and autocratic key in which she spoke, and dropping her dark eyelashes over her violet eyes with a timid aspect, "for my stupidity in proposing the visit. I ought to have remembered all that you must remember when Vraiville is mentioned."

"The stupidity's mine, Miss Harwich," interrupted St. Vraie, with a smile. "My mother's recollections are ludicrous. Never mind them. We'll go to Vraiville, and I can lead the explorers over every corner and tell all the legends. Miss Thorpe will allow me," he added, with a slight sneer.

He might have been excused for this; for Mrs. Thorpe, who had purchased the Hall, and the sake more of its ruins than of its farms, was a rich man, who bought the place for self-gratification, and was so fond of showing it to his friends, its picture-gallery and his gardens. He had refused Harold permission to sketch the old ruins which had been the forefathers' for several centuries, and therefore there was mutual dislike between Thorpe and St. Vraie.

"I admire violet-eyed blondes," said Harold to himself, as he strolled down the lawn; but if I did not, I should certainly be enslaved by that bewildered, two-colored beauty. Yes, I must be on my trust and stately quiet there is about her! But she rather repels."

Agatha's accustomed demeanor decoyed many. Accounted cold and slow of feeling, she was a girl capable of strong emotions. For him who won her heart Agatha would be a very loving wife and a fonder lofty love.

The next day the picnic party started on horseback. On the high moor, thorough-bred and glossy-coated as satin, Harold looked like the knightly descendant of the Norman, as he was. Agatha, Arriving at the ruins called the abbey cloisters, and which formed an ancient burial-ground, most of the party scattered carelessly across it. Sir Harry, a babbler smiles, turned off by the road, and Miss Harwich, on her bay pony, accompanied him.

"You see," she said, "there is some one else who thinks as you do, and avoids observation."

"I thank you," he said, warmly. "Of course, none feel as I do."

Miss Harwich replied by a winning smile, and the two rode on. Now, she was, to a certain extent, fond of Harold, and of his long descent; but she was a good deal fonder of herself, and she had heard her mother positively assert that morning the fact of Harold's hardship to an "Aunt Clinton's" property of (pressure) five thousand a year. Otherwise, Sir Harry Collier, who was merely a poor baronet, would have stood higher in the young lady's estimate, for she admired his face nearly as much as, and his conversation was far more congenial than, Harold's.

She exerted herself to talk on the subjects he liked. Her blue eyes were very brilliant, her voice very low, her sympathy very marked, Harold's admiration of her beauty great, and his emotions of ancestral pride very potent. In an impulsive moment he proposed and was accepted.

They reached the picnic party, and Miss Harwich ran off to tell her mamma. At this moment Agatha came in sight.

"What, Miss Clare," said St. Vraie, "did you not go with the rest?"

"No," she said, quietly.

"Why not?"

"Because I never like to cause pain," she answered, blushing slightly, "and your family tombs were in the cloisters. Will you help me down?"

"You are an angel," thought Harold; and then blushed deeply, remembering he was an engaged man.

The picnic proceeded. Mrs. Harwich, indeed, embraced Harold when he was apart from the others, and sobbed out her congratulations on his having "her treasure."

"What old tower's that?" said Sir Harry, flinging a Champagne cork toward it.

"Mr. St. Vraie can tell you," said Mrs. Harwich.

"Oh," said the baronet, blundering, as was his wont, "I suppose all the old legends were drilled into you till you believe 'em, Sir Vraie."

The other's haughty face flushed red with anger, and his grey eyes flashed fiercely.

"The story about that tower is merely one of family interest," he replied, with forced calmness.

"Let's hear it, Harold," said Mr. Harwich, loudly, the sun and Champagne having acted unusually on him.

Harold made no answer, till Lucy Harwich said, "Won't you tell me, Harold?"

His proud face softened, and he answered, quietly:

"It's only the tower where Hugh St. Vraie shut up his guilty wife, Lucy, till she died, then in hunger and agony. No one's not a picnic story."

Miss Harwich looked very grave, and a silence fell on the group, till Harold proposed visiting the "whispering-gallery."

Up a cork-screw flight of stairs, the ladies blushing and laughingly pushing the gentlemen before, the whole party trooped, till they found themselves in a large room, leading out to an ancient terrace of stone, and connected by a passage with a smaller room.

"What is the secret of this place?" said Lucy.

"I shall leave you to discover it for your self," said Harold; "at least, I'll tell you, Lucy, presently. I must go and see if any one's in the smaller room."

"Not by yourself," said Agatha, with concentre properties the passage reflected back the lowest whisper uttered in the large room into the small one.

Harold St. Vraie paused, and with a smile on his lips, for he thought Lucy more charming each moment. He started back, for his eye fell on Agatha Clare, who was standing out on the landscape, and whose fair face was sad. He advanced to speak, when wafted along the passage he heard Sir Harry Collier say:

"My dear, I've made a dreadful mistake! It's Sir Harry who's to—"

"Hush!" screamed to the property you said was Harold St. Vraie's, mamma?" said Lucy's voice, hurriedly.

"Yes; I found it out only just now."

"Oh, mamma, how stupid! What an awful nuisance! Come out Miss Harwich," said Agatha, after he proposed and accepted! And I might have had Collier so easily!" and the young lady stamped with passion.

Agatha Clare turned her face away to avoid seeing St. Vraie's. His features were ghastly pale, and his whole frame trembling, for Agatha's words, and his resolution was soon taken, and his face grew stern and composed. Turning to Agatha, whose back was were full of soft compassion, he said, with dignity:

"You'll keep the secret, Miss Clare?"

The two walked past the ruins. As he entered the large room Lucy was saying, passionately, "Lied irrevocably!"

"No, Miss Harwich," said St. Vraie, haughtily, while mother and daughter were overwhelmed with confusion. "The secret of these rooms—the whispering-gallery—has been told to gentlemen here, after conversation; I therefore release you freely from your promise; and I trust," he added, sarcastically, "that your future conquests may prove satisfactorily ended."

He bowed low and stood aside for them to pass. Lucy's beautiful face crimsoned and paled alternately, but her accustomed spirit deserted her, and she and her crest-fallen mother passed through the court-yard, whence, under the ples of fatigue, they soon drove off, the baronet being in attendance.

Agatha Clare leaned against the wall that Harold St. Vraie looked on her, to a certain extent, as a sharer in his secret, and she could not help observing his subdued manner and the expression of pain on his face. He came by her side that evening, and seemed unwilling to waste words on any one else. Afterward he was a frequent visitor, and ultimately he asked Mrs. Clare to give him "her greatest treasure," which, with her treasure's sanction, she promised to do.

And as Harold passed the turquoise betrothed ring on Agatha's slender finger, and lovingly pressed her hand, he whispered:

"I don't think any whisper-room will part us, my own?"

Agatha's reply is unrecorded.

CENTRAL CITY, COLORADO.

CENTRAL CITY, Colorado, of which we give an illustration on our first page, is quite a large town, situated among the Rocky Mountains. It is the natural centre of the great mining operations in Colorado. Millions of dollars of Eastern capital are invested in the different mills and claims that abound in the town. There has been much mismanagement on the part of Eastern agents, and this has rendered some of the best properties of this region unproductive. The "Lyon's Process," that promises so much, is being tested near Central City. If successful, Colorado will be the greatest State in the Union in its development of mineral wealth. Our artist has faithfully represented the peculiar topographical features of the mining regions among the mountains of Colorado.

We give also on the same page an illustration of A GAMBLING SCENE IN DENVER CITY, COLORADO. The scene represented will give our readers a fair idea may every effort be seen by stepping into the tempting saloons of Denver. In all of these establishments there is music of a very inferior quality. They are nightly crowded by men of all classes and of every The games which are played at them are peculiar to this region.

HORSE-CARS AND OMNIBUSES.

A CERTAIN London gentleman, that is almost exclusively devoted to his own comfort and enjoyment, has especially appropriate to indies—viz., dress, fashion, domestic economy, and family matters generally—has recently become involved in quite a discussion regarding the "Discipline of Young Children." An anxious mother, uncertain how to manage her rather willful little girls, asked for advice through the columns of this gazette, and immediately four of enamoured correspondents, getting up a mélange of views that the poor "mother" must be puzzled. Each has her own pet theory. One bases her success on "kindness and love;" another styles herself as "a Sister of the Rod;" another advises only gentleness and firmness; a fourth suggests a system of rewards and punishment as the best method of training a child to obedience. "A Manager of Unruly Little Girls" insists that there is no other alternative than "the use of the rod," and recommends that the whipping system be unflinchingly pursued, especially in the case of little girls, "as they are more full of mischief than boys" "A Mother" claiming the experience mama of "Cornelius," gives some philosophical views, from which we will quote a passage or two:

"I cordially agree with 'A Manager of Unruly Little Girls,' that the whipping system is the best as well as the most effective and moral stimulant. I would not whip a child till it is sore and sick, but I would do it till it is glad after it is over to cease and; but till then, for many faults it is an excellent remedy. Whipping never does get into an invisible, incurable state, which exhibits itself in crying, and what is termed 'a bad temper,' sometimes lasting for days with children of a wonderfully strong constitution. Of this state of things it is wonderful what a fine tonic and alterative to the nervous system the application of the rod is.

At this point we would suggest that "children of larger growth," who are often both nervous and fretful, be given a dose of the "rod in pickle."

"A well-disposed child, who has been whipped in early days, will rarely require the punishment in after-years.

And pray, what is a "well-disposed child" to be whipped for? "Not for amusement or employment to "Cornelia?" She goes on to say:

"Do your duty to your children in all sanitary matters and then your duty is done. Whipping is the last thing I'll don't learn off a pleasant employment because the children don't like it. Whipping is the last thing I'll do. I will not give up an interesting book because the children make a noise. Whipping is the last thing I'll do to cook, because the castle to be abandoned when you wish to paint. Mothers make themselves miserable by doing what is considered before them."

In short—as Mr. Micawber would say—teach your children by example to be supremely selfish. Such a doctrine is wholly false. Children have their rights in the home—rights as much as the parents' belonging to the parent. The family is the child's world, where he is to learn not merely obedience, but love, generosity, benevolence, justice, and restraint. All these things are taught by parents' example. A child's happiness is as much to him as is the parents' happiness to them. And what so often gives the right to disturb the peace of the family to selfishness or fretfulness, no more has the mother a right to distort the family by like means.

But we have unconsciously drifted upon a mooted question, and had better return to the subject.

The following is suggestive to clergymen:

The late Rev. Samuel Eliot ("Dan Brown") once prayed in a prayer-meeting, "that the Lord would bless the Methodists scrambled, and that portion of it which was on the way to church, and that in which he who was preaching." Another, and that, in his infinite patience, he would bear to preach, and that in which he would be pleased to grant the benediction." By this eccentric method the clergyman succeeded in breaking up a bad habit, which had insisted all through his sermon.

Somebody, who evidently has not *cultivated* his taste for the beautiful, thus remarks upon the appearance of the female sex as exhibited in the Academy of Music in Philadelphia:

The toilets were superb in material but often tasteless in fashion. As a general thing, the ladies seemed to be too much addicted to confuse three splendid dresses, and procure a magnificent one. Sometimes, the hideous White Lady of vagary ran no further ago. There are pyramids of fabric that *flow* gracefully, and blouse loosely, but the grand staircase of rails and puffs, improperly swept, and built the first time, is a monument of folly. Some ladies dress, but not the less tolerable, and not to be endured. The fees in town enough to bear this utterly hideous arrangement of the hair.

"Doctor," inquired a lady, last week, of one of the most distinguished physicians in New York city, "what about the cholera? Shall we have it here next spring?"

"Well," replied the physician, "you can judge as well as I—here is a specimen of what to expect it."

"If so, what would you advise us to do? Run away from it?"

"Well, yes, I think I should, if in your place. You are somewhere in the vicinity of a bone-boiling factory, are you not?" "Why, yes, certainly." You, I would certainly get out of the way of such a nuisance if the cholera prevails."

"We are dreadfully annoyed by that nuisance," she replied with a sigh, "although not as much as some of our friends who live not a dozen blocks from us. It is positively awful, especially on the west side of the city. But I have often heard it said—though I never believed it—that disagreeable as is the odor, it was not unhealthy, and consequently safe from the cholera." "Indeed!" was the term."

"That is utterly false," responded the Doctor: "it is positively injurious to the health; and if cholera prevails, such nuisances will greatly increase the risk of remaining in the city. You had better remove that source of danger this spring."

"I hope there will," returned the lady, emphatically; "I should like to fly make it!"

The lady has "done wh it she could." in this sending to us an opinion of one of the first physicians in the city, on the *health-fulness* of bone-boiling establishments.

The rich, whose brown-stone fronts line the fashionable thoroughfares, in summer, can leave their homes a prey to burglars next summer, and fee for their lives. But there are thousands who have neither money nor country seats, and they must remain, while some benevolent souls will risk their own lives to care for others.

The following incidents related by a visitor to the united town of Plymouth, North Carolina, is indicative of the state of feeling in that section of our country:

Five of us were exploring a fort in the vicinity of Plymouth. We, the ladies, leaving our friends discussing some point of military architecture, paced around an embankment which hid them from our sight, and came suddenly upon an old negro who was removing for fire-wood the palisades of the fort. Among the rest his hat in the most approved style and stepped aside for us to pass, but never took off his hat. Here is a conversation between him and me:

"Well, uncle, how do you enjoy your freedom?" she asked.

He eyed her suspiciously for a moment; then putting on a look of stupidity and indifference, asked:

"Ah, missus, you know—don't you? Is it true?"

"What?" we exclaimed, in astonishment; "don't know that you are free? What do you mean?"

"No, missus," he persisted, "don' know nothin' 'bout it; nobody tell me."

Just at that moment one of the officials who accompanied us came on. He at once saw the state of affairs, and Lord uniform the look of stupidity vanished as if by magic. He took off his hat in a twinkling, and with a smile beaming all over his dark face, he turned to us exclaiming:

"Yes, missus, I know all 'bout it now. You see, I'se free, and I know what I is. You, missus, I'se free, massa, thank God!"

An interesting article recently appeared in one of our daily papers in regard to the city of New York fifty years ago. The writer stated that "this 'Delmonico' of fifty years ago was kept by a Frenchman, a Mr. Bitty's Hotel, in Wall Street, east of Frankfort, where it was the custom of the prominent merchants, lawyers, and politicians to dine, private evenings, for *luncheon* cakes. Pike was a general resort." He also remarked that when, "of a Sunday afternoon, the wanted exercise and fresh air, they would walk up to the State Prison, then a prominent feature far away out of the city, but now in the very heart of business," our Christopher Street. It then looked directly upon the river —now several streets intercept the view."

Nothing can be more salutary and yet exercise worth speaking of can be obtained short of the Central Park. And when, as is the case the present season, the skating ground is unusually good, thousands will avail the exhilarating sport never grudges a long journey to obtain it. Besides, the ride to and from the skating ground is enjoyed the pastime so long and so thoroughly. It was estimated that not less than one hundred thousand visitors made their appearance in the Central Park on the first week, about eighty thousand of whom were on the ice during the day and evening. The Park Commissioners did well to ignore "her beauty and her chivalry," and "all goes merry as a marriage bell."

A few days ago a poor broke his leg in Chatham Street. A coach was procured, and he was sent in charge of a police officer, to the City Hospital. He was refused admittance there because he was not a pauper, and ordered so severe as to prevent his removal to Bellevue Hospital. Upon this the officer refused to take the patient because he had been in the country only four weeks. Application was then made to the Commissioners of Emigration, but they could do nothing, because the unfortunate was not registered on their books as an emigrant. Learning that the sufferer was a native of Ireland, application was made to the Irish Society for aid from the fund for the benefit of the emigrants. Both Boards of Commissioners disclaimed the responsibility of conveying him, without a permit, to the Seaman's Retreat, where he was cheerfully received and attended by the best physicians. Such a case of a place where his broken leg could be dressed, *four months' hours!* Comment is unnecessary.

They make excellent pastry on a large scale at the Sandwich Islands. The Honolulu *Advertiser* tells of one that measured 16 inches in length, 16 inches in circumference, and weighed 9 pounds! Such a potato ought to last a family a month.

Now that the "sugar-effect" is a little past it is rumored that it originated not in Paris, but in India! This is on the authority of Dr. Judson, the celebrated Baptist missionary, who is also the inventor of pipe-smoking. Describing the costume of Karen women, said they were fancifully-constructed bags inclosing the hair, suspended from the back part of the head.

A new style of engagement-ring is mentioned among the novelties in an English paper. It is composed of "three sweet stones, which may be read as a pleasant mandate, and which the wearer alone, being in the secret, is able to resubject into the three centre-stones."

In a London literary weekly appears a long list of the "ages of English writers." A few of the more popularly known will be interesting:

Wilkie Collins, 42; John Bockin, 47; Rev. C. Kingsley, 47; Captain Mayne Reid, 48; Anthony Trollope, 51; Charles Reade, 52; Thackeray, 53; Mrs. Henry Wood, 54; Dickens, 54; Tennyson, 57; Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, 61; Harrison Ainsworth, 61; Barry Cornwall, 67; T. Carlyle, 70.

An exchange says:

A lady of our acquaintance, young, lovely, and intelligent, called on a celebrated physician to do "something" for a cold in the head.

"Madam," said the doctor, "I can do nothing for you, unless you will consent to a surgical operation."

"Oh, I will consent to anything," said the lady, "if you will only cure my cold."

"Then," said the doctor, "you must consent to have your head cut off."

"Cut off my head!" exclaimed the lady, astonished; "why, doctor, what do you mean?"

"Why, I mean," said Dr. Sarsaparilla, Jayne's Expectorant, and Dr. Sherman's Lozenges and Plaster, and—"

"No Peruvian Syrup?" interrupted the disappointed doctor, "all these do your complaint no good?"

"No," said the lady, sadly, and immediately inquired the patient.

"Take it!" exclaimed the doctor, eying her from head to foot; "take!" exclaimed he, after a moment's reflection; "why, you're not a corpse!"

Those who read the interesting article on "Diamonds and other Precious Stones," in our number for the last and other Precious Stones," in our number for the last number of *Harper's Bazar*, may realize how costly the eye can be decked from the following little anecdote, cut from a recent London journal:

An extravagant baronet, well-known at the Clubs in St. James's Street, being on one of his periodical visits to Paris for money, bribed his wife's waiting woman to procure for him a diamond worth 1,000 guineas, with pressure for which he promised to the family jeweler, explaining that he would redeem it in a few days from the sale of his wife's diamonds. "Why, my lord," was the reply, "I did that for my lady two or three months ago, and I have not been paid yet." "Why, my lady" was quite as fast as her lord, and in nothing was he her master."

The following directions to a portrait-painter are characteristic of some persons:

"Represent me in my portrait," said a gentleman, with a look of command, and reading aloud, "sitting by a table, in a chair, with my left hand resting on it, and my right hand also, in a careless manner that he may bear on what I am



ST. VALENTINE'



[ARTHUR LUMLEY.]

ABOARD THE "PROMISED LAND."

THE "good ship" *Promised Land* really deserved that praise. She was new, had made only one voyage, in a remarkably short space of time, was copper-fastened, two hundred tons burden, was of course registered A 1 at Lloyd's, and was now loading at the St. Winifred's Docks. Many had read the enticing and almost appetizing advertisement, which had been in the *Times* for many days, under heading of "Steam to the Brazils," of the "spacious poop and after-decks, the fine and well-ventilated saloon," and the decks "flush from end to end, and offering an agreeable and unbroken promenade," of the surgeon, who was "experienced," of the "fire-annihilator," which was infallible, of the "water-condensing apparatus," above all, of that "Favorite Captain, Robert Macgregor, who was "so well known on the American line." The latter announcement had blessings irresistibly induced me, when appointed engineer for surveying a new line of railway in the Brazils, to choose the new "first-class liner," the *Promised Land*, and her Favorite Captain, Robert Macgregor.

That was indeed a dismal first meeting of all the passengers in the saloon. There was a Spanish-looking actress, a wife or two of a consul, two or three consumptive travelers, a couple of sisters of their wives, some Frenchmen, some Germans—with, in fact, the almost unvarying elements which make up the ocean-lement of a poor bound on a long voyage. One gentleman I particularly noticed, who was taking supper, with great relish, by himself. He had come on board with the well-established himself early in one of the best cabins, and had got every thing he wanted in it "proper pretty." When nearly every one was like a sorry and troubled spirit, going up on deck and coming down again, and then again into wrong cabins, and hitting over unseen trunks and packages, he was perfectly and calmly at home. By eleven o'clock he had finished his supper, had read the evening paper through by a wax-candle, as he would have done at his club, and had gone comfortably to bed. This gentleman's name was Colter, a Chancery barrister in fair practice, who had been ordered a long sea-voyage to strengthen his chest, and enable him the better to direct the affairs of their "Lthdley."

In the morning we were tossing about in the Channel. The sea was dull and angry, and the "turkey-cock-lover" role hearing and seeing. Already the bulk of the passengers were in their cots, to the music of the "hish" of the waters, and the creaking and creaking of the timbers above. It was a dark day, too, was raining on deck, and only a bare half-dozen appeared at breakfast. Captain Robert Macgregor came down himself, and at the head. He was a surprisingly young man for a Favorite Captain, had of a stout build, dark curly hair and large fair face, and a very Scotch accent. "Still bit of weather to begin with," he said, cheerfully; "almost the better, though, for passengers; they get into it at once and have it all over. I wish we had a good storm at once, to try this vessel. She's a good way thing, Sir. Go any where. Built under my own eye."

The Chancery barrister was, of course, there, picking out the best bits of lavished food and wiping with his fork. I saw him well. Tall, thin, with a dry blowish face, and "thin hair, beparkled sparse." "Captain," he said, slowly, "what is the steppage last night? It awoke me. Somewhere off Gravesend, eh?"

"Yes," said the captain, "off Gravesend it was —a small booker came alongside, with two passengers. We nearly run down; seven ten night, too. Practice, stopping a vessel in her course! And only the agent would have been making a row, and talking of the company, and perhaps stopping the passage-money out of my salary. I'd have let him about till they were hoarse."

"And now, captain," said the barrister, buttering toast with a raging, crackling energy, "what were they like—men, women, or children?"

"A woman, Sir—a lady, I suppose we must call her," the captain said, with disgust, "though, how, isn't it—ladies coming out in bookers to stop mail-packets on the high seas?"

"And where is she now?" said the barrister, eating a fresh egg. "Breakfast in berth, eh?"

"I suppose so," said Captain Macgregor, angrily. "Of course, she's sick. By Jove, the wind's freshening again!" he said, rising; "this is the style of thing. It looks like a good storm before night."

All the day the weather freshened, and in the afternoon it was almost a storm, and we had less company at the table than ever at breakfast.

This all went on for a couple of days, when things began to mend. The storm abated altogether; and one morning we arose to the smoothest and most lovely weather that could be conceived. The passengers came crawling out of their burrows, with white faces, but with some hope. They plucked up wonderfully, as some one remarked. In fact, the breakfast-table, all but some children were assembled. Captain Macgregor was at the head, down at the loss of his stormy weather, and I and Mr. Colter near him.

"We are all right," said the barrister; "a different one to the first day, eh? By-the-way, where's the Gravesend lady? She that woke us up out of our sleep—eh, captain?"

The captain answered gruffly that he did not know.

"You should have all your passengers here, captain. No excuse such a morning as this. No breakfasting in bed—in berth, I mean—it's bad for the morale of the ship."

The Scotch captain shook himself at this.

"Well have none of that, aboard. No favor or exceptions. Here, steward! You're not to take in breakfast to any one—d've hear?"

No, Sir. Only that lady in No. 20."

"Has she been ill?"

"No, Sir, the stewardess says. She had dinner yesterday there, and tea and breakfast ever since she came aboard."

The captain almost leaped up with anger.

"This is outrageous. My orders defied by any woman. Lady or woman, it's all one. I'll have the same discipline for all. That's logic, Mr. Colter."

"And good logic, too," said that gentleman.

"Ay, ay. The ship before every thing. And see, steward. Tell that lady—what's her name?"

"Mrs. Arlington, Sir."

Mr. Colter, at hearing this name, started.

"Arlington!" he said. "Are you sure?"

"Why," said the captain, "what's there in it?"

Mr. Colter seemed quite ashamed of having started so suddenly.

"Nothing," he said. "There's a leading case, you know—Arlington and Hooker—very nearly the same point as the rule in Shelley's case, but out-Heroded Herod, you remember."

"Well, tell Mrs. Arlington she must be here for dinner or go without any. That's blunt; but it's the fact and the way out of it."

The captain went on deck.

"Now," said Mr. Colter to me, "why should that lady, who has come on board in an exceptional manner, and who has not been in the least ill (as, indeed, I found out in a very odd way, for I saw her reflected in the looking-glass of her berth, and reading and working all through the storm)—why shouldn't she come in and take her meals with us—eh?"

"Well, I never thought of it in that way," I said.

At dinner that day—the fine weather still continuing—all the passengers were assembled, except one. Just as the second course appeared a little one, he was heard, and a tall, graceful lady stood at the door, looking down the long table as if for a place. She was very nearly my own age, and a great human beauty—slight—was in a purple silk—had a very small face and features—soft hair, with a tiny bit of lace—nothing any or a girl, and was about two-and-thirty years of age. The lawyer got up, and, with much bustle, caused room to be made for her opposite—next to Captain Macgregor, who shook himself angrily, like a Newfoundland dog.

"I expect every one to be on time on board the *Promised Land*," he said, roughly. "Can't allow any eating and drinking in the cabins. So I hope, in future, ma'am—"

She was quite composed, and answered him with a soft voice: "I beg pardon, indeed, Captain Macgregor. I did not know the rule—indeed, no. But in future you will find me the most obedient of all your passengers."

"Well, I hope so," he said. Get this lady some soup."

The barrister, who had his eye on her all this time, said to her, curiously:

"Hope you have not suffered during the rough weather?"

She answered softly, and with an expression of pain:

"I always suffer. I am almost always a martyr."

"Why," said the Scotch captain, "we know that you weren't ill during the storm, for you had your meals in regularly; and the stewardess here saw you sitting up, reflected in some way on his skylight, reading away, when it was blowing great guns. Now?"

She raised her eyes from her plate and turned them steadily on the barrister. He helped himself to wine—very coolly.

"You are determined to be hard on poor me, Captain Macgregor," she said. "I did not say that I was sick, but that I was *almost always* sick. I will even appeal to that gentleman who used reflection to see how a woman suffers."

The barrister laughed. "That's putting it very strongly against me. But if I had had such a reflector the other night, when you were all so stopped, and mysterious passengers came on board that would be worth something. What do you say, captain?"

"I say it was a thing I wouldn't do again, for this lady or for any lady."

Again her eyes were studying the barrister very carefully.

He said, suddenly, as if putting a question:

"You were also home from foreign service—you and your husband?"

She almost started, looked at him, then answered steadily, with her eyes steadily on him:

"Well, yes, supposing we were?"

"Oh, certainly," said he, with great politeness; "I have no right to put any more questions."

"No more," she said, with a firm smile, "than you have to construct those reflectors of yours. Even my memory here, Captain Macgregor, wouldn't resort to that."

"It must have been very perilous," continued the barrister, affably, "that mode of escape, to land in an open boat on a rough night. It required great courage," he said, looking round with a smile, "or great pressure and necessity. From Gravesend, I think you said," he repeated.

"Suppose it were Gravesend," she answered, with a smile which was also full of patience. "Would you like to hear," she went on, calmly, "my long dreadful, names of relations, age next birthday, and other particulars according to a census paper?"

The barrister put up his hands to his face.

"Serve me right," he said; "a capital hit—well sent home too."

"Ah!" said she, laughing; "I wish to hit nobody, provided they do not hit me."

"At any rate," said the barrister, "I have got a lesson."

But I don't think he had. For at tea that night he came up to the table, laughing. "Look here," he said; "I am incorrigible. I belong to the law. So that is my excuse. You know the challenge you gave me about a census paper? Well, I have been working my head ever since, as I should do at a brief for the Vice-Chancellor to-morrow morning. May I tell you what I have found, provided I tell you how?"

The faintest flush of uneasiness passed over that piquant face, but she hid it by setting back the little cap. "Do as you please," she said, with a smile. "You know I am helpless. Captain Macgregor here, who I thought would be my protector, is turned against me; so entirely lady is privileged."

"First," said Mr. Colter, "you are married, madam, or were married, and your husband's name is Charles H. Arlington—captain in her Majesty's Nineteth Regiment of Foot, now stationed at Chatham."

She almost started out of her seat, a strange wildness came into her eyes, with a dash of fury, as she bent over to the barrister.

"Nothing," he said. "There's a leading case, you know—Arlington and Hooker—very nearly the same point as the rule in Shelley's case, but out-Herod Herod, you remember."

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"What do you mean?" she said, in a thick voice. Every one had been listening, and now turned to each other with surprise and wonder. In a moment a good deal was changed. She had tried tears, and, with her handkerchief to her face, she just uttered the words, "He is dead! how unkind!" and floated away out of the saloon.

Many reproachful eyes were turned on the barrister.

"Come, I say, Mr. Colter," said the captain, who had looked after her with much compassion, "this is going a little too far, I think. A helpless woman in the hands of a clever lawyer. It isn't equal, you know. Poor soul!"

"Pon my word," said the eager barrister, "I meant nothing. I really did not. It was a mere chance shot. I knew her name was Arlington. So I looked in an Army List."

The words struck the wind had again freshened, I went up very early upon deck. It was a cold, delicious morning, the vessel was bending through the waves with a sharp, breezy decision that is always very acceptable. It was very early in the morning, and I should have the deck all to myself; but, to my surprise, there was the captain leaning against the mainmast, with a lady in a little bonnet and shawl by his side—a young and lady. Presently they began to walk about, and the captain pointed out this "stay" and that "rope" to the lady, who became the person to take an eager interest, and I could see was asking all sorts of questions, which he answered very readily, and with great politeness. Presently they came toward me and explained the compasses, and then she went to the very end of the vessel, where she stood up on the bulwarks, in the breeze, and looked down on the hissing waters with more courage than, perhaps, I could have done, and looked like a mermaid. The captain came on the end of the vessel looking at her in this attitude, when I heard a voice close at my ear: "A fine morning!" It was Mr. Colter, the barrister.

"I thought we should have the deck nearly to ourselves," he said, and walked down toward the pair at the bows. But the lady and the captain she jumped down. "I so said nothing to him between 'Good-morning!' but that was said with an air of defiance.

That day the luggage "wanted on the voyage" was to be got up—a grand ceremonial of unpacking for passengers, a remarkably busy and amusing scene. Every one got up his trunk, and got out of it what he could not or would not want. Still it was an amusement, and even little things are welcome upon a voyage. Every one was unlocking and unpacking, even the great Chancery barrister, Mr. Colter, Q.C.

At dinner we were all in great spirits. The captain had given Champagne, which was much enjoyed by the lady who sat near him. Her spirits began to sparkle, and she talked very pleasantly and with great ease, which I noticed that Captain Macgregor listened with extraordinary attention to every thing she said, spoke very little himself, not even a word about the weather, of course!

"We deserve this," said the barrister, gayly, "after our hard work to-day. Excellent wine it is!"

"You should drink, Mr. Colter, to our full and perfect reconciliation; and promise, over Captain Macgregor's Champagne, to be friends. I have never to offend me any more. You must get rid of your animosity to me. Will you promise?"

"Certainly," said the barrister, gayly, with all my heart. I am deeply penitent. I feel as if I had committed contempt of court, and had been told to attend on the bench of the bishop's tenantry row. Indeed, how could I feel any thing but cordial good-will to a person about whom I am beginning gradually to know every thing?"

"Know every thing?" she said, a frown coming on her forehead. "You are beginning again. Now, I warn you!"

"Yes," said he, "but we have not drunk our Champagne tog-ther yet. It is really the oddest thing. There was no mystery whatever between us, for these things force themselves on me. Now to-day, at the luggage, I found out your name and address."

"Champigne, ma'am?" said the waiter.

"No," she said, fiercely, "I'll not drink with you. I'll have nothing more!"

"Pray hear me first," he said. "Stay a moment, waiter. I saw a portmanteau swung up rather roughly, and the luggage-label against the hold, and half torn off a card. I saw it wouldn't stay on a minute, and really with the best intentions, thinking it might fall off. I took it off. On the face was your name, Mrs. Arlington, written in a very pretty hand. On the back was, 'To be left at Captain Arlington's, 19th Regiment, Chatham, Garrison and skyscore to pay. 11/6/63.' (You know the old way they write that.) The very day before our voyage. Now, I apologize for the trunk-maker's bill for a lock or repairs."

She shrugged, put down her wine-glass, and looked in her hand.

"You will not stop till you get a lesson," she said, grimly. "I am not a woman to let myself be persecuted. I can do nothing more if; but if I ask other gentlemen"—and she looked at Captain Macgregor—"I am sure they will help me. Perhaps the next thing you will tell us all—or, that you have opened my little trunk and searched it."

"Indeed," said Captain Macgregor, who had been appealed to, "you might let this lady's affairs alone. If we have barristers aboard, I don't see why we need have barristers' ways. In fact, now, as captain of this craft, I tell you plainly, Mr. Colter, I won't have it. I have authority here, and I must require you to give over prying into this lady's business, or looking into her trunks and that sort of thing."

He looked to her, whose eyes turned to him with speechless gratitude. There was a silence. Half the table heard that speech. Mr. Colter drank a little wine, then called in a clear voice to a gentleman a few places from him:

"Mr. Wilson I you were next me to-day when a portmanteau came on deck with a card half hanging to it. Would that card have dropped off at a touch?"

"At a touch," said Mr. Wilson.

"Did I save it from dropping back into the hold?"

"You did," said Mr. Wilson.

"Who was it first perceived that there was writing on the back?"

"I did, certainly," said Mr. Wilson. "I in fact, I remarked it as the trunk came up."

"There," said Mr. Colter, calmly. "So much for looking into this lady's affairs. As for my remark yesterday about the husband of this lady, I looked, out of the merest idle curiosity, to see his rank and name-sake, in an Army List."

"An Army List!" she repeated, startling.

"Yes," he went on. "An Army List *of the present month*, and that is the only the correct one. I found him there. But that, of course, must be a printer's error (these things are edited so carelessly), for I am sure a gentleman of honor (so to say your husband is not alive?"

"Never," she answered, excitedly. "I said I was afraid he might be dead or dying, as I left him very ill."

"Then I mistook," he went on. "Now, that being so, I appeal to the company whether or ex-cell-ut captain has not traveled a little beyond what is proper in the way he has spoken tome. Really it seems a little unwarrantable. And if I was one of your people with a grievance, and were to bring the case before the Lord Mayor, Sir Charles Robinson, chairman of the quarter-sessions, he might look at it rather seriously. Now, I put it to the captain, as a friend, and one of his best seniors going, whether he has not been a little rough with me to-day."

The captain colored.

"Well," said he, "perhaps I spoke too strongly, and perhaps you are right, Mr. Colter. You know I have great sensibility."

The look of anger and contempt the lady gave him was beyond description. She rose at once.

"I see you have descried me," she said, in a whisper, to the captain. "Well, so be it. I shall go on deck and make the wind and the sea my friends. They are kind, and are faithful."

And she passed out. In about ten minutes the captain followed her.

Very soon the curiosity of the passengers had been excited about this lady and her doings; and I could see that the barrister's little speech had produced a marked effect. Even the ladies, who seldom took her part; but the ladies were, to a lady, against her.

The barrister was very pleasant on the subject.

"I have got so into the habit of putting this and that together," he said, "that really I can't help continuing, and following out my speculations in this way. Now, this lady, though I really may be putting myself in bodily risk (for who knows how she may turn out if she gives way to such wicked sucks), is really quite like a child's puzzle to me; and positively I must put it together successfully before the voyage is out."

There was a rustle behind us, and she was standing at the top of the table. She had heard him. There was the same twitch of vexation in her mouth.

"No warning," she said, with a smile, "will do you any good. Then come; other people may be fond of puzzles too."

"Nothing can be fairer," he said, laughing.

He was walking on deck with her, when I saw her come up to him with a very sad and bewitching face. I could hear her low voice almost distinctly. I heard close by I heard her say something about—

"Oh, so clever! with such a reputation as you!"

To which he replied:

"Oh, nonsense. You never heard of my name before, because you had been reading conveyances and deeds all your life. No, no."

The next thing we heard was that the captain had given up his own private cabin to the strange lady. She had accepted it, and chose to put up with the worst accommodation. This inflamed all the ladies still more, but more particularly Mr. Colter, who said to me, in a very cross and singular partiality." That very day we saw an English brig bearing down on us with a signal of distress flying. That was a great excitement. The passengers, and we thought every one up from below with glasses, to assist in the excitement. We slackened speed and let her come near. It turned out that the brig's chief was only "short of water," which created quite an ill feeling against the brig, and sent down most of the passengers in disgust. The captain came aboard our vessel in his long boat, and was presently surrounded by a group of passengers, with letters of questions, which provided a great subject of discussion at dinner that day. After dinner, Mr. Colter said, in his gay way: "While they were all talking to the captain, I got hold of the steward, and secured a couple of English newspapers. What do you say to a rubber? I suppose no one ever thought of that; though there is not much news, except—except—indeed—" and he kept looking up and down the columns, searching for his bit of news, "one of the usual dreadful murders," he said. "Where is it?"

As he spoke, I was made to look up by an angry and impatient rustle opposite, and I saw that the eyes of the lady fixed on him with such an expression of mixed terror and agony, that I was really startled.

"At Chatham, I think it was," he said; "near to your part of the world. So you had a lucky escape, Mrs. Arlington."

She was growing pale and red by turns, her hands were grasping the table with a clutch, and she half rose to go.

"Ah, here it is!"

"What do you mean by this?" she said.

He did not affect to see her, but I saw him steal a look at her.

"Why, you are not well," said Captain Margrave. "Take my arm, and come on deck."

"You won't wait to hear the exciting details?" said Mr. Colter. "Why, I declare, it's not at Chatham, after all. It was at Portsmouth. Yes, at Portsmouth. How stupid of me!"

A curious expression of relief came into her face. "It was only for a moment," she said. "You know my poor husband is lying ill there, and these things happen so often."

"Ah, I see," said the captain.

"Was the murderer a sergeant—one Ridley?" I asked a passenger.

"Yes! God bless me, you!" said Mr. Colter. "How did you find that out?"

"Why, that all happened before we left England. I read it in the *Times* a week before. The fellow must be hanged by this time."

"Well," said Mr. Colter, laying down his pack, "after that I give it all up. I am getting stupid. I may retire from the profession."

The second passenger laughed aloud, and received a step in rank on the spot, in respect, from his fellow-passengers.

Meanwhile our captain never abated in his attentions to the lady, though he grew more gloomy and moody every day. He had lost all his self-confidence for the ship, and never talked of her in a boastful and affectionate way. On the other hand, carrying out his law of rewarding every fighting man came in his way. Mr. Colter had latterly taken great interest in the ship, and all about her, "just to fill in the time," he said. Every day at noon, when the observations were taken, he was careful to assist, and picked up the outlines of navigation in a very short time. He was the main pronouncer that the work the reckoning "afore to-morrow next day." This was always his way. Mr. Colter said, "because," he said, "by which he knowed that a calculation might be briefed to me? Lost year I had a dooing case, and I made up all the chevalnis in a week." He had by the mate's permission taken to the crane line, and Mr. Colter worked out the ship's reckoning for himself in a very satisfactory way.

The sun, on a great dark cloud, sank upward-bound, came in sight, which the captain, eagerly getting his glass, and making the lady who stood near him look, announced to us a new day of hard weather. As it drew near all the passengers got out their letters, which, after a short parley, were sent in a body; and it showed the ship in sight. This was a real incident, and was talked over eagerly and notably at dinner. Mr. Colter, to whom the weather was very cool and very fine, was massive since their little discussion, quite taking the lead. "Such a small as went on board," he said; "and of a writing from me to her father and mothers, dau'hters, wives, and husbands. By-the-way," he went on gayly, and with his eye on the lady, "I didn't see you give a contribution, not a line, to that poor husband in the barracks at home, sitting in his bare room, coming back from their dull ease."

She colored, and again that fierce contortion of impatience came into her face. "How do you know?" she said. "In the next thing to be shot I am to show you all my letters before I post them?"

"God forbid," he answered, laughing. "I am to read of look at ladies' long letters. No, no, Mrs. Arlington, only, as I always tell you, you are quite a study to me." He laughed again. "But enough now," he went on, half addressing these near him, "I don remark that Mrs. Arlington missed the post, or did not know there was a mail going out from the boat under opportunity of writing to her husband. It was very unlucky."

Some of the passengers looked one at the other, for by this time—and really in part owing to these hints of the barrister—a sort of mystery of suspicion began to grow among them about the lady. There was nothing to do, monotony was beginning to set in, so that even a little suspicion was welcome. This fact, therefore, stated so boldly—nay, by Mr. Colter, was taken up readily, and speculated over very often. And the looks of fury and scared horror that naturally came into the lady's face—as I surprised her often looking at "her persecutor"—were remarkable. Really he was carrying it all too far. But he never seemed to tire of it.

A little passage that took place between them a couple of mornings later "intrigued" us all yet more.

"I am hungry this morning," he began, addressing the company as usual, "and do you know who is the reason? Of some would guess, I am sure Mrs. Arlington, you are the reason I am hungry. What is this, fried collops? Yes, Mrs. A. is the reason." And so she was in great measure. The ladies' eyes were upon her. "Now for the explanation. Mrs. Arlington spilled some of my chocolate this morning. I think you did it on purpose. The steward was worrying it in (I always have it at home, and I must say the hat makes it wear) as well as my own man, and Mrs. Arlington came on against him, spilled some of it, and the poor boy brought it in afterward to my cabin, and wanted to know should he make what was left. Of course I said no. But I didn't know that it left."

The public were a little disappointed at this story, which they could not follow. The only thing they enjoyed was her really helpless state of confusion and terror. And after that morning the impression still more evidently pervaded that there was something very odd about the strange lady. Later, we all knew the explanation of this chocolate story.

The *Promised Land* had now been some seven or eight days at sea, and with fair weather. We were all getting tolerably well shaken down into the ship, as Mr. Colter said. This eighth day was remarkably fine, with a bright sun out, and the one or two stout ladies passengers came creeping out of their berths to get a little fresh air and sun. Poor souls! Every one was happy, but the only curious thing was the behavior of the captain, who all the day long had his powerful double-glasses to his eyes searching the horizon for and near. This at first was not attended to; but, as he continued anxiously at this all the day, even sending men to the mast-head, and keeping a little boy there till he nearly fell off, people began to notice him and to ask. The first to take notice was Mr. Colter: "Not looking for land, surely?" he said, with a smile. "I make up a reckoning with the mate, and we are in latitude so and so."

The captain answered him roughly: "I can look through my glasses, I suppose, without having to give an account of myself, Mr. Colter? We have our subjects at home as well as you." And then he walked away down to the cabin to the lady; then came up, and spoke to the man at the wheel. It was now about five o'clock, and time for dinner. Mr. Colter, who was very friendly with the mate, and talked with him a good deal about the ship and her behavior, now walked over to take a look at the binnacle before going down. "Why, look here, Cobbett," he said, "we're taking a bend out of our course. Eh? What the deuce—"

"Yes, we are, Sir," said the mate. "What's this, Jim?"

Up on his mast he keep a quarter-post at us to nor'ard," said the steersman.

"Very odd," said Mr. Colter.

"I don't know what's crossed over the captain," said Cobbett, thoughtfully. "I think," he added, cautiously, "he's now after one of the Havers boats (so he supposes) that we left in the lurch, and he should meet about here. That's what's at the bottom of it, Sir. I suspect he wants news, or something."

"Indeed," said Mr. Colter, and went down to dinner. At this meal the captain and lady were both restless, and spoke little. Mr. Colter was powerful. When it was done, a message from the boy came in, and whispered to the captain, who got up hastily, and went on deck. This motion excited curiosity. What could it be?

After dessert had been put on, Mr. Colter, wiping his mouth with his napkin, said, gayly, "I really must see what is going on."

"Ah, you may see and see again," said Mrs. Arlington, with extraordinary fierceness, "and you will see no good out come of it. I wish *interfere* much now."

"I?" said he, good-humorously. "Not I, indeed. But a little walk on deck can do no harm." He went up, and presently many followed, for curiosity is stronger than wine.

The sun had set, and the half darkness had come on. The sky-lights over the saloon looked like gorgeous illuminated lanterns. The ship's head was east, and blue, and the moon, seeming to be out a little before its time, was shining. Many faces were looking out in the one point where there was a cloud of dark, and a twinkling red and green light growing larger every moment. Many fingers pointed it out, and the cloud—"See the Havers boat!" said Cobbett, coming up to Mr. Colter; "we're out of our course by three hours. Nigh on forty mile. Only think! Captain makes it his affair, and he'll see what the owners will say."

The captain was on his paddle-box, giving orders.

"We're going at full speed, you see," said the mate. "She's a faster boat, and won't be by for long. The French skipper knows the duty to his company."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Colter. "Where Mrs. Arlington?"

She was in her cabin. By-and-by some boxes were coming up from the hold. Presently the lady herself came up, with her shawls and cloaks, and with all her baskets and packages. "I see," said Mr. Colter again.

"Perhaps you do," she said, "but not for much longer. I am going at last to be set free from your insolent and unmanly persecutions. The kind captain is going to put me on board that vessel which is bound for New York."

By this time a knot of leading passengers had gathered round, listening with wonder. We were gradually drawing nearer to the vessel. The captain was coming down from his paddle-box with triumph.

"We shall overhaul her yet," he said. "They have seen our signals, and are lying to. Bring out the boat to be have it ready. They have stopped at last."

He was turning to go, when Mr. Colter, suddenly changing his habitual jocular manner, said: "Just a word with you, captain, before you move in this matter."

He took him by the arm, and led him away down to the end of the vessel, the captain going sullenly. Mrs. Arlington was watching during this little view, but she looked very often toward the dark French ship.

In a moment they both came back. The captain was very excited.

"I'll not listen to you, Sir. You should be ashamed of yourself. I'll make a move in business, or listen to such calumnies."

"Brave and gallant protector," she said, taking his proffered hand. "I knew I had a friend in you who would stand by me."

"Then you force me to appeal to the passengers, and to them I shall appeal."

"You would not be so cowardly—so cruel," she said, half imploringly.

"I shall tell them what I know *and can prove* as soon as we touch land. I shall tell them that this woman—"

"Tell what you like," said the captain, doggedly. "Here's the vessel, and go on board she shall."

In fact we were now drifting up beside the great black figure of the ship, quietly breathing and blowing off the steam like a tired horse. The men were in the boat, and the cranks were about being swung over the side.

"Well, then," said Mr. Colter, "if you won't listen to reason, I shall go too. New York will be very pleasant, and *he* have an *action brung* with *that country*."

There was a pause. The two stood looking at each other, the lady trembling and breathing hard. The voice of the French captain was heard through a speaking-trumpet.

"Well, then," said she, with a sort of dreadful smile; "since you are so positive in the matter I suppose you must have your way. I am very sorry that all other passengers should suffer on this trip; but it is better to submit than to have a scene. I shall ever be able, Mr. Colter, to repay you for all your intrusive kindness."

She hurried down again to her cabin, but her last look at the barrister was one no one could forget.

The vessel was put on her old course.

For some days the voyage continued. Still the lady did not come into the cabin for meals. "I have given her leave," said the captain, ferociously. "I suppose I have some power aboard my own ship, and I'd like to see the man that will dispute it."

"So should I," said Mr. Colter, smiling. "Poor Jack would be laid in irons, and properly so. The law gives you full power, captain, to a certain extent. Eh? What shall *support the law*, captain. Eh?" legal theory is, that the deck of every English vessel is a portion of the British soil."

The captain answered nothing. It was the last day. We were to be off the coast by evening. By evening we were in the coast, near a town, with land and a light-house. But it was nearly dark. Passengers were all in excitement. A splash of oars, a rush of passengers and the Custom officers, a dozen green-looking men in brigand hats, came on board. They went through the usual business. In our surprise Mr. Colter talked with them in what was apparently excellent Spanish, with the leader of the party. The leader was very obsequious, and touched his hat. Then Mr. Colter gave him a letter as the boat went away—two were left behind in charge of the vessel.

Mr. Colter was literally now regarded as a being of mysterious power.

About time that night (we were all to land in the morning) a boat was heard coming alongside, the ship, and a gentleman came up the side, who in English asked the captain to see Mr. Colter. The captain made a reply, and then a little gruffly. "I am the consul here," said the other.

Mr. Colter, who was smoking, came up. The consul took off his hat. "I hope Lord Cowbitter is well," he said, obsequiously. "His lordship wrote to me by the last mail. We shall do every thing we can for Mr. Colter. Would you please to come ashore to-night and sleep on dry land—at a hotel? I can manage that."

"Well then, you know, I should," said Mr. Colter, gayly. "I have, however, a few little things to put together first."

"Hope you've had a fine voyage," said the consul.

"Well I did, since you ask me," he answered. "It has really been very pleasant. We finished up all the flashing eyes, and distorted features, and a quivering lip.

"Good gracious!" said Mr. Colter.

"What legacy? I say," she repeated; "a noble, manly, and chivalrous one! You a gentleman? No. I will tell you what you are—a miserable spy, a common detective! God forgive you!"

"What strange language!" said Mr. Colter, looking round.

"If I was a low creature I would curse you," she went on, in a fury; "I would pray—as I will pray—night and day, that God may take you to sleep may open and sink to the bottom. You mean, unworthy spy, you! You mouchard, you! Ha, ha! crawling, cringing, spying! It is the dirty work you love! Curse you, I say!"

"What 'rinnigue' said Mr. Colter, not in the least distress.

"What have a done to you? Why did you fasten on me from the beginning of the voyage—a poor woman that did you no harm—tell me that—eh?"

Mr. Colter suddenly became grave. (It was a curious and very exciting scene; the yellow oil lamps of the saloon playing on her face.)

"Since you ask me," he said, "I will tell you—something. Young William Arlington, your husband—*that man*—"

"Was?" she repeated, faltering.

"—was the son of a very dear friend of mine. I knew something of his history—how he foolish boy had been entrapped into a marriage with Bonfoy's daughter—and that French woman that no one knew any thing of, and about whom there were strange rumors. Now, Mrs. Arlington?"

"False, false—every word of it," she said, furiously.

"We shall see," he said, gathering up his coats and shawls. "I shall not appear much more in this business. Others will look after it. Sorry no one else is to see you. Good-by, Cobbett."

She gave a half shriek and shook her hand at him.

"May that boat of yours sink you, sink you, sink—"

She stepped herself and rushed back into her cabin, for strae passengers were looking out in wonder. I could not for a long while get rid of the dreadful idea of her appearance as I saw her then.

In the morning—a beautiful bright morning—we saw the fine gorgeous coast quite close. The steamer, which had come in the Spanish "ress on the deck talking with the captain, who was very excited. And the English consul was there too. The passengers were all gathered on the deck, and whispering.

At last the captain went down and two of the officers. He came up in a moment with a wild, scared face.

She was in her cabin; but it was fast locked. No one had seen her. No one could see her, or ever did see her again. That deadly look given to Mr. Colter proved to be the last look she gave to mortal man. When the anxious captain had at last forced the door open, she was found living in her berth quite dead and cold; and the ship's doctor pronounced that she had died of poison.

When the English newspapers got out to the Brazils, on all board of the steamboat Colter's murder of a young officer who had married a half French mulliner against the wishes of his family.

The murder was the papers' meat, and got away—it was believed in a Brazilian packet—but they got, according to their favorite phrase, that "the offender of justice would soon be on her track."

Mr. Colter made the return voyage successfully, and much improved in his health, and is now the junior partner Sergeant Colter, who stands next for Solicitor-General.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WARNED A DISCIPLINE.—A contemporary opens a grave attack on the Bishop of Oxford with the remark that "every one knows he had a committee sitting for several years on Gun Cotton." Well, all we can say is, if he avoided getting into that material, we wonder they haven't long ago furnished a report.

NATIVE WIT.—Brown, being advised for the benefit of his system to take an occasional glass of grog, did so, but often, passed a sleepless night in trying to connect a riddle with about the only thing of pointing that spirit puts on edge.

Why is alacrity like the pole-star when they are wanted?—Because it is an invisible force.

Milton was once asked why he did not touch his drop-tors foreign languages. "I surely can compass enough for a woman," was his reply.

MYSTIC LINES OF HUMOR.—For of the submitted know the significance of wearing long ends of ribbon round the neck, and for what end it is made the following statement: When they wear the ends hanging in front it means "the last is married," and when a gay shouter, that "she is engaged;" over the left shoulder, that "she has a fellow engaged;" and when they are thrown back, that down the back it means "boys, come follow me." If this is not enough to let the world know, I don't know what I don't wish to have any thing to do with "any other fellow."

"Why did Joseph's brethren cast him into the Pit?"—"Because they didn't w—ish in the Family Circle!"

General Nay says "Congress may be able to reconstruct the southern states on a permanent basis, but I will never be able to reconstruct the women: they are perfectly *un-fix'd*."

A gentleman who takes the morning journals, and whose attention is apt to be monopolized by them, remarks rather severely to his wife at breakfast, "You never look at court-papers, when the lady replied, "if you indulge in your papers, I don't see why I shouldn't enjoy mine."

A man advertises for competent persons to undertake the sale of a patent medicine. He says that it will be profitable to the undertaker." No doubt of it.

A traveler, relating his experience in the East Indies, alluded to the great number of servants employed by gentlemen in that country. "For instance," he said, "I had four servants." "It is awful," said a lady, "to think of the duty of the day to bring me the paper; the second filled it; the third lighted it." "And what did the fourth do?" "The fool, he smoked it—I never could bear tobacco myself."

Our lectures should be like our shoes. If too small, they gall and pinch the feet, if too large, they will cause us to stumble and to slip.

A locomotive on a Western railroad has been ordered with the title, "The Last Resort," from the number of the passengers can say at the end of their journey.

It is vain to stick your finger in the water, and, pulling it out, to look for the hole that will remain. Just so will it be, ever large a place you occupy, the world will miss you for a little time.

Why is a horse like the letter O?—Because G makes it go. And what is the difference between the conundrum and the sentiment?—Why, one is the sentiment, and the answer; the other is an unit, Sir, with a queue.

A WRONG FIX.—"Many and many a year ago" a true lover proposed to his fair one, and the couple appeared at the gateway of the parsonage in a two not a hundred miles from Liverpool. Before the ceremony he by also claimed companionship with a hog, evidently the same to which he had formerly proposed. The astounding, the gallant youth left his lady and the pig, and returned to the house, where he remained for half an hour's doze, and entered the mansion. Soon re-appearing, he was seen to lead the pig to the gateway, and, after a little calling, in sentorian tones, "Come along, you ugly beast, you've got me into a fix!" Guiding the animal, the lady was received by her wondering lord, and soon "twas one flesh and one bone," and the minister was left in possession of a goodly supply of bacon.

BOARDING-HOUSE DIALOGUE.—"Your milk does not pay me income-tax, I suppose, Mr. Skidgrave?" "Why not, Sir?" "I shouldn't think it was rich enough."

SHAKSPEARE POPULARIZED.

"All's well that ends well," said the gentleman said when he wrote the pedestrian to hit him.

"Measure for measure," as the chemist said when he took a dose of his own medicine for a bleak draught.

"As you like it," as the servant girl said when he drank his master's cold tea.

"A winter's tale," as the shopbreaker said when the proprietor asked for some cash.

What is the difference between hind-side and rig-stand, ing?—One is accent with inner to kill; the other, kill with intent to ment.

MUSICAL CATECHISM.

What is a rest?—Going out of the choir for refreshments during service.

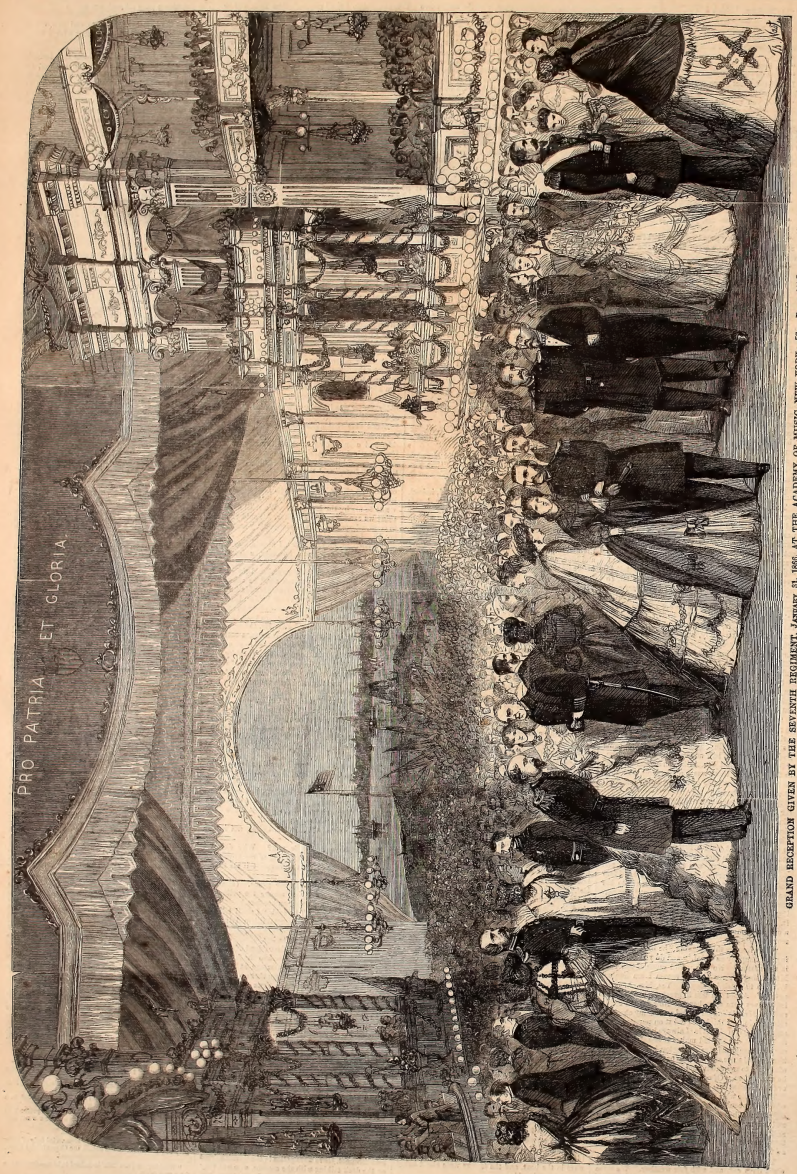
What is called singing with "an understanding?"—Making the music on the floor with your feet.

What is a staccato movement?—Leaving the choir in a hurry because one is dissatisfied with the leader.

What is a well?—A gentleman of music who pretends to know everything about it a science, while he has not even the slightest ignorance.

Miss Thompson says that every unmarried lady of sixty may consider that she has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

"Working for Bare Life" is defined to be making clothes for a new baby.



GRAND RECEPTION GIVEN BY THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, JANUARY 31, 1866, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 130.]

THE REV. DR. NOTT.

THE REV. DR. ELIPHALET NOTT, whose death occurred on the morning of January 29, was the veteran among American divines. He had nearly reached the end of his ninety-third year when he died. His life was more than coeval with that of the republic. Born in the midst of the exciting events which heralded our first Revolution, he lived to see the close of its second—a revolution more momentous than that of '76.

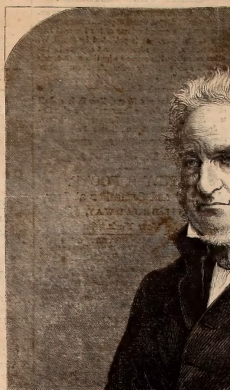
Dr. NOTT was born June 25, 1773. For almost two-thirds of a century he held the position in which he died—the Presidency of Union College. He was born of English ancestry. His father, a merchant, had been unfortunate in business, and was unable to give his son the advantages which at an earlier time he might have done. His mother, a woman of fine culture, exercised a great influence over his first intellectual training, and her discipline created in him an ardent desire to pursue his studies to the utmost practicable extent. While still a boy his brother, the Rev. SAMUEL NOTT, of Franklin, Connecticut, adopted him as a member of his own family, and taught him the elements of Greek and Latin. At the age of sixteen he took charge of a school in Plainfield, where he received much aid and encouragement from one of the most learned divines of that day, the Rev. Dr. JOHN BRIDGMAN. In his twentieth year he entered Brown University, and, after being connected with that institution for the brief period of six weeks, graduated with the honor of the first degree in the arts.

Returning to Plainfield he commenced to study for the ministry under Dr. BRIDGMAN, teaching school at the same time. In his twenty-fourth year he was licensed to preach. In 1798, one year later, he accepted a call from the First Presbyterian Church of Albany, where his ministry was very popular, and in every way a memorable success. His celebrated sermon, in 1804, on the death of HAMILTON, who was a personal friend of the young clergyman, has long ranked among the best specimens of pulpit eloquence in this country.

The same year in which this sermon was delivered, and while NOTT was only thirty-one years of age, he was invited to assume the Presidency of Union College, an institution which had had a corporate existence for less than a decade, and was yet struggling to maintain itself. Dr. JONATHAN EDWARDS had been the second President; Dr. NOTT was the fourth. Up to this time the whole number of graduates for nine years had been only 63. The College had no library or philosophical apparatus, and was embarrassed with debt. "Some forty students," Dr. NOTT himself says in an address fifty years afterward, "scattered over the then village of Schenectady, meeting for educational purposes in what was then a cabinet-maker's shop, with a single professor, was the whole of Union College." He bent himself to the work of removing all these disabilities and providing for these pressing needs. The State had as yet made no available appropriation, but through his energetic and persistent efforts a law was passed, in 1814, which may safely be said to have laid the foundation of the success of the institution. By this act, granting also liberal assistance to Hamilton and Columbia Colleges, Union College was to receive $200,000, to be appropriated to the payment of its debts, to the purchase of a library and apparatus, and to the erection of college edifices, etc.

From this time the College progressed rapidly. Dr. NOTT has himself been the most munificent benefactor to the institution.—Through his direct bounty the College will realize over half a million of dollars. Dr. NOTT had acquired a fortune through valuable inventions which he had contributed to society—among which was that of the first anthracite coal stove ever used in this country—and the College reaped a large harvest from his success.

To the last of his long life Dr. NOTT retained a very large proportion of the vigor and enthusiasm which had characterized his early career. It was not until September, 1860, that he ceased to appear in the lecture-room. In 1863 he presided at the annual Commencement of the College. Since then his decline has been gradual, and death came to him as winter follows upon autumn, after the rich and abundant harvest of life had been fully reaped.



THE LATE REV. ELIPHALET NOTT, D.D., LL.D.

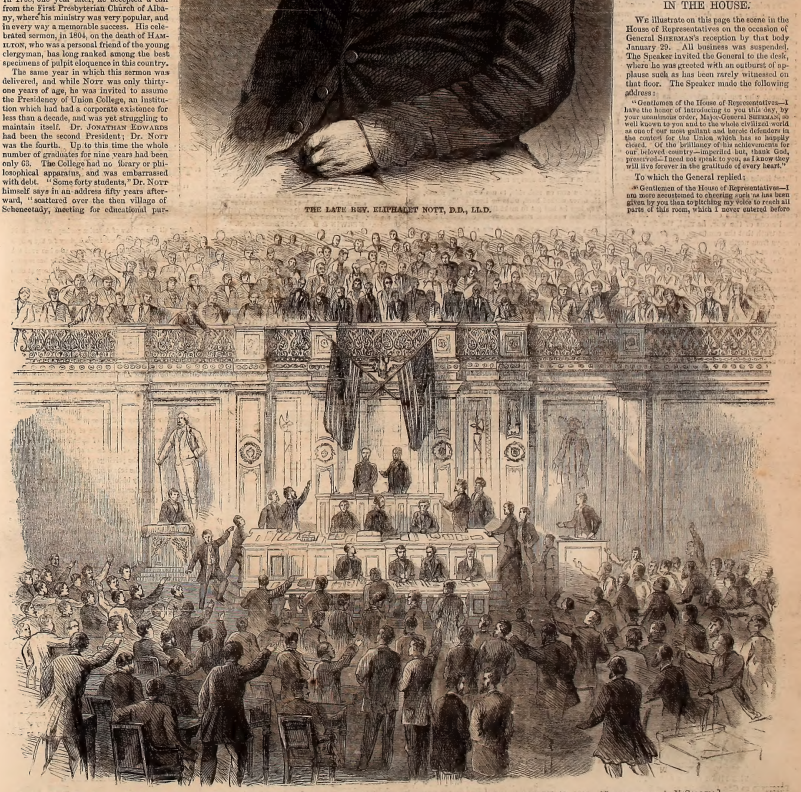
GEN. SHERMAN'S RECEPTION IN THE HOUSE.

WE illustrate on this page the scene in the House of Representatives on the occasion of General SHERMAN'S reception by that body January 29. All business was suspended, The Speaker invited the General to the desk, where he was greeted with an outburst of applause such as has been rarely witnessed on that floor. The Speaker made the following address:

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives—I have the honor of introducing to you this day, by your unanimous order, Major-General SHERMAN, so well known to you and to the whole civilized world as one of our most gallant and heroic defenders in the contest for the Union which has so happily closed. Of the brilliancy of his achievements for our beloved country—imperiled but, thank God, preserved—I need not speak to you, as I know they will live forever in the gratitude of every heart."

To which the General replied:

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives—I am more accustomed to cheering cars; the last been given by you than to pitching my voice to reach all parts of this room, which I never entered before



GENERAL SHERMAN'S RECEPTION IN THE UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JANUARY 29, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY A. M CALLUM.]

save in those galleries. I can simply say I thank you from my heart for the reception you have given me. I hope on future occasions to deserve the good will you have now. I shall endeavor to do all I can to deserve it."

General SHERMAN, after being introduced by the Speaker to the members thronging around him, repaired to a seat in the back part of the House, where he listened with great attention to Mr. RAYMOND'S able speech on reconstruction. He is said afterwards to have, in a private conversation, cordially indorsed the sentiments uttered by Mr. RAYMOND.

RECEPTION OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

We illustrate on page 108 the grand reception given on the evening of January 31 by the Seventh Regiment, National Guard, in this city. The Academy of Music and Irving Hall were connected together, forming one immense edifice for the occasion. The Academy was profusely decorated with flowers and drapery. Along the balconies of the first tier, the red field of drapery, were inserted the names of those members of the regiment who rose to the higher ranks of the army during their term of service. Among these names were those of Generals GANSEVOORT, JARDINE, DURYEA, M'ARMEN, GURNEY, SHALER, and M'NEIL. The balusters of the second tier were twined with evergreen and hung with white and gold drapery, relieved with touches of pink. Rustic baskets of flowers were placed here and there, overshadowing the snowy ground-work of the festoons, each panel of which bore the name of a soldier of the war. On the third tier deep blue and gold and silver drapery, with white lettering, and knapsacks and flags were used with good effect.

Conspicuous on the stage was a scenic painting representing Fort Fed-ral Hill, occupied by the regiment in 1862, with a view of Baltimore in the back ground. Irving Hall was used as a banquet saloon.

The principal feature of the evening's entertainment was the address delivered by Major-General JOHN A. DIX. He recounted the valuable services rendered by the Seventh Regiment at an early stage of the war, and again in 1862 and 1863, and their conduct in the great riot in New York city. The crowning glory of the regiment, he said, was the large number of officers it had furnished to other organizations. "I hold in my hand," he said, "a roll of five hundred and fifty-seven members of your regiment who received commissions in the army, the navy, or the volunteer service. Nine-tenths of the number were serving with the regiment when the war broke out. Three rose to the rank of Major-General, nineteen to the rank of Brigadier-General, twenty-nine to the rank of Colonel, and forty-six to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Many whose names are on this roll of honor are sleeping in soldiers' graves. Others are moving about with mutilated limbs and with frames scarred by honorable wounds, the silent but expressive memorials of faithful and heroic service."

General DIX then reviewed the momentous events connected with the close of the war. As among the lessons of the war, he said, the first "is the great truth that the course of military success is always from north to south—from frosts and snow to flowers and sunshine. Our very instincts teach us that it must be so, and all history confirms it. It is not because the southern nature is less spirited or less capable of high and heroic achievement, but because the northern muscle, educated under a colder sky and through more invigorating influences of climate, acquires more compactness, tenacity, and strength, carrying with it for the mental and physical conditions always assimilate) a greater moral power or endurance. Southern races are, for the most part, precipitate, impassioned, fiery valorment, sometimes breaking down all opposition by force of their resistless impetuosity. Northern races, on the other hand, are calm, deliberate, persistent, determined, and as immovable as a rock against which wind and storm are idly expending their fury." The political tone of the latter portion of his speech was conservative. He advocated forbearance even in the assertion of our undeniable rights.

At the conclusion of this address the floor was cleared for the dance, and hundreds of couples took their positions, and executed quadrilles, polkas, galops, and waltzes until midnight. Among the prominent guests present at the reception were Generals BARLOW, "Baldy" SMITH, ANDERSON, HAZEN, and FORTER.

We give on this page a representation of the Fifth Corps' badge presented on the evening before the ball to General R. N. BOWERMAN by his old comrades of 7th G Company, Seventh Regiment. It was manufactured by Messrs. D. AUSTIN & SON, of this city, and is a Maltese cross of solid 18-carat gold, having on its face the coat-of-arms of the State of Maryland, surmounted by the national emblems, suspended to which by a white ribbon is the Seventh Regiment badge, the whole attached to a gold clasp, in the centre of which is a Brigadier-General's star set in brilliants.

General BOWERMAN, a native of Maryland, had been in business in this city for some years previous to the rebellion, at the commencement of which he was appointed in the Seventh Regiment and served with them in the campaign of '61. On their return from Washington, on the recommendation of his Captain, he was commissioned First Lieutenant in the Eleventh New York regiment, "Ellsworth's Zouaves." He fought at Bull Run, and was, in 1862, promoted Captain, and there served on Gen. Rodman's staff. He afterwards left the army on commission by the disbandment of his regiment. He fought with the Seventy-Third New York, without rank, in the Red River campaign, and in the Banks campaign. In the Wilderness he fought with the rank of Colonel, and when General DUNCAN was wounded he took the place of the latter at the head of the Maryland Brigade. This brigade had become attached to the Fifth Corps. August 24, 1864, he received a wound in the battle of the Weldon Railroad. In the battle of "Five Forks" he was again wounded. His brigade in that battle captured 1700 prisoners, of which General BOWERMAN took 600. He retired from the service with the rank of Brigadier-General, and was appointed Deputy-collector of the port of Baltimore.

THE SINGULAR MAN.

THERE was a young man, you may think very strange,
But sometime or other a little deranged;
And if it be true, that I here have said of,
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

His face was the oddest that ever was known,
His mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his chin;
And whenever he spoke, it was with his nose;
And in talking he always made some sort of noise.

He'd an arm on each side, to use when he'd please,
He never worked hard, when he found it his ease;
Two legs he had got to make him complete,
He thought was most strange, as I much and sure he feet.

His legs, as folks say, he could use at his will,
And when he was walking, he never stood still;
He never had yet seen his equal, I'll say you burst,
For one leg or Father would always go first.

Another strange thing as e'er I did meet,
Was when he was hungry he always did eat;
He drank when he was dry, and then, if you'd note,
Whatever he drank always went down his throat.

If this animated fellow had a river to cross,
If he couldn't get over, he said where he was;
And though he ne'er went off the dry ground,
So great was his luck that he never was drowned.

Another strange thing about him I'll tell,
For when he was sick he was always unwell;
He gave a deep sigh, then oped his mouth wide,
And somehow or other this odd Fellow died.

But the reason he died, and the cause of his death,
Was simply, poor soul, for the want of more breath;
And now he is left in the cold earth to moulder,
If he had lived a day longer, he'd have been a day older.



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PRESENTED TO GEN. BOWERMAN BY THE 7TH REGIMENT.

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T. ALCOCK & CO.—Seeing your notice in the Police Gazette, I got four of your Porous Plasters, and put them on the parts where the pains were most severe, and in less than twelve hours could walk as well as ever. I could hardly believe it, but it was true. I wanted to see if the lameness would come back on me or not, so I did more walking that day than I had done in a week. The next day I had to walk a great deal, but I put on a plaster there, and in two hours the pain was all gone; nor have I felt it since. Certainly they are the best application for the cure of pain in the side, back, or bowels, and for varicose or enlarged veins. I have ever known; and I would not be without them on any account.

YOURS, truly, JOSEPH GATEWOOD.

(From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.)

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was first introduced to my notice. I had been for some time with an irritation of the throat, attended with a distressing cough. I had for some months previous sought this or preparation, having for its basis the tonic bark of white pine, might be compounded with it such medicines as the state of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in disease as above mentioned, I availed a small quantity of the same, and in less than three days, and gave it in teaspoonfuls doses. The result was obtained. The distressing irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I was sent to a help for Leadville, Col. Ter., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, accompanied with pain in the breast, and had raised considerable with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She has since been owned in Chicago, Ill. In December, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled. Sold by druggists.

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of many years in the New England States, where its merits have become well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It also cures all diseases of the kidneys, such as the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

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Fine Gold Watch or Plate.

Send 25 cents for the Golden Envelope, containing valuable receipts and songs; and one of the sealed Certificates, which are well mixed and taken out regardless of choice, will be sent, which will inform you what you can get for $2, from a Butter-Dish or Caster, worth $10, to a Watch or Grand Piano, worth $500. Also will be sent our new color, containing list of articles and full particulars; also terms to agents, to whom great inducements are offered.

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TAKE YOUR OWN MEASURE AND SEND TO
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First. Place the foot upon a pieced paper and trace the outlines of same with a pencil, which will give the length and spread of the foot, as shown in figure A.
Second. Obtain the following measurements, in inches and fractions, with tape measure, as shown in figure B, viz:
1st.—The Ball of the foot.
2d.—The Low Instep.
3d.—The High Instep.
4th.—The Heel.
5th.—The Ankle.
6th.—The Calf.


Fig. B.


Fig. A.

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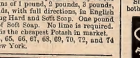
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Neuralgia and Rheumatism are among the most difficult diseases to cure, as from their attacks no tissue in the human body is exempt—as eye, ear, or calling, secure. Holloway's medicines are, without exaggeration, the only safe and sure remedies for these difficult. Sold every where.

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ALUM AND DRY PLASTER, FIRE AND BURGLAR
SAFES
Never lose their fire-proof qualities, corrode the iron, or mould their contents.
Sideboard and parlor safes for silverware.
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CHINA AND GLASSWARE:
DAVIS COLLAMORE & CO.,
479 Broadway New York.
Four Doors below Broome Street,
Are now opening new and beautiful goods.

TO LET.
The Four-Story Building, No. 81 Broad Street, 38 feet front. Possession 1st of May next. Apply to
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PAPER COLLAR
The Cheapest Collar Ever Invented,
Showing the embossed or printed stitch equally well on both sides. Made in white, fancy and printed stitch.



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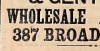
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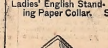

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Ladies' Collars from 75 cents to $2 per 100.
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 478.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 126.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1866.

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION.

IT is now nearly eighty years since the Constitution of the United States was framed. The sagacity which moulded it is attested by the fact that it has adapted itself so long to the necessities of a nation which has increased and extended beyond precedent. No written national constitution has endured so long and prosperously. But wise and skillful as it is, it was the work of man, and, like all human work, it was not perfect. The fathers who made it foresaw that Time would reveal the necessity of change in some of its details, while its great principles of Justice and Liberty would remain forever immutable. They provided, therefore, for its amendment by means which should not in the least degree imperil the stability of the Government established by it, and various amendments have been already adopted.

The experience of eighty years has shown that in two essential points the Constitution was defective. These points were not unknown to its framers; but they were those which made the adoption of any constitution doubtful, and they saw that, to form the Union, some concession was essential. The Instrument, therefore, did not speak plainly and decidedly on either point. It left the terms destroy all claim of State Sovereignty, and it did not secure the equal rights of all the people of the country; and it is now clear that from that double obscurity the civil war proceeded. The injustice was continued by some of the States, and the doctrine of State Sovereignty was unanimously maintained in those States that a convenient constitutional pretext might be found for destroying the nation in which it contains the injustice. When the crisis came the rebellion justified itself as constitutional, and so thoroughly had the public mind been poisoned that the power of resistance was almost paralyzed. But it rallied, and the struggle was fierce and long, ending in the assertion written in the life-blood of thousands and millions of American citizens that the doctrine of State Sovereignty is not to be tolerated under any pretense, and that equal rights shall be universal.

It is obvious that after such a struggle the Constitution must be amended; for if we are to have a Constitution it ought certainly to express the unanimous convictions of the people sealed by their blood. And if the Constitution is ever to be enlarged or modified in any manner now is the time. The war is the ghastly proof of the weakness of certain parts of the instrument, and we can never strengthen those parts so securely as now. It is because this is the universal national conviction that the emancipation amendment was so readily passed.

But the moment that was adopted it changed certain fundamental provisions, and made others necessary. Thus the basis of representation and taxation has hitherto been the whole number of free persons, and, excluding untaxed Indians, three-fifths of all other persons. But the emancipation amendment abolishes the three-fifths five-fifths who have no political power, and, if they are to be thus counted, a gross inequality of representation is created in favor of those who are most alienated from the Government; and, still further, the consequence will be that, in the very section which is thus unjustly preferred, only half the population will be taxed without any representation whatever. An amendment to avoid so absurd a result is therefore justly necessary; and, under such circumstances, to complain of "tinkering the Constitution," is to complain of simple justice. The New Hampshire Democratic Convention and the Virginia Legislature are opposed to any constitutional amendment. But such opposition merely proves both its justice and necessity.

In amending the Constitution it will be always remembered by wise men that it is the fundamental law, and should contain only permanent principles. Temporary expedients are better attained by Congressional acts. Yet, as the fundamental law of the United States will be manifestly imperfect until it guarantees equal rights for every one of the people, we shall gladly hail and support every practicable measure toward this great result; and, meanwhile, let every man who knows that peace and progress are sure only as they are founded upon justice, do what he can to persuade public opinion to believe it.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE last solemn rite in commemoration of ABRAHAM LINCOLN has now been performed. As the historians at the Grecian games told the traditions of the country to the assembled Greeks, so the historian of the United States has recited the latest chapter of its story to the Congress and all the chief officers of the nation. The orator was most wisely chosen, and his discourse illustrates the immense advantage to a public speaker of severe literary training. MR. BANCROFT, of whom we last week published a portrait and sketch, is so accustomed to a comprehensive view of the sequence and relation of events, and to a graphic relation of them, that he treated the story of the war with thoroughness of grasp, completeness and felicity of description, and a severe but true eloquence. His words are exactly chiseled, and the force and precision of his history of the civil war in its causes and relations will secure a permanent value to this discourse.

The character of LINCOLN himself we could have wished estimated with a subtler sympathy. But it is hard for a man of purely intellectual temperament like the historian heartily to appreciate a simpler and more emotional nature like that of the late President. Posterity will see in him a greater man than his contemporaries can acknowledge. The latter days the poetic mist of increasing time would have enlarged him in the popular mind to a demi-god. And among all the incidents of his life none will be more fondly prized and remembered than that which THOMAS NAST has illustrated in this paper.

On Tuesday, April 4, the day after the capture of Richmond by the Union army, President LINCOLN entered the city. He came up as far as VARINA in the *River Queen*, and was thence drawn over in an open carriage to Richmond, where he met Admiral PORTER, who had by that time reached the wharf in the *Malvern*. About eleven o'clock the President walked up the streets of the late rebel capital, preceded by half a dozen marines, and accompanied by Admiral PORTER, Captain BELL, and some citizens who had come down ahead of his arrival. Crowds thronged the streets, and chief and eager among them the emancipated race, which called HOOVER'S Benediction upon their Liberator and FRANCIS the Greeted by. Ten days afterward those sad eyes that had seen the end of the great labor closed, and the anxious heart that had fear for the consequences, was stilled forever. The nation that loved him mourns for him, and will long mourn. It will be more. It will secure to the utmost the Liberty which, in the name of the nation, ABRAHAM LINCOLN proclaimed.

TAXATION OF OUR PUBLIC DEBT

IT was well known at the time, that many of our lending capitalists, among them Mr. ASTOR, were lately examined by the United States Revenue Commissioners on the question whether or not it is equitable for the General Government to impose a direct tax on such of its public debt as was held by citizens of the United States, the amount received to be applied to a sinking fund pledged to the ultimate payment of the principal of the debt. The ostensible reason for the imposition of this tax was the supposed inequality of existing legislation to meet the growing disposition in favor of a tax by the several States on the income derived from those securities. A report having been made on the subject to Congress since our last issue was made up, the injunction of secrecy imposed on the press is no longer in force, and we are glad to be able to notice this very important proceeding. The entire bill accompanying the report imposes an *annual* tax of one per cent. on the face of that portion of the debt which is payable in coin, and seven-tenths of one per cent. on the principal of the gold-bearing bonds. The tax is equivalent to a reduction of the rate of interest on the Seven-Thirties of one per cent. annually, and on the Five-Twenties and Ten-Forties each of seven-tenths of one per cent. annually, thus leaving the true rate payable in coin, the Seven-Thirties $5\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. instead of 6, and on the Ten-Forty bonds only $4\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. instead of 5 per cent., an unjust discrimination against the latter. The income derived from the reduction of rate of interest is left subject to the income tax of ten per cent. imposed by the United States, and is also subject to such State, county, or other tax as shall hereafter "be equally imposed and levied upon all incomes, or directly upon all real and personal property within the United States, subject to taxation." The tax by its terms excepts from its operation that portion of the debt which is held abroad, supposed to amount to $200,000,000, and applies to the residue, upward of $2,000,000,000, held at home. It is thus seen that the value of these securities will be greatly impaired if the bill pass, unless it shall be accompanied by exemption secured by the bill against the schemes of demagogues in the several States amounts to a flat equivalent for this forced reduction in the rate of interest. The arguments presented in the report of MR. HAYES, one of the Commissioners (for he does not directly responsible for the measure) in favor of the passage of the bill, are founded in part on the testimony given by those capitalists, a synopsis of which is published with the report; but we see nothing in the evidence thus taken to justify so large a reduction in the rate of interest, and hence we infer that the justification for it is found, if any exist, in the mass of testimony not reported, taken by the Commissioners, to ascertain the effect of present taxation on the industry and future growth of the country. We regret that we are not able to present a view of this testimony, but we can not shut our eyes to the conviction that the fear of State taxation is not the only motive for the bill, but that it is founded also on the apprehension that the burden of the debt will be found too oppressive. The Report states: "Our debt is not excessively large compared with our means of payment. *Our interest paid is reasonable and extreme by just.*" . . . "A general system of indirect taxation on a scale as large as ours will either be abandoned for a better, or it will reduce the masses to pauperism and dependence," etc. The payments for local and general taxes are stated at $597,000,000, or within $125,161,781 of the entire net earnings of the people of the United States for 1860, which are quoted with approbation from the *Social Science Review* at $799,161,781, or 5 per cent. on the whole amount of property. According to the amount of Government tax the per-centages stated as necessarily charged by wholesale and retail dealers on their commodities reach consumers, and the payments amount to $125,161,781 over and above those entire net earnings.

An examination of these figures presents the monstrous fact that our annual payments for and by reason of all taxes require a constant invasion of the capital of those who pay, and hence the conclusion in the report that "the interest paid is unreasonable and extravagant," having reference of course to the amount of the debt. The remedies proposed are:

1. Such a change as will secure a reduction in the rate of interest, the amount to be applied to a sinking fund for the ultimate payment of the principal of the debt.

2. The imposition of a tax on the real and personal property in the United States according to its assessed value, for which purpose an amendment of the Constitution is proposed. This will relieve much of the industry of the United States from the burdens upon it which are now distributed.

3. A resort to specie payments, by means of a reduction in the weight of metal equivalent to the present difference between gold and our legal-tender paper.

If measures of this sweeping character are necessary for meeting the payments of the Government on the debt, of course be resorted to; but we have been accustomed to suppose, and we still think—although without the lights which the great body of testimony taken by the Commissioners must afford—that the resources of the country are ample for this purpose without resorting to this extraordinary measure. It has already been mentioned that MR. HAYES is solely responsible for this bill and report not undergoing examination in Congress; but all the Commissioners recommended that his report should be printed. We think that, on the strength of which MR. MCCULLOCH sent it in, especially recommending its consideration, but stating that he disagreed with its objects. The report is long, but the majority of the commission upon a partial consideration did not accede to the proposition to recommend the passage of the bill. The remarkable language shows that they neither dissented from it nor were willing to state that they were unfavorable to its passage. They merely did not agree "to recommend its passage." It was the possible fear that the foundations of the Government credit might be seriously shaken which induced this extraordinary act that has been observed in introducing this measure to the deliberations of Congress and the country.

If the alleged discontent with the exemption of the bonds from State taxation is a danger of being aggravated by the action of demagogues into a feeling calculated to impair the value of those securities, and if taxation of the debt by the General Government is necessary to counteract this mischievous tendency, it would seem that a much lower tax might accomplish the purpose. The sinking fund created out of this tax constitutes the sole provision for the ultimate payment of the principal of the debt. While the holders of the bonds must contribute in the shape of taxes to the payment of interest they alone are called upon by this bill to pay the principal to the exemption of foreign capital. This is scarcely a necessary, under any view of the case, to saddle the whole principal of the debt upon the holders of it here, the consideration for it being the certain and ultimate payment of the lower rate of interest adjusted by the bill. On the contrary, every interest in the country ought to be liable for this object, the accomplishment of which constitutes the highest and most sacred duty of an American citizen.

DEMOCRATIC SPRING FASHIONS.

THE Democratic Conventions of New Hampshire and Connecticut have laid down the Democratic platform for the spring elections. Upon the one important point of reorganization they are logical and consistent. They declare that the Legislatures of the late rebel States having revoked their pretended Acts of Secession, "said States are of right entitled to all the privileges and powers of States belonging to and exercised by them previous to said pretended Acts of Secession." This is the ground which the New York *World* took early last spring, before the complete surrender of the rebels. "Throw down your arms," cried the *World* to its political allies in rebellion, "repeal your Acts of Secession, elect Senators and Representatives, hurry to the Capitol, and demand a voice in the organization of Congress; and let us see who will dare to oppose you." That is all it has seen. Probably it has discovered that the loyal American people, who were strong enough to conquer rebel arms, were also shrewd enough not to be fooled by rebel arts. Probably it will continue to behold the same spectacle for some time yet.

And now let every honest citizen of Connecticut and New Hampshire, as well as of all the other States, understand exactly what this Democratic platform is. It asserts that South Carolina and Mississippi, having laid down their arms and accepted their Acts of Secession, are again in the Union exactly as New York or New Hampshire are. If this be true military commanders have no right to control the civil authorities in those States as they now do. Yet if the United States troops were withdrawn, every loyal Union man in those States would be in danger of his life. That, of course, does not trouble the Democracy, which, in its party sympathies during the war were for the rebels in those States, can not be expected to care for Union men now that the war is over.

Again, if the Democratic position be correct, the Freedmen's Bureau must be abolished, and the ongoing legislation of the late rebel States, which at every hazard was wholly loyal during the war, must be abandoned to the Black Codes and the Vagrant laws, as well as to the unbridled wrath and vengeance of men who bitterly hate them. The consequences may be imagined.

When Democratic plan be adopted, the men who are still hot with hate of the Government and the Union, who frankly confess it, and who are elected for that very reason, must be admitted to Congress to Congress to take a supreme share in the control of a Government whose destruction they have long and fiercely attempted. They will naturally regard as a conquering and alien power. He who doubts whether they would strain every nerve to involve the country in foreign wars, and to ruin its credit by imposing upon consequences for the losses of the war at the South, has little knowledge of human nature or of history.

These Democratic Conventions also solemnly declare that they support the President. But it is see if they do. If, as they claim, every late rebel State is of right entitled to exercise every power that it did before the rebellion, certainly the President has no right to override their civil authority with the national military power. Yet he does so. He retains General Tenney in Virginia, who suspended the action of the State Legislature in certain cases. Do the Connecticut Democracy approve? The President continues General SICKLES in South Carolina, and Governor ORR submits. Do the New Hampshire Democracy approve? The President sustains the Freedmen's Bureau. Do the Connecticut Democracy approve? The President favors impartial suffrage in Tennessee. Do the New Hampshire Democracy agree? The President approves a Constitutional Amendment limiting the basis of representation to actual voters. The New Hampshire Democracy oppose with true Tory instinct "all proposed or anticipated amendments to the Constitution." The President holds the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* suspended in several States. The New Hampshire Democracy declares that "it is a right which must be preserved." If the States in question are entitled to their position before the rebellion, how do the Connecticut and New Hampshire Democracy support a President who denies them that position, and who insists that only men known to be "loyal" shall be admitted to Congress?

Our readers will not suppose that "loyal" friends the Democrats, so-called because of their hostility to every distinctive Democratic principle, were in favor of the war. Three years ago they relieved that they were in favor of the war, but were opposed to carrying it on. Now they resolve that they support the President, but are opposed to what he does. Really, they, as the old judge said to the young lawyer that the court might be supposed to know some law, so the loyal people of this country, who have saved its Government from armed rebellion at the South and Copperhead sympathy at the North, may be supposed by this time to understand the huge political nonsense called the Democratic party. From the moment the people of the United States, plainly seeing whether this party was driving the country, put it out of power, its oracles have regularly proclaimed with owlish solemnity that we are all going to the "dominion bow-wows." Journals which unscrupulously supported HORATIO SEYMOUR, who declared he would give up the Union rather than Slavery, and which strenuously advocated the election of GEORGE H. PENDLETON, an open disunionist, against ANDREW JOHNSON, now inform the people who elected ANDREW JOHNSON that they are his only loyal supporters and the bosom friends of the Union. We are in great peril, they tell

as plaintively, as they have told us for five years past, but all can be avoided upon one little condition. If the people would only comprehend! If they would only see that to put the country out of danger it is only necessary to put the political allies of JEFFERSON DAVIS and the leaders of the Chicago Convention into power! In a word, if they would only believe—and with the experience of the last five years how can they help it?—that the Democratic party are the sole friends of the Union and of the Government and of ANDREW JOHNSON! Yes, if you only believed a green cheese to be the moon! Why, believe more than that, the people will intrust the Government to the political allies of its enemies, and not until then.

COLORADO.

THE Senators from Colorado have been admitted to the floor of the Senate, and their admission to seats is warmly urged in some quarters. But before that is done Congress will doubtless thoroughly investigate the facts of the case.

It will then appear that in March, 1864, an enabling act was passed by Congress, but that people of Colorado met, at a legal election in September of that year, decided against the admission under the Constitution proposed. In the summer of 1865 an informal call was issued by the Territorial Committees of both parties for a Constitutional Convention, and an election was held—or, rather, since there was no law, an expression of opinion was taken for delegates to the Convention, and subsequently for a Constitution and a Legislature. The Constitution was adopted by a majority of the votes cast, and the Legislature was chosen in pursuance of the Constitution. The Legislature elected Messrs. EVANS and CHAFFEE Senators, and they went to Washington. Upon their arrival they requested the President to proclaim Colorado a State. But the President very properly replied that his whole authority in the matter was derived from the enabling act, and as the Constitution submitted to the people of the Territory in pursuance of that act had been rejected by them, its force had expired, and with it its authority. He therefore referred them to Congress.

The whole proceeding, therefore, from the call of the Committees to the election of the Senators, must be regarded as a petition of certain people of the Territory that it be erected into a State; and the labor of Congress is made all the more difficult because it must explore every detail. An enabling act is a convenient method devised by Congress to ascertain the wishes and conditions of a Territory in regard to a State Constitution. If there shall appear to be a sufficient population; if a majority, upon a fair vote, accept a Constitution framed by delegates elected in pursuance of the enabling act; and if the conditions of the Constitution are in the judgment of Congress republican—then, it may, at its pleasure, admit the Territory as a State. But it is absolutely unbound except by its own discretion. It may refuse to admit a State formed in virtue of an enabling act if the Constitution is unsatisfactory, and it may admit a State without an enabling act if it is fully satisfied upon all those points upon which it is the purpose of an enabling act to inform it.

Now it is very strongly urged that the whole population of the Territory of Colorado is not more than 25,000—men, women, and children; that of the votes cast for the Constitution under the call of the committees there was a majority in its favor of only 155, and that at least 2000 were obtained from votes on the ground of the illegality of the election. The Constitution thus adopted excludes colored men from the suffrage, although we have the testimony of a witness of the fact that such men enjoy the benefit of the Homestead Act, preempt lands of the United States, discover and mine the Government mineral lands, have a share in the division of any rights by the district laws of the miners, and are quiet, industrious people, and many of them rich. Moreover, this Constitution disfranchised them at the very moment they were volunteering into the army.

These statements will, of course, be satisfactorily proved or disproved before Congress acts finally upon the question of admission. The action of the voters upon the Constitution was not authorized by Congress, and merely informally expresses the wishes of certain inhabitants of the Territory. This fact being borne in mind, we may all trust Congress to see that no injustice is done any resident of Colorado.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SUFFRAGE.

No man who knew the White House in the dreary days of PIERCE and BUCHANAN could have believed that in less than six years after they left it, a man who in their time was a slaveholder and a Southern democrat would stand in that House as President and say to a delegation of colored men, headed by a fugitive slave and pleading for absolute equal rights:

"I would it were so that all you advocated could be done in the twinkling of an eye;" and adding, that they were pursuing the same end but by different means. We confess that we are more cheered by this fact and these words than surprised or disheartened that the President does not agree as to methods and times with Mr. DOUGLASS and his friends.

The President's position is plain. Let us suppose it is one that should cause disquiet or discourage those who believe that an honorable and peaceful Union can be established only upon equal rights. He is not opposed to impartial suffrage, but he thinks it better that those who are now vested with the political power in any State should decide when and how it is expedient to alter its system. Looking at the actual situation, he is of opinion that the morbid hate of the colored race upon the part of the whites, in the unorganized States, and the ignorance of the colored people there is in general landless, homeless, ignorant, and habitually dependent, as sufficient reasons for not enfranchising them by the law as regards an unconstitutional exercise of power. The consequence of such action, however just in itself, he considers would be a conflict of races—a war between the whites and the blacks—which could hold their own against the whites in the contest, he supposes, and his doubtless right in the supposition, that in the end none but the whites of the whole country would be aroused against the unfortunate colored population and postpones indefinitely the establishment of equal rights. It is known that the President is, as a matter of expediency, to maintain the personal freedom of the colored race, to give them land and protect them in its enjoyment, to restrict the present political community in which they live to enfranchise them, to secure that result by compulsory not by voluntary enactment.

Now if, as many assert, he proposed to leave the freedmen at the South naked to their enemies by withdrawing the troops, by abolishing the Freedmen's Bureau, or by restoring the privilège of the *habeas corpus*—if, in a word, the President were in favor of the Democratic policy in the Southern States, he would be scorned and repudiated by every human and honorable man. But it is not so. He thinks and says a great deal more. He virtually says in his judgment and in his conscience, which in my judgment and in my conscience I BELIEVE, Congress, alone, has the right to give it. But if will do all that I can to make them see that it is their interest to give it to you by recommending, as I have recommended, that representation shall be based upon the number of voters. I do not propose to leave you defenceless to your enemy panoplied in political power. I will not withdraw the strong or cast down the weak. And if I can not do what you wish directly and in your way, I shall yet do it in the speediest way I can.

This is certainly an intelligible and consistent position. Its weak point, however, is evident. It makes the President's judgment and not the place of the ballot in the colored population of the late Slave States. But it admits to Congress those who deprive the freedmen of the ballot, and it leaves the Freedmen's Bureau shall be continued. If the enemies of the freedmen shall at this time have an increased representation based upon the whole race—as they will have after the unorganized States be required to adopt the amendment—we shall have done what we can to deprive the freedman of the only defence against the hate which the United States in question are thus disproportionately represented, and secured by various combinations in overthrowing the Union, what will prevent this hate from the enormous guilt of conferring freedom upon a race, yet, while it had the power, refusing to secure it? And when the millions are once more

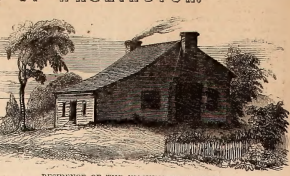
THE BIRTH-PLACE, HOME, AND TOMB OF WASHINGTON.



SITE OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-PLACE.



SWORD AND STAFF.



RESIDENCE OF THE WASHINGTON FAMILY.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S birth-place was destroyed before the Revolution. Upon its site was owned by WASHINGTON'S father. It was soon after WASHINGTON'S birth, in 1732, that his parents removed to this estate. The mansion has long since gone to decay.

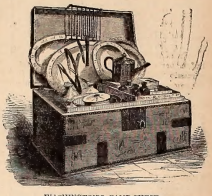
In the rooms of the National Institute (a portion of the Patent Office Building) at the Capital are to be seen WASHINGTON'S SWORD AND STAFF. The sword is inclosed in a black leather sheath, with silver mountings. The handle is ivory, colored a pale green, and wound spirally with silver wire. The belt is more ancient, having upon it a silver plate on which is engraved "1757." The staff belonged to FRANKLIN, and was by him bequeathed to WASHINGTON. It had been presented to FRANKLIN by a French dowager Duchess, Madame DE TOBACH.

Near the Staff and Sword stand WASHINGTON'S CAMP-CHEST, of which we give an illustration. This is an old-fashioned hair trunk, twenty-one inches in length, fifteen in width, and ten in depth, filled with table furniture used by the chief during the Revolution. The compartments are so ingeniously arranged that they contain a gridiron, a coffee and tea pot, three tin sauce-pans, five glass flasks, three large meat dishes, sixteen plates, two knives and five forks, a candlestick and tinder-box, tea and sugar boxes, and five small bottles.

POHICK CHURCH, where WASHINGTON worshiped, is about seven miles from Mount Vernon, upon an elevation on the borders of a forest of oaks, chestnuts, and pines. The MANSION AT MOUNT VERNON was occupied by WASHINGTON both before and after the War for Independence had been fought. It overlooks the waters of the Potomac and the shores of Maryland beyond. WASHINGTON'S mansion is built of wood, cut so as to resemble stone, and is two stories in height. The central part was built by LAWRENCE WASHINGTON, brother of the General. WASHINGTON himself added the wings. On the eastern or river front is a



POHICK CHURCH.



WASHINGTON'S CAMP-CHEST.

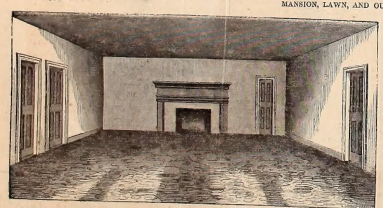
GEORGE W. P. CUSTIS, Esq., Washington's Aid-de-camp, placed a slab of free-stone, represented in the above engraving. The house was precisely the same in appearance as the RESIDENCE OF THE WASHINGTON FAMILY, shown in the engraving opposite. It was a plain honse-stead of one story and attic, situated on the "Wakefield Estate," near the junction of Pope's Creek with the Potomac, in Westmoreland County, Va. The stone which marks the site was deposited in its place in June, 1815. It was enveloped in the Star-Spangled Banner, and laid upon the spot by four Revolutionary patriots and soldiers. The pedestal was constructed of bricks from the old chimney that once formed the hearth about which WASHINGTON played in his infancy. This was the first monumental stone ever erected to the memory of WASHINGTON.

The residence of the Washington family, in the engraving already alluded to, was situated on the Rappahannock, near Fredericksburg, in Stafford County, and piazza, extending the entire length of the building. The estate passed into WASHINGTON'S hands July 26, 1752. The large north room in which he entertained his friends is preserved, with the furniture in the same condition in which he left it. Upon the walls are pictures of hunting and battle scenes. The ROOM IN WHICH WASHINGTON DIED is closed to the public gaze. The architecture of the room remains unchanged. It is entirely empty, as represented in our engraving.

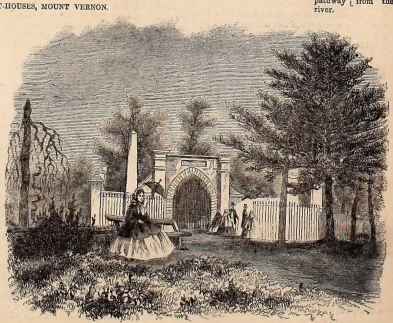
The TOMB OF WASHINGTON is a spacious vault of brick, with an arched roof. Its iron door opens into a vestibule, in which, seen through a picketed iron gate, stand two marble sarcophagi, containing the remains of WASHINGTON and his wife. Over the vault door is this inscription: "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE; HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET SHALL HE LIVE." The tomb is situated near the pathway from the river.



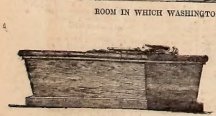
MANSION, LAWN, AND OUT-HOUSES, MOUNT VERNON.



ROOM IN WHICH WASHINGTON DIED, DECEMBER 14, 1799.



THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.



WASHINGTON'S COFFIN.



THE LID.

THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM C. DEVEREUX,* FIFTH REGIMENT, EXCELSIOR BRIGADE.

THE low wind sighs o'er a Southern plain
That once was strewn with the battle slain;
And the moist earth drinks the falling rain,
That once was wet with a blood-red stain.

Dark, lowering clouds the heavens o'erspread,
Whence the battle smoke has long since fled;
And where voiceless lay the fallen dead
A nameless grave is seen instead.

Through the leafless woods the low winds creep,
As a sobbing moan from the loved who weep;
And with aching hearts their vigils keep
For one in a nameless grave asleep.

The withered grass 'neath the falling rain
O'er the grave bends low like ripened grain;
But weary hearts, though bowed with pain,
His nameless grave shall seek in vain.

In forest wild and meadow green
May be many a lowly hillock seen;
A patriot heart from the tempest keen
Each nameless grave for aye shall screen.

'Neath this low mound lies one who gave
A life to God—the right to save;
Too noble thou to live a slave—
Thou fellest now a nameless grave.

Slumber, loved one! sweetly sleep;
Thou art at rest—the living weep;
Green thy memory here will keep,
For we on earth thy life-fruits reap.

Rest thee, dear one! Not in vain
Hath thy life-star set in pain;
For thou the holy place shall gain
The noble dead alone attain.

On wings triumphant from the tomb
Rise, patriot spirit! This thy doom:
"Enshrined for aye in vernal bloom,
A nation's heart shall be thy tomb."

FITZHUGH, PA., *Jan.* 7, 1866. G. W. D.

* "Missing" since the second Bull Run engagement, August 31, 1862.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

BY GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

LET us linger a few moments longer before we plunge again into the stormy epoch of Secession with which these pages began. We will loiter but a moment. Heaven knows Secession will come soon enough.

Blessed forever be the quickening of the sap in the veins, the putting forth of leaves and tender blossoms hued like the rainbow, the eager joy of beginning the earliest rudiments of future fruit—the spring-time of youth! Never physician entered upon the case of his first patient, never lawyer undertook the business of his first client, never painter began his first painting, nor sculptor his first statue, nor poet his first poem, with more eagerness than did the young minister engage in his new charge. Only his was a diviner joy than theirs, as his work was a diviner work. He had dreamed of it all while yet a boy, for, from his earliest remembrance, the ministry had been the purpose of his life. A hundred times had he planned exactly what he would do, and what he would not carefully avoid, if, after having charge, while yet in college. As to his three years in the Theological Seminary, not a day but he had determined upon some new evil to be avoided in his future ministry, upon some new virtue to be practiced. During all the three years, he had never, to any one known one of his own proposed profession, thrown with him in biography or in person, but he had said to himself, "By the help of God, this man enter the ministry, I will never, never be this and that as I see it in this individual. God helping me, never will I be guilty of this fault, this success which adorns this man shall be equaled, by the grace of God, surpassed, when I am fairly upon the stage."

That memorable morning after his arrival in Somerville, when he awoke in Rutledge Bowles's office, there in Mrs. Bowles's front yard, it was a feeling half of pleasure and half of terror with which he realized that his life's business, for which he had been so long time and so praying, dreaming, was at last fairly entered upon. Ah, how fervently he prayed that God would be beside his neat bed! What expressions of his own inability to do aught unaided on his lips, and what perfect confidence that he should be enabled, every thing throbbing the same instant in his heart! No patriarch more dignified than he in conducting family worship that morning as Mrs. Bowles's parlor beneath the steady stare of the old Major from his gilded frame, Mrs. Bowles in her low rocking-chair, the old gentleman upon an ottoman at her feet, and the two family servants seated solemnly near the door. Had he perfect control of his voice during the prayer expressly and definitely to Mrs. Bowles and her daughter, his manner would have continued artificial; but, from the first habit, after the space of eight verses, he became deeply and devotionally interested in the words, and read them accordingly; so that of his prayer nothing could be more natural because nothing could be more sincere. Were it only for the effect of it on one's consequent humility, his Maker's ear is as admirable thing to possess a deep and habitual reference to, and heart-felt belief in, One supremely above the whole of us.

"The head of the table, did you say?" asked Mr. Arthur a few minutes after, as they were seating themselves at the breakfast-table.

"If you please, Mr. Arthur, the *foot* of the table," said Mrs. Bowles, with a slight South Carolinianism of stress upon the word.

It was a dreadful moment for the bashful theologian, fresh from the barbarism of three years' eating with slouched and slipshod companions in the seminary refectory. His cheeks burned, and Alice's eyes danced with fun. As all the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew in the world can not destroy the true gentleman in a man where it exists by nature—

"You must pardon me, Mrs. Bowles," he said, with a frank smile, after pronouncing the blessing, and with perfect ease of manner; "but I have been living for the last several years like a sort of Robinson Crusoe upon a species of desert island."

"Yes?" asked Mrs. Bowles, to whom his manner was as an Open Sesame, while Alice's mirth became diminished as she found it shared with their guest himself. And so, during the pauses of the breakfast, their new acquaintance gave them in a humorous manner some description of his scholastic life. It was doubly interesting to the mother from the fact that her son was at college in Columbia.

"Really, Mr. Arthur," she said, at last, "it is almost like having Rutledge Bowles on a visit home from Columbia. He always occupied since the death of his father the seat you are now in. You remind me of him, I assure you." Higher compliment than that no new acquaintance could receive from her lips. "You were not educated at Columbia, Mr. Arthur?"

"At Hampden Sydney, Madam," replied her guest.

"In Virginia, I think it is?" asked she. Not quite as low down as Yale or Princeton; however, he was not to blame, she felt sure. Mr. Arthur replies in the affirmative. "You are a native of Virginia, I think?"

"Yes, Madam."

"You did right, quite right to enter an institution in your own State," said Mrs. Bowles, glad to find a defense for him. "I dare say they are not so extravagantly expensive where you were educated. I am almost shocked at Rutledge Bowles's expenditure. I suppose, however, his situation in such a place as Columbia requires greater expense than in other places."

And terribly expensive the fond mother did find her son's education there; but she stinted herself proudly for it; she mentioned it with unconscious pride in her tones; it was part and parcel of being at Columbia.

"Though, while we are upon the subject, there is one thing in regard to Columbia I have never yet fully understood," said Mrs. Bowles, after a while. "Rutledge Bowles has explained it to me over and over again in his letters—the perpetual revolutions in the College, I mean. From what Rutledge Bowles writes it has been impossible for the students to pursue, consistently with their own honor, any other course. It seems strange that the many Faculties of the College can not come to understand, any of them, what the youth of South Carolina are, and what they will not submit to. Strange! It is a great interruption to the studies, I fear, if know very little of the institutions out of the State; but I fear it is something peculiar to Columbia," said Mrs. Bowles, though her fear sounded far more like pride.

Yes, in the history, eventful enough, of the College of South Carolina, at Columbia, you have, in epitome, the character and history of the State itself. Self-will, contempt for rightful authority, reckless disregard of every thing except the selfish satisfaction of the hour! Gallant, generous, high-toned youth, *they* yield their own opinions to those of their Faculty? No, Sir! Rather than that, let the institution be wrecked to its foundation! Rather than that, let their own education, and consequent success in life, perish! See the same youth when grown a few inches higher in stature and immeasurably more generous, gallant, high-toned, and all the rest; *they* submit their own ideas to the superior authority of the General Government? they yield a hair's-breadth from their own heated view of their own rights and wrongs—imprescriptible rights, infinite wrongs? By all that elevates the man above the brute and the negro, never, Mr. Speaker, never! Rather, Sir, let the General Government be wrecked till not a spar floats to tell where once it sailed! Rather perish the hope of the human race! Above all, rather, Mr. Speaker, we of South Carolina lose every negro from our fields, every cent from our coffers, every city from our soil, every son on the field of battle from our hearth-stones! Perish the universe and we, Sir, we with it, rather than it move save as we intend it shall move! From his birth to his death never in the ages such a conspiracy as against your South Carolinian. Nurse, parent, schoolmaster, College Faculty, General Government, opinion of Christendom, course of God's eternal providence—one only-begun, universal, incessant combination against him. But not more magnificent the coalition than the defiance thereof on his part!

Poor Mrs. Bowles! From its foundation was practical Secession the incidental but leading part of the Columbia Curriculum, and well was the lesson learned. The yellow-fever is, they say, a standing affair in Cuba; and there lives scarce a man beside the Pedees, the Congaree, the Edisto, and the Cooper and Ashley but inhaled Secession as his vital atmosphere. It was too strong even for the Gospel. Heaven defend us, even in the conventions of religious bodies. It was: Mr. Chairman, Mr. Moderator, it is painful to us, Sir, it is very painful, but on this point we can not yield. No one can regret it more than ourselves, but, if brethren *will* press this point, there is, Sir, but one course left us—*In secula seculorumque, aut South Carolina aut nullus.*

Sturdy, wrong-headed little State! Look at it on the map there, altogether unlike North Carolina even on the one side, and Georgia on the other; tough, three-sided fragment of medieval granite, refusing to be dissolved or to lose an angle even in the rolling of the great waters of progress; requiring something besides the silent, serene processes of nature by which the craggy mountains are being melted slowly down and the rough globe rounded into shape; requiring the extra force and fury as of waters too long and too obstinately dammed back from their natural and inevitable course. Every soul of us, however, admires the South Carolina of history. Only let him be master, and a truer gentleman never breathed. The Hardkoppig Pelt in him is hidden under the Bayard, the Cœur de Leon. He is only a hundred years or so out of place, that is all. There is nothing to laugh at in Don Quixote except his living a century or two too late. Even then it is with pain that we smile at the ancient armor, hungaye defiant of the universe, and, most sorrowful of all, poor old Rosinante which bears him up!

But Mrs. Bowles has made us forget ourselves.

Breakfast over, the Rev. Edward Arthur sallied out into Somerville and his new life. Before night he had been introduced to more persons than during his entire academical course.

"If I can only remember all their names!" he thought. And all along, as he went here and there over Somerville, he had it vaguely often in his mind, "Oh, if I can but exert a new influence, an influence for good, a divine influence on these!"

So pleased was his manner, so unsuming, too, that the impression he made upon all was decidedly in his favor. It was not particularly much that the people of Somerville cared for preachers; there was any quantity of them to be seen every day about the streets, and to be heard every Sunday; yet all had a vague respect for the special denomination to which the new-comer belonged. Besides, education and piety had given a certain elevation to the countenance and bearing of the new preacher. As to that, every thing new has its *gloss*, we know. Very faithful were the lawyer, Mr. Ellis, Dr. Warner, and his other immediate friends from that time, not only in making him known to the people, but in making them known to him; and all such knowledge kept up a running commentary there-on in the mind of the novice.

"What an agreeable gentleman this Mr.—Mr.—" began he, on parting from the last introduction one day.

"Simmons—not Mr. — *Captain* Simmons. Don't forget the Captain part of his name when



SEEKING DIVINE GUIDANCE.



ARTHUR'S FIRST MEAL AT MRS. BOWLES'S.

you speak to him next," said the lawyer, who had introduced him.

"What an agreeable gentleman the Captain is!" continued the young minister. "You heard what he said about having led the choir before moving to Somerville. And his sentiments of regard for our new organization."

"And the tears in his eyes as he told you about his good old father, and about his mother's death-bed and dying charge. Umph, yes; drinks," replied the lawyer. Humph! And the young divine had on the instant planned a series of sermons on intemperance.

"Mr. Perrem, this is our new preacher, Mr. Arthur; Mr. Arthur, this is Mr. Peters, a member and pillar of one of the Somerville churches," interrupted the lawyer, introducing him to a tall, spare, white-haired old gentleman.

"Don't call me Mr. Peters—*Brother* Peters; and you must call me so always, Brother Arthur," said the old gentleman, warmly grasping and holding in his own the hand extended to him. "I heard you had come, and glad to see you—glad to see you. And you are but a young hand at the great work—a young hand, a young hand, Brother Arthur. You'll find it a hard field, hard field. But you know where your help is. Bless your soul, I was not five when I joined, and I've been about as good about since then; seen wonderful things. We must get better acquainted, Brother Arthur, better acquainted."

"Mr.—Brother Peters seems to be a warm Christian," said Mr. Arthur, after a few more cordial expressions with his new acquaintance, during the latter part of which his companion had endeavored several times, but in vain, to catch his eye.

"I declare," said the lawyer in reply, pushing his hat back off his forehead, and fingering indecisively a moment behind his right ear in consideration, "I do not know whether to leave you to find your new acquaintances or not. Besides, I don't want to cast a damper on you. But the fact is, this Brother Peters—"

"Does not drink, I hope?" asked his companion, hastily.

"Oh no," replied the lawyer, quick to deny such a charge. "Sober as you or I, hard working, honest, kind-hearted, punctual at church as can be; nothing in the world against him but his awful flux. Lying deep beneath is his name every where. He knows it as well as any one. His friends have talked to him about it, his church has worked with him in every way, every new preacher they get makes a special effort with him; it does no good. He has lied so long it has become his nature to lie where he has happen to be speaking about, and always. Like an old weaver and his oaths, lying Sam Peters tells falsehoods from morning till night without knowing it."

Alas! that sudden sinking of the heart in the bosom of the young minister. It is a painful thing that sinking of the heart in the bosom of the young and sanguine. After a while they will learn to bear more sturdily through every thing.

"Ah, yes, Annias and Sapphira, the sin and the penalty of falsehood; I must speak on that subject," muttered Mr. Arthur to himself, some relief in that.

In the course of the day the two friends came upon Brother Barker, to whom the new-comer was made known. As soon as it could be conveniently done, mother Barker—as Brother Barker felt compelled to tell his new brother in the ministry that there were certain doctrines held by him or brother's denomination which he really could not agree with him in at all, which, in fact, he regarded as against Scripture and common sense, and which would actually be regarded as—but he would not wound the young brother's feelings by saying all he deeply, very deeply felt on the subject!

A series of discourses establishing our peculiar doctrines, and as soon as possible. Because, you must know, very much depends is for one to do!" thought Mr. Arthur, as he parted from his new friend.

As for brother Barker, the arrival of the new minister precipitated him for weeks after with a velocence never seen to him against the obsession doctrines in question. That person with the zealous Brother fairly dilated with their enormity, as in private conversation and from the public pulpit he fought against the execrable doctrines, with long, muscular arms, gleaming eyes, and feet in incessant motion while he talked, like an athlete in the arena.

Before the week was over the young diving had seen his preaching necessity of preparing, and delivering as soon as possible, sermons innumerable. He had indentified been thrown with Bob Wilson, who had told him in confidence of a third interview that he would have been a Christian long ago, instead of "the regular whisky-drinking, cock-fighting, carousing, swearing scamp, by George, which I now am, Mr. Arthur!" if it hadn't been for the gross inconsistencies he had observed, by George, in every single professor, by George, it had ever been his misfortune to meet with; not one single exception to the rule, Sir, not one! Although to say there is something attractive to Mr. Arthur in the round, sensible, good-humored face of Mr. Wilson, his fresh eyes and ruddy cheeks would be an abuse of the English language. Although there is a glow of ripe grapes in Bob's face, it is a vast deal sunnier and more pleasing to Mr. Arthur's opinion, than Brother Barker's dry and lean, though rigidly correct, face. And that he must preach a sermon warning Christians on this point was only too evident to the youthful theologian.

Mr. Ellis, too—threadly, amiable, humble Mr. Ellis—whom Mr. Arthur had been drawn to from his first acquaintance with him, unintentionally—for he had added to anything to know what the ardor of his new pastor. In answer to inquiries over his counter at the store on the part of that pastor, he gave it as his opinion that the main obstacle in Somerville to the spread of religion consisted in an intense worldliness. He readily agreed with his pastor that *here* was the grand evil to be aimed at. After Mr. Arthur had added parental neglect, Sabbath desecration, profanity, infidelity, and a score more of evils, to be immediately combated, to his list, he was fain to pause from the enumeration.

However, if he lay down a little wearied at night with accomplishing, by conversation, in Somerville vastly more than has ever yet been accomplished by all his profession put together for men since Christ left the world, nevertheless a sound night's rest sent him forth next morning to his studies and into Somerville as hopeful as ever.

And so the new church was duly organized. It was a small organization at the outset, indeed. Yet, on reflection, even this was a new pleasure to the ardent pastor to know into what a noble size the church might grow from such a little seed. And those who were its members clustered around him so heartily, too. Energetic Jay Brooks, steady, sensible Benson, smiling Dr. Warner, devoted Mr. Ellis. Mrs. Sorel, too, punctual as the clock did she alight every Sabbath morning at eight o'clock with Mr. Robby, her bright little boy—Frank is old enough to have a class, and is there before her on his pony—on the door of the little edifice, which was then answering as a church for the present, in time for the Sabbath-school just established. Mrs. Colonel Bat Roberts, too, a valuable friend of being there with her children. A thoroughly-informed man of the world could have read the Colonel's domestic character in the manner in which he bowed head and sorrowful eyes of his wife. To Mr. Arthur she was but an estimable, silent, subdued lady, accompanied by a child of Sabbath. Ah, how devoted she was to her children, specially to her boy with his father's superb eyes and bold brow! And what a help she was generally is when her love for her husband is spurred, nothing left for her to love but her children, closely devoted to them, and to their father, who all her care is required to undo all the evil influence upon them of their father.

Mrs. Bowles, too, was unanimate she was in regard to the new enterprise! Mr. Arthur never came home at night from a visit without having had something new and hopeful to tell in connection with the church: some new family who had said they would attend the services next Sunday to Sunday-school; some new young man whom she had ascertained to have had parents in connection with the denomination, and who ought to be looked after; some brain-new young lady who had agreed to teach in the school. Almost every day, and often after prayer before her guest, as enthusiastic as she, could tear himself away from the sitting-room to go for hymn-book, Bible, or what not, that Mrs. Bowles would run in upon him of morning there in the midst of his studies, with an apology for interrupting, but that there was what he would like to hear this, that, and the other encouraging something about "our church." How much the new pastor's wife would grow in the pulpit with some preparation of which he was heartily ashamed, to find, from his own feeling and his parishioners' kind but frank opinion, that it was far better than he had ever dõne before. One Sabbath when he would count confidently on having quite a crowded congregation, he would be chilled to the soul to find but a small one. Another Sabbath, counting confidently upon but a quiet attendance, he would be encouraged by a house full. Now he would be led to count assuredly upon certain persons becoming members of the church, to be duly appointed tested; and to receive, unexpectedly, persons into membership of whom he had never heard such a thing. To-day would he be encouraged by the unconscionable presence of certain individuals, to-morrow be disheartened by reason annoyed by the unaccountable absence of others.

This week he would attend some funeral, and wonder at the apathy to the important spiritual concerns thus brought to mind on the part of those present, at the same time that his own inability, standing beside the open coffin, with the cold face beneath his hand, to set forth, as he knew he should, the lesson to be learned, would be illuminated with some unexpected or long-expected wedding, with all the incidents therewith connected.

And there, also, was the pastoral visitation; the conversing with persons from whom all the parochial information must be gained, and sometimes not more than Yes and No during the interview. However, there was placid, sensible Mrs. Sorel; a practical lady herself, Mr. Arthur felt, from whom he could converse. Crusty as Mr. Ferguson was, too, the young minister soon learned to keep inside of the storm in connection with the sweet himself and the Scotchman's hidden reefs; learned even to keep aloof, with a mariner's instinct of a storm, from the Scotchman altogether when that Scotchman was all reef and breakers. And so passed the days along.

Perhaps the most delightful hour in his charge for the least degree as he had dreamed it would be—pleasures and pains all different; yet it was a great while before that would arrive, and in which he laid himself out with joy. The very buying the ground for the new church, the planning of its beautiful form, the whole thing was an epic of interest for months. And the actual erection of the edifice, from foundation to weather-vane, it was a daily joy and rejoicing. We say nothing of his intercourse with the workmen during this period; with almost every one of whom he had a pleasant word, the young pastor had intimate acquaintance from their arrival on the ground until finishing touches of the painter.

The months of picnicking—if we may so speak —in the covered in but unfinished church, with loose seantlings on trestels for seats, and a pine table a foot across for pulpit, was accompanied with a purer pleasure than the worship in many a stately edifice all granite and walnut, brass, and velvet. The obtaining of the church bell, from the instant of the conception of the idea in the head of Mrs. Bowles, until its first ring upon the ears so attentive to the next Sabbath morning, was one long and pleasurable excitement. And for the painting, the furnishing the church throughout, in which the ladies threw themselves with their inseparable and indissoluble zeal and adornment of their faculties—was that a matter without deep interest to the pastor, as well as to many others? There was the organizing a choir, and the temporary recidiscovery of Mr. Ferguson's splendid bass, a more growl hitherto under his grizzly beard, developed into sonorous music—and the old Mormon smitten by the sun; culminating in the suggesting, subscribing for, obtaining, and actually using an instrument. It is impossible to pass lightly over that. And the Ladies' Fair also, from the first idea, for the interest and for that; the Sabbath-school celebrations of ribboned and rosy and hungry children; the grand efforts and triumphant success in the one town; the purchase and arrival of a grand Congregational Library; the building of a study for the pastor; the accumulating of the added sets of linen and altogether unexpected writingdesks.

Oh, blessed period of life, when a man is fairly at his life's work, with Youth and Health and Hope his close companions! Blessed period when, like a mariner with his head to the fore, a joy in every fibre at the very encountering and mounting and leaving behind the opposing billows as they rise and fall in succession, when every defect discovered in one's self is a joy, in the hope of henceforth destroying the same; when every experience additionally gained leaves the novice how henceforth to act so as to secure instead a thousand friends; when every opposing circumstance but a fresh stimulant to the path over which leads one that much higher above what he was before! But, O youth thrice blessed, when the Heavenly Comforter descends to Mentor is realized, more than realized, in him who, engaged in the service of an incarnate God incarnal, walks and talks with Him by the side all the day, kneeling morn and night in communion, fellowship, friendship closer and sweeter than the world knows, than even the best friend and brother! There is too entire an identity between the life of him who is doing the will of God on earth and the life of the Father and Son of God in heaven, for the happiness and energy of the one in heaven not to be very much the energy and happiness of the other on earth.

In nothing was it more evident how fully engaged the young pastor was with his work, and how entirely it filled his thoughts, than in what

gants, children, husband—household, in fact, was the theme upon which she dilated most freely and fully. Neat and energetic housekeeper as Mrs. Warner was, it was certainly not at home only that she washed her "dirty linen." Some of it showing, in her hands, so very dirty, too.

As the years rolled by the canal gases had been too often opened to close now at all. But her children did not particularly mind, her servants had grown used to it, her husband was too old a sailor to be tossing deck and amidst the whistling gales of his home not to have come to regard it all as the ordinance of nature. Every day he gave father and ballast and more stooped about the head, more slovenly about the person, quite a weather-beaten mariner, but wonderfully strong and mild. But for his late table, and her exquisitely neat and clock-work household—if one were but stone-blind and perfectly deaf, or a philosopher—Somerville, he could live even under Mrs. Warner's roof.

And all alone, months Mr. Arthur continued with Mrs. Bowles. The idea never occurred to her in that form; but her guest was to her all that Rutledge Bowles would have been had he instead tenanted the little office in the front yard all this time—after more perhaps.

"And Mr. Arthur is such a vast assistance to Alice in her studies," said Mrs. Bowles to Mrs. Sorel one day; "and they have read a great deal of history together, too. Mr. Arthur takes a pleasure natural to a scholar in such things. Really I believe Alice is improved beyond her years—more thoughtful, too. So they return to Charleston as soon as Rutledge Bowles is settled in the practice of the law there. It is too soon to speak of such things yet, you are aware; but if Alice is finally married into one of the old families there I will be satisfied."

And yet Mrs. Sorel only smiled in her quiet way, and said nothing upon the subject whatever.

THE "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT."

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "SUBLIMEST PAPER."

ONE of the wisest statesmen of the age has coined an immortal sentence and applied it so pertinently that it has become a "household word" throughout the land. May I be pardoned for borrowing it and applying it to the war that is daily being waged between the wives and mothers of this glorious republic and the so-called servants, domestics, help, or whatever you may please to call them?

Oh that I could, in my pen in fire, and thus light up the truths I am about to utter; that I might bring before the eyes of the people this great social ulcer that is eating the lives of the one class of women the world ever saw! I do not hesitate to say there is not a wife or mother in the land but will override the shortcomings of her servants, if "they try to do their duty, and their wrong-doings are mistakes only. If there are mistresses who refuse to do their duty, the exceptions will prove the general rule. But it is the indifferent and malicious servants with whom we have to deal; it is those who live for the house and have nowhere to do their bidding, the finer the house the more helpless their victims. I would speak of the cook, who, in winter time, breaks eggs in the tea-kettle for her own delicate breakfast while the steak is sent to the dining-room not to be eaten. The amiable Jones says, "What is the matter with the steak? I bought the best in the market. Arabella, my dear, if you would only take three pounds where a little more I think we should be repaid in home comforts." Arabella leaves a great sigh, shuts her mouth close, and while she may be all upset for the want of proper maid, and yet have the power of coming to breakfast in a dainty morning-gown with a thousand little pet articles in her face: for does not she think she shall wear her hair frizzed. Jones is fastidious about these things; wants his little wife to look a little better than any body's else; this is Jones's pet weakness. Poor Arabella knows where the trouble lies, but where is the remedy? Her head begins to ache, and she is all upset for the day, and she begins to fear that Jones doesn't love her as he used to, though the honey-moon is scarcely over. She comes to the conclusion that marriage has a bit "forte;" while the amiable Jones goes to his office with a shadowy remembrance of those beefsteak breakfasts at home, and wonders whether his home will ever resemble his neighbor's across the street, who, by-the-way, has a wife who has sacrificed her life on the funeral pile of fashion. Mandi. 'Tis true she has not been entirely consumed; there is just enough left for locomotion; but that genial, bright, happy face looks vanished from the countenance, showing that she was made of colors that would not wash in the beginning, and yet the washing process has been kept up for an indefinite period. Said wife is cook when cook fails to do her duty; is nurse when the children are sick; in fact, is just as much a martyr as any Brahmin widow, the only difference consisting in the fact that she is no longer fond of her chains. I am speaking to the married sisterhood who have not the strength to endure life's perpetual warfare.

Mrs. Stowe—whom I reverence for her efforts in the behalf of the amelioration of woman's trials—says the houses must be built with the floor-level, spiral, inclined, and moving-walks in all corners; and the conservatory is to open off from all these; and the wives and daughters must do all the work. Now, in all charming and very much needful, but it happens that her advice comes too late and what are we to do in such a case? It happens that our house is already built, and the servants are on my part will make my beloved Job pull out the infernal arrangement, and fix it according to Mrs. Stowe's programme. And I have every reason to believe there are thousands of matrons in this country who have husbands as hard to convince as Job Simmons.

But suppose I succeed in having the house arranged accordingly, and suppose Job should accidentally become the father of twins one a year, wouldn't I be excused from doing my own work, and my daughters, the aforesaid twins, be excused on account of size and weakness of muscles? And suppose I was able to have the easy-chair wheeled to the open door of the conservatory, would it be agreeable to have Bridget making peanut cakes and vegetable soup under my invalid nose? Wouldn't I be excused from dying, just in self-defence, leaving Job and the twins to the care of a gentle Xantippe, who would sigh in a very short time, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown?"

Again, Mrs. Stowe says we must make every thing so pleasant for the servants that gentle people in decayed circumstances will be glad to find them places for the sake of a home; and that, in some unaccountable way, we must remove the stigma of servitude, and make it equal to any in the fellowship in a College. I might as well attempt to scotch the brightest part of a rainbow to make a rock-for the one is as difficult to reach as in securing knives, unless these same knives are to reflect some loved one's visage; and as Job is the only masculine about the premises, I prefer to have his sentry confined to the library. The relation between mistress and servant is as devoid of sentiment as a promenade in Space. We cannot help the fact—not fancy. Suppose I succeed in finding the genteel person who will come for the sake of a home—as they put it—and others follow suit, but more I doubt. Wouldn't I not only have my own trials to bear but theirs also? Are not my hands full to plethora, and my heart to bursting, with the many things I do for the twenty-ninth President, and devising plans to keep Job away from that interesting club? And to keep Job away from that club! Should I have to get another girl to do their work? And are they not the very ones to forget who is the mistress of the house, not from any fault of their own, but error of habit?

This same worthy woman, whose shoe-latchet I feel unworthy to unloose, says we must elevate labor. As we can not bring the servants up to us, we must go down to them, in this the age for the elevation of the masses. Perfectly as Genius has segar-coated the pill, nevertheless it sticks in the throats of common mortals. Elevate labor! as the task may seem, the cleansing of the Augean stables by Hercules is no comparison to the task.

We have no way of judging the future but by the past." It never has been done, even when Rome was at its zenith of power and glory; and shall we, in America—we who have the best material to work under this ear of Juggernaut that Erin and Africa may second to their proper sphere? Anna B. Dickinson says it is a glorious thing to die for one's country; but I notice she is as plump as a partridge, apparently a long way from transmigration, and I fear those who preach most are the least apt to practice.

The irrepressible conflict wages. What is to be done? While the American wives and mothers are amply supplied with brains they are perishing for the want of so much bone and muscle. These much needed accommodations are not to be had in countries—why not here? It can not be owing to our peculiar institutions. The fact that "help is washed upon our shores by the tide of emigration" does not change the nature of that help? If they are industrious and orderly in their own country why should they not continue to be so when they come here? And here is the pivot of the whole difficulty. American house-keepers must have unity of action.

"And Ulysses S. Grant has succeeded in quelling the rebellion, no matter how brave and capable he has proved himself to be, had he gone forth unattended and alone. But he went forth with an army and announced that no help will be employed without bringing satisfactory reference from the last place. This is not strictly applicable, for I do not think it necessary to form ourselves into a Union league, with ramifications extending to the farthest hamlet in the land, in order to overthrow the cruel and unjust leprosy. Servants must be given to understand that mistakes will be pardoned, but indifference and malevolence will be summarily dismissed. Every servant must be made to know, if they do not perform their duty, the consequences will be sudden and unexpected. Then the mistress must nerve herself to endure every trial until the dawn of the new morning.

This is a work of time; but we must set our faces, flint-like, in the right direction, and we are sure to triumph. "The battle is not to the strong alone, but to the vigilant, the active, the brave." No great good is achieved without a struggle. Every earthly birth is attended by a great throe and pain. We say: "Who will cook the breakfasts and do the chamber-work during this transition period?" A couple of days, Madam, and you are restored to wash the few dishes. The dirt about the house may be allowed to accumulate—it will probably be there just as much when order is restored—the children may be neglected in the mean time. Children must be fed on baker's bread and molasses, and we must raise our own tea with our own hands. Meals must be kept closed, and all outward indications of "Not at home" must be kept up to frighten away company. Let us be willing to make any sacrifice up with the exultant feeling that we have the power in our own hands. Should we become ill in the transition time we will have the doctor and a baker's crust laid on our table. And should we die, better die a natural death than of an overdose of Fire or the Black plague. The very weakness and fear that we will not die in this struggle—that we will fight the good fight till the battle is fought—that the eyes of the countries of men and money, and we can hold out until the enemy's strength is entirely exhausted. Oh for the glorious time when the intelligence offices are overflowing, and the officers of the Freedmen's Bureau groan with the black millstone they have hung about their necks! Will it not be a foreshadowing of the new millennium?

Having finished the above literary balloon, before cutting the cable loose I left it before my husband Job with the apple-pie at lunch-time. Pretty fair article so far as condiments are concerned, but you don't intend it as any thing practical? I admire that feline arrangement of yours, only I fear a crusade against the cats; but as a cat has nine lives, I'll bet on them every time. Can you imagine how the Princess Rudzoulkowsky looked when the Genie told her that a roc's egg must be hung in the middle of her chamber before the palace would be perfection? Two great pearls, surpassing any of Bull, Black, & Co., glistened on my cheeks. Job instantly soared to his proper element, and says: "Little wife, I think the lesson for us all is here: *is submission to the inevitable.* Could your two hands lift up the pitcher that holds the Atlantic Ocean and pour it on the Western continent, it would not cover the mountains until every little hill and valley was submerged. And just so long as the demand exceeds the supply, just so long this same state of affairs will continue." I interrupted him, and said: "Job, you are sufficiently rough a man, my eyes." "They are all I happen to have for the present." "But I feel sure that I am in the right." "Then you have proved that theory as well as the excellent apple-pie, Starry!" "The cook left a week ago," I sobbed. "Let us be thankful, Starry, that the kitchen is not destroyed on account." I'll take another piece of that apple-pie, and you may expect me home to dinner to-day. Home is the sweetest place on earth, after all." The smoke of Job's cigar ascended, and I am still living to tell the tale.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"NO man ever felt any thing but irritation at seeing a woman's gown doing the business of the crossing sweeper, and Mrs. Bloomer, in the matter of pippin-shaped, flapped beneath a taper-cap skirt. If young ladies would but believe it, the prettiest thing in the world of small importance in it when they do believe it—a man will be perfectly satisfied with their appearance, so far as their considerations are concerned, if their petticoats are modest and clean and their boots are neatly blacked. Amen.

So says the London *Saturday Review*, emolliently. We know not how it may be in London, but we unhesitatingly affirm that petticoats are shocking "elaborately clean" are virtues unattainable in this city by ladies who promenade the streets. The process of "do" and "undone" that one meets in Broadway on a bright afternoon very few seem to realize this fact, though every body knows it. In the sea, the ocean grave is gathered up pretty few bones, and the gay petticoat is a vast improvement on the shroud. But we are not going to preach a sermon, because such gorgeous fabrics as we constantly see worn in our dirty streets? Costly silks of delicate hues meet one at every turn, and the young maiden, threading through the mud, leaves a fatal stain upon the fabric, and the lady who wears it is unconscious in haste. Such ladies are suitable only for the drawing-room; and even though one may afford thus to destroy her wardrobe, such waste is not only wrong, but foolish.

For such streets as we have, at this season, plain woolen fabrics are the only wear appropriate for the promenade and library, the Empress' cloth, and even the stout water-proof—all are serviceable and pretty, and are to be obtained in every color.

An exchange gives the following, which may suggest to careful wives the reason why their husbands' "dickeys" disappear in such a mysterious way:

"Biddy," said Mrs. Pennyroie, "there is little starch in the dickeys this week, and altogether the clothes do not look as well as usual."

"And shure you must remember, ma'am, I git but shtarch and stargum to do them wid. If you would be after the coal mate you must rise on my wages."

"And what is stargum? I never heard of it before."

"Shure and stargum stiffens them more; but it takes tin and sixpence to put on the fine gloss."

"Well, Biddy, you shall have it. Only, Biddy?"

"Now its me last till you, 'tiwould make them look so illigant as to attract the notice of the men folks."

"So, Biddy, you are disposed to make a 'strike' if I would have my wife's clothes look nice?"

"Och! no, mem; it's not me that will ever break the pace by striking for more. The married woman likes to put her finger to her mistress; and didn't I tell Patrick O'Flaherty to whom I was married, that I'd not put the hand would do the dirty thing for all the money in America?"

"Well, Biddy, I will see what we will do about the starch-billing system."

"And, by the powers, Mr. Pennyroie shall be stiffened, but I won't promise to gloss him."

The following communication, which has just come to hand, will explain itself:

"DEAR GOSSIP,—I saw a very good thing done at a concert the other night. Tickets were one dollar. And there were three persons in front of me who had paid only for a single piece. Rather high. But after the good pieces the ushers all disappeared, and stood in the entries. Then, and only then, until the singer or the player came back again and began, would they open the gilt screen doors instead of twelve. Not price six cents and a quarter each, which is rather dear, I think.

"It strikes me that would be a good remedy for high prices. When I go shopping I don't want a great mills and rake ten cents for it let the servant girl clap her hands, and the whole establishment pour in to the front door at once. When a lady goes to Stewart's, and buys a silk dress at three dollars a yard, she don't want to be waited on in a square of sheeting, and then have to go to the desk to get a napkin, and stop on second immediately can her and another lady in front of her, or coming, and the gentleman visits the shoemaker's and gets fitted with a pair of boots for a dollar and a half, and then goes to the shoemaker three in a pair of slippers. In like manner there is a ridiculous waste in sending all the clerks to the music communication of the work you should send him the bill, and he will pay it.

"It appears to me that the general adoption of this principle would make the cost of avoiding all the bills very small indeed. Will you not urge it upon the public?

"Yours, &c., BROOME."

"P.S.—The topic suggests that what has led to the extensive adoption of the Bible in school is the feeling that it would lead to the minister's preaching his sermon over again."

A young man in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on a wager of $500, recently walked a hundred miles in as many consecutive hours, and won the bet. Throughout the whole his nervous excitement was kept up by strong tea. His head was bandaged and bathed frequently with rum and water. He suffered from nervous weakness and exhaustion. The fourth and last day was one of weariness, aching limbs, and deep heat, and sleep. He reported to the sporting reporter as he went his hearty rounds. In the 60th hour he fainted and fell. Every hour of the last four he was helped all over with rum and alum. In the 70th hour he again fell in faintness. The last hour at length arrived, and with his assistance he completed his mile in 59 minutes. A terrible reaction took place afterward, and constant medical attendance and careful nursing alone saved his life. The sad result of betting in connection with the foolish and wicked expenditure of strength is the consideration to which the misguided reporter appears to have given the least attention. Even in these times the amount of money he had received would not induce him to make a like effort."

The following singular romance originates in Connecticut:

Norwalk is exercised about two scratches, which, on Sunday night last, disfigured the body of a young lady, who had been buried that afternoon, and succeeded beyond their anticipations. She had been buried within a catalepsic fit, and, upon being exposed to the night air, awakened from restless. The resurrectionists dug her and she walked home. Her parents refused to admit her, supposing her to be a ghost. She then went to the house of a young man to whom she was engaged. He took her in, and Monday morning they were married.

Under the title of "Sweet Potato Jim," Martha E. Lines publishes the following spicy paragraph in the San Jose (California) *Courier*:

"Jim Bunkard, Robert Lucas, having advertised me in last week's paper as having left his bed and bread without just cause, and forbidding the public from trusting me on his account, I wish to state that the bed was mine before I married Lucas, and as for the bread, there was none to my since he married me. He has spent a fortune since I married him, and I will be cursed, if I am to pay the board of my children's share on his word. I hereby caution the public not to trust him on my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contracting."

It is stated that the United States Telegraph Company have refused their rates for messages between New York and Eastern cities fifty per cent. The rates are now for ten words to Boston, thirty cents; to New Haven or Hartford, twenty cents. It may be hoped that this *telegraphy* is to a general fall in prices.

It is said that the last male aboriginal inhabitant of Tasmania, or Van Diemen's Land, was present at the annual ball of the Governor of Hobart Town (the capital), accompanied by his wife, the only surviving representative of their tribe, who numbered in the first of this century from 5000 to 7000.

Strange as it may seem, the following absurd epitaph is said to have been actually copied from a tombstone in a Massachusetts church-yard:

Here lie the remains of Ellen Hill,
A woman who would always have her will,
She enabled her husband, though she made good bread;
To go to the devil, which he rather thinks dead.
She skipped her children (and she drank her gin)
Before they had learned to read the Bible or spell.
May all such women go to some great hell
Where they belong, and let Ellen Hill rest well.

To plenish contrast in this curious epitaph, found in Plymouth, England, to the memory of Rev. Mr. Colton and wife:

Forty-nine years they lived, man and wife,
And 'while were one, no many were their strife.
She first departing, he a few days tried
To live without her, could not, and he died.

Coleridge classifies readers as follows:

1. Sponges, who absorb all they read, and return it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtier.

2. Sand-glasses, who retain nothing, and are content to get through a book by the wish of getting through with it.

3. Strain-bags, who retain merely the dregs of what they read.

4. Moral diamonds, equally rare and profitable, who get only what they read, and enable others to profit by it also.

In the latest fashion-reports from across the waters we find that for some time past blue has decidedly been the favorite color among young ladies who have officiated as bridesmaids. Whether this custom or whether some one case may have been, trimmed with blue, blue-satin round was said, and the fashion hovers in the air, but does not set of livery among them. Blue appeared to be the color selected as a matter of course. But the favorite hue is at last losing its prestige—probably from the fact that no common, or possibly the wisest season has had something to say with its being cast aside, decidedly, for a new, giving place to the warmer and more glowing shades of scarlet and cerise.

We have been present at several fashionable weddings of late, and have remarked that red trimmings of some shade have been invariably selected by the bridesmaids as ornaments to their dress; while dresses with velvet trimmings upon white silk dresses prove very effective, and are particularly appropriate to the present dreary season of the year.

At a recent fashionable wedding in London the bridesmaids were dressed in *rose pompon*, the overskirt round the skirt with two graduated rows of scarlet ribbon velvet; scarlet bunes mantles, trimmed all round the edge and up the centre of the back with two rows of white chiny guipure; white tulle bonnets, with scarlet flowers. The bride's dress was magnificent in material and make up proportions, for the skirt trained certainly more than one yard and a half long on the side as the fair lady walked up the church, and the front of rich white satin, cut out in wide deep scallops round the skirt, was also deeply scallop ensuring more than twelve inches in depth; numbers of white roses followed the outline of the scallop a short distance up the skirt, and above the *bouillonnés* were ruchings of satin and a splendid Honiton lace flounce.

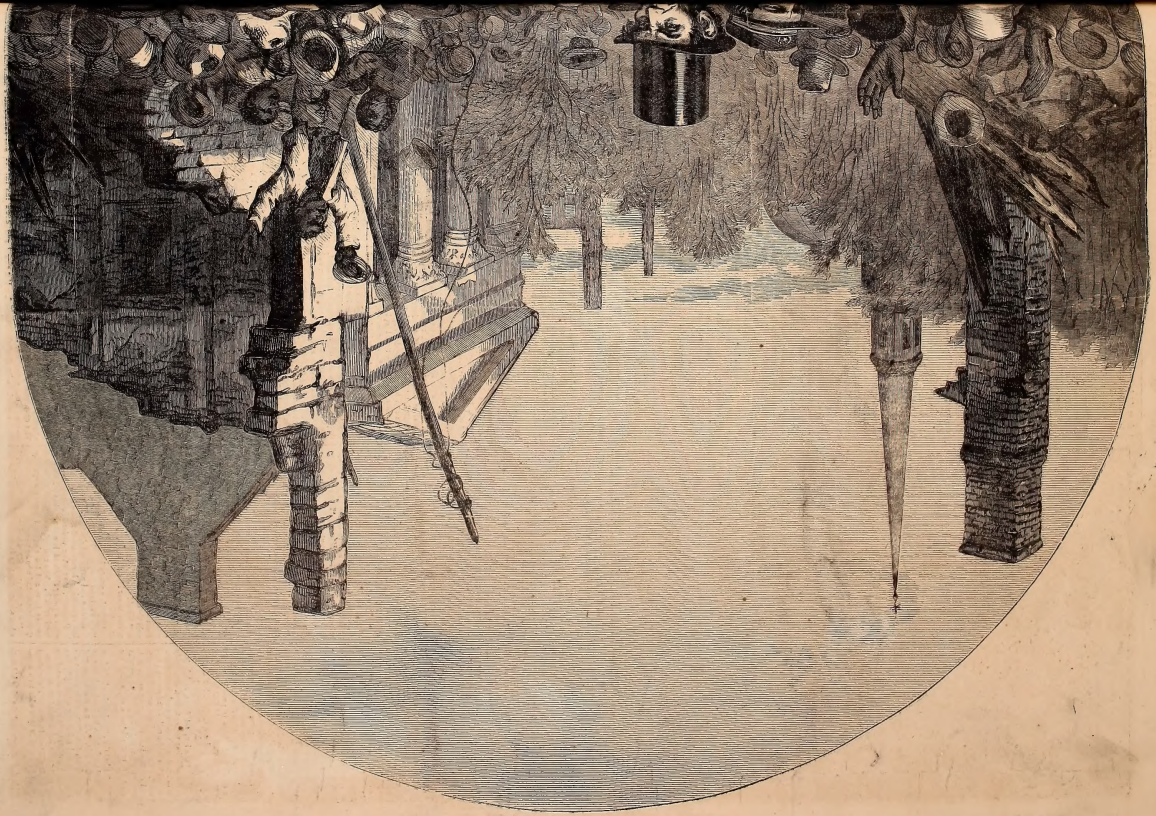
We may be permitted to question whether a bride's dress cut with a train a yard and a half long is not very inconvenient to the wearer. Were it a Court train, which, as every one knows, is only allowed to be worn by a marquisate aliquot, for on getting in and out of a carriage it can be thrown over the arm and carried gracefully; but when the bride is required to walk any considerable length, then it appears to involve a ceremony of rolling and unrolling previously to entering the church, and returning to the carriage, which must be even more unpleasing to the lady who wears it than to the spectators who witness the ceremony.

At a proposed Fancy Ball in Paris, it is announced that every sixteen, one, or twenty-four ladies have to appear as birds. The eldest is to represent a swallow, and the youngest a humming-bird. The first will wear a white satin dress, with swallow's wings on each part of the skirt, arranged as a stomacher; the front of the bodice and the white satin, and the back black velvet, cut out with ends, so as to represent the long-pointed tail of a swallow; one scarlet with outstretched wings is placed on the small shoulder-knot, and a long veil from the head-dress.

The humming-bird will be much more brilliant. The young lady wears a shot emerald-green satin skirt, crossbanded with humming-birds, the throat and wings of which are each of the rich variable colors; these are most gorgeously-colored among little birds. These wings and breast of the bird-dress find space on the skirt, and at a short distance have all the effect of a flight of birds suddenly raised in their passage through the air by the green satin. The bodice looks as though it were fastened with humming-birds of utmost microscopic dimensions, so minute are their proportions. These birds are represented, as feathers, but in brilliant metallic substances, which seemingly change color with every position they are placed in. The bodice is cut low and sleeveless, embroidered with white bugle beads, and the head-dress consists of three small humming-birds lighting amidst the curls.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN ENTERING RICHMOND, APRIL 4, 1865.





KATTIE AND "THE DEIL."

In a certain village of Bohemia lived a peasant woman called Kattie. She possessed a little hut of her own, a garden, and a small income; but had she rolled in wealth, not a lad would have ventured to say—"Kattie, will you be mine?" for she was manyish as a cat of the woods, and owned a tongue which worked like a flail. She had an old mother, providentially as deaf as a log, and her she scolded from morning till night, so that her voice was audible half a mile off. If any neighbor entered her cottage, she spat, and set up her back, and hissed so that the intruder was only too glad to escape without a scratched face. When any one passed her door, Kattie flung him a spiteful word; and was only too glad if the passer stopped to retaliate, for if he had an ugly expression to cast at her, she had a dozen to pelt him with in return.

By the time that she had reached the age of forty, without having found a lover, all the—milk of human kindness she never had, which might acidulate —but all the sweetness of her nature had become Concentrated Sulphuric Acid, ready to blacken and burn any thing with which it came in contact.

It is the custom in Boh mia for young people to resort to the tavern on Sunday afternoon for a dance. As soon as the fiddle or bagpipe is heard, the lads run into the streets, the girls appear at the cottage doors, and the children peep out of the windows. Young men and women then follow the musicians to the inn, and the dance begins.

Kattie was always the first to follow the fiddler, and to appear in the public house. There she saw the lads whirling about with the lasses, but never in all her life had she been invited by any one to dance; Sunday after Sunday she tried her luck, and hoped against hope; no man solicited her hand as a partner. "Well!" said she, impetuously, one Sunday, "here am I getting an old woman, and I have never danced yet! never saw any thing like the lads here! Such a set of clowns! This is provoking. I'd dance with the—with the old Deil himself, if he were to ask me!" and she snapped her fingers, and stamped on the ground.

She bustled into the inn, sat down, and looked about her at the whirling, merry figures. Suddenly a gentleman in huntsman's suit came into the room, seated himself at the table, called for beer, and had a tumbler filled. Running over the assembly, he espied Kattie. Immediately to his feet, walked across the room, and with the most graceful bow, and with the most courteous air, offered her the glass.

Kattie, delighted at the attention, drank the beer with avidity, and made room for the gentleman to seat himself at her side. After a few words had passed between them, the stranger flung some silver to the fiddler, and asked for a "solo." The dancers deserted the centre of the room, cleared the area, and the gentleman led Kattie forth to dance.

"Bless us all, it will rain to-morrow!" exclaimed the old people, opening their eyes wide with astonishment.

The lads bit their fingers and the girls hid their faces to conceal their laughter. But Kattie saw no one; she was radiant with joy, now that she had a chance of dancing; and danced she would have, in spite of the whole world laughing.

All that afternoon and all that evening the strange gentleman danced with Kattie, and with her alone. He brought her gingerbread, almond-rock, and lemon-drops, and she ate and sucked to her heart's content.

As soon as the dancing came to an end the stranger escorted her home:

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Kattie; "would that I might dance with you forever!"

"That is quite within the range of possibility," replied the stranger.

"Where do you live, Sir?"

"Put your arm round my neck and I will.whisper to you." Kattie did so, and, presto! the stranger had become a devil, and was flying with her to his home—a place which need not be specified. In he came at the door, bathed in a profuse perspiration; for his necklace was a heavy one.

"Now then, Kattie, let go," said he.

"Oh, never! never!"

"Come, there's a dear soul, take your arms off."

"Dearest, never!"

"Why, whom have you got here?" asked the Master of the spirit, in a voice of thunder which had in it a faint thrill of dismay.

"E-K-K-atitie," panted the unfortunate devil, struggling to shake his fair load off.

"Kattie!" echoed his Majesty, leaping off his throne, casting aside his bifurcated sceptre, and turning—not exactly pale, but Oxford mixture:

"Kattie, here's an end to our quiet life, if *that* woman becomes an inmate of Pandemonium. She'll bring the place down about our ears. Away with you, Moloch, and do not show your face in here till you have shaken off your dreadful encumbrance."

So there was nothing for it but that the quondam Jäger should return to earth and free himself from the embrace of Kattie as best he might.

He flew back sweetly and despondingly, with decided crick in his neck. On reaching earth he seated himself on a flowery bank, and putting on a more expressive mask, and, in a hollow voice:

"Kattie, if you do not let go I shall plunge you in molten brimstone!"

"Oh," replied she, with *empressement*, "I feel no pain so long as I am with you!" and she laid her head on his breast.

Aaron!" Moloch looked vacantly at the landscape, "Kattie!" he resumed, as a brilliant idea entered his head, and illumined his countenance with a momentary gleam of ghastly joy: "Kattie, I am so rich; I will give you a mountain of solid gold if you will only let go."

"What! leave you for filthy lucre? Never, never, never!" and she buried her head in his breast.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish," said the spirit; "what is to be done now?"

He rose and wandered despairingly over a desolate moor which lay stretched before him.

Presently, staggering under his load, he came upon a young shepherd, in a sheep-skin with all its wool upon it. The evil spirit resumed its former human form, and the shepherd was consequently quite ignorant of who he was.

"Why, my good Sir, whom are you carrying?" asked the shepherd, in perplexity.

"Ah, good friend, I scarcely know! why look you: I was walking peacefully along my way, without thinking of any thing in particular, when, with a leap, skip, and jump, this woman fastened herself to my neck, and will on no account let me go. I want to carry her to the next village, and there obtain my liberation; but I am scarcely in a fit condition to do so, my knees are shivering under me."

"Come now," said the compassionate peasant, "I will help you; but I can not carry her for long, as I have my sheep to attend to: half the way—will that suit you?"

"Ah! I shall be thankful!"

"Now then you! hang yourself to me!" cried the shepherd, addressing Kattie.

The woman looked round, observed that the shepherd was infinitely preferable to Moloch; he was good-looking and young. She let go her hold on the Deil, and click—she was fast as a spring-collar round the shepherd's neck.

The man had not quite enough to carry, what with Kattie, and what with his immense sheep-skin dress; and in a very short while he was tired, and strove to disengage himself from his encumbrance. In vain! Kattie would not listen to his remonstrances, and the more he struggled the tighter she clung.

Presently he came near a pool. Oh, if he could but cast her in! But how? Could he manage to slip out of his sheep-skin? No harm trying; but it must be done v-e-r-y cautiously—v-e-r-y gently. Hist! he has slipped one arm out, and Kattie is none the wiser. Hist! he has slipped the other arm out, and Kattie has not observed it. Now then! he slides his hand stealthily up his breast, and unbuttons the cape. He has undone one button, two, three—a bo: of the head, a splash, and Kattie and the sheep-skin are in the pond. She sinks —she rises; and her eyes, ering ever rest upon the shepherd and the evil spirit dancing in an ecstasy of delight on the bank.

"My best of friends!" exclaimed Moloch, enthusiastically, "you have laid me under a lasting obligation; you have imposed upon me a debt of gratitude which I never can adequately discharge. But for you I might have held Kattie hanging round my neck throughout eternity! I might never have been able to shake that woman off; and never," continued the spirit, musingly, "never is a very long word! Now, look you here, shepherd—I am—" In what words than I could express it the spirit had described his nature to the young man. "Well, and being what I am, it lies in my power to repay you, in my poor way, for what you have done. I will forthwith proceed to the next town, and will enter into and possess the Chancellor. As soon as all doctors and exorcists have failed to free the Chancellor from me, do you go to the town and offer, for the recession of two bags of dollars, to liberate the Chancellor from the evil spirit which torments him. Then come up to the bedside, say 'Hocus pocus!' and I will fly away out of the window, and enter into and possess the Prime Minister. When all other means of cure have failed, do you interpose, at the price of two sacks of gold pieces, to free the Prime Minister. Come to him, say as before, 'Hocus pocus!' and I will fly from his throat, and enter into and possess the King. And now, I warn you, beware how you venture to attempt to expell me from the body of the King. Should you, notwithstanding this caution, risk the attempt, I shall infallibly tear you in pieces, limb from limb."

The shepherd expressed his acknowledgment in the best and most appropriate terms of which he was master. "Well," said the Deil, as he spread his wings and flew away.

"Ta, ta!" replied the shepherd, gravely, looking after him. Shortly after this a rumor spread through the country that the Chancellor was out of his mind—quite out of his mind—what he should be. It was whispered about that the Chancellor had been playing pretty pranks, and that it was necessary that professors of medicine and of theology that he was possessed by a devil. But all medicines, allopathic and homœopathic, having failed to cure the Chancellor, the clergy took him in hand and tried the last appeal to exorcism. Accordingly the Chancellor, or rather the Chancellor's tenant, was proof against all ecclesiastical demonstrations.

The pagan shepherd now came to the town, and loudly proclaimed his power to cure any one of diabolical possession. All other resources having failed, the King determined to try the shepherd's skill, and so ordered him to visit, and prescribe for, the Chancellor. As soon as the peasant entered the room the new and unknown Lord of the Highest Office of the Crown was critical. He was kicking his attendants, abusing them in language hardly consistent with the dignity of his position, and foaming at the mouth.:

The shepherd demanded as his fee for curing him two sacks of solid gold, and the bargain was concluded. He now approached the unhappy man, whose convulsions became more terrible as he drew near.

"Hocus pocus!" said the shepherd, in a loud and with a solemn face, at the same time making various fanciful signs in the air with his hand. Away flew the Chancellor's tenant in a shower of glass in the window into countless fragments on his way. The shepherd received his fee, and returned to his village.

But it was soon noised abroad that something had gone wrong with the Prime Minister, and it was surmised that the demon which had been expelled from the Chancellor, had entered into the keeper of the King's conscience—awkward, decidedly. What was to be done? The practitioners were again applied to first, as a matter of course, the allopaths tapped the Minister's constitution with violent medicines without any explosive effect. The homœopaths did nothing at all, and the divines sent the devil to sleep. When all had failed, recourse was had to the shepherd, at the price of two sacks of gold pieces the shepherd agreed to perform a cure. The circumstances resembled those in the former case, with one exception: the window was prudentially opened, and a glazier's bill saved. But now the evil spirit struck at higher game, and he took full and undisputed possession of the—

As might be expected, people were not long in the wiser for experience, and the usual allopathic, homœopathic, and ecclesiastical systems were tasked to recover the King, and proved, as every one knew would be the case, a failure. Then they sent for the shepherd, but he refused to come. They sent again and offered a room full of gold dust, but he persisted in his refusal, remembering the devil's warning. The Prime Minister now ordered out a regiment of horse, and had the shepherd-exorcist brought will-he nill-he. In vain did the poor man protest his inability to cure the King; the Prime Minister insisted, and the Chancellor threatened to put the law in force, which required that the lad which could sing and wouldn't sing should be made to sing. Cowed by this threat the shepherd determined to do his best.

He entered the regal apartment. The King was howling and frothing at the mouth, and looked desperate. "Hallo!" roared the spirit within; "you here, shepherd? did not I warn you not to attempt to cast me out of his Majesty?"

"Steady," said the shepherd, putting on an expression of awe; and, stealing on tip-toe across the room, with his hand to his mouth, he whispered: "Do you think you can find a fool as to attempt any thing of the kind? I'm only come to tell you, dear friend, that—that—that—KATTIE IS OUT OF THE POND, AND IS ENTERING THE TOWN!"

"Kattie!" gasped the devil. "Then I'm off!" and away he flew.

IN JEOPARDY.

I'm a bricklayer, I am; and, what's more, down in the country, where people ain't so particular about keeping trades distinct as they are in the great towns. This may be seen any day in a general shop, where, as one might say, you can get any thing, from half a quarten of butter up to a horn lantern; and down again to a hundred of short-cut nails—well, down in the country I've done a bit of a job now and then as a mason; and not so badly neither, I should suppose, for I got pretty well paid, considering, and didn't hear more than the usual amount of growlin' after it was done—which is saying a deal. Ours ain't the most agreeable of lives, and if it warn't for recollecting a little about the dignity of labor, and such-like, one would often grumble more than one does.

Some time ago—I don't matter to you, nor me, nor yet any body else, just when it was—work was precious slack down our way—all things considered, I ain't a-going to tell you where our way lie. A day's work a week had been all I'd been able to get for quite two months: so Mary, that's my wife, used to pinch and screw, and screw and pinch, and keep on squeezing shilling after shilling out of the long stocking, till at last it got so light that one morning she lets it fall upon the table, where, instead of coming down with a good hearty spang, it fell softly and just like a piece of paper that was empty. And then, poor lass! she bangs on to my neck, and burst out a-crying that pitiful that I'm blest if I didn't want my arms round her every quarter of a minute. I hadn't minded the screwing and pinching, not a bit of it. First week we went without our Sunday joint. Well, we got on much. Second week we stopped my half-pints o' beer. Third week I put my pipe out. Mary kep' on saying that things would look up soon, and that I should have an ounce of the best to make up for it. But things didn't look up, and, in spite of all the screwing, we got down to the bottom of the stocking, as I said just now.

I hadn't much cared for the pinching, but it was very poor law as got pinched the more; and the way a-getting paler and thinner every day, till I couldn't bear to see it. I ran out o' the house, and down to Jenkins's yard, where I'd been a-working for years. I soon found Jenkins, and I says to him, "Governor," I says, "this won't do, you know; a man can't live upon wind."

"True for you, Bill Stock," he says.

"And a man can't keep his wife upon wind," I says.

"Right you are, Bill," he says; and he went on and spoke as fair as a man could speak with what he hadn't a bob he could put me on, or he would have done it in a minute. "I'm werry sorry, Bill," he says; "but if times don't mend, I tell you what I'm a-going to do."

"What's that?" I says.

"Go up to Lunnun," he says; "and if I was a young man like you, I wouldn't stop starving down here, when they're giving first-class wages up there. And when times is looking pretty well round, as think as thick, and good big jobs, too: hotels, and railways, and bridges, and all sorts."

I feels mighty sharp, and starts off home: for when a feller's hungry and close up it lays hold on his temper as well as his stummick, more especially when there's wife and child to think of. I puts them was in the bottom o' the jar into it, lights up, and then down aside of Mary, and puts my arm round her, just as if I meant it, and comforts her, and then begins smokin' an thinking. Werry slow as to the last, and werry slow as to the second; as smokin' costs money, and the dust was dry: so I went on thinking came cheap jest then—and it's sur-prising how yer can think on yer own inside. I suppose it is because there's plenty o' room for the thoughts to work in.

Well, I hadn't been settin' above a minute like this, when my lass lays her head on my shoulder, and though she wouldn't let me see it, I knowed she was a-going to cry; but I didn't say nothing. Perhaps I held her a little bit tighter; and there I sat thinking and watching the thin smoke, till I could see buildings, and scaffolds, and heaps o' bricks, and blocks o' stone, and could almost hear the ring o' the trowels, and the "sur-jar" o' the big stone saws, and there was the man a-running up and down the ladders, and the gangers a-giving their orders, and all seemed so plain that I beats my grow warm. And I keep on smoking till it seemed as though I was one of a great crowd o' men standing round a little square wooden office place, and being called in one at a time; and there I could see them a-takin' their six-and-thirty shillings and

two pounds apiece as fast as a clerk could book it. And then all at once it seemed to fade away, like a fog in the sun; and I kep' on drawing, but nothing come, and I found as my pipe was out, and there was nothing left to light agen. So I knocks the ashes out—what there was on 'em—and I fixes the breaks the pipe up, bit by bit, and puts all the pieces in my pocket—right-hand trowsers-pocket.

"What for?" says you.

Not in' at all, as I knows on; but that's where I did; and I am a-telling you what happened. Perhaps it was because I felt uncomfortable with nothing to rattle in my pocket. Howsomever, my mind was made up; and brightening up, and looking as cheerful as if I'd six-and-thirty shillings to take on Saturday, I says to her as was by my side:

"Polly, my lass, I'm a-going up to London!"

"Going to London!" she says, lifting up her head.

"London," I says; and then I began to think about what going to London meant. For, mind you, it didn't mean a chap in a rough jacket making up a bundle in a clean blue handkercher, and then shovin' his stick through the knot and sticking it over his shoulder, and then stuffing his hands in his pockets, and taking the road upards, whistlin' like a blackbird. No; it meant something else. It meant breaking up a tidy little home as two young folks—common people, in course—had been a-saving up for years, to make snug; it meant half the breaking a poor simple lass's heart to part with this little thing and that little thing; tearing up the nest that took so like-a-building, and was also to smug arter a cold day's work. I looked at the clean little winders, and then at the bright kettle on the shiny black hob, and then at the werry small fire as there was, and then fust at-one thing, and then at another, all so clean and neat and homely; and all a-shoving here and there, as I was now and then, and then I thought a little more of what going up to London really did mean, and I suppose it must have showed through (and I was afraid faint and poorly, and I'm almost ashamed to tell it, for I'm such a big strong chap; but truth's truth. Well, sometow I seemed to grow dim in my eyes, and my head went down upon my knees, and I cried like a school-boy. But it went off, for my lass was kneeling down close by me in a minute, and her thick old head upon her shoulder, and began a-doing all she could to make-believe it was all right, and she was sorry she was so poorly, and how wonderful well up there; and so we talked it over for long enough, while she made-believe to be cheerful, and kep' me and the side, a-chirping away"—a-putting down nought for herself, and a-carrying I don't know how much for me—till glowed up under the discovery how much I'd ever work on plenty, or whether work was slack, I, Bill Stock—christened William—was rich in my good wife.

That was something like a thought, that was, and seemed to stiffen me up, and put bone and muscle into a fellow till he felt strong as a lion; and set to talking over the arrangements; and two days arter, Polly and I was in a lodging in London.

Nex' morning I was up at five, and made myself smart; not fine, but clean, and looking as if I wasn't afraid of work; and I finds my way to one of the big wick-shops, where the bell was a-ringing for six o'clock, and the men was a-scuffling in; while a chap with a rose in the button-hole of his coat, late-ones, for stopping on pay-day out of their wages —which is but fair, yer know, for if two hundred men lost a quarter of an hour apiece in a week it would come to something stiff in a year. Well, there was a couple more chaps like me standing at the gate, and I says to 'em if they could put work on, and one o' 'em slips in, and comes out again directly a-swearing and growling like any thing, and then another goes in, and he comes out a-swearing too, and then I feels my heart go sinking down ever so low. So I says to the fust:

"Any one on a job?" I says.

"Go to—" somewhere, he says, cutting up rough; so I asks t'other one.

"Any vacancy at a job?" I says.

"Not a h'porth," he says, turning his back, and going off with the fust one; and I must say as they didn't look a bit like jobbers.

So I stood there for quite five minutes wondering what to do; whether I should go in and ask for my self, or go and ask somewhere else. I didn't like to try, arter seeing two men refused. All at once a tall sharp-eyed man comes out of a side place and looks at me and says here.

"Now, my man," he says, "what's your business? What do you want?"

"Job, Sir," I says.

"Then why didn't you come to I says," he says.

"Saw two turned back," I says.

"Oh! we don't want such as them here," he says, "but there's plenty of work for men who mean it;" and then he looks through me a'most. "I suppose you do mean it, eh?"

"Give us hold of a trowel," says I, sitting in both hands.

"Bricklayer?" says he, smiling.

"Right," says I.

"From the country?" says he.

"Yes," says I.

"Work slack there?" says he.

"Awful," says I.

"You'll do," says he. "Here, Jones, put this fellow in number four kit."

I'm sure I believe me, I could have taken hold of him and hugged him; but I didn't, for I kep' it for Polly.

Well—I wonder how many times I've said well since I begun—I was in work now, and I meant to keep it, and I did. I make the bricks and morter fly! My hodman did his day's work that day, if he never did it afore. Then some of the men began to take it up, and got to chaffing: one says there'd soon be no work left; and another says I'd better have a couple o' Paddies to keep me going, one for bricks and another for morter; while one fellow makes himself precious unpleasant by keeping on going "puff! puff! puff!" like a steam-ingin', because I worked so fast. But I let them chaff as long as they liked; and bime-by I comes to be working alongside of my steam-ingin' friend, and just as he's been going it a little extra, I says to him quietly:

"Ever been out o' work, matey?"

"Not to signify," he says.

"Cause if ever you are, and come down werry close to ground, you'll be as glad to handle the trowel again as I am." He didn't puff any more that day, not as I heerd.

London work was something fresh to me, used to think that I'd been about some tidy buildings down our way, but what was the tidiest on 'em to the London jobs I was put on! Jobs where the scaffolding must have cost hundreds upon hundreds of pounds more than the house, and, and every thing put together, the biggest place I had ever worked upon. I used, too, to think I was pretty strong in the head; but I soon began to feel small there—specially when I had been up about a week and was put on at a big hotel. Right up so high that one turned quite giddy and sick and faint to look to my say, for I knew she'd have been on the fidget all day if I had told her.

The highest I got to stand it all pretty well; and we began to feel a bit settled in our one room. Not that we much liked it, but then it was werry cheap, and we kep' a good fire up, and I could draw your week's wage, good wage too, jest as I had seen it when settin' in my own place at home. Then I got to like it, and I began to get to feel that we were at home in London, and Polly she said she never should, after having a baby our two selves we made things pretty comfortable.

The big hotel was getting on at a tremendous rate, but I was the strong body on us at work, and it used to make me think and think of the loads upon loads of bricks and hundreds upon hundreds more it would take before it was finished. One day when I was bricklaying up at the top—I don't know how many pair of stairs it was—and I never used to care to look to see for fear of turning giddy—one day it came on to blow a regular gale; and how at last a lot of the top of the scaffold-pole did quiver and quiver, while, wherever there was a loose rope, it rattled and beat against the poles, as if it was trying to get being fetched down, and wanted to break loose and be off.

It blew at last so werry hard that I should have been obliged to stop if an accident or two hadn't, and I couldn't well leave my work, and the old hands didn't seem to mind it much; so I kep' at it, though the wind blew, and I kept on, and my eyes, I can cull it all back again; the creaking and quivering of the poles, the rattling of the boards, and the hissing and whistling of the gale as it swept savagely by in a rage because it could not sweep us away.

A high wind is pretty hard to deal with sometimes on the ground; and I have seen folks pretty hard driven to turn a corner. So it may be generally the case of fust it is right on end, and then it's scared, and where a man is expected to work with both hands and hold on by nothing, and that, too, where a single good-hearted wind can—there, it's a thing as allus makes me nervous to talk about.

It was getting to be somewhere about half past three, and I was working hard, so as to keep from thinking about the storm, when all at once I happened to turn my head and look, and the men was pened to turn my head and look, and the men was a-scuffling down the ladders as hard as they could go. And then, before I had time to think, there was a loud crash, and a lot of planks and poles, and a big pipe and all swept with it poles, boards, and bricks right into the open space below.

I leaped up at a pole which was projected from the roof above me, threw up my head, caught it, and hung suspended, just as the boards upon which I stood but an instant before went down to join in the general ruin some twenty feet below. Tightly clasping the rough fir pole I clung for life.

Think? I did think. I thought a hundreds of things in a few seconds as I shut my eyes and began to pray, for I felt as I could not hold on long, and I knew as I should fall a long way before long, and I knew as I should fall either give way or shoot me when the hooks should either give way or shoot me off again with a spring, and then I knew there would be a crowd round something upon the ground, and the police coming with a stretcher.

"Creep out, mate, and come down the rope," cried a voice from below. I looked down, and there was a man who had placed the pole I was hanging to had a block at the end, through which ran a rope for drawing light things up and down by the side of the building. But I dared not move; then, raising myself, I went hand over hand toward the pulley, and in another instant I should have grasped it, when I heard a rushing sound, and the creaking of a wheel, as the rope went spinning through, and was gone; the weight of the things below had dragged the other through. As I hung I distinctly heard it fall, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet.

As the rope fell, and I hung there, my head began to clear a little from those below; but nobody dared to my assistance, for I was beyond help then; but I seemed to get more used with the danger, though my arms felt as if they were being wrenched out of their sockets, and my nerves as if they were torn with hot irons. Sobbing for breath, I crept in again till I was over the stage first; then close into the face of the building; and there I hung. Once I tried to get some hold with my feet, but the smooth bricks let my toes slip over them directly. Then I tried to get a leg over the pole so as to climb up and sit there; but the time was gone by for that. I had hung too long, and was now growing weaker every moment.

I can describe what I felt. All I knew is, that it was horrible, and that long afterward I used to jump up in bed with a scrdam; for so sure as I was a little out of sorts dreamt of hanging to that scaffold-pole, expecting every moment to be one's last.

I can't say, either, how long I hung; but feeling at length that I was going, I made one last try for it. I thought of my poor lass, and seemed to see her a-looking at me in a widder's cap; and then I clenched my teeth hard, and tried to get on to where the end of the pole was fastened. I got just over over the hard bricks and hooked my fingers and held on; then I got the other hand over, and tried to climb up, as I could see from below encouraged me; but my feet and knees slipped over the smooth bricks, and in spite of every effort they hung down straight at last, and I felt a sharp quiver run through me as slowly, slowly, my hands grew stiff and fingers straightened, and, with pains like dividend and bloodshot, I fell.

—Fell what seemed to be an enormous distance, though it was only to the next stage, where boards, bricks, and tools, shaken by the concussion, went with a crash below. The deal planks upon which I lay, still kep' in their places, but with their ends pitted so near the edge that it seemed to me that the least motion on my part would make them slip, and send me off again. I was too exhausted and frightened to move, and lay there for some time, not knowing whether I was much hurt or not. Then I remember as recalled me to myself was the voice of a man who came up a ladder close at hand; and I could see that he had a rope and pulley with him, and that he had hooked on to the ladder.

"Hold on, mate," he says. "If I throw you the end of the rope, can you tie it round you?"

"I'll try," I says. So he makes a noose, and pulling enough rope through the block, he shies it to me, but it wasn't far enough. So he tries again and again, and at last I manages to hitch the rope in it. But now, as soon as I tried to move, it seemed as if something stabbed me in the side, and, what was more, the man, who was small, I found, used the boards down, and of course me with them.

"Tell them to hold tight by the rope," says I; and then I began to feel very weak, while I got both arms through the noose, and told him to tighten it, which he did by pulling, for I could not have got it over my head without making the boards slip.

"Now, then," he says, "are you ready?"

"All right," I says, faintly, for I felt as if every thing was a-swimming round me; but I heard him give a signal, and felt the snatch of the rope as it cut into my arms under the shoulders, and I was jerked backward and forward in the air; while, with a crash, away went the boards upon which I had been a-lying.

I couldn't see any more, nor hear any more, for I seemed to be sent to sleep; but I suppose I was lowered down, and sent to the hospital, where they put my broken ribs to rights in no time, and it wasn't to werry long before I was at work once more; though it was a month while before I could get on to a high scaffold again without feeling creepy and shivery; but, you know, "use is second nature."

Polly showed me the stocking t'other day, and I must say it has improved wonderful, for wages is very good, and work plenty; and as for them chaps who organize the strikes, it strikes me they don't know what being out o' work is like. But, along of that stocking, one feels tempted very much to go down in the country again, but don't like to, for fear o' things not turning out well; and Polly says, "Let well alone, Bill." So I keeps on, verry well satisfied, and very comfortable.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE LATEST THING OUT.—The policeman.

What length ought a lady's crinoline to be?—A little above two feet.

SHAME!—The meanest reason for getting married that we ever heard was a man who said he wanted some one to part his buck hair for him.

"The rich," said the Jew, "act reveless because it teh dear; I am always economical because I'm cheap."

Why was the giant Goliah very much astonished when David hit him with the stone?—Such a thing had never entered his head before.

MARITIME LAW.—The Law of Lifted does not apply in "running down" cases. The parties are not in the same boat.

THRIFT THOUGHTS.

It is quite a subject, with respect to certain heavily bottles moving in a brilliant circle, to suppose that in direct proportion to their extravagance is their capacity for astonishing.

In matrimony one of the liberal arts?. We ask this because in a new young persons who are all in all to each other, and whose limbs are always in the right place, and who are always smiling. This sweet pair propose in a forthcoming announcement to compete with the old economical system. The tender denial of "No company."

There is something sarcastic and significant in those few familiar words which have passed into history, of course, Man—that gorgeous monosyllable—and of course, Enough—that compact little trifle, of a lady does not hit it, she continues till doomsday a Miss.

A THOUGHT IN THE DARK.—The haunted chamber is often how well the ghosts of reminders of course.

If a man simply asks you to be his surety, he will probably pay. If he makes you a solemn speech of thanks, maybe you'll pay for him. Wherever he goes, he simply speaks the truth: But if he writes you a touching letter, and begs that he may be bailed, the right hand turned off before you shall be burnt, you had better lay aside the money at once, as you will be sure to lose it.

A former who had passed innumerable sleepless nights immortalized himself by discovering a method for keeping his babies quiet. The method of operating is as follows: As soon as the smaller awakes, set it up, propped by a pillow, if it can not sit alone, and ensure the fingers with little nuisances; then put half a dozen feathers into its hands, and it will set and pick the feathers from one hand to the other until it drops asleep. As soon as it wakes again, moisten and more feathers and in place of the monosyllabic yells, there will a silence and enjoyment unspeakable.

Man-hood, a hat; woman-hood, a bonnet

The man who takes things easy—The city shopkeeper.

PADDY BLAKE'S ECHO

In the gap of Dunlo
There's an echo so fine,
And some of them echoes is very surprizin',
You'll think in this place
That I mane to deceive—
For a bullock's a thing you expect to find lies in.

But savin and thrun
In that will surprize you
There's an echo as sure and as safe as the bank too;
Just give civilly spoken,
"How d'ye do, Paddy Blake?"
The echo politely says, "Very well, thank you."

One day Teddy Keogh
With Kate Connor did go
To hear from the echo their wonderful talk, Sir;
But the echo, they say,
Was cantankery that day,
Or perhaps Paddy Blake had gone out for a walk, Sir.

"How are you?" says Teddy to Kate,
"'Tis too hard to be bate
By this deaf and dumb baste of an echo, so lazy:
But if we both shout
At each other, no doubt
We'll make up an echo between us, my dairy!

"Now, Kitty," says Teddy,
"You never be touchy;
"Oh, very well, thank you," cries out Kitty; then, Sir,
Says Teddy, "I think you like to be civil,
Kitty darlin'!" says Ted.
"Oh, very well, thank you," says Kitty again, Sir.

"Do you like me?" says Teddy:
Cried, "Very well, thank you," with laughter beguiling.
"Will you marry me?"
Teddy could not be less
Than pay his respects to the last there were smiling:

Oh, dear Paddy Blake,
May you never forsake
Those hills that return us our voices endearing;
And may girls all translate
Echo's "No" to be "Yes,"
No faithfulness doubting, no treachery fearing.

And, boys, be you true,
Like frolicsome Teddy—
Be earnest in loving, though given to joking;
And thus, when inclined,
Sigh all your lovers find
Sweet echoes to answer from hearts they're invoking.

One of the editors of a New Orleans paper, soon after beginning to learn the printing business, received a call at the preacher's daughter. The next time he attended the meeting he was shown an honorable seat within the inclosure as his text, "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was over, Shook hands, and were as good friends as before. "Friends!" said the testy client, "how could you To be such friends, who were such foes just now?" "Fool!" said one, "that was to get a living, though no king, Like sheers, we're cut ourselves—but won't entwain!"

Punch gives sur—good advice to women in looking for suitable husbands. Among other things he says:

Don't be afraid to look out for a man that tries whole snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, for a man who is fond of snuff has to marry as any consideration, either for love or money, but decidedly for love, for if he has to marry for money, he is over, is discovered to have had none, he very sure to make his husband a miserable man, he very sure to be rewarded with the best of wives like his deserving being in like. Say dears, when you see and the best of mothers to be your husband. In the next will be a man who do your best to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed for you.

The way to get around the chest is to have a large beard within it.

"Dar ar," said a sable orator, addressing his brethren, "two roots to dis world. De one am a heap sweeter dan de oder, but de bitter is perfection, and de odder a narrow and broad road dat leads to destruction. De colled individual takes to de woods."

ALL OUT.—A man asked a servant, "Is your master at home?" "No, Sir." "Is your mistress?" "No, Sir; she's out too." "Well, I'll just step in, and take a warm at the fire till they come in." "Faith, Sir, and that's out too!"

"I wish to look at some shoes for Sissy," said a very impertinent lady's maid to a shoe-shop keeper.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the obliging clerk, instantly displaying a dozen pairs of the smallest that he could obtain before the astonished dame.

"Why, these are for Master, Sir. *Why, Sissy is my daughter, a grown-up young woman, and wears ladies' slippers a number six!*"

"No man can do any thing against his will," said a metaphysician to an irishman. "By Jabers! I had a brother," said he, "that was born in Botany Bay, and faith I know it was greatly against his own will."

"I will bet you a bottle of wine that you shall descend from that chair before I ask you twice." "Done," said the gentleman, who seemed determined not to obey the summons on obstinacy. "Come down." "I will not," was the reply. "Then stop till I ask you a second time." The gentleman, having no doubt he should gain his position until that period, came down from the chair, and his opponent won the wager.

Why is a letter like a flock of sheep?—Because it is pressed and folded.

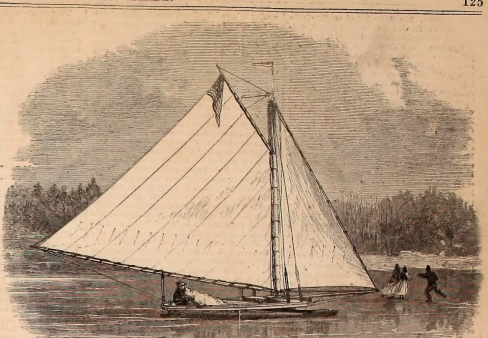
A DOGMA.—An opinion laid down with a mast.



FOUNDERING OF THE STEAMSHIP "LONDON" IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.—[See Page 126.]



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL PRIM.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDERICKS & CO.]



ICE-YACHT ON THE HUDSON.

GENERAL PRIM.

DON JUAN PRIM, the leader in the late attempt to overturn the Spanish Government, bore the rank of Lieutenant-General in the national army of Spain. He is Viscount del Bruch, Count de Reus, Marques de Los Castillejos, and Grandee of Spain of the first class. He was born at Reus, in Catalonia, December 6, 1814. He fought against the adherents of DON CARLOS in the six years of civil war, terminating in 1839. At the close of the war he was elected Deputy to several successive Parliaments. In 1844 he is said to have been seriously implicated in a conspiracy against NARVAEZ, then at the head of the Government, the upshot of which was an attempt to assassinate the Prime Minister as he was driving to the Opera one evening, by firing at his carriage in the Calle de Ballesta. NARVAEZ himself and the present Minister of State, BERMUDEZ DE CASTRO, who sat in the front seat with him, escaped with their lives. Not so NARVAEZ's aid-de-camp, RAZETTI, who was in the back seat and was shot dead on the spot. PRIM was tried with others, convicted of participation in the murder, and condemned to death; but NARVAEZ, either out of a very extreme magnanimity or possibly from some intimate conviction of PRIM's innocence, induced the Queen to cancel the sentence.

In 1854 General PRIM was sent as Spanish Military Commissioner to the camp of the Allies during the Crimean war. On his return from the East he passed through Paris, where, in 1856, he married a Mexican lady, Senora ECHEVARRIA, who brought him a dowry of $600,000, with expectations of no less a fortune from her mother, and $1,000,000 from each of her two uncles. He was promoted to his present rank in the army in 1856, and in 1858 was raised to the Senate. In 1861 the joint expedition to Mexico of England, France, and Spain was projected, and PRIM was sent out in command of the Spanish contingent, being charged at the same time with the duties of a Minister Plenipotentiary. How PRIM proceeded to Mexico with the French and English contingents, and came back with the latter, leaving to the former alone the task of a complete subjugation of Mexico and the installment of an Austrian dynasty there, are matters of well-known contemporary history.

Under the Ministry presided over by Señor MON, PRIM was again implicated in some underhand manœuvre which caused him to be banished or "confined" to Oviedo. He was recalled by NARVAEZ, during his last Administration, and is nevertheless said to have joined O'DONNELL in the efforts made by the latter to oust his rival, by fair means or foul. Soon after O'DONNELL's accession to power, however, PRIM seemed to recall to memory his former political predilections; he leagued himself with ESPARTERO, and threw himself with all his influence into the interests of the Progressistas.

It was on January 2 that General PRIM left Madrid on his "shooting excursion," and placed himself at the head of the mutinous cavalry regiments at Aranjuez. His insurrection has not been supported with any great force, and he has retired to Portugal.

SAILING ON THE ICE.

AN engraving which we publish on this page illustrates one of the most exciting of winter recreations on the Hudson. It represents a boat on skates, so to speak, and impelled by the wind in the same manner as an ordinary yacht. With a strong wind and smooth ice these novel craft glide along with almost fearful velocity, attaining a speed said to equal, if not exceed, a mile per minute, or greater than that of the most rapid locomotive.

These ice-yachts on the Hudson are all made on the same general plan. A light frame, 13 feet long, partially floored, is secured to a transverse plank, 13 feet in length, by two bolts and rubber springs. To this movable runners are attached, thereby giving an easy motion to the boat. The stern rests on a third runner, which forms the apex of an equilateral triangle. By this the helmsman guides his boat in perfect safety while flying literally with the speed of the wind.

Poughkeepsie, New York, claims precedence in the proper construction of these glacial yachts. Great rivalry exists among the ice-boatmen, each striving to lead the "fleet" in the constantly-occurring races during the winter season.

THE HARBOR OF CALLAO.

PERU, having entered into an alliance with Chili, has declared war against Spain. The Peruvian and Chilean fleets have effected a junction, and all Spaniards residing in the province of Lima have been forbidden to leave the country. As our readers are aware this war is in consequence of the seizure of the Chincha Islands, with their valuable deposits of guano, by the Spanish fleet, as a material guarantee for the compensation which is claimed on behalf of some Spanish subjects lately resident in Peru. These circumstances give some additional interest to our engraving of the Harbor of Callao, the chief Peruvian sea-port. The town of Callao, when not covered with mist and cloud, which is too often the case, presents a pretty and pleasing aspect



THE HARBOR OF CALLAO—THE PERUVIAN FLEET AT ANCHOR.

from the water. The streets, indeed, are dirty in the extreme; but the view of the country around, studded with trees and verdure, and bounded by ranges of deep blue hills in the distance, is agreeable and picturesque. On a clear day the towers of Lima, the metropolis of Peru, may be seen at the base of the hills sparkling in the sun, as shown in our engraving. The two forts on the right were built by the Spaniards before the era of Peruvian independence. They form a prominent feature of the town, being constructed of stone and colored a bright yellow. The Peruvian fleet consists of a frigate, an iron-clad ram on the *Merrimac* principle, and one or two gun-boats and mail-packets converted into warsteamers, besides a sailing brig. The Peruvians have also attempted to build a Monitor, carrying a revolving turret; but though now about two years under her turret-clad, she is capable of so small an amount of speed as to be of little or no service should the Spaniards have it into their heads to bombard the port of Callao.

WRECK OF THE STEAMER "LONDON."

For many years no shipwreck has created a more profound sensation than that of the steamship *London*, bound for Australia, which foundered at sea soon after leaving the British Channel, and on the 11th of January went down with over two hundred souls on board. The late fearful gales off the European coast have left behind them many a signal monument of their power for destruction, but none either so memorable as the disaster which forms the subject of our illustration on page 124.

The *London* was one of the finest ships for strength that ever left the Thames. She belonged to WIGHAM & SON, and was of nearly 3000 tons burden. She had been built about a year, and had made two voyages to Melbourne and back, and her success had realized the great expectations which had been entertained respecting her as a vessel competent to sail around the Southern Capes to Australia. But the gales off the British coast proved fatal to her, as they had not encountered or countered the difficulties of this southern voyage.

The *London* left the East India Docks December 28, commanded by Captain MARTIN, an old merchant navigator of great experience, and, as the event proved, a man of great moral courage. As the night of the 10th came on unusually dark, and the wind ahead, the vessel brought up at the Nore, and remained there the whole of the next day, which was Sunday. There were two clergymen on board, the Rev. Dr. WOOLLEY, Principal of Sydney University, and the Rev. MR. DRAPER, and both took part in the morning worship service. At eight o'clock on Monday, the 1st of January, the anchor was weighed, and the ship steered down the Channel still against a head wind, but making her way slowly, passing outside the Isle of Wight the wind increased to half a gale, and Captain MARTIN deemed it prudent to put back and lay-to for the night in St. Helen's Roads.

On the morning of January 3 the vessel proceeded int to the open Channel; and as the wind was, the wind, which was at first light, increased blowing a gale right ahead, with a rolling sea, all the way to Plymouth. Here she took on the rest of her second class passengers who had arranged to join her at Plymouth. Some incidents in connection with the built—the discords between the mate which had been already encountered and the storm that was to come—are worthy of record as illustrating the apparently fortuitous disposition of our lives by the hand of Providence How fortunate for the second-class male passenger who, appointed to the possible fate of the vessel, resigned his passage at Plymouth and returned home! How fortunate, also, for the lady who, after repeated applications to the owners' agents at Plymouth, was finally excluded from among the doomed passengers by the Captain on the ground that his cabin was already full! and for a young man who had taken passage on account of some family quarrel, and who at Plymouth was induced to forego his voyage! But, on the other hand, what a fate it was that, with the persistence of Nemesis, had followed, and on this occasion succeeded in overtaking, a poor girl couple with their three children, who had, on two occasions previously, attempted in vain to go upon the voyage, and each time in a vessel that was wrecked before it reached its destination, but who succeeded the third time in gaining a passage upon the *London*, and were drowned with their unfortunate companions!

At midnight, on Friday, January 5, the *London* proceeded on her voyage, and on Sunday the wind again threatened, with a head-sea rising. In the night the wind increased to a gale, and by noon it blew. On the morning of Tuesday, the 9th, while the Captain was endeavoring to keep the ship in her course in the absence of the screw, the violence of the gale carried away at one sweep the jib-boom, the foretop-mast, the gallant-mast, and the royal mast. It was impossible to again secure sail under all this crisis, the gale all the while continuing to increase, with a sea running mountains high, the Captain seems, for the first time, to have been seriously alarmed, though he had not been in bed the previous night. Still the engines were kept steaming ahead, and there was no anxiety yet as to the ultimate safety of the ship. About the middle of the afternoon a tremendous sea struck the ship, carrying away the port life-boat abaft the main rigging.

The next morning, the 10th, the Captain turned the ship about for Plymouth. In half an hour after the ship's course had been altered another blow from the sea carried away a second life-boat and stove in the starboard cutter. At noon a heavy cross-sea was running, with the wind dead astern, which caused the ship to roll heavily and much impeded her progress. But no danger was even now anticipated, and all through the evening of Wednesday and long after midnight all the ship continued to run slowly ahead, the Captain and his officers remaining steadily at their posts and the passengers appearing to have full reliance upon the skill of Captain MARTIN to bring them safely to port. At 10.30 P.M., the ship still rolling deeply in a heavy cross sea, and the wind blowing a whole gale from the south-west, a mountain of water fell heavily over the waist of the ship, and spent its destructive force upon the main hatchway over the engine-room, completely demolishing this massive structure, measuring 12 feet by 8 feet, and flooding with tons of water the portion of the ship. Instant endeavors to repair the hatchway were made with a portable tube and vigor commensurable with the imminent crisis. Every spare sail that could be got at, and even blankets and mattresses from all parts of the ship, were thrown over the aperture, but each succeeding sea shipped by the vessel tore away the frail resource of the moment, and within but a few minutes after the hatchway had been destroyed the water had risen above the furnaces, and the fires were all put out and drowned fires employed in this part of the ship. The lower decks were also now bodily filled with the mass of water which was momentarily taking in. The chief engineer remained at his post until the water had risen above his waist, when he went on deck and reported that the fires were out, and his engines rendered useless. Captain MARTIN, with calm conviction, remarked that he was not surprised; on the contrary, he had expected such a result. Finding his ship at length little more than a log on the water, Captain MARTIN immediately ordered the mainmast to be cut, in the hope of keeping her before the wind. The difficult work had scarcely been accomplished when the force of the wind tore the sail into ribbons, with the exception of one corner, under which the ship lay-to throughout the remainder of the night. The donkey-engine, supplied with a hose, was pulled upon deck, and all the deck-pumps, were kept going throughout the night, and the passengers of all classes, not excluding those of tried imminent danger, shared with the crew their arduous labors. Notwithstanding every effort to keep the vessel free from water, pumps and the gale continuing at its height, cross seas with tremendous force were constantly breaking over the vessel, which at length succumbed to the unequal conflict. From this moment the action of the ship was low and heavy, and she refused to rise to the action of the seas. At a quarter after 4 o'clock on Thursday morning she was struck by a stern sea which carried away four of her stern windows, flooding the deck of water through the breach. From this time all efforts were useless; and at day-break Captain MARTIN, whose cool intrepidity had never for a moment forsaken him, entered the cuddy, where all classes of the passengers had now taken refuge, and, responding to the universal prayer, called upon them to the exercise of all human hopes. It is a remarkable fact that this solemn admission was solemnly received, a resigned calm prevailing, which continued unbroken by any but the briefest intervals by the well-timed and appropriate exhortations of the Rev. Mr. DRAPER, whose spiritual services were very necessary during the previous twenty-four hours.

The next morning, the fatal 11th, the Captain informed those in charge that the ship was sinking, and they must prepare for the worst. A lifeboat was lowered with the mate, who, as he was hastily swamped, though the men were got on board, was dead. Was there no hope, then, in that last resort, the life-boat? Alas! no; all attempts were desperate. All the passengers and crew gathered as by one consent in the main saloon, weeping and with pale, passionless faces, but with no tumult, no frantic exhibition of terror.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the water gaining fast on the engine-room, and the consequent of the storm subsiding, a small band of men determined to treat themselves to the mercy of the waves in a boat rather than go down with the ill-fated ship. Leaving the saloon, therefore, they got out and lowered away the port cutter, into which sixteen of the men and three of the passengers succeeded in getting, and they launched her clear of the ship. Three minutes men shouted to the Captain to come with them; but with that heroic self-sacrifice which his chief characteristic, he declined to go with them, saying, "No, I will go down with the passengers." In a bath you God-speed and farewell. The boat then pulled away, tossing about helplessly on the crests of the gigantic waves. Scarcely had they gone 80 yards, or been in a minute off the deck, when the fine steamer went down stern foremost with her crowd of human beings true, and with an unusual cry of helpless terror rang, and was the last forever. Those in the boat were saved, being rescued the next day by the Italian bark *Adrienne*.

Among those lost, numbering all together 220, was the distinguished actor GUSTAVUS VAUGHAN BROOKE and his sister. The case of the wreck of the *London* was probably the largest amount of iron on board.

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON.

THE PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON, nine in number, which we give on page 125, were painted at different time grouped together in a single series. Two of these portraits have, we think, never been engraved before. One of these, painted by JOHN TRUMBULL, represents WASHINGTON in the regalia of a Freemason. It was for many years in the BRADFORD family mansion, at Philadelphia. We have had a copy of one painted soon after the battle of Princeton (obetber by CHARLES WILSON PEALE or V. M. PEALE is uncertain), and which used to be the only original picture of WASHINGTON in his full uniform as Commander-in-Chief, except that in possession of the Lenox family. This copy of PEALE'S painting was burned in the house of EDMUND J. LEE in 1864 by HUNTER'S forces. But two years before an excellent copy of it was painted at Washington for HON. CALEB LYON, of LYONSDALE. This and the AUDUBON picture were painted at about the same time, while General WASHINGTON was on the ARNOLD affair, after the battle of Princeton. The AUDUBON picture, we understand, is the last of the original pictures were considered to be the best portraits of WASHINGTON during the active portion of his life.

The portrait which is known to have been painted by C. W. PEALE, in 1772, represents WASHINGTON at forty years of age, in the uniform of a Virginia Colonel of that day. PEALE was a remarkable man. He entered the Revolutionary War at an early period of the contest, and from studies commenced at Valley Forge he painted another full-length portrait of WASHINGTON as Commander-in-Chief at the battle of Princeton. This latter portrait is in the National Institute at Washington.

DR. MANN'S portrait represents WASHINGTON as a young man of twenty-five. The portrait of WASHINGTON which is most familiar to every body is STUART'S, which represents him at a very late period. This is more massive and grand than any of the others. The original head is in the Boston Athenæum in an unfinished state. The celebrated "Fitcher" portraits were copied from STUART'S.

The portrait of WASHINGTON painted in the latter part of the last century, was considered by his family as their most faithful likeness of any extant.

A COMFORTABLE DOCTRINE.

WHEN DR. Livingstone was sleeping out one night in the country of his explorations a lion seized and shook him, with a view to further proceedings. It is not many men who can say with Miss Pecksniff that they have "lived to be shook" in such a style as this. The doctor records it as his experience that the result of this shaking was to superinduce a sort of comatose state—a feeling rather of numbness, half of contented repose—in which he distinctly felt pain, but had no complete dread of the tearing of flesh and limbs which was to precede his death. Thereupon he suggests the idea that, when pain is inflicted in the way of the mode in which it is observed in all feline animals, as well as in dogs and in some of the more violent fishes, in a Providential arrangement it is rendered necessary victim pain. If we look into tales of death by violence, we shall see in very many cases some such preparation for a comparative state of mind. We say, that is to say, as compared with the horror which the account excites in those who hear or read of them. This would appear to be the case, at least in some kinds of railway accident. The shock and jar of a collision has something peculiarly numbing about it. Passengers who escape with a few bruises and a concussion relate that they suddenly became conscious of something happening or being about to happen, and knew nothing more till they found themselves lying and round the other way, or heels uppermost, or contorted in some of the many strange ways in which the human body is flung by the force of other accidents of this kind. There has been no blow to account for a loss of consciousness; there is no bruise to show, no outward injury to account for any locomotion of a very complicated and difficult nature has been achieved, and a space of time has passed which can not be any means be filled up. Something of the same kind is observed during the interval which elapsed between his leaving the carriage and his finding himself quietly seated on the ordinary earth seven feet below the ruined train, he would have met it without conscious suffering. And, without going through such a hazardous ordeal, as many passengers of gentlemanly habits have experience which points in the same direction. A man who is a bad sailor, and has crossed the Channel in a very dirty weather, finding on the deck, knows what it is to be suddenly lifted, as it were, from his seat by some strange power, such as that of a wave, and the prince and princess of the "Arabian Nights' backward and forward through the air, and deposited ever so far off in a heap, among various articles of deck-load, and without the expediment of a sick passenger on a stormy day. At the moment of his deposit, and for some moments after, he is conscious of death in any form could have much effect in rousing him even to a struggle to evade it. And even the same result follows passengers from what the Irish call a gentle tap on the "Arabian Nights' backward and forward through the air, and deposited ever so far off in a heap, among various articles of deck-load, and without the expediment of a sick passenger on a stormy day. At the moment of his deposit, and for some moments after, he is conscious of death in any form could have much effect in rousing him even to a struggle to evade it. And even the same result follows passengers from what the Irish call a gentle tap on the make every nerve of one's body quiver at the barest cricket, there are great chances in favor of the victim's having proceeded through a momentary fury, a shock, or blow which paralyzes that part of his system to whose sensitiveness pain is due, and so render him unable to feel the keenest pangs. And this would be very well hold in the case of those who struggle on and cry aloud in their apparent torture, even as the subject would be who has a knife stuck into him; but pain when his nerves are under the blessed influence of anesthetics. It is a comfort to think of such things in these days, when steam locomotion and steam machinery bring to so many households the horrors of a dreadful death to enhance the usual very high degree of misery. In face of the dreadful catastrophe in the Bay of Biscay, it is a great comfort to think that a similar effect is often produced, although perhaps not to such a degree, by lightning, by exposure to wet and cold, by prolonged and anxious doubt. Sea-sickness has especially, and to a very high degree, this effect. A man under its influence will constantly say, "Do with me what you will." If he were to fall overboard he is sure he should make no effort to save himself. If he is told that the ship is sinking, the announcement has but little interest for him. In that storm in which the *London* went down, how little a benefit some of the passengers could have become accustomed to the notion of the vessel's going to be sent to the bottom many years ordinary sufferings rendered it impossible for them to have that keen perception of the horrors of the situation which each fresh detail brings to us on land. And of the rest large numbers must have been tired into resignation, tired by the efforts at self-preservation and the preservation of others they had so spiritedly and so nobly made, tired by exertions the very intentness of which precluded the possibility of much agony of anticipation while such exertions lasted. Many again of those whose sex or age or infirmities forced them to be somewhat inactive spectators of all this sort of work must have been half alive to their trials. The discomforts of a vessel on which the sea was making sheer breaches, the numbness of cold and the results of exposure to wind and spray, the deafening noise of the elements and the confusion of all within the ship's hull—all these and many circumstances would be at work to reduce persons of weak constitution to a half-regardless state, some time before death was known to be inevitable.

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OUR Spider and Some Kin.—Hunting Spider.—Lurking Bee.—Burrying Beetle.—Scarabæus.—Ant Nest.—Ant Lion.—Ant Lion's Pit.—Scorpion.—Centipede.—Cocoon of Scarabæus and Golonil.

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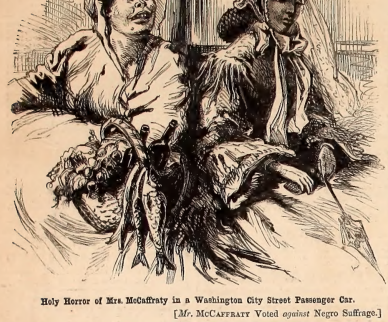
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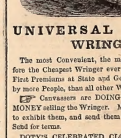
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VOL. X. No. 479.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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STARKWEATHER THE MURDERER.

On the last day of January of the current year was concluded at Hartford, Connecticut, the trial of ALBERT L. STARKWEATHER for one of the most horrible murders on record. The prisoner, whose portrait we give on this page, was convicted of murder in the first degree. The sentence was postponed until the meeting of the Supreme Court of Errors on the third Tuesday of February, before which there was to be a new trial, but the evidence of the prisoner's guilt is so overwhelming that no reversal of the verdict could have been expected.

The circumstances of the murder were as follow: Young STARKWEATHER was unmarried, but had been paying attentions to a young lady in Manchester named EMERETT CAMPBELL, who had refused her consent to an engagement, apparently on account of his embarrassed circumstances. According to STARKWEATHER's own confession:

In the early part of the week preceding the homicide his mother, he said, came to Hartford and executed a deed to him of the homestead. Previously (in 1860) she had delivered to him a deed of a lot containing 63 acres, though the deed had never been recorded. In giving him the deed of the homestead she had required him to give in return a mortgage note for $1000 in favor of ELIZA, his sister. On the Saturday following, he said, he went to Rockville, and, securing the services of a lawyer there, had the 63 acres of land given to him in 1860 and the homestead which had just passed into his possession deeded by a warranty deed to EMERETT CAMPBELL, thus disposing to her of all his estate to which he held title. On his return home that evening he stopped at Mr. CAMPBELL'S house and gave the deed to EMERETT. When he reached his own house he told his mother what he had done, and she, very naturally, censured him for doing what she pronounced to be a very foolish act, and expressed herself in strong terms. She finally told him, however, that if he was willing to take the deed of the place, as previously agreed upon, and let the note of $1000 in favor of ELIZA stand as it was drawn, and would keep the deed in his own name and live on the premises, the arrangement she had made with him with regard to property might remain binding, and if EMERETT would marry him she could come there and live; but if he chose to treat the matter as he had—deeding away all he was worth—he should not have a cent out of the ground." The words quoted are precisely those used by her, as stated by STARKWEATHER in his confession. He told her that he would do nothing of the kind—would not take back the deed—and that he had given to EMERETT—and then entered into a discussion with his own and Miss CAMPBELL'S arrangements. Some further conversation of an excited character ensued, which resulted in his mother's going and getting the deed and note (which were in her possession) and tearing them up in his presence. High words followed. "and I told her," said he, "that I would be revenged." The destruction of the deed and note rendered the deed he had given to Miss CAMPBELL totally valueless to her from that time," he added, "until the time of the murder the idea of killing mother did not leave my mind." He said he thought of it constantly—all night Saturday, and Sunday and Sunday night, and all the following day, "and the more I thought of it the murder I grew." were the words he used. Monday night he made up his mind to do the deed, as a favorable opportunity was presented by the absence of his hired man and boy. His mother and sister sat up to a very late hour, as they were frequently accustomed to do. Toward morning, about 4 o'clock, the house became quiet, and he took the axe from the wood-shed and the knife from a drawer, and proceeded to the bedchamber of his mother up stairs. On getting there he immediately struck her blows upon the head with the axe, and he so doing startled his sister ELIZA, who was lying in the back part of the bed, and she sprang up and jumped toward him. He did not expect to kill her, but, awaking as she did, and, as he supposed, seeing him, he was led to knock her in the head in order to put her out of the way, that she might not be a witness to his crime against him. To make certain work he used the axe freely, and then stabbed his sister with the knife. Having done this much he says he knocked his head against the wall, and made a bruise on his forehead and one on the side of his face, and then took his jack-knife from his pocket and cut his clothes and his breast, to that the story he had decided to tell, relative to his being assaulted by two men, might be believed. After this, in order to cover up the crime, he set fire to the beds, in defiance of the finding of which by Mr. WARD, to whom hear the murderer repaired and gave an alarm, appeared in the evidence on the trial.

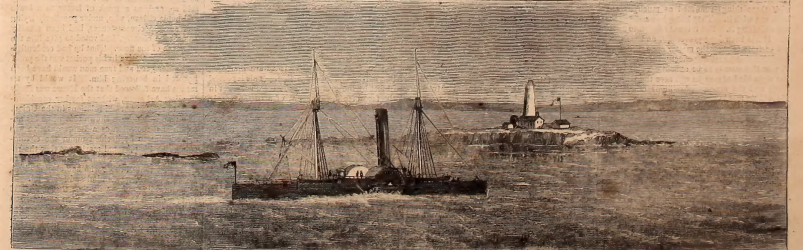
This is the story as given by the prisoner himself. His counsel put in the usual plea of insanity as the only defense; but the deliberation with which the crime was committed, and with which the attempt at concealment was made after the act, destroy the plausibility of such a supposition, for which the very enormity and unnaturalness of the crime might otherwise have elicited some degree of credence.



ALBERT L. STARKWEATHER, THE MATRICIDE.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. H. WAITE, HARTFORD, CT.]



NAVAL RACE BETWEEN THE "WINOOSKI" AND "ALGONQUIN"—THE START, 3 P.M., FEBRUARY 13, 1866.—SKETCHED BY B. S. OSBON.—[SEE PAGE 142.]



NAVAL RACE BETWEEN THE "WINOOSKI" AND ALGONQUIN"—THE "WINOOSKI" OFF FAULKNER'S ISLAND, FEB. 14, 1866.—SKETCHED BY B. S. OSBON.—[SEE PAGE 142.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1866.

CUSTOM-HOUSE FRAUDS.

THE Report of the Revenue Commission, which should be carefully pondered by every citizen, and whose admirable philosophy and simple and wise suggestions we have already commended, is fully sanctioned by the Secretary of the Treasury. There are some statements in it which are startling to every intelligent eye. Thus the Commission affirms that in its judgment

"the annual loss experienced by the Government through the frauds practised in connection with the Boston Custom-house range from twelve to twenty-five millions of dollars."

Now the revenue collected at this port during the last year was about $60,000,000, so that the loss by fraud amounts to from one-fifth to five-twelfths of the whole amount. The largest sum exceeds the entire estimate for the Naval Department for the coming year, and is about two-thirds of the sum asked either for the War Department or the Civil Service. The Commission add:

"A very large part of these frauds arise from the undervaluation of invoices, coupled with the neglect and incompetence in the Department of Appraisers."

Here is a very distinct charge. The Appraisers' Department deals mainly with articles upon which an *ad valorem* duty is imposed. These are probably about one-third of the whole amount of duties; and if we estimate them at $20,000,000, the frauds perpetrated in and through this Department are fully equal to the entire sum collected. The Commissioners cite several instances of the "common, systematic, and shameless manner" in which these frauds are accomplished. Thus they inspected

"two invoices received during the past few months from one of the largest and most respectable houses in one of the chief cities of Europe, one of which invoices *seven to fifteen per cent* below the rate of duties was nearly 40 per cent, less in amount than the other which was transmitted for the private account of the importer."

The Champagne makers at Rheims have lately been exposed in this way, and the Commissioners mention half a score of invoices of Rhine wines, in none of which was the amount stated to be one-half of the real market value, and in some cases barely one-third.

The case of the *Sunday Magazine*, to which we have lately called attention, is an instance in point. The English publisher of that periodical, we are informed, denies the truth of our statement that the Magazine was exported to our Custom-house at the sworn value of three farthings. Our English correspondent says: "Mr. STRAHAN assures me that this is untrue, and that the article is invoiced and sold at 2½ pence," that is, ten farthings. We must, however, repeat, upon the authority of the Commission, that the work was entered at our Custom-house at the sworn value of three farthings, less than one-third of the sum at which Mr. STRAHAN declares that it was invoiced, and, as we are prepared to show, not more than one-sixth of its true market value at the place of production. Certainly if any Custom-house appraiser passed this sworn invoice of three farthings he was either grossly dishonest or utterly incompetent; and in this case incompetency is bravely to be supposed, for the price at which the Magazine is sold is plainly printed on the cover. That price is seven-pence, or twenty-eight farthings; and if we deduct one quarter for the difference between the wholesale and retail price, we have twenty-one farthings instead of three as the true market value in London.

Probably the management of the New York Custom-house is no worse than it has been for years, and certainly there are gentlemen of the highest character and capacity in its various departments. But these enormous frauds are the natural result of the system of filling responsible and difficult offices by persons who have no special fitness or training for the work, and no interest in it whatever except to draw their salaries and to make hay while the sun shines. The honest men in the Custom-house wish these things reformed as much as any body can wish it. They know how outrageous the swindling is. But it is not enough to know it. It has been long proverbial, and we shall not hesitate to press the matter upon the public attention that something effectual may be done. A new Collector is to be appointed. If he be the right kind of man he will save the Government and the tax-payers millions of dollars. He will do this in three ways:

First—In charge by character, experience, and capacity fully competent to manage such an institution.

Second—By displacing first the knaves and then the fools in the different departments.

Third—By sharply watching the invoices of representatives of many "respectable houses" in the chief cities of Europe.

The man who is fit to be Collector of New York will "feel satisfied," with the Revenue Commission, "that the necessity of reform in the manner of doing business in this institution was never more urgent than at present."

THE VETO MESSAGE.

THE Senate did wisely in adjourning after the Veto Message was read. Legislation under such excitement is not likely to be dignified or sagacious. That the Message was a sore disappointment to the truest friends of the President can not be denied. Their regret may be measured by the rejoicing of those who would fain use him for their own purposes. Whether those friends are to be found among those who most earnestly advocated his election, or those who most strenuously opposed it, whether those who were lukewarm rebellious at the time, and those who heartily supported them at the North are really the wisest advisers upon the great problem of reorganization, are questions which time will adequately answer.

Of the President's sincerity there is no doubt. That he honestly wishes, as he says, to secure to the Freedmen the full enjoyment of their liberty we fully believe. But he seems to us not entirely master of his own positions. Thus he acknowledges the usefulness of the Freedmen's Bureau as established by the act of last March. But he regards it as a war measure, and war having ceased, he is of opinion that the matter should be left to the States. Yet, if war has ceased, why does he support General TERRY's military order reversing the action of the Virginia Legislature? The President says that in his judgment the late rebel States "have been fully restored, and are to be deemed to be entitled to enjoy their constitutional rights as members of the Union." But this is not the only in his late proclamation restoring the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* did he except the late rebel States. That proclamation defines the conditions under which the right of suspending the privilege may be exercised. It is only when in case of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it. Yet he expressly exhorts us in the Message not to suppose that the United States are in a condition of civil war.

The Freedmen's Bureau is exceptional, but it is so only because the condition of the country is exceptional. All the President's acts in initiating the reorganization of the late rebel States were exceptional. But the question of the hour is very simple in itself, however difficult it may be to answer. How can the United States most surely and judiciously and temporarily secure the fruit of the victory they have won? Having given liberty to millions of slaves, how can the nation secure and protect it maintain its perpetuity? To suppose that a coerced adoption of the Emancipation Amendment, without any specific method of enforcing it, will prove this surety of the fruit of victory is one that a declaratory resolution would effect it. The Constitution itself contains a guarantee of a republican form of government. But how secure it in half the country. Why should we expect of an amendment a virtue which does not inhere in the original instrument? The President says that a year ago the case of the indigent persons was never contemplated by the authors of the Constitution. Certainly not, and this fact is no more remarkable than an appropriation for military hospitals would be. It is a simple necessity of the situation. Shall these homeless, landless, forlorn persons be left in the misery of those who have been driven from them, or shall the United States say, "We cut the bonds that bound you to the ground, and we will protect you while you are struggling to get upon your feet?"

If the President believes that the word of the nation secretly pledged to the freedmen will be kept by the black codes of Mississippi and of Mississippi, his faith would remove mountains. And if he proposes to abandon the freedmen to civil authorities created under laws by those who think that the colored race should be eternally enslaved, who deny the constitutionality of emancipation, and who have now a peculiar if unavowed hostility to the whole class, we can only pray God that the result may be what we have no doubt he honestly wishes it to be. We believe that he is likely to what he conceives to be the best interests of the whole country. And while upon this question we wholly differ from him, we differ with no aspersion or suspicion.

WAS MR. BANCROFT DISCOURTEOUS?

THE charge of discourtesy brought against MR. BANCROFT for speaking plainly of the position of foreign powers during the war in the presence of their representatives seems to us very superfluous. Congress invited MR. BANCROFT to deliver a discourse in commemoration of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. To do it properly was to speak of the civil war of which the late President was a central figure; and it was certainly impossible to speak truly of the war without describing the unfriendly attitude of England and France. SIR FREDERICK BRUCE probably remembered that it was his own chief, LORD RUSSELL, who was responsible for the situation in which he found himself. For if the Foreign Minister of England did not hesitate to speak of the United States in its fierce struggle to save its government and existence as a republic, the English Minister in Washington surely has no reason to be offended if in a discourse commemorative of the Chief Magistrate during that struggle the fact was plainly mentioned.

Nor was it surprising that the orator should point the contrast between the American President and the British Prime Minister. They were the heads of the two chief constitutional countries in the world, and they died within a few months of each other. They were most striking and characteristic representatives of their countries and of their differing political and social systems, and the parallel drawn by the orator was entirely natural, appropriate, and instructive. It is simply impossible that the true story of ABRAHAM LINCOLN's life should be agreeable to the spirit that controlled British or French policy during the war, and Mr. BANCROFT has no right to tell the truth. He did so with signal and memorable power and effect.

KING COTTON REDIVIVUS.

IN a late Number of this journal it was stated that there was reason to expect that this year's cotton crop would not, under favorable circumstances, fall short of 3,000,000 bales, and might exceed that figure. Further reports from the South, received since that statement was made, go to confirm the views then expressed. Throughout the South, with the exception of a few localities mostly outside of the Cotton States, the farmers are evincing unusual nerve to plant a great breadth of cotton, the freedmen are hiring readily, and the general report is that every acre cultivated will be planted in cotton to the exclusion of food. It must be expected of course that a certain proportion of the crop will be lost through disputes between planters and freedmen. A certain number of the latter will refuse to cheat their laborers, and a certain number of the latter will desert their employer in the hour of his need. But the best judges do not estimate either the loss from this source will reduce the crop below 3,000,000 bales—if the weather proves favorable.

Assuming that this year's crop marketed between 1st September, 1866, and 1st September, 1867, will amount to 3,000,000 bales, what would be a fair average price for the crop of 1867? And at what figure would it be safe to estimate the average price of raw cotton, with a three million crop this year, from 1st September, 1866, to 1st September, 1867?

For the ten years ending in 1857, the cotton crop of the United States averaged about 3,000,000 bales, and the price averaged about 12 to 12½ cents per pound for middling uplands. In 1849 the crop was less than 2,100,000 bales, and in 1855 it was over 3,500,000. At times the price was as low as 6 cents per pound, and at other times rose as high as 16 cents for middling uplands. In 1858 cotton culture was stimulated by an increased demand, which absorbed the crop, and the crop rose to 3,851,000 bales; in 1859 it further advanced to 4,660,000 bales; and of the crop of 1860, which is not far from the mark, it is believed that fully 5,000,000 bales would have been sent to market. The price was then 12 @ 13 cents per pound for middling uplands.

All estimates of the available crop for 1867 must depend on: *1st*. The willingness of the freedmen to labor; *2d*. The willingness of the planters to employ them; and, *3d*. The price of the staple. Upon the first point no one can be made if planters and laborers do not work harmoniously together, and there will be no incentive to produce a crop if the price of the staple be low. If, on the other hand, the price of cotton be high, planters will be tempted to offer laborers fair wages for fair work, and, according to the conflicting rules of human nature, laborers will be anxious to secure such wages. The "joint" of the question thus appears to be the price of cotton.

Middling uplands is now worth in this city 44@45 cents per pound, nearly four times its value before the war. It seems natural to suppose that such prices will be maintained if we begin to produce crops on the old scale. But, on the other hand, it is equally unlikely that prices can fall to the old figures. Within the last four years there has been a great progress in numbers, civilization, and necessities. The United States alone, which used to require barely a million of cotton per annum, will now want over a million bales. It is reasonable to suppose that the wants of England, France, Germany, and Russia have increased in a corresponding proportion. This is proved in fact by the firmness of the cotton market in the face of a development of a cotton supply fully twice as large as was expected. Of the countries which, during our war, undertook to supply the world with cotton, Egypt alone succeeded to any extent, and the rapidly increasing consumption of cotton goods in the Levant and Southern Russia fully counterbalances this increased supply. India can never furnish any material amount of cotton to Europe. Nor can the West Indies or Central America until they are better furnished with labor than they now are, or have any present prospect of being. Should the present middling cotton quotation in New York to 25 @ 30 cents in gold, it is hardly likely that the competition of these countries would be felt, and there is reason to believe that spinners at home and abroad would, at such a price, take every bale that could be grown here until the product far exceeded the crop of 1860.

Now, in the old days of slavery, a planter was said to be on the high road to fortune, and was willing to pay $1200 for adult field hands when he could sell his middling cotton at 12 cents per pound. It is hardly necessary to demonstrate, even to the planters of South Carolina, that free labor is cheaper than slave labor. That is now universally admitted. If then a planter could grow rich by growing cotton at 12 cents per pound with slave labor, what will be the result when he can grow cotton at 25 cents per pound with free labor? Will it not follow, inevitably, that whatever objections the planters may at first entertain to hiring their old slaves, and whatever annoyance the freedmen may evince in renewing their relations with their old masters, both parties will eventually, in view of the obvious profit to be made by harmonious co-operation, agree to work together to grow cotton for the world? To assume that they would not, would be to deny the natural tendencies of human nature.

If the crop of 1866 should amount to 3,000,000 bales, worth on the average 25 cents a pound in gold, it would be safe, in the opinion of sound judges, to look for an increase of 1,000,000 bales in 1867—say a crop of 4,000,000 bales. There are those who, believing in the broad commonsense of the planters and of the sound instincts of the freedmen, predict that the crop of 1867 will in effect prove the largest ever made—over 5,000,000 bales. But it is best to assume nothing but what can be demonstrated as a certain or highly probable. If we raise 3,000,000 bales this year—and the very men who persisted that the same crop would not be made of freedom, and that we should not grow a million bales a year for ten years to come, now pin their faith to this estimate—it is reasonable to believe that in 1867 the increase will be as much as is stated. And if in 1859 the world consumed a crop of nearly 5,000,000 bales @ 12 cents per pound, it is also reasonable to believe that in 1867–8, with an advance in all prices throughout the world, and a general increase of population and necessities, a crop of 4,000,000 bales would be absorbed without a decline in price below 25 cents a pound.

If these anticipations are realized the United States will be able to export in the fiscal year 1867–8, 3,000,000 bales of cotton worth $75 a bale, say $300,000,000—very nearly enough to pay for all our importations from every part of the world; and the United States Government will realize from the tax of 5 cents a pound, which it is proposed to levy on cotton, not less than $80,000,000 a year—which, with the revenue from spirits, tobacco, whisky, and tobacco, ought to suffice for its wants.

A MISTAKE.

THE House of Representatives plainly made a mistake in refusing to Colonel JOHNSON, of Arkansas, the privilege of the floor, and we speak of the circumstance now because the error may be repeated in the case of others. The House has properly, indeed, intrusted to a Committee the investigation of the question upon what terms certain States may resume their relations to the Union, but until that Committee reports the House is honorably bound to take no seriousness upon any vital point involved. There is no doubt that the purpose of refusing to Colonel JOHNSON to the floor was intended to feel the temper of the House, with a view to calling upon it for a snap judgment upon the question already referred. But the proposition, if it was undoubtedly a natural indignation with such an effort that induced many members to vote against granting the privilege of the floor.

Yet we are very sure that there was not a single member who so voted who had not as hearty a feeling of admiration and respect for Colonel JOHNSON as any of those who voted the other way; and we should have been glad if Mr. STEVENS or Mr. JULIAN or Mr. KELLEY or Mr. BINGHAM or Mr. ELIOT had plainly said so, and, as a mere matter of form, have and noble citizen, who, under peculiarly trying and adverse circumstances, had been steadily true to the country, had voted to grant him the privilege of the floor. That he had credentials as a Representative in his pocket was the proof that other good and true men would have been honored in honoring him. It would by no means have followed that the House was ready to allow Arkansas, without further consideration, to resume her old relations to the Union. The vote would have shown that while his unconditional reception as a Representative was not a point to be decided under the circumstances by his personal merit, yet that the respect of the House for him and his conduct, as well as for that of those who had elected him a Representative, was cordial and profound.

Meanwhile we have no fear that the moral will be drawn by the Union men of Arkansas which has been delicately set forth. Men tried as we are by the government and by suffering well that the delay in the admission to his seat

of a man like Colonel JOHNSON is due to a wise and natural reserve that the Union for which he and his Arkansas companions fought shall be secured as far as possible against the peril which still threatens it. They will not sue on the caution of Congress a proof that they have gained nothing by fidelity to the Union. On the contrary, they will see in the delay, with the Unionmen of Tennessee, only a little more sacrifice to make sure of the perfect triumph of their cause.

We should be glad to see the House reconsider its refusal, and express the respect it unquestionably feels, by admitting Colonel JOHNSON to the privilege of the floor.

NEWSPAPER MANNERS.

IT is letter to a friend at the time GEORGE CANNING was made Prime Minister of England, old Lord ELDON wrote: "The whole conversation in this town is made up of bitterly abusive talk of people about each other—all fire and flame. I have known nothing like it." Lord ELDON was an arch-Tory, and he spoke of the mutual crimination of Tories and Whigs. But fierce as party quarrels were, he does not record that they maligned each other, or that Tories abused Tories.

The necessity of harmonious party action to secure desirable results in a free country is indisputable. To this end a certain concert of action between those of the same party, who may differ as points of policy, is indispensable. Forgetfulness of this fact is a blunder of which we are surprised even veteran politicians and politicians guilty. Yet the conduct of many of the Union orators and journalists toward some of their party allies would be amazed even tough old ELDON. Certainly the New York *Tribune* helped neither its cause nor its own influence and character when it spoke of an ultimate abolition of its own party as "a little villain," and cried to another, "You lie, you villain." In like manner Mr. STEVENS's late speech, with stinging sarcasms at the President, whose good faith even Mr. STEVENS could not question, and whose cooperation with the dominant party of the country seeked, was by wisely regarded.

But this want of sagacity and good manners is not confined to what is called the radical wing of the Union party. Thus the New York *Times* not long since, in a tone of lecturing contempt in speaking of its party friends from whom upon some points it differs. It is fond of calling the Boston Liberals, for instance, "a common scold;" but is it not the most common and vulgar scolding to speak of faithful Union men whose views of justice and good policy differ from your own as the "villainous" of the negro, "the negro communion," and "the amalgamationists." We expect to find such absurd epithets in the New York *News* or *World*, but the personal abuse of President JOHNSON a few months since made the old *Aurora*'s abuse of WASHINGTON seem tame and dull. Why should a Union paper descend to such slime?

The *Times* speaks of the colored people of this country, whose condition and conduct certainly must be better than mere slaves, very freely faithful American, as a class "which not only hold themselves to be the saviours of the nation, but will find a powerful faction both in and out of Congress clamorously asserting these preposterous claims on their behalf." If the *Times* concedes that disloyal ignorance shall vote, why is it unreasonable to suppose that loyal ignorance might vote also? It describes those who do not adopt its own views of policy as "revolutionists in Congress who threaten the Executive with impeachment unless he bends before their decrees." When and by whom was this threat made? It sneers at the same persons as "those who refuse to see the necessity of party ends." Those who would do this are of course those who love party supremacy more than justice or equal rights. But if the point should be conceded, each wing of the Union party would probably be found guilty of the charge. The *Times* was doubtless disgusted when Mr. SUMNER spoke, but as it proved wrongly, reported in the warmth of debate to have called the President "the pundit at the other end of the avenue." It undoubtedly held Mr. SUMNER's words of impolite and bad taste when he spoke of the President as sending a "whitewashing" message to Congress. But how can it suppose its own sneers and gibes reflected when it deliberately describes the Speaker of the Assembly of New York as "bucking and gagging," and smears at him as "his High Mightiness" and "His Loftiness?" If this strain when indulged by an orator with wit and point makes him "a common scold," what does it make of a newspaper-writer who uses it without either?

All such recrimination is of questionable service against an adversary, but among party allies it is worse than foolish, for it produces an exasperation which imperils the common objects of the party. Differences there must be, but why insist upon aggravating them into fatal quarrels; and why, when differences are to be expressed and argued within a party, should the expression not be such as prevails among well-bred persons? Differences there must be, but those who work wonders if every body keeps his temper. It is easy to call those who differ from us knaves; but it is hard to expect them to continue to regard us as friends.

BOUNTIES.

A LARGE meeting of soldiers, sailors, and marines was lately held in front of Independence Hall in Philadelphia to urge the equalization of bounties, which has been promised, but undoubtedly be made to this result which will be felt in the elections. In speaking of the matter one of the speakers declared that the sum necessary for this purpose would be not less than $550,000,000, we said that the question might be considered settled, because, as the Administry, and the men themselves, who had proved their devotion to the country, would not insist upon adding more than half a thousand million more to the national debt. No, however honorable their claim might be. We said that we must be just before we are generous, meaning that we must pay the debts we have honestly and distinctly contracted before we assume or create others. Of course we are not saying that the man who volunteered early and served long and well has a less deserving than any other; but only that the bounty for service were distinctly defined, were accepted by him, and have not been repudiated by any party. And we say so much in explanation to a "reading"—a soldier who writes us forcibly from Ohio.

He is of opinion that the case, as presented by the soldiers, is not understood, and he states it as follows:

"From the day of the first call of 75,000 men up to the 6th day of August, 1861, the pay of a private soldier was $11 pay proper and $2 50 clothing allowance per month; from August, 1861, to December 24, 1863, $13 pay, $3 pay proper $13 and clothing allowance $3 50 per month. From January 1, 1864, to June 30, 1864, the same amounts as $100, to receive which a soldier must serve at least two years and be honorably discharged, or be killed or die from wounds received in battle. On June 25, 1863, $400 bounty and $300 bounty were promised and given to recruits for new regiments, and on December 24, 1863, $402 bounty was promised and given to recruits for both old and new organizations. From January 1, 1864, up to the 31st day of March, 1864, when the so-called commutation bounty was suspended, the pay of a soldier was the same as from '63, 1861, was paid. This up to July 18, 1864, when, as per act of Congress of the 18th of July, the same amount of bounty for one year's service, $100 for two years' service, $300 for three years' service, was promised and given, one-third to be paid in advance. The latter bounties are still being paid. By act of Congress, July 28, 1866, $1,394, pay proper and clothing allowance remained respectively as in '63 and '64 and from March 3, 1865, when clothing allowance was increased to $8 38 per month to the present time, $16 per month. The pay of officers, first three examples are not exceptional or impossible, but have been common. The same pay prevailed in the navy, with a greater difference if the whole term were taken into account. What I will be glad to see is local bounty received by the late soldier, what was paid to the early soldier will not be unreasonable.

"The Pensioner-General says it will take $200,000,000 to pay the demands. His calculation is based upon the assumption that enough to make up $400 Government bounty can be obtained in addition to the pensions. That $400 was paid to veterans only, and no soldier who went into the service as a recruit in 1863 or 1864 ever got quite as much to the Government as that of a veteran who received little or no bounty. Let the bounty be added that $400 already received, is all that is asked. Thus, $300 bounty to one who received $100 bounty, $200 to one who received one-half. A little more than one-half will be required to make up the amount. This is asked to be received no bounty at all—being discharged for disability before the expiration of his term, or to the widow or heirs who have never received bounty have forfeited their right to the pension, and to the widow or heirs of a soldier, by reduction. In this connection I would ask, is not the soldier who is discharged for disability before the expiration of duty as much entitled to the full payment of his pay as he who was honorably discharged who received his bounty?

"I admit the difference in the condition of the Treasury now as compared with 1861, yet who does not believe in the country's ability to pay more now than then? If this money was to be taken out of the country the case would be very different, but it is not. It is to be paid to our own soldiers, and used at home.

"If Congress would equalize these claims, and pay them, say, part in land and part in a bond or money, the most reasonable argument against them I have yet heard become beautifully less. The course would, in addition to strengthening that bulwark of our soldier and our Government—it would, I say, prove a positive benefit to the whole country. Many thousands of men, numbering many thousands of *good*, *stanch*, sound men smotty our fire-eaters in the South-West. It would be a power for good and a great influence in keeping certain evil-disposed persons in a correct path. The settlement of some of the country's natural agricultural land would thus be developed, and would, in the meantime, for short time, return to the Government every dollar then expended by an increased tax and revenue."

LITERARY.

"The War of the Rebellion: or, Scylla and Charybdis," by HENRY S. POTTER. (HARPER & BROTHERS.) This book disarms criticism. What can be said of the political speculations of a gentleman who thinks that MILLARD FILLMORE was a great statesman, whose election in 1856 would have spared us the civil war, and while he censures MR. BUCHANAN for saying that he could not correctly solve the question of the right of SECESSION, declares in 1856, when he was himself a candidate, that of course the friends of slavery would not submit to the constitutional election of FREMONT? Mr. POTTER has been long in public life. At one time he obtained an unenviable nickname, of which he speaks frankly, explaining the circumstances, so that every reader will regret if he has ever given it currency. A colleague of JEFFERSON DAVIS in the Senate of the United States, and subsequently Governor of Mississippi, Mr. FOOTE was an earnest advocate of the Compromises of 1850. He was afterward an "American" in politics and a resident of California. In 1860, a citizen of Tennessee, pleading against the election of BRECKINRIDGE in 1860, and vigorously "saving the Union" according to the gospel of Cattle Garden. In 1862 he appeared in Richmond as a rebel representative from Tennessee, but if there had been no heartier rebels than he the Confederacy would have died of atrophy in a month. He went to the rebel Congress to be on the way of aiding an adjustment at the first opportunity; and when all hope was cut off, and the new Richmond authorities bent upon an insane defiance to the last, he undertook alone the task of pacification, and with results remarkable. But the banquet was beyond the offices of sweet-oil, and he therefore quietly to Europe. Returning after the final surrender, he has written a book which can not be read without interest and with a peculiar kindliness for the author. Evidently amiable, courteous, and gentle; a conservative and a patriot, he has been brought often into intimate relations with the rebel eminent of the public men of the last generation, and has borne a part in important public measures. But he never suspects that morals have any possible connection with politics, and therefore he supposes that a little artful management would make fire and powder the happiest union conceivable. That his own party was not stolen half a dozen and half free seems to him a sentiment little short of blasphemous. He sees that it had no ordured for eighty years, and can not conceive that during that time it was really hastening to the catastrophe. Mr. POOTE belongs to that large school of "politicians who make the world," the fierce foes of moral sentiment, who regard man merely as a machine. But man is a machine *plus* a soul; and the soul is the unexpected something which is to be in economy. Mr. POOTE has an overpowering admiration for DANIEL WEBSTER. But the WEBSTER of Plymouth Rock in 1821, and the WEBSTER of Faneuil Hall in 1837, not WEBSTER of the 7th March, 1850, in Washington, are two different men. The first acknowledged, the second denied the organizing force of moral principles in politics. In Mr. FOOTE's opinion the war might have been avoided by some kind of compromise; and, utterly unable to understand, no man should not prefer peace at any price to war, and recognizing the moral progress in the late struggle, he adjusts himself at the end of the book like HAMLET among the ruins, and exclaims, "Oh, my poor country! Oh, my unhappy land!"

The glimpses which the author gives us of the terrorism of the rebellion, and its utter defiance and disregard of every dogma of State rights and sovereignty, are vivid and terrible. The most conspicuous despots was the SEDDON of Virginia, whose figure is a fine specimen of the Southern member of the Peace Convention of February, 1861, and was the rebel Minister of War and tool of DAVIS. He should be a hero in Boston. Mr. FOOTE gives copious history of the social and inner aspects of the rebellion, and he half promises such a work should the country encourage him. We are sure to do that, and to win for its author, from every sympathetic reader, the praise of a sincere, if mistaken, sense of duty.

"A Noble Life," by Miss MULOCK, also issued by the HARPERS, is one of the sweetest and saddest of stories. It is written pathetically a true life of a young Scotchman, the last Earl of Cairforth. The scene is in the far north of Scotland, upon a bonny loch, shifting briefly to Edinburgh; and there runs through the whole story the tragical romance which is the undertone of Scotch poetry and tradition. A dwarf and life-long cripple and sufferer, with the clearest perception of all the forces of passion and selfishness which play upon him, never know; thoughtful, simple, and generous, he devotes his whole life and fortune to the welfare of others, conscious always with an inexpressibly tender solemnity that the proud name of an honored and traditional line ends in him. There are one or two passages of exceptional power, as when the Earl asks Helen Cardross whether her son, to whom his whole fortune is to descend, shall lose his reprobate father's name, and the reply of the mother, which is too sad: as a biography it is of the utmost interest and beauty.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 15:

In the Senate, Mr. Fessenden reported a Constitutional Amendment, providing that Congress shall have the power to regulate the elective franchise in order to secure to the citizens of each State the privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States in the several States; and prohibiting States equal protection in the rights of life, liberty, and property. Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, again recommended that his amendment providing that there shall be no withdrawal from the Federal Union by any State or portion of it. He thought that relationship should be denied to rebels.

In the House, Mr. Wilson reported resolutions regarding the Monroe doctrine, and advocating an alliance between all the American republics. Previous question being called, the House, by a vote of 13 to 85, refused to second it. Mr. Washburne, instead of laying on the table a resolution for the admission of Colonel Johnson from Arkansas, has voted that it be referred to the Committee on Elections, negative.—The Committee on Elections reported in favor of Mr. Trowbridge for the contested Michigan seat, and against Mr. Baldwin.

February 16:

In the Senate, the Constitutional Amendment debate was continued.

In the House, Mr. Trowbridge, of Michigan, was confirmed in his seat.

February 19:

In the Senate, there was further debate on the Constitutional Amendment.

In the House, no business of importance was transacted.

February 20:

In the Senate, a bill to prevent the perversion of the mails to fraudulent and illegal purposes was referred. Debate on the Amendment continued.

In the House, the resolution to purchase 1000 copies of the Memorial Record, together with the Address of Mr. Bancroft, was adopted.

February 21:

The Senate not in session.

In the House, speeches were delivered on reconstruction by Messrs. Cook, Lawrence, and M'Clellan.

February 19:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson introduced a joint resolution to disband the military forces of the lately rebellious States, and to admit their reorganization.—There was much discussion upon the President's Message vetoing the Freedmen's Bureau bill was read. There was considerable excitement in the Senate, but it was finally determined to postpone the reconsideration of the bill till the 20th.

In the House, by a vote of 102 to 56, the following resolution was adopted: "That in the language of the proclamation of the President, of May 29, 1865, the rebellion which was waged by a portion of the people of the United States against the lawfully constituted authorities of the Government existed in the most violent and revolting form, but whose armed forces have now been entirely overthrown, and the people of those States have now been deprived the power by which the rebellion was organized and waged against the Government."—A resolution was also adopted, 117 to 39, that the President be requested to furnish information relative to the number of troops in the Southern States.—Also, by a vote of 134 to 3, the following resolution: "That it is the deliberate sense of this House that the condition of the rebel States is only entitled the President in maintaining the possession and control therein, and that the Executive is restricted to the duties of the use of force during the war power for the protection of the Union citizens and the freedmen in those States."

THE HEALTH BILL.

The Health Bill has now good hope of success. The Assembly and the Senate having each passed a bill of its own, one of them (the Senate) rectifying the Consolidation Act of last session, and the other (the Assembly) grants to the Governor a Committee of Conference has been appointed, and the Committee has been active. The bill reported by the Committee takes in the four Police Commissioners, the Health Officer, the Mayor, and four members three to be physicians to be named by the Governor. It has the power to remove any officer, condemn to be made by the Governor, the majority four of the Commissioners and the Health Officer being also said, made by the bill, leaving only the minority to be appointed. This is the form which has passed, 17 to 14.

SUPPRESSION OF THE RICHMOND "EXAMINER."

The Richmond *Examiner* was suppressed by General TROWBRIDGE on the 15th, and the publication of the number of the journal in attempting to perpetuate ill-feeling between the North and South and Wyld Jones, Esq., the editor, came to Washington to get the order revoked, but General GRANT refused.

"The course of the *Examiner* is every number which it has come into our hands such as to foment and keep up ill-feeling toward the Government of the United States by the most unscrupulous misrepresentations, and we believe it to be for the best interests of the whole people, North and South, to suppress such utterances wherever the power exists to do so. The power certainly does exist when manifest injustice is done. The Government has not, as it was to pursue this course, I have felt it my duty to suppress the paper, but humane; and as much as I dislike to interfere with the interests of individuals, I would deem it improper and unjust to withhold my action in this matter for the suppression of the Richmond *Examiner* at this time."

Mr. Pollard then went to the President, and upon his request that he should hereafter sustain the Government and the Union, was allowed to resume the publication of the *Examiner*.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Union State Convention of Connecticut on the 14th of February nominated GEORGE C. GRAVES for Governor.

Fifteen miles below Franklin, in Western Pennsylvania, an oil well was accidentally set on fire a few days since, the flames of which communicated with all adjacent tanks to extinguish it. Reason increased to volume, and the whole petroleum region was soon in a conflagration, shooting up from sixty to a hundred feet, and lighting the country for many miles. The ground was literally heated for several hundred feet, starting vegetation into the premature growth of spring. The loss of property is quite much further distant.

It appears by the returns in the Treasury Department that the revenue received from the lately rebellious States from April, 1865, to the first day of February, amounted to nearly $20,000,000, principally derived from abandoned lands and internal revenue. Louisiana has paid over $6,000,000 of this, while from Virginia less than $1,000,000 has been received.

It is estimated that the entire income of the National Treasury for the present fiscal year will not fall short of two hundred to about $571,000,000; the internal revenue amounting to $275,000,000, the customs revenue (as the customs) fixed to $247,500,000.

FOREIGN NEWS

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

The diplomatic correspondence between Drayo de Lhuys and the French Minister at Washington, M. Bigelow, and that the Emperor's late speech. The Emperor stated that the French troops in Mexico would be withdrawn as rapidly as had been established which France had to defend in Mexico. He also referred to the question. The Emperor has decided among those which France feels bound to defend? He also referred to the question. The Emperor has decided Drayo de Lhuys is more particular. His instructions to Bigelow are dated the 3rd of December 26, and January 9 and 16, when summed up, amount to this: Our Mexican expedition had for its object the recovery of certain pecuniary claims held by French citizens, and not the establishment of any particular form of government in that country. We found that our interests could not be permanently secured unless we had a government to treat with. We found a strong sentiment in favor of a monarchy and supported that sentiment. We intended to leave the question of government to Mexican citizens, and Maximilian was accepted by a majority. We have no intention to force on the Government of Mexico was to help it to become secure and independent. We have no intention to force on Maximilian's acts; we have no exclusive interest in his government. We have no intention of saying on the table a word, and satisfy our interests and our dignity.—Such is the position of affairs toward Mexico. The Emperor is pledged by treaty to keep in Mexico 25,000 French citizens, and he will keep that number. The proportion now is the ratio of Maximilian's ability to organize native troops and pay them. Even after the withdrawal of the 25,000 French soldiers the foreign legion, according to the original agreement, will remain in Mexico. Bazaine is to remain in Mexico for six years longer.

The Pope has sent the proposed address of the French Senate in reply to the Emperor's speech repudiating the idea that the Emperor's speech repudiating the idea that the Pope is under American menace.

Letters from the city of Mexico report important successes of the Imperial forces. The Liberal Generals Mejia and Alatorre have evacuated the city of Tampico, which is about 150 miles northwest of Vera Cruz. The Liberals have also been driven out of Michoacan. At Matalan and Sinaloa the Liberals were so strongly posted among the mountain fortresses as to resist all the efforts of the French to drive them out.

Queen Victoria opened Parliament on 6th February. The speech expresses satisfaction at the successful termination of the American war and the abolition of slavery, and says that the correspondence relative to the rebel cruisers will be laid before Parliament.

The cattle-plague returns for the week ending January 27 show the number attacked to be nearly 12,000, against 10,000 the previous week.



William Murrill. J. M. Bryant. Emperor Williams. S. M. Small. Henry Groom. J. Godseya. Hardy Ryan. A. Ross. Scott Chinn. David Lewis. Samuel Osborne. Thomas Kennedy.
H. G. Jackson. R. H. Disney. J. P. Newman. Bishop Thomson. N. L. Bookman. W. M. Henry.

THE MISSISSIPPI MISSION CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. LILIENTHAL, NEW ORLEANS.—[SEE PAGE 142.]

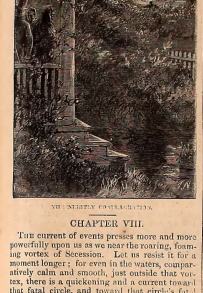
[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

BY GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



THE MISERY CONTEMPLATING.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE current of events presses more and more powerfully upon us as we near the roaring, foaming vortex of Secession. Let us resist it for a moment longer; for even in the waters, comparatively calm and smooth, just outside that vortex, there is a quickening and a current toward that fatal circle, and toward that circle's fatal centre, and all its disastrous result among the black rocks and the surging waters.

Months, and even years, had passed over the young minister at his work there in Somerville. His charge has increased wonderfully from the little seed of its organization. It is no longer an experiment, but a regularly established church and congregation, having a strong family likeness to churches of the same denomination the land over. The old Major gazing down upon his family had heard Know Nothingism wondered-over as the last new thing under the sun. He had heard his daughter Alice say one night to the young minister, lifting her eyes from her slate after having satisfactorily reached the Q.E.D. of her proposition—she was getting fast toward the end of her schooling now—"Mr. Arthur, what is Know Nothingism?"

"I know nothing about it, Miss Alice."

"Oh pshaw!" Miss Alice has said; and is engaged in making a rapid but not flattering sketch upon her slate of her music-master as he appears at the piano.

"What an expression, Alice!" says Mrs. Bowles, looking up from her sewing. Her eyes are not as strong as they might be, as they were years ago when the Major overhead first surrendered to them; but Rutledge Bowles must have his shirts. Rutledge Bowles has left college now—not graduated exactly, but left it. More than once had he consented to waive the past and return to Columbia from Charleston, in the earnest hope that the College Faculty had come to their senses. The last time, however, it was too much, really too much—their course—for him to endure. In company with the other students he again withdrew as to *Mons Sacer*; but this time he could descend no more—could not even entertain such a proposition.

In fact there is, just now, no college at Columbia to descend to. For the time, Student-Secession has killed it. Rutledge Bowles is now in the law office, at Charleston, of one of his father's old friends. That is, he is occasionally in it. What with cigars and wine-parties, games at billiards and the like, he really has but little leisure for the office. Besides, politics must be attended to. Being in Charleston, the *Mercury* and the *Courier* must be read, at least glanced over, after breakfast, and an hour or two spent in discussing with the nearest friend the last points of the case. As Rutledge Bowles retires rather late of a night, and rises rather late of a morning, when he has done with the papers and the conversation thereupon after breakfast, it is altogether useless to go to the office that day at least.

Not that he has no purpose in life. Rutledge Bowles has plenty of talent, undisciplined as it is, and superabundance of fire to warm it. He has a purpose before him in life—a purpose to which he would gladly give all his energies. If he could only get to stand upon the floor in Congress, make one good, full speech containing all he would like to say against the North; see the Abolition Members writhe in their seats beneath it, and then have it printed and circulated over South Carolina and the rest of the South, a copy carefully mailed to his mother, he could be content, naturally or in any duel which might ensue, to die. Rutledge Bowles has his ideal of human glory, too. Let him have justice done him. Congressman Brooks is the idol of the hour in his latitude—but not with him.

"No, gentlemen," he has said in his knot of friends, "you must permit me to differ from you. I perfectly agree in all you say or can say about that most contemptible fellow, Sumner. But Brooks was wrong to cane him. With all respect for Brooks, the club is not the weapon of a gentleman. Under no circumstances is caning a gentlemanly deed. My idea is simply this: Calhoun would not have done it! If the fellow was a gentleman, call him out. If he is not a gentleman, be unaware of his existence."

But his friends can not agree with him for an instant. He does not know it; but it is the old Major, his grand old father, speaks out in him. And it is amazing in Rutledge Bowles. Not only the young approve the cudgeling; even white-headed men, members of the church, officers of churches, even venerable pastors, think, "under all the circumstances," that Brooks was right. They regret he was compelled to do such a thing in just such a place; but, as it was, he was right, Christ and all his apostles to the contrary notwithstanding. No; Calhoun is Rutledge Bowles's ideal of earthly Glory. Not exactly Calhoun the hard student in his youth; nor Calhoun the cold dialectician; nor Calhoun the spotless husband and father; nor Calhoun the irreproachable gentleman only—but Calhoun the scourge of the North. More than once has Rutledge Bowles, strolling along the street there in Charleston, thrown down his freshly-lighted cigar at the door of the public office wherein it is enshrined, and gone in yet once more to have another good look at Powers's statue of the old Roman. And Calhoun is an awful presence, standing there in a marble coldness which harmonizes with his character. Only lava cold from Vesuvius could have been better and more significant material. There he stands, his outstretched arm shattered to the shoulder by raging waters and foundering ship. Did Rutledge Bowles read no omen in this of another tempest, another foundering bark, shattering in the future more than that?

"I am astonished at you, Alice," said Mrs. Bowles. "Mr. Arthur tells you he knows nothing of the matter about which you ask him, and you say, Oh pshaw!"

"Yes; but, ma, the girls all say that is just what all their brothers and fathers say when they ask them—and they members of the Order all the time. That is the way it came by its queer name," said Alice, giving unnecessary length on her slate to the fingers of her music-master's widely-extended arms.

"You are right, Miss Alice," the minister replies. "But I am in earnest. And, what is more, I never intend to know any thing more of this new party than I do now."

He was in earnest when he said it; yet we saw how he afterward fell from this his high estate. And it is almost a positive satisfaction to know that he did err herein. The weaknesses of these ministers are so often internal and undiscovered by the world around, that this error of the Rev. Edward Arthur will help the reader to believe the assurances of the writer of these pages that he was by no means an angel. On the contrary, a man, and a very imperfect one at that.

Yes; Know Nothingism had come and had gone, accomplishing its specific something for God in the land, certainly in this individual. It had been entombed beneath editorials, pamphlets, speeches, as beneath autumnal leaves which had once been so fresh and flourishing. People had subsided somewhat into merely youths and maidens, husbands and mothers, when suddenly they are brought back to their condition of citizens with a shock. Lo another excitement begins, literally, to redden the horizon!

It had amazed Mr. Neely very much—Mr. Neely was from New Hampshire, and taught school in Somerville—when he first arrived in the South, not to find the negroes working in irons all day and carefully locked up all night. Why they were not in a condition of incessant and universal insurrection had been a puzzle to him, and multitudes with him there, before he left the North. Mr. Neely had often read items in the papers before he left the North, and he met with them in the papers of the South after settling in Somerville, to the effect that the blacks in such a county and in such a State had been discovered to be in a conspiracy to rise on a certain fixed day, murder all the whites, plunder and burn all the houses, and—who knows or had any idea of what they *would* do next? It was a thing in which Mr. Neely took the liveliest, deepest, most nervous interest; yet, for the life of him, he could never get the exact facts of any such case. Every few months he would read of some such conspiracy being discovered, now in this county, now in that, in the State in which he had settled. Oftener still he would hear accounts, to the same effect, of which the papers made no mention. It was always the same story—a conspiracy existing, embracing it was not known how many negroes; a discovery thereof just before the day it was to break out; certain white men mysteriously involved therein: a dozen or two of the negroes hung in company with one or more white men.

Always exaggerated, the facts were in some cases substantially so. Yet Mr. Neely could not understand the matter for his soul. Who were the white men? What was their motive in exciting the negroes to insurrection? Was it hope of plunder? Was it revenge of private grudge against certain owners? Or was it nothing other than desperate fanticism? There must be



THE WARNING.



A NIGHT ON THE POTOMAC.

some powerful motive to induce any one to undertake such terrible risk. "What was the motive? The detected conspiracy was always followed by confession on the part of some one or more of the parties involved. What was the confession? Among so many discovered conspiracies, taking place during so many years, why was no more understanding arrived at at the germ, and process, and end aimed at? The fact and philosophy of the thing—that is what the inquiring mind of Mr. Neely wished to get at. But Mr. Neely never found any body who could cast the least light upon the subject.

No one could be had sought for information throughout the entire South. When such things take place people in the immediate neighborhood thereof are chiefly excited; rapid investigations are made; negroes and others are hung; but at last the whole matter remains as much as ever a puzzle and a mystery. A regular organization of white men to excite the negroes to insurrection, with agents abroad? or each one a private, isolated, spontaneous matter? The people of the South know no more on the subject than did Mr. Neely, or than the North from which Mr. Neely came.

So that when, one mid-summer morning, Mr. Bowles asked her guest, at breakfast, "Mr. Archur, what do you think of these dreadful barnings we hear so much about?" Mr. Archur could only reply, "This accoums as greatly to me, Mrs. Bowles, that I feel confident; beyond that I shod, mabbm, I feel confident; beyond that I shod, mabbm, I feel confident; beyond that I really do not know what to say or to think."

"We were speaking of the subject last night at Mr. Ellis's house," said Mrs. Bowles.

"Mr. Ellis told me about it before Mr. Ellis came in from his office and he confirmed what he had said. Stables, mills, private houses have been burned in great numbers; all in different neighborhoods, but all about the same time. In every neighborhood, too, negroes have been arrested and hung. Mr. Ferguson happened to be in my store, before it is the only place in Somerville at which he visits; and he says it is amazing sensible people should be such fools. He does not deny that many simultaneous fires, but accounts for them by the great heat of the summer, which has turned every thing to tinder. Under such circumstances, when the least spark will produce a conflagration, his only wonder is that there are not more fires. We'll see what Mr. Ferguson, however," Mrs. Bowles adds, with a smile.

But how does he account for the torpedoes and matches which are said to have been discovered among the negroes—the arms and powder also?"

"Oh! you know Mr. Ferguson. All stuff and nonsense, he says."

"If you will permit me, here is General Lamb's view of the matter," said Mr. Archur, unfolding a damp paper—the Somerville *Star*.

"Yes, Mr. Lamum is a—well, superior man; but, Lamum he is, nobody doubts him to be a genuine Southern man, as far, at least, as he can be, poor man!" said Mrs. Bowles. "Please read what he says."

"We have long looked for it,' read Mr. Archur—then even wondered why the work was not begun before. It is fairly inaugurated, however, at last.' True to their infernal instincts, faithful, as madmen ever are, to their diabolical threats, the Abolitionists have entered upon their work of fire, and blood, and pillage and rapine. From innumerable parts of the South and of our own State we hear of awful conflagrations and of almost simultaneous outrages on the negroes. That the whole North is entered upon a crusade against slavery we have no more doubt than we have of the shining of the sun. Not only has Texas are to the effect that over the whole of that State conspiracy reigns triumphant. From sources which we have the information that no doubt we know that there exists a powerful organization, secret, and amply supplied with men and money, ready to the work. We know, too, that her has its peddlers, map and book agents, furnitures-varnishers, school-teachers, preachers, and the like, turned over the entire South. For day are these infernal emissaries among us, in intimate intercourse with the negroes, poisoning their minds, supplying them with matches, strychnine, and arms, preparing them for what is to come. The signal has already been given. Any night we may wake to fire and carnage unprecedented in the annals of the world. Our homes, our wives!'" But here Mr. Archur stopped. There was much more to the same effect.

"You need not fear my nerves, Mr. Arthur," said Mrs. Bowles, with a smile. "I have heard and read things to the same effect in South Carolina, ever since I can remember. I am used to it.

"It reminds me," said Alice, after a pause, "of what you read to us, Mr. Archur, from Sybyle's 'French Revolution' the other night. You remember the negro alluded to therein standing before the magistrate in St. Domingo, with blood seed in his palm covered with a few white seed. He shook his hand: the white seed had been sown, the black seed sprouted and left! And after that came the awful convulsions there!"

Mrs. Archur had his breakfast in bed, the negro servant, a smart mulatto boy, waiting assiduously on the table, and hearing all that was said. That was never thought of by any one in there. Talk about excluding Abolition emissaries from the South! No public speaker for years past, and there were mounted the stump in any part of the South but he has had negroes by scores among his audience: negroes with white children in their arms; negroes attending to the horses; negroes bringing water; negroes loitering around from curiosity. And when, for years past, has one stump speaker failed in his efforts to dwell upon Abolition, conveying to his negro hearers, and through them to every black in the South, all the information and human being could convey to them on the subject? It had struck the young minister as a little odd, hearing, on a grand barbecue occasion, Colonel Ret Roberts deprecating from the stump this very thing, when, all the time he was speaking, half a dozen of the brightest mulattoes in the county stood in eager attention behind him, and arm's length of him. Save beings to do the work, needing in consequence just so much food, clothing, and the like, the house-dog and the cat, are about, save in parentheses of exoitement about insurrection.

"For my part," said Alice, motioning Charles, the waiter, to hand her the sirup—she was schoolgirl enough yet for that—"I wish you had never read that horrid book, Mr. Archur. And that description of the peasantry of France in the first part, and how they rose afterward!"

"It was a selection of mine, Miss Alice—" began the guest.

"Oh! I know that, Mr. Archur; but I do wish, with all my heart, all the negroes were in the Red Sea!" And none but a school-girl could have made such an irrelevant remark, with such singular emphasis too.

"One thing I hardly need say," observed the minister, as they lingered still around the table, "I am not a blood-thirsty character, I believe, and I abhor Lynch-law; but if there de agents among us inciting our negroes to insurrection, I am guilty of the most terrible of crimes against us, and against the negroes themselves. They can not be watched too closely, and should be tried, then, when detected, too severely."

"Yes; but what I hate," broke in the impulsive Alice, "is, that we should be in a position requiring us to be afraid of any body, requiring us to be keeping up a watch all the time. I am a genuine born girl, and I should like to act out as an Indian, with glowing cheek and sparkling eye, and I can't bear to think the South should have to be always on the watch for Yankee emissaries, and conspiracies. They want us even to be looking around to see if any of the negroes are near before we speak confidentially. We're peeping through keyholes and listening behind doors; whispering and talking low, and using all sorts of concealments, in a country that's generally condition to be in!"

"You foolish girl!" said her mother, smiling at her excitement.

"Don't parents have things they never speak of freely until their children are sent out of the room? I'm sure I've seen them under our circumstances even, and friends? What a child you are!"

But, like a willful child, the young beauty only tossed her brown and golden hair her head.

"I only know pa always taught me, and you have always taught me, and Mr. Ferguson has taught me to love England; and I'm sure there's nothing of the sore—the continual trembling and apprehending I mean—there's there, when I'm in England."

"There is in Austria and in Italy," replied that gentleman, "if I have to live for any length of time amidst universal and intense excitement and not be effected thereby. Physically, mind, it will be universally, in the human magnetism, electricity, sympathy, whatever you may choose to call it, which binds men together, insensibly."

"I have my own deliberate opinion on the subject," replied the lawyer. "But we won't bring it up now. What can you do with a child at this time. The temperament of Somerville just now is too much that of Sam Peters; the whole place takes fire at once. Mrs. Wyland, I believe all we hear. No man likes Dr. Warner more than I do," said the lawyer, apologetically, "but Dr. Warner is unwisely, really—ah, well, we all know Mrs. Warner!"

"But, Mr. Brooks, persisted Mr. Archur, "I would like to hear what you do think upon the subject. It certainly is a mysterious matter, one affecting us very—"

"It certainly is," interrupted his friend, gravely. "But we won't venture an opinion just now. My case is not quite made up, as we knows at the bar say. I certainly have very fearful opinion on the subject. But it is really too bad to utter. I may be mistaken. God grant I am! I'll be thanking I'm glad of it. If I'm right time will show. And that was all the generally frank lawyer could be induced to say.

It was the same that night after Mr. Archur's conversation that Mrs. Bowles was aroused by a tapping on her chamber window.

"Don't be alarmed, madam; it is me—Mr. Archur," said that gentleman, in answer to her hurried exclamation. "Please get up and dress yourself—Bowles and yourself don't be alarmed; I trust there is no occasion to be. I will be out upon the front porch."

There Mrs. Bowles and Alice found him when they had hurried on their dresses. But no need to ask him what had been around. Even before they left their bedroom the ruddy glare upon the walls told them of another fire. As they stood upon the front porch the whole conflagration was distinctly visible, turning night into day, and throwing the shadows of fence and trees darkly upon the ground. Full in view from the eminence on which it stood, the Somerville Factory was one vast blaze from the ground, and the flames were rising high high above the lofty roof. A six-story edifice, recently completed, thoroughly furnished, and owned by a Northern company, the establishment, a good deal sneered at as "that Yankee concern," was none the less the boast and pride of the place.

For a time not a word was spoken as they stood gazing upon the sublime spectacle, listening to the hissing roar of the same from the heated boilers. It was remembered by all of them afterward that no shouting was heard, as one was seen hurrying past their house to the scene. In fact, though all in Somerville knew the fire, few besides those immediately connected with the mill were there.

"You need not remain with us," said Mrs. Bowles, at last. "Perhaps you would like to assist at the fire. The Major always hurried to such when we lived in Charleston; he liked the excitement. If Kuledge Bowles was here he would not even have stopped to awaken us."

"I have no desire to go, I thank you," said Mr. Archur, quietly; and Alice noticed now that her brother's double-barrel shot-gun, rarely from long disuse, was leaned in a corner of the porch, behind him. Beneath his hastily-buttoned coat, too, she saw the butts of a revolver gleaming in the light of the conflagration. And not a man, or boy in Somerville that night but remained at home armed to the teeth. It is among the new and singular emotion which stirred in the bosom of this young and impulsive girl as she stood beside Edward Archur and Mrs. Bowles, she hardly knew how, of his pale face and set lips and fixed resolve. Not that he said any thing. Mrs. Bowles expressed the conversation with reminiscences of South Carolina, and the magnificent scale on which that State indulged itself in its conflagrations.

Like all the other school girls, Alice had made abundant fun of the young preacher among her companions; no truth being that reverence was a trait as yet undeveloped in her character. Her recent emotions are only easily accounted for. You have often observed that when you are suddenly awakened at midnight from a sound sleep by some there is in the sudden flash of your own mind which makes the music far sweeter to you than the very same strains heard on any other occasion; and it was in a state of a very similar flash Alice had just awakened. It might be incidentally remarked that these young people had been closely associated for some few months in our old as dwellers under the same roof. It is amazing how much of history and poetry they had read together; how much, in consequence of that, they had conversed, thought, and felt together—all in a natural, imperceptible way—from week to week. There had been in my humble opinion which may possibly have been made upon her by Mr. Archur's purity of character and refined intellectuality, with, also, his enthusiasm in his profession. You may not have thought of it before, but an honest enthusiasm in any good cause is one of the most electrifying things in this world: it imparts a light to the lip and to the eye, an uplift to the whole person. A single word, a single sentence, is the light and bliss, the element of heaven.

Not a more unpopular man existed than was Mr. Ferguson the next day, true to his native heather, he was as Scotch in his belief of the accidental nature of the fire as ever. There is nothing quite so canny in a canny man than the man who coolly refuses to go with them thereto; there is an affectation of coolness in such a line, a self-assertion in such a course which is positively insolent.

"Every cotton person in Somerville has expected the burning of that factory from the outset of the summer," said Mr. Ferguson. "It was one day in July, I think, that Mrs. Wyland's son, wool lying all about, and a raging furnace in the centre of it. Incendiary? Stuff and nonsense!"

Not an atherent did Mr. Ferguson have to his theory. He only held to it with the zeal of thousands concerned in himself. Somerville had entered upon a new collection. It had occurred to him during the last few days to collect such presents as had been sent to Infant Baptism and so far been published upon the subject of the burnings and conspiracies. "A rare treat it will be to read them after the delusion is over," he said to himself; and he entered with an enthusiasm upon the subject which he had not experienced upon in his public life in treasure of documents relating to Infant Baptism.

But the excitement in Somerville, as well as throughout the whole State, was at its highest pitch. Nothing else was thought or talked of. Arms of all sorts were cleaned, loaded, and laid in readiness. Every day brought its startling fresh lessons, with a hundred "Oh my's!" and "Oh, I am so afraid!" in the art of using the rifle and the revolver. Mrs. Bowles had not even a backyard without hearing the crack! crack! of pistol practice on the part of the inmates of the house.

As to the blacks, the Sunday afternoon service had been long stopped. By the middle of the week the streets from dark till broad day, firing promptly upon all negroes attempting to run when ordered to stop. By common action of the Mayor and Council, the room and trunk of every negro in Somerville was searched at the same hour by a large committee.

"And nothing found—not a thing!" said redheaded Mr. Ferguson, in triumph.

But at another few boxes of caps, even powder, was found, at least, several glass bottles of powder, more certainly in the negro's cabin. Very promptly was he had up before the Mayor, but as he seemed more amazed at the discovery than any one else, he was promptly released. "I need not say, gentlemen," remarked purry Dr. Ginnis, the owner of said boy, during his examination, "that I have had any hand in putting that powder there, you may string him up, abd welcome. But my boy Jim I'll take my oath he knows no more about it than I do. Why, gentlemen, Jim was raised with me! Nursed by the same mammy; wasted together a thousand times. He thinks more of me than if I was his own brother." And while the negro was being released, he looked him in the face, and puffier even than before upon the subject, Jim stood beside him open-mouthed, astonished, bewildered, unable to comprehend. It was singular the lack of definite, decisive, undoubted proof upon any one point in the whole mysterious matter.

"I am more and more convinced," Guy

Brooks had said more than once, or even twice, to his friend, Mr. Arthur. "But I may be mistaken. Wait. Let time show." But of what he was convinced he altogether refused to state.

"It really seems to me as if this excitement were deranging the whole of us," said Mr. Arthur one evening to Mrs. Bowles, about a week after the destruction of the factory, as they sat out upon the porch in front of the house enjoying the moonlight. For several nights now he had slept upon a pallet in the hall of the house, dressed, two loaded revolvers within easy reach of his hand. Mrs. Bowles said nothing to him about it, but she saw to it that every male hand in the place was under lock and key before she lay down at night, counted and safe; the silver-mounted carving-knife, wherewith the Major had carved at his hospitable table many a joint and turkey, rested safe under her pillow. And her guest never failed to be on the subject, yet, before lying down, he never failed to take the axe from the woodpile and secrete it, restoring it to its place before dawn next day. And he could not but confess to an almost sheepish, if not mean, feeling as he did it—a sense of being ashamed of himself, he knew not why.

And now, as they sit upon the porch, they hear a rapid foot along the street. Every ear had grown painfully attentive, every eye keenly alert lately. The person stops at the front gate, shields himself in the moonlight behind one of the gate posts, and begs Mr. Arthur to step there a moment. Mr. Arthur does so, and finds an Alderman of Somerville. The Alderman is fat as becomes an alderman, although his tastes smokes not within half a thousand miles of Somerville, judging from his rapid walk.

"We have learned, Mr. Arthur," he says, as well as he can—"learned but an hour or so ago that the negroes have arranged to rise, and that to-night is the time appointed for it."

"But, Dr. Ginnis, is there any foundation," begins Mr. Arthur.

"Can't tell; fear so; in fact, we feel almost certain upon the subject. But I have no time to stop," said Dr. Ginnis, in the same hurried tones. "We are alarming every family in Somerville, and glad we know of it in time to do so." And the Alderman has hastened on apprise other families of the impending insurrection, with that keen gratification in having news of moment to convey which the heart of Eve, though the news be the death of one's own father.

That night Somerville sat up.

With the single exception of Mr. Ferguson. Leaving every window of his house open and every door unlocked, the Scotchman made a point of going to bed earlier than usual, and of sleeping particularly sound, in open defiance of the panic of the hour.

If Dr. Warner could only have been induced to do so, he could have depouded under oath that, from supper until breakfast next morning, Mrs. Warner never ceased speaking; the impression produced on the Doctor's mind thereby being that, in some inexplicable but unprecedented way, he, Dr. Warner, was to blame for the whole thing. It was also currently reported afterward that Mr. Alvey, the schoolmaster, had abandoned his own bachelor home, after locking in his negro woman with her children, and nailing down all the windows, and had taken refuge, armed to the teeth, and making ten thousand inquiries as to the contemplated rising, when it was to begin, and how it was to be done, in the centre of a crowd of watchers at the hotel. "White as a gills, by George, actually frightened out of his wits!" was Bob Wilmot's statement on the subject afterward. However, it was quite impossible for Bob Wilmot's friends to speak of a Northern born man save in scorn and contempt.

As the young minister returned to the house from receiving Dr. Ginnis's information, perplexed for a moment what course to pursue, he finally concluded that here, as in every thing else, the frankest course is the best.

"I do not think there is any ground for apprehension," said he to his companions; "but then I can not be positively certain, not knowing upon what the Mayor and Corporation rest their belief."

"But have they adopted no plan in case there is a rising? Suppose the negroes do attempt it, what are they going to do?" cried the negroes move in one body, or will they rise separately, the blacks on each place attacking their own people? Where are they to begin? What are you going to do, Mr. Arthur? Oh, if Rutledge Bowles was only at home!" And Mrs. Bowles shuddered in addition upon questions on the head of her guest. Not at all hysterical either. The least frightened persons that night in Somerville were the females. Bless their unreasonable natures, they shriek at a spider, but look a lion undaunted in the face!

It was Little Bowles defender had to say; but after the servant boy Charles and his wife were gone to their room to bed, he quietly locked them in by night. Next he laid the double-barreled shot-gun within easy reach in the hall, and plenty of ammunition on the table beside it. As to his revolvers, they were girded on as a matter of course and of custom. But while he made every other preparation for the event, he treated the whole as a needless alarm—a good joke, in fact, to be laughed over hereafter.

It was eleven, and Mrs. Bowles seemed inclined to enjoy the excitement than otherwise, recounting innumerable like alarms passed through in South Carolina, especially one, in which the Major patrolled the streets by night for two weeks at a time. So excited was she that she refused to go to bed at all; and was after midnight before she at last fell asleep, with South Carolina on her lips, in her easy-chair, seated with them on the front porch. Softly although a pillow beneath her mother's head and a shawl around her shoulders, Alice again seated herself on the step of the porch, leaning herself against the column.

Mrs. Bowles's house—Rutledge Bowles's property she preferred calling it—stood by itself on the outskirts of Somerville, no other house within several hundred yards. The moon had now gone down; only the clear bright stars illumined the serene summer night. Seated in the shadow of her on the porch, somewhat in the shadow of the vines above, overhung it, her companion abandoned himself in reverie from loneliness as she sat, her face and eyes turned up toward the shining stars. Ah, that feeling of love, first love, love unuttered as yet even to the object thereof, why should I describe what we all know so well? It is the most innocent emotion felt beneath those stars. He felt unwilling to break the silence by a word, while he blessed the fat alderman for having come to change for the time the nature of the news altogether.

It seemed suddenly to occur to his companion that the situation was becoming somewhat strange one, and she uttered what came first to her lips.

"There was something I overheard Charles tell Sally, his wife, the other day, Mr. Arthur," she said, without taking her eyes from the stars. "I do not know what they had been speaking of, but I only heard Charles say: 'Never mind; never mind, we'll be free soon, any how;' and Sally answered, 'You'd better try an' see if you can't tell me what you mean.'" Such a singular emphasis on the word news."

"You have not mentioned it to your mother?" began the minister.

"No; but she knows how it is with the rest of the negroes. There is not a day but some negro says something of the same sort, especially when they are whipped, or are threatened with a whipping. And Charles and Sally were born, too, on the place, and are in the family, and if ever servants were indulged they have been."

"The truth is," said her companion, after a pause, "they hear so much from the public speakers and the newspapers on the subject—I mean all the negroes do—I do not wonder they get such ideas in their minds. Besides, there are several of the Union soldiers stationed here, who read the papers, I am told, and they communicate all they know to the rest. You know the negroes have a wonderful service was stopped: one of their preachers—I know not how true it is—is said to have been so swept away in the fervor of his prayer as to have prayed most fervently for Freedom. And where they got their notion of their being like the Jews in bondage in Egypt, and to be delivered by God, it is impossible to say, but they certainly have such an idea."

"Do you think they would be better off if they were free?" asked his companion.

"No, I do not. I confess the whole thing is a puzzle to me. That expression of Charles's and her companion was about adding marriage relation, but checked himself in time—"is not as the Gospel requires it to be among Christians. Many of our Southern ministers are writing, even preaching, upon the subject. Besides, we do know that as they respect the institution is a positive evil to—well, to us—at least I fear so. But what to do with them is the question. If we were to emancipate them, would they avoid we ship off the three millions of them?—they would relapse under its climate into barbarism. They do not do well in any sense as free, either here or at the North. I confess it is all a puzzle to me." Mr. Arthur spoke earnestly.

"Then is the world all a puzzle," said Alice, her eyes fixed upon the fleecy clouds rolling rapidly by over the stars.

"The Providence of God will solve it, and in His own time and in His own way. I am content to wait for His interposition," said he.

"It is strange, Miss Moulton making us read Guizot's History of Civilization," said Alice, after a while, "and yet he almost ignores the existence of such a book. Yet he has stolen his whole idea from it. From creation history is the slow ascension of man, the gradual unfolding of the development of the race and the establishment of God's dominion again upon earth. It seems very strange, very mysterious to my ages. At times the tendency seems to be in the other direction altogether."

"I have been reading Dickens ever since I can remember," said Alice, after a long silence, "and there is one theme running through all his pages, and it is always the right feeling so eloquently on that theme which makes his books so popular. That theme is charity, describes that that theme is—a steady denunciation of all that wrongs human beings, even the lowliest, a continual pleading upon the principle of loving-kindness toward the meanest and humblest."

"Peace on earth, and good-will toward men! Yes, and this Spirit of the Angels at the birth of Christ is becoming every day more and more the substance and staple of all popular literature. Perhaps," added the theologian, "Glory to God in the highest may come to be blended in the strain also as the world nears its consummation."

In which simple, natural mood they both are: The still night, the romance of the hour, the desire to entertain each other.

"Do you remember Tennyson's lines—'Ring out, wild bells?'" asked Alice.

"And its close—'Ring in the Christ that is to be?' Perfectly well."

"And that

"One far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

So unlike Byron, Scott, and all the old authors. There is Locksley Hall, all full of the same ageless, the continued Alice, her head still leaning against the column behind her. "You remember, her.

'Slowly come a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire.'

Who do you suppose she means by that, Mr. Arthur?"

"All enlaved people; those in Hungary, Italy, every where, said her companion.

"He means them too when he speaks, in one shape or other, so often, of 'a slowly-dying race,' I suppose?" said Alice.

"The fact is," said the minister, after a pause, "all Scripture is the Prophecy of, and all History is the Record of, the slow, steady destruction over the whole world of Feudalism—yes, *Feudalism* is the best word."

There fell upon them a long silence. Both were thinking exactly the same thing. Like all persons at the South these two had, from their childhood, singular ideas at times to flash upon their minds—ideas easily staved off, but often returning—uneasy ideas, disagreeable ideas which one prefers to have in their presence when loss condition. Both have a sense almost of guilt in entertaining such ideas an instant. Both would deny with scorn such a thing, if it were charged with such a crime. As to uttering such thoughts, both are thoroughly afraid to do it.

"How," said Alice, aloud, "Institution? It is an ugly word, isn't it—Slavery? I wonder if it must go down too?" ventures Alice, at last, in a low, timid tone. "Strange, Christ's words, "how full of fancies one feels such a night as this!"

"Only one hundred years ago, or so," says her companion, our 'peculiar' institution, as we call it, existed over the whole world: nothing peculiar about it then. Just look at it to-night. Outside of the South, of all the civilized world, only Brazil and Cuba retain it. Spain! Spain! And here, on this continent, it was once unrestricted of its whole area; now it is crowded down over Louisiana and hunted down by the world—into the South."

"You forget Russia," said Alice.

"I beg your pardon. The Czar has already decreed its extinction. Serfdom ceases in Russia March 17, 1861," replies her companion, eagerly.

"And here we are to-night watching against an insurrection of slaves among us. That there will be such an outbreak I cannot believe,"—the thought strikes me sometimes so oddly! And the movement which has overthrown slavery every where else, under so many forms, will not do so here? Common sense! and for a South Carolinian too! What I hate about it is that those Yankees at the North think it is a matter of 'virtue,' said Alice, lightly. "But do you think it *is* to cease among us, Mr. Arthur?"

"I certainly do. I am as certain of it as I am of the existence of God," he replies.

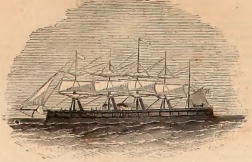
"Yes, but how?"

"I have a theory of my own, Miss Alice. I believe slavery is now driven to bay here at the South. I believe, too, that it will die gloriously, perhaps with struggle which will deluge the land with blood and shake the world—long after you and I are dead, Alice. Of the result, as certain as I am that every wrong thing must go down before God. No nation ever attempting to make a Christian of the South. Open the gates *must* fly, down the walls *must* go; the Gospel *will* have free and perfect course, and be glorified" said the minister. Just see those stars, great worlds they are, all moving so unswervingly, so musically upon their path—beautiful type of the Almighty; how do they assure us past doubt of the presence and power and love of God! Such a still night as this, I am tempted to make a Christian of the South. Open the gates *must* fly, down the walls *must* go; the Gospel *will* have and perfect course, and be glorified" said the minister. Just see those stars, great worlds they are, all moving so unswervingly, so musically upon their path—beautiful type of the Almighty; how do they assure us past doubt of the presence and power and love of God! Such a still night as this, I am tempted to make a Christian of the South. Open the gates *must* fly, down the walls *must* go; the Gospel *will* have free



ACHILLES, 26.

Iron Ship. 6121 Tons; 1250 Horse-power; Length 380 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 18 in.; Four masts; Built at Chatham 1863; Armed with 6½-ton 100-prs. and 6½-ton rifled guns.



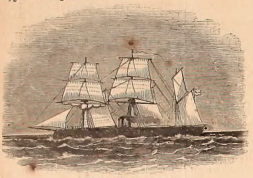
AGINCOURT, 26.

Iron Ship. 6621 Tons; 1350 Horse-power; Length 400 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor 6½ in.; Backing 10 in.; Five masts; Built at Birkenhead; Armament, 4 12½-ton 9 in. rifled guns, and 22 6½-ton 7 in. rifled guns, all muzzle loaders.



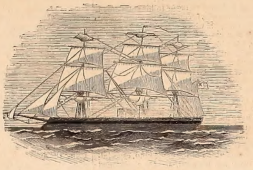
BELLEROPHON, 16.

Iron Ship. 4270 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 300 ft.; Beam 56 ft.; Armor 6 in.; Backing 10 in.; Armament, 18 300-prs. in protected battery, and 6 110-prs.



ENTERPRISE, 4.

Iron-cased Sloop. 993 Tons; 160 Horse-power; Length 180 ft.; Beam 36 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 19½ in.; Armed with 4 6½-ton guns, 100-prs.



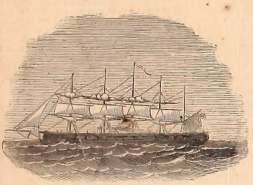
FAVORITE, 10.

Iron-cased Corvette. 2094 Tons; 400 Horse-power; Length 225 ft.; Beam 47 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 22 in.; Armament, 8 100-prs., in battery wholly protected, and the bow and stern each armed with a 68-pr. shunt gun.



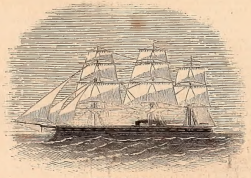
HECTOR, 24.

Iron Ship. 4089 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 56 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 18 in. This ship is a powerful armament of 68-prs. and 110-pr. Armstrong gun.



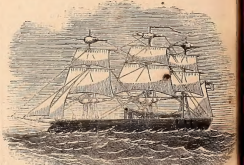
NORTHUMBERLAND, 26.

Iron Ship. 6621 Tons; 1350 Horse-power; Length 400 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor 5½ in.; Backing 10 in.; Carries 4 300-prs. and 22 100-prs.



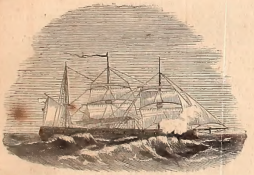
OCEAN, 23.

Iron-cased Ship. 4047 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 273 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 29½ in.; Armament, upper-deck 3 110-pr. Armstrongs, main-deck 20 7-in. 100-pr. rifled guns.



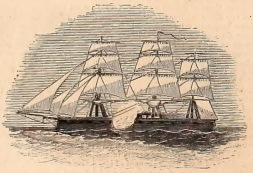
PALLAS, 6.

Iron-cased Corvette. 3373 Tons; 600 Horse-power; Length 225 ft.; Beam 50 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 22 in.; Armament, 4 6½-ton guns, and 2 110-pr. Armstrongs.



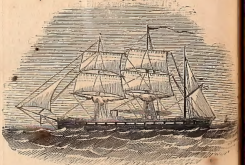
RESISTANCE, 16.

Iron Ship. 3710 Tons; 600 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 54 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 18 in. This ship is heavily armed, and has a protruding stem for use as a ram.



ROYAL ALFRED, 35.

Iron-cased Ship. 4045 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 273 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 6 in. and 4½ in.; Wood ship side 29½ in.; Armament, 10 12-ton 150-prs. inside battery on main-deck, 4 6½-ton 70-prs. outside battery, and 4 6½-ton guns on upper-deck.



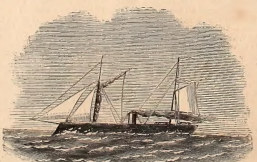
ROYAL OAK, 35.

Iron-cased Ship. 4056 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 273 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 29½ in.; Carries 24 68-prs. and 11 110-pr. Armstrongs.



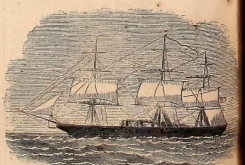
VIPER, 2.

Double-Screw Iron Gun-Boat. 737 Tons; 167 Horse-power; Length 160 ft.; Beam 32 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 10 in.; Armament (probable), 2 7-in. guns; *Building at Poplar.*



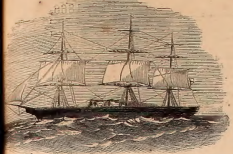
VIXEN, 2.

Double Screw Iron and Wood Gun-Boat. 754 Tons; 160 Horse-power; Length 160 ft.; Beam 32 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 10 in.; Armament, 2 7-in. guns.



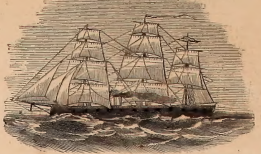
WARRIOR, 40.

Iron Ship. 6109 Tons; 1250 Horse-power; Length 380 ft., Length over all 420 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 4½ in. Backing 18 in.; Armed with 68-prs. and 100-pr. Armstrongs.



BLACK PRINCE, 41.

...ron Ship. 6109 Tons; 1250 Horse-power; Length 380 ... Beam 58 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 18 in.; Sister ship ... *Warrior*; Armed with 68-prs. and 100-pr. Armstrong ...



CALEDONIA, 31.

Iron-cased Ship. 4125 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 273 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 29½ in. Built at Woolwich. Armed with 68-prs. and 110-pr. Armstrong guns.



DEFENCE, 16.

Iron Ship. 3720 Tons; 600 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 54 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 18 in. This ship has, like many others of the fleet, a formidable projecting beak for use as a ram, with a heavy armament.



LORD CLYDE, 24.

...ron-cased Ship. 4067 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length ... ft.; Beam 59 in.; Armor 4½, 5½, and 6 in.; Wood ship ... 31½ in.; Built at Pembroke; Armament, main-deck 20 ... 7-in. rifled guns; upper-deck 4 7-in. rifled Armstrong ... breech-loading guns.



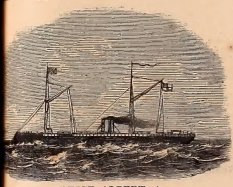
LORD WARDEN, 24.

Iron-cased Ship. 4080 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor 4½, 5½, and 6 in.; Wood ship side 31½ in.; Built at Chatham; Armament 110-prs.



MINOTAUR, 26.

Iron Ship. 6621 Tons; 1350 Horse-power; Length 400 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor 6½ in.; Backing 10 in.; Built at Blackwall; Armament, main-deck 4 150-prs. 10½ in. 12-ton guns, smooth bore; 18 100-prs. 7 in. 6½ ton rifled guns; upper-deck 4 100-prs.



PRINCE ALBERT, 4.

...ron-cased Cupola Ship. 2537 Tons; 500 Horse-power ... length 240 ft.; Beam 48 ft.; Armor 4 in.; Backing 18 in. ... armed with 4 12-ton guns in revolving turrets. *The ship is represented as cleared for action with her bulwarks lowered.*



PRINCE CONSORT, 35.

Iron-cased Ship. 4045 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 273 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 29½ in.; Armament, 16 68-prs., 7 110-pr. Armstrongs, 8 6½-ton guns; Crew 605.



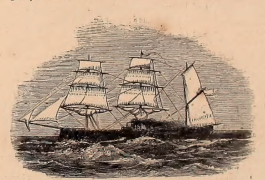
RESEARCH, 4.

Iron-cased Ship. 1253 Tons; 200 Horse-power; Length 225 ft.; Beam 38 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 19 in.; Armament, 4 smooth bore 9-in. guns of 6¼ tons in a central battery.



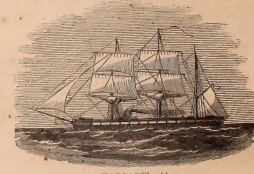
ROYAL SOVEREIGN, 5.

Iron-cased Cupola Ship. 3765 Tons; 800 Horse-power; ...ength 240 ft.; Beam 62 ft.; Armor 5½ in.; Wood ship side ... in.; Carries 5 10-in. guns in revolving turrets. *The bul...arks are represented as lowered to show the turrets.*



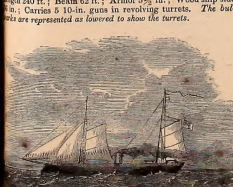
SCORPION, 4.

Iron-cased Cupola Ship. 1833 Tons; 350 Horse-power; Length 220 ft.; Beam 42 ft.: Armor 4½ and 3 in.; Backing 9 in.; Carries 4 300-prs. in revolving turrets; Fitted with tripod masts on Captain Coles's principle.



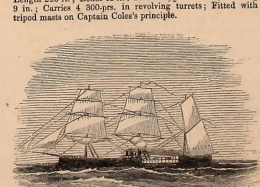
VALIANT, 24.

Iron Ship. 4063 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 56 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 18 in.; Built as Millwall; Armament 68-prs. and 110-pr. Armstrong guns.



WATERWITCH, 2.

Hydraulic Iron-cased Gun Vessel. 778 Tons; 167 Horse-...wer; Length 162 ft.; Beam 32 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Back-...g 10 in.; *Building at Blackwall*; probable armament 2 7-in. ...uns.



WYVERN, 4.

Iron-cased Cupola Ship. 1857 Tons; 350 Horse-power; Length 220 ft.; Beam 42 ft.; Armor 4½ and 3 in.; Backing 9 in.; Carries 4 300-prs. in revolving turrets; Fitted with tripod masts on Captain Coles's principle.



ZEALOUS, 20.

Iron-cased Ship. 3716 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 252 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 30½ in.; Armament, upper-deck 4 Armstrong 110-prs., main-deck 8 smooth-bore 94-prs. and 8 rifled shunt 100-prs.

THE STORY OF ERNST CHRISTIAN SCHOEFFER.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

I.

I PROPOSE relating the story of Ernst Christian Schoeffer. In order to do this circumstantially, I will begin by stating that he was the only child of Dorothea and Wolfgang Schoeffer, of Ulm, and was born in an upper chamber of a house on the Gruben, just thirty-one years since.

Wolfgang Schoeffer belonged to a somewhat better class than the majority of his neighbors. He was poor, but not abjectly poor; and he had seen better days. He was a second-hand bookseller by trade, and had begun life with some show of prosperity. He inherited his father's business and stock; and his wife—a pretty Bavarian with whom he had fallen in love while traveling to and fro among the great fairs of Augsburg, Munich, Nuremberg, and Nuremberg—was reported to have had not only beauty but money. So when he brought home his bride and opened a shop in the market-place, his fellow-citizens looked upon him as a rising man, and approved of him accordingly. Their approbation, however, was not destined to be of long continuance. Wolfgang Schoeffer had started too ambitiously, and at the end of five years became bankrupt. He left his shop in the market-place for one of the ruinous little tenements on the Gruben; and there, when the brief sunshine of their career was over and the bitterness of poverty was yet new to them both, Dorothea Schoeffer died in giving birth to the only child of their marriage.

From that day the bookseller was a changed man. He had borne his reverses with tolerable courage, but this last blow told heavily. He seemed to grow old all at once: he avoided his former acquaintances and friends; he ceased to frequent any place of public resort; he became more than ever bent, more gray, more gloomy, more sordid in his clothing, and more solitary in his ways.

Put out to nurse to the wife of a poor neighbor for the first year or two of his little life, the child was brought home to his father's house almost as soon as he had learned to prattle; and there, under the care of a certain Frau Martha, who was very deaf, very pious, half lodger and half servant, spent all his motherless years.

It would be impossible to conceive a more dismal home for a young child than bookseller Schoeffer's house on the Gruben. The floors were unscrubbed, the stairs were never swept, the windows were never cleaned or opened from year's end to year's end, and the whole filled with myriads of dust top to bottom. The walls were lined, the floors were cumbered, the air was stale with them. The house contained little else: nothing for comfort, nothing for grace—not even a flower in a pot, or a spot like a garden. Books, books, nothing but books—yellow, dusty, worm-eaten, and unfragrant, like boxes in a charnel-house. As for the garden, it was a very wilderness of nettles and rubbish.

All this, however, would have mattered little if the boy had known the happiness of being surrounded by kind parents and teachers, and children of his own age; but none of these blessings were his. His nurse, really fond of him in her dull way, believed her indeed to be all fulfilled so long as he was kept clean and quiet, mended his clothes, cooked his food, taught him the Lord's Prayer, and took care that he did not betray himself in the dirt at the bottom of the Gruben. His father cared for him after a morose, negligent, fitful fashion; but as he was more frequently absent from home than not, and spent his time chiefly in traveling from city to city, he was practically left to leave the rearing of his child's health to Frau Martha and his education to the government.

The pastor, like the poet, is born, not made; and Ernst Christian Schoeffer was a born painter. He was endowed from his cradle with the gift of seeing—that precious gift without no mere training can develop, and without which all the academies that ever were incorporated can achieve nothing toward the production of an artist. This privilege is his from very birth. He enjoys it even before he knows that he enjoys it. A brighter heaven than the heaven of which he has been told is his by infancy; and for him alone of all the sons of Adam that "vision splendid" which even nature's own poet himself can only unveil on to their life, never fades into the light of common day."

Thus it was that Ernst was a happy child despite the squalor of his surroundings; thus he is so, even in the midst of these surroundings, he came to an intuitive sense of poetry and beauty. As he grew older he discovered an inexhaustible resource in his father's books. A good thief of Wolfgang Schoeffer's constituted of Fiddes-Arnold's Bible—shapes and sizes, in all languages, of all dates; some bound in wood, some in vellum, some in old brown leather; many of them illustrated with quaint wood-cuts, and some with colored maps and tailpieces of strange device. Bibles, indeed, were the bookseller's specialty; and it was chiefly on boys and sell scarce and curious copies that he traveled so constantly from city to city.

From these books the "storied windows" and altar-pieces of the churches round about—from the Gothic fountains at the corners of the streets—above all, from the cathedral, with its rich architecture and tracories, and its wonderful tower like a filigree of old lovers' work—the boy learned and studied every day of his life. He passed that cathedral each time that he went to his school, and lingered before it each time that he returned to his homeward journey. He came to know every stone of it by heart—every niche and saint and canopy; every tuft of wind-sown grass that waved aloft on its buttress and pinnacle. He knew it in the morning light and the afternoon, when the shadows lay richer and deeper; in the evening, when the eastern front was golden with sunset. The rocks that built undisturbed in the tower were his familiar friends. The great entrance portaled with quaint processions, and the bas-reliefs in the spandrils of the huge Gothic arch above the triple doorway, filled him with a perpetual wonder and delight. There is God creating the earth, the air, and the sea; the Almighty artificer being represented each time as an old man dressed in a flowing robe with a globe in his right hand; the only variation in each repetition being that he holds a smooth globe for the earth, a curly globe for the air, and a wavy globe for the sea. Then comes the creation of man; Adam looking at his ease shapeless legs with great astonishment, as well indeed he might. Then the creation of Eve, the temptation, and the banishment. Nothing in mediæval art more naïve and curious than these bas-reliefs above the principal entrance of Ulm cathedral! Few travelers turn aside from the beaten track to see them; few artists study them; but Ernst Christian Schoeffer learned all that they had to teach—all that they had the power to teach—and he took both within and without. Messages written with the brush and the chisel, upon iron, stone, wood, he mastered to them all with humility and reverence. The relievo triptoglyph over the high altar, with its Magi gorgeous in gold and colors, which in winter-time glowed like gems in the windering eyes; the slender, elaborate pyx, like a magnified ivory carving; the choir with its quaint, delicate, cinderful oak pinnacles, and clustering fruits and flowers, its lace-like canopies, and its triple rank of heroes, Pagan, Jewish, and Christian, each feature of whose sculptured face he knew by heart; the carved scutcheons of dead and gone nobles hung all about the lower end of the nave; the monumental brasses, the memorial portals, and medieval frescoes scattered so lavishly about the private chapels in the side aisles—these things were his first masters in art, and upon them his genius fed and strengthened year by year. It showed itself, as the artist instinct usually does, slow itself, in all kinds of blundering first attempts. The boy tried his prentice-hand upon every material that fell in his way. He scrawled upon his slate and in his copy-books; he dabbled in clay; he daubed a little in coarse pigments begged from a neighboring house-painter; he cut quaint statuettes in common fir-wood. These occupations kept him quiet in holiday hours, and his father, when at home, doubted no more.

At length the time came when Ernst Christian's seven years of schooling were on the point of expiring. He was now fourteen, and was in age to be apprenticed to a trade. His father intended him for his own business; but the boy had made up his mind to be a painter, and, determined to struggle to come, had also made up his mind to be first in the field. There was fierce opposition to be encountered and there were impediments of obstacles to be overcome; therefore, he argued, the sooner the opposition was combated and the difficulties were reached the better. He was convinced that he should have the moral gallantry to face his father at once upon this matter so vital to his own happiness, and yet that he should fail in heart and his breath come short as he went up to that father's chamber on the evening of the very day when his school term had expired.

It was about six o'clock on a bleak November night. The stairs creaked under his feet as he went up, feeling his way in the darkness, rehearsing the words in which he meant to begin. On the landing he paused, and guided by a thread of light upon the threshold, tapped at his father's door. No reply came. He listened—he heard a sound as of something tossed and rustled. He tapped again —he thought he was answered—he went in.

His father, standing by the table with a framed and painted picture in his hand, turned with his head, turned upon the boy in a sudden paroxysm of anger.

"What do you want?" he said, furiously. "How dare you come in without knocking?"

"I knocked, mein Vater, but—Gott! what a beautiful picture!"

It was a beautiful picture. It represented a fair delicate-featured girl with down-looking eyes and pale golden hair, in a white dress, with pearls in her braids, and a smile as pensive, as sweet, as sad as that of the Madonna del Velo. The painter of this gracious head had been lovingly and tenderly, lingeringly... Though too cold in color and too hard in effect, the portrait was as highly finished as a miniature, and was executed as if it had all come from the easel of Memling or Fiorio. It measured about twelve inches square, and was inclosed in a flimsy frame of black wood. The gate of iron by which was glazed, worked upon hinges like a little door, and locked with a small brass key.

The boy forgot his own errand in his father's anger, and all else at the sight of this treasure. He leaned forward to look upon it, but the bookseller thrust him roughly back.

"The picture is nothing to thee," he said, hastily. "Get thee gone. Get down to Frau Martha. I am busy to-night."

"But, father—"

"Get thee down, I say. Go learn thy tasks for to-morrow."

"I have none. The Herr-president signed my certificate to-day, and he said, if you wished to enter me for another term—"

"Another term, indeed!" interrupted Schoeffer. "What is to pay for it? Let the Herr-president tell me that. There is not a poorer man in Wurtemberg than myself."

"He said—"

"It is nothing to me what he said. There have been times when I scarce knew where to find food and clothing for thee."

The lad glanced round the squalid room, and sighed.

"I know it, father," he replied.

"It is well you do know it," replied the bookseller, harshly. "You have to earn your bread."

"That is what I came about, father. I wish to be a painter."

The Herr Schoeffer shook his head.

"A painter?" he said. "Pooh! it is an unhealthy trade. Besides, I have not a groschen wherewith to appreciate thee. No, boy; thou must follow thy father's calling—a poor one, but at the worst, better than neighbor Strauss's."

"Neighbor Strauss!" echoed the lad. "Do you think I wish to be a house-painter, like neighbor Strauss? No, no—I mean to be a painter like our ancestor, Martin Schoeffer."

His father looked at him incredulously.

"The boy is mad," he said, with a contemptuous shrug.

"I am not mad. I would live on bread and water to be a painter. I would beg my way to Rome on foot, if you would only let me go."

"Rome! What would you do in Rome, pray, when you *had* begged your way there?"

"I would go to Overbeck's studio and tell him that I was a poor German boy who loved art, and wished to be a painter."

The bookseller struck the table angrily with his clenched fist.

"Let me hear no more of this," he said. "You talk like a fool."

"But—"

"Silence! Not another word. Get you down stairs and bid Frau Martha make the soup hot for supper."

The boy obeyed reluctantly. As he reached the door his father called him back.

"Here, Ernst," he said, more gently. "This portrait is not to be talked about. You must not tell any one that you have seen it. Do you hear? Not even Frau Martha."

"Whose portrait is it, father?"

The bookseller frowned.

"You must give your word not to speak about it," he said, fixing a searching eye upon his son's face.

"I will never speak of it, father."

"You promise?"

"I promise. But whose portrait is it?"

"Your—your mother's."

"My mother's!"

The lad sprang forward—would have taken the picture in his hand, but that his father again put him back, and would not let him touch it.

"You can see it well enough where it is," he said, from a wish.

"Oh father! was my mother so beautiful? Were you very fond of her always?" And the boy's own eyes filled with sudden tears.

"She was very like it," replied the bookseller, gloomily. "Now, Ernst, you have looked long enough."

"May I see it again to-morrow?"

"No, not to-morrow—some day, perhaps. Now go, and remember your promise."

"I will remember it, and keep it," said Ernst, and left the room.

He made his way slowly down the dark stairs, thinking over all that had been said.

"My mother's portrait!" he muttered to himself. "To think that I have seen my mother's portrait hidden away all these years!"

When he reached the bottom step he sat down, covered his face with his hands, and fell into a long reverie. His heart was heavy, and the future seemed very dark. Then all dark and uncertain, like a scene in a dream.

At length he sprang to his feet, resolved and self-reliant once more.

"I *will* be a painter!" he exclaimed, half aloud. "I will be a painter; and I will paint as well as that too, some day."

II.

ERNST CHRISTIAN SCHOEFFER carried his point, and became a painter after all. Not, however, without a struggle. It was a struggle—a battle against his father's imperious will; against poverty, prejudice, and obscurity—a battle that lasted three whole years, and cost the boy many a fall and many a bitter blow before 'twas won. Still he did win it. He became a painter. He even went to Rome.

A drawing was the secret, and sent up anonymously to the Government School of Art in Ulm—a prize carried off, and a year's gratuitous instruction gained thereby. A second prize achieved, and a second year gained; a third, and its results a gold medal and a purse of two hundred and fifty florins—these were the steps by which the youth struggled on to the fulfillment of his hopes.

His father turned, railed, argued, and finally yielded a sullen acquiescence.

That purse came as if dropped direct from heaven. Every farthing of it was earned by him with the magic name of Rome. Those two hundred and fifty florins represented in his eyes the inexhaustible riches of opportunity. They were the golden gates of knowledge to his eager footsteps. They were his passport to the tomb of Raffaelle.

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Ernst Christian his

bering that he had now no home, checked himself, and substituted "at my leisure."

"By all means."

He rose—he hesitated—he had evidently some thing still to say.

"There is one very precious and sacred relic," he faltered, "which I would give much to possess."

"If it be any thing which I can assist you to recover I shall be happy to do so," replied the banker, politely.

"It is my m——'s portrait."

"Will you be goodness to describe it?"

The painter, with visible emotion, described the picture minutely. The banker listened, looked down, coughed dubiously, and rubbed his little fat hands slowly over and over.

"Dear me!" he said, "is that a portrait of your mother? How handsome she must have been!"

"Then you recognize it?"

"Perfectly."

"And can you tell me what has become of it?"

The painter's voice question came with hot eagerness: the Jew's reply with cool composure.

"Why, yes,—no one better. That picture is in my own possession."

"In yours!"

The tone, the lack of entreaty, were alike unmistakable; but Herr Schliermacher met both with the civilest imperturbability imaginable.

"Exactly so," he replied. "It is a charming little thing, and I really value it."

"But Herr Schliermacher—my good Herr Schliermacher, you do not value it as I do!"

"I value it too well to part from it," said the banker.

"Herr Schliermacher, I would serve you for seven years to earn back my mother's portrait."

Herr Schliermacher shook his shiny head.

"I regret to refuse you," he said; "but it is quite out of my power to grant your request. I like the picture—my daughter has taken quite a fancy for it—and I have been too heavy a loser in this matter already."

"It is worth more than the whole of my poor father's debt put together!" cried the young man, impetuously.

"Not as a work of art. If it were I should not feel justified in keeping it."

"What would you do with it?"

"Sell it, of course, my good Sir; and when I had repaid myself from the proceeds, refund the surplus to yourself."

The painter turned pale.

"For God's sake don't do that!" he said, quickly. "I do not mean to do it. I mean to keep it."

The Herr Schliermacher uttered these last words in a tone that produced further discussion impossible, and the young man reluctantly took his departure.

He came back, however, the next day at the same hour.

"Herr Schliermacher," he said, "I have come to ask what price you set on my mother's portrait."

"I set no price upon it, Herr Schoeffer. I do not mean to sell it."

"But you would not—you *could* not—refuse to sell it if I could afford to pay for it!"

"If I understood you rightly when you did me the favor to call upon me yesterday," said the banker, very stiffly, "you are not even in a position to pay off the residue of your father's liabilities."

"That is true; but——"

"Excuse me, Herr Schoeffer. It will be time enough to enter on this topic when you come to me with your one hundred and fifty-five florins in your hand. I wish you a good-morning."

Again the painter turned away disheartened; but again the next day, at the same hour, he returned to the charge.

"Herr Schliermacher," he began, "will you let me earn that portrait? Will you take me into your office? Only will you receive me as one of your clerks? I write a good hand, and I am a tolerable accountant. If you will agree to this, I will work for you without salary till I have earned the picture back at whatever price you choose to set upon it."

The banker laughed outright.

"My dear Herr Schoeffer," he said, "gentlemen in your position are the very worst clerks in the world to cut bankers' clerks from! No, I thank you. No esthetic accountants for me. Besides, if you would repay your debt, how would you live?"

"I would rise at dawn in summer, and work by lamplight in winter, and so earn a few florins a week. I can live on dry bread; I have done so before now."

"Yes: are a most energetic young man," said Herr Schliermacher, "and you deserve to succeed in life. What a pity you were not brought up to business!—you would have made a fortune."

"I do not want a fortune. I only want my mother's portrait."

The Jew shrugged his shoulders.

"Will you try me for a week, Herr Schliermacher?"

"Not for a day. Your proposal, Herr Schoeffer, is wholly unpracticable."

For the third time the poor painter went his way sorrowing. He desired the picture passionately, and each fresh rebuff only quickened his intense longing for it. He remembered how his father had treasured it, and he also remembered how it was the only earthly record of a mother whom he had never been so blest as to know.

The next day he was back again at the moneylender's office with a fresh scheme.

"For the fourth time," he said, "I come to appeal to you. If you have the heart of a man you will not refuse what I am now about to ask from you."

The banker tapped impatiently upon his desk.

"Be brief, if you please, Herr Schoeffer," he replied. "My time is valuable, and I warn you that this is the last occasion on which I can listen to you."

"This, then, is what I have to propose. Give me three years in which to earn the one hundred and fifty-five florins, and promise me that you will neither sell the portrait nor give it away during that time!"

The banker leaned back in his chair, and seemed as if he were taking this request into consideration.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Ernst, impatiently, "it is possible that you hesitate? Do I ask any thing unfair—any thing unreasonable? Think, Sir —think if it were your own mother's portrait—a mother who had given her own life for yours——"

His voice broke, and he turned aside to conceal his trouble.

Herr Schliermacher looked grave.

"I hesitate," he rejoined, "because it has occurred to me that there may possibly be some other way. Do you paint from life, Herr Schoeffer?"

"Of course I do! May I paint yours! Oh, my dear, excellent, amiable Herr Schliermacher, let me paint your portrait!"

The Herr Schliermacher smiled, and shook his head.

"Not mine," he said. "I would not give a kreutzer for my own portrait; but my daughter——"

"I will paint her for you in any style you please. Only tell me what you wish done, and I will do it."

The banker was excessively amused.

"I must speak to Sadine first," he replied. "Call upon me to-morrow at the same time, and I will tell you more about it."

He returned the following day, as he was bidden, and to his supreme joy the banker informed him that his daughter was willing to sit, and that he might begin the portrait.

"As for terms," said he, "we will make it picture for picture. You shall paint my daughter's portrait, and when it is done you shall paint your mother's in exchange. Will that content you?"

"Perfectly."

"And you will not object to paint my Salome on a somewhat larger scale?"

"You shall have her at full-length, life-size, after the manner of Vandyck."

And Herr Schliermacher was well satisfied, knowing that he had the best of the bargain.

Poor Ernst Christian Schoeffer! it was his destiny. He fell desperately in love with Salome Schliermacher. She was very lovely—lovely with the dazzling oriental loveliness of Rebecca—of Rachel—of Marianne. He had not seen a woman in Italy to compare with her. Her skin was of that rich, rich, tender brown which we admire in the Madonna della Seggiola. Her eyes were as brilliant and bewitching as those of the Fornarina in the Palazzo Pitti. Her hair was golden from Leonardo's portrait of Joanna of Naples. Her hands, long, white, slender, were Vandyck's own masterpiece, her attitudes, were Titian's. The young painter, to the destruction of his peace, beheld in her the rare and beautiful combination of all that he admired in art and despaired of in nature. And Salome Schliermacher was as charming as she was beautiful, as accomplished as charming. It seemed to her delight to enchant, to torment, to bewilder her unfortunate victim. To-day she would be all gentle, to-morrow all proud; to-day all encouraging, to-morrow all reserve. Sometimes she would talk of poetry, of music, of art, and talk of them, too, with intelligence and enthusiasm. At other times she would prattle of none but the most childish matters, and pout at a serious word.

Then she was the most tiresome of sitters. She changed her mind about the dress in which she would be painted, about the attitude, the background, the accessories, till Ernst, at last, dreaded the progress of the work. She would be taken in her ordinary dress; she would be taken in her riding-habit; she would be taken in the costume of the casket; as Ruth with the corn-sheaf on her head—there was no end to her caprices, and there appeared to be no end to her vanity.

And all this time the infatuated young painter thought each new dress and attitude more becoming than the last, and, Penelope-like, spent as much time in undoing his work as in doing it.

"When it is once finished, thought he, "all will be over. I shall no longer hear the daily music of her voice; I shall not dare to intrude upon her privacy; I shall not see her smile, for I shall be well-nigh in two separate hemispheres. What better, then, can I desire than that the picture may last in progress forever?"

He was ready, in fact, to spend his life upon it; and I am by no means prepared to say that the Israelite Salome was not quite as well disposed to prolong the task as himself.

Meanwhile Ernst Christian was living within an inch of starvation. He could not afford to go all the local school of art, he had been able to procure his painting-materials upon credit; but he found it far more difficult to live upon credit than to paint the same terms. There were days when he wanted bread. There were nights when he knew not where to lay his head. Then he would write to threadbare that he was ashamed to be seen in them. Let those who have read of the Grub Street of Richardson, of Hogarth, supply the painful details of starvation.

There must be an end to all things mortal, and despite alternations and delays innumerable, the portrait of Salome Schliermacher at length approached completion. There could be no question that it was a perfect success. He had been painting with his heart as well as with his hand, and the result was a portrait of such beauty, such fidelity, such complete and life-like portraiture, as would have made the fame and fortune of a painter in any city less hopelessly stagnant than Ulm. The beautiful Jewess, holding a fan of peacock's feathers in her hand, and dressed in a rich robe of white satin bro-caded with pearl, seemed to have been dropped from the frame. The smile flickered on her lips; the fixture of her eye had motion in it. It was a portrait that Paolo Veronese might have designed and Rubens painted.

"Herr Schoeffer," said the banker, when he came on one morning to observe the progress of the work, "I am so well content—say, so much more than content—that I will not keep you longer from your mother's picture. You may take it home with you, if you choose, to-day."

Ernst was as grateful as if he had not already earned it ten times over. He grasped the banker's hand; he thanked him with tears in his eyes; and he went home to his garret that afternoon happier than a king.

The dear, dear portrait! The portrait that he had first seen in his father's chamber that memorable night, now more than eight years ago, when his first announced his desire to become a painter! It was not in the least faded or changed. The eyes and the arms and sweet face as of old, the pale golden braids shone with an undiminished lustre.

He set it up before him on the table and sat down to eat his evening meal before it. It seemed to light the sordid attic like a glory. It gave quite a delicious flavor to his lump of stale bread and his jug of molos. He poured the water in his pitcher into wine. Thus munching and meditating, with his eyes fixed all the time upon his newly-recovered treasure, he observed that the canvas seemed to have warped away from the stretcher at one corner, and that the picture bulged in the middle, as old pictures are sometimes apt to do. He had long since resolved to carve an exquisite frame for it some day; now it occurred to him that the picture-dog would be improved by what is technically called "backing." That is to say, by being relieved from tension, and pasted down upon a freshly-strained canvas.

"It would preserve as well as improve it," he muttered to himself as he swept the crumbs from the table. "I will do it at once, and give it a coat of varnish at the same time."

And with this he drew the picture toward him and proceeded to break open the front of the frame with his knife. The little brass key had deserters when last boxed. Indeed all events Herr Schliermacher had not given it to him. So he forced the case off at the hinges and proceeded to remove the picture. It was fixed in its ——? in a groove. The brass buttons green with verdigris, and came out when these were turned quite easily.

Then he saw—what he saw was that bulged the surface of the canvas. No wonder, indeed, that it had warped away from the frame! It was crammed with liberally crumpled notes from the one-and-the back of the old wooden case with scraps of dusty paper.

Ernst Christian Schoeffer felt quite indignant with the perpetrator of this unnecessary mischief.

"The Goth!" he muttered. "This must have been done in Austria. I don't believe there is a frame-maker in Ulm who would have been so ignorant of his business."

He lifted the picture tenderly aside, and shook out the contents of the empty frame. As he did so he suddenly changed color, and began trembling from head to foot.

"Gracious Providence!" he exclaimed aloud, "what is this?"

It was a little bit of yellowish paper that had rolled over toward him from the rest of the heap—a dirty, oblong, yellowish scrap, filled in with several lines of delicate writing in the middle, and adorned at each corner with a little engraved medallion. He took it up—he laid it down—he snatched it up again. Then he pushed it away, visibly into the midst of the heap, and took up first one little crumpled scrap, then another, then another; then drew the whole heap toward him, and examined it with a strange, frantic, feverish avidity that was almost terrible in its intensity.

Every one of those rapers lying piled before him on the table was a bank-note. There were hundreds of them—hundreds of pounds—carefully laid and dorned with his father's own writing; some Austrian, some Prussian, some Bavarian, some French, some English—all of them as valuable in their value as in their nationality. They represented sums ranging from one thaler to five hundred, from a hundred francs to a thousand, from five pounds to fifty.

The half-starved heir to all this wealth felt as if he were going mad with joy. He laughed—he cried—he shouted scraps of songs. At length, to sober himself, he plunged his head into a tub full of cold water, and then sat down to add up his money.

It was a complicated task, and in order to account-ants with the degrees of accuracy to be able to translate the language of each currency into florins and this was a feat almost beyond his knowledge. Sitting at his window, with the last beams of the sun on his pen, and the last gleam of light on the heap of notes, his head resting on the table, the pen fallen from his hand, and the sum total still unwritten.

Wolfgang Schoeffer, the bankrupt bookseller, the poverty-stricken student of the arts and letters, the broken-hearted husband and father, was found objectly poor. His special branch of trade, he is remembered, was the sale of old Bibles, and there are certain old Bibles—editions of the Elzevirs, for instance, as the Coverdale Bible of 1535, with wood-cuts by Hans Sebald Behan—which are, when perfect, of enormous intrinsic value. A case came on inquiry that the painter's father was believed to have known more of this branch of bibliography than any German of his time; that for the last fifteen or twenty years he had been known to all the principal collectors and booksellers of the Continent as a purchaser of precious volumes and passed through his hands; and that, on more than one occasion, he had both received and paid sums of the highest prices on record for certain famous early editions. Perhaps one of the oddest parts of the story lay in the fact that, according to the old books which cumbered the house on the Graben from basement to attic, there was not found one volume of any importance. It appeared to have been his habit to deal, as it were, in only one valuable book at a time, and always to have the book in his own keeping. As soon as he had succeeded in picking up a scarce volume he knew precisely to whom to take it, and what price to set upon it; and so was ever turning over, purchasing from place to place, and laying up riches of which no living soul in his own native city so much as suspected the existence.

Aben Hassan, when he woke up that fine morning in Bagdad and found himself Commander of the Faithful, scarcely opened his eyes upon a more astonishing change in the aspect of his private affairs than did Ernst Christian Schoeffer when he lifted his head from the midst of his wealth and found the morning sunshine turning all his notes to gold. His brain was clearer now, and his pules steadier, than either had been the night before: once again, therefore, he set to work, like the methodical queen of the nursery rhyme, "a counting up his money."

It came, when so counted, to no less a sum than one hundred and twenty thousand florins; that is to say, to about ten thousand and two hundred pounds of English money.

How the painter deposited his fortune in Herr Schliermacher's bank; how that excellent gentleman married at the same time, and took a quite paternal interest in the young man from that moment; how he invited his dear young friend to dinner that very evening; how Herr Christian created his appearance in the banker's drawing-room at six o'clock punctually, dressed in a suit of resplendent black, and looking as if he had never known what it was to be hungry or shabby in his life; how the beautiful Salome, grown suddenly quiet and distant, reduced her lover in the course of the evening to a state of vassalage more abject than ever; how the story of the long-lost portrait with bank-notes flew through the country and made its appearance in every newspaper where the German tongue was then spoken; how Ernst, finally, before three months of wealth had passed over his head, the painter became the happy husband of his beautiful idol, are matters which do not involve no more than a passing record. We have given the outline; those who desire to fill it in with detail must seek it for themselves in the future and the centre of his affections) for all that is yet left untold of the story of Ernst Christian Schoeffer.

IRON-CLAD FLEET OF ENGLAND.

ABOUT a month ago we gave a double-page engraving of the iron-clad fleet of the United States. This week we give a similar illustration on the same scale of the iron-clad fleet of England. The whole number of vessels, wooden and iron, in the British fleet at the present time is 735, of which 30 are iron-clads. Our illustrations include every one of the latter class.

There can be no doubt that while the whole number of vessels in the navy is less by a fifth than the number of vessels in the British navy, our iron-clad fleet is largely superior to that of England in numbers and in the most efficient power. In this connection we quote from a recent letter of DONALD MCKAY to the editor of the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*. Speaking of the iron-clad fleets of England and France, he says:

"While viewing these, their style of construction, equipment, etc., I could not but feel that Mr. Ericsson's silent 1861 was constructed, built, and equipped on iron-clad idea; both his ideas defense and offense, and was, more powerful than all the iron-clad fleets of the world; and I strongly recommend that the Government of the profitable and judicious expenditure, and one which will prove to be the cheapest guarantee of peace and just indemnity for a continuance of building and adding larger iron-clad sea-going ships, than any other measure I can think of.

"I can allude with pride to that wonderful production of human genius, the *Monitor*, the first specimen of construction by Mr. William H. Webb, of New York. I have personally inspected all the iron-clads of England and France, but I have not seen one of them which, in originality of design, in the combination of powerful engines to compare with her. She combines the impregnability of the Monitor with the sea-going qualities of the steam-frigate and sloop. In short, she can bring guns to bear from every point of the compass, and in any direction she steers. From the appearance of her model it is evident to me that she is to be an excellent sea-boat, and can steam at sea, with withstanding her great size, easily managed. It is said she will carry two millions of dollars in coin, and is not high when compared with the same-lavished upon the large iron-clads of the old World, which are known to be but as a vessel of war. I consider her a match for a fleet of such vessels as any of the best powers of Europe."

MR. M'KAY especially recommends the suggestions of Secretary WELLES as to the enlargement of our navy-yards, the work-shops, docks, etc., and a building-yard of proper size for the construction and fitting complete of the largest sea-going ships, for the manufacture and furnaces for forging and rolling plates, equal in size and thickness to those used in the English navy.

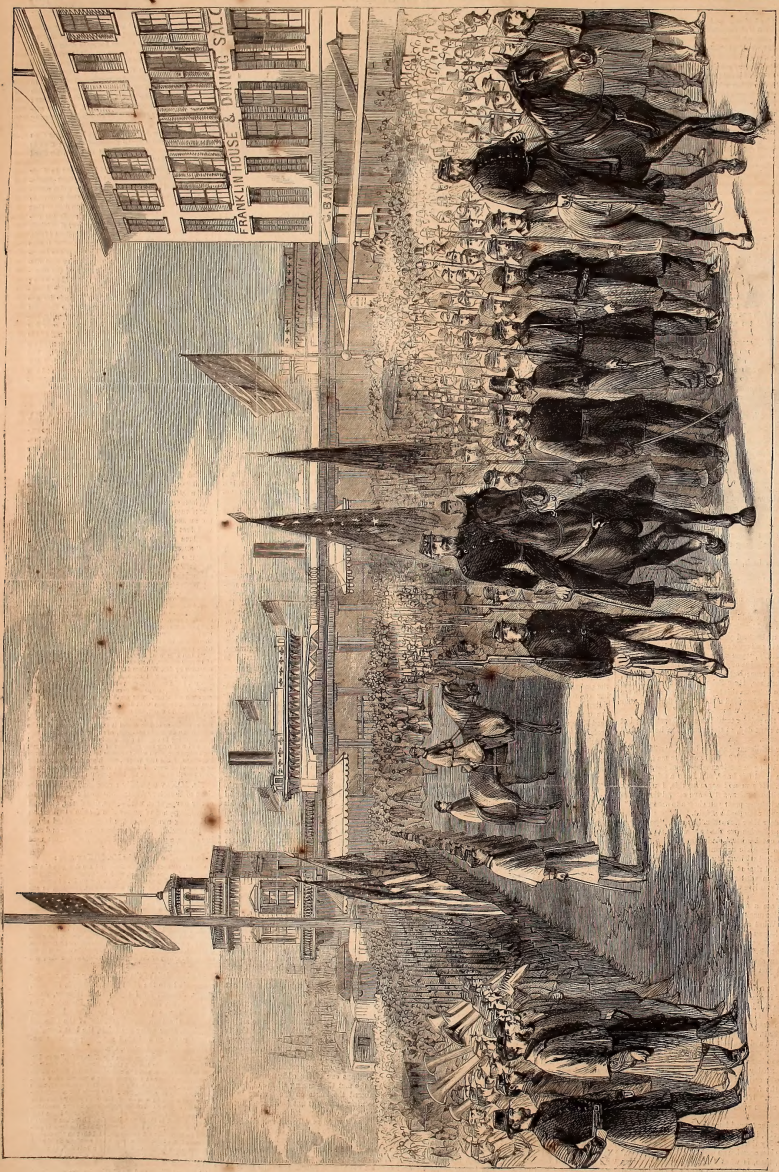
In regard to dry docks Mr. M'KAY says:

"With all that we have done and are doing in the increasing of our navy, I am, with our worthy Secretary, one fearful deficiency in basins or dry docks. Supposing that we had a fleet of naval engineers and builders in the dumping of many vessels, we have only dry docks enough to repair a large, and for this we have to thank all some become comparatively weak at sea, and this is a matter which should receive our early attention. Both France and England, while adding to the strength and number of their ships, keep pace with the construction of their docks and basins. Unless we adopt this system, the additions to our navy will be comparatively useless. Congress will avail but little. The French *dry docks* contain space sufficient for fifty-six large vessels, and those of France and England is fast approaching this also."

The iron-clads of the British navy are more interesting of course, to Americans. *Research, Favorite, Pallas, Zealous, Lord Clyde, Lord Warden, Belle-rophon, Viper, Vixen, Penelope, Favorite*, and *Research* was pronounced by Admiral BENNET DARCES, the Commander-in-Chief of the Channel squadron, after many sea trials, the best iron-clad ship, as regarded sea-going qualities, accommodation, ventilation, etc.

The *Research* differs from the *Enterprise*," says MR. M'KAY, "chiefly in the fact that the upper deck was lowered forward and aft, and the armor-plating on it is, instead of the armor at the ends being a mere narrow belt, it runs quite across, thus making the forward part have her upper deck is four and a half feet above the water at the load water mark; thus the whole length of the deck protected by bulwarks six feet high, and that in the central fore-and-aft deck of nearly length of the armor-belt with battery up to a height of eleven and a half feet, at which height it is closed over with sheet-iron, covered with fourinch planking."

The *Lord Clyde* and *Lord Warden* are vessels of light draught. The *Lord Clyde* was designed as a defense against future *Alabamas* and *Floridas*.



RECEPTION OF THE NINETIETH NEW YORK VETERAN VOLUNTEERS IN BROOKLYN, FEBRUARY 15, 1866.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 142.]

HON. EZRA CORNELL.

HON. EZRA CORNELL, the founder of the Cornell University, was born in the town of Westchester, New York, January, 1807. His father and more remote ancestors were Quakers, and young EZRA was brought up under the teachings of this peculiar sect. His father, ELIJAH CORNELL, was a potter by trade, but was a man of considerable culture and strongly-marked character. He attained the age of ninety-one, and reared a family of eleven children, of which EZRA was the oldest son. When the latter was about twelve years old the family went to De Ruyter, New Hampshire. At the age of sixteen EZRA and his younger brother wishing to attend school in the winter, obtained permission to do so if, by the next planting-time, they would have cleared off five acres of timber. They went to school, and the five acres were cleared.

In 1826, at the age of nineteen, Mr. CORNELL commenced life for himself. He left home and worked for two years as a carpenter and joiner in Syracuse and Homer, in this State. In 1828 he removed to Ithaca, which became his permanent residence. Here he commenced work in the machine-shop of a cotton-factory. In 1831 he married. His wife not being a Quaker he was expelled from that sect. In 1840 he purchased the right of a patent plow for Maine and Georgia, and traveled in those States to sell this improved implement of agriculture. It was about this time that Mr. CORNELL entered into the telegraph enterprise. The first method proposed for the construction of telegraph lines was to lay the wire under ground. Congress had appropriated $30,000 to lay such a line between Baltimore and Washington. Mr. CORNELL invented a plow for the special purpose of digging the trench for the wire and laying it at the same time. His project was a success; but he soon discovered that the wires were not perfectly insulated. Finally the whole scheme of an underground telegraph was given up, and the plan in use at the present time was adopted. Mr. CORNELL, from his contract for the New York and Buffalo line, made $6000, his first success in business. Since then, from various telegraphic contracts and speculations, he has realized several millions of dollars.

Mr. CORNELL first entered into political life in 1861, when he was elected to the Assembly of this State by the Union party. In 1863 he was elected to the Senate. But it is not Mr. CORNELL'S political success or his large fortune with which we have to do in this sketch. It is the manner in which he has used his wealth that entitles him to the gratitude and esteem of his countrymen.

In 1830 he appropriated $100,000 to establish a free library in Ithaca. His recent splendid donation of $500,000 to establish a University in Ithaca illustrates his benevolence. He has also given his home farm of 200 acres as grounds upon which to build the University buildings. He has purchased for the Institution the Jewett Paleontological Cabinet at Albany. The buildings will be erected a short distance northeast of Ithaca, on an elevation of 400 feet above Cayuga Lake. The State has appropriated for the support of Cornell University the income to be derived from the Land Grant Fund, permanently invested for that purpose. The number of acres appropriated to this State is 990,000. This land scrip is now worth only fifty cents per acre. Mr. CORNELL has begun to buy in and locate this scrip, and hopes by thus increasing its value to secure for the University the princely endowment of $9,000,000.



HON. EZRA CORNELL.—(PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHURCHILL & DENISON, ALBANY, N. Y.)

CASTING AT THE ETNA WORKS.

ON Saturday, the 3d of February, a cylinder for one of the largest marine engines in the world was cast at the Etna Works in this city. This enormous cylinder weighs 18 tons, is 15 feet 8½ inches long, 110 inches in diameter, and 2½ inches thick. It is five inches larger in diameter than any cylinder made for a paddle-wheel steamer having an engine of equal length of stroke. Cylinders have indeed been made larger than this in diameter, as was the case recently for one of the English iron-clads, but they had only one-third the length, the engines having a stroke of only four feet.

The largest cylinders in the world heretofore were those in the steamer *Metropolis*, of the Fall River route, which, having a stroke of 12 feet, had a diameter of 105 inches. Cylinders of the same size were afterward used by some of the vessels belonging to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company; but they have all been cast into the shade by the enterprise of the Merchants' Steamship Company, who are now constructing two vessels for a new route to Boston via Bristol, R. I., at the yard of WILLIAM H. WEAN, near the foot of SIXTH Street.

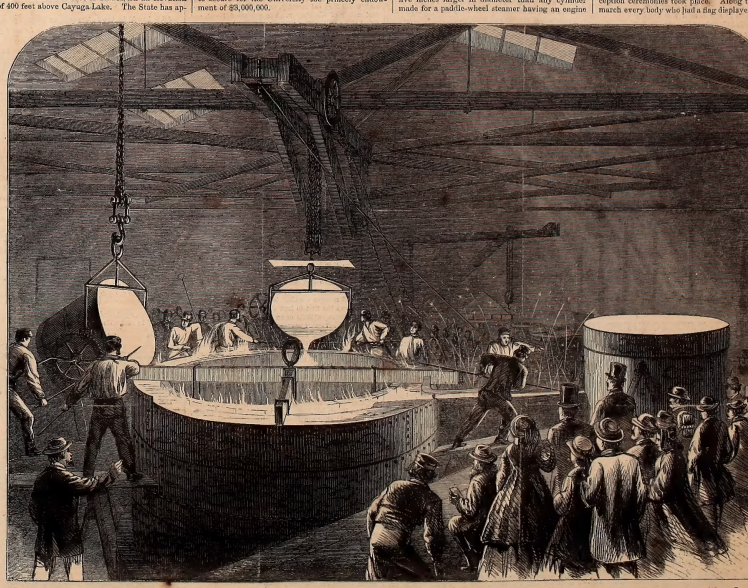
For the purpose of casting this cylinder a pit was dug near the centre of that part of the establishment used as a foundry, into which the mould was placed, leaving about one-third of its length above the ground. The main reservoir for the melted iron, which contained nearly eighteen tons of fluid metal, stood near, with a duct leading from it to the mould. At equal distances around the circumference of the mould two immense pots, containing five or six tons each of melted iron, were suspended from huge cranes—which metal, by-the-way, was held as a kind of reserve, to be used in the event of an insufficiency in the main reservoir, or in case all the interstices should not be filled from that source. The act of casting was an occurrence of but a moment or two in duration. The engine when constructed will weigh 1,200,000 pounds. ERASTUS W. SMITH, Esq., is the constructing engineer.

The boats for which these enormous engines are intended will be spacious, and when completed will be signal monuments of the enterprise and skill of our master mechanics.

RECEPTION OF THE NINETIETH REGIMENT.

WE give on page 140 an illustration of the reception of the Ninetieth New York Veteran Volunteers in Brooklyn, February 15. The Ninetieth Regiment is the last Brooklyn regiment to return, and the Thirteenth Regiment, National Guard, determined to give them a proper reception, in which they were very efficiently aided by the War Fund Committee of Kings County. The regiment, numbering 180 muskets, was conveyed from Battery Barracks to Brooklyn. The Thirteenth Regiment, under the command of Colonel J. B. WOODWARD, was drawn up to receive them on the south side of the street. A section of artillery from the Seventieth Regiment was detailed for the purpose of firing the salute, which was the signal of the arrival of the regiment. As soon as the regiment landed they formed in column and exchanged with the Thirteenth the usual courtesies.

Both regiments then marched up Myrtle Avenue to the arsenal in Portland Avenue, where the reception ceremonies took place. Along the line of march every body who had a flag displayed it, while



CASTING OF THE ENORMOUS CYLINDER FOR MARINE ENGINE AT THE ETNA WORKS, NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 3, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

the side-walks were lined with the friends of the regiment, all eager to welcome them and do them honor. At the arsenal, both regiments paid Major-General H. B. DENIKE the compliment of the marching salute. The large drill-room was set apart for the dinner, which was served on four long tables, and was such as to do great credit to all concerned in getting it up. The Mayor and Common Council of Brooklyn, Police Justices, the veteran officers of other organizations, the Thirteenth and Nineteenth regiments, all occupied seats at the tables. After the regiments had assembled about the tables, Hon. U. S. T. SPRAGUE welcomed the returned regiment, in behalf of the War Fund Committee and the citizens of Brooklyn, in a very appropriate speech, to which Lieutenant-Colonel STRONG, the regimental commander, responded. S. B. CHITTENDEN, of the War Fund Committee, also made a speech of welcome, but in response for Brigadier-General H. A. WOODFORD to make the speech of the occasion. The General was frequently interrupted by the applause of his hearers, but every applause he was very successful in touching. The reception was excellently managed, and was worthy of Brooklyn.

The Nineteenth was recruited in Brooklyn in the fall of 1861, and on the 6th of January, 1862, sailed for Key West, Florida. In January, 1863, the regiment went to Beaufort, South Carolina; and subsequently joined the Department of the Gulf, taking part in the siege of Port Hudson and the Red River campaign. In July, 1864, the Nineteenth joined the Sixth Corps in the Shenandoah Valley. The men fought at Fisher's Hill, at Cedar Creek, and in many other engagements under SHERIDAN. The regiment re-enlisted in February, 1864. It has had about three thousand men in its ranks, including recruits.

RACE BETWEEN THE "ALGONQUIN" AND "WISCONSKI."

Our readers will remember that last summer there was a trial between the *Wisconsi*, a Government vessel, and the *Algonquin*, to test their comparative economy in the consumption of coal. They will also remember that in this trial the latter vessel, though she managed for several hours to maintain a nearly equal competition with the *Wisconsi*, finally broke down, being unable to bear the severe strain upon her machinery. It was then arranged that there should be another trial to test the speed of the two vessels. After numerous disappointments, the long-expected race was entered upon on the 15th of February.

The race was not run the entire distance, which should have been 1040 miles; but was, owing to the furious storm on the night of the 14th, ended in the most summary manner, after running 390 miles. At 11.59 A.M. the two vessels left Wallabout Bay, and steamed up Long Island Sound and through Hell Gate. The race commenced at Execution Rocks, opposite Sands Point, at seven minutes past 5 P.M. At about 7 P.M. the *Algonquin* was reported by a steamer passing the light-house the *Wisconsi* was more than a ship's length ahead. At 7.45 P.M. the *Wisconsi* passed Faulkner's Island light for the first time. About an hour and a half after turning Faulkner's Island for the second time the *Wisconsi* was thirty miles ahead of the *Algonquin*. The next round increased the distance between the vessels by ten miles. On the completion of the third round the *Wisconsi* was seventy miles ahead. The total number of revolutions made by the wheels of the *Wisconsi* since starting was forty-one thousand nine hundred and ninety-five, making twenty-one and a half turns per minute. The pressure of steam was uniform throughout the three first rounds, and averaged thirty-five pounds on the engine and forty pounds on the boilers. The consumption of coal averaged about three thousand five hundred and eighty-seven pounds per hour. Going about twenty miles further on a fourth round, the storm and the darkness rendered further progress dangerous, and the race became to order in Huntington Bay. The *Algonquin* also anchored about a mile from Stratford Point. The race was a success.

As might be expected, the *Algonquin* claims to have had a misunderstanding about the start, and when the race was given her her fires were out, her wheel-men were inefficient; her engine broke down, etc.

Faulkner's Island, shown in our second sketch, lies fifteen miles east of New Haven, and two three miles from the main land. It is one mile long and three-quarters of a mile wide, with a light-house on its extreme southern end.

MISSISSIPPI MISSION CONFERENCE OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

The progress of the war early revealed the probability of the emancipation of the whole colored population of the South. A very large portion of this population was in religious communion with the Methodist Episcopal Church South. But as the idea and hopes of liberty took possession of their minds, they naturally inclined to renounce the communion of masters and people who had not only justified their bondage, but mapy of whom had actually held them in slavery and profited by their unrequited toil. The progress of events has brought many of these colored people within our military lines, and their pastors fled from them. Thus the way was opened for the ministrations of the Methodist Episcopal Church to come to these people and assume the pastoral care of them. In order to do this more effectually, the Rev. J. P. NEWMAN, D.D., of New York, was sent by Bishop AMES, in 1864, to New Orleans, with instructions to make arrangements for ministering the word and ordinances of the Gospel to both the colored and white congregations, or to mixed congregations. Until the close of the war all received his ministrations gladly. But when peace came, and the ministers of the South returned to Louisiana and Mississippi, the white people almost universally withdrew from the services of the Methodist Episcopal Church and returned to the pastoral care of the Church South.

The colored people still cleaved to the Methodist Episcopal Church. This was more or less the case throughout the South, but was specially so in Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. And more effectually to serve these people, the Bishops have divided the whole Southern country into four Mission Districts—one for Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. Rev. Bishop THOMSON has charge of this District, and made a tour through it in December last. He found a very numerous and intelligent colored Local Preachers, and also excellent white Missionaries who had been laboring for the work. On the 25th of December, 1865, in the city of New Orleans, he organized them into a Conference, of which are now reports 128 Local Preachers, with the Bishop in the centre. It ought to be carefully noted that white persons are admitted to the ministerial functions in the same terms as are the colored people; so that there is no distinction of caste.

We learn that this organization of colored men into churches, under the care of colored pastors, as a much more important movement than at first may appear. It will bring the colored man into the sphere of self-government, and powerfully tend to elevate the race. The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church aids them, to a limited extent, in building plain yet comfortable churches, and gives employment to all colored preachers whose piety and intelligence it can justify it.

The Conference contains 17 preachers, 12 colored and 5 white; 4 districts; 22 pastoral charges, 6 of them being large circuits; 2256 church-members; and $47,000 worth of church property. It is the beginning of a self-governing movement that will bear precious fruit in years to come.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"WHAT are you thinking about, my dear?" inquired Mr. Jones, glancing at the puzzled face of his better half as she sat toying with her tea-spoon after the dinner dessert.

Mrs. Jones looked up with a preoccupied air, but smiled as she met the husband's affectionate gaze. "Considering what we shall have for breakfast."

"Why, my dear! Why—have—hi—some coffee, to be sure. We don't want much besides."

Mrs. J. laughed. "You'll think differently to-morrow morning. You like something else as well as an egg, body. As for me, before I left finish my dinner I began to wonder what to have for breakfast. It is hard for me men to plan varieties for breakfast than to arrange for dinner twice over."

Mrs. Jones was a prudent housewife. She did not, like many fine ladies, leave domestic affairs wholly to her servants, however faithful they might be; but gave orders in person, personally, and took special care that the dishes should be well prepared and nicely served. Yet an often repeated thinking "what to have"—especially for breakfast. Many ladies find themselves in a like dilemma. In summer, when indeed there is extra trouble, but when the appetites and coffee make a nice breakfast. But in winter one must be up and think what to have for breakfast. Every little while she "gets sahore," as Mrs. Jones used to say, "chops, steak, boiled eggs, cocoa, fish, cakes, and toast—I am tired of all. What else can I have?"

There are many simple articles which a little ingenuity can easily vary. Take, for instance, boiled, and eaten with strup, is a common dish. It is better still with sugar and cream. But you can produce a variety to serve you with cream. The boiled hominy, cut up cold, and fried, is excellent, either with sirup or cream. What are called Germans Fritters make a nice change. Take the common soda crackers, let them soak five or ten minutes in cold water, then dip them in batter and fry as in a frying-pan. These are also very suitable as an accompaniment to the roast at dinner. Cold chicken, turkey, veal, ham, and also lamb, fried with bread crumbs, may, may be minced up fine, warmed in gravy, and served on toast. Also, cold beef, with some minced meat and acceptable, more care must be given to the mincing and seasoning than servants will ordinarily give without special instruction.

Breakfasts may be wonderfully varied in the article of bread alone. Of course, good bread should be given—the perfection for ordinary use. But for a change one may put on the table a different kind every day for a fortnight, and not repeat the same twice. Rolls are much in the vicinity. Boston brown bread, steamed and cold—as we have frequently seen it served—but thoroughly heated through. Then there are delicious cold-bath-balls, or muffins, if you approve of eating sausages, makes a very delicious breakfast dish. Corn-bread-balls must be carefully prepared and seasoned, and mixed up moist before frying, or nothing is more tasteless. The Boston brown bread is excellent cold, and fried. Then what difficult to procure this kind of bread, yet many of the larger bakeries supply it. It can be made easily at home, if you need, one of the principal ingredients, can be obtained. But that is difficult. Rye flour is not the article

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[From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 480.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



DISPLAY OF FIRE-WORKS IN CITY HALL PARK ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1866.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 163]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1866.

THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS.

It is a matter of the gravest regret that the President and Congress should differ so decidedly at this most important moment. It was clear, however, from the day that reorganization became a practical question that great forbearance would be necessary in each branch of the Government, and it is painfully evident that neither has exercised it. But we are inclined to believe that the events of the past fortnight have taught both the President and Congress, as they have taught the country, that a different spirit must prevail upon both sides at Washington, or very serious consequences will follow. Thus, upon the cardinal point of the admission of members from the late rebel States, the President is powerless if Congress persists; and, on the other hand, measures which Congress deems absolutely essential may be baffled by the President's veto.

When the last rebel surrendered, and the States whose secession had been practised by the national arms were left without other government than the military authority of the United States, it was necessary that steps toward the civil reorganization of those States should be taken by the Commander-in-Chief. The President, therefore, acting under no special verbal warrant of the Constitution, but by its unquestionable authority and from the necessity of the case, appointed Provisional Governors and authorized them to call primary elections of delegates to Conventions for framing at the same time who should vote. In this last point of his instructions the President was governed by the view which had been kept steadily prominent throughout the war, that no State could lawfully secede from the Union; and as it was conceded that, under the Constitution, the suffrage should be exercised by the State electors, he refrained from disturbing that understanding, naturally anxious to follow as far as practicable the normal tradition of the Government. By excepted, however, certain classes of those who by the old State laws were entitled to vote, while he refrained from creating new voters.

Undoubtedly this whole proceeding was exceptional. He acted as an absolute military commander, and might, at his discretion, have imposed other conditions and adopted a different system. If he forbade voting to any whom the local law had formerly empowered to vote, the local law was really repudiated. His will was the law. But in the case, and in the same right to authorize WADE HAMPTON's late slave to vote as he had to prohibit WADE HAMPTON from voting. WADE HAMPTON was no more traitor, according to the Constitution, although he was a more conspicuous one, than any of his soldiers; and if the Commander-in-Chief could authorize a traitor taken in arms to vote because he had been formerly a voter, he could certainly permit a loyal soldier of the Government to vote who had not hitherto enjoyed that right. But in this matter the President was guided by the plain consideration that it was desirable to make no fundamental changes which he could avoid; and although the legal grounds and limits of his authority in the case do not seem to us to have been very clear to the President himself, he proceeded upon the conviction of the indestructibility of a State in the Union, and his action was perfectly intelligible.

The Conventions having met, he stated certain conditions which he, at least, deemed essential precedents to a resumption of the relations of the States to the Union. These were substantially the revocation of the ordinance of secession; the repudiation of the rebel debt; the formal adoption of the Emancipation Amendment; the guarantee of all civil rights to the freedmen; and the election of truly loyal representatives to Congress. All of these but the two last were generally accepted by the States in question. But none, we believe, have fully guaranteed an equality of civil right before the law, although in one of the Southwestern States it has been held by a Court that the constitution of Slavery knew with it all legal distinctions based upon color. One or two loyal representatives were also elected from the late rebel States.

This was the condition of the case when Congress assembled. The point to decide was certainly that stated by the President in his late unfortunate speech: "When those who have rebelled comply with the Constitution, when they give sufficient evidence of loyalty, when they show that they can be trusted, when they yield obedience to the law that you and I acknowledge, I say extend to them the right hand of fellowship, and let peace and union be restored." Congress met and found representatives of the rebel States awaiting admission. Congress said at once, "Let us examine and see if these States can be trusted, and whether they have given sufficient evidence of loyalty." Surely Congress was not bound to take the President's opinion upon these points. It would doubtless give it great weight; but the lower already exercised by the President in the reorganization was so enormous that it was desirable another authority should intervene. The President had certainly no reason to be angry with Congress for exercising the very discretion which he claimed for himself; and it seems to us if the President had been more patient, if he had reflected that it was not for him alone to decide without appeal the condition of reorganization, and that the final conclusion might have been avoided.

It was the evident determination of the President that his view should prevail which excited the jealousy of Congress. How could he expect that General GRANT's report of a few days' excursion to Charleston would be accepted as conclusive evidence of the actual condition of public sentiment as against the evidence of prolonged and faithful observation presented by Carl Schurz? Mutual defiance was exchanged. And although the very opening of the session, the House insanely allowed its most unfit member for the office to be its leader, while the unfortunate expression of Senator Sherman indicated a hostility and impatience which could only lead to mischief. With an equally unfortunate want of reticence the President met the first step and of reticence the President met the first step and of the action of the House; and the House had not dignity enough to rebuke THADDEUS STEVENS when, in return, he grossly insulted the President by proposing to CHARLES F. adopting an opinion, to CHARLES F. subverting the fundamental law. The heat grew. The President, in his Veto Message, most unwisely engaged in an unfriendly exposition of his views of general policy. The Senate failed to sustain its own bill by the necessary two-thirds. The House, stung with disappointment at the defeat of its favorite measure, and incensed by the untimely remarks of the President, needlessly declared that, whatever his opinion might be, no rebel State should be admitted to duties in the Union except by permission of Congress. Again THADDEUS STEVENS talked wildly about usurpation at the very moment the President was tendering concessions, and as if the President's opinion could admit a representative to Congress, and then followed the mob assembly scene in the White House window.

If this hostility continues, practical reorganization of the Union will be delayed for two years certainly. A political revolution will be certainly effected which will disarm the late rebel States to Congress without the oath of loyalty, and transfer the Government to the present Opposition. Now Congress, anxious to secure this result, must be apparent to every thoughtful man, must take the initiative in returning to co-operation with the President. It is conduct which is entirely of policy wholly irrespective of his personality. The central idea of that policy is, that a change of feeling can not be wrought by law. It is not necessary that the law should be with the people of the late rebel States as fellow-citizens, not as subjects; and wise men will see many reasons why it is better to leave many things that we might now wish to effect directly to the surer accomplishment of indirect methods. Congress is undoubtedly the judge when the unrepresented States may safely be admitted to relations in the Union. But the decision should be based upon common-sense and a generous faith in the logic of events, in the healing power of human development, and in the wisdom of the American system.

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

In our remarks last week upon the Veto Message we assumed from the President's remarks that he proposed to leave the freedmen to the care of the States in which they live. We did so because he stated as a reason of those States as in his opinion entitled to resume their normal relations with the Union, and consequently to the right of caring for all their people. He spoke of the freedmen's Bureau as to cease as still existing; but as that is to expire a year after the end of the war, and as he told us war was now ended, it was fair to assume that the present Bureau would end by the first of May. Moreover, he did not say that he approved such a Bureau, and by insisting that the freedmen were not to be counted in the States represented, and might emigrate if they were dissatisfied or appeal to the courts, he very plainly intimated, as we inferred, that their rights were not to be watched by the United States. We therefore said nothing of his objections to the particular bill presented to him, but simply expressed our profound satisfaction in his judgment, that emancipated slaves ought to be abandoned homeless, houseless, landless, and at an inconceivable disadvantage to those who are peculiarly favored by the law.

That our view was not singular was proved by the universal excitement that followed the Message. The party of hostility to human rights, the "Democracy," whose sole article of faith is contempt of negroes, fired their loudest guns at the pleasing prospect that the loyal people of South Carolina who had fought for the Union were now to be turned over to the revengeful hands of those who had fought against it. The extreme opponents of this party, true friends of the people and of equal rights, also generally hung their heads in speechless sorrow and amazement. But the *Evening Post*, which is edited by men as faithful to justice and equal rights as men can be; Horace Wilbur Beecher, whose tongue flames and sparkles against the enemies of man; and many a private citizen not less constant in the good faith, openly asserted that they did not understand the President to be opposed to any bill, but only to the present one, and for reasons which were in some points very weighty. But just now the action of the President's position arising from the want of precision of statement, and from the mixed discussions of his Message, that it was immediately announced that the Senate and House would come to New York and speak upon the subject. Under such circumstances a speech could only be an explanation, and we waited patiently the Secretary's coming.

Mr. Seward's reception was deserved. It was a tumult of enthusiasm. Every man in the audience remembered his services and his sufferings, and forgot every thing else. The important part of his speech was this plain declaration:

"I am sure President and Congress agree that during the brief transition which the country is making from civil war to loyal peace the freedmen have a claim not to be abandoned by the nation to persecution or suffering. It was for that transition period that the Bureau of Freedmen was created. That Bureau will be kept and is still kept in effective operation. Both the President and Congress, on the other hand, agree that when that transition period shall have been fully passed, and the insurrection shall have been overcome in the States which have restored, that bureau would be not only unnecessary, but unconstitutional, demoralizing, and dangerous, and both agree that it would cease to exist."

He added that the President thought the transition period was nearly passed, and that the original provision is sufficient for the end proposed. The provision is for a year after the end of the war; but the war does not end, he said, until a proclamation is issued by the Government; and if, as the year closes, it is found necessary, a new provision, it is for Congress to continue it. Mr. Seward confirmed our view that in the President's judgment the war of the rebellion is "not yet fully closed."

General Howard was equally uncertain of the President's meaning, and asked an explanation. The General subsequently issued a letter to the agents of the Bureau informing them that the President regards the law as continuing "at least a year from this time;" and that, although the Bureau was wisely maintained pleasant relations with the President, has introduced a bill extending the operations of the Bureau for two years more.

We are sincerely glad that this is the truth. The national diagnose of an abandonment of the freedmen in their present condition to those who for lately had them as slaves would be overwhelming. They are our wards, and we have no moral right to relinquish their hands until we leave them as fully secure in every civil right as every other citizen. Upon this point there is no difference of opinion among Union men. It is the "Democracy" only which would abandon them. The President, in his conversation with Governor Cox, of Ohio, speaks of his resolution to see justice done with a distinctness which we should have been glad to have had in his Message. The case is unprecedented, and we must treat it accordingly.

MONEY MATTERS.

The Bull speculators in gold are having a hard time. The more peace they have the less the Government with vigor and success. But their glory is departing. They thought 140 right as every other citizen. Upon this point quite a moderate price for gold, in view of the 150—but the recovery effort is hard work, and the Government began to sell its surplus gold, some three weeks since, they merely laughed at the Government agents, and took, day after day, all he had to sell. It was not till he returned to the charge day after day, and week after week, each time seemingly with an increased supply for sale, that they lost their heart, and, after a few ineffectual struggles, fled in dismay from the field. The premium dropped to 136½, and would have gone still lower, but that the Secretary, like a prudent broker, not caring to press the market, withdrew for a time.

In days gone by the supply of gold in the Treasury was so abundant that if its actual wants that every one should be entitled to a micety how much the Government could afford to sell. This sentiment, the Bull speculators would make up a "pool," take all the Government gold at a price, and then, when the Government dared sell no more, would run up the premium with great impunity, and compel the merchants who required gold for duties to buy it of them at the advance. Now the reserve of gold in the Sub-Treasury is so far in excess of the wants of Government, and the revenue from customs so far beyond general expectation, that there is practically hardly any limit to the quantity of gold which Government can afford to sell. During the month of February it is safe to say that the Government broker must have sold from $18,000,000 to $20,000,000 of gold, and if the speculators had had the courage to keep up the premium above 140 he might have sold much more. By the last official report of the Treasury Department Government held over $35,000,000 on 1st February, and since then the customs have yielded about $15,000,000 more. Fighting a "pile" of this magnitude is a very different matter from fighting poor Mr. Chase, with his beggarly reserve of five or six millions.

The decline and the increased supply of gold are very distasteful to most of our foreign merchants. When the war suspended specie payments most of these gentlemen put their capital into gold, and have held it in gold ever since, borrowing every cent he could on the gold for the transaction of their business. In ordinary times these gentlemen have done very well. In the first place, their business has been safe from the perturbations and uncertainties which have embarrassed all trades prosecuted on a currency basis. And, next, gold having generally been scarce the premium was due to the small volume of floating gold, and the large short sales by speculators and merchants, these foreigners have, during a large part of the time they have held their capital, been able to make something by lending it out. It has been quite common for them to get all the currency they wanted on the pledge of their gold free of interest; and it has not been uncommon for speculators to pay them ½ and even ¾ per cent. a day for the use of their gold. During the first days of February, before Government began to sell, the stock of floating gold had fallen so low that speculators were obliged to pay ½ and even ¾ of 1 per cent. a day for the use of gold for delivery. This was the state of affairs for the foreign houses which held their capital in specie. Since Government has supplied the market things have changed. Gold is now very abundant, and holders who want to use their money in business are compelled to pay full 7 per cent. interest for the use of currency.

It need hardly be observed that these merchants had a perfect right to invest their capital in gold. In one point of view the operation was eminently business-like and judicious. But as it somewhat temporarily impoverished men who had thus invested their capital in gold became imbued with a deep distrust of the Government's ability to pay, and naturally lost no occasion of expressing that distrust, spreading it through society, and impressing it upon all with whom they came into contact, more rigidly or wrongly, as they were regarded as unfriendly to the national cause, and to be classed among the sympathizers with the rebellion. That injustice was herein done to many holders of gold is quite likely. But, in the main, the chances are that the popular theory was just, and that merchants who held their capital in gold were not the real friends of the national currency or of the country in which it was issued. For this reason there is the less regret felt that this class of persons should now be suffering loss in consequence of the Government sales of gold.

Of the future of the gold market nothing can be said except that gold ought to steadily decline, and probably will. There is no reason why it should be maintained at its present premium. The currency has reached and passed the maximum of its expansion. Banks become second legal-tenders are now passing out of circulation than Government is issuing of national bank notes. In the course of a few weeks, of the entire issue of $185,000,000 of interest-bearing legal tenders, there will not be $15,000,000 in circulation. At the same time a lively demand for currency at the South is showing to that section a practical impossibility of the existing national bank notes and plain legal tenders. The currency is still far longer than is required for the business of the country. But it is not as large, in fact, as it was three or six months ago, when the bulk of the interest-bearing legal tenders circulated as money, and few or none of the national bank notes went South.

Serious differences of opinion have been developed in Congress with regard to the Banking and Mexican schemes and the Morrill Bill. It is of very little importance which Congress passes the bill or not. Under the acts now in force the Secretary can control the currency just as fast and as thoroughly as he requires. The new measure would certainly enlarge his powers. But it is open to objections to which existing statutes are not obnoxious; and if the work to be done can be accomplished without creating Mr. M'Culloch Dictator of the money market scandal will be avoided, and the reputation of the Secretary will be spared aspersions otherwise inevitable. It seems probable that Congress will pass a law excluding interest-bearing legal tender notes from the reserve which the law compels national banks to keep on hand for the redemption of their notes. Such a measure would reserve compound legal tenders to the category of investments, to which they fairly belong—would at a blow curtail the currency by $185,000,000; and would compel some of our national banks, which have been doing business on a grand scale, and declaring enormous dividends, to convert a large proportion of their assets into legal tenders.

The great balance in the Treasury—$110,000,000 at this point, and probably not less than $150,000,000 at all the various Sub-Treasuries and depositories—continues to attract attention. Merchants can not understand why Mr. McCulloch should be willing to pay 5 @ 6 per cent. interest for money which he doesn't want, can't use, and keep idle. Possibly a solution to the problem may be made public within a few days.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

THAT the President of the United States should have been invited by a shouting crowd of his fellow-citizens to denounce by name a Senator, a Representative, and a private citizen, and to speak of another citizen in the slang of the stump, is something so unprecedented and astounding that, while every grievous man will allow for the excitement of passion, there is no self-respecting American citizen who will not feel humiliated that the chief citizen of the Republic, in such a place, on such a day, should have been utterly mastered by it.

Yet the servility which actually defends and approves such an outburst of passion is even more deplorable. The President, excited and exasperated, may be exactly supposed unconscious of the real scope of what he said when he accused Mr. SUMNER and Mr. STEVENS of inciting to an assassination. It is conceivable that he was so angry to weigh his words when, after calling for justice upon those concerning the gallows—he denounced those gentlemen as traitors. But for an editor to sit deliberately down and elaborately justify so tragical an outrage of the plainest official propriety upon the ground that the speaker said that he should "stand by the Constitution," is an offense so contemptible as to be ludicrous. The President has taken a solemn oath to "stand by the Constitution," and nobody supposes that he intends to get himself impeached. But the Senator and Representative have taken quite as solemn an oath, and their purpose is no less undoubted. Is it treason and deserving of death to differ from the President's view of constitutional duty? How if, because of a difference of opinion as to constitutional obligation, the Senator and Representative had denounced the President by name as a traitor like JEFFERSON DAVIS? Would they be excused on the ground that they declared they would "stand by the Constitution"?

This is not a question of President against Congress, or the reverse. It has nothing to do with the merits of different views of reorganization, or of offensive personalities on any history, which we fervently trust may never be repeated.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BOOKS.

MESSRS. STRAHAN of London, whose exports of books to this country were arrested at the New York Custom-house for apparent undervaluation of invoices, are naturally angry at the interference with their very pleasant and very profitable business, and, being angry, are naturally indiscreet. The practical discrimination in favor of the foreign producer which at present exists, under the heavy accumulation of excise dues and the light *ad valorem* duties, encourages them in the belief that the American market is at the mercy of the London publisher. Serenely confident in this advantage given them by the low money wages of their workmen, they boastfully predict, in a letter published in the London *Bookseller*, of January 31, "Americans may ignore all the teachings of economic science, and continue to believe that CONDE and BRIGHT ever lived; but this must inevitably, nevertheless, that the useless employment of men in the manufacture of books that are already manufactured will cease, and that there will no more be an English and American edition of the same book than there are just now an English and Irish, a French and Belgian, or a Prussian and Austrian."

But besides being very petulant Messrs. STRAHAN & Co. are, as we said above, very indiscreet. The lesson that we received has led us to examine the United States Custom Laws, and they boast that if one of their games can be stopped they can still play another unchecked. They have found out, under the law, 1 Vict., c. 73, part 20 manufacturers to their New York agent they are bound to invoice their books at the "actual cost value thereof at the time and place when and where the same were made or manufactured," but that if their books undergo an intermediate sale they can be invoiced by the buyer "at the cost thereof." They propose a new door to them, and they thus cheerfully point out to their brother publishers the mode by which they propose to make America the literary Ireland of England: "Can you not make the question one of 'actual cost' instead of 'market value?' The New York house of STRAHAN & Co. (which, by-the-way, has interests separate from ours) can cease dealing with us and order their goods from an export house in London, to whom we can sell for one-eighth per cent. profit, and who can print and sell for the same." This is quite according to the statute, and if the New York publishers will insist on our playing at business we may have no objection to do so.

We admit that all this is perfectly feasible, and further, that men who boast that they will commit two fictitious sales to bolster up an invoice of this kind are just as likely to make those sales, nominally, at twenty per cent. loss each as at one-eighth of one per cent. profit, and thus deplete the revenue until more. Messrs. STRAHAN & Co. have our thanks for the openness with which they avow their design of reducing the penny bondage duties by means by which they hope to effect it. We trust the confession will not be without weight with our legislators when they come to revise the tariff.

A PUNGENT QUESTION.

HON. JOSHUA HILL was a representative in Congress from Georgia when the State seceded. He hold fast to the Union, and while withdrawing to his home did not disguise his loyalty during the war. He was a candidate at the late election of a United States Senator by the Georgia Legislature, but the fact of his loyalty was successfully urged against him. In a speech to the Legislature which is remarkable for dignity, force, and fidelity to the country, he told his fellow-citizens many valuable but not agreeable truths, and said to them with a stinging emphasis what is well adapted for other meridians than Georgia:

"It is all profane to love the President and to sustain his policy. If I may be allowed to conjure large things with small, let me inquire how it is that you can forgive SEWARD's conduct in making war upon the Confederacy, and exciting himself to crush it, and yet complain of me for my peaceful opposition to your revolution? His offense fought you while mine fought not. Why is it that I am quite certain that your love for the President is heartfelt and sincere?"

DR. DRAPER'S "CIVIL POLICY OF AMERICA."

THE interest with which books in relation to America are now read all over Europe is strikingly shown by the publication of Dr. DRAPER'S work on "The Future Civil Policy of America" at Leipsic, by OTTO WIGAND & CO. This German translation is published in a style calculated for extensive circulation, and is made by Mr. BARTELS, Librarian in Wolfenbüttel.

Dr. DRAPER'S previous work on "The Intellectual Development of Europe" has had extraordinary success. It has been reprinted in England, and translated into the French, Dutch, German, Italian, and Spanish languages. The German edition being published in two volumes by the above-named Leipsic house. The German critic speaks of it as "unquestionably the most valuable of them in his review describes it as "one of the most masterly and profound presentments of the course of human development that perhaps has yet appeared."

Dr. DRAPER'S forthcoming "History of the American Civil War" will be reprinted in England, France, and Germany, simultaneously with its appearance in America. It is expected to be nearly the amusing summer and doubtless will do much to disseminate in Europe just views of the principles of that great conflict.

LEFT-HANDED WRITING.

THE specimens of writing by soldiers and sailors who have lost their right hand during the war are well worthy inspection at the hall corner of Twenty-third Street and Broadway. They are generally very legible and very light and comely, and it is plain that a left-handed clerk or book-keeper can write as fairly as any other. The specimens are further illustrations of the character and talent of Yankee volunteers.

IN PEACE.

On leave me to my reveries,
My own pure sky, my valleys fair,
My streamlets running where they please,
My flowery hills, my forest trees,
My homestead and my chair.

And let my life that stream beside,
Like it pursue its onward way,
Far from the loud world's pomp and pride,
Not deep, but ever clear its tide,
And careless of the future day.

Thus let it glide on, sweet and slow,
Bordered with flowers, by hills between,
Playing with moss shreds in its flow,
And grasses waving to and fro,
With willow branches dropping in.

My hours rocked by each wind that blows,
Linked hand in hand with soft away,
In their light track my thoughts unclose,
As fast and fresh as grass that grows
Beside the trodden public way.

They say that life is hard to bear;
My God! it is not so to me,
Two angels—poetry and prayer—
Like sister's love, like mother's care,
Cradle and keep it pure for thee.

Childlike, it still pursues a dream,
A hope, a wish, a memory,
Like fleecy clouds in summer's gleam;
And in each morning's stingy gleam,
It sees its whole futurity.

Drop upon drop, but honey-sweet,
Thus to its share the days are given;
There is not one it fears to meet,
Oh God! thus doubtless at Thy feet,
The angels live in heaven.

And when this happy life is run,
Death must drawn very gently nigh,
Like flowers befriended by the sun,
When the long summer day is done,
We only bend our heads and die!

And if but Faith and Hope be there,
Why what is Death? To close our eyes,
To concentrate ourselves in prayer,
To yield our souls to angels' care,
And sleep, to waken in the skies.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 20:

In the Senate, Mr. Wade introduced a joint resolution to amend the Constitution so that no President shall be eligible for a second term of office, and made a speech in explanation of the reasons for his resolution. The question then came up whether, notwithstanding the President's objections, the Freedmen's Bureau bill should be passed, and was decided against the passage, there not being a two-thirds majority. The vote stood yeas 30 to nays 18. Among those voting in the negative were Messrs. Doolittle, Guthrie, and Dixon. Vice-President Foster voted in the affirmative; and Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Wade.

In the House, the entire session was taken up in noisy discussion as to whether Mr. Rogers, that "in order to close agitation upon a question which seems likely to distract the entire country, to restore peace, and to quiet the uncertainty which is agitating the minds of the people of the United States, it is necessary that before any Representative or Senator or Representative shall be admitted into either House of Congress from any of the so-call States, until Congress shall have declared such States entitled to such representation by the action of the two Houses upon the question. For several hours a persistent attempt was made to introduce the resolution, but Mr. Stevens triumphed at last, and the resolution was adopted, 102 to 49.

February 21:

In the Senate, Mr. Fessenden attempted in vain to introduce a joint resolution for the settlement which Stevens had pushed through the House the day before. The Freedmen's Bureau bill was then finally debated.

In the House, the great topic of discussion was the Loan bill, which passed the Secretary of the Treasury, when he deems it expedient, to convert outstanding bonds into new ones, and to dispose of any of the Government bonds, either in the United States or Europe, for the purpose of paying other obligations, but not for any increase of the public debt. Mr. Hill moved the bill be recommitted, and proposed to amend the bill by striking out the discretionary power of the Secretary and by limiting the amount. He complained that the bill placed sixteen hundred and four millions of dollars at the disposal of the Secretary. Mr. Hooper spoke in favor of the bill at great length. Mr. Schenck said that the Secretary had the confidence of the past five years. He said: "According to the estimate of the Secretary, the receipts for the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1866, including the interest on the bonds to be sold, will be $558,000,000. It appears, therefore, that the present rates of taxation will, under any circumstances, yield an excess of revenue sufficient to secure the annual payment required for the ordinary expenses of the Government, the interest on the public debt, and a reasonable appropriation for its extinguishment within a definite period of many of those who pay bear the burdens of the taxation." Mr. Hooper thus summed up the leading points of the bill: "It may be said to capitulate the statement of the different forms of obligation which we propose to fund. It is the object of the bill also to state the amount of debt existing in each of those forms on the 1st of January, 1867:

Bonds, the principal and interest payable in gold	$1,190,780,000
Legal tender Government notes, including the fractional currency, not bearing interest	453,281,919 87
Certificates of indebtedness, Treasury notes payable in three years, and compound six-months' interest at 6 per cent. bonds	630,000,000 00
Legal tender compound interest notes, 3 years, bearing interest payable with the principal	258,540,041 00
Certificates of indebtedness, payable one year from date, bearing 6 per cent.	60,691,000 00
Certificates of deposit of temporary loans, payable on demand, or on ten days from demand, after notice	97,687,194 80
Amount of the war debt	$3,749,491,745 87
Adding other Government liabilities	25,850,472 13
Total amount of debt Jan. 1, 1866	$3,800,652,217 99

At the same time there was in the Treasury, in coin, $78,427,819 09
Less gold certificates of deposit 7,586,500 00

	$68,447,419 09
Add in currency	44,702,171 11
Total amount to the credit of the United States in the Treasury	$113,149,590 20
	$113,149,590 20

It was contended that the debt could not over-ever should not be subject to fluctuation. The bond only be done by a gradual reduction of the currency. He considered that it ceases as the equivalent of coin. The first step in this direction should be to reduce the interest-bearing legal tender notes for long dates, and the interest-bearing debt. Once the war debt was reduced to a fixed sum, he would consolidate a fund or loan amounting to over $250,000,000 redeemable at the pleasure of the Government. They would constitute a loan from the people; and before I consent to any further issue of bonds I will say, with the present debt of $2,000,000 to the annual payment for interest, I wish to know how the money is to be derived by taxation, and I argue an increase to the amount of interest we now have to pay; and I say, therefore, benefit it will do. My chief objections to withdrawing the United States notes from circulation by currency bonds are, that it will increase the expense that would be incurred for interest on the bonds, my belief that a larger amount of money than formerly is now required for the business of the country, and my fear that some of the bonds would be sold in Europe. I am opposed to take their place, by which the country would be further loaded with the interest on the bonds sold.

February 23:

Congressional proceedings were interrupted to offer place to the memorial services in honor of the late Hon. Henry Winter Davis. The eulogy was pronounced by Mr. Cresswell, Mr. Stockton from Maryland.

February 24:

In the Senate, a new Freedmen's Bureau bill was introduced by Mr. Wilson, and was referred to the Committee of Thirteen.

In the House, Mr. Washburn was declared entitled to the contested Indiana seat by a vote of 97 to 53.

February 24:

In the House, Messrs. Clark, Flants, Rousseau, and Broomall made speeches on the subject of reconstruction.

February 26:

In the Senate, the contested cases of the Arkansas Senators were laid upon the table, 29 to 11—Mr. Sherman going against the majority for the indefinite exclusion of Southern States. He then introduced a joint resolution declaring that the President should not have power to remove any officer without the consent of the Senate. No act of the President, he said, up to the present time, had been inconsistent with his obligations to the great Union party that elected him.

In the House, Mr. Bingham reported back the Constitutional Amendment, with the names of Congressmen there power to make up those which shall be necessary and proper to secure to citizens of each State all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States, and to all persons in the several States equal protection in the rights of life, liberty, and property." This amendment was laid over.

NEWS ITEMS.

During his last visit to New York General Grant has been presented by several of our leading citizens with a purse of one hundred thousand dollars.

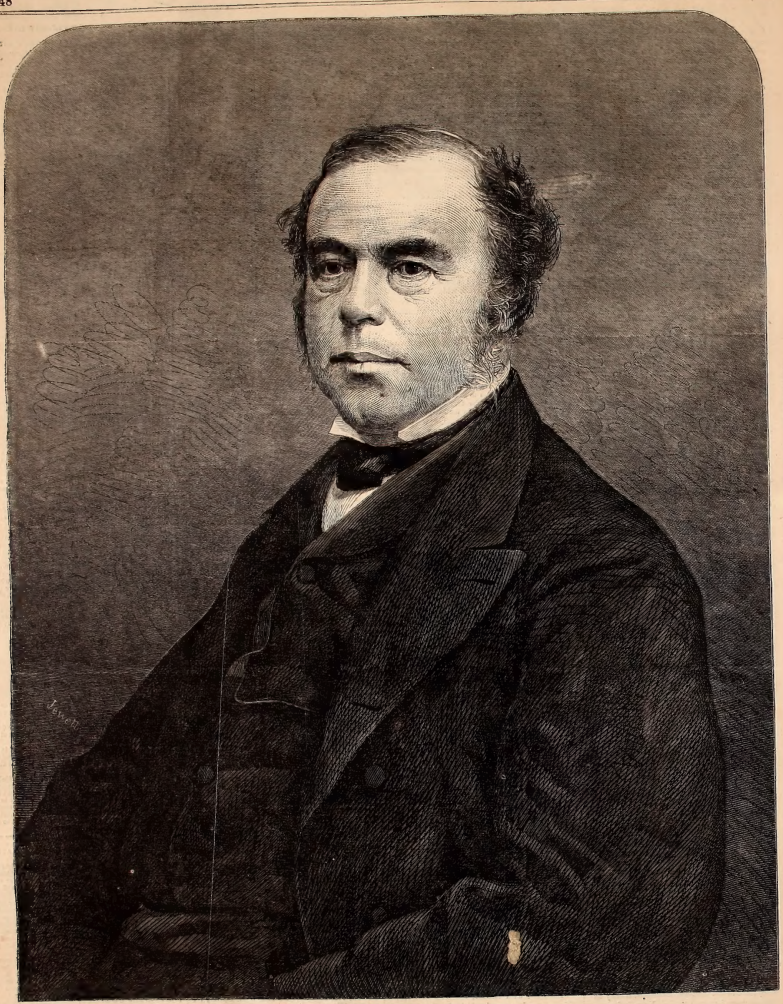
The winter on the Pacific coast has been even more severe than heretofore reported. Communication with Montana has been cut off by the deep snows for months, and in Idaho there has been great suffering and loss of life. It is said that two hundred Mormons on the way to that territory are known to have perished.

The Georgia Legislature has sent Commissioners to Washington for the purpose of requesting the Government to remove the military rule from the State.

The chief medical officer of the Freedmen's Bureau reports that during the month of December the sick number of freedmen in hospital at the various Bureau hospitals in the Southern States, principally for malarious diseases, was 11,115; in January, 1866, the number was 9,253; discharged, 12,495.

Major-General Joseph R. Palmer, commanding in Kentucky, has been urged by the publishers of the Louisville *Journal* to allow the publication of that paper in the same manner as before the issuance of the late order. He answers that he can not grant the request, but that the order will be withdrawn as soon as possible.

"More than 20,000 persons, who were for a longer or shorter period in the employ of the steam-boat interest of Louisville, have been thrown out of employment by the overflowing the Government of the State of Kentucky, which has rendered it unsafe for any subjection to which the revolutionary government may have been subjected to be allowed back to their former homes in many cases by communities that regard them as traitors. Besides the large sum expended in the support of citizens and soldiers are objects of prejudice, riflles, and other property destroyed by the Government of the State of the State for the penal distribution of justice in many instances, and the general disturbance of the country has in the same instruments of the wages of labor, and the general disturbance of the country has in the same instruments of the wages of labor, and the general disturbance of the country has in the same instruments of the wages of labor



JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER.

DR. DRAPER, whose portrait we give on this page, was born near Liverpool, in 1811. His academical education was much more varied and extensive than is commonly the case. He had every advantage that could be obtained from public and private instruction, and as was at that time the custom, especially directed his attention to classical and mathematical studies, in both of which he became very proficient.

Selecting the profession of medicine as his vocation, he commenced his studies in the University of London, and subsequently completed them in the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated in 1836. At that time there were very few persons in the United States who had turned their thoughts to Chemistry, and scarcely any who had had the great advantage he possessed of a thorough drilling in European laboratories. His inaugural Thesis for the degree of Doctor of Medicine, which was altogether experimental, received from the Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania the unusual distinction of being published at their special request.

For some years after graduating Dr. DRAPER practiced medicine in Virginia. He then became connected with Hampden Sidney College in that State, having received the appointment of Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. In 1838 he was elected to the Professorship of Chemistry in the University of New York, and has remained connected with that institution ever since.

His original contributions to science are very varied and voluminous. They are mathematical, chemical, physiological, botanical, geological. His medical writings were published for the most part in the "American Journal of Medical Sciences," Hay's Journal, those on non-professional subjects partly in Silliman's Journal, and more extensively in foreign Reviews. If collected together they would make several volumes. They have been translated into French, German, Italian, and extensively republished in England. Indeed so identified is Dr. DRAPER with the scientific reputation of our city all over Europe, that his experiments and memoirs are constantly referred to as those of "Dr. DRAPER of New York," as though the name of our city was a part of his name.

Many of these publications contain experimental solutions of difficult problems in Chemistry and Physiology. There is probably no private person in America who has expended more money in a purely scientific direction than Dr. DRAPER. Whatever discoveries he has made, and they have been very numerous, he has freely given to the world. He has never taken out a patent for any of them, nor sought to make them sources of personal emolument. He took the first photographic portrait of the human face, at a time when the possibility of doing so was universally denied. Had he sought to secure all the advantage from it, he might have made from that alone an enormous fortune. Probably more than ten thousand persons in the United States are obtaining a living from that invention.

Twenty years before general attention was directed to what is termed "Spectrum Analysis" in Europe, he had published some very important monographs in relation to it. They were, however, in advance of the times, and their value is only now beginning to be appreciated. Thus Professor TYNDALL in his "Rede Lecture," last year, before the University of Cambridge, shows that there exists

ments are at the basis of the modern theory of the Radiation of Heat. Professor Youmans, in a recent review of Dr. Draper's "Civil Policy," mentions that one of the most distinguished scientific gentlemen in England said to him, "You Americans have a very remarkable man in Dr. Draper; beyond all question your first physicist. He is a most original and consummate experimenter, and I can not but regret that he leaves the field for which he is so eminently fitted." The regret was but natural in a passionate lover as well as an illustrious cultivator of Physical Science.

To the advancement of Physiology Dr. Draper has contributed probably as much as any living man. Thoroughly skilled in Anatomy, there is scarcely one of the animal functions which he has not made the subject of experimental investigation. Of his treatise on Physiology, published eight or nine years ago, it may be fairly affirmed that it contained more new discoveries and explanations than any other similar work. It became at once the text-book of many of our medical colleges. It showed that its author belonged to the party of progress in science, as other later works have shown that he does in politics and history.

Dr. Draper is a member of the leading scientific and philosophical societies in America and Europe. Honorary degrees of all kinds have been conferred on him by various colleges. For many years he has been President of the Medical Department of the University of New York, and has given much of his time to the administration of the affairs of that institution. His physiological studies and scientific ideas have left him almost necessarily to the cultivation of History. His "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe" and "Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America" have had an extraordinary circulation, the former having been translated and reprinted in many different languages. These books have made him more extensively known to the general public than any of his former physical, mathematical, or medical writings.

In these books is recognized at once the same turn of thought that gave such celebrity to his Physiology. He belongs to the party of Progress, the party of the Future. His views are those of the school which insists on the application of exact science to questions of Politics and History. One of the recent English Reviews, comparing his writings with others of that school, says: "In part, perhaps, from his medical education, and in part from the original constitution of his mind, Dr. Draper is more predominantly scientific than Mr. Buckle. The latter was essentially a literary man, his scientific knowledge mostly acquired by reading, being simply an accessory. But with Dr. Draper it is the basis of his intellectual attainments, the fundamental principle which tends to shape all else into its own likeness. Hence his clear perception of the presence of law, and his unswerving reliance on the regularity and cyclical repetition of historic events—ideas which generally appear vague and hypothetical, if not absolutely chimerical, to a mind cast in a purely literary mould."

His last work, "Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America," has attracted more attention than usually falls to the lot of such books. Originally nothing more than half a dozen fugitive lectures delivered before a miscellaneous audience, and, as its title of "Thoughts" indicates, not intended as a complete or systematic production, the ideas it conveys on matters of public policy have been received as of very serious import. Whatever their intrinsic value may be, it is undeniable that they have made a very profound impression. It is understood that in his "History of the American Civil War," now in preparation, these views will be extended and systematized, and their application in the case of the United States more completely shown.

Dr. Draper spends most of his time not devoted to professional pursuits in retirement, at his country seat at Hastings, in Westchester County. He married a Miss Gaskell. Of his three sons, one is Professor of Physiology in the Free Academy of this city and in the Medical College; another is Adjunct Professor of Chemistry to his father in the University; he it is who constructed the great reflecting telescope—the largest in America—at the Observatory at Hastings; the third is an engineer of rising eminence.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By George F. Harrington.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IX.

And so we return at the point from which these pages set forth—the fall of Fort Donelson, and all the boundless astonishment which followed it. We unmoored our bark and set sail under the strong wind beginning to blow at that date; and though we have been compelled to reef sail, and lie by for the last few chapters in order to get our ship's company thoroughly acquainted with each other, we will from this moment spread all sail, drive before the ever-increasing blast, and gain such haven in the end as it may please Heaven to grant.

"Exactly as I have all along said it would be, only far worse," Guy Brooks, Esq., is remarking to his pastor in the study of the latter at the very hour Brother Barker is reasoning over the same topic—the fall of Fort Donelson—with placid Mrs. Sorel under Colonel Juggins's hospitable though somewhat leaky roof. In fact, every person in the South—doubtless in the North also—over ten years of age is eagerly engaged at this instant upon this same theme. There in Somerville, the excitement being so intense, it is but natural a warm-hearted, large-limbed Kentuckian like Guy Brooks should feel deeply also. And strongly disposed to converse, too. Not in public, however. The time had been when no man spoke his mind more warmly and freely before Bob Withers, Sam Peters, Brother Barker, Colonel Ret Roberts, Colonel Juggins—ay, even before the dread Lamum himself, apt to put it all in savage print ten minutes after; before all Somerville, for that matter, than the lawyer. On the streets, in his own office with his heels upon his table, in good Mrs. Ellis's store, and every where else, the Kentuckian was wont to give his opinion upon whatever the topic might be.

Not so in these days. The lawyer has altered into a grave and silent man, with only occasional eruptions, showing that the fires within are only intenser for being smothered. What he would have said every where before, he now utters only when with such intimate friends as Mr. Ferguson and his pastor.



[The Fall of Fort Donelson.]

In every city, village, and neighborhood throughout the South it is touching to see how the Union men cling to each other. The ship having passed completely into the hands of mutineers, these poor disarmed passengers in the cabin below the hatches battened down upon them, cluster instinctively together for comfort, speculating with each under their breath upon the storm raging around and the breakers ahead. One of the craziest effects of Secession was the breaking up on every square mile throughout the South of many a friendship between even the oldest and most intimate friends. Worse still, families were broken up, son turned against father, brother against brother, wife against husband. In this latter and worst case, in nine instances out of ten it was the wife who was the Secessionist, while to many a husband nothing was left but either to engage in bitter and unceasing strife at home, or to play as well as he could the patient part of poor Dr. Warner. Yet it would be telling only half the truth here if we did not add that, where friends and relatives did hold to their country alike, the ties between them were immeasurably strengthened thereby; friend loving friend, father loving son, brother esteeming brother, why valuing husband just so much the more as they thought alike, felt alike here, where thought and feeling had their intertwined roots about the soul's very centre. Ay, and persons never before acquainted, at enmity even, came now together into cordial friendship upon this one and sufficient ground.

"I frankly confess," said Edward Arthur, drawn toward his burly friend as he had never been before, "every thing is altogether unlike what I anticipated."

"Of course," replied the lawyer. "You ministers are only too ignorant of human nature, especially its darker side—which is all over," added the lawyer. "You preach total depravity from the pulpit as an abstract doctrine, yet ignore it in all your dealings with men or expectations from them. Do you remember that day I brought the first placard here for you to read? I prophesied then how it would be. As I knew at the time, the whole programme had already been arranged by Lamum and Colonel Ret Roberts, the Colonel at the very time solemnly sworn as a member of the United States Senate to uphold its Constitution—only one instance of a thousand similar perjuries. And yet we were all so horrified at Louis Napoleon! As we all know, there is a Colonel Ret Roberts and a Lamum, in some stage of development, in every town throughout the land. The meeting called and held by them in our Court-house here, not a corporal's guard of the people there; the furious resolutions adopted calling a State Convention; the bullying document framed in the paper, was but a specimen of like meetings engineered by like men over the State. And this



President Johnson addressing his fellow-citizens at Washington, February 22, 1866.

was the spontaneous, indignant, unanimous uprising of the people! You know it all. Before the masses can realize it, lo! a Convention is in actual session—a Convention voted for, and delegates thereto elected, by only a miserable minority of the people.

"And who composed that minority?" said the Kentuckian, becoming more and more excited. "First, the politicians themselves—men who were trade and barter politics—men who saw their power and plunder pinching forever from their grasp unless they could pass that last desperate move. And even they accomplished their end only by superhuman exertion through the press and from the stump. Next came the wild secession neighborhood, following their party leaders from the very force of habit. Last, the people, fancying themselves the only friends against the North. Remedy? God Heavens!"

"You forget, Mr. Brooks," said Mr. Arthur, "where we may readily and excellent remedy."

"Who voted for the Convention, and for delegates to that Convention?" interrupted the lawyer. "Yes, General Jackson, for instance, and all his class; and why? Because Lamum assured them Secession was only a step to Reconstruction—merely a peaceful Secession! He and his no more voted for the dissolution of the Union, and for war if necessary, than did Clay or I, or Berrien, Webster, Everett, and the rest of us who refused to vote about a Convention at all."

"I half thought at the time a terrible mistake was being then made," said his companion. "If Union men throughout the State had all refused to participate in the election of a Convention when it was first proposed by the Secessionists, had voted for it, they would have been into it, too."

"We would have seized their one piece of artillery, turned it upon the Disunionists, and with it blown them to the devil, Democrat!" said the lawyer. "Ah, it is easy to talk! Or, if the Governor had but planted himself upon the Constitution from the first. But what is the use of talking about that now?"

"You know Secession was submitted to the vote of the people afterward," suggested the minister.

"And with great difficulty was that precious Convention—that child of fraud, it is," said he. "And when it was done! By that time hasn't the politicians fanned the fire into a conflagration? You remember the vote. It was openly declared then that the man who refused to vote Secession was a base submissionist. As to him who voted against it, that man was an Abolitionist, and the sooner hung the better. Freeman! And yet tens of thousands of the best men in the State, scattered apart as they were among the excited, infuriated—"

"Don't let us say fools," interrupted the minister. "Let us not keep our tongues too carefully from the violent language of the day."

"Did not Clay vote to secede?" continued Mr. Brooks. "Yes and I, Ellis, Webster, Ferguson, and the like, did vote against Secession; but I know, and you know, many a man who dared not go to the polls—was sick himself, or had a sick child or wife, or had pressing business somewhere, among a cowardly excess of the sort. Even of those who did go to the polls, how many were prevented by the crowd about the booths, and couldn't walk, or who disliked going into such excitement, and all that, didn't vote at last. I tell you, Sir," said the excited Kentuckian, "the Signers of the Declaration of Independence left an illustrious name; but I will hand down the fact that I voted against Secession to my posterity as the noblest act of my life; my declaration of independence of falsehood and folly, made when at their highest flow."

"But a majority of the votes cast were for Secession," said the minister, after a pause.

"A majority of the votes *cast* you may well say," replied Guy Brooks. "But you know as well as I whether it was a majority of the voters in the State."

"And when came the raising of troops against the South," said Mr. Arthur, reflectively.

"Yes; and then all was in the South but, in the flush of the moment, mere disposition alan I to meet force with force," began the lawyer. "At first it was a feeling sudden and universal. I think you were not altogether as clerical in your language, Mr. Arthur, my friend, as you might have been," he continued, with a smile. But there he stopped.

Ah, that terrible test of conviction and principle! Guy Brooks sat in silence, tugging plumply at the hair behind his right ear with restless fingers, his broad, brown face no longer open, but full of weak evasion; thought as many know only when bosom and brain are at cross purpose, when feeling and principle are at strife for ascendency.

He said nothing, but he thought, thought! And multitudes at the South were at the same instant thinking, thinking, thinking—not saying a syllable of their thoughts even to brother or wife.

If his disjointed thoughts could have been written down they would have run somewhat in this manner: "We of the South—Southerners! Democrats right of self-government. But that democratic old Andrew Jackson and his native South Carolina in 1832? Humph! The old General would not have actually fought Carolina? Perhaps. South fighting for its very existence as a nation? Yes; and the United States Government fighting, since need is, for its prior existence. Secession in this case? Then Secession legitimatized at the North, East, West, in the South over and over again. Humph! Universe, disintegration, dissolution, death! Wrong so fight against *that*?"

And on and on—millions at the South on the same track that instant with him—plodded Guy Brooks slowly, painfully through mire and fog. Alas, the systematic effort to drown one's own soul with the clamor of the times! Multitudes of the noblest men of the South were forced to conceal their train of thought from others, from themselves. Alas, for the laborious process of self-silencing! Miserable dissembling to one's own self as well as to others!

With some it became settled into a hopeless habit, for which "the peculiar times are to blame, Heaven knows, not I; *I* can not help it!"

With many, very many, the soul came out of the mire at last, to the clearly, to stand firmly to speak boldly. But that daylight has not arrived as yet to Guy Brooks, sitting there that hour in his pastor's study.

"I am as well satisfied as a man can be on any moral question that Secession is a great wrong, a crime against man, a sin against God," the minister, as he says it, walks to and fro across his study, his hands clasped behind him, his chin drooped upon his bosom. "But then the Battle of Manassas! At the time it seemed to me God's approbation of Secession. Not that I thought for an instant the Almighty approved of Secession," said the minister, hastily correcting himself; "that I never can bring myself to believe. I mean, it began to seem as if the Almighty intended permitting the deed, as he permitted the partition of Poland. So far as we could gather from our papers, the North had pretty much given the South up. But now this sudden, determined, apparently overwhelming advance upon the South—"

The speaker hardly uttered to himself even the rest of his sentence. You who know, could you have found just at that date a Southern-born man at the South who would then have intimated even to himself, much less to his dearest friend, a wish for the success of the Federal arms?

Guy Brooks and Mr. Arthur never were more busy than in keeping themselves from distinct thought upon the matter.

"And do you suppose," said the lawyer, at last, "that the politicians did not know all this time of the immense preparations being made by the Federals on shore and sea at the North? No, Sir. It was no ignorance on their part. From the first they have studiously kept the people at the South in profound ignorance. Look at Bowling Green! Who dreamed the Confederate Army there was so small?"

"It certainly was poor policy," said his companion.

"Knaves are *always* fools in the end," was the lawyer's remark. "It is all of a piece. You remember that summer of the burnings?"

The minister nodded his head to this altogether unnecessary question. If no one else remembered it Edward Arthur certainly did, the memory of his heart assisting therein the memory of his head. That serene, starlight night upon the front porch sparkled in his memory amidst that dark time like a diamond set in jet.

"You may remember," continued his friend, "I had my idea then, as well as Ferguson his, as to those fires, poisonings, conspiracies, bondagents, and all. I did not utter my suspicion then to a soul. I could not believe it possible. I do believe it now," he added, with a blaze of intelligence flashing in the eye.

"Well?" inquired the other. "I confess I am just as much puzzled this hour upon the subject as I ever was." And he paused in the midst of his walk before the lawyer with curiosity in every line of his face.

"Sir, I suspected it then; I know it now," said the lawyer. "The whole excitement in the South then was the result of a regular conspiracy."

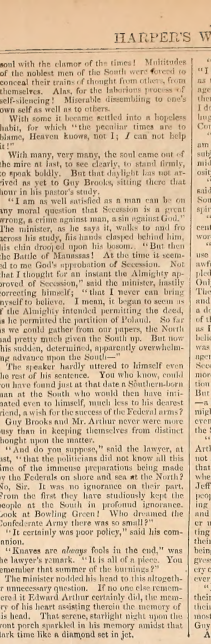
"So Lamum said at the time," not so innocent, however, of his friend's meaning as the words would indicate.

"And the unprincipled—yes, it is better to use no epithets; it may become a habit these awful times, and accustom us—the unprincipled man," continued the lawyer, "was right. Only he was himself one of the conspirators. The whole plot was devised and worked by him and his masters. I tell you, Sir, not more than a dozen or two of the ablest and most desperate of the leaders may have been in the secret; but as I believe in the existence of Satan, so do I believe that the whole excitement that summer was plotted and carried on by them and by their agents to prepare the people at the South for Secession. It was not enough to split the Baltimore Convention, and so bring about the election of Lincoln—*that* was in the programme. But they knew that even if Lincoln was elected—a Black Republican I mean, whatever his name might be—the South was not ripe for Secession even for that; and that is the way they injured the South, as by a hot-house process."

"And the John Brown Raid?" asked Mr. Arthur, with a smile. "No, Mr. Brooks, I cannot agree with you there. I have long thought that political ability, and political success, too, whether on the part of Louis Napoleon, or of Jeff Davis and his set, consists not so much in people suppose in creating or even in anticipating events. No; it consists rather in instantly and adroitly seizing upon events, even altogether unforeseen events, as they arise, exaggerating them, turning them, working them toward their own end. The destruction of the Union being the end fixed upon, the politicians in Congress, from the stand, by the papers, and in every other way, have strained every nerve to use every event a help toward that."

"And all the time the people, intent only on their daily matters, dreamed of nothing about their country but that it was the greatest and most permanent government on earth!" said Guy Brooks.

And yet a great many people at the South



THE PARSON AND THE LAWYER.

hold with the lawyer upon that incendiary summer up to this hour. Not Mr. Ferguson, of course, as to every thing being worked by the Disunionists to their own deadly end, he believed that so firmly as any man. But for those burnings, the excessive dryness and heat of the season is the full and sufficient explanation.

Look at the papers if you doubt there being a systematic conspiracy as I say," urged the lawyer. "Do you not see how invariably they have exaggerated into the monstrous every thing favorable to their Confederacy—invariably, systematically distorting or suppressing every thing in the least favorable to the Union to it? The tremendous clatter they keep up on the bells at every rumor of victory, only a part of the same plot. They desire to establish a manufacturing interest at the South; they have begun it with a vengeance in the manufacturing of lies—most of all material, and cut of no material at all."

As we have observed, it was just after the fall of Fort Donelson that this talk took place in this conversation with his pastor. Time was to teach him something of the capacity of human nature for lying, and to believe in, fledged and feathered what he or any other man could at that day have deemed impossible.

"NASHVILLE SECURED BY THE FEDERALS! NOT ONE SOUL THERE SO BASE AS TO WELCOME THEM. BUDEMAN ATROCITIES ALREADY CONTRITE PEOPLE! NORTH ALABAMA SUBDUED! GRAND ADVANCE UPON VIRGINIA! FLEET TO DESCEND THE MISSISSIPPI! ATTEMPT SOON TO BE MADE ON NEW ORLEANS! THE PEOPLE DEPOSED PEOPLE READY TO HURL THEM BACK. THEIR VERY ADVANCE PERMITTED BY OUR GENERALS AS PART OF THE BRILLIANT STRATEGY WHICH IS SURE IN ITS FRUITS!" read Mr. Arthur from the headings of the last Somerville *Star* lying on the table. "It really does seem as if the North was about making a determined effort," he continued, after a pause.

"It does indeed; you may well say so," replied his friend, with tones in singular contrast with the gloomy shake of the head which accompanied them. "And it was not only unjust, but to the last degree exasperating to Lamum and his set, the way in which the Union people began to come out into the open after their retreats, like bees on the first burst of summer; and the frequency and fullness and unction with which they spoke of the '*late* lamentable occurrence.'"

Good Secessionists shrank instinctively from all conversation with them; but their was a wonderful degree of sudden visiting among themselves on the part of the Union people. No two of them could meet on the street, or upon the roads around, but they must stop to shake their heads together in sad concert over the folly and intelligence, and so agree that "matters must be much worse even than our papers represent them, if we only knew." Very sad their looks, very doleful their tones, very despanding their hearts, like to the grief of the next heir beside the dying patient of the present evening.

"I lay awake last night thinking, and I am ready to make you a prophecy this morning about the war," said Mr. Arthur, slowly tearing the disastrous news into strips.

"No, Sir, I had rather not," said the lawyer, promptly. "I was prophesying awake all night to last me a long time. Brother Barker dropped into my room at the hotel last night, and kept me up till three o'clock. 'I am not speaking with an infidel, but with a believer in the Scripture; and I feel to believe I can convince you from the Bible of God's evidence' he said, and that God is going certainly to establish and bless it,' he said. With that he whips out of his pocket his little pocket Bible, and goes at me exactly as he used to do about points of doctrine, only with far more zeal."

"I do not remember any Scripture leaning upon Secession," began Mr. Arthur.

"You are behind the times, Sir. You have seen a book, written by a Dr. Baldwin, proving how the United States is clearly alluded to in Scripture. Since Secession Baldwin's ideas has been seized upon and arranged to prove Secession and all its glorious results. Oh, I can not remember half the men's sermons! I listened to it as part of the business of the week with some curiosity. Alder and better men than poor Brother Darker originated the ideas; he has pumped upon it, as his habit is, daily, and is riding it to death. Even Captain Simmons has caught the infection. Fullest of memories of Sabbath-school and Scripture when drunkest, the Captain's delicious knowledge until so warranted being as invisible as the writing in lime juice, he now brings, when time, an amazing number of scriptures to illustrate the subject in hand."

"Can you not remember at least one of his texts?" said the minister, all the theologian beginning to stir within him. "I am curious to know what so insanity can find to favor the Confederacy in Scripture."

"Well," said the lawyer, his fingers busy behind his right ear, "there is the stone cut out of the mountain without hands which smote the image—in Daniel, I believe. The mountain is the United States Government; the stone is the Confederate Government, which is to grow into a great kingdom, and in some way or other fill the whole earth. Ah, yes, the whole of the Scripture emblem of the Confederacy, you have only to turn to the places in which it occurs in Scripture to find pieces of reference to that Government! Whoever fell upon the stone was to be broken; upon whomsoever it was to fall it would grind him to powder—I do not remember where it occurs in the Bible—emblematic of the victorious strength of the Confederate Government. The North and East are once or two on account of slavery. Very well,' says Brother Barker, 'the Bible expressly *says* of the Confederacy, it shall be a stone of stumbling and a rock

...ce one." All the rest of the world is infidel, ...e is right, because it rejects the Bible decree of slavery as a divine right. In other words, the Confederacy is the law, lingering abode on earth of pure religion. "Perfectly clear that," says Brother Barker; "does not Scripture say on this rock or stone I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it? which settles the result of this war upon us by the North," he said. Yes, he thinks when once you have the color he calls a key, like the symbolical meaning of the wand stone, you can unlock all prophecy. There is the word seven also; he makes it refer in Scripture to the seven States which first seceded; and he runs that word down through the Bible. Seven women shall lay hold on one man; that means those seven States laid hold upon, to feed and protect them, a Confederate Government over them all, and so on. Then there is a prophecy about the Mount of Olives; mountain in Scripture, he says, means the old United States Government splitting asunder by a line running east and west, referring to Secession. "Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind;" Europe lying to the east of us, this is a prophecy of the raising of the blockade by the European states. There was a vast deal more to the same effect, but I have forgotten it. But to do Mary body justice," continued the lawyer, "though people rather like to hear Brother Barker's expositions of prophecy, feel strengthened by them, I have not heard of any one as yet decidedly embracing them. "They may be correct; we hope they are correct," is what his hearers say, but that is all.

"To me such a thing is one of the darkest features of the times," said the minister, very sadly. "If ever there was a time when religion and the ministers of religion should hold themselves aloof from the infatuation of the hour it is now; for if there is no restraining influence exerted on the rising tide of worldliness and wickedness by those who profess to be set apart to restrain? I know of no other influence used of God for this purpose."

"I fear ministers are going to be far worse than you or I have ever imagined. And this brings me to the matter I called this morning especially to speak about," continued Guy Brooks, rubbing his upper lip with his rueful finger.

Ah, that sinking of the heart, which tells most surely in the face, and unpeeling of the skin due the mercury in the barometer of approaching storm! Not yet had Edward Arthur got used to it; though he was to be made a stronger man, and by this very process.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I fear we are going to have trouble in our church—great trouble," said his friend.

"I think not," said the minister, earnestly, but with more than his tones often in his heart. "You remember I announced from the pulpit, at the outset of Secession, that I intended to confine myself exclusively to the spiritual duties of my calling, and to keep politics utterly out of my sermons and my prayers."

"It doesn't matter," replied his friend. "Do you suppose there is a person in Somerville but knows your views in regard to Secession?"

"I can only help that," replied the minister. "I have the deepest and clearest convictions on the subject—how could I but have? I have all my life been accustomed to express myself freely to my friends in conversation on every topic which came up. Upon this topic, one so continually up, as it has been, I can not but feel the deepest interest, I have done the same. What else could I do? You would not have me dissemble my Christian profession, I know. I have sometimes wished I had been able from the very first never to have uttered a syllable on the subject one way or another to a human being."

"You would have possessed supernatural strength to have done so. And even if you had," continued his friend, "your very silence would have had the worst possible construction placed upon it. How could you be silent, people would have said, amidst the universal enthusiasm, unless because you could not, would not join in it?"

"But what have I done to imperil the church?" asked the young pastor.

"You do not pray for the Confederacy."

"Why, Mr. Brooks, you know how often we have discussed that question. 'The powers that be are ordained of God,' and to the present powers that be I have submitted as to the providence, for the time, of God. The Bible commands us to pray for those powers. So I do every Sabbath from the pulpit in the exact language of the Scripture."

"You have never prayed for the success of the Confederate Government," said the lawyer.

"No, Sir," said Mr. Arthur, "I never have in private nor in public. What is more, I never will. Mr. Brooks," continued the minister, deeply agitated, "I believe in my soul, as before God, that this whole movement is a wicked crime, a sin. Men better than I may not believe so, but *I* do believe so. For my life, after all the thought, reading, and prayer I have given for years to the subject, I can not but believe so, always have believed so, always will. Can I, then, pray for the success of a wrong, a crime, a sin? I believe this whole movement is ruinous in every sense of the word to the whole land. I believe its success would be specially disastrous to my native South. Can I stand up, then, and ask the Almighty to bless, to prosper, to grant success to the movement? No, Sir, I would die first! Scripture distinctly commanded what Timothy and every other minister then was to do. Nero hung then on the throne, a tyrant, and the vilest of tyrants. The command is left for the guidance of every Christian now. I obey that command literally and to the letter in my prayer every Sabbath in the pulpit—more than that I can not do."

"I perfectly agree with you; I heartily and entirely approve your course," said his friend. "The plain truth is, I would not, a good many of us would not, enter the church if you pursued any other course. Yet it will not satisfy the Secessionists in our church. They have been growing at it for some time. As the excitement deepens, and it is deepening every hour, they will not stand it. They—"

"You know I have often offered them my resignation. It is ready at any instant," interrupted the young minister.

"Yes, and your resignation is the closing of the church," said his friend, gloomily.

"I had thought my course met the approval of at least the overwhelming majority of the church," said the minister.

"So it does," said the lawyer; "but times are rapidly coming when even those entirely with you in sentiment will not dare to say so. You see I know more than most men. It is not my mistake, but I dread even more than that. You who by habit give yourself to religion, and keep aloof from the excitements of the streets, can not imagine how this excitement is beginning to eat into the very pores even of those who entirely agree with you in political sentiment. Unless I mistake, you will find even they will cease taking any interest in religion; will cease from attending public worship entirely. This is the paralysis creeping over even the best Christians."

The heart of the pastor had been already too full of foreboding to be able to grasp the truth of all this.

"But what do you advise?" he asked at length, sick, or deadly sick at heart.

"Simply that you pursue the even tenor of your way," said his friend. "I have told you all this in order to keep you thoroughly aware of the exact state of matters. You should feel no mortification even if a mere majority prevail to yourself. You need not I should tell you the sentiment of the church toward you. But we are passing through a crisis of unparalleled excitement social and religious as well as civil. Your trial will be that of, I suppose, every pastor in the land. If you could have counseled that would not mend matters, for then the Union people would be against you. Let us bear up as we best may; no man can be sure of his position in some shape by the accursed step we have taken off the precipice," said the lawyer, discarding in his excitement the use of his h's—a special mark of excitement with him—"a revolution social and religious as well as civil. Your trial will be that of, I suppose, every pastor in the land. If you could have counseled that would not mend matters, for then the Union people would be against you. Let us bear up as we best may; no man can be sure of his position in some shape by the accursed step we have taken off the precipice," said the lawyer, discarding in his excitement the use of his h's—a special mark of excitement with him—"a revolution social and religious as well as civil. 'I am sorry you are so cast down; you are as pale as a sheet.'"

And Brooks said was the conversation which followed between the friends, drawn now nearer together than ever before.

"I fear you have hardly need nay," added the lawyer, as he rose at last to leave. "We are entering on times of great scarcity and pressure. You must look well to your flock. To my last cent you may depend on me. There is Ferguson, too—but I am ashamed even to suppose you do not know all this without being told. Good-by!"

With the door locked, the curtains down, all the young minister had had strength to do was to sink upon his knees before One nearer to him and more to him than all the universe beside. Amidst the wreck of all else, his soul still clung. It was left him. It was not only his church, his old friends, Alice too—Alice? But he never could pray for her more. Strange! They had been as much a matter of course to him as his breathing. Long he kneeled there in earnest, fervent prayer. He had lost everything before, but here was the wreck to him of all things at once. Alas, he was only entering upon the trial! It was in him as yet impossible to see the awful remainder of Agony was yet before him.

"I fear you are unwell, Mr. Arthur," said Mrs. Bowles to him at supper. "We wondered you did not come to dinner." But Mrs. Bowles was not in her manner and tones Mrs. Bowles of other days. And Alice, too! "But I can not help it!" groaned Edward Arthur.

THE DEAR PRESIDENT.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the Dear President,
Lay in the Round Hall at the Capitol,
And there the people came to look their last.

There came the widow weeded for her mate;
There came the mother sorrowing for her son;
There came the orphan mourning for its sire.

There came the soldier bearing home his wound;
There came the slave who felt his broken chain;
There came the mourners of a blackened land.

Through the dark April day, a ceaseless throng,
They pass'd the coffin, saw the sleeping face,
And, blessing it, in silence moved away.

And one, a poet, spake within his breast:
"It hasn't him not to praise him when alive,
And me it can not harm to praise him dead.

"Too oft the muse has blush'd to speak of men—
She need not blush to speak her best of him,
And still to speak her best of him is dumb.

"O lofty wisdom's low simplicity!
O moral tenderness of moral power!
No man e'er held so much of power so meek.

"He was the husband of the husbandless;
He was the father of the fatherless;
He was the heart he sighed the common woe.

"His voice was like a father's to his sons:
As to a father's voice they hearing, came—
Eager to offer advice and hear and die.

"The mild bondbreaker, servant of his Lord,
He took the sword, in the name of Peace,
And touch'd the fetter and the hound was free.

"He shall not stand among the historic lines,
Strong barbarous chiefs and kingly conquerors,
But with the pure and great Republicans:

"Those who have been unselfish, wise, and good,
Bringers of Light and Pilots in the dark,
Bearers of crosses, Servants of the World.

"And always in his Land of birth and death
Be his fond name—sacred in the people's hearts—
To Graham Lincoln, the Dear President."

WASHINGTON, February 12, 1866.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE LARGEST ROOM IN THE WORLD.—The "room for improvement."

Shooting Folly as it flies is, of course, a sportsman's work, but it is well to take an occasional shot at Wisdom as it struts.

PROVERBIAL EUTOPIAN.

You should never a donkey with caviar feed,
Nor cast forth your pearls before asinine brood;
To a cow we love better a plain bubble weed,
And the offer on child to clue.

BALANCE OF EVILS.—"It is a painful thing," said Jones, who had been deceived, "to have penniless friends, and to find them out." "Yes," said Brown, "but find out happen seldom. The plague of life is that you are always liable to find them at home."

A NEW CRY.

In England the question is, "Where are the Police?" In Ireland it is, "Where's Stephens?"

A physician of Magdeburg, who has just died prematurely, was in the habit, when he felt it on record in full will that his longevity was due to his having always slept with his head to the north and his feet to the south; so that the magnetic current passed through him and increased his vitality.

Why is a church singing-book like a school-house?—Because it is full of little lines.

A FEW CORRELATIVE THOUGHTS.

The best sort of woman is one who can turn her hand to any thing, be it a broom or a bonnet too.

There is a bankruptcy even in the natural world. The day breaks and the light fails.

A jury-mast regulated by the law of storms?

Are you wedded to your own opinion? Then never court loyalty.

Did you ever meet with a "sudden sword?" How will one would match with a single stick?

A glo-sing does not cut as a knife; a saw.

It may be easy to cook accounts, but it is a very hard matter to digest them.

How odd, yet how unappreciable it would be, to go to a sermon as a critic only!

Some people like to argue in a vicious circle; we prefer to talk in a virtuous one.

If you jump at conclusions, you may take a leap in the dark.

It is quite possible to have a brown study in a green room.

What corresponds to an Archdeacon?—A consulting priest.

"Jane, has that only fellow cleared off the snow from the pavement?" "Yes, Sir." "Did he clear it off with alacrity, Jane?" "No, Sir; with a shovel."

We have been asked the question, What material makes the best bed-comforter? Being inexperienced in such matters, we refer the query to the Committee of the Hudson County Fair, who put it this way: "Best bed-comforter—Mrs. Jane Van Dolrick."

THE HARVEST IN IRELAND.—Two or three hundred young sub-cares have already been out in Wicklow, on a plantation of Earl Fitzwilliam at Shillelagh. Brisk hands are in consequence to be looked for at the markets, and there will be a fine show of beaded Dannybrooks. A few in-a-dentings may be expected there, followed in most cases by a fall.

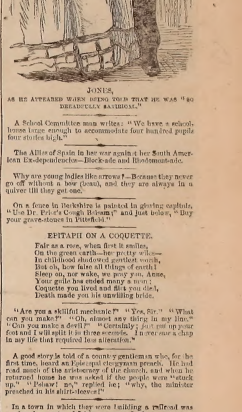
What comes after cheese?—Mouse.

Stupid people may eat, but shouldn't talk. Their mouths would do well as hooks of depots, but not rules of issue.

Why is a married man like a candle?—Because he sometimes gets out at night when he ought not to.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.—A smart young lawyer hearing it stated in a sermon that "man is merely a machine," remarked, "Then I suppose an attorney may be said to be a Swing Machine."



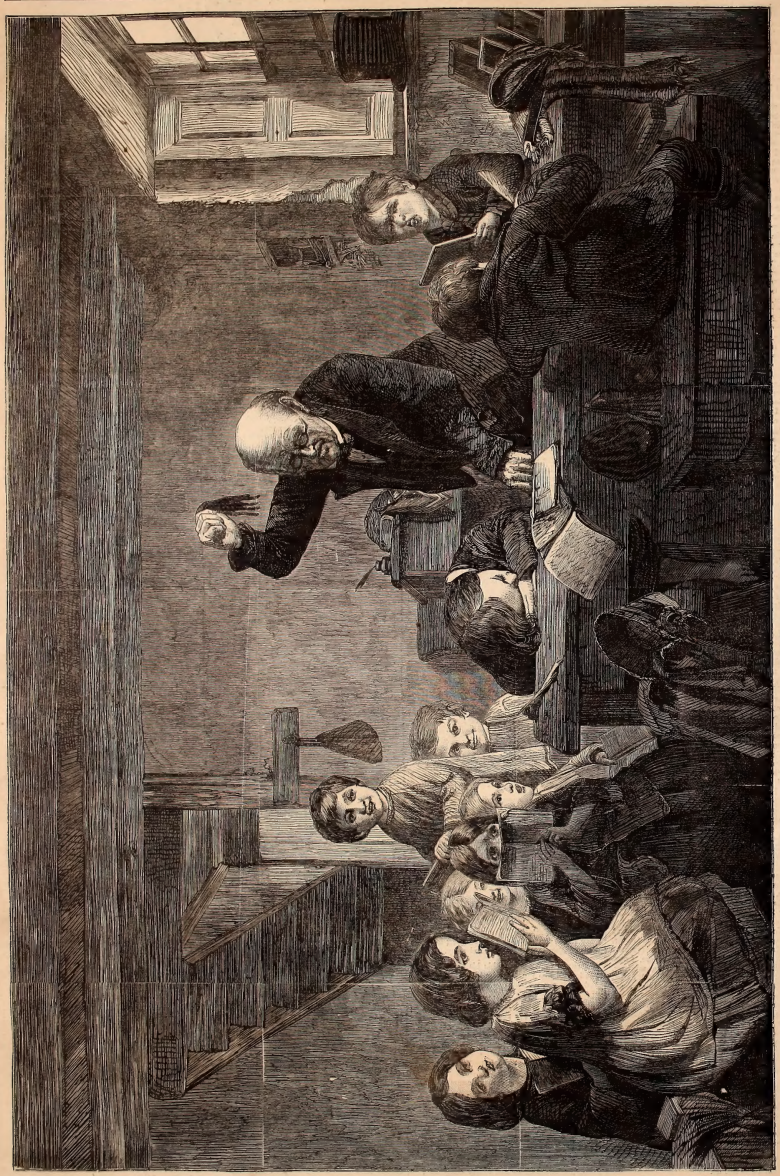


AFTER THE BALL.

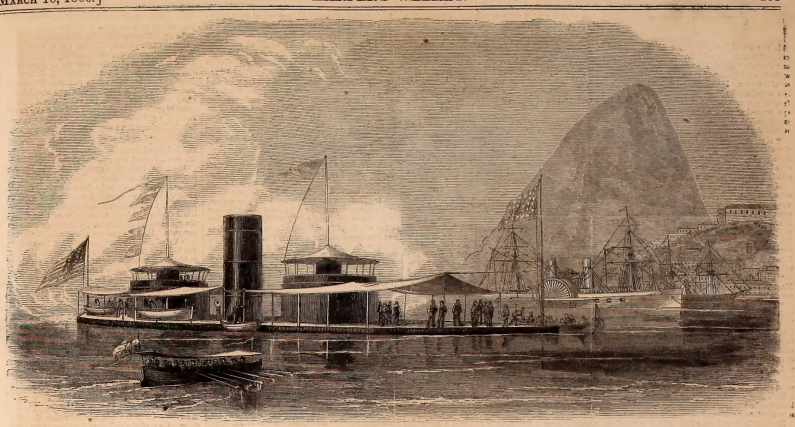
(REGINALD SLEEPS IN HIS FATHER'S BEDROOM.)

PAPA. "Why, how's this, Reginald? Not in Bed yet? It's nearly Four o'Clock! You should have been asking Hours ago!"

REGINALD. "How! And pray, *why not in particular*, Papa?"



"CAUGHT NAPPING."—[See Page 156.]



THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL VISITING THE UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD "MONADNOCK" IN THE HARBOR OF RIO.

VISIT OF DON PEDRO TO THE "MONADNOCK."

A LETTER from Rio Janeiro of January 9 thus describes a visit made to the United States iron-clad steamer *Monadnock* by DON PEDRO, the Brazilian Emperor:

"On the arrival of the imperial party the vessels of war and the forts belched forth a salute. It is unnecessary to state that in this the American war-vessels had the lion's share. His Majesty was accompanied by his son-in-law, the Conde d'Eu, and his officers of state and of his household. He was received by Commodore Rogers and Lieutenant-Commander BENDY, commanding the *Monadnock*.

"The Emperor passed around the vessel on deck, followed by his suite and courtiers. After this his Majesty inspected the interior of the two turrets, and listened with much attention to the explanation given him in regard to the turrets and the system of pointing the guns.

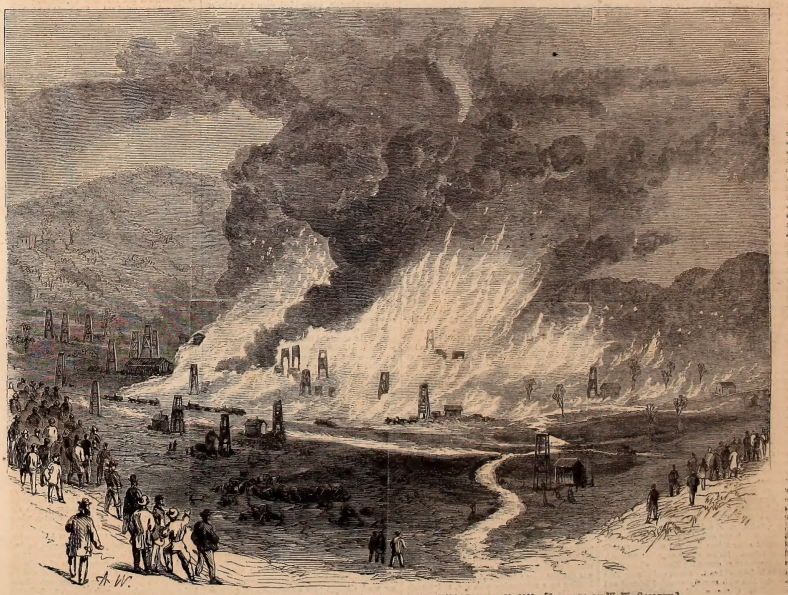
"After exploring the interior of the engine-room and lower decks the imperial party partook of refreshments in the cabin of Captain BENDY, when sentiments of respect between the two nations were interchanged. His Majesty and attendants left under another salvo of artillery, after a pleasant visit of about two hours. His Majesty expressed himself highly satisfied with his visit."

FIRE IN THE OIL REGIONS.

WE give on this page an illustration of the recent conflagration which occurred on Bennehof Run, Venango County, Pennsylvania, February 2. The fire originated from a spark from the smoke stack of the Getty Well.

The scene of the conflagration was in the very heart of the oil regions, being a short distance north of the Hyde and Egbert Farm, on which is situated the Maple Shade Wells and the Coquette and Jersey Wells, which were at one time in great danger from the burning oil running down Oil Creek.

The progress of the fire was stayed at Well No. 29, partly because this well was not yet in operation, and partly from the persistency with which an Irish laborer, at the risk of his own life, poured water down the sides of the tank. At least half of the wells further up the creek were saved. It is supposed that the carpenters engaged about the Getty Well had been smoking, and thus originated the fire. So soon as the tanks burst the liquid flames rolled down the valley of the Run, licking up the water and every thing in its career. In half an hour from the first outbreak a stream of fire nearly half a mile in length extended down the stream, wrapping in flames no less than nine of the best wells on the Run, and several engine-houses and derricks were thus consumed. The bridges both on the railroad track and highway were generally burned. Burning pools of oil, trees fiery to their tops, mouldering masses of ruined machinery, twisted tank-hoops and blackened stumps, offset and hill-side tell the sad tale. Some of the wells destroyed produced from 200 to 250 barrels per day.



THE GREAT FIRE ON BENNEHOF RUN, VENANGO COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, JANUARY 31, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY W. W. GODWIN.]

CHRISSY HUNTER.

I.

It was a well known and accredited fact that, in connection with those old English festivities known as "Yeomanry Weeks," more marriages were made up in this brief interval than during any other period of the year. Match-making in festivals seemingly sanctified in the Yeomanry Weeks; and probably fire-seeing young ladies had fitting matches in their eye, as well as the fire-works and the introductory parades, when they came in trop to go to Prierton to entertain the lucky yeomen.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spottiswoode, the wife of the chief magistrate, who was likewise banker of Prierton, to her spouse, "your cousin Bourhope has asked his child with us: I must have my sister Carrie's to come with her."

Mrs. Spottiswoode was a showy, smart, good-humored woman, but not over-sympathetic. She had very small at all understanding to circumstances even when the circumstances were against her. For that reason she was considered a very good wife as well as very affable among the matrons of Prierton. Mr. Spottiswoode was "close and sure," and it was because of this happy alliance of these qualities in him that it the people of Prierton had elected him their magistrate.

"My dear," deliberately observed long, lanky Mr. Spott-woode, "would it not be rather hard-faced to have Bourhope and Corrie here together?"

"Oh, I'll take care of that," answered the lady, with a laugh and a toss of her ribbons. "I shall have some other girl of my acquaintance to beat Corrie pretty much worthy out—Corrie, who is to whom the visit will be like entering another world. Continued Mrs. Spottiswoode, with a tickle of ridicule in her voice, "what do you think of Carrie and my cousin Chrissy Hunter of Blackfaulds? The Hunters have had such a deal of distress, and so much lighting, and so many embarrassments, though I believe they are getting of clear now—that the poor lassie has had no amusement but her books, and has an awful-old-fashioned."

Mr. Spottiswoode had no inclination to contradict his wife for contradiction's sake, and so he would rely on it was a very fine idea for other good qualities he said: "Well, Agnes, I have no objection. However of Blackfaulds is a very smart man though he is poor, and he is righting himself now."

The invitations were dispatched, and accepted gratefully. The parties arrived from Bourhope, escorted his quarters; ostensibly they came to Prierton in order to prepare for him. Carrie had not been living in Edinburgh for nothing. Outside. She was tall, well made, fair-faced, serene beauty, the sole remaining maiden daughter of a Scotch man who had risen from the ranks of the Indian service, as so many so nurses then. Chrissy, again, was one of a large, struggling family—a small girl, a very little girl, with large, dark eyes, and bright features and a brown complexion. If she had not possessed a bright, intelligent expression she would certainly have been plain—as indeed she is to those who did not heed expression. It was a delightful chance to her, this brief transplanting into the fine drawing-rooms and town-houses, and the glowing gayety of the Yeomanry Weeks. Accordingly she was constantly engaged in studying off every little detail on the finger-point of her active mind, in order that she might be able to describe them to her modest sisters and her sick mother at home. She was determined not to miss one item of interest; never to drop in so as to lose the moment, never to stray in her walks and talk to the gentlemen for the return from the afternoon drive. She would pass the meadows among the gay promenaders and when the evening was closed in she would not care though she walked alone; she would enjoy the play when Mrs. Spottiswoode chose to take her, and she had no object to a nap in the box. The squeeze was really part of the fun! But she did not care to have by attention distracted from the scene, even by the proffers of fruit from the yeomen. As to the ball, she did not allow herself to think much of that. Who would ever have dreamed of her dancing at a fine assembly ball! She would not trouble herself because she had only an old worked white frock of her mother's, taken up by her sister for her, and well-used by frequent washing and long keeping; she would not fret because she could not spend money upon a hairdresser. She knew that her own black hair was fine enough, like every other outward adornment of it. She was little matter, she reflected, for it would not dress itself in short, skilful artful curls, or in enormous bows on the crown of the head which every body then wore; it would only go into comfortable blue lustre curves on each side of the round, full forehead, which was by no means scanty. She had no ornaments, and in the way of jewelry, save a real necklace, while Carrie had a set of pearls—real ones, too!—earrings, brooch, and necklace, and a watch and a gold watch-chain. She was fairly sensible, and which was therefore, as Chrissy said, "a desirable affair." But Carrie was a beauty and an heiress, and consumed her beauty in person and position; while on Chrissy, as she herself admitted with great good sense, they would only have cost money.

Bourhope came with his fellows, and was speedily introduced to Carrie and Chrissy. He had and some general acquaintance with her for a week before. He gallantly expressed his pleasure at the prospect of having their society during his stay at Prierton. He met, however, whose father made money at war picks. He had bought his own farm, and thus established his own small land. He had an help-of-all learning as well as an independent position in the world's goods; he was really a manly fellow, in his own way, quiet, curly, stopping consequence of comparing himself with Carrie. He had a good heart. Carrie and Chrissy both looked at him with equally-opened eyes of wonder and admiration. Chrissy wished that the lads at home would grow up to be as comely and manly; Carrie made up her mind to have just such husband as this magnificent specimen of Bourhope.

It was evident the very first night that Bourhope was taken with Carrie. He stared and stuffed at her, admiring her warm complexion, the bend of her white throat, and the slope of her white shoulders; and even changed his seats at one time, and seemed, in order to see her better. He quickly claimed her as his partner at ball, and engaged her to walk out with him to hear the band practising next morning. Chrissy thought it all very natural, and all the more enjoyable. But she caught herself detecting Bourhope and Carrie several times, and looked herself for carrying her speculations so far. Only she could not help thinking how Bourhope would vary after the manner of a turn while in Carrie's company, though he was a meddlesome and not a bad ex fellow. But that was only like men, by-the-bye: less what they had coveted when it was half won.

II.

At this juncture it struck Bourhope, riding home from the morning drill, to ask himself what could possibly take Chrissy Hunter out so early every morning. He had not been in the habit of doing so. Keeping out of the way of him and his companions, and returning again from the opposite end of Prierton, while he was in the town. Chrissy, in fact, was not a girl to be noticed by men. Bourhope, indeed, never with her. Indeed, Bourhope had a strong suspicion that Chrissy retreated to her pillow at some unearthly hour, lovely from—lovely even in the pink curl-papers. But Chrissy certainly dressed immediately and took a morning walk, by herself, for the benefit of her health, for no profit. Not being a very strong little woman, her errands face was apt to look jaded and streaky when Bourhope, coming out to his drill, met her. She lounged with the girls in the early forenoon in Mrs. Spottiswoode's drawing-room. So it was worth while, he thought, to make an effort to Chrissy and inquire what took her abroad at such an untimely hour.

When Bourhope caught a nearer glimpse of Chrissy he was rather disinclined to see that she had been crying. Bourhope hated to see women cry. He was bitterly girl like Chrissy, to whom it was not becoming. He had no particular fancy for Cinderellas or other beggar maids. He was accustomed to the pretty, petted and friendly host and hostess, for whom he had a considerable regard, were mean enough, and he was ready to cause her to give a visit at their own invitation. Notwithstanding these demurs Tom Spottiswoode of Bourhope rode on fast, as if he were in cause her to give a visit start when she turned.

"Hallo! Do you go to market, Miss Chrissy, or what on earth are you out in the cold for before the shutters are down?" pointing with his sheathed sword to a closed shop.

Chrissy looked back, and there was something slightly hysterical in her laugh, but she answered frankly enough, "I go to Dr. Stark's, Mr. Spottiswoode, to see Sandy, who is very ill, and who is at Blackfaulds every day. I wait in his laboratory till he comes there before setting out: he goes home early, you know." She had not known that another was yesterday, and as he is a kind man he carries our letters—Maggie and Arabella and I are fond of writers, and postage is rather an expensive a great deal too expensive for us at Blackfaulds; but the doctor is a kind man and he 'favors' our letters. And the laboratory is a pleasant place, too, with her subject, and impelled to a bit of confidence, "do you know, Dr. Stark thinks my sister will be almost as fine a chemist as he is, and we are aware her knee-joint has been affected. We were even afraid she would never put down her foot again. But we would have no more of that, for all that. Chrissy spoke simply, in a rather moved vein.

Bourhope was slightly moved, too. He had never heard before of the disaster of Blackfaulds, except that she was a woman who had been long ailing; and also occasional remarks about the sickness and her being at home to nurse her family.

Chrissy was grateful for his cold-air sympathy, and gratified by it; but, as if half ashamed of having elicited it, she set once to pants to retire to him on other subjects. Bourhope had hoped Chrissy would stay, and was doing her the honor of walking at her side, his beast's bridle over his arm, and his manner ringing with interest, when he suddenly felt the that was of Chrissy's, about the fine morning, the town, and the yeomanry—few topics, but well handled and intelligently discussed. Bourhope began to confess to himself how sorry he was when she reached Mr. Spottiswoode's door.

Next morning Bourhope watched himself from his comrades when he approached the town, and looked narrowly for Chrissy. It would be but civil to inquire for her and her sister, and he had no objection to being thus civil that though Chrissy was far in advance he knew her by the pink gingham trimming of her morning dress, and the flutter of the two leaves in the morning sun. He came up to her, and paint by asked after her mother. Chrissy was a little perturbed, but answered frankly enough. She was not nearly so talkative, however, as on the preceding morning, though Bourhope made witty comments on the letter she held in her hand, and per incautiously insisted on her telling him whether she mentioned him in her return letter. He remembered her letter with a blush, and a fib. What was the first time Chrissy had known of any one blushing up a relationship with her, and though it caused in her unsalary-allowance was to feel in that humility of hers—Bourhope she knew was destined for her cousin Carrie. He was out of Carrie's way just now, and was only courteous and cordial to her as living for a time under the same roof. She liked the ruddy, curly, independent, clever fellow of a farmer laird who, out of the riches of his minerals, could be courteous and cordial to a poor, plain girl. But Bourhope would never overstep the boundary coming from Dr. Stark's again. He spied and peeped and threw out hints, and hurried or loitered as she was to suppose. Chrissy took care that people should not notice the fact of her being escorted home in the early morning by Bourhope.

A chance encounter between Mrs. Spottiswoode and Carrie was overheard one day by Bourhope, when they imagined him deep in *Blackwood*. Mr. Hunter of Blackfaulds, Carrie's father, had not been well, and a message had been sent to that effect to her. But she was philanthropic and not unfeeling. "Poor man!" she said, with a wish about himself," she said, candidly, to Mrs. Spottiswoode. "Very likely he has only taken lobster to supper, or his luncheon has been ill-agreed with him, and he is bilious this morning. I think I will send out a box of eckeepah, and a bit of nice tender veal, to put him in good-humor. You know, Agnes, as I were to drive not I could not get back in time for the evening walk in the gardens. Besides, I was to see Mrs. Hunter about the change in the running on of my frills. It would overturn all my plans to go; and my head got so hot, and I got so to blow-up my face and place are disarranged," Carrie concluded, almost piteously.

"Yes; but, Carrie," hesitated Mrs. Spottiswoode, "you know Dr. Stark is not easy about pape just now. I think I had better go out myself." It is safe to be a little unwell, but to have never a nurse, who do basins at the bank, at dinner to day with Bourhope; but I dare say Mary will manage very well. Don't you see, I am nothing to do—and I will go myself to Redeslaw; all things considered, it would be a pity for you not to be in your best looks—"

Bourhope, at this point, fell into a fit of coughing, and lost the rest of the dialogue; but perhaps his emotional state was not unconnected with the soft forth as much by this interlude as by the audacious judgments of the Snowbird and Tickler.

The day after this Chrissy was very rainy, and the drill was gone through in a dense white mist which caused every horse to loom large as an elephant, and every rider to look a Gog or Magog. The young ladies, so fond of a change of costume at this time in Prierton, could do no shopping; the walk in the meadows was out of the question; the concert had to be given up. The green meadows were not inviting, the grass was dripping, the flowers closed their heavy, sad eyes, and looked drunky. All was disappointing, for the meadows were beautiful at this season with their summer snow of daisies—not the pale-pink daisies of the grass, but the large ones of yellow but-eye, crow's-foot, lady's finger, and vetch, and by the crimson clover flowers, and the deep red of sorrel, and the black port head of the sub-wort plantain, whose black upon the white of ox-eye daisies has the rich tone of ermine.

Instead of these there were gatherings round shining tables; and bottles and glasses clinked cheerily in many a parlor. But Mr. Spottiswoode was sober by inclination, and the inclemency of the weather had quite the contrary effect on many provosts of his era, only added to his characteristic caution. He was prudent, but he was not drunky. A cold and excess began. So there was little fear of excess in Mr. Spottiswoode's house. Mrs. Spottiswoode, genuine in her way, had a cheerful fire in her drawing-room, and sat by the hearth, with her children tumbling round her; while Carrie, fairer than ever in her beauty, and Chrissy, dark-haired, brown and merry, sat on either side of her. She invited the former laird to enter that charmed ring, and he entered, and was kept company by contrasts, the loneliness and comfortlessness of Bourhope. But though he sat next Carrie, a certain coldness existed in her demeanor, and party. He found himself glancing curiously at the book Chrissy Hunter had been almost burning her face reading in the first light before the rain. In vain. Chrissy's mode did not mark care for reading aloud, but she took the first in good part, and called on Chrissy to tell what the book was about, and to divert Bourhope, without wholly monopolizing his attention.

Chrissy was rather shy at first. She never told stories freely away from home; but she was now pressed to do it by Carrie, who, in fact, was the even sympathetic humor and pathos into the wondrous narrative, till she literally held her listeners in thrall. Chrissy was telling the story of the days of Scott's early novels, when they were greatly run after, and the price of a night's reading was high. Bourhope, with his head resting against Carrie's aprontie, and his master, for the purpose of reading Bobbie to share his enthusiasm, would have thought it extraordinary. Bobbie had carried it out to Blackfaulds, and then all would sit up, sick mother among the rest, to hear it read aloud, till far into the night.

Who can tell what that cordial of pure healthful intellectual diversion may have been even to Bourhope, tired out with sick mother at Blackfaulds, and to Chrissy! The very speaking of it made her clasp her hands over her knee, and her large eyes to look out like stars—as Bourhope thought to himself.

The assembly paid Chrissy the highest compliment an assembly can pay a speaker. Silence. Even their schemes, their anxieties, themselves even, to fascinate their eyes and hears on the brown girl—the brown girl who had the unexpected faculty of making so graphically on her memory. Carrie was the first to recover herself. "Oh dear!" she cried, "I forgot I was to take down my hair for Miss Lethin to point it at eight o'clock"—and hurried out of the room.

Mrs. Spottiswoode roused herself next, and spoke a few words of acknowledgment to Chrissy. "Upon my word, Chrissy, your recital has been quite as good as the play. We are much obliged to you. I am afraid your throat must be sore; but stay, I have some of the theatre oranges here. No, hairs, you are not to have any; it is far too late for you to be up. Dear me! I believe you have been listening to Chrissy's story like the rest of us!" But Mrs. Spottiswoode was not under any apprehension about the success of Chrissy's reading. She prove it by immediately leaving Chrissy alone with Bourhope while she went out to put the children to bed, and see if Mr. Spottiswoode, who was doing a short turn of business in his office, would have a game of cards before supper. She had really never heard of a girl being more simple of her bonnet's sake! Perhaps she knew the line in the song too:

"Very few marry for talking."

and had found its truth in her own experience, for she was a domestic, observant woman.

Bourhope, it should be understood, was honest, unless on the influence of Chrissy's story-telling power. Indeed, when he did recover himself from it, his fancy created fine visions of what it would be to have such a story-teller at the farmhouse during the long, dark nights of winter, and the endless days of summer. Bourhope was no ignoramus. He had some acquaintance with "Waverley's Tales" and some "Rambles," but his reading was bald and tame in inspiration. He thought to himself it would really be as good as a company of players parted for Sir Jas own behoof, without any of the disadvantages. He stammered a little in expressing the debt he owed to Chrissy, and she modestly only accepted it by saying: "Oh, no, not to me the praise, Mr. Spottiswoode, but to the great Unknown. Oh, I would like to know him!" Bourhope was also stimulated to it as cause which he was sure to do ultimately—he practised his topical table entertainers with a box at the play. No doubt this was a great delight to Chrissy, for it was on the days when actors were respectable artists, and play-going was still universal. Chrissy in her fresh enjoyment was quite appreciable as well as if she had been first-rate professors, took the good and left the bad, and sat quite entranced.

Bourhope's touch he was decidedly intellectual for his calling, watch'd Chrissy rather than the stage. He read the feeling of the moment reflected in her features as in a sensitive face. Once he turned round and tried the same experiment with Carrie. The sight as well was expected to have a living and soul from well-modeled stucco or marble. He now realized in a more lively manner than ever that Carrie was a beauty of the purest water, and well shapely as swans till they express their waddling. He tried in church the process he had learned at the play, but it was not to the purpose. Instead of fact, Chrissy's expression giving a fair notion of the good Prierton minister's earnestness and eloquence.

But at Bourhope's request, sweet as Chrissy Bourhope took in thus making her his study, got restless and troubled in her sound head and warm heart. She could not feel in her conscience. She knew that Bourhope did not in any sense belong to Mrs. Spottiswoode and Carrie, and she had shrewdness suspected that their invitations to Prierton would not be carried out. She could not help occasionally turning over in her mind the circumstance that Carrie was Bourhope's pride, but Bourhope Mr. Dalvelle nevertheless bestowed his heart on her, though the gift like her fortune was distant to her for many a long day. Chrissy thought that if Bourhope were independent and original enough to like her—to love her—he was his own master, there was nothing between him and his affections save her inclination and her father and mother's will, and there was little doubt about their will with respect to a man so wealthy, so unexceptionable, and so well endowed as Bourhope.

Nor was there any thing like duty to the Spottiswoodes to prevent Chrissy from liking Carrie's lover. But still Chrissy's nice sense of honor was disturbed, for had she not a guess that a very different man had been Carrie's lot? Nay, she had even a half-comical notion that she herself had been expressly selected as a companion to Carrie Hunter during the gayeties of the Yeomanry Week to prove a sort of harmless foil. A dream of love was a grand shock to Chrissy's quiet life, making will very plaintive to her. She all was not for harmless, within her; and filling her mind with tremulous light which glorified every object, and was fatal to the duties of the day. It was a misfortune that Bourhope should excite such a dream. But Chrissy was not completely dazzled. It was only a dream as yet, and could be put by in the mirror of a dream; it should not be the mistress of her. So she resolved, showing herself a reasonable, thoughtful, considerate young woman, as well as a healthy, fairly-proportioned, and lovely human spirit.

Chrissy first aimed all her other source. She recollected what was due both to the hero and to the others concerned. She was neither a weak victim, nor a designing, arrogant, unfeminine conqueror. Like all genuine women she struggled against evil-liking herself without her due—without a certain that there was no injustice to Carrie in this matter. She was not a girl to get love-sick at the first blush, nor one to run even at a worthy lover's beckoning, though she would consider, ponder, and do it prudently, joyously, for true affection, when once it had confessed itself. So she shrank from Bourhope, stepped away from him, and managed to avoid him. He was puzzled and vexed and almost exasperated by doubts as to whether she feared for or wished to accept his love—and regarded little Jessy Chrissy taught the bold yeoman a lesson in her own quiet way. She slowly became aware that the evident wish of the other attainments of his—the prosperous, cultivated farmer-laird—were as dross compared with the genuine and exquisite elements of Chrissy's, whose many short-sighted men called insignificant and plain amidst the poverty and care of Blackfaulds. Bourhope was not radically conceited: he had no certainty that his superiority in worldly estate would not be strange and open while he saw how high and fine it was not shrunk and recessed by her indifference to his advances. So he had no communication with Chrissy, apart from a formal interchange of words in general conversation, for three days before the grand review and the

ball, except in a single incident touching the pipe-playing of his bills.

The gentlemen of the old economy who had not scrutiny to do it for them, did their own pipe-playing, and might generally be seen doing it very indifferently to the accompaniment of private whistling, or scuffling with each other over adjacent walls, in the back courts and greens of Poiteton. Bourhope was one day doing this after decently leaving his accoutrements, and in dancer of smearing himself from head to foot with pipe-clay? She therefore stole upon him, and addressed him with some sharpness: "That is not right, Mr. Spottiswoode; you will never whiten your belt in that way; you will only soil the rest of your clothes." I watched the old sergeant doing it next door for Major Christison. Look here"—and she took the article out of his hand—"and observe! and see to clean it. Poor Bourhope bowed to her empire, though he would much rather their petitions had been reversed: he would rather a thousand times have brushed Chrissy's shoes than that she should clean his belts. She was prone again the moment she had delivered up the perfect of his belt that was now as white as snow; but nothing would have induced her to stay.

Bourhope saw in the humiliations as well as the triumphs of love—that extreme ordeal through which even tender-hearted and sincere spirits must pass before they can unite in a strictness of mind deserving the name. He was not exactly grateful for the good opinion of Chrissy, he had a little fear against Chrissy in his own breast just then. He told himself it was all a whim; he did not really care for the dislike of the whole family to the supposed circumstances. No; it would be absurd to fall in love with a little coffee-colored girl, one of whose shoulders was the effect of an ash-board, not than the other. He was not compelled to marry either Corrie or Chrissy—not he! Pooh! he was not yet fairly in with his husbandry, and he would look about a little longer, enjoy himself a little more. At the word enjoyment Bourhope stopped short, and set himself resolutely against it. If Chrissy Hunter was ugly, she was an ugly fairy. She was his fate indeed; he would never see her like again, and he would be a lost and wrecked man without her.

The review and the ball were still in store. Bourhope would not be heaven with that double shot in reserve. It would go hard with the brown, curly, independent Chrissy to see heaven, for although it was shaken more in his pride and confidence than he had ever thought to be.

The review came off all the drilling had been undertaken, went off without serious effect on the contesting parties. The only thing was, that Bourhope was so dejected and so distracted in his mind that he could not attend to orders, and thus lost his character as a veoman and all chance of being forhim backman of his company. And this, added the Major had said, when the drills began, that there was not a finer man or a more promising drapoon in the service than Bourhope.

Chrissy's bright, tranquil satisfaction in contemplating from the box of Mrs. Spottiswoode's phaeton the state of preparation of both their equipments and persons was decidedly impaired. The review, with its trampings and halting its squares and dits, its shouting from the ranks, its wheels side-by-side, its flashing swords and waving plumes, was certainly very fine. All the rest of Priorton said so and proved so, for they stood for a whole day without a break, and under a scorching sun, on foot and in every description of vehicle from a cart cart to a coroneted carriage. Yes, it was very fine for the rest of Priorton; but it was a confused, hollow, agitating play to Chrissy as to Bourhope. Still she lost sight of the grand, general effect by her concentration of her regard on one little scarlet dot. It was to her a play with its heart swanting, and yet the whirl and movement were too intense for a moment as it agitates for that heart.

The ball remained, and Bourhope was resolute it should still be a question for him. It was the commendable fashion at Priorton that no young lady should appear at the ball with the same dress as another, Bourhope and Corrie. Their affair made no advance, and the ball was the conclusion of the Yeomanry Weeks. The review was already, to all intents and purposes, disbanded, and about to return, like Cincinnatus, to their reaping-hooks. Corrie was evidently not concerned in it, was listless and a little peevish, unless when in the company of other women than Bourhope—a rare thing with Corrie, who was such a very limited creature. But she looked elegant in her ball-dress, and had always a train of admirers on such occasions. And then, of course, many men needed the spur of jealousy to induce them to take the bold leap of matrimony. Chrissy, too, had her own fears and doubts about this ball. Bourhope hitherto had not only pursued her, if he had pursued her, in rather a distant manner. Who would now see how he would treat her on a public occasion. His conduct at it would be marked and conspicuous, and even Mrs. Spottiswoode's and Corrie's eyes would be opened to it. Then, again, he would have an opportunity of contrasting her personally with all the girls about Priorton. Chrissy gazed wistfully into the glass, as she fastened her yellowed scrimp old white frock and sighed. But she did not look so much amiss as she supposed: she was young, slight, and full of subtle character. And with her scarlet coral beads twisted among her dark little turet curls and bows, there was piquancy and attraction in her. She was first purely disinterested and unbounded pleasure in the gayety was grievously chickered, and it was to be feared her enjoyment would be none of her first ball to expectant blackballs would be disappointing.

There were only two chaises in repair in Priorton to convey the whole town's people in rotation to the ball. It was thus unavoidable that some should be sent over in carts, and Chrissy and Mr. Spottiswoode, as privest, was of course among the first after the Colonel and his lady—old country people, who seemed to have the right to dine earlier the evergreens over the door, and shook hands with every body, great and small—a family of pretty girls, romantic, laughing, and blunt.

Mrs. Spottiswoode wore a splendid tunch of white feathers tipp d with straw color in her blue coarse turban. Even Chrissy's eyes were noticed that, as well as the white ribbon in Provost Spottiswoode's bottle-green coat, which pointed him out as honorary steward. But how handsome brown curly Bourhope looked in his red coat!

A strange thought came over Chrissy. She did not wish Corrie ill, but she wished her French shoes, and so tall and straight and fair, to be slightly ed in her beauty. No, not for a moment. But Chrissy saw a real enough thing in her dressing with that, by some instantaneous transformation, Bourhope might be pitted with small-pox, or scarred with gunpowder, or have his nose cut off, or fallen upon him as with the wave of a wand—the soul within being left unchanged, however.

Mrs. Spottiswoode thought Bourhope looked as if he were going to do something desperate. His first blunder had been to hand, or rather lift, Chrissy into the chaise, instead of handing Corrie into their own door. He repeated the unaccountable blunder with the Country Rooms, which occupied the old Corrie into the assembly-room; and while Chrissy was still gazing in bewilderment and admiration at the evergreens, and child-floors, and laughing couples, Mrs. Spottiswoode could scarcely believe her ears when she distinctly heard Bourhope ask Chrissy to hand for the first dance. Corrie must surely have engaged it before if he had got the opportunity.

Now Mrs. Spottiswoode had no doubt that Bourhope would solicit her sister Corrie for this dance, and therefore she had peremptorily forbidden Corrie to engage herself in any other dance even when Corrie had demurred at the certainty of the arrangement. It was very odd of Bourhope, unless he thought Chrissy engaged, to ask any one of any other partner, and wanted to spare a plain little girl's mortification at the very commencement of the evening. "If that were the case," Mrs. Spottiswoode said to herself, and was consoled by Corrie's hand being immediately requested for the Colonel's nephew.

The Colonel's wife opened the ball with the most popular and oldest private for partner, and of course Chrissy and Bourhope were left to stand and the Colonel's nephew. But Bourhope and Chrissy did not mind Corrie's precedence, and were talking to each other quite naturally when Mrs. Spottiswoode forgetting the figure and bending across to Chrissy, though he was saying nothing particular and speaking but not pitch, "Bourhope is quite pleased and excited. If it has been any other girl than Chrissy Mrs. Spottiswoode would have called it a flirtation, and more than a flirtation, for Bourhope looked well in her shabby dress, almost pretty, indeed, in the new atmosphere. Mrs. Spottiswoode was aggrieved, disgusted in the first instance, but in a moment she just yet believe such an incredible contradiction to her well-laid scheme. Bourhope was making himself remarkable, as in such numerous levels with in wheels of calculation and resource. She glanced at Corrie, who was dancing with considerable spirit the Colonel's nephew, and exchanging passing words with yeomen who tried to get speech with her. But her white crape and tarlatan had not the new look, she was safe, heart-whole, and prosperous, a beauty who might pick and choose a suitable husband, even though intoxicated Bourhope should throw himself away.

Mrs. Spottiswoode gave a sigh of relief. Failure of one would not be misfortune.

The dance being over, Bourhope sat down beside Chrissy. No, she turned her head the other way, and he rose and walked through the room. But he was soon back in his old place.

He wanted to dance with Chrissy again. She hesitated, glanced at Corrie, and received a nod from Mrs. Spottiswoode. He went straight across to their hostess and said, "Mrs. Spottiswoode, you have no objection that I dance this dance again with Miss Chrissy Hunter?"

"None in the world, Bourhope," said Mrs. Spottiswoode, with the same look that she had worn before.

"Why, indeed," he returned; "or every dance! May I tell her so?"

"That is as she and you may agree. You are aware that would appear something serious," she said, trying to laugh.

"I will take the consequences," he significantly assured her, and went back and told Chrissy so, and then he drove her to her utmost citadel and beat her from it.

Other eyes than Mrs. Spottiswoode's were attracted to the pair. Half a dozen matrons' heads went wagging significantly: girls whispered and tittered; gentlem n opened their eyes, shaped their mouths as if about to whistle, strolled up and took their observations of the preemptied, unconscious couple into coolly, and then speculated and gossiped.

Mrs. Spottiswoode read these comments as well as what and gone before, and was ready with her m—animality. It was this which constituted her a truly able tactician. She shifted her tack before the shout of malicious exultation and ridicule could have been raised at her discomfiture. By a dexterous sleight of hand she shuffled her cards and altered her suit. In a moment Mrs. Spottiswoode was walking and nodding with the matrons interested in the news of the night. She arrested a good-humored yeoman, and crossed the room on his arm, to express and receive congratulations. "You have found out the secret? Foolish fellow, Bourhope; he can not conceal his foibles, though their dignity is unbounded. I must scold him for exposing himself and her. Poor dear! She is not accustomed to this sort of thing. But I am a doctress—I am, indeed! Such an excellent manœuvre for my cousin Chrissy: a good girl, a very clever girl; such a fortunate beginning for the blackballed Bourhope. Often we say the first marriage makes or mars a family of girls. It is so lucky that I invited Chrissy for the Yeomanry Weeks this summer. I am glad that it is better than if it had been Corrie, because Corrie can wait," with a careless wave of her hand in the direction in which Corrie seemed actually followed by her train. "Corrie has too many admirers to make up her mind speedily, yet she takes it all very quietly. But this is quite a family affair. Mr. Spottiswoode's eyes in and my cousin—nobody could have planned it better."

She turned round and heard a blunt bowbe of a farmer speaking out his mind. She at once took him up. "You would not have thought it? You can not comprehend what has come over Bourhope, or what he means to do with that yellow mite, Miss Hunter of Blackfellows, even though she was as good as a saint, and as wise as the Queen of Sheba? Oh! come, Belquin, you do not allow sufficient latitude to confusion of mind and love. I tell you Bourhope has neither eyes nor ears for any body but that mite; he counts his colleagues dairy far before the gayest princess in the land. I know that we are remarking on them now, and he is holding his head as high as if he had sought and won a queen. He is right, after all, and I am wrong, cheerful wife to him. Bourhope will have the cleverest, best wife in the country for all your swaggering. And that is something when a man comes to be old, and has an old wife, like me. Not old! Belquin? Away with you. I wish the Provost heard you. Do you think to flatter me because I am in spirits about my cousin's match? No, it is not lost a friend gets Belquin."

The public of Priorton did not know whether most to admire Mrs. Spottiswoode's diplomacy or the rare instance of poetic justice.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NEW YORK abounds in tragedy. But there is no need for the lovers of the real and mysterious to frequent theatres to obtain a knowledge of it. There is many a terrible drama enacted on the stage of life in our own midst from day to day. True, the glittering lights, the gay dresses, the picturesque scenery, the tuneful orchestra, and the well-trained actors and actresses are wanting in secrecy and darkness are the real tragedies usually wrought out. But they are nevertheless tragedies, and the columns of our daily journals spread the deeds of darkness open to the world. In glancing over any newspaper of the day we were fastened by "Tragedy in Beaver Street;" "Tragedy in Thirty-fifth Street;" "Tragedy in a Brothel;" and "Tragedy in the Suburbs" of a similar nature.

The accident which occurred in Forty-seventh Street is still, at this writing, shrouded in mystery. One evening a man, returning from his work, found in his little cottage his wife dead in bed, three little children, the eldest only six years old, and the mother by the bedside in an unconscious state. The room was still warmly dressed, with their hair brushed, and they were shaded by side in bed according to their ages. Whether the precious mother had poisoned her children and then attempted suicide, or whether some less fearful explanation of the circumstances could be developed when the coroner recovers her consciousness sufficiently to be examined, is yet unknown.

An April could be more fickle than has February been. All the alternations of cold and warm, wet and dry, snow and sun, rain and sleet, and hail, have succeeded each other in wonderfully rapid succession. We have had some fine spring-like days, undistorted by cloud or shower, and the first of March was a tornado—sometimes dregies—of fair sight were swept steadily downward into the Atlantic. But on the first new spring goods, which are so fresh and pretty, are the great attraction. Prints and brilliants, and the new shades of blue and grey and greenish tone, make the place of last winter materials. Watkins, tom's birdeye brought with it charming weather, and it is to be a legal holiday, every body enjoyed it to the very uttermost.

Three of our readers who are not so fortunate as to have access to all the New York daily papers will be amused by an extract or two from a spirited account of a recent reception to General Grant by some citizens of New York, in which a portrait of General Scott was presented to him:

"Since Richmond capitulated, and his trusty sword was put away in its scabbard, General Grant has received (General Grant) has passed his days, and ehe his nights, in ranging time in numerous vivic and social, and all he meets and tenses, but always in the first person singular active or passive. As thus:

I receive	Comments.
I have received	Letters.
I shall receive	Speeches.
I have received	Invitation Volumes.
I may receive	Swords.
I can't receive	Horses.
I might, could, would, or should receive	Freedom.

Pronto Form.

I am received by	Citizens.
I was received by	Assemblies.
I shall be received by	Clubs.
I have been received by	Parties.
I may be received by	Societies.
I must be received by	Mayors.
I might, could, would, or should be received by	Nobody.

"It is said that the delightful family anecdote prevailed in Grant Street by the excellent citizens of Philadelphia became such a nuisance of trophies that there is no room therein for the domestic circle, their Lares and Penates. The drawing-room is reputed a storehouse of parlor curiosities, which includes bronzes, photographs, swords, medals, books, compliments, clothes, pictures, china, engravings, horses, carriages, flowers, fruits, confectionaries, and cigar-boxes, which have been given to the General since he arrived at the Astor House.

"Other public men and loyal citizens of New York, their lives, felt that their loyalty and their wealth must find expression in the portrait of a hero of the past, they felt also that this commemorative canvas must be reshaped upon the hero of the present. That gentleman, rigid once, gleamed at his crowded walls, decided on possible background for the picture, and signified his eagerness to receive it."

Nevertheless, the whole affair was very successful, and passed off to the apparent satisfaction and pleasure of all concerned. General Grant, in his characteristically brief reply to the donors, assured them that the portrait of one who has rendered such vast service to the Republic, and whose services have continued through so many years, possessed a peculiar value to him.

A worthy gentleman of this city, who has been often entertained at Washington by quiet evening or morning, room, was the other day bought in his usual way by a decent-looking emigrant from the Emerald Isle. The latter said: "Nothing for me, my good woman," pointed to the gentleman mentioned.

"Don't you offer me no coin?"

"Why yes," returned the merchant slowly, "I suppose I can give you a penny;" and he drew a couple of cents from his pocket and laid them on the table. "But is that enough?"

"Well, sir! if you please to give me two cents more would be better."

The merchant placed two more pennies on the table.

"And is that on right?" he asked.

"Well, sir, now I won't stint you," replied the woman, magnanimously.

Two Milwaukee coppers brought down a shower of blessings on the donor's head.

"Oh! you are going to pray for me, sir, you are?" said the gentleman. "Well, I must give you three pennies more, and they were laid on the table.

"May the blessing of God attend ye!" adjured the woman. "And what might be your name?"

"Mr. Lemon," was the reply.

"William—but no! please ye, sir, the other name, what is it?"

"Oh, no matter about the other name—William is enough. You just run up William and God will attend to you." The woman retired with her coppers.

Last scoundrel in New York under use of *contraries* was taken for gaining money on a small scale with an old lady. A few years ago a well-dressed man was applied to by a man, whom he knew slightly, to advise him about the purchase of a farm. The latter went to look at the farm, but finding other business awaiting him there, introduced the man to his friend Mr. Lemon, to consult him in the matter. After a few moments' conversation the new client departed ostensibly to obtain some minute papers, leaving Lemon and his friend in the room.

"Why, Lemon, what do you do here?"

"Mr. Lemon—did I drop a five-dollar bill here?"

"Why, I have not seen it," said Mr. Lemon's name."

And a fruitless search was made.

"Well, I have left it somewhere," remarked the man, moving quickly to the door; but returning, as if with a second thought.

"If you will just lend me a V, I can finish up the business without going up town."

Mr. Lemon thought he "smelt a rat;" but remembering he had fortunately just emptied his petty-monies, tot ave by took it out of his pocket, saying,

"With pleasure, Sir—but stop!—I have not a five-dollar note."

When we stopped a well-meaning clerk with, "Here's bill, Mr. X——,

"Stop! all I be right," thought Mr. X——" since no partner knows him." And the outcome client disposed with the money.

Americans, be they ever so eccentric or self-willed, may follow their own inclinations in matters of dress. But no Englishman of any class always has been, and always will be in the reign of Henry IV. no person of lower rank than a gentleman was allowed to wear cloth of gold or silver, or to wear a robe long enough to reach the ground. Long sleeves, also, were strictly forbidden. In later years the same petitions of idle, or any velvet in her kirtle," or "any chain of gold about her neck, or upon any part of her body." And the husband must forbid his parents every three months, unless he gave some other assigned reason, under the penalty of forfeiting forty shillings for every time of pretty things. Bad enough to fine one's husband with a long dress-maker's account, but to transgress on one's back-chain, or to wear all the every-day clothes one may lady could in to the fashion—Whew! Under the Tudors and Stuarts, however, a gentleman was allowed a breast of knee-breeches was certainly to be arrested. A gentleman was arrested by the sheriff in the public act of wearing a necklace thicker in texture than was allowed by law. A lady at court wanting to lose a dollar was fined twenty shillings, and carried to the Fleet prison. A gentleman's hair falling a bit lower his forehead at a time when the fashion was dictated by a queen who did not instantly cut his hair, his head should be shaved by the sheriff's barber.

Cotta, the celebrated French chemist, being consulted as to "sport" on a capital trial, was asked by the prisoner's counsel if he could tell what quantity of arsenic was requisite to kill a fly. The Doctor replied, "Certainly, M. le Président; but I will first ask counsel how many flies he has killed in the commencement, he candida and ladies so long, whether married or single, widow or maiden, whenever he brother. When counsel had time to cool down he gave your quest-n."

Apropos of the cattle-plague the following recipe for a cure, which appears known as "music ill," will be found in the "Diary of Middlethin," in the pastures of Jamie Lowe's farm in Dumfriesshire. Jamie's father was a near neighbor to the present eighteenth of the learned doctor—I have of, of 1794, and was probably in possession of the secret. Susie pint, and hardly a mistaken, bold of vegetable juice, and horn-shavings, and toasted the cream of the in one whom. You might try in the immediate neighborhood of your own cattle for some guide to use it. Take a kind woman, and steam a single about breast bone. It would be strong, indeed, if the recipe of your cattle not subdued under the operation. Let the woman stay the thousand-and-one notions which have for ages been accepted as remedies for cattle.

An exchange tells of an esteemed man and wife of a young widow on a single-ish, proposed to her in the accepted style, and was met by the usual negative, when some one could ask him for a loan of a few dollars. Being without money, he replied, "I have not got it, but I can get it." "Then," said the widow, "go and get it, and I will be ready to receive you when you return." "Then," said the widow, "go and get it, and I will be ready to receive you when you return." "Then," said the widow, "go and get it, and I will be ready to receive you when you return

FREDRIKA BREMER.

In presenting our readers with the accompanying portrait of FREDRIKA BREMER a few words may not be unacceptable regarding the career of this remarkable woman, whose earthly life closed at ARSTA, the former residence of her family, on the 31st of December last. To the people of this country the career of Miss BREMER is especially interesting from the fact that she has lived among us, and is so well remembered here by thousands of loving friends.

It is now about a quarter of a century since the spirited publisher BROCKHAUS, of Leipsic, introduced to his countrymen and women a series of stories so truthful in their descriptions of simple, often homely life—their living portraiture of fathers, mothers, children, and servants, all the individuals of the home circle, in all their varieties—their tenderesses, their queernesses, their joys and their sorrows, their hopes and their fears—as to seize at once on the public heart. Nobody criticised them, nobody questioned whether they were good or bad; all they did was to read them, to laugh or to cry over them, and to feel astonished how pictures so simple could exercise such a fascination over them. These were the famous "Sketches of Everyday Life," by FREDRIKA BREMER, first and foremost of which stands her inimitable "Neighbors," with its charming Francisca, the excellent Bear, and the powerfully-drawn Ma chère Mère. Now that the once so greatly admired authoress has passed from earthly existence, we shall not attempt a criticism of her works, but remember how much we have loved her, how much we owe her, and how much has been accomplished by a woman of slight physical frame and in any thing but robust health through the greater part of her life, and for how much lasting good her name will be honored in her native land for generations yet to come. Twice she received the highest honor which the Swedish Academy could offer—that of its gold medal. Besides the so well known "Sketches of Everyday Life," Miss BREMER wrote "The Diary," "Brothers and Sisters," and "The Midnight Sun," none of which, however, attained to the celebrity of their predecessors.

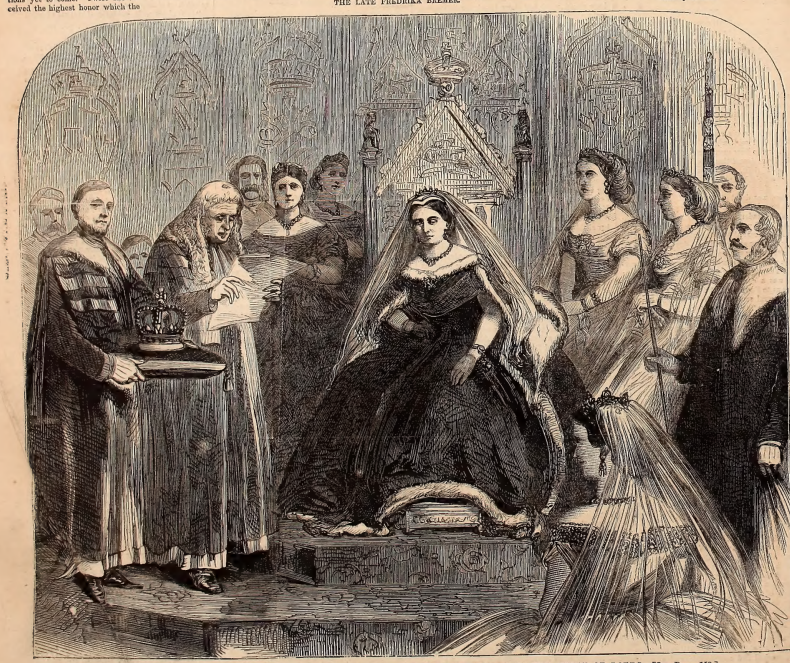


THE LATE FREDRIKA BREMER.

No doubt Miss BREMER felt this herself when she changed the pleasant fields of fiction for the more laborious ones of foreign travel. Her travels, to which five years were devoted—two in America and three in Europe and the Holy Land—fill about ten volumes, which contain much close study and deep reflection, and are remarkable for their vivid pictures of life and scenery.

It is not always that the author whose works have delighted and even edified the world lives up to the nobility and truth of his own teaching. This, however, was the case with this excellent woman, whose private life was as remarkable for its deeds of love and mercy as her literary life was for its industry. Those who knew her best loved her most. She enjoyed the society of the young, and surrounded herself by them, generally having one or more young ladies residing with her. One of these assures us that in the twelve months she was in daily intercourse with her she never saw her out of temper, never saw her otherwise than actively kind and assiduous in every way to add to the comfort and pleasure of those who surrounded her. She was received in the highest society of Stockholm, from the Royal circle downward. She was highly accomplished, and spoke several European languages fluently.

Miss BREMER was the means of establishing the Seminarium in Stockholm, an institution kindred to our Ladies' Colleges. She was at the head of every philanthropic work in Stockholm, and many a noble institution both there and in Copenhagen, as, for instance, the Asylum for Destitute Children, owes its existence entirely to her.



OPENING OF PARLIAMENT—THE LORD CHANCELLOR READING THE ROYAL SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—[SEE PAGE 168.]



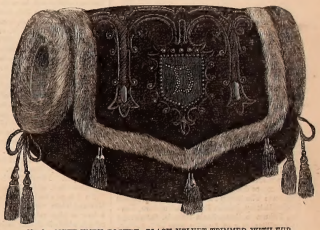
PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 168.]



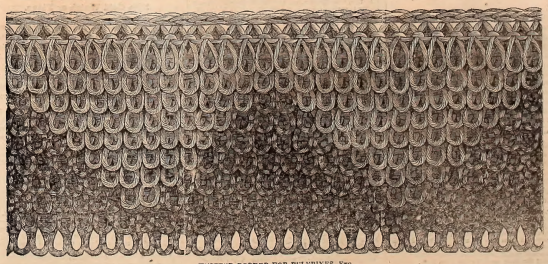
No. 2.—MUFF WITH POCKET—BLACK VELVET WITH SILK TRIMMING.



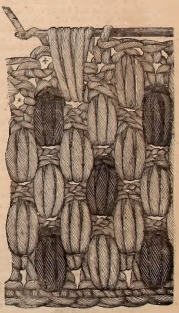
BANDEAU GREC OF PEARL MOSAIC.



No. 1.—MUFF WITH POCKET—BLACK VELVET TRIMMED WITH FUR.



KNITTED BORDER FOR PELERINES, ETC.



FLOCCONE CROCHET STITCH.

LADIES' WOOL WORK.—[SEE PAGE 168.]

TWICE FIVE AND TWICE TEN.

Two children talking together
With the wisdom of twice five years,
And the simple inductive fancy
That rare beyond what appears.

Said Charlie to little Bessie,
Abruptly ceasing to play,
"I saw Bertie's horse in the stable;
He comes nearly every day."

"Don't you know he comes to see Annie?
Ah! ah! I was right in my guess,
I always know when he's coming—
Annie has on that pretty pink dress.

"She always makes a difference,
Be it only a ribbon or rose,
Wherever he comes, she wishes
To look her best, I suppose."

"And do you think she's in earnest?"
"Oh! Charlie, how cruel to doubt—
Why they walk hand in hand together
When the stars are shining out."

"W ll that certainly ought to mean something,
But, somehow or other, I fear
He is not on her or the second;
There may be another next year.

"To-day a new dress or new ribbon,
To-morrow, perhaps, a new rose,
Next year, let us say, a new lover—
Or is it only a dozen, who knows?"

"Now, Charlie, don't be sarcastic;
Would you have her dress always the same?
What has dress to do with affection?
It may be she was not to blame."

"Ah! Bessie, we birds grow cautious
When we see one or two in the net—
The bait may be very attractive,
And the snare very cunningly set.

"But these two or three victims before us,
They seem to whisper, beware!
The woodland berry is safer,
And, perchance, more wholesome fare.

"Give me the girl that has never
Let any one else buy me,
That changes not with the season,
Nor runs after novelty!"

"Ah! Charlie, it must be outrag us
For love once settled to range;
Whatever the season or fashion,
The heart surely never should change."

Take care, Master Charles and Miss Bessie,
There are some things beyond your ken,
The pledges of twice five summers
Are not always redeemed by twice ten.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

SO anniversary of WASHINGTON'S Birthday has had so much significance as the last, which was celebrated in this city with unusual enthusiasm. Among the events of the day worthy of notice were the Military Parade and the presentation by the Union League Club to General GRANT of a Portrait of General SCOTT. In the evening there was a display of fire-works in different parts of the city. Of the display in the Park in front of the City Hall we give an illustration on our first page. It was witnessed by about fifty thousand persons. The pieces, as designated by the pyrotechnists, are as follows: The Indian Palmetto, Golden Circle and Grecian Bend, Peruvian Rose, Coats of Paris, Vestree, Tribune to Cores, Zania Peruvia, Saturn and his Satellites, Star of America, Star of Independence, Golden Waterfall, Yankee Windmill, Passion Flower, Fairies' Frolic, and, lastly, a Grand Temple of Liberty, covering the entire front of the City Hall, and representing GEORGE WASHINGTON as-isted by Justice and Liberty. Over the heads of the three figures were three golden eagles; and underneath the whole were the words, "WASHINGTON, THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY." The pyrotechnic display was concluded without accident at about half past eight in the evening, when the great multitude dispersed.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND OPENING HER PARLIAMENT.

FOR the first time in five years, QUEEN VICTORIA had on her throne in person on February 6. It was the opening of the Seventh Parliament of her reign. The last occasion of her personal presence in the House of Lords was to inaugurate the Session of a Parliament (the Sixth) which had been three sessions in a similar manner. On that occasion the Prince Consort stood by her side.

The following is an abridged description of the opening of the Seventh Parliament as taken from an English paper:

"Mendwise an interesting scene had been for some time visible within the House of Lords. At noon a long line of carriages entered from Pall Mall to the 'peers' entrance of the Palace of Westminster, most of not all, of which were occupied by ladies in full evening costume—the wives, daughters, and sisters of peers, and of members of the Government, and some few others, perhaps, not so easily connected with the Upper Chamber, but who had influence enough to procure the entree from the courtesy or stupidity of such friends. One of the most notable of the arrivals was a lady who came into the House early in the part of Lord Cole, and who was recognized as Lady Ann Hamilton, Miss Rose Mary Yorke, the granddaughter of George Canning, Lord Bristol.

"At 2 P. M. the Prince of Wales, the Prince in the full uniform of a general officer, and the Princess tastefully attired in a flower of white tulle, relieved with black lace, wearing a tiara of diamonds and a long flowing veil of white gauze, entered side by side. The Princess was conducted to the place of honor on the woolsack, immediately to the throne. The Prince of Wales took his seat on the bench, alongside the Duke of Cambridge, with whom he was speedily engaged in conversation. At twelve minutes past two the door on the right of the throne was thrown open, and we had just a glimpse of the cream-carpeted vestibule, with the gigantic Gendarmes mounting guard. Then the door was slowly closed. Preceded by the Gentlemen-at-Arms at the end of the line of the bewitching, and the banner of the state sword and cap, on her Majesty, accompanied by Princesses Helena and Louisa, Princess Mary and Prince Casimir, of Schleswig-Holstein, walked round to the front of the throne. Attending the duke, she was followed by the Princesses, who, as soon as her Majesty had seated herself, pushed their trains from the right side of their skirts and hung loosely on the throne. Her Majesty wore a velvet robe of the same purple shade as the cushioned bench, bordered with ermine, a mantle of the like material, which she has worn during her widow's reign, and a heavy diamond necklace. The two Princesses dressed in white, stood with Prince Casimir on the left of the throne, while on her Majesty's right were two ladies in waiting, dressed in black, the Countess of Desart, by Lord Chancellor, etc.

"During the interval that elapsed between the summons of the Commons and the reply, the Queen sat silent and motionless, with her head bent slightly forward.

The Speech from the throne was then read by the Lord Chancellor.

"CAUGHT NAPPING."

THE picture engraved on page 162 is by a promising young English artist, E. A. H. Story. We must leave the reader to speculate how the idle little urchin and designer of burning came to commit the outrage on the sculptor's property which he is to be about to be visited with condign punishment. Perhaps the dominie has been about a short time and returned unexpectedly; perhaps the little offender has fancied himself out of observation, beneath the desk of the despot immediately behind him. Possibly the slave of this petty reign is the blind wielder of the leathern Nemesis has himself been nodding; if so, his anger would, of course, be heightened tenfold by the presumption that this fit event are in following the example of its impossible power. As the child is father of the man, so it is school ad antecedent to the world. Here we find him being manfully to his task, there another makes faces at it, either in disgust or for his own and others amusement; and, yonder, a third neglects it altogether. While what more characteristic of adult nature than that we should make merry over our neighbor's misfortunes? Even some of the older sex, it seems by this picture, are capable of this sympathetic pleasure. Let us hope, however, it is only when there are little womanly hearts attuned to thrill with pity and compassion at misfortunes and pain; and now and then to make the tears irradiated with the heavenly light of unselfish love.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIGURES 1 and 4 furnish two distinct representations of a cassque known as "the Sappho," which has met with much favor in the grand monde, and promises to become very fashionable generally. It is made of black velvet, trimmed with a passementerie of black silk and jet ornaments, which terminate in a fringed fringe, with a couple of tassels at the extremity. In the parts which are turned over by the collar and the cuffs is a fine and narrow guipure. The waistcoat is trimmed with a guipure of similar pattern but of greater depth.

The bonnet adapted to this cassque is extremely stylish. It is composed of black velvet, with a black ostrich feather, and having a kind of diadem in front ornamented with small black canoes.

Figure 2 is a tall-dress of straw-color satin, over which is a jupon of white tulle, which covers the entire robe, with the exception of the corsage and the extremity of the train. The corsage and the bottom of the jupon are trimmed with puffs of tulle, through which is run a ribbon. The train of the robe is scolloped. The coiffure is composed of a branch of yellow roses, which descends as low as the waist.

No. 3 is an evening dress made de rigueur, striped blue and white, with a large relevé fixed behind by a bow of blue velvet with very long ends. The sleeve, which is of blue satin, is bordered—as well as the body and the bottom of the robe—with velvet to match. At the extreme end of the robe is a pyramid bible.

The "coiffure Josephine" is composed of a chignon of small curls, covered with a net, and fastened on by a large gold comb. A diadem, also of gold, is worn in front.

On the same page with our Fashion out we give several engravings of fancy work, consisting of ladies' wool work, to each of which we shall make separate allusion:

"BANDEAU GREC" OF PEARL MOSAIC.

This bandeau can be very easily manufactured at home out of chased bronze pearls, imitation coral, or any other fancy beads, in the following manner: The first inner frame is made by the pattern, are passed alternately, first through one, then through two beads, forming a diamond square. The outer thread, 6, are then run through a single bead and crossed inside of the two inner beads in the middle of the diamond. A bracelet can be on the to make the "bandeau" in the same manner with fine elastic cord.

"FLOCONNE" CROCHET STITCH.

This stitch is admirably adapted to coverings for the feet and footstools, not only on account of its beauty, but its warmth and elasticity, and when worked in two colors—for example, black and white—forms a good imitation of the Polish animal's muffs and collars. It is set up in tolerably loose meshes and worked backward and forward, thus:

1st *Row*.—To each mesh of the original casting one ordinary close mesh.

2d *Row* ch.—One close mesh passing the needle through both be ge, which forms an open mesh; one tuft of mohair, to be passed from 8 to 10 times round the fingers into the wool once around the needle, then make a loop through the mesh formed by the last close mesh, and always using the same mesh for the three loops. Take off the wool from the fingers, and work one close mesh, as is shown in the first row of the pattern. Repeat an open mesh and crochet it with that which remains upon the needle.

3d *Row*.—Make this round every single and every tuft mesh.

4th *Round*.—Repeat the same, except that the loops for the tuft are passed through the second open mesh below the top, contained in the pattern by an asterisk (*). The hole for the close mesh is the one surrounding the tuft, and is worked in the pattern by a cross (+). The contrasting color may be worked in longer tufts for a fuller appearing to the above design.

KEEP WITH POCKET.

This perfect protection against the severity of the winter furnishes a beautiful and suitable gift, and will be found by the recipient a needless outlay in being manufactured of materials to match the dress, and being furnished with a pocket, the opening of which is worked in the side. The arrangement of this muff may be varied, but the above design is worthy a pre-eminence. The outer covering is of black velvet laid in folds at the side as undertook the arm-bones, which are trimmed, as well as the lapet, with broad bands of fur. The whole is lined with white satin. The lappet is adorned with a rich application of black satin, embroidered with pearls, in the middle of which is a shield with an initial laid on. The lappet is closed with buttons, and the muff is furnished with rich cords and tassels.

A more simple style for children is shown in pattern No. 2. This consists of dark blue velvet, lined with blue silk, and trimmed around the arm-holes and lapped over the front with silk bound at the same. The whole is completed with bands of blue velvet and mother-of-pearl buttons.

KNITTED BORDER FOR PELERINES, BASQUES, ETC.

Material: White zephyr worsted, purl-gray worsted, two fine wooden knitting-needles, and a flat reed, four-ninths of an inch wide, such as is used in netting.

This fringe-like border is peculiarly fitted for pelerines, basques, and fichus, and is knitted with white and pearl-gray worsted in interlacing points. The required amount of stitches is cast on with pearl worsted, every taking care that it be capable of being divided by 14, that number being necessary for each point; and it is knitted backward and forward, as a garter.

1st *Row loop*.—The first stitch is taken off without knitting. The setting wool is then placed in the back of the work, the thread brought through the next stitch, and the thread thrown over by the thread is then placed round the wool from above, again thrown over the needle, so that the latter has two strands, the wool only one, and the stitch is taken off. The process is repeated from * to the end.

2d *Row* is knitted regularly without drawing out the wool, every double stitch being made into one. The work is then drawn, and the 1st and 2d row alternately repeated until the border, which consists of ten rows, is completed. In the 3d row of loop two white every twelve must be made of white worsted, and the same number of white must be added in each successive row, until in the 8th row two meshes of pearl appear between every twelve of white. Two rows of plain loop finish the border.

The use for which the article is designed must determine the arrangement of the colors as well as the strength of the material to be employed. *

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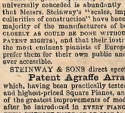
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 481.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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SNUFFING THE CANDLE FOR GRANDPA.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1866.

THE SITUATION.

DURING the great debate in which the country is now engaged it is well to remember that temperance of tone and a careful regard for truth are always powerful allies. We have lately had signal illustrations of the folly of the transparent fictions and personal aspersions, and there can be no more palpable absurdity than that those who stood steadily together against rebellion when rebellion was formidable are now anxious and plotting to surrender the Government to rebels defeated and disgraced. Yet these are charges gravely made against such men as CHARLES SUMNER on the one hand, and ANDREW JOHNSON on the other. Now either or both of these gentlemen may be mistaken in the policy of reorganization which they favor, but there is surely no reasonable ground for believing that they are hostile to the Union or Government. Their views of the true course to pursue may hopelessly differ, but certainly while their intentions are beyond suspicion the difference of their views may be discussed without acrimony. The situation is entirely without precedent, and denunciation, insinuation, and fierce partisanship merely confound the confusion and exasperate honest differences.

It is as unjust to assert that Congress is hostile to the loyal men at the South as it is to insist that the President is anxious to have all disloyal men sit in Congress. It is as inaccurate to declare that Congress means to sustain a paper class of freedmen at the expense of the Government as to argue that the President intends to betray the freedmen defenseless into the hands of those who hate them. It is as untrue to say that the course of Congress violates the Constitution as that the policy of the President overthrows it. The truth lies between all these extremes, as may be seen by looking at the last point we have mentioned. If, for instance, it be alleged, in defense of what is called the President's policy, that the war was to prevent secession; that it was successful; that secession was therefore prevented; that the States are now, as before, in the Union; and that, consequently, Congress has no constitutional right to prohibit their representation—it is no less true that if those States are in the Union they were equally so in May last, and that the President has no constitutional right to appoint a Provisional Governor of a State in the Union. The truth is, that the President acted from the necessity of the case; and that must be the principle of action until reorganization is complete. Then, and not before, the authority which is called the war-power ceases, and the normal habit of the Union is resumed. The argument is by no means ended, as Senators DOOLITTLE and JOHNSON seem to suppose, when it is proved that the late rebel States are not out of the Union. They were not out of the Union a year ago. Was any representative which South Carolina might have chosen to send to Congress at that time to be therefore admitted without question? No sensible man will affirm such an absurdity.

Neither the President nor Congress hold that the mere fact of laying down arms raised against the Government proves either the loyalty of those who surrender or the propriety of admitting against question the representatives whom they send. Senator REVERDY JOHNSON himself concurred in the report made to the Senate in February of last year that it was "improper for this body to admit to seats Senators from Louisiana *till, by some joint action of both Houses, there shall be some recognition of that State Government as being in harmony with the Government of the United States*" and recognizing its authority." All that Congress asks is that the subject shall be investigated and the facts ascertained, and for that sole purpose was the Reconstruction Committee appointed. The President also confirms the same view when he says, in speaking of the late rebel States: "When they comply with the conditions, when they have given sufficient evidence of their loyalty and of what can be trusted, when they yield obedience to the law, I say extend to them the right hand of fellowship, and let peace and union be established." So says the President; so say we all. But here are points to be decided, and by whom? Is it not evident that Congress must decide them for itself before it can admit a single member? The President may for himself be satisfied upon some of these points, and he says in his Veto Message that, in his judgment, "some of the late rebel States have properly be admitted to representation. But surely neither he nor any other man can expect that his conviction will bind Congress. There was never a subject, indeed, which required more deliberate consideration. The honor of the country pledged to the freedmen, the security of the national debt, the increased representation given by the Emancipation Amendment to the late rebel States; the danger of any risk of assumption of the debt in any form—all require the most thoughtful care in legislation.

But the most truly patriotic men may honestly differ about methods, and if upon any point Congress and the President disagree, the Constitution indicates the course to pursue. He may interpose his veto. If Congress overrides it by the Constitutional vote, its will becomes a law of the United States which the President is sworn to execute. If his veto prevails, the will of Congress so far fails to become a law. But the President, if he have any regard for the dignity of his office or for the security upon the part of the Government, must distribution of powers in this country, must see that the will of the people finally rules.

But we confidently trust that no such appeal will be necessary. The President and Congress have the same end in view. They both desire the recognition by every State of its inalienable right in the Union at the moment consistent with the general peace and security; and if Congress, accepting the facts of the situation, trusts something to time, something to the traditions of the Government, something to the sure laws which, despite passion and prejudice, still control human affairs; and if the President, mindful of the equal dignity and responsibility of Congress, remembers that firmness is not inconsistent with forbearance, nor conviction with conciliation; and if patience and firmness reflect that *Habeas Corpus* is always feeble and futile, the great party of loyal men who saved the Union will secure its peaceful perpetuity by mutual moderation and wise concession.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

THE "load and general cheers" that greeted Sir GEORGE GREY when he announced in the House of Commons on the 16th of February that he should bring in a bill next day for the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* in Ireland; the remark of Earl DERBY, in the House in the House of Lords, that he would not interpose a moment's delay; the special session of Parliament on the 17th, when the suspension bill was brought in and carried by a large majority, the Opposition leader; Mr. BRIGHT's protest without intention of opposition; and the passage of the bill by a vote of 226 to 34 in the House of Commons on the same night, show that the British Government is seriously alarmed by the condition of Ireland, and that it means, if possible, to prevent, not to subdue, an insurrection.

The suspension of the great writ is a favorite method of prevention with that Government, and especially in Ireland. During the present time it has been suspended during this century in that country. An act to that effect was in operation in 1800, at the very time of the Union; from 1802 to 1805; from 1807 to 1810; in 1814; from 1822 to 1824; and last in 1848, when the fresh people were arming and organizing and drilling, and the cannon to be used to sacre and plunder.

In England also the suspension has been frequent. In 1745 the Solicitor-General stated that the act had been suspended nine times since the revolution of 1688. From 1745 until 1794 the law was inviolate, but in that year, amidst the wild turmoil of the French Revolution and fears of the Britich Government, Mr. PITT moved its suspension. FOX, GREY, and SHERIDAN eloquently resisted. In one of his speeches FOX said that the proposition was insulting to the common prudence. He declared that the suspension made the will of Ministers the real Government of England, and that the Habeas Corpus was a relic which was to be suspended. Yet thirty-nine members only supported the opposition, and the writ remained continously suspended for eight years. In 1817 it was again suspended; but for the fifty years since, as the Constitutional historian of England says, "Ministers, animated by a higher spirit of self-confidence, have known how to maintain the authority of the law in England without the aid of abnormal powers."

But Ireland is always an exception to all English rules. The tone of English feeling toward the unhappy country is generally, not always, harsh and hostile. The popular English conception of the island is that of a wretched people in a chronic state of suppressed or latent rebellion. The traditions of wrong and suffering, which would gradually perish in a thriving and intelligent community, are kept forever fresh in one which is ignorant and wretched, whether the wretchedness be the result of local causes or of English legislation. The problem of Ireland has never been solved; and Carlyle expressed doubtless a vague English feeling of despair when he suggested that the only solution was the submersion of the island in the sea for twenty-four hours.

Now if the true view of international relations upon the globe were simply the-devil-take-the-hindmost, we might complacently "chaff" England upon her late conduct toward us, and "thank thee, Jew, for teaching" us the word Neutrality. But acutely suffering as we are from the sorrows of civil war, it is impossible not to sympathize with a kindred famine which is unrelieved by it; and while the British policy in Ireland can not be approved by those who believe that justice is essential to peace, yet if the Fenians or Irish revolutionists propose to invoke the sympathy of the world in an appeal to arms, the world must distinctly know their grievances. A general plea for independence, a general protest against unjust laws, are not sufficient. Discontent with the church establishment and the land-tenure in Ireland are not enough to justify bloodshed, unless it is plain that legal redress has been sought and refused. All the Fenian fury of invective is impotent compared with one plain statement of the leading wrongs which the Government refuses to remedy.

It is true that England did not wait for such a statement from our late rebels before Earl RUSSELL declared that we were fighting for dominion. But if we can find no better example for our conduct than Earl RUSSELL and British sentiment in our war, we shall deserve the scorn which we lavished upon him. Sir GEORGE GREY, in moving for the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus*, said that the British Government was wholly discountenanced by the American Government; and Mr. LABOUCHERE called attention to "the indulgence of the laws to which we had a right by her international obligations toward foreign countries." There is our revenge, and it is a thousandfold sweeter than pettifogging a Fenian *Alabama* out of New York Bay.

We need not fear to trust our principles or our traditions. The hostility with which so many Irishmen regarded our struggle to maintain free Government will change to admiration of the humane and honorable conduct of such a Government in all its dreamed-of international relations. If England falls into trouble our duty is to do what England ought to have done during our troubles, not what she did.

THE BEGINNING OF CONTRACTION.

WHILE Congress is disputing about the proper method of inaugurating a policy of contraction, this member declaring that no policy at all will be wisest unless his scheme be adopted, and that member announcing that no other plan than his can save the nation, the Secretary of the Treasury in the absence of appropriate legislation, is quietly in his own way curtailing the currency. On 1st November, a little over four months ago, the aggregate legal-tender currency was \$709,671. On 1st March the aggregate legal-tender currency was only \$665,984,414: a reduction, in four months, of \$43,737,586. It is true that during the same period the volume of national currency was increased more than \$30,000,000. But over these issues the Secretary had no control; and in all cases banks are compelled to hold in their vaults legal tenders to redeem their notes on presentation, any substantial reduction of the former will quickly compel a recall of the latter.

It will be noted that this reduction of \$27,725,197 in the legal-tender currency is the result of what was effected without any "funding loans." By offering \$50,000,000 of Five-Twenty bonds in exchange for compound legal tenders, in January or February last, the circulation would easily have been raised to \$77,000,000 instead of \$27,000,000 without disturbing trade or industry.

"Not a bit of it," a joint upon it," the Secretary has ample power under existing statutes to curtail the currency—even though Congress should deny him the additional authority he has asked for. So can any one quietly exchanging compound legal tenders, Seven-Thirty notes, and other short date obligations for long bonds, as the rate of at least \$5,000,000 per month throughout the year, without creating any very serious disturbance in the money market, and he can employ his surplus revenue in paying off the principal of the public loans. In this way he can curtail the currency perhaps as fast as it would be safe to curtail it, and he can do it in a way which will not involve periodical spasms in the money market.

The two weak points in his position are the deposits on call and the debt certificates. Talk to a Bull in gold about contraction, and he responds triumphantly:

"Contraction, Sir! Impossible! Ridiculous! How can the Secretary contract when he has \$118,000,000 on call after ten days, and \$65,000,000 more on debt certificates, maturing on the average within eight months?"

It can not be denied but there is a good deal in this reasoning. So long as Government may be called upon for \$118,000,000, on ten days' notice, the Secretary does not create a tight money market if he suddenly withdraw what he have had in London for six weeks would—if established here—have brought the United States Government to the verge of bankruptcy. Every dollar of the temporary deposits would have been called, and it would have taxed the resources of the Government to the utmost to have responded. Surely this is clear enough to dictate the necessity of at once abandoning the seductive but fatal expedient of receiving money on temporary deposit. We have drawn attention more than once of late to the bad policy, in a mere business point of view, of paying interest, at the rate of 4 and 6 per cent. per annum on money which lay idle in the Treasury, and was not required by the necessities of Government. But if contraction be fairly adopted as the policy of Government, these temporary deposits will become an element of danger as well as expense. They constitute an impregnable bulwark behind which the banks can defy the Government. So long as they exist Government can no more afford to distress the banks by curtailing the currency than a debtor can distress his creditor by purchasing the latter's paper.

In war time, when the great object of Government was to get money at once in any way, and to postpone the day of payment, debt certificates and temporary deposits were a fair expedient. They answered very well, and more than once helped the Secretary out of grave embarrassments. But now the Government ought not to need to resort to such methods of finance. The revenue is in excess of the expenditure, and Government ought to occupy a position above and beyond the control of local banks or bankers. It is in the power of the Secretary to pay off the bulk of the temporary deposits, and to reduce the debt certificates to a small figure. Until he does so all the legislation in the world will not enable him to curtail the currency, because the parties to be injured by such curtailment will tell then hold a call on him for currency to which he can not respond, while he has done so he will be in a position, without further legislation, to curtail the currency about as fast as it ought to be curtailed.

REMEDIES AGAINST FIRE.

THE complete destruction by fire in the daytime of Dr. TYNG's Church and of the Assembly Rooms in Broadway, notwithstanding the best efforts of the Fire Department, and without any want of water, is a fresh illustration of what it is the construction of our buildings which exposes them to such certain destruction. The question involves not only the interests of owners and Fire Insurance Companies, but the safety of occupants and the contribution which the generation on the stage makes to the one that is to succeed in the shape of permanent improvements.

Buildings in the Old World are made to stand for ages. Their destruction by fire is as impossible as it is to make houses from bricks once destroyed which are built on the American plan. A traveler walking the streets of Florence and Rome is not a little astonished at the preservation of the palace built by the Medici family about the year 1300, and of the Pantheon built for Pagan worship or some other purpose before Christian era. Some of the walls which has stood about three hundred years, is safe from destruction by fire, or indeed by any means short of an earthquake.

Although these specimens of architecture have been so long the subject of examination, and although the fire of 1835 swept over about sixty acres of the most valuable part of New York, we still build on the plan of Dr. TYNG's Church and of the Assembly Rooms, which in a few hours became a mass of ruins. The principles about our houses which now exposes them to rapid and certain destruction by fire is the presence of lath and plaster throughout their interior, constituting with the brick on the outside, and a complete wooden structure incased in walls of masonry. The succession of wooden chimneys leading from cellar to roof from basement, and of well-devised drafts or passages leading to them between the beams on each floor, constitute a perfect contrivance for the steady and rapid progress of fire, secure from the action of water drawn from without. Architects must know this difficulty full well, but yet either from the eagerness of owners to have cheap structures and large rents, or from the habit of architects to be constantly engaged in the work of rebuilding, no proper remedies are provided, and reliance must probably be placed on Legislative measures to correct the fatal effects of their joint cupidity.

If those who are engaged in the business of insurance were equal to the necessities of their situation, the great fire of 1835 would not have been without some value as a warning against a pernicious mode of building. A few buildings, it is true, have since been constructed which are proof against fire. Among these are the Merchants' Exchange, the offices on the southeast corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, the structure on the broken in Broad Street, and more recently the elegant house of Mr. STEWART in the Fifth Avenue. But take the mass of houses and churches built since 1835, and they all possess the same vice which exposed the city to a fire extending over sixty acres of valuable property. The last fire on occasion occurred before the introduction of the Croton

but it was due to the prevalence of extreme cold and a high wind, which made it difficult to subdue with water a fire which suddenly became extensive among houses favorably constructed for its ravages.

Take any ordinary corner house as an example of this peculiarity of structure. The walls—front, rear, and sides—are of brick, the front faced with stone. This is well enough. Behind the front and rear walls are carried up about a foot back extend from cellar to garret. On these are nailed laths, and all the woodwork of inside shutters and a deep base. The open space, about a foot deep, forms a perfect draft or chimney of wood completely dried. The exterior side on the street is similarly constructed, except that the strips to which laths are nailed are inferior in depth to the ordinary joist, but there is nevertheless an open space extending also from cellar to garret between the plaster on the external side and that on which the openings between the beams are conducted, thus extending the draft or chimney under every portion of the floor. In addition to all this staircases are universally built of wood, with the disadvantage, in case of fire, of a well protected open space between the treads and risers each of laths and plaster, which also constitutes the finish at the back of the stairway. Although many houses have an inside wall above the main hall, yet more generally this and all other or most other partitions are made of joists resting on beams or on each other, covered on each side with lath and plaster, and constituting a further means of conducting the fire rapidly to each floor and to the roof of the building. The wonder is not so much that such structures are completely destroyed—such is the well known phrase—but that they are ever saved from this result if fire ensue.

The interior ornamentation of Dr. Tyng's elegant church consisted mainly of lath and plaster from floor to roof, constructed on an infinity of wood formed to represent solid work, but as ready for the flames as any thing which ingenuity could devise. This building and the Assembly Rooms, in open day, defied the skill and unremitted exertions of firemen. We can scarcely expect that the same and expense devoted by pagans to the Pantheon for the safety of their house of worship, or by the Catholics in the time of Michael Angelo in the construction of St. Peter's, will be adopted in our structures, but we can easily show that a very slight attention to details in building will prevent such complete destruction as that without much expense beyond what is usually borne.

In lieu of the system of joists and lath and plaster for floor, front and rear of outside walls it would cost but little more to construct a brick wall separated a few inches from the front and rear wall, to receive the plaster, and to have nailed to it the wood-work of inside shutters. The plaster would of course be perfectly dry. Houses in the interior of blocks would by this simple precaution be much more healthful, safe, warm, and durable than are the usual structures, and there would be no loss of room. The outside and inside wall would not need to be tied to each other, but an occasional tie of iron or copper sloping downward from the internal to the external wall would convey any drip from the latter away from the interior. Iron ties were supposed necessary, which we are sure it is not. We have closed the open space between these walls at the place where the work for shutters is affixed by a strip of iron, to include vermin from this retreat, which, when joists are used, constitutes the place in which they are secure from attack, and where they safely breed, mice, and cockroaches. If, in addition to this, the interior walls were of brick and the main hall were of solid material, with a solid or stone staircase instead of the second floor, such houses could be inhabited with safety from fire, and with the certainty, at all events, that no extraordinary efforts would be necessary to prevent any but a partial destruction of the building. A cheap class of tenement houses with narrow halls might have flagging in the halls from the ground to the roof, the external wall on every floor, and an iron staircase to give certain means of exit in case of fire. Such an assurance of safety would enable occupants to take measures themselves to put a fire which could generally be done with ease.

The interior of churches must be constructed on a plan wholly different from that which prevails, or their pastors must share in the anguish of the venerable Dr. Tyng, who, at a period of his life when he most required a secure roof for the worship in which he delights to engage, finds that his efforts to this end have been completely frustrated by the sacrifice made to appearances in the church which his congregation erected. Grand arches made of the flimsy material generally used must be dispensed with if we wish to make certain provision against the carelessness of a workman handling fire. Cast stone, such as we import from France, makes an elegant finish for the interior of churches; but an interior wall of brick, constituting with the exterior a double wall, would be less expensive, the interior wall to be plastered and painted. Where columns are necessary, iron may be used with advantage. It would be well also, in important structures, to have iron rafters and iron lath, but perforated tin or galvanized iron may be used instead of wooden lath. In forming the interior arches galvanized iron may be used with benefit and pressed into whatever shape may be required.

So far as concerns houses built for occupation, the legislation of the State is defective in omitting proper provision for security against fire; and we hope to see such laws passed as may enable the present generation to transmit its industry in the shape of houses to its successors, as a substantial contribution to the wealth of the country. A Commission appointed by the Legislature to examine experts would afford the means for accurate and efficient legislation at the next session.

FOREIGN PROSPECTS.

The Austrian Archduke Maximilian still remains in Mexico in his capacity of titular Emperor of that country, and Lord Napoleon has not yet begun to embark his troops for France. Marshal Forey declares in the French Chambers that "the great idea" of the Mexican expedition could not be realized without more French soldiers, and a minister of Napoleon's rises hastily and says that the Marshal speaks for the Emperor. Troops are already spoken for himself. Meanwhile the Juarez Government of Mexico is both nomadic and shadowy, and—to use a droll expression of the prize-ring of which we forget which—seldom puts in an appearance. This country continues placid, and satisfies itself with keeping an eye upon Mexico. Its new war, and sinking at the Captain Boboli statesmanship that would peremptorily order France out of Mexico. Mr. Conway, a trenchant American writer, now living in London, answers this, and by urging that, if we go to war by way of healing our domestic alienations, it will undoubtedly be a way to settle the *Alabama* claims in a hurry. While Mr. Matthew Arnold, an accomplished and brilliant Englishman, does not reassure his countrymen by declaring that Lord Palmerston loves Great Britain behind Europe and the United States in the estimation of the world.

It is very clear that none of the Great Powers wish to go to war. If France would fight for Mexico, she sees the United States, the Monroe Doctrine, three thousand miles of ocean, and a native population, as obstacles and lions in the path. If England would haughtily decline to look at the little Yankee bill for the *Alabama*, she sees Ireland seething with discontent, and a watchful Brance ready to turn all into account. If the United States would insist upon an *Alabama* settlement or a departure from Mexico, she sees her army disbanded and still stretched over a large part of her own domain, and a debt which she can not wisely increase. We believe, therefore, that all these questions will be peacefully adjusted, and are quite sure they would be adjusted much more rapidly were our own position a little more harmonious. England will disregard the little bill. France will be more reticent than ever, when they hear the President and Congress of the United States mutually denouncing and defying each other.

We must not be surprised if the remarkable prestige with which the event of the war invested us is diminished in the view of the world by our political discords. If the Union party had moved steadily and unitedly forward to the full reorganization of the Government the amazement and admiration of the European world would have been indescribable, and the triumph of the American system would have been complete. The foreign Thomas always should have had definitely and finally in the case of the perils after the war. But they were not unforeseen by us, and our doubting critic may be very sure that the same intelligence which enabled us to abolish the war will establish peace. He may remember that he was signally wrong in his calculations of the rebellion, and he will be no less so in his theories of the practicability of adjustment. The force of our system is shown quite as much by its capacity to bear undisturbed the strain of extreme opinions and hot differences as by its rapidity of adaptation to new circumstances. The war was truly effective because it did not end at Bull Run. The peace will be permanent and secure because it will spring from wise deliberation.

THE SUMMER HEALTH.

The spring is here and the cholera is in the West Indies. Up to the last mail steamer there had been eleven hundred deaths from cholera in Guadeloupe. The pestilence had decreased there, but had appeared at Dominica; and as there are reasons to doubt that it will presently appear among us. Meanwhile an efficient Board of Health has been created, and is now organized and at work. We trust that that work may be relentlessly thorough; and that the owners of the tenement houses which are the hot-beds of disease and vice in their city may be rigidly compelled, as the law allows, to cleanse these disgraceful dens.

The usual method of arranging a tenement house in New York is as follows: Upon an ordinary lot of 25 by 100 feet, a front house 25 by 50 is built, and a rear house 25 by 25. There is a court between, 25 by 25 feet, containing hydrant, cess-pool, and privy. The houses are generally five and often six stories in height above the basement. The principal rooms, four upon each floor, occupy the width of the building, with small bedrooms between, one to each main room. Thus in a six-story building there are usually twenty-four families; each averaging five members and often more, as there are generally other lodgers. Each person has thus a little more than ten square feet of ground area, and 480 cubic feet of air space in the living room. In the main room the air space is 817 cubic feet, and in the dormitories 89 feet to each person. This is stated by the careful sanitary report of the Citizens' Association as the average, but from this the crowding far exceeds this. Light and air are well excluded. Garbage and slops of every kind are thrown into the street, tainting the atmosphere of the whole region, while the privies are filthy beyond description. The condition of the wretched people who inhabit these places is unspeakable, and it is among them that cholera runs riot. In the last great visitation of 1832 the great bulk of deaths was in quarters like these, filled with tenement houses. But the pestilence was not confined to them. Cholera in Greenwich or West streets is death in the Fifth Avenue, for when once it has taken hold of a city it is no respecter of persons.

The work before the new Health Board is enormous, but there is every reason to hope that it will be well done. Mr. Schultz, the President, is a gentleman noted for his energy and administrative skill. His medical associates are gentlemen of the highest professional distinction and personal character; and the Police Commission can at once bring their extensive and detailed knowledge of the city to the most efficient use. The responsibility of the new Board is very great. The City and the State will require rich results from them; but whatever a Health Board can do for a city like New York we are very confident this Board will do.

A COPPERHEAD HISS.

The Chicago *Times*, one of the most conspicuous "Democratic" journals in the country, suggests that it is the duty of the President to command the arrest of Messrs. Sumner Stevens, and Phillips, and if Congress does not immediately obey the President, it is also his duty to turn the Senate and House out of the capital at the point of the bayonet.

This is a plain proposition that the President of the United States should arrest, during a Congressional discussion, those members who do not agree with his views. It is not a new thing. A little more than two hundred years ago Charles I., King of England, did exactly what the Chicago *Times* advises the President to do. He went to the House of Commons and ordered the arrest of five members. It was in consequence of this violent assault upon the fundamental rights of Parliament that Mr. Thaddeus Stevens foolishly said, because of the expression of an opinion, that Charles lost his head.

An act which was so intolerable in the English monarchy under the Stuart kings more than two centuries ago that it plunged the kingdom into civil war, is now gravely recommended to an American President by a chief "Democratic" newspaper. Of course we do not assume that the Democratic party responsible for such folly, although Garrett Davis makes a kindred proposition in the Senate of the United States. But it is instructive to observe the spirit of those who are most clamorous that the late rebels shall be at once restored and without conditions.

The Chicago *Times* was a steadfast and unscrupulous supporter of the rebellion; and as Jefferson Davis failed to overthrow the Government, it is naturally very willing to see any body else undertake the work. The spirit which upon the field and the tortures inflicted at Andersonville were constitutional resistance to coercion, thinks the Chicago *Times*; but the expression of opinion that loyal men should administer the Government it holds to be "North-ernrebellion." We greatly misunderstand President Johnson if he does not entirely agree with General Grant's expressed opinion, that such a paper as the Chicago *Times* is one of the chief hindrances of peaceful reorganization of the Union.

GOOD INVESTMENTS

At a time when the price of all kinds of property is declining, and investors are puzzled to know what to do with their money, it may not be out of place to draw attention to two classes of bonds offered for sale, in another column, by the bank of Fisk & Hatch. These are, first, the new Thirty Year Six per cent bonds of the United States Government, issued to aid the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad; and, second, of the Central Pacific Railroad Company's Sevens, interest guaranteed by the State of California. The former are the longest Six per cent. bond yet issued by the General Government; and if, as seems probable, the rate of interest on the public debt be reduced to 4 or 5 per cent. when the Five-Twenties mature, these new Sixes, with the Sixes of 1881, will then command as large a premium as the like security did before the war, when Government bought them up @ 116. It may well be questioned whether, in the event of the continued improvement in the public debt, Government can afford to issue many more such bonds.

The Pacific Railroad Sevens are an equally eligible investment. From the last estimates, it seems pretty certain that the Railroad Company will be able to pay the coupons without difficulty. Should its traffic, however, fall so far below present calculations as to leave a deficit, the State of California is bound to supply the money required to meet the interest on these bonds. The interest on them is payable semi-annually in gold; so that, at the present rate of gold, they are almost a ten per cent. bond, guaranteed by one of the most solvent and honorable States in the Union.

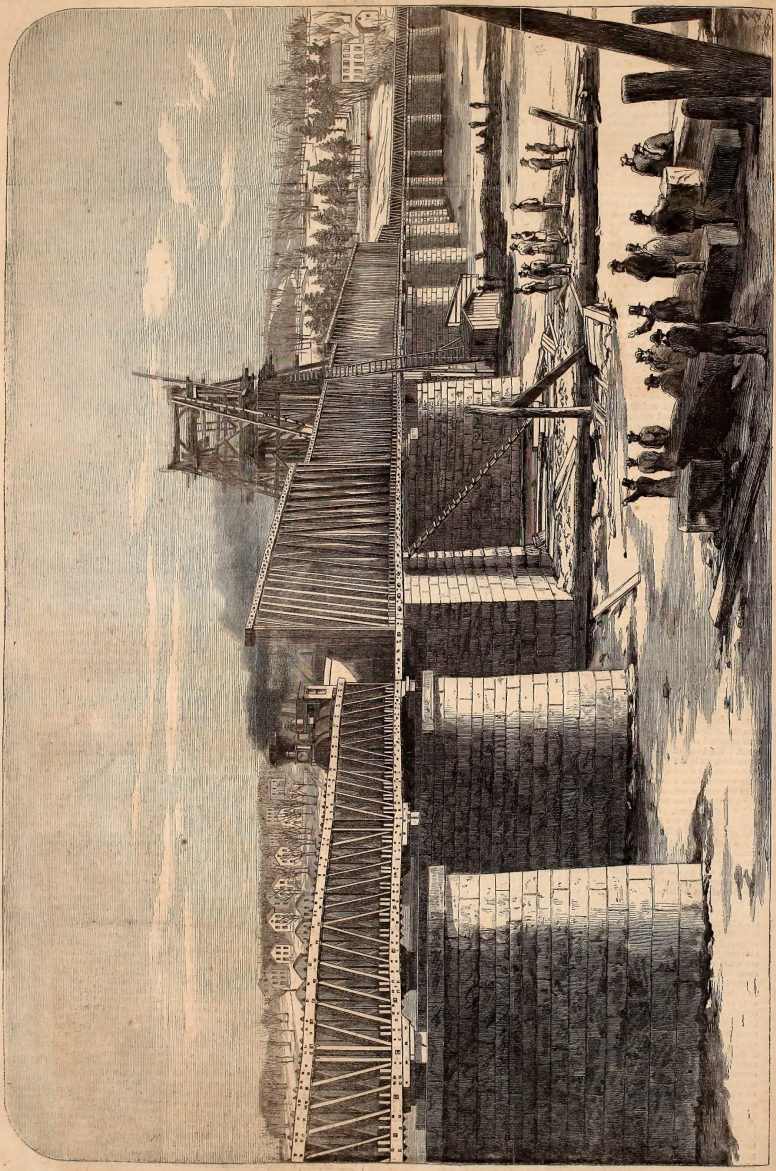
TAKING CARE OF THE HEALTH.

There is an abundance of painstaking on the part of the sick to recover health, but a strange indifference in those who are well to the means of its preservation. We see this contrast strongly marked in relation to consumption, a disease which occasions about one-sixth of all the deaths in the northern portion of this country. In restraining its ravages innumerable more can be done by means of prevention than by those of cure. And yet, partly in the community taken as a whole, but among the intelligent and those who can be deemed decidedly prudent in most matters, very little heed is given to what is said of the causes of this malady for the purpose of escaping them, and this public attention is largely occupied with the delusions of consumption-cures. The same contrast may be seen in regard to other diseases, though in most cases it is not so palpable, because the action of the means of prevention is not so obvious.

Now, what is the manifest failure in loss of health from the endlessly varied causes of disease, the expectation would seem a rational one that there would be, at least with all educated people, more earnest and constant inquiry as to the safeguard against ill-health. Why is it not so? The chief reason probably is, that with the carelessness of vigor and buoyancy of spirits that attend health there is engendered a feeling of absolute security. With this comes in the pressure of present business or gratification. Men are too busy in the pursuit of the objects before them to spare time for the consideration of the laws of health. They pass on, transgressing these laws more or less, till sickness arrests them, and with its impressive lessons compels them reluctantly to attend to the cure of what might have been prevented by reasonable care. Much of this result undoubtedly is the influence of the fact, so commonly observed, that those who write and talk about hygiene are apt to be impracticable visionaries, and their doctrines therefore mostly those who are weak-minded, or are prone to catch up notions and theories, in place of seeking for well-established facts. Such reasoning as is enjoined by some writers and lecturers on health is really so irrational as to degrade the subject, and therefore it is apt to be disregarded by the mind. The true rules for the preservation of health not only commend themselves to reason and common sense, but do not call for such a busy round of appliances as these ultraists recommend, for the human system decidedly prefers to avoid practices of aberration, and will ordinarily keep itself right if it can have fair play. Hygiene is not the cumbersome and repulsive thing that it is so commonly made to be.

It is not merely those who live for the present who are to be censured by what we call fools maxims, that are guilty of sacrificing health by daily inattention to its obvious rules, but very generally those also who live for the good of others and for the eternal future. They are culpably careless in overtaxing their powers, and either out very permaturely or with loss of usefulness to the world unnecessary physical burdens and disquietudes. Hugh Miller is a signal instance. He destroyed his life simply by transgressing the plain hygienic principles which should regulate the use of the brain and nervous system. He had a constitution of singularly great mental labor, with his sturdy frame what a long life of service he might have rendered to his fellowmen! But we are constantly seeing the same thing way to do his duty—for it is in the light of duty that we would put it. There is a real transgression in this neglect to husband properly the physical, mental and physical powers that God has given us. These are talents which we are bound to use in the best manner possible; and if we do not, by improper exercise, wear them out faster than we ought we are accountable for the loss. We do wrong if we tax them to the utmost to-day without regard to their capability of doing the duties of to-morrow. We ought to have an intelligent plan of action which shall take from the accounts of the future to otherwise—to use our powers without due regard to their preservation—as criminal as it would be for a merchant to put a machine to such rapidity of movement as would soon derange it, or even break it down. "It is better to wear out than rust out" is the common proverb used in justification of the error that we have indicated. But surely in excepting an extreme it is not wise to run into the opposite one. The intellectual man has no more right to overtax the brain than the glutton has to overload the stomach.

This subject is most important, and we shall offer some further plain hints upon it.



RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHURCHILL & DICKINSON, ALBANY.—[SEE PAGE 174.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

BY GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



MR. NEELY.

CHAPTER X.

It is late one afternoon, a few weeks after this, that Edward Arthur, seated in his little room there in Mrs. Bowles's front yard, hears the front gate open and shut, and sees through his window Mr. Neely walking toward the house. In that one glance he sees that Mr. Neely is carefully dressed in his very best; sees all that Mr. Neely has come for; knows almost every syllable of all that Mr. Neely is going to say; sees and knows all this with a sudden glow which tingles him from head to heel—a glow followed by as sudden a chill. We must endeavor to excuse the young minister, the fact being that he has lain wide awake all the previous night on account of the bells.

On account of the bells. At nine o'clock exactly the night before, Bill Perkins, the stage-driver, had driven up to the door of the hotel. Long before he could rein in his horses a dozen voices from the crowd, which now awaits his every arrival in the ample porch of the hotel, hails him—"Any news, Bill? What's the news?"

Bill Perkins is aware of his importance, and is silent and even dignified accordingly. No man there so calm as he, though his team is all in a foam, and he an hour earlier than usual on account of the news which burns in his bosom. Their classic reading being extremely limited, the series of stage-drivers of which Bill Perkins is one are not aware of the fact that they strongly resemble the runners in that one of the old Olympic Games in which each one bears a full speed, and transmits in full blaze to the one next beyond him, a lighted torch. During the last hundred hours or so, each driver on the line, catching the news, with the reins and whip, from the one before, has borne it on like a torch indeed, setting aflame with the great and glorious tidings all the country as he drives along. Perhaps it is on account of its being transmitted so far, and from hand to hand so often, that the torch blazes larger and brighter for every mile it is borne over, as with the very rapidity of its transmission.

"The news! What is the news?" says Bill Perkins, at last, very slowly, and with considerable irritation in his manner. "Ask me if there's any news! I guess there *is* news!" And Bill Perkins is thereupon silent, enjoying the dependence of the assembled crowd, and all Somerville behind it, upon his single tongue. Here is the possession of power, and, like all of us, he greatly enjoys it. The moment his news is spoken he vanishes from public attention, and he knows it.

"I tell you what it is, you Jake," he says to the negro hostler, amidst the breathless attention of the crowd, "you'd better have them horses a little cleaner when I come to leave to-morrow than they were last time; better had, or I'll Jake you till your very wool 'll come out o' curl! No, they *ain't* any passengers. What are you unbuckling them straps for? Think I kerry trunks above behind jest for the fun o' the thing? Gentlemen, do shut up till I kin—News? I rather guess there is news! Great battle at Corinth! Glorious victory! Yankees whipped all to smash! Beauregard's taken prisoners all he hasn't killed, an' that's fifty thousand! Battalions, gun-boats, brigades, all kerptured! Sydney Johnson killed, only that's known to be a lie. But get out o' the way, gentlemen, I must drive to the Post-office. Can't you wait till the mail is open and get your papers?"

And having keenly enjoyed his momentary importance, Bill Perkins subsides, as he driver off into private life till the next time.

But the news! It is to the crowd like fire to powder. Such a brightening of faces, such a shaking of hands, such a chorus of yells! People hurry off to their homes to tell it to their waiting families. Men who live in the country can not wait till the mail is opened, but mount their horses, tied hard by, and gallop off at the risk of their necks through the darkness to tell the news at home, then to gallop back again for their papers. Lamum only stops to say, "The bells, boys, the bells! Every bell in Somerville!" and is in the Post-office at his hand in the mail-bag almost before the Postmaster can unlock and draw out the chain through the iron loops thereof.

It is a little strange about Dr. Peel. Up to the arrival of the stage he had been one of the foremost, and certainly the loudest, of the crowd at the hotel awaiting the stage. No man so confident as he was, that "Mark my words, gentlemen, there'll be great news to-night;" consigning his soul most emphatically to perdition if his prophecy is not correct. But Dr. Peel has made many a similar prophecy similarly emphasized before; in fact, he never ceases from prophecies to the same effect all day long and all over Somerville, so that people have come to attach not so much meaning to his words as they used to do. It is strange, that he is not among the foremost in pressing around Bill Perkins when Bill first drives up. Nobody notices him when Bill has first announced the great news, for they would have been surprised at the singular palor of his face as he stands a little back in the shadow cast by the large lamp hanging in front of the hotel from one of the pillars of the porch.

Nobody notices him in the wild excitement of the hour; but he is silent, has ceased to curse and cursing, is suddenly shrunken from his burly prominence,—gone-struck, dumb. It is not for long, however. Ten minutes later, and Dr. Peel's lumbering form and heavy black brow and exclusively Yankee foremost as usual. He can hardly make his voice heard, his own orgasms are ringing at the tavern bell, while Joe Staples, the hotel keeper's little boy, is beating the gong, relieved in turns by such of his companions, specially favored thereby, as are not engaged in firing their revolvers and ringing the church bells.

"Gentlemen," he roars, with stentorian oaths, slapping down a seven-dollar bill upon the bar, as hotel counter as he does so, "there's twenty dollars toward powder to celebrate this glorious news; and there's another twenty dollars more for all who will help me drink success to Beauregard and perdition to the Yankees!"

But there have been more than a dead mere than twenty dollars' worth of powder fired off that night from the two cannon, the four anvils, and the innumerable guns and revolvers of Somerville. As to ten, it was rather many hundreds that went that night across the counters of the taverns there. No cessation of the bells scattering the news meanwhile over all the country for miles around.

All night Lamum is busy in his office reading the papers, writing editorials, answering questions to the crowd pouring through it like a thoroughfare, all flushed and noisy but he. With stooped shoulders, face beaked like a kite, and thin, sharp voice, he is the acknowledged intellect and oracle of the hour, ruling by his very paleness, confidence, and coolness.

There is a tone of asperity even in the manner in which he alludes, from time to time, to the excitement of the hour. "Acting as if you did not *know* who would whip!" he says. No outward sign thereof; but, ah, how keenly he enjoys the hour! Sweeter taste of bliss this man will never know so long as his soul endures.

All night long people came galloping in on horseback from the country. The dispatches are read over and over again at every bar in town; beside the hotel lamp in front of the hotel; by fathers at home in shirt and drawers and the mothers in night-gowns, and the children starting up from cradle and trundle-bed, wondering and crying. All night neighbors are hurrying into each others' houses to talk it all over; and so, from where the news smote, like a stone in the centre of a lake, there at the hotel door, the waves roll and spread until they die off into all the country around miles away. There has been a slight misunderstanding between Captain Simmons and Bob Withers as a grocery, however.

"What I say is, by George, I want to see all the news confirmed first! Suppose it shouldn't be *true*, by George?" is what Bob Withers has remarked over and over again as he holds on to an awning post in front of a flaming bonfire.

"Look here, Bob Withers: *I* tell you, Sir, you mustn't say that; you oughtn't to say that," Captain Simmons has answered, as often as Withers, but only the stiffer in attitude, and the more quarrelsome on that account.

"Confirmed, gentlemen, that's what I say; confirmed is what I want this news to be first. Yes, by George, *confirmed!*" hiccups Bob Withers, regardless of the Captain.

"Any man, such a glorious night as this, who can refuse to believe news, *such* news, is a traitor!" says Captain Simmons, still more fiercely. Unlike poor Bob Withers, the Captain prides himself upon being a gentleman in the genteel sense of the word. Were not his powers highly respectable people, members of the church, specially careful in his training? Hence it is the Captain never dresses except in black, even in summer. As to Bob Withers, the drunker he gets the lower he descends. The drunker Captain Simmons is, only that much higher he ascends. When sober, which is becoming a very rare thing with the Captain, he is but a common sort of person; but as he waxes intoxicated his reminiscences of parents, and church, and Bible-class, and college, and the term he served in the Legislature, and all his past respectability in general, become more and more vivid. It is when at his deepest possible point of drunkenness that the Captain is in bearing and language the very Chesterfield of Somerville. He now stands regarding Bob Withers with lofty indignation.

"Confirmed, gentlemen!" exclaims Bob, still more loudly, more dogged in his insane notion, blinking gravely with owlish eyes upon the crowd, "that's what *I* want, by George!"

"This most disreputable individual is a traitor, gentlemen," says Captain Simmons, slowly and solemnly. "A Yankee at heart, an Abolitionist in disguise. By sainted parents I was carefully instructed never to fight, never even to associate with dreadful scoundrels. This case must be made an exception. He is inebriated. I know, but even his pitiable condition shall be no protection." And the Captain, lifting his cane and advancing upon him, is prevented only by the crowd from inflicting merited chastisement.

But Colonel Ret Roberts is at this juncture dragged out of Lamum's office, after having been called for in vain for the last three hours. Dr. Peel has opened a basket of Champagne, and Colonel Ret Roberts is very drunk by this time, though Dr. Peel and Lamum are not. But zealous friends stand close around the hogshead upon which the Senator totters to catch him when he falls.

Oh, divine gift of eloquence!—given not to one man in multitudes, and not by one man in thousands to whom it is given used but for the basest of purposes. People have heard Colonel Ret Roberts before; no wonder, as the news spreads that he is speaking, all groups break up from hotel, grocery, bonfire, street corner, and hurry toward the spot. In a little while hundreds of excited faces show around him through the half light, half shadow of torch and bonfire as he speaks. The frenzied applause as he stimulates himself to begin drowns even the sounds of scattering shots and the pealings of the church bells, intoxicated with their own clamor.

The bells! As the suggestion had broken from Lamum's lips boys and men had raced off toward every church in Somerville. True, the doors of each church were locked. But what difference did that make? The news, the great news, the glorious news! Sashes were smashed in, doors burst open, the very churches made to take—alas! and not in that way alone during these days—some noisy, rowdiest part in the jubilee. And it is of no use stopping up the access to the bell-ropes afterward. During all these days they hang within open and easy reach to the hand of whosoever chooses to pull.

But the voice of Colonel Ret Roberts rises clear and strong and fascinating above every other sound. Falsehood, fact, fierce invective, anecdote, prophecy, appeal—how smoothly they flow from his lips! No belted earl in Europe has so supreme a contempt for the people as has this South Carolina cavalier; hardly concealed even. He spanks now, as always, not so much to the mob around him, nor for their hearing, as just because he thereby gratifies himself. He speaks as naturally and as necessarily as a river pours its water, or as a mocking-bird sings.

And how they applaud! Men stand there yelling with laughter at his jokes whose dirty business is utterly ruined by what Colonel Ret Roberts and his set have brought to pass. Colonel Juggins has ridden in by this time, summoned through the night and the mud by the tocsin of the bells. How cordially he agreed in the speaker's bitter descriptions of the Abolitionists, not even dissenting at the exciting instant to the horrible oaths with which it is peppered! Colonel Juggins with his plantation swarming with negroes, and so ignorant of the fact that it is just that speaker there before him who, aided by his like, have secured the speedy emancipation of every negro he owns! Abolitionist! For practical abolitionism Wilberforce, Clarkson, Burdett, Beecher, Garrison, Brown, and all the rest, with all their meetings, petitions to Parliament and Congress, speeches, books, papers, pikes, and torches, are, in comparison with Colonel Ret Roberts and his class, but as the jury to the executioner. And not a man in that excited crowd dreams of it!

There is Simpson, the carpenter, listening with both ears, never wincing even when the Colonel culminates his denunciation of the Federal army as being composed of "base mercenaries!" Staples, the hotel keeper, has left his hotel to take care of itself while he can hear Roberts. How he exults in the demoralization of the North, its speedy bankruptcy and ruin, as prophesied by the speaker: so ignorant that, of his three boys turned by the Colonel and his set from thriving citizens into soldiers, one lies at that moment dead at Shiloh, another is to suffer amputation, and consequent death, to-morrow at Corinth, while George, the last but one, is to be returned at the end of the war a drunken loafer until his death. Yes, there stands Staples, his hat left behind in his hurry, his red and enormous crop of hair on head and face full one-fourth of the man it seems, for Staples is but a small man, and was once a tailor; disheveled and bristling under the electric eye of serious news in every fibre, with eyes sparkling through it like those of a ferret, mouth agape, hands extended, how he listens and applauds, and applauds, more of a lunatic than sane to-night!

In the name of God's eternal justice, if Benedict Arnold deserved death for attempting to betray and ruin his country, what do Colonel Ret Roberts and his gang deserve—deserve at the hands of the South, who have so terribly succeeded therein? Let them escape the gallows, unhung as traitors, none the less will they swing forever in the chains of history as the greatest criminals that ever blundered through blood and mire since the days of Cain—criminals whose wickedness was exceeded only by their folly!

"Sheep, sheep, sheep," Mr. Ferguson has been



COLONEL RET ROBERTS MAKES A SPEECH.

murmuring to himself all night; "and herded here and herded there, as sheep always are, by smart dogs," adds Mr. Ferguson to himself, from recollections of his native hills and glens. As to believing in the news of the night, not exactly. Mr. Ferguson disbelieved it in advance when he first heard, that night, the rattle of the approaching stage. He disbelieved it still more strongly when he heard the great noise that was kicked up announcement. Truth is, by this time Mr. Ferguson and Somerville occupy in regard to each other opposite ends of an ever-moving plank, like children playing see-saw. When Somerville goes down in heart up goes the Scotchman, never so cheerful as when his friend and fellow-citizen are gloomiest. To-night Somerville revels in the ascendant over Yankees and universe, but very low in spirits is the Scotchman, indignant all the time at himself for being so, the news being, whatever it is, so absurd! Not that he would even have felt so unmanly a pain in nature; being all a lie, why should he?

There was one satisfaction in it—he would have another flaming sheet to add to his collection. Beginning with the summer of the burnings, he already had a large one. Not a placard posted on the walls of Somerville from the first in relation to the matter, not a notice of thanksgiving for victory, not a sermon upon the war preached by politician or bishop, not a document of the kind had so far come within his reach but he had seized upon and placed it, in its due order, upon file.

If any man tried desperately to sleep that night Mr. Ferguson did, but Mr. Ferguson did not succeed, the bells were too much for him.

As to the Union people in general, you saw few of them in the streets that night. Doctor Warner went to the office for his paper—but that is no rule. Mrs. Warner made him go. She read the paper on his return, sitting up in bed in her night-cap, the Doctor holding the candle, and enduring in his own heart the pain, like his wife, that the Federal defeat of Shiloh ever again. There were others of the Union people who glided swiftly and stealthily into the office, obtained their papers, and stalled them on their return home—gathering far less cause for the pealing bells and the shouts of cannon and bonfires than others found. It is astonishing, it is perfectly amazing, they should find so much to exult in! they said to themselves—each to his own confidence, to each other next day of the people of Somerville; yet they themselves were far, very far, from being so cheerful under the circumstances as, according to their own views of the tidings, they should have been.

In Secession, as in every town on earth, there existed what may be called the wavering one-third. That is, another third was still more decidedly of the conviction that the tidings were wrong, and had nothing but evil to expect in consequence; the remaining third believed in nothing so clearly, inflexibly, and unreasonably as this—that the winning side was the right side. When with Unionists the waverer was a Unionist too, but "Bless me, we must be guarded in our language during such times as these, you know!" When with Secessionists the waverer was, "Nevertheless, somewhat doubtful about the step at first, but now that we *are* in it, of course there is but one course left us; we must all agree in that, I suppose!" And now that this last new idea came, the waverer, when with the Secessionists, shakes hands and congratulates the universal smiling and hand-shaking, gladly lost among the crowd. When thrown in private with his Union friend the waverer shakes his head special to somewhat arches his brows and gives a mournful shrug of his shoulder at the delusion of the religionist. The sympathy of Somerville with such a man as Guy Brooks just now—Scottish pealing with all its cannon in his ears—is very much that of the Frenchman of old with all his hat to the antique statue of Jupiter. "Who knows," said the Gaul, "but he may get his head above some one more?"

When the first stroke of the first bell smote on the ear of Edward Arthur, studying in his room, it struck him—it may be also proper here to say of a Southern born, Southern raised man, but none the less must the truth be told—a cruel blow.

"It is the last desperate effort of the Yankees to subjugate the South," Mrs. Bowles had said, before the tea came, that night at the table. "They obtained a partial and greatly-exaggerated success at Fort Donelson, on account of their gunboats. Our Generals were overpowered, perhaps cowardly, then. The South was slumbering in full belief the war was over; but now that our armies are in front of each other near Corinth you will see a different result. Their gun-boats can not help us there. Our Generals are experienced and brave. The entire South has swarmed to their assistance. I believe in our army! I believe in the success of that of a people struggling to be free from cruel tyranny; I believe in a just God, above all, and I know a glorious victory is near!" said Mrs. Bowles, with glowing cheek. "If it was not that Rutledge Bowles is at the head of his Company in Virginia, soon to be reinforced, here I would only regret he is not at Corinth to share that great victory!"

And now hardly has the pastor seated himself after this in his room before the bells, and the shouts, and the roar of cannon announce that Mrs. Bowles is right. And now he has hear the instant and joyful bustle in the house. He hears Mrs. Bowles hurry the negro Charles down to the office for the papers. He hears Alice and her mother conversing eagerly together as they await his return. He hears Charles return, and hear Alice reading aloud the dispatches to her mother; hears Mrs. Bowles's loud "Oh, thank God! thank God!" mingled with certain weeping. Had it been in regard to any thing else in the world he would have been with them, and one with them.

But as it is? A great gulf yawns between him and the rejoicing town; between him and the very family in which he lives, heretofore one in his thinking; between him and Alice! There is a pause; and then the voice of Alice at the piano rings clear to the song of Dixie, and then of the Bonnie Blue Flag. There is another pause; then Alice plays more slowly, sings more sweetly: it is a Psalm the time—the Forty-sixth Psalm. Edward Arthur well knows why: it was the Psalm sung, he has often heard Mrs. Bowles tell, in the Major's father's family in the Union household, which, back, after the news of the surrender of Cornwallis. All this, and he sitting there in his room separated from all the rest!

Shall he dash away from him every thing, go in the house, congratulate them, and join them in song, rejoice with them—with Alice—with the whole world rejoicing around? He sinks his head upon his hands resting on the table before him, and tries to go over the whole question of Secession from the first. Was Secession a right thing? During these last two years has he, in reading and in conversation, made himself perfectly familiar with every thing that can be said on both sides of the question? Has he brought to the investigation no prejudices or partialities except in favor of the South, in which he has loved all his life, or of which he has never expressed or desires to be as long as he lives. Distrustful of himself, he has ever sought divine guidance in regard to himself and his course. Now he sinks upon his knees, and goes again over the whole subject in the language and feeling of prayer. How ardently he had prayed for Secession, under all the circumstances, to have been a right thing before man and before God! But with all the keen sense of right he had been singing at the instant in his ears, for his life he can not effect the slightest, most momentary acquirement in himself of a sense that Secession was—is a wrong thing. But so many at the South disagree with him here? He can not help it! In his conscience it is a grave wrong. But so many pious Christians, learned and pious ministers have believed in it, have written and preached in its favor, have entered into it as the very cause of right and truth and God himself? They are more learned, more holy than he! Is it unlawful; may it not be, to him Secession was—is wrong, wrong! He may be deluded, may be insane, but to him Secession is as much a wrong as Secession is to him as clearly a crime as ever.

Only a little time ago, he remembers, the whole land, North, South, East, West, thought and felt as he thinks and feels to-night. All were unanimous then, at least that people who believe in Secession being regarded, such a little while ago, and by the whole land, with contempt and disbelief, should have any weight with men. He can remember how that sentiment ran through the speeches of all public men, the leading articles of all public journals, the talk of preachers, the platform addresses on all anniversaries, the very school readers and hymns for Sabbath-school celebrations in every country town. And to-night, like a man in full health suddenly dragged into a hideous dream, he finds himself, as it were, alone in the midst of sentiment, all the world changed as in an instant to believe with all their soul in exactly the reverse. But he has not changed! He is the same man that he could have done so; but he has not, and he can not help it. It was—it is a great crime!

Then all that Mrs. Bowles had said to him yesterday comes into his mind. There is no man in Somerville with whom he has held such sweet and intimate converse. Next to Alice, and as with Mr. Ellis, the member and pillar of his church. He has a friendship for Guy Brooks, and the keen sense of all that is noble in devotion piety of Mr. Ellis. He has often conversed, and very agreeably, with Guy Brooks on church matters; but he has never conversed with Mr. Ellis as has with Mr. Ellis, deep into the night, there by his study fire, or here in his chamber, upon doctrines principles, and the like, unveiling to him in Christian friendship, the closest and sweetest of all on earth, the deepest experiences of his soul. He has often talked with Guy Brooks in prayer in private; but it was Mr. Ellis whose devotional spirit rose with his own to the throne of mercy, in the wrestlings of living faith for the common cause of their hearts. Was there a proof of affection and confidence for which Mr. Ellis had not given? Blameless in life, prudent in speech, sincere in soul, liberal of his means to the last cent, and of his valuable typ pious, Mr. Ellis had been the man of all men he had ever known to whom he had clung closest.

"You know I was a Union man to the very last," his friend had said to him only yesterday.

"We agreed perfectly in sentiment on that point. But the country was in convulsion now. We are both Southern men; have and desire to have no country but the South. Well, the South has established her own government nation from the North. We both opposed the step, but it has been taken, and we are not responsible for it. In the provisions of the Confederacy being a nation, and we the citizens there-of, our duty is clear. You know the maxim: 'My Country, right or wrong!'"

And here Mr. Arthur had cried out against this maxim, and left the subject, and left them where they were before.

"When the North actually declared war upon us"—Mr. Ellis continued, at last—"war upon us, think of that! Actual war, simply for desiring a peaceful separation from them, from all that time my feelings have undergone a complete change. I am glad we did separate from a people capable of taking such a course—such a wicked, diabolical step! Henceforth I have no wish but for the success of our arms, and for the defeat, destruction if need be, of the Northern Government. You have not a warmer friend in the world than I am," adds good Mr. Ellis, raising his paster by the hand, the tears standing in his eyes as he speaks; "from my soul I admire and love you—am your *sincere* friend. Don't mistake in your reasoning. I contend, as ever, for the sake of our friendship, for the sake of Christ's cause—"

If Edward Arthur could only have got his friend then and there to have united with him in prayer, first for wisdom, and then have discussed together the whole thing at the core and centre of it all—Slavery. But he dared not do it. *An Abolitionist!* Horror. Why Mr. Ellis would have—what would he not have said and done?

As if, deep down under all, Mr. Ellis, and every other Christian at the South was not thinking, in various stages of advance, exactly the same thoughts!

Yet it was strange, too. Long after war had been begun Mr. Ellis had little to say upon the subject. Week after week the pastor, Guy Brooks, Mr. Ferguson, and Mr. Ellis, besides other church-members, met for prayer. On every one of these occasions Mr. Ellis had led in prayer, had prayed for peace, had prayed that God's will might be done, but had never once prayed distinctly for the Confederacy, never for the success of arms and the defeat of its foes. As the months rolled on, Mr. Arthur, standing still himself, could perceive a change in his friend. Little by little he would have scouted, and did scout, with horror the idea of his son Henry going to the war. Mr. Ellis's counsel had been to avoid it, to give up his office to Moloch, were his own words often repeated to his pastor. But at last, Henry did go. Mr. Comfort's Rifle was raised changed. Now he began to pray earnestly for the Confederacy, to give freely up to and expend his money to the demands made upon him toward it; to feast upon the papers, believing all they said of success to the Confederate arms; to seek and gain eagerly in all meetings of street conversations; in a word, to outdo many even of the most violent "from-the-start Secessionists."

As the young minister knelt there in his room, with the bells pealing in his ears, he well knew what no man in Somerville was enjoying more than Mr. Ellis in the news. "We must cease looking back, cease reasoning upon the matter," Mr. Ellis had said yesterday, "and simply give way now to our feelings, to our natural and hearty feelings, as citizens of a nation invaded by a hateful foe."

"But was not Secession a wrong thing?" Mr. Arthur had asked.

"Well, yes, in a certain sense it was," Mr. Ellis had replied.

"And is not this a war, on the part of the North, but an energetic attempt to put down a wrong thing? Is it not, this war, a desperate attempt on the part of the South to establish a right wrong? Have not our hope for the blessing of God, Mr. Ellis, on any effort to establish any wrong? Dare you deliberately pray to God to give success to a wrong?" said the minister.

"All this is mere morbid fancy, Mr. Arthur. Fight? yes, it is the duty of every man in the South to fight. I have sent Henry! I tell you, Sir," continued Mr. Ellis, a fire gleaming in his eyes while he spoke, "I have been there a few months ago, "if there are any among us who are unwilling to go and fight for the Confederacy I would have them torn by force from their homes and made to go; if they are of no other use than to pray, they can pray make breast-works there for those who *do* love their country."

Mr. Arthur had never been calmer in his life than when he replied, rising as he spoke: "Mr. Ellis, we once thought and felt exactly alike in this matter. We can not do so now. Until this hour exactly where I have always stood—must always stand. Wrong is of the Devil. Right is of God. Any cause against my country, and a Right is eternally a Right. He who fights for the Wrong and against the Right fights for the Devil and against God. I will lift up my right arm wither from its socket before I strike a blow for the one and against the other!"

Only because he was a man of the vague, undefined, instinctive apprehension of a deeper, more desperately wrong thing than that, *under* that, and of which that was but the second and deadly root, Secession had naturally sprung?

Yes, Edward Arthur—the bells pealing in his ears—could see the error of that to which they had gone over and over and over again so often during the weary months past. Has not the South pleaded that it was in its very nature to be and most desperate men in it? he asked himself. Many a Mr. Ellis drawn into it now: perhaps many a better man than he. Has not the South had at the outset—but that its leaders are men who occupied, two years ago, a position in the esteem of the country, the reverse of that to which they have now risen who can deny? And, suppose Secession successful, what is that but the certain remaining apart, for all time to come, of the South, of States held together by so fragile a tie? Will not Secession be ever before the mind as the easy remedy for any dissension among States? And what is my country, my nation, then? Will not Secession, in such a Confederacy toward nations abroad? What permanency in such a loosely-bound nation for the building of any thing—for the founding of great institutions? What hope for the peaceful spread of civilization and the Gospel in a region perpetually in danger, at best, of crumbling into fragments? Shall I desire and pray that the South may succeed in this effort to make itself another South America of wrangling and warring provinces?

And suppose the Confederacy successful as against the Northern does not the one existing cause—Slavery—still exist? With such a line of frontier, with such hostility to Slavery North, with such jealousies and rivalries, could a peace between two such nations last six months? That, Slavery! Old, and stale, and hackneyed reasoning, perhaps now; but to Edward Arthur that night they were living things with which he wrestled as for his life!

It is an awful contest with long conflict that, on this afternoon after the night of bells, Edward Arthur sees Mr. Neely enter the house of Mrs. Bowles, and in a little visit to Alice, and especially to the daughter.

Just a word or two in regard to Mr. Neely, while he waits on the front porch for Charles to answer his knock. A tall man is Mr. Neely, with fair hair and florid face. When he first came South Mr. Neely had always replied, "Kentucky," when asked where he was from. Because having made an extensive tour of that State before settling in Somerville, he was from Kentucky. But his fair and rosy face was against him; he had always to acknowledge, at last, that shameful and painful fact of having been originally from New Hampshire; in fact, hard to say, "born there." Mr. Neely's body is one of perpetual motion—hands, eyes, feet, tongue—it was only because it was an instrument thoroughly adapted to the purpose of restless motion.

One definite purpose Mr. Neely had in life—to succeed. That is, to obtain as much position and property as he could, in the shortest time, and from being singular. Starting from New England with just one hundred dollars in gold, a good suit of clothes, an old-fashioned watch, once belonging to his father and his father's father, a pleasant person, a ready wit, he had gone into the South as a peddler. Success was it was the first thing that turned up. But it had occurred to him as a thing still better to study a law, and soon after the close of hostilities as a means of support—glorious Daniel Webster before him in that—while he masters enough legal knowledge to practice. Then he would look out an unprincipled man; Mr. Neely would not do a dishonest deed for the world—an undoubted, by undoubted, dishonest thing. Success—but Mr. Neely, all this apart, is resolved to succeed.

Now it is not in New Hampshire that Mr. Neely is expecting to succeed, but in Somerville and the South. Therefore Mr. Neely must adapt himself to Somerville. Mr. Neely has a way that "Hadn't oughter" grates upon the ears of Somerville, and never again does that expression pass his lips. Mr. Neely knows that the calling any one to an account for a thing is vastly better expressed by "obliging" calling them to order for it, but he would prefer death to such language. Mr. Neely often speaks of "throwing a rock," but of such a thing as "throwing" he has never read or heard in the Bible. Cheerfully does Mr. Neely's memory change "evening" for "night," and as freely does he give up "chores" for "jobs" and all other forms of speech unadapted to his new meridian. There now lingers not even the knowledge of one in Somerville, but that the native of Northern New Hampshire and in the old church there, and so unknown in Somerville—why, Mr. Neely has long since ceased even to wonder at it in himself, on principle. "Identify myself with the South" is Mr. Neely's one, plain path; and the only question is, what and wherein is that line, great and small, is simply, which is the Northern, which the Southern side of this matter? Somerville says by this, by that, and makes the Northern and clings to the Southern Pole of the question by a second nature which has become as Southern.

In a word, Somerville contains many hundred Southern-born individuals, but Mr. Neely is the most intensely Southern person in that town, in comparison with the born Southerners, we mean. There are a plenty of other men there —Lamunion, and Mr. Johnson—who feared that he had an argument with some one in which he was defeated. We all remember how many of our generals were making in this defeated condition: "At least, Sir, it was I myself, at last, who furnished my imaginary opponent with all the ammunition with which he defeated me!" The North may flatter itself or bewail itself on the fact as it please, but a goodly number—and the desperation of Southern resistance was owing to muskets and pens in Northern hands under the flag of the Confederacy—New England and New England resolve where raged the battle fiercest in council or in field.

"Mr. Neely is a native of South Carolina, Sir," Dr. Peel had one day replied to Mr. Neely. Dr. Peel was a dark, superb-looking man, almost dazzling in his head-bearing and his words were spoken with his black eye full upon Mr.

Neely, and in tones, to Mr. Neely's ear, so distinct and frigid: "I am a prince of the blood, Sir," would scarce have sounded nobler. Ah, how mean New Hampshire, and how plebeian Mr. Neely to himself, in comparison!

By no one was Mrs. Bowles congratulated, that day after the bells, in her parlor, more cordially than by Mr. Neely. No one had a brighter smile or a more hearty grasp of the hand on the occasion. If there was any defect in Mr. Neely's mind that he was too glad, he never took. But this one thing, brought with him from his bracing mountains, Mr. Neely could not unlearn: this one Southern thing he had not unlearned—to be still. Not that Southerners are not demonstrative enough, but then they are quiet within; and this Mr. Neely could not be.

"A most wonderful victory, Madam," said Mr. Neely, rubbing his hands; "the complete rout of Secession. You will perceive, in my dispatch, Beauregard remarked on the spot that it was a more complete thing than Manassas even. I rejoice sincerely in it."

And no doubt Mr. Neely did. He opened his school with prayer every morning, and never had had Secession in more than a mental petition therein for the victory of the South, and for "the speedy and total defeat of our cruel and implacable foes." Of late he had got into the custom of making little addresses to his school, descriptive of the wickedness of the North and of the glorious and successful revolution which the South was embarked in. As to giving the boys a bulletin of the good news of last night, he would certainly have done that if there had only come to school that morning, which, however, they did not do, having voted themselves a holiday already, and altogether irrespective of Mr. Neely—the fact being that Mr. Neely was the most thoroughly unpopular individual in the school. "Old Neely?" any boy would indignantly exclaim on being remonstrated with on some special act of impertinence to his teacher, "why, old Neely is a *Yankee!*"

Yes, it was hard, very hard! No man could have been an earlier Secessionist or a more consistent Secessionist than the schoolmaster. His whole language had from the outset been of unwavering and unmitigated hostility to the North. Other men would venture to make exceptions in favor of "some, at least, it is to be hoped—some, however few," to the North; Mr. Neely would not in conscience make any such exceptions. In teaching his boys History he constantly kept up the striking parallel in their minds between the Revolution of '76 and that in which the South was now engaged. He required compositions from every pupil old enough to write them upon the topic of the day, and applauded most highly those in which the Yankees were most terribly assailed. "There is no Tyrant of the Roman Empire, and Lincoln is the Tyrant of America," "Only Powder and Steel can cure the evils of its Fluency," "Jefferson Davis is the Washington of our New Nation," and the like, were the copies set by him for his pupils. Nor did he once highly praise anything he had appeared in the Somerville *Star* signed N., which Mr. Neely had never denied as being from his pen. In fine, if Mr. Neely had been to undone in proof of his sincere devotion to the cause of Secession it is impossible to imagine what that thing was. When he arrived in Somerville he possessed a Daguerreotype of his father. A large man and a very good-looking one, and an honest, fatherly, clear-countenanced old patriarch the elder Mr. Neely seemed to be therefrom. But this he recorded here had been deliberately broke to stoms and stamped, in his own words, "to flinders" beneath his heel that likeness of the chief fetyron of the world. It may be added that of this he afterward boasted with all phrases suitable to such a deed? Artistically considered this could not to be recommended on account of its improbability, yet was it simple fact.

And yet? True as it is of the teacher it is equally so of all other Northern-born Secessionists—they never were thoroughly trusted and believed in as they really "sound."

"It isn't nature," Mrs. Juggins was continually remarking to husband and visitors, "for any body to turn so agin their own people as he needn't tell me what good Secessionists that Lamun an' Neely an' the rest are, I don't believe a bit more than myself. And there's Mary Barker," adds Mrs. Juggins, after a long pause, approaching the subject with reluctance. "Oh, I know how true and how much to be trusted she—somehow—yes. Ah, well, don't it 'pear to you Brother Barker is too feverish like, kind o' over-fond?" Mrs. Juggins looking up inquiringly and inquiringly in the eyes as she knits.

And this was the universal feeling whether expressed or not. The more violent Secessionists Northern men were, only that much the more did people murmur, "Only put on: you'll see one day if I isn't!" In matters not political and consistent in his course Lamum, for instance, was; though mortal could say no more against his faith and for the South than he, though he harped perpetually on the infamy and the merited haiter of "the traitors among us," at last grew were only suspicious—"I wouldn't *all* of them!"—to the greatest degree. Had any one of them been detected in the worst practices of the incendiary and Abolitionist, the universal chorus would have broken forth, "A Yankee! I always knew it!"

Mrs. Bowles was pleased to see Mr. Neely, however, and conversed eagerly with him on the glorious news—an unconscious condescension running through all her manner, as of a South Carolina lady conversing with a New Englander —a condescension not more assuming to her part than taken for granted on his. To do female born and living at the North would or could Mr. Neely have been so obsequious, so defer-ntial. It is an unpleasant thing to write, but it is a fact.

But in all Mr. Neely's conversation, though he studiedly limself mainly to Mrs. Bowles, it was with chief reference to Miss Alice that he spoke. The truth is, the man really admired and loved the beautiful and queenly girl as he never loved or admired a woman before. There was a majesty in her erect bearing, a dignity inherited from her stately old father the Major, in her reserve, a serene soul in her full and steady eye, which was more to him even than her glowing cheek and curling lip. He had never seen such a thing in America, but it was the old story of plebeian and aristocrat, squire of low degree aspiring to the hand of dame. Marriage in South Carolinian! It was next to being born there!

"And it must be a great gratification to you, Miss Alice," he said, at last, "that the flag you presented that day to the regiment was in the fight." And Mr. Neely looked back complacently to the day of its presentation, Alice standing on the platform with the colors in her hand, saying a few thrilling words, and receiving a cheer and look and attitude than with tongue, a goddess to him from that moment henceforth and forever. For the moment Alice had entirely forgot both herself and her flag, and there was a sort of "heroine of '76" over again. But, under all this cry of "Our Country!" "Our Glorious Confederacy!" "Our gallant Army!" "Our despicable foes!" there steadily ran this fact, we are fighting for our homes. Ugly enough word for Southern ears—slavery! No, not a *thought*, an unpleasant but unfleshed consciousness thereof.

"Yes," said Alice; "I am glad more anxious to know the fate of the men that received it, just now, than any thing else." Whereupon Mr. Neely slightly turned his conversation upon their bravery, mingled with reasonings to show why he did not think, at least sincerely hoped, they had not suffered much in the contest. "And you have not heard, you tell me, from Lamun, Captain Lamun, Miss Bowles?" he said at last, turning to Mrs. Bowles.

"Only that he is at the head of his company in Virginia," said Mrs. Bowles.

"I suppose we shall be compelled to inflict another Manassas upon them there. Perhaps the more defeat of the kind may satisfy them," said Mr. Neely.

"Rutledge Bowles was then in Charleston," said Mrs. Bowles, with a sudden pallor. He assures me in his last letter that he will be in the next battle, orders or no orders, wherever he thinks it likely to be fought. I suppose he and many of the youth of South Carolina can not feel as satisfied with Mr. Davis and his arrangements as could be wished. There is a little hard that South Carolina should be second to Mississipi, taking the lead in the revolution the more by many than Sumter Sate did. It is only for the present, however."

Thereupon Mr. Neely entered upon a glowing eulogy of South Carolina, which resulted, too, in the midst of which the bell rang for supper.

"Really, I had completely forgotten myself," he said, as he rose in a manner than when he first came, and with perhaps somewhat more of hesitation and of apology for possible intrusion of self-consciousness. "I have been so interested—"

"You will excuse me, Mr. Arthur," said Mrs. Bowles, when the door had closed upon the table, "but you are really looking as if you had just risen from a severe illness. It was a fact; the poor newspaper boy, Edward, Arthur had suddenly strong at the moment with the rosy and happy countenance of Mr. Neely by his side.

"Yes, Madam," he replied, gravely; "it was the reply of that gentleman as he endeavored to assume a more cheerful manner.

"Why, as to that, you have slept last night," said the schoolmaster. "Glorious news! Was it not, Mr. Arthur?"

"Oh, the infatuation, the pressing the almost hourly temptation to lying those days! What is the use of talking about dissembling, evading, putting off of telling the truth, and all? Had Sarah is Satan, God is God, a lie is a lie! And the lying, downright lying, on the part of the British people at the time, and ever since, on the at least—was one of the most terrible demoralizations of the times. If ever necessity, the fear of consequences, the unparalleled excitement of a case, justified people in this, of course they were completely justified. But can any thing make a wrong be right? Better, surely, a thousand man that he *must* sin? Alice was cutting cake at the moment, but how keenly she was on the alert for Mr. Arthur's reply, though she raised not her eyes.

"Has any confirmation of it as yet arrived, Mr. Neely?" asked Mrs. Bowles, anxiously.

"Confirmation? It needs no confirmation!" exclaimed astonished Mr. Neely. "The victory is one we already know to be glorious. Victory over the armies joined. The only question was one of place and day."

"You must pardon me if I seem to cast a gloom on the matter, but I frankly confess that my dominant feeling since the news came is one of sorrow," said the minister.

"Sorrow, Mr. Arthur!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowles and Mr. Neely in the same breath.

"At the awful destruction of human life," said the minister, and Alice breathed again. "You know my profession has habituated me to look on things in that light. Pardon me; but to think of a civil war in our country, not in France or Italy, but actually in America! A battle on our soil, with all its hideous carnage! I say nothing about souls hurried by thousands, unprepared many of them, into eternity. Again, pardon me, but you must blame my profession."

And thus Mr. Arthur told part of the truth; but did he tell really the truth in telling only a part?

But not for nothing had Mr. Neely been born in New England. "Why, Mr. Barker is of your profession, and I saw him last night listening to Colonel Ret Roberts, and I really believe he was the happiest man there!"

Mr. Neely was right. Brother Barker was there, and was as happy, to say the least, as any man on the ground. So happy, that in drinking down the Colonel's speech he had not time on the instant even to object mentally to the immoderate oaths, and to its blood-thirsty atrocities. Yes, on that night Barker, as he applauded every sentiment with both of his long hands more emphatically than ever. Whatever Secession had arrested at once the regular annual income of every Bible Society, Tract institution, Missionary Board—domestic and foreign—as well as every other Benevolent Association in the land; what though it was pouring over the land, through the agency of innumerable hands of Colporteurs, Agents, and Society such a torrent of Profanity, Sabbath Desecration, Intemperance, and all kindred evils as the most godless-minded and never dared even to fear: what though ministers were starving at their ministry, or driven from it into other pursuits, churches were being split into fragments and dissolved, all religious worship being comparatively abandoned save in the political sermons and proclamation prayers: members of churches and even ministers backsliding and apostatizing by multitudes; what though the minds of nearly all men were being hardened a thousandfold more in irreligion; even the coming generation blasted in advance by the utter destruction, and the inevitable corruption, mind and heart, by the times, of the very children. What though the cause thereof, avowedly, was the Devil's Church on earth —that of the Gospel—was perishing beneath the deadly influences of war in the land—civil war —yet on that night Brother Barker, minister, clergyman, and heretofore among all beneath Colonel Ret Roberts in eloquence that night.

Ah, if Brother Barker had been the only minister of the sort! It was indeed the hour of the Saviour's crucifixion afresh. Never speak of the soldiers gambling at his feet, regardless of his fellow blood, nor of the taunting multitude, nor of the darkness that covered the earth, nor the quivering beneath, next to the hiding of the Father's face, the darkest, bitterest thing was that, even of Christ's dying hour, that many may come to be reading: "They all forsook him, and fled." We speak not of you who clung all the closer to your Saviour, who continued to the end the ringing spirit of the world, with strong crying to God during all that hour of darkness. You who, humbly with God, were with Him, or as bearing with the South then, kept most heartily of all to Christ—one with each other at least in that—alas that, through you, your number seemed so small in those days of Satan's hour, and the Power of Darkness!

"For my part I do not wonder Mr. Barker should rejoice," said Mr. Neely, after having waited in vain for the minister's reply. "With him, I believe, the cause of the North to become thoroughly infidel. This is a religious war—a war for Scripture doctrine in regard to Slavery against Anti-Scripture, and all the other infidel isms of the North. Mr. Barker rejoices in the defeat of the North as in the defeat of irreligion itself—do I not, Sir?"

"Mr. Neely," said Alice at this juncture, "have been about England and old Scotland—all Protestant England?"

"I do not exactly understand your question, Miss Alice," said Mr. Neely, intensely on the alert.

"I mean, only for argument sake, you know," said Alice, "that the Protestant Europe were to put this question with the North or with the South?"

"Really, I am not sure," began Mr. Neely. But he saw that Alice knew, as well as he himself knew, the facts of the case. "With the North, I believe," he added, under the stress of his clear and queenly eye.

"And are they all infidel?" began Alice.

"I tell you what I frankly think; I mean I shall frankly tell you what I really and truly believe, and that is, that almost the whole Christian Church is becoming infidel, Jacobinical. By Abolitionizing and Secessionizing the old French notions of freedom and equality."

"I think I know what Jacobin means," said Alice, her pale cheek tinged with inquiry upon him.

"In this strife, Miss Alice, between Jacobinism, then, and Conservatism, between infidelity and the Gospel, as I say, I do believe that there is only one spot on the globe in which the pure and genuine Gospel lingers, and that is in the South. I am not one of those who call Africa, Africa—is to be found in South Carolina. I myself was born at the North," continued Mr. Neely, with emphasis, "but I am not one," as if to say such a thing, I would give millions to have been born, of all the world, in South Carolina."

Yes, Mr. Neely actually said just that!

Mrs. Bowles cordially approved the sentiment, and assured Mr. Neely how highly she felt honored. Alice never raised her eyes from her plate.

"Therefore," said Mr. Neely, after some further conversation, "if I, a Northern man, rejoice so in the success of Southern arms, I am sure you must, Mr. Arthur."

"It is impossible for me not to rejoice in whatever may be for the interest and real welfare and prosperity of the South, Mr. Neely," replied the other. "I have every inducement, and it would be unnatural and simply impossible that I should feel otherwise."

And yet, somehow, his reply did not satisfy Mrs. Bowles.

"I am perfectly ignorant of military matters," said Alice at last, "but I do not understand what is meant when the dispatch says that Beauregard fell back from Shiloh some twenty miles to Corinth. I am confident of the gallantry of our soldiers; but why fall back?"

Thereupon Mr. Neely hastened to explain matters, showing that it was a kind of military strategy almost invariably adopted by victorious armies. Alice listened, but replied not.

"Oh, you haven't mind Alice, Mr. Neely," said Mrs. Bowles, at length. "She is a willful girl, and she has an independent habit of her own. She is always endeavoring to form her own conclusions on every subject. When she once gets a notion in her head it is impossible to reason with her. She reads more or more and more of her father, Major Bowles. But, Alice, do let us have some music. We are not tired of Dixie yet—at least not a few of us for the South!—or the Bonnie Blue Flag—any thing."

"What do you say to Yankee Doodle, or Hail Columbia, or the Star-spangled Banner, Mr. Neely?" said Alice, looking back upon that gentleman, with her hands upon the keys of the instrument.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

OF THE FASHIONABLE COLORED HAIR.—"Dear me," said Mr. Guy, "why nowadays all the young gals is light-headed."

A NEW NAME FOR A SEAMSTRESS.—Miss *Sew and Sew*.

"How fast wicked men can go on in their sins!" exclaimed a good but unenlightened old lady; "it only takes ten minutes to light a fire."

Conceited people are always happy; they do so enjoy *themselves*.

A lady, complaining how rapidly time stole away, said, "Alas! I am 30 years thirty." "Do you?" said Mr. Haines, for you will get further from that frightful epoch every day."

Why are the English people like the ox of roasting?—Because they are a very-hoary-nation.

When is it useless to try to borrow a book?—When it is *Lent*.

The following story is told of a father of the church, of an ecclesiastical character, who was called to the use of the rod in inculcating up children. The doctor took the instrument, and the chief operator was a young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not high. He mistakenly thinking that he often do learn to distinguish by unjust punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case, the boy's mother, in a hurry, called out, "Stop, stop, you are so telling the truth." "Well," retorted the doctor, "it's turned you'd do, didn't it?"

"Good blood will show itself," as the old lady said when she was struck with the redness of her nose.

"Mother, what's in the pot?" "A pig's head and tatoes, dear." "Mother, I wish you'd tell Mrs. Smith that she got pepping in the pot, when she saw one of the turnips in the pig's mouth." "Mother, mother!" she cried. "What's the matter?" "Oh, nothing, if you don't come quick the pig will eat all the turnips!"

Artemus Ward tells a good story concerning the professor of the fine art of horse as he took Lord Dundreary: "An aged Mormon arose and went out with his sewing-for wives, and having said he was going to set and sew, he play where a man made such a cussed fool over one wife."

Why is John Bigger's boy larger than his father?—Because he is little Bigger.

MILK AND WATER.—A lad, on delivering his milk in the morning ago to a neighboring lady, was asked why the milk was so warm. "I don't know," he replied, with much simplicity, "unless they put warm water into it instead of cold."

John Randolph met an enemy on the street one day, who refused to give him the wall, which, as a lady, he never turned out for a rascal. "I do," said Randolph, stepping aside and politely raising his hat; "pass on, Sir."

To what tribe do Scotch Jews belong?—Mac-Abees.

A letter was mailed in one of our post-offices the other day that had no postage stamp on it, but in place of it a stamp had the following written on one corner of the envelope: "My Postmaster, will charge no postage on this; the stamp wouldn't stick, so I tore the thing up."

Why did Adam when close did the day very long?—Because it was always morning without Eve.

"I am glad this coffee don't owe me any thing," said a book-keeper to his wife the other morning at breakfast. "Why so?" was the response. "Because I don't believe it would ever pay."

"Hallos, Bridget! what o'clock is it, and where's the chicken-pie?" "It's *eight, Sir*."

An exchange gives reasons for not publishing a poetic effusion as follows: "It is the rhythm of the pumpkins rolling over a barn floor, while some lines appear to have been measured with a yard-stick, and others with a ten-foot pole."

"The next time I catch you alone, Tom Wilkins, I'll give you a good thrashing!" was the angry bully of the play-ground to a mild-looking boy. "Well," quietly and significantly replied Tom, "if I don't often ought alone, as I generally have my fast and fate with me."

WOMAN'S MIRROR—Sub-mission.

A coquette is said to be a perfect incarnation of Cupid, as she keeps her bean in a quiver.

THE CHILI QUESTION.—"How's your cold?"

It has been discovered that Othello held a legal as well as a military appointment in Venice. He was a Gen-eral.

What is the worst seat a man can sit on?—Self-conceit.

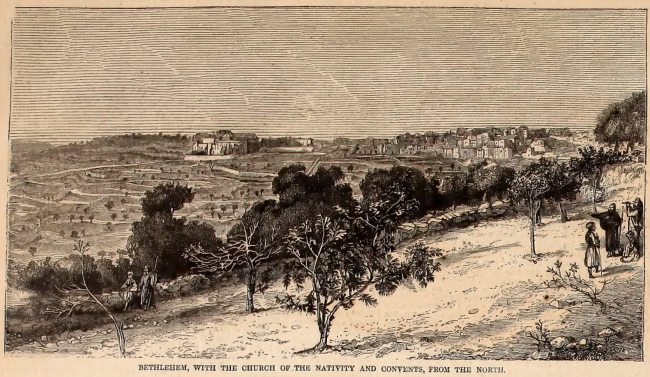
A warning needed at all fashionable assemblages—Look out for the pairs!

NEW ARICH.—A charm in the bank in worth two in the bush.

"Tity," said a mother to her daughter, who had seen but five summers, "what should you do without your mother?" "I should put on every day just such a dress as I wanted," was the prompt reply.

"Can you see any thing in my eye—it feels very sore?" asked a lazy, good-for-nothing student of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"I can see a very bad pupil," was the reply of the Professor, who never likes to be fussy when he has his professional garments on.



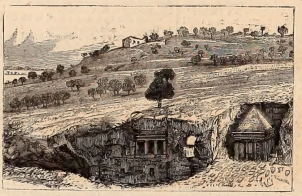
BETHLEHEM, WITH THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY AND CONVENTS, FROM THE NORTH.



HOLY SEPUL

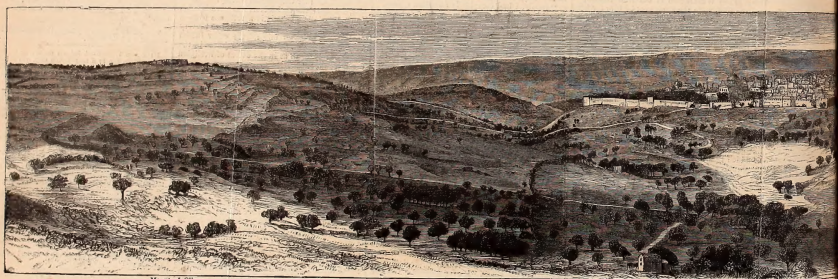


NORTH BAY, DEAD SEA.



TOMBS IN THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.





Mount of Olives. Herodion, above Bethlehem. Mount of Corruption. Gethsemane. East Wall and Golden Gate. Mount Moriah, Valley of Kidron, and o

JERUSALEM—"BEAUTIFUL FOR SITUATION, THE JOY OF THE WHOLE EARTH, M



Mosques of Omar and El Aksa. Hill of Evil Counsel. Mount Zion. Sekhrah, or Dome of the Rock, and Platform. Old Tower at Jaffa Gate. Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

JERUSALEM FROM THE GOLDEN GATE, SHOWING THE TEMPLE AREA IN THE FOR



SALEM.





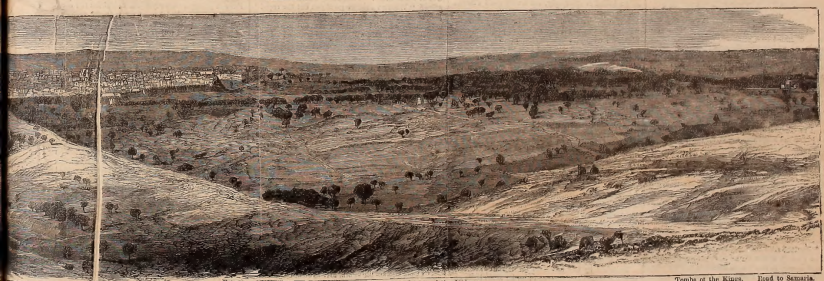
NAZARETH, FROM THE EAST.



TIBERIAS.



THE JORDAN.



Tombs of the Kings. Road to Samaria.

Upper Valley and Tombs of the Kedron.

Hills south of Plain of Rephaim.

North Wall and Bezetha.

Citadel.

"MOUNT ZION, ON THE SIDES OF THE NORTH, THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING."



Church of St. Anne. St. Stephen's Gate.

Herod's Gate.

Governor's House.

GOD, WITH THE MOSQUES AND MINARETS IN THE HOLY PLACE.—[See Page 170.]

VIEWS OF THE HOLY LAND.

THE views of Jerusalem and of other places intimately associated in our minds with the life of our Saviour presented on pages 168 and 169 are new and interesting. We shall briefly notice the several topics of interest connected with our illustrations.

OF JERUSALEM we give two separate views. How different the Jerusalem of to-day from the City of the Great King in the days of HEROD and PILATE! Within the walls—if we except perhaps the Temple area, that one grand spot of surpassing interest—Jerusalem there is not a street which either the Saviour or his apostles ever trod. The present narrow, if even they follow the old lines, are above the rubbish which "many a fathom deep" covers the ancient causeway. There is not one house standing of that which we can feel certain that our Lord ever gazed, unless it be the old tower at the Jaffa Gate. Only the heavens above and the hills around remain the same. The site of the old Temple was never open to any but Moslems until after the Crimean War. No remains of the old Temple exist above ground. Every atom of its dust, as far as we can discover, has been swept away. Literally not one stone has been left upon another. Its form, however, can be determined with almost perfect accuracy. The huge old cisterns which supplied the Temple with water still remain.

Upon this area JESUS CHRIST taught and wrought miracles. This is the Thermopylæ of the universe. The dust of which man is made alone remains and covers all. Not an object meets the eye on which kings and prophets with JESUS and his apostles gazed except the Mount of Olives and the Holy City.

Yet is not the whole holy feet have trod the steps of that old passage; and His lips may have drunk from the water that "ran by the tabernacle" of old.

Outside of the walls the Valley of Kidron separates Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives. This is also known as the Valley of Jehoshaphat. It is a deep valley curving in from the west to the Valley of Hinnom, or Tophet. Perhaps there is no place on earth where so many thoughts of human agony and misery suggest themselves as among the rocky sepulchres of this valley. The horrible Moloch fires which continued many an agonized child-cry blazed among these stones. It was on the opposite side, on the Hill of Corruption, that SOLOMON set up his shrine in the very sight of the Temple. In this valley is the Aceldama, or "Field of Blood," where, into a excavated pit, now fairly overgrown, were cast, and laid there under a sprinkling of dirt to suffer corruption. It has been closed for a century, but will ever be associated with the dark deeds to render the valley of Hinnom was made the type of hell!

The village of BETHANY, once the home of MARY and MARTHA, and the place where CHRIST raised LAZARUS from the dead, consists now of brown mud hovels. It is the squalid abode of confusion, dogs, and poverty.

Of all the places associated with Scripture history Bethlehem is, on the whole, the most picturesque. The three convents attached to the Church of the Nativity, which crown the summit and the ridge on which the village is built, make an impressive and dignified look of an old medieval fortress. The terraces, which, like gigantic stairs, descend to the lower valleys and the small alluvial plains where corn-fields, have a fine bold sweep, and are rich in olives and fruit trees, the shade and verdure of which relieve the eye from the dazzling glare of white limestone rocks and soil.

Although JESUS was born in Bethlehem, the Holy Family, immediately after the presentation in the temple, or forty days after the birth of the child, removed to NAZARETH. It was here, probably, that the visit of the Magi was made, and not, as is generally supposed, in Bethlehem.

Nazareth, like Bethlehem was the home of CHRIST in his boyhood. Here he labored at his humble trade for many years. Here in this town—among these hills—JESUS was brought up as a child, and here he met his Mate and loving mother, "full of grace;" here as a boy he grew in wisdom and in stature; here for many years he labored as a man at his daily bread; here he lived as an acquaintance, neighbor, and friend. For years he gazed on this landscape, and walked along these mountain paths, and worshiped God among these solitudes.

The Church of the HOLY SEPULCHRE, in which CHRIST is said to have been buried for a time, including under one roof many chapels, in which different "communions" worship. The Holy Sepulchre is not what many people suppose it to be. It is not a cave, or a hole in a rude rock; but a small marble chapel, which rises up from the flat stone floor.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

IT is now more than twenty years since Greenwood Cemetery was opened for the purposes of interment. It is now the largest and most beautiful burial-place on the continent. A multitude of beautiful inclosures, and several hundred tombs and monuments involving a vast outlay of expense, may now be seen there—pleasing memorials, in the main, of taste and wealth—certainly of grief and public love. The tombs, for which the slopes of Greenwood afford frequent opportunity, are of every style of architecture. The monuments are various in design, from the modest slab to the magnificent pillar or massive sarcophagus. The great number of attractions connected with this Cemetery have made it an object of interest to visitors second to none in Brooklyn.

The grounds of this Cemetery, now comprising four hundred acres, are situated in Brooklyn, on Gowanus Heights, about two and a half miles from the Atlantic Ferry. They are beautifully undulating and diversified, presenting continual changes of surface and scenery, and are remarkably adapted to the purpose for which they are appropriated. The elevated portions of the Cemetery afford numerous and interesting views, embracing the Bay and Harbor of New York, with its islands and forts, the cities of New York and Brooklyn, the shores of the North and East Rivers, New Jersey, Staten Island, the Quarantine, numerous towns and villages in every direction, together with a view of the Atlantic Ocean, reaching from Sandy Hook to the Pavilion at Rockaway. The various avenues in the grounds (exclusive of paths) extend sixteen miles.

The ENTRANCE, which we illustrate on page 172, has only been completed a short time. It is on the northern side of the Cemetery. It is situated at a point lying nearest to the vast population of New York and Brooklyn. The gateway is in the Egyptian style of Doric edifice, solidly constructed of the best New Jersey sandstone. Two passage-ways through the massive structure are provided for visitors to funerals, the other for visitors. A room for the latter to rest in; and fire-proof offices for the Cemetery business, occupy the lower part of the building. Figward, it terminates in three lofty pinnacles. There is a bell for the passing procession, and a clock to strike the hours. The battering, triangular recesses of the pedipments above the two gateways are filled in, on both sides, with groups of sculpture formed of the NOVA SCOTIA stone. These four groups represent the Saviour's Entombment; His Resurrection; the Resurrection of the Widow's Son, and the Raising of Jairus's Daughter. Figures on the four shields which surmounts the quatrefoils, are figures in relief of Faith, of Hope, of Memory, and of Love.

LOVE AND LOVERS.

I.

WHEN I was still a boy of eighteen, going to school punctually every day, as all boys do who intend to some time be great authors like Mr. Tupper, there was a young lady of the name of Miss Lee, also moving in society, and her name was Christine Bell. Of course there is a vast difference between a school-boy of eighteen and a belle of the first water in society. Christine was a beauty, and she had several beaux. One of these was a prosperous young grocer by the name of Hi Hopkins. Hopkins's Christian name was familiarly abbreviated to Hi, and whose last name to Jack, by the simple-hearted villagers who knew about his grocery business, and by all the boys, when angry and disrespectful, were in the habit of sarcastically calling him High-Low-Jack. Whether it was that Miss Bell preferred High-Low-Jack fine, or whether she felt too proud to marry a grocer (her father was a dealer in dry goods), or whether she had other reasons, I cannot pretend to say. Suffice it that the young lady's name is now Christine Bell Brown. As my name is Brown, and Brown is a very uncommon name indeed, you may naturally conclude that Christine is now my wife. Correct; she is my wife.

It may be unnecessary to explicitly state after this that Hiram Jackson's courting of Christine was unsuccessful. Nevertheless it ended my own matrimonial position, I will state. It was unsuccessful, and he did not marry Christine. He eventually married another lady, and went to California because I wish him to understand and believe that I am relating *facts*, and that I stand ready to shake hands with Mr. Gradgrind right here (on the other threshold of my story), and he went out into the world to seek his fortune.

He was an ambitious young man, with a soul above molasses and tea, and he aspired to re. h a high place in the world. So he turned his attention to balloons, and ascended. He fell. He became noted throughout the country as a successful aeronaut. He made a great deal of money and a great deal of noise, and finally made the voyage to the Sandwich Islands in a balloon. He came to New York at the end of several years, and built a monstrous hole in the ground on the Central Park, and put a high board fence around it to keep people from falling into the hole without paying the admission fee. I was at this time residing in New York, and advancing rapidly toward the top of that hill upon whose summit stands the temple to which Mr. Tupper ascribes the envy of his contemporaries. I was a writer for the press, and had recently reported (in the capacity of a writer for the press) representing the literary world as correspondent of the *Times* newspaper.

Impelled by my affection for Hiram Jackson—now Professor Jackson—and also by some little curiosity respecting the inside of that great hole that he had built and surrounded with a fence, I went to see him one very hot day, when the city was a fearful contrast to the cool delight of the sea-side—and found him. He was busy, and I would not have intended to apologize for having married Christine.

"Say no more about it, Mr. Brown," said he; "I forgive you. You made a mistake. Besides that, she jilted me before you knew her. How's your babies? mine are well, thank you."

"How many?"

"Four. What's that sticking out of your pocket?"

"My note-book," said I. "I have been scribbling for the *Times* a little of late, and of course I had to have a note-book."

"You don't say!" cried Jackson, with much cordiality. "A reporter for the *Times*? Why, how you are getting on, ain't you? The last I heard of you you had got out a pamphlet of poetry, a yellow cover. I congratulate you on your improved prospects. I have a great respect for the *Times*, and I was going to ask Mr. Raymond to allow me space to take a ride in my balloon. But I have neglected it, and—by-the-way, that reminds me: wouldn't you like to go up?"

"Why yes," said I; "I should like to go up if I were sure of coming down in a good condition as I find myself at present."

"All right! You shall go up at the end of the rope. It is a thousand feet long, that rope. I'll pull you down again all safe." There was a sort of windlass run by horse-power that let the balloon up and down. "Pretty sight, ain't it?" the Professor added, with a yawn. He was used to it, you see. "That's the way it is, from morning to night; up and down—up and down!"

"Up and down!" I echoed, absently, as I stood watching the balloon dwindle out of sight, or so nearly out of sight that it appeared no bigger than a pumpkin.

"They're coming down now," said Professor Jackson. "Will you go up this time?"

"I suppose it's perfectly safe?"

"Why, you're not afraid, are you? You somehs reminded me of Christine, don't you?"

"When I am compelled to I do," said I.

"Well! what proportion of danger do you real, suppose there exists, now, between a balloon ride and a railroad ride?"

I thought a minute before I replied:

"I'm not up to figuring estimates, but as near as I can put it, in round numbers, I should say the chances were about fourteen million to one in favor of the balloon."

"That's not the precise figure," said Professor Jackson; "but it's very near it—it's very near it."

"Am I to go up alone?"

"No. As you are a little timid, and as I want you to take some notes—not to put in the *Times*, I wouldn't have you think—I'll send a policeman up with you to protect you."

"How can I thank you enough?" I murmured. "But I comprehend. It is for Christine's sake."

"Oh, bother Christine!" ejaculated Jackson, moving rapidly away, which was now fast ascended to the platform at the bottom of the great hole. "Come!"

The policeman got into the car. It is called a car, but in point of fact it is a basket. Then a young lady got in. This was more than I had bargained for. I suspected my mind was about to a sense of its duty. What a young lady dare do should I hesitate about?

I sat one side of the car. The grapnels were thrown off. We began to go up, and I began to take notes. Here are the notes; when you have read the notes you will not wonder that I failed to put them in the *Times*.

We are off. She tips [meaning the balloon]. Oh! (a) I'll go by myself (b). Feel sick! Head down below strikes up, "Who will Care for Mother Now?" Ah! who indeed? Thoughtful band! Magnificent panorama opens upon the sight. She tips [the balloon]. Skittish feeling. Mem.—*Kitzelich* good word. Wind blows us over the Park. That county-Jail. Ludlow Street, etc. May get there. Difficult to realize. Pigmies down there. Look like ants. Wave their pocket-handkerchiefs.—Wave a sad-pouch to them. It drops. Watch it drivel-ate to a speck. The two rivers creeping out of a cloud-bank. Water looks like ice—Lay. Bay dotted with ships. Narrows in plain view. Young lady says glad she came. So am I. Want to stay with Professor. Delightfully cool. Proposition to policeman—cut the rope and take a nice long ride. "Can't see it" [by policeman]. Look his name in the Directory. Find. Out of his element. Young lady excited and talkative. "Where would we go if we cut the rope?" Propose to cut the rope. Policeman threatens to arrest me. Twitch! Balloon going down. Feather gone up. Ah, what a vulgar world we are! Band play "Hail to the Chief." Can't mean the policeman.

"How are you, Professor?" I cried, as I got out of the car and let the rope in my native element once more. I really felt as if I had been an incalculable distance since I saw him last.

"Like it?" he asked.

"Oh, amazingly!"

"But that's nothing compared to a detached ascension, you know," said the Professor, with professional pride. "Nothing at all."

"How I should like to make a detached ascension!" I said, with great enthusiasm.

Mr. Jackson said nothing.

"Do you make detached ascensions much?" I asked.

"Oh, frequently," said he.

"And when do you make the next?"

"To-morrow afternoon."

"How I should like to go!"

The Professor made no reply.

"So you go to-morrow afternoon?" I remarked, as we walked up the stairway leading out of the hole.

"If it's pleasant," said he.

"I wish I could go with you!"

"Come and see me again, Mr. Brown," said Jackson, shaking hands. "And remember me to your lady."

I naturally concluded after that that he did not want me to go with him. But I could not help thinking about it all the way home, and resolving that, one way or another, I would have a detached ascension before the summer was out.

After tea that night I talked so long with Christine about my ride in the air that when I thought about preparing my notes for the *Times* it was too late. So I ate a large piece of mince-pie and went to bed.—Tee reader may think my recording that I ate a piece of mince-pie a piece of irrelevant information, and has nothing to do with the story. But I think it has a good deal to do with the story.

I was just dreaming that I was awakened by a loud rapping at my chamber-door.

"Who's there?" I cried.

"It's me, sonny, and a father," responded the voice of our Bridget. "A man just brung it to the basement-door, Sir," Bridget continued, as I opened the chamber-door and took the letter. "He says he'll wait for me to bring it up at wanst, Sir, bein' it was important."

I shut the door and opened the note. It said:

"DEAR BROWN,—One of the gentlemen who was going with me to-morrow on the detached voyage is sick, and I was glad to be able to offer you his seat in the car. We start early. Be on hand at 6 A.M. Yours truly,

"HIRAM JACKSON."

II.

I AM by no means fond of seeing the sun rise, but I was up early for this once, and the appointed hour found me on hand. Professor Jackson was down at the bottom of the hole, superintending the preparations for departure. The great balloon was sway-ing in the light morning breeze, impatient of the gregnats that held it to the earth. Half a dozen bags of sand were being put into the car, and various creature comforts in bottles and baskets. There was also a hand-telescope, and on the floor of the roomy car lay a mysterious something—I knew not what—covered with a long canvas case.

"You're on time, Mr. Brown," said the Professor, shaking hands.

"Always am," said I.

"Well, we'll start right off."

"Where's the other man?" I asked.

"You are the other man," said Jackson.

"But his seat, I presumed—"

"Oh, bang it, there is no other! Come, are you ready?"

Was it only my imagination? I could not tell; but it seemed to me as if he asked me this question in a tone more as if I should suppose a hangman—or rather, say some brutal executioner of the time of Robespierre—would use in addressing his victim. But I made no remark, and got into the car. The grapnels were let loose, and the balloon shot up like a rocket.

"Good God!" cried one of the attendants, looking up after us, "who ever see a balloon tear up like that afore!"

The world was sinking away under us with appalling rapidity. Professor Jackson was already untying the string from the neck of the first sand-bag, to regulate our ascent, which was now at full speed. Out tumbled the sand, and almost instantly sank into invisibility. Jackson threw the bag after its contents.

"Why do you waste your bags that way, Jackson?" said I.

"I don't signify," he muttered. "I sha'n't want 'em any more."

I began to watch his movements with a deep and fascinating interest. He was immediately clawing at the neck of another bag, which followed its predecessor. My head swam with dizziness, occasioned by the motion of the balloon.

"How high do we go, Professor Jackson, before we begin to move in a decided manner?" I asked.

"We sha'n't go much above this day, my friend," he answered, in a gruff tone, still untying the sandbag with feverish eagerness. "I see we are going up."

"Up?" I whispered, a dark fear stealing over me.

"Ay, up!"

"How high up?"

"To the moon—to the blue blazes—to any where? We are going up, as he cried, and he tore the bag and hurled the last bag out without emptying it of its contents, impatient of his nervous fingers.

"Are you mad?" I cried.

"Mad? No, I'm not a bit mad."

"I have gone high enough. Let us go down."

"Look here, Brown," he said, and he had read a cock-and-bull story about a mad aeronaut, and how he tried to throw his fellow-passenger out of the car. Now, you don't know my name, do you? I tell you I'm as sane as you are, or as any body is. I'm not going to throw you out to lighten the car."

"For God's sake let us go down!"

"I'm not even going to throw any of these bottles or baskets out. I tell you I'm perfectly sane; and I'm going to do these things just as much sense as on our long voyage—for though we're now going up at the rate of a mile a minute, it'll be a long voyage."

"In what direction?" I again interjected.

"Up! up! And I'm going to keep you in the car for companionship sake. I had a notion for preferring you to the *Tribune* man, who was going with me first—you married Christine Bell. I wanted her myself, I swore, years ago, that whoever got her I would take him away from her somehow. That's all there is about it, old Bowery—so make yourself comfortable, since you can't get out. You have seen the last of old mother earth; those clouds below us there have shut it from sight forever. Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed, with intense glee, leaning over the side of the car and rubbing his long, yellow hands together. "This is glorious, isn't it? Just have a bottle open. Where's that beastly corkscrew? Much good that'll do you, my friend!"

The last remark was elicited by a spring I made for the valve-rope, in the possession of which was the cork-screw. I caught the rope and pulled it. It broke and fell down in my hands.

"I cut the strain last night, my boy. I knew what you would be up to," said he.

I began to appreciate the dangers of my position in terrible colors at once. Let me be honest in my thoughts. So highly rarefied was the thin atmosphere which we were clearing with steady upward bound that I could not breathe without difficulty. How many minutes more would it probably be ere we reached a height where existence must end? I had a sword, or rather, I possessed a sword in a like danger with this, who had clambered up the net-work of the balloon and opened the valve with his hand? It was a fearfully dangerous feat, but none effort I must make. I threw off my coat, though I was chilled through with sudden cold.

"What are you?" cried Jackson. "You sha'n't do it! I am as strong as two of you."

He seized me, as I was hastening to clamber up the ropes, and struck me a blow.

"Let go!" I yelled. "I won't be murdered."

He only laughed scornfully, but struck me. I made a fierce struggle, and succeeded in getting high enough to touch the swollen monster overhead. Whipping out my pocket-knife, I opened it with the aid of my teeth, and plunged it into the canvas. To my horror, the seam thus opened ran high up the balloon. The gas escaped with a sound like the rushing of a whirlwind. The great globe collapsed like a pricked bubble; the canvas fell downward with a flapping noise; and the next moment we were falling through space with furious rapidity.

"Dog! Fool! What have you done?" cried Jackson, springing upon me and grasping me about the throat. "I was only trying to frighten you. You have killed me!"

He glared at me for a few seconds with blood-

shot eyes, and then threw me from him. I fell upon the floor of the car.

"I will not go down!" he screamed. "I will not go! Oh, God that I was! Why did I not go up without you, you beastly coward? I am ruined—ruined!"

He locked down upon the white cloud-lake to which we were now steadily drawing nearer and nearer.

"I'll up! I must go up! I *will* go up!" And with a sudden spring he bounded upward from the car; then fell down, yelling and cursing.

The cloud-lake passed and the earth dawned upon my view. A current swept me aside, and I saw the madman no more. It was with great difficulty I held to the careering car, but the ropes helped me. I whirled onward toward my death. I shall be muddled beyond all recollection by the fall, I thought, if not a ghastly fate.

Suddenly my eye fell upon the long, mysterious, canvas-covered package that I had observed when we left the stand. What it contained was still unknown to me. I hastily tore off the covering, and perceived the article within to be a something made of iron wires and silken silk. Closer inspection showed me that it was a parachute. What a thrill of joy ran through me as I made this discovery!

It was the work of a minute to open it. There was a handle which shot in among the wires through a socket, and at the end of the handle was a strong silken ring, capable of being grasped by both my hands. I grasped it so, and leaped from the car, repelling it with my foot as a swimmer repels the boat from which he springs into the flood; at the same instant I spread the broad parachute to the air.

For a moment it was doubtful whether the structure would sustain the pressure of the air underneath, so great was the momentum with which I was descending; and I looked up at its wide canopy over my head with terrible interest as I hung suspended below.

"Thank Heaven!" I cried; "it stands the test! I shall be saved!"

I was truly judged, only something like a thousand feet above the earth, and descending with comparative slowness. I began to speculate upon the prospect before me. I scarcely hoped to escape uninjured; but a broken leg was a mere *bagatelle* to contemplate after the perils with which I had been menaced.

My hands began to feel terribly the strain upon them. God give me strength to hold out to the last! A gentle wind overhead aided me, and I kept looking up. To my horror I saw the handle by which I clung slip out of the socket! The parachute passed to the air and I fell down, down, faster and faster each moment. Unable to endure the agony of sight I closed my eyes and awaited the inevitable death before me.

* * * * * * *

A frightful jar that seemed to smash every bone in my body.

I opened my eyes to find that I had evidently fallen down the kitchen chimney, for there I was in my own hetchanter, and my darling Christine yawningly wanting to know, my dear, what was the matter; and that I had fallen out of bed, and that she didn't I open the door for Bridget, who had been knocking this half hour.

It is due to the reader to state that this last remark was a feminine exaggeration, for Bridget had not been knocking for more than half a minute.

From that day to this I have never had the faintest desire to make a detached ascension again. I have had quite enough of it. Nor have I since seen Professor Donaldson, though I have heard that he was getting on comfortably in his business. He is quite welcome to his business with its precarious ups and downs.

BET'S MATCH-MAKING.

THE only time I ever tried match-making in my life was a total failure, as everybody knows, and I shall say fingers ever the business that I took care never to meddle with it again. I was living at the time with my father and mother on her farm near Ballytrim. My father was dead, and my step-mother did not like me. She had placed me for a time with a milliner in the town, but finding it expensive supporting me apart from her, had taken me away again. She was thinking of a second marriage, though I did not know it at the time. But that is the reason —that she had written to some distant friends of my father in America, who had unwillingly consented to take me and keep me.

I don't think it would have been half as hard for me to have made up my mind to die; for I was a shy little fellow, without a bit of courage in the face of strangers, and my heart was fit to burst at the thought of leaving the very few friends whom I had to love, and my little dark corner of the world, with the trees and the roads knew me. But I felt it would have to be done, and I lay awake all night after the letter arrived, trying to think how I could make a brave enough to my good-by to my dear friend Gracie Byrne, and to Gracie's lover, Donnell M'Donnell.

Gracie was the cleverest of all Miss Doran's apprentices. She was an orphan without a friend to look after her, and she was the loveliest girl in the country. People said she was proud and vain, but I never could see it, she was either. She and Byrne, one another dearly, though I can not think what attracted her to poor little plain me. She had plenty of admirers, and she queened it finely among them, but the only one to whom I would have given her with all my heart was Donnell M'Donnell. And, oh dear! he was the very one whom she would not look at.

Donnell and I were great friends, and I had promised to do all I could to help him with Gracie. He was young and strong, and as bonny a man as could be seen. He had a fine farm, all his own, some distance across country from my step-mother's place. If Gracie would but marry him she should live like a lady, and drive into Ballymena on her own jaunting-car. But she was always saying that she would go away to London, and be a great "West-End" milliner. This terrified me badly, seeing that London is such a wicked place.

My step-mother was always crying out that Gracie would come to a sorrowful end, which made me fret, and so I lay awake that wretched night I thought a great deal about what might happen to her if she went away to London by herself, and she so handsome, and not having a friend at all. And I wished with all my strength that she would marry Donnell M'Donnell before I went away to America, which would ease my mind about her, and also about him. For I felt the greatest pity in the world for kind big Donnell's disappointment.

My step-mother was provoked at my and face next day, and called me ungrateful. But when I cried bitterly she got a little kinder, and in the evening allowed me to go to Byrne's and say good by to my friend Gracie. So toward sundown, when the snow was getting red upon the fences, I wrapped my shawl about me and set off for the town by myself, lonely to ease my heart, all along the lonely road, where there was no one to hear me but the robins. The brown trees against the dusky sky, the white swelling lines of the fields, the dark chimneys of the town on before me, were all blent in a dismal maze, and how often I stopped to take a sob and smooth me but Gracie's great lover, Donnell. I told him my eyes were only watering with the cold, and he seemed well content to believe that for a good way, while we talked of Gracie of course. He was very angry at her, and said she was playing fast and loose with him, and should be talked to by all the town and country. I took Gracie's part, and so we went on till we came to the white gate on the road, and began to meet the townspeople. Then I told him I was going away, and he looked so vexed that I nearly cried again. I felt so glad to see him.

"Well, little Bet," said he, "we must give you a good dance over in your farm-house of ours before you go. And, in the mean time—"

"I'll see to your business, Donnell," said I, smiling. "Never fear but I'll do your business to the last."

Then he shook my two hands till he nearly squeezed them into pulp, and left.

When I went into Miss Doran's it was past the work hour, and the girls were putting on their bonnets to go away; Gracie was the last, putting close to the candle, putting the flowers on a ball-dress for one of the country ladies. She having the nicest hand, and also the most taste, all the work that came touches to the most particular work. She looked very tired, but oh, so handsome, with her pale cheek against the yellow light, and her soft hair curling all over a mass of white and rose-color tulle.

"A sad heart," said she, "and a sprig there, and then I have done. Bet, you have come with me and sleep. That cross step-mother of yours won't see you again to-night."

A lovely bunch of flowers was lying on her table, and she laughed and blushed, and looked beautiful when she saw me.

"Who is that from, Gracie?" said I. "Donnell?"

"No indeed," said she, tossing her head. But I was sure that was a fib, for she looked as happy as possible, lying resting herself in her arm-chair beside the fire. And I saw that she was looking, looking so glad, and the shabby room looking so snug, and our little tea-drinking being so cozy, I could not bear to tell her that Donnell was now, and began to set about Donnell's business.

"Gracie," said I, "I wish you would marry Donnell soon."

"Soon?" said she, opening her eyes and looking at me angrily. "I'll never marry him!"

"But you know, Gracie, that I, getting hot about it, "that you ought to marry him. He says —that is, I know—you have made him the laughing-stock of the country, Gracie."

"Very fine!" cried she. "And so he has been complaining to you, has he?"

"I'll not say that," said I; "but oh, Gracie, I know you like some one. I saw you smiling over a letter the other day, just the way you are smiling now."

"And what if I do?" said she, laughing and tossing her head; "that does not prove that it must be Donnell."

"There is no one else so good," said I, eagerly. "It could not be any one else."

"You are very, very wise," said she, staring at me, "I think you had better go and marry him yourself."

"I? Oh Gracie!" said I, starting up and sitting down again, and bursting into tears. "I wanted to tell you that I am going to America."

You may be sure we talked no more about Donnell that night.

Donnell did not fail to keep his word about giving me a feast before I left the country. He invited three pipers to play, and had a regular country dance. Gracie and I met at the cross-roads, and walked over to the farm together, she bringing a basket filled with her finest cakes. The farm-house is a dear old place, with orchard trees growing up round the house, and it looked so homely that night. Donnell's mother met us at the door, and unpinned our shawls in her own room. Gracie looked beautiful, with a white rose and some white ribbon. Donnell's mother stroked my hair with her hand, and stuck a bit of holly in the front of my black frock. She also kept saying that Donnell had gone down stairs, holding my hand, and asking me about my going to America. And the place felt so safe and warm, and she was so kind and motherly, after what I was accustomed to at home, that my heart got so sore I could scarcely bear it.

We had a great tea-drinking in the parlor, and then we went out to the kitchen, and the pipers fell to work, and Gracie was as amiable as possible to Donnell. But that is the middle of our dancing—the latch of the back-door was lifted, and Squire Hannan walked in in his top-boots.

"I wanted to speak to you on business, M'Donnell," he said, "but I will not disturb you now."

"Will you do us the honor of joining us, Sir?" said Donnell. Squire Hannan needed no second invitation. He was soon making his bow before Gracie, and Donnell saw no more of her smiles that night. She danced with the squire till it was time to go home, and then, after she had set out for the town, escorted by him and her other beaux, Donnell's mother kissed me, and Donnell drew my arm through his, and walked home with me across the snowy fields to my step-mother's house. He was abusing Gracie all the way, and I was, as usual, taking her part.

He came to see me one day soon after, and brought me a present of a nice wicker pears. He leaned against the wall and watched me making the butter. He was disgusted with Gracie, he said; she was a flirt, and he did not care a pin about her, only he would not be made a fool of. She had refused to let him walk with her across the hills near the village to the consecration of the new church; and if he did not get some token that she had changed her mind between that and this he would cross her, look her way again, but go and marry some one else for spite.

"Oh, no, Donnell," said I; "promise me you won't do that." For I was sure that Gracie liked him all the while.

"But I will," said he, smiling; "at least if other people will not be fools."

"Oh, don't, don't!" said I. But he would not promise.

"It's my mind," said my step-mother, after he had gone, "that you lad's more like a lover of yours than here. Why don't you catch him, and then you'll get to Gracie's place."

"Mother!" I cried, and felt the room spinning round with me till I caught and held on by the door.

"Well, well," she said, "you needn't look so mad. You'll get her by the fern-house of ours before you go. And, in the mean time—"

"I'll see to your business, Donnell," said I, smiling. "Never fear but I'll do your business to the last."

Then he shook my two hands till he nearly squeezed them into pulp, and left.

When I went into Miss Doran's it was past the work hour, and the girls were putting on their bonnets to go away; Gracie was the last, putting close to the candle, putting the flowers on a ball-dress for one of the country ladies. She having the nicest hand, and also the most taste, all the work that came touches to the most particular work. She looked very tired, but oh, so handsome, with her pale cheek against the yellow light, and her soft hair curling all over a mass of white and rose-color tulle.

"A sad heart," said she, "and a sprig there, and then I have done. Bet, you have come with me and sleep. That cross step-mother of yours won't see you again to-night."

A lovely bunch of flowers was lying on her table, and she laughed and blushed, and looked beautiful when she saw me.

"Who is that from, Gracie?" said I. "Donnell?"

"No indeed," said she, tossing her head. But I was sure that was a fib, for she looked as happy as possible, lying resting herself in her arm-chair beside the fire. And I saw that she was looking, looking so glad, and the shabby room looking so snug, and our little tea-drinking being so cozy, I could not bear to tell her that Donnell was now, and began to set about Donnell's business.

"Gracie," said I, "I wish you would marry Donnell soon."

"Soon?" said she, opening her eyes and looking at me angrily. "I'll never marry him!"

"But you know, Gracie, that I, getting hot about it, "that you ought to marry him. He says —that is, I know—you have made him the laughing-stock of the country, Gracie."

"Very fine!" cried she. "And so he has been complaining to you, has he?"

"I'll not say that," said I; "but oh, Gracie, I know you like some one. I saw you smiling over a letter the other day, just the way you are smiling now."

"And what if I do?" said she, laughing and tossing her head; "that does not prove that it must be Donnell."

"There is no one else so good," said I, eagerly. "It could not be any one else."

"You are very, very wise," said she, staring at me, "I think you had better go and marry him yourself."

"I? Oh Gracie!" said I, starting up and sitting down again, and bursting into tears. "I wanted to tell you that I am going to America."

"Well, well, my dear!" said Donnell's mother, wiping her eyes.

Every body was coming to see me now on account of my foot. Gracie came the next day or so, and surely I was amazed at the glory of her dress! My step-mother, who did not like her, left us alone together, and Gracie's news came out. She was going to be married on next Tuesday.

"I know that," said I.

"How do you know it?" said she.

"Donnell's mother told me," said I.

"Donnell's mother! Nothing but Donnell and Donnell's mother from you forever! How should you know?"

"Oh, Gracie, his own—"

"Why," she burst in, "you don't imagine that *he's* the man? Why, it's Squire Hannan! Only think, Bet, of your Gracie being the Squire's lady?" I was quite confounded. "Oh, oh, Gracie!" I stammered.

"Well," said she, sulking, "are you not glad?"

"Oh yes," I said, "very, on your account; but what will become of Donnell?"

"Donnell again. Now listen to me, Bet. I know when a man likes me, and when he doesn't like me, just as well as any other girl; and I've seen this many a day, that Donnell didn't care a pin about me. So he only wanted me to marry him that the people might not say I jilted him. I told him that the other day, when he asked me to be his wife. 'No matter,' said I want you for,' said he; 'I want you.' 'Thank you,' said I. And then what had he the impudence to say! I'll changed my mind before Sunday I was then with word that he might come to the consecration with me. Then he would set off for the Glens on Monday, and come home bonnier there, and be home for our wedding in a week!"

I screamed out, seeing what I had done.

"The poor foot!" cried Gracie, thinking I was in pain. "Is it bad?"

"Never mind it!" said I. "And what did you say?"

"I said," Gracie went on, "that whatever morning he got up and saw black snow on the ground, that day he might take a fancy to marry some one. And yet he had the meanness to walk with me on Sunday after that! But I have fun of it is, that they say he's gone to the Glens."

"Oh, no!" said I, beginning to groan again, and pretending it was all my foot. After that Gracie talked about herself and Squire Hannan all she went away. And somehow I never had felt as little sorry to part with Gracie before. She seemed not to be my own Gracie any longer.

And now I was nearly out of my senses, thinking what could have come of my meddling. I was sure that Donnell and Squire Hannan would fight and kill one another, and all through me. I thought I would go and tell Mrs. Byrne all to see Donnell before any one else had told him the news, and confess to him what I had done. On Tuesday, about midday, a countryman from the Glens came in to light his pipe, and he said he had passed M'Donnell, of Buckey Farm, on the way.

"An! I knew things must be going badly with him," said he, "for he has a look on his face as black as the potato blight."

"Sometimes he told him, maybe!" said I to myself. And I put on my shawl, and, borrowing a stick from an old neighbor, I hobbled off secretly to the road toward the Glens. I was not tired, and dreadfully cold, as I could not walk fast, and I sat down on a bit of an old gray bridge to watch for Donnell coming past. I had to sit there a considering along, and although it was getting dusk I could see that he had his head down, and looked dreadfully dull and unhappy.

"Donnell!" said I, calling out to him.

"Who's that?" he said. "Why, it's never little Bet!"

"But indeed it is," said I. "Oh, Donnell, did you hear? I came to tell you. Gracie was married to-day to Squire Hannan."

"Whew!" He gave a long whistle. "The jilt!" said he, and he stopped his fingers. But his whole face brightened up.

"She's not so much a jilt as you think, Donnell," said I, "for only how can I even tell—but was I who wrote you the note you got last week, and she had nothing to do with it. I did it for the best, I did indeed, for I thought that Gracie liked you; I did indeed! And oh, Donnell, sure you won't go and kill Squire Hannan?"

"Why," said he, looking awfully savage, "I cut a great blackthorn this morning in the Glens for no other purpose but to beat out his brains."

I threw a great scream, and, thinking myself, fell along with it; but Donnell picked me up, and set me safe on his horse behind him.

"Now, Bet," said he, "I'll tell you what it is, little Bet. I'll make a bargain. You'll marry me, and I won't touch Squire Hannan."

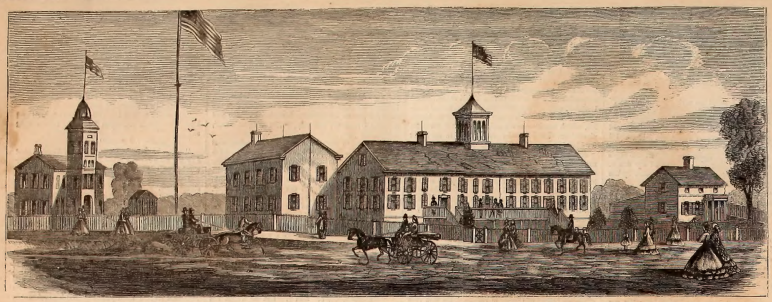
"I agree," said I, "after—after Gracie. Indeed I will not, Donnell M'Donnell."

"I've behaved badly," said he, "but I'm very sorry. But I shall behave a little better than Gracie, but the devil of pride was in me, and the people were saying she would have it. Now, I'll cast off as I felt *as if* I was goin' to be hung. God bless Squire Hannan! Now will you marry me, little Bet?"

"No," said I. And with that he whipped up his horse, and dashed off with me at the speed of a train. He never stopped till he had stopped at the dear Buckey Farm house door, when he carried me straight into the bright warm kitchen where his mother had the tea set out, and the cakes smoking ready for his return.

"Talk her into reason," said he, putting me into his mother's arms. "I want her to marry me, and she says she won't."

I did my best to keep milky for a proper length of time, but it was the hardest thing I ever tried to do, and they both so kind, and the place so bright and cozy, and I using so happy on the sly all the time! So the end of it all is that I did not go to America, and that I am Mrs. M'Donnell, of the Buckey Farm. But I never tried match-making again.



FITCH'S HOME FOR SOLDIERS AND ORPHANS AT DARIEN, CONNECTICUT.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

SOLDIERS' AND ORPHANS' HOME AT DARIEN.

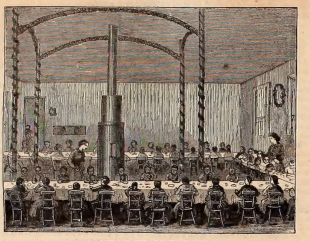
We illustrate on this page the Home for Disabled Soldiers and the Orphan Children of such as have died in military service in defense of the country, which, by the munificence of Mr. BENJAMIN FITCH, has been erected at Darien, Connecticut. From the beginning of the war Mr. FITCH has been interested in the cause for which our two millions of patriot soldiers have so bravely fought. At the first outbreak of rebellion, too old and infirm himself to shoulder the musket, and appreciating the tender anxiety of those who by going to the field must leave behind them wives and children, whom they might be leaving forever, Mr.



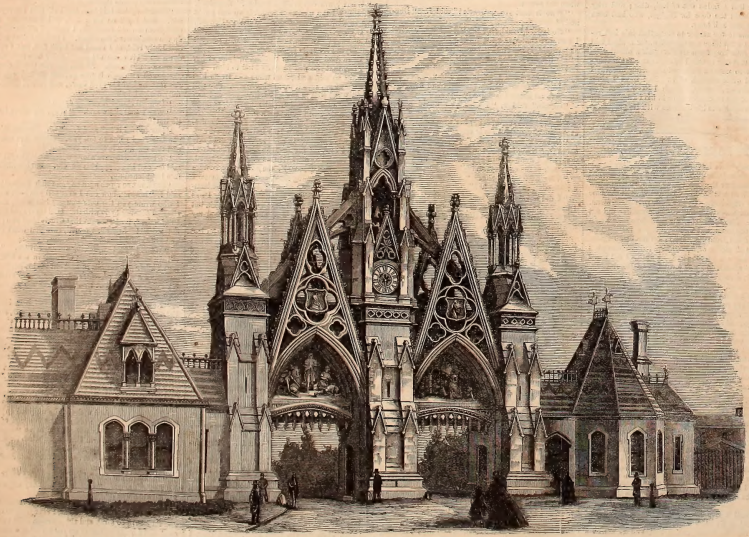
FITCH'S HOME—SCHOOL-ROOM.



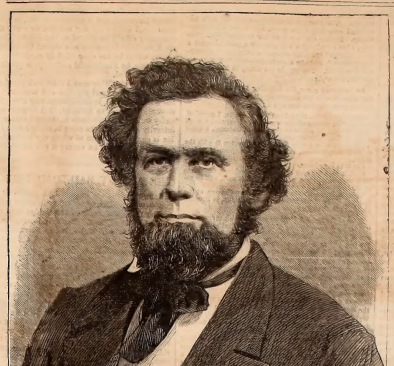
"THE RETURNED SOLDIER."



FITCH'S HOME—DINING-ROOM.



ENTRANCE TO GREENWOOD CEMETERY, BROOKLYN, L. I.—[SEE PAGE 170.]



HON. FRANCIS H. PIERPONT.—[See Page 174.]

FITCH promised a large number of men to take under his care all who should be left by them thus without a husband and father's protection. The continuance of the war, and the increasing casualties attending it, soon led Mr. FITCH to see that nothing less than a well-organized Asylum would answer the wants thus created. He therefore, during the spring of 1864, totally unaided by others, purchased and erected suitable buildings, and formally instituted the Asylum since known as "Fitch's Home for Disabled Soldiers and Orphans of Soldiers who have lost their Lives in Defense of the Nation."

Mr. BENJAMIN FITCH, the founder of this Institution, after giving the building and grounds now occupied, worth originally $8000 or $10,000, placed in the hands of the trustees $5000 to be invested as a permanent fund, and $5000 to be expended in making repairs on the building, and in erecting a wing containing a kitchen, dining-room, and a beautiful hall for the use of the institution. He then went to Europe for a season, and on his return presented to the trustees a library consisting of from 5000 to 6000 volumes of choice books which he had collected, and placed at their disposal the sum of $10,000, the estimated cost of the new building.

While in England and on the Continent, with the interest of the soldiers' orphans ever in mind, Mr. FITCH obtained from those with whom he came in contact, and who had the welfare of the country at heart, both American and foreigners, such aid in books, statuary, and paintings as would adorn the home, beautify the life, or instruct the mind of his increasing family of orphans and disabled soldiers at home.

On Mr. FITCH'S visit to Italy he called upon Mr. POWERS, the celebrated American sculptor, who generously presented the Institution with a bust of FRANKLIN, executed in CARRARA marble, of great beauty and worth. He also received donations of pictures from the celebrated artists COSTA and COSTA, of Florence, with others of value; and a picture of the Birth of Christ, given by MRS. ASSTICE, a widow of an English officer who fell in India. All these works of art were shipped to this country, and unfortunately destroyed in the conflagration of a bonded warehouse in this city in September last, soon after their arrival, proving a great loss to the Institution, as insurance having been effected.

In addition to the foregoing Mr. POWERS introduced Mr. FITCH to Mr. LAURENS G. MEADE, Jun., a young American artist of great worth, and engaged with him to furnish a group of statuary, in marble, called the "Returned Soldier," of the heroic, or larger than life-size, of which we give an illustration. A letter from Florence thus describes this work of art:

"The group of statuary represents the Returned Soldier, with an Orphan Child of a fellow-soldier on his knee, to whom he is describing the death of her father on the battle-field, who with his parting breath commissioned him to call upon his family and give them his last dying message. The young orphan, in the interest of the description and with her feelings intensely agitated, presses her face close to that of the narrator, and, with her thoughts completely absorbed, seems to see her dying father expiring on the foughten field. The emotions of each are expressed with good effect by Mr. MEADE, whose experience in the early part of the war, has not been lost upon him."

It is our duty to Mr. MEADE here to say that, on being informed by Mr. FITCH for what purpose the group was intended, he would only accept 1000 francs, which he says will hardly cover the cost of its production, thereby foregoing any profit to himself.

In concluding this notice of Mr. FITCH'S benevolent donation, it will not be out of place to suggest that in every town throughout the country there should be a similar effort made in behalf of disabled soldiers and the children of those who have been killed in battle.



THE COLLAR MANUFACTORY OF THE METROPOLITAN COMPANY, NEW YORK.

THE METROPOLITAN COLLAR COMPANY.

We give on this page an illustration of the Paper Collar Manufactory of the Metropolitan Company of this city. The machine used in this manufactory, and of which Mr. D. M. SMYTH is patentee, is one of the most wonderful and curious inventions of the day. Three peculiarities distinguish this machine above all others in use.

1. *Its simplicity.*—What by all other processes requires half a dozen distinct and separate operations is here accomplished by one. A single stroke of the die produces a perfect collar, button-holed, stamped, and moulded. All that is done afterward is merely incidental. The collar is turned by a simple machine, and by another is, with nine of its companions, folded for the box. This latter process is in every other manufactory performed by hand. The small number of hands through which the collar passes also prevents it from becoming soiled.

2. *Its wonderful capacity.*—From our own observation we know that this machine produced two collars per second. The eleven machines which the Company have in operation produce 22 collars per second, 1320 per minute, 79,200 per hour, and 1,900,800 every twenty-four hours. Three hundred machines would supply almost every man, woman, and child in the United States with one collar per day.

3. *Its economy of labor and material.*—The eleven machines in operation save the work of 236 hands. More than 19 per cent. is saved of the paper which in every other process is wasted.

The Metropolitan Collar Company, whose place of business is 165 Washington Street, has a capital of $500,000. It manufactures collars of seventeen distinct varieties, many of them superior to any in the market, and none of them surpassed, and at a very much reduced cost of production, which enables the Company to defy competition.



SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS FOR 1866.

FURNISHED BY MESSRS. GARTER, KIRTLAND, & CO. MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF CLOTHING, 340 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

The work of reconstruction does not make rapid advance in Congress. The concurrent resolution which the Senate adopted in the House. This amounts to merely to an expression of the opinion of Congress as to the new rights in regard to the admission of representatives. It can not even be called legislation. Obnoxious matters are not introduced in Congress.

In the States there is some progress. The convention in Richmond on February 28 strongly supported the President. The principal speech on that occasion was made by Judge M. F. Conway, formerly a representative from Kansas, and also formerly a radical. This speech advocated immediate reconstruction.

In Texas great progress has been made. The Constitutional Convention met February 8. On the 9th seventy of the ninety delegates were present. J. W. Throckmorton presided. Among the delegates was Mr. Roberts, President of the Secession Convention, who seems to have forgotten that he has been a rebel. Mr. Roberts is the person whom objected strongly to taking the oath to support the Constitution, but were finally persuaded to do it by the large Union majority. On the 10th Governor Hamilton's Message was received. The Governor did not give any gloss upon the rebellion. The rebels, he said, had defied the Government, and had been crushed. He advised the Convention to give to negroes civil rights and privileges. This advice was followed. The Constitution of Texas, so far as could be done by the Convention, has been amended so as to allow the freedmen to own property; to testify in the courts; to make contracts and be protected with respect to wages, hold, and transmit property in all cases the same as the whites; and to be subject to no penal laws based on inequality or distinction.

Hon. James Johnson, late Provisional Governor of Georgia, who is now in Washington, says that the condition of affairs in that State is very far from being as satisfactory as when civil government was first restored. He also spoke of the President's Barnum as an absolute necessity both for the Union and the rebels, and the blacks will be very important that more troops be sent into the State at once.

CONGRESS.

February 21:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner introduced a resolution which was adopted, that whereas the President had not responded to the resolution of inquiry in regard to the Freedmen's Bureau, adopted January 5, he be requested to furnish the required information if not incompatible with the public interest. The concurrent resolution for the extension of Southern representatives was then taken up. Mr. Dixon moved to amend the resolution. He said the President's position was his own business. Mr. Stone had the same jurisdiction over his own members. The President's policy, he said, had been misrepresented. He was present to-day to urge the admission of Delaware from the rebel section to the Union. Mr. Dixon replied that he had been charged with a purpose to bring his former disgrace in the body blood-thirsty enough to be willing to see the Senate wipe upon the door of Congress and fill those seats with traitors, from whose presence Radicals of his own State, these supplicants and statesmen were in direct contradiction to the President's views and statements.

In the House, the Committee on Amendment giving Congress power to enforce the 13th Article of Amendment was taken up. Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, moved to strike out the word "male" in the second section, because the Southern States were not represented. Mr. Kelley said that the term given in the amendment was involved in the original Constitution, but had been struck out practically by the clause for a right to vote was in favor of representing the right. Mr. Hale said he thought the adoption of the amendment. He would prefer that the proposed amendment was in effect a provision under which all those entitled to vote in the several States by the procedure affecting the individual citizen was to be overridden, repudiated, abolished, and a law of Congress established in its place.

February 22:

In the Senate, Mr. Johnson presented the credentials of William F. Perry, Senator-elect from South Carolina.

Senator Nye spoke in favor of the concurrent resolution.

In the House, Mr. Bingham spoke against his Constitutional Amendment. Mr. Woodbridge, of Vermont, supported it as also did Mr. Bingham. The latter alluded to Secretary Seward's New York speech in terms of disparagement. On motion of Mr. Conkling further consideration of the amendment was postponed until the second Tuesday in April.

March 1:

In the Senate, the concurrent resolution was debated. Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, argued that the States were sovereign powers. His speech was extensive, prolix, and tendency was to make a division between the General Government and the States.

In the House, the Senate bill protecting civil rights, as amended by the Judiciary Committee, was presented, and after some debate went over.

March 2:

In the Senate, after a long and spirited debate, the concurrent resolution was adopted. Mr. Doolittle made a speech against it.

In the House, Mr. Thayer spoke in favor of the Civil Rights bill.

March 5:

There was no session of the Senate, and in the House there was no transaction of business.

March 6:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson introduced a joint resolution for the representation in Congress of the States lately in rebellion. It provides that they shall be entitled to representation upon their adoption of laws repealing all distinctions of color on account of color, and also that persons conferring the right of suffrage upon all colored men who have served in the army, who can read the Constitution, and who pay taxes on real or personal property.

In the House, Mr. Bingham, from the Reconstruction Committee, reports a joint resolutions for the admission of Tennessee, which were read twice and then committed. Mr. Stevens offered a resolution of inquiry relative to persons pardoned by the Executive, and the amount and disposition made of confiscated land.

NEWS ITEMS.

From the West Indies intelligence is received that the cholera was abating at Guadeloupe, and had not broken out in the islands adjacent.

The evidence elicited in the trial of Major Gen. interrupted examination of Judge-Advocate Norris General shows that of 16,000 prisoners confined in that prison, over 5000 died from ill-treatment in five months.

A great Fenian meeting was held on the 4th instant in Jones's Wood. A hundred thousand Irishmen are said to have been present, and as many dollars to have been subscribed to aid the cause. The meeting was held in direct opposition to the Roman Catholic views of Archbishop McHale.

It is computed, from official data, that since the last Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, made on the 5th of December last, he has issued the equivalent amount of the public debt $22,000,000, and has paid $20,000,000 of accruing interest on outstanding bonds, and $20,000,000 coin interest on gold-bearing bonds, making an aggregate of currency and coin interest of $20,000,000 paid.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FENIANISM.

In the House of Commons on February 17, Sir George Grey, in asking leave to bring in a bill amending the *Habeas Corpus* Act in Ireland, said that the Fenian conspiracy had not recently assumed its present proportions. It was necessary to strike an effective blow at the Fenian schemes, which were wholly dependent upon the American Government. The loyalty of the British Army was beyond a doubt. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland earnestly requested the suspension of the act, saying that he could not hold himself responsible for the safety of the country if power was withdrawn from him. The bill was passed in both Houses.

On the 17th in Dublin over one hundred arrests of Fenians were made. The Government documents found in these were both numerous and distributed among the small towns, thus creating a feeling of security.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The second month of that annual epidemic—*house-hunting*—has come, and the usual signs are to be expect it to rage with increasing intensity, until the great crisis arrives, when "flitting day" rather the triumph of grief. Even at this stage of the disease anxious-looking individuals are often seen consulting the numbers on each side of the street in search of the significant "bill." There are plenty of "bills"—but whichever side of the street the "house" happens to be walking the "bill" seem to happen on the opposite side. He carries his eye to read without a moment's pause, and, in his confusion explain—all on can make out. Of course it is a "house"—he knew that before—but is it "to be let" or "to be sold" or "to be let on lease," and how can he get it? To find out any thing more than that it is a "House" he must cross the street, perhaps encounter a cab or omnibus. He has no resource but to meet up down town for further information as to price, &c. Then he must go back and pass headache saving of shop-basher and temper to have different-colored bills on the house that are for sale and those that are to be let. It is very vexatious, when you are so tired as you can be, to be continually enticed half a block out of your way by the offer of a bill only to find that it is "to let" when you had the hope it might be "To Let."

Apropos of "house-hunting" and "up town," we give for the amusement of our readers the following song by Lovell Fellow's "Excelsior," hoping, however, all will take warning from the fate of the hero of the song mentioned:

"FURTHERUPTOWN."

Tired to death, but walking fast,
Along Broadway, one night, there passed
A youth, with hat pulled down
Umbrella, with this strange device,
Upon his back:

His anxious eyes and weary feet
Hinted the history of his weary quest,
And like a New-York fish-hawk rung
The accents of this unknown tongue,
"Furtherupptown!"

In happy hands he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
Beyond, the spectral street-lamps shone,
And from the hall a portal gave
"Furtherupptown!"

"Try not that street," the old man said,
"A tenement house is in the shade."
A public school it by its side—
Then loud the children's voices grew,
Softly he said, "The rents too high;"
"Furtherupptown!"

"Beware the livery stable's smell,
Beware the engine-house as well!"
That was the sign, the fire at night—
A voice replied, for out of sight,
"Furtherupptown!"

At break of day, as heavenward
The Central Park policemen stared,
Watching the gallant fire-horses there,
A voice rung through the startled air,
"Furtherupptown!"

By following up the annual sound,
A dying traveler they found;
His weary legs he no longer nies
Umbrella, with the strange device,
"Furtherupptown!"

There, in the Reservoir, they say,
"*Presently*," but before that day,
While somewhere over Bloomingdale
A voice fell faintly, sighed, "Hail,
"Furtherupptown!"

Some time ago, before liberty was every where fashionable, a well-known friend of the writer, who was not much in touch in Scottish quarters, and was reported modest and kind, was riding with his daughter in the streets of his own city, glowing with health and vigor, a friend met him with the warm greeting:

"Why, Mr. B——, how do you do? So you were not killed after all?"

"Well," returned Mr. B——, placing his hands upon his broad chest, and throwing back his head, a little more erect than usual, "does this look like a resurrection body?"

An English review of "A Noble Life," Miss Mulock's last work, says:

"There is such a high moral tone about the writings of this authoress, the stories are related with such purity and delicacy of feeling, that we always welcome a book to meet with in these days, when bigamy and murder are rendered somewhat familiar to the reader by frequent. It is a book which even timid-laced mothers who grow gray agonize over reading aloud to their children, for their daughter's hands, for therein are many noble lessons taught in an attractive manner."

At the marriage of Mr. P. T. Barnum's youngest daughter, which was recently celebrated in Bridgeport, Connecticut, the ceremony was by an unusual method. Instead of pronouncing the bridal pair "man and wife," after the usual fashion, the officiating clergyman announced them "husband and wife," which, of course, is correct, and a decided improvement upon the form ordinarily adopted in such cases. It is said that Mr. Barnum, after the reception which followed the marriage ceremony, he remarked were offered to the bride, and that the latter affair was a complete success. That fashion might well be followed upon such occasions.

It is said—we will not vouch for the truth of it—that the ladies have adopted the "Whirlpool" as the name for the substitute to the "Waterfall." The "Whirlpool" is worn by those who have not sufficient hair of their own hair to allow it to trail bound naturally, or hang in tresses. The "Frizzle" of all the hair on the head is denominated by sellers as the "Hurricane at sea, or the Frigate on land." The variegated colors of hair so frequently worn of late is increasing in popularity. Red, auburn, and dark brown mingle extensively.

A nice little romance in real life, with happy ends has just been made public. About fifty years ago a young gentleman and lady, supposed by friends to be on the verge of matrimonial bliss, were suddenly parted by Death's relieve. The young man subsequently married and lost three wives, the last one within the last eight or nine months. The young lady married and lived with her husband over fifty-three years, and raised a numerous family. During the last year her husband died. The lady, after remaining a widow nearly a year, accepted a proposal from her former suitor—being about seventy-five years old, and she seventy-one—and they were recently married. The parties are living in Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania.

An exchange gives the following prescription, which any one can have filled at the druggist's, and which he chooses, provided they can mix it:

CURE FOR LOVE.—Take 19 ounces of dislike, 1 pound of cowardice, 1 ounce of the last powder of experience, 1 large sprig of time, 24 drams of the guilt of dishonor, 1 quart of repentance. Mix and administer.

Set them on a gentle fire of love, sweeten it with the tears of forgiveness, skim it with the spoon of melancholy.

Put it to your heart.

Cork it with the cork of a sound conscience, and there let it remain, and it will instantly find out, and be restored to your right senses again.

Dr. Holmes, who is himself of the apothecary, at the house of Ludenthing, next door to Reason, in Prudent Street, in the city of Wisdom.

Some of the English journals criticize with severity the "outrageous magnificence of dress" exhibited at the Review of the Harlemer. The dresses were described at the last ball in a dress which is praised for its *extreme simplicity*! It was of white tulle *pretaillée Jour*, and ornamented with marine and aquatic plants. Her diadem of diamonds was surmounted by a magnificent aigrette of diamonds and turquoises. The ear-rings, waistband, and shoulder-knots were all of diamonds. Various other adornments of diamonds completed the toilet. We suppose the present style of dress might not easily be followed by all! And to help what is left out, the ball at the Tuileries the following night exhibited a diamond peacock on her head, with a tail descending to the floor. Such is the fancy said to have been in accordance with her own weapons.

The Italian ladies do not appear to be at all behind their French rivals in the matter of dress. Take the extravagant finery. At the fancy ball given at Florence recently a lady is described as appearing dressed in the most elaborate triumph of plastic beauty" by appearing in a simple skirt of white satin over a tight-fitting bodice of the same, with a long train attached. A Hungarian lady, the youthful Countess Karoly, represented the Mer de Glace. Beneath a dazzling robe of white silk, with long folds and clouds, appeared the terrific undulations of the Mer de Glace, imitated in white silk and white tulle. The bodice painted blocks of ice, bears, chamois, birds of prey, hunters—nothing characteristic was omitted. A very lovely train, formed of a glacier, depicted on the left side a mass of white and blue clouds, and on the right a resplendent sun darting rays of light. The bottom of the white silk petticoat a light silvered stuff simulated hoar-frost. The body of the dress was of white satin, in small pointed diamonds, trimmed with swan-down and glass. The Countess's frosted hair was prevented from falling quite loose by crystal chains, which passed round the head, and were fastened down. It was fortunately a particularly mild evening, or such a costume would have been fatal to the guests beaten with colds and rheumatism from simple association of ideas.

Somebody says: "There should be no question between man and wife as to property—and yet ladies make a creature of the law." Why, by marriage, a woman is legally married to an extent which is very offensive to good taste. A lady—meaning her husband—will say, "This is my bright to say "my husband;" but she should think twice before she prefaces that pronoun to any other word.

GOVERNOR PIERPONT.

FRANCIS HARRISON PIERPONT, Governor of Virginia, was born in the county of Monongalia, Virginia, and is now about fifty years of age. He graduated at Allegheny College in the fall of 1838, and immediately occupied a time in teaching school and reading law. After a while he left his native county and went to Mississippi, where he resumed school-teaching, and the study of law; but he soon returned to his own State, commenced the practice of law in the county of Marion, and rose to a prominent and leading position.

On the opening of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Mr. Pierpont purchased some coal lands, and entered largely into mining operations and the manufacturing of fire-brick. It was in the pursuit of these callings that he became more intimately connected the wonderful manufacturing and mineral resources of the State of Virginia, which are only now—through the downfall of slavery—being fully developed. Experience—for the first time actively engaging the attention of the world, and rapidly placing her in the very foremost rank among the States of the Union.

The long and turbulent period comprised between the JOHN BROWN affair and the actual passing of the Ordinance of Secession in Virginia are too fresh in the memory of our readers, and can only be briefly alluded to in a sketch of this character. Suffice it to say that Mr. Pierpont, at that time, came to be considered a Union man was to confront all that can most deeply test the manhood of an individual—the trials of personal liberty and life itself—and all that was loved and valued in the past, the scorn and hatred of life-long friends—Governor PIERPONT shone like a beacon of light.

At last the fatal hour came; the Southern heart had been fired, the Cotton States precipitated into revolution, and the war was in the midst of struggling. Virginia gave way, and the Ordinance of Secession was passed in Richmond by a large majority, the only prominent dissenting voice of importance being so unpopular that they had to fly from the city in disguise. A public meeting was called at Clarksburg on the 22d April, at which a series of resolutions were introduced by the Hon. JOHN S. CARLILE, and approved, calling a Convention to meet on the 13th day of May, at Wheeling. This Convention having assembled, passed a resolution calling a Convention to meet on the 11th day of June at the same place, and in the mean time appointed a Committee of Safety, consisting of five, whose duty it was to see that the State did not suffer in the interim. FRANCIS H. PIERPONT was one of that Committee.

On the 11th of June the Convention assembled at Wheeling, pursuant to call, and immediately organized by electing Hon. ARTHUR J. BOREMAN President, and Hon. CHARLES SCOTTEN Secretary. A declaration of the rights of the loyal people of Virginia was immediately passed, and an ordinance adopted, providing for the appointment of a Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Attorney-General, to act as provisional officers for six months, or until their successors should be elected and qualified. FRANCIS HARRISON PIERPONT was elected Governor—a station which he has since filled by re-election, until he came, by Presidential authority, to preside at the State capitol.

A great deal of Governor PIERPONT's popularity is due to his personal physique and manner. He has a frank, genial, honest-hearted way about him, amounting almost to joviality, which inspires sympathy and confidence in his good intentions and integrity among all who come in contact with him. But in one of these traits of whom an instinctively feels that if he has an enemy it can not be of his choosing.

THE ALBANY RAILROAD BRIDGE.

AFTER years of vexatious delays, caused by litigation with parties representing interests farther up the river, the work on this bridge was commenced in April, 1864. The first locomotive, the "Augustus Schell," of the Hudson River Railroad, crossed the bridge February 15, 1866, and the first passenger train on February 22.

The bridge proper (omitting the approaches, which in themselves are quite formidable) consists of two abutments and twenty-seven piers, having a total length of 2929 feet. The extreme length of the bridge is nearly a mile. The main channel of the river is crossed by three spans of 150 feet between the centres of the piers, on the plan known as "Howe's," and two draw spaces of 133½ feet each. The remaining piers are placed in the shallow water on the east side, as also over the basin on the Albany side, are short spans ranging from 72 to 76 feet each, built on the usual plan known as the trestle-work approach to the bridge in the city is about 1500 feet long.

Our view (from a photograph taken by CHURCHILL and DENNISON, for W. J. GIBSON) represents the bridge from the Albany basin to the Eastern Shore, at one front the large New York Central Railroad Elevator, which stands a few rods south of the bridge.

The trawbridge, including the iron turn-table upon which it rests, is entirely novel, planned specially for the locality, and the arrangement for excavating as before, and driving the piles, the latter were sawed off, and a floating caisson, with a heavy timber floor, of the dimensions of the pier, was placed over the piles, and the masonry commenced in this caisson, which soon settled to its bearing on the heads of the piles, when the latter were removed by unscrewing some bolts, and floated away to serve elsewhere.

The piers are built of limestone masonry, with rough faces, and are 30 feet in height above low-water, and have a width at the bottom of 9 feet, and at the top of the coping (the coping being 2 inches on all sides) of 6½ feet. They are all built of heavy cut stone laid in cement.

The four spans are all strongly together by iron cramps, and, in addition, the two faces of the pier are tied together by iron bars at intervals on each course also; from, and between the piers, from pier from side to side; and, still further to insure the strength of the masonry, the head stones are all bonded together with iron dove-tail cramps to the stones both above and below.

The bridge has been constructed by "The Albany Bridge Company," constituted mainly of Directors in the different railroads centring at Albany, and it is understood that the contract was built by the New York Central Railroad, and one quarter each by the Hudson River and Albany and Boston Roads. The total cost of the bridge has been over a million of dollars.

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[From the Rev. J. W. Polend's Autobiography.]

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 482.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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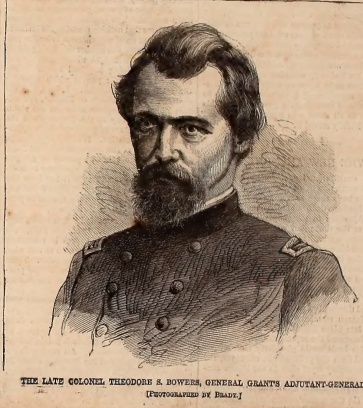
THE LATE COLONEL BOWERS.

COLONEL THEODORE S. BOWERS, who, after passing safely through the perils of General GRANT'S campaigns, was killed by accident on the 7th inst., was a native of Illinois. He was a printer by trade, and at the breaking out of the war edited a Democratic paper in Southern Illinois. He entered the military service as a private in the Forty-eighth Illinois Infantry, declining a commission, and served with this regiment until the return of Gen. GRANT'S reconnoissance in January, 1862, when he was detailed as clerk at the General's head-quarters.

Colonel BOWERS was with GRANT at Fort Henry and Donelson, and until the 9th of March following, when he accepted the First-Lieutenancy of his Company, declining the Captaincy, which was tendered him. He held this position at the battle of Shiloh, during which he was again called to GRANT'S head-quarters and appointed Aid-de-camp. In November, 1862, he was made Captain and Aid-de-camp, and soon after Major and Judge-Advocate in the Army of the Tennessee. In September, 1863, he was assigned Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel—succeeding to Colonel RAWLINS, promoted. From that time till the surrender of LEE'S army he was General GRANT'S chief Assistant-Adjutant-General in the field, and at the close of the war retained the same position. In September, 1865, he was, in consideration of his eminent services, appointed Major and Assistant Adjutant-General in the regular army.

Colonel BOWERS was killed instantly by falling between the cars while attempting to get on the train as it was leaving Garrison's Station of the Hudson River Railroad. General GRANT with his son, accompanied by the Colonel, arrived at Garrison's Station, opposite West Point, at a late hour on the evening of the 7th, and was compelled to remain overnight. The next day the party went across, and the General, leaving his son at West Point, returned to the east side with Colonel BOWERS. When the train arrived by which they were to return to New York some difficulty occurred in relation to a carpet-bag belonging to the party being missed, when Colonel BOWERS followed the station agent to the office to see about it, General GRANT, in the mean time, being seated in the car next to the rear. When the agent arrived in the ticket-office he picked up a carpet-bag and presented it to the view of Colonel BOWERS, who said, "That is not the one." These were the last words spoken by the deceased. The train at that time was in motion, when Colonel BOWERS rushed out to get on board. In attempting to do so he seized hold of the railing on the platform of the car in which General GRANT was seated, and jumped upon the step, his body striking with such force against the car as to break his hold on the railing, precipitating him from the step. In the fall he swung around between the cars, his head and that part of his body above the hips falling inside of the track, the car running over him, producing death instantly. His body was dragged about one hundred yards on to a switch and over it, the head being horribly mutilated, as was also the upper part of the body. As soon as possible the train was stopped, and the body of the unfortunate man was taken from the track.

General GRANT was notified of the accident by Mr. GARRISON, the proprietor of the ferry, who said, "General, I think your Adjutant is killed." General GRANT replied, "Something told me he was killed;" and upon seeing the body he said, "That is he; a very estimable man he was. He has been with me through all my battles." Turning to Major HILL, of West Point, he ordered the body to be taken to that place and buried, there to remain until further orders.



THE LATE COLONEL THEODORE S. BOWERS, GENERAL GRANT'S ADJUTANT-GENERAL.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

PAYING PENSIONERS.

We give an illustration on this page of the manner in which United States pensioners are treated at the Pension Office in the basement of the Custom-house of this city. During the week, ending March 9, several hundred of the two or three thousand wounded and disabled veterans received their dues for the six months preceding. The accumu-



PAYING UNITED STATES PENSIONERS AT THE PENSION OFFICE IN THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.—[SKETCHED BY A. B. WAUD.]

dations provided for this purpose are very inadequate. The office is in a basement to which the only access is by a precipitous flight of steps.

There are so few clerks, and so wretched are the accommodations provided for them, that people attending the office, some of them maimed soldiers and many of them aged women, are compelled to stand in a long line for many hours in the wind and cold waiting their turn. The policeman at the entrance has his duty with commendable patience, but finds it hard work to sometimes resist the pressure. Spite of the many proposed remedies to the evil affairs have remained as they were, and the line which extended from the door of the office in Exchange Place around the corner of the Custom-house and thence into Wall Street at the foot of William in days by-gone still occupies the same position. As only two hundred and fifty persons are paid each day, the same hundred to such varying from twelve to three hundred dollars, the proceedings will require some days for completion.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1866.

MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

IT is agreed by all loyal men that the mere fact of laying down arms did not entitle the late insurgent States to resume immediately their full relations in the Union. The principle of the President's policy hitherto is that those States must conform to certain conditions prescribed by the Government. That is also the principle asserted by Congress. These conditions must, of course, be reasonable and generous; but they can be wisely determined only by ample knowledge and deliberation. Some risk must be taken, some perils ventured. But after so terrible a war we can surely afford to be careful in establishing peace. We must build upon things together that upon words, and the action of the Government must be determined not by theories but by the actual state of affairs.

The important point to ascertain is whether those whose honest hostility to the Government led them to attempt its overthrow are still inimical to it; and if so, whether they should at once be intrusted with an equal share in its administration. That the rebellion was the fruit of an original and traditional difference of interpretation of the Constitution is undeniable. That the section in which the war was waged had a very hearty hatred of the other section is known. In every part of the country this is the subject; and that the citizens lately insurgent are conquered and not converted is not only a recognized fact, but the supposition of any other feeling on their part is scorned and derided as showing profound ignorance of history and human nature.

This being admitted, it is not fair to assume, and is not the assumption so far honorable and not dishonorable to the citizens in question, that being men of strong convictions, of earnest purpose, and of skill and patience, they will endeavor to use their new opportunities for the same result to which they turned their arms? That if they are admitted to Congress they will unite with those who defended and excused their rebellion, will not be denied. That the combination would attempt to repudiate the national debt, and to allow compensation for emancipated slaves and for property destroyed by war; that it would abolish the national defense of the freedmen and approve the black codes of the late slave States; that it would attack the validity of the Emancipation Amendment as having been adopted by some States under coercion, and by every means at hand seek to plunge this country into foreign war in order to effect that secession which the civil war failed to achieve, must be believed by those who hold that it is foolish to suppose that the defeated party are converted because they are overpowered.

Certainly no man can wish to take such a view. No man can wish to feel that the dominant feeling of the population in the lately disturbed section is hostile to the Government; but he must deny that the inference from a flight of evidence shows it. The action of the conventions and of the legislatures; the elections of State officers and of Representatives and Senators; the black codes; the vagrant laws; the tone of the press and of private conversation; the testimony before the Committee of Congress and special correspondence in the newspapers; the tales of commercial and other travelers—all prove that the sentiment of the lately insurgent States is unfriendly to the Government and Union. There is testimony also upon the other side. There are private letters from agents and immigrants of various kinds; but the cardinal evidence is obtained by other individual evidence, and the prevailing state of feeling must be inferred from the sources we have indicated. Now is there any reason to suppose that in proportion as these States again acquire power of any kind it will not be used inimically to the country?

We shall, of course, be asked whether we would therefore govern them as colonies; whether we shall probably increase their love by constant humiliation; whether they will become more friendly by being held at arm's-length; whether we expect them to love the name of Yankee, or to confess that they were wrong as well as worsted; and whether we should respect them as much if they were not angry enough to stand by their cause? Such questions are natural, and we have no difficulty in answering them. Neither by the Free-Soil dent does, except the Copperhead party, asks for indiscriminate admission or for indefinite exclusion. But there is a middle point between these two, and firm, while it must be taken and will be, but also some securities may be demanded which are more than words.

It is plain that the calm spirit in which the Union should have been restored has been lost by the misunderstanding between the President and Congress. But one preliminary measure is clearly essential, and that is one upon which President and Congress can agree.

If the President was not opposed to making assent to the emancipation amendment a condition precedent to the resumption of the relations of the disturbed States with the Union, he can not fairly object to adding to it an amendment providing for equal representation which emancipation has made necessary. If it were proper to propose and pass one amendment while certain States were not represented, it can not be improper to pass the other. Surely we are bound to take care that the insurgent States have not gained a formidable advantage within the Union by rebelling against it. Let us at least secure the principle of representation by apportioning it to voters, and so as much toward intrusting the government of this country to all those who honestly love it and have faithfully served it.

THE NEW AMENDMENT.

This constitutional amendment apportioning representation to population and excluding from the basis those to whom the franchise is denied has been defeated in the Senate. There were objections to the proposition which we stated at the time; but we should, under all the circumstances, have regretted its defeat as a serious blow to the prospects of speedy organization if we were not very sure that the amendment would be carried through in the session which is sure to be remedied. The emancipation amendment, upon the assumption of four millions freedmen and a basis of a hundred thousand persons for a representative, adds sixteen members to the representation of the late Slave States. Yet the population which increased the representation of that which originally the basis would give forty members, is excluded from the polls, and is, moreover, the only thoroughly loyal class in the States concerned.

This is an absurdity which must be adjusted; and as the Committee's amendment has failed, Senator DOOLITTLE has introduced a substitute, as follows:

"After the census to be taken in the year 1870 and each succeeding census representatives shall be apportioned among the several States which may be entitled to them under this Union according to the number in each State of male electors over twenty-one years of age, qualified by the laws thereof to choose members of the most numerous branch of its legislature; and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States according to the value of the real and personal taxable property situated in each State, not belonging to the State or the United States."

This is virtually the amendment which the President has long since proposed, which he suggested in the conversation with Senator DIXON. Its spirit is the same as that of the defeated proposition; but it is more moderate in language, and it offers a strong inducement for its enlargement. It appeals to the love of political power, and expects to effect that enfranchisement of the colored population which is the key of the situation.

Senator WILSON, whose political sagacity and fidelity to freedom are proverbial, is of opinion that the rejected amendment would have produced equal suffrage in the late slave States within five years. Doubtless he and all his friends are, as Senator FESSENDEN says, in favor of abolishing all caste distinctions immediately. But they are very sure that the result can be better accomplished indirectly and by degrees. The failure of the Senate, as shown by the fate of Senator HENDERSON'S proposed amendment, which forbade any State to discriminate against any citizen on account of color or race. A radical Senate gave ten yeas for the proposition and thirty-seven nays. Senators YATES, SUMNER, and CLARK made the same effort with a still worse result. The Senate has plainly pronounced for leaving the regulation of the suffrage to the States.

It becomes therefore the duty of every man who knows that there can be, and ought to be, no cessation of agitation until the colored citizen has exactly the same defenses of his rights that every other citizen has, to urge the adoption of the new amendment. There are doubtless difficulties and objections. But now that the effort to secure a direct adjustment of the suffrage in the States by the Senate has failed, Mr. SUMNER and his friends, who defeated the Committee's amendment, assume a very grave responsibility if they also defeat Mr. DOOLITTLE'S.

STATE POWER OVER THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

THE idea is entertained by many citizens that acts of the Legislature subjecting the city of New York to the control of State officers in whole or in part is an infringement of the corporate rights of the city; but this opinion must immediately be dispelled when it is understood that the city has no public powers except those derived, directly or indirectly, from the Constitution of the State, and that, like all other cities, it is part of its political machinery for carrying into effect the public power of government. It is true that the charter of the city was derived originally from other sources, but on the establishment of the Revolution the State of New York succeeded to the rights over the charter which the Parliament of Great Britain might previously have exercised. Those rights were partially modified by the Constitution of the United States, which declared that no State should impair the obligation of contracts. So far, therefore, as the franchises of the city possessed such pecuniary value as to take the shape of property they may be free of State control. The Constitution of the State also declares that whatever contained in it should be deemed to *annul* any charters to bodies politic or corporate; but neither this saving clause nor the one protecting such documents any clearance from being impaired affects in any manner those public powers which relate to the matter of government. Indeed, the old charters of cities, towns, or English, are so seldom looked at, except to ascertain the rights residing in the city to the property and the rights in the nature of property which appertain to the municipality. It would be a strange anomaly if one of the instruments of the State for carrying into effect its powers of government should become an independent authority in this respect, and hence it has been the custom of the Legislature ever since it had existence to amend and alter the charter in public matters almost at its pleasure.

A volume of laws entitled "Acts of the Legislature relating to the City of New York," has been printed, which will be a convenient book for those who are interested to find what powers and rights the city may exercise. These acts cover the whole ground of municipal power. Every amendment made to the charter have been submitted to the vote of the commonalty of the city, but it is perfectly well known that such vote is wholly unnecessary to the validity of the alterations. The power of the Legislature over the subject, so far, we repeat, as the measure is public, is limited only by the Constitution. All society in relation to the legality of the Health bill may be dismissed, and with respect to its expediency, there are strong grounds for believing that the bill will meet with approval, except on the part of those functionaries who were displaced by it, whose alarms are expressed because their position as tax-eaters has been suddenly terminated.

The hopes of good government with respect to all matters of health so generally inspired by the passage of the bill is unbounded, and the judicious appointments under it made by the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, will be found in the same direction for relief against the abuses and corruptions from which the community suffers. We weigh well our words when we declare that the health of the city under the bill, and what exists of the old system are, with few exceptions, the portion of the community most obnoxious to its provisions. Instead of being the protectors of the community they are engaged in the distribution of its property among the great body of tax-consumers. Instead of being employed in maintaining the just authority of government, they strive to break it down and reduce all to their degraded level.

The question arises, to what lengths the Legislature should go in remedying such defects in an important portion of its public machinery. We answer, very clear, that inasmuch as misgovernment widely prevails, to the great damage of the city and State, and to an extent likely to bring the system into contempt, and as the class responsible for the good working of every part of its machinery, the process of change should go forward until the object of government shall be accomplished—that is to say, the safety, security, and happiness of its citizens. The police system, established by State authority and maintained by a decision of the court of last resort, gives unqualified satisfaction. The fire law, created also by the Legislature, is growing rapidly in public estimation, and needs experience of it to put us secret. We trust that other changes may be made with equal prudence and wisdom, in which case all those who do not profit by misgovernment will be gratified.

What is most wanted in our city government is a Board created in the interest of tax-payers, which shall be empowered to approve or disapprove of every measure which involves the expenditure of money so that a concurrence of tax-eaters and of tax-payers shall be expressed as a condition of its adoption. If some measure of this character be not adopted, and the city remains in the hands of tax-consumers with their present powers, it is difficult to perceive what will become of the property which can so easily be squandered.

A SIGN.

AN instructive illustration of the present feeling at the South is found in the following clauses from the Tax-bill lately passed by the Alabama Legislature:

"12. Be it enacted, &c., for sale, for one year, at any one place, any pictorial or illustrated weekly, or any monthly paper, periodical, or magazine, published outside the limits of the State, and not in a foreign country, and to vend the same on the streets, or on boats or railroad cars, fifty dollars.

"13. To keep a news depôt for one year, in any city, town, or village, for the sale of any pictorial periodical, magazine, not including pictorials, provided for in the preceding paragraph, ten dollars."

In the last many months since Provisional Governor PARSONS of Alabama came among us to solicit pecuniary aid, and, according to Mr. BECCHER, he met no unwilling response. Indeed Northern capital and energy and skill are all ready and waiting to reinforce those of the Southern States the moment there is any indication of a fair security of person and property in the lately disturbed section.

But such laws as those we quote are merely steps backward toward barbarism. Do not the intelligent men of Alabama see that the education alone lies the sole hope of a return of peace and prosperity to the State? No civilized people was ever benefited by ignorance, and people was ever benefited by ignorance, and people was ever more serious to a community than ignorance enforced by law.

The clauses of the bill which we quote are directed, it will be observed, against the illustrated weekly and monthly papers and magazines published in this country. English or French or German literature of the kind, so far as which is inquired, as we have seen during the war, by hatred and contempt of American institutions, may be freely introduced. The clauses we quote are intended to prohibit the sale of the periodical literature published at the North. It is an effort to silence the expression of sentiments which the Government of the State does not like. It is a direct and despotic assault upon free discussion; and like all despotism of the kind is a confession of utter weakness. It is a heavy and gratuitous libel upon knowledge. It is an attempt to perpetuate that tyranny based upon ignorance which enabled a few men to bookwhip and bully despotic the people of the South until they maddened them into revolution.

Now the sentiments of this paper and of many other papers are no more agreeable to the corrupt opinions of the South than those opinions are to us. But we ask any sensible man in Alabama, however he may differ from our views, whether he is unwilling to trust the fundamental principle of a free government? If he fought during the war for a simple despotism, of course the nearer he approaches it the more the Union the more satisfied he will be. But if he fought for what he believed to be a free popular government, he knows that such a government is impossible unless all shares as the corporate functions of the State than those opinions are to us. But we ask any sensible man in Alabama, however he may differ from our views, whether he is unwilling to trust the fundamental principle of a free government? If he fought during the war for a simple despotism, of course the nearer he approaches it the more the Union the more satisfied he will be. But if he fought for what he believed to be a free popular government, he knows that such a government is impossible unless all shares as

Patrick's day. The Catholic Bishop of Toronto has issued a letter advising all good Catholics to pray that England may do justice to Ireland, and that divine mercy may change the hearts of those who pretend to remedy the evils of Ireland by invading Canada. Certain newspapers in this country magnify every thing said and done upon the subject; but the genius of blarney plays so large a part in the performance that it is not easy to know a single fact of the matter.

It is observable, however, that the Church of Ireland opposes the agitation, and that no conspicuous Irish leader either at home or in this country is identified with it. The leaders pass for as they have been reported, are earnest appeals for contributions on the one hand, and the maddest practice on the other. Meanwhile in Ireland, where the *habeas corpus* is suspended and the Government is fully aroused and active, no horrible denomination has been made, and no plan of action is any where apparent. Even after the week following the news of the suspension the orators in this country adjured their hearers to pour out money to aid those at home who were "in the gap," and who were doubtless even then fighting, but the subsequent steamer brought tidings of nothing but continued excitement and arrests.

The only serious apprehension seems to lie in the fact that leaders who excite the passions of such a people as those who attend Irish mass meetings in this country and give their money will demand their money's worth. If the leaders pass round the hat to pay for a scrimmage, the scrimmage of course will come, must be or their own heads are in danger. The peril has probably passed in Ireland. The Government is in the field first, and every day strengthens it and deprives any insurrection of the advantage of panic, which is incalculable. It is, therefore, quite time for sensible Irishmen in this country to consider what is likely to become of the money which they may have subscribed toward the Republic of Ireland. That republic can not be established in Canada nor in Jones's Wood. Every day the present chances of its establishment upon the green isle? Rash men may cause infinite suffering in innocent persons in this country and elsewhere. But there is no other possible result of Fenianism.

THE TUMBLE IN GOLD.

GOLD has fallen again—below 130. The event has sent a thrill through commercial, agricultural, and industrial society. A fall in gold implies a fall in produce, which reduces the profits of farmers, forwarders, and shipping merchants; in dry goods and general merchandise, which sends merchants home with a heartache, thinking of stocks on hand; in domestic goods, which sets manufacturers a-thinking whether it were not better at once to shut up mills and discharge hands instead of giving wages. Again, it is bad news, Signor Blitz tells us on Chili, the President makes war on the Radicals, the Fenian talk war against England, history is being made daily on every side, but nothing in all this comes so straight home to every man as the fall in gold.

The readers of this journal have been fully forewarned of the decline. Ever since January a fall in gold has been imminent. The unexpectedly large supply of cotton, and the steadily increasing foreign demand for United States bonds, long since insured low rates of exchange, and consequently a reduced inquiry for gold. No man now buys gold for investment; foreign exchange, which is the same as gold, can be bought at 1 per cent. less. Few buy gold for speculation; for the Treasury Department holds a specie reserve which it is prepared to put on the market at any time in irresistible amounts. The only supporters of the gold market are operators who have sold for the fall, and who are obliged to buy from time to time to fulfill their contracts. It would not indeed be strange, in view of the dullness of exchange, of the reduced demand for imported goods, of the increased steadiness of inquiry for Five-Twenty bonds, of the prospect of currency contraction, and of the steadily increasing supply of gold from California and from private hoards, if the price fell to 125 or even lower before midsummer.

To producers, manufacturers, and holders of goods this is of the deadliest omen prospect. It means a steady shrinkage of prices, and a constant drain upon the capital of holders or makers of goods and merchandise. But it is but natural. For nobody wants to produce more and holders of goods, produce and merchandise, made money so easily that they seemed to possess the royal key to wealth. A merchant only needed to fill his store with goods, and in thirty or sixty days jobbers eagerly depleted it on a substantial advance. A farmer only required to plant double the usual breadth, and his profits were in the square of previous years. Manufacturers only needed to keep every loom at work, and dividends of 50 per cent. per annum came without endeavor. The currency was constantly expanding in volume and declining in value, prices were constantly rising, and the producer and the holder were just as steadily realizing profits. That was flood-tide: we are now on the ebb. The currency has ceased to increase. Without any legislative action the interest-bearing legal tender—of which security for $180,000,000 are afloat—have practically passed out of circulation, being clogged by the interest due upon them. Of the remainder of the currency, viz., the National Bankers and the National bank notes, the South is beginning to consume a large quantity—more, we judge, than the Controller of the Currency is issuing to new banks. Thus the actual currency volume per-money is diminishing daily without Congressional action. In the course of a few weeks, if not days, some bill or other will pass Congress which will look to a still more direct curtailment of the paper circulating medium. Under these circumstances, it is plain that prices must move in exactly the direction opposite to that which they pursued when the currency was ever on the increase.

To illustrate the point by a familiar example. A horse-owner bought his oats of a dealer in his neighborhood, taking them in small lots of 50 bushels at a time to suit the size of his bin. In 1863, 1864, and 1865, the dealer supplied the oats at the price of the day. He bought probably once a month. A fortnight after his purchase his customer required supply. They were put in at the price of the day, which naturally proved to be from 5 to 10 cents a bushel higher than the dealer had paid for them. When the turn in prices came in 1865, the dealer attempted to charge for his oats the price he had paid for them. "No, no," said his customer, "when I was buying rising you charged me the price of the day, whatever it was, without regard to the price you had previously paid for the oats; and now you shall stick to your rule. I will pay the price of the day of delivery." So the dealer throughout this winter has been supplying his customer at a loss. He must buy to supply his customers; but every fortnight his stock declines in value. So it is with coal, dry goods, hardware, and every article which is bought and sold for gold.

There is no room to question whether we shall have a panic. Sound reasons can be given *pro* and *con*. On the one hand, holders, on the general rule, are showing good sense by marking down prices. No harm can come in the future; while capitalists are so shy of business paper of the second and third grades that in the event of a heavy crash the losses on the wrecks would be fewer than otherwise. On the other hand, it is notorious that large quantities of produce, cotton, coal, dry goods, hardware, and other merchandise are lying held on sea-board, at the West, and even abroad on margins. All this would necessarily be sacrificed in the event of a panic. Speculation in gold, and in the absence of a demand for consumption the result of forced sales would be uncertain. Perhaps the police rule may apply. The guardians of the public peace say that a riot which is predicted never breaks out. So, possibly, a panic upon which people speculate and against which they insure.

It is not a little amusing to note the attitude of Wall Street in view of these ominous prospects. Speculation in that meridian is lively. Not to say any thing of Mr. Vanderbilt, the leading director of the Erie Railway, is buying up the stock of that insolvent corporation, and has run it to per cent. higher than it was when gold was 137. Another leading Wall Street buying director of the Rock Island Railroad, is buying up the stock of that concern, and it is 12 per cent. higher than it was when gold was 137. Another clique, led by the leading director of the Michigan Southern, is buying up the stock of that unproductive enterprise, and it is 11 per cent. higher than it was when gold was 137. What the calculation of these various cliques may be, it were vain to conjecture. Published reports inform us that the earnings of all these roads have been falling off steadily for three months; and common sense adds that, with a steady decline in produce, and in the Western consumption of merchandise, the decline must continue throughout the year. Still, money being easy, there is nothing to prevent a progressive advance in the stocks over which a clique undertakes to buy up; the interesting question is, how shall these cliques sell, and to whom, when they propose to reap the harvest they have sown and manured and bargained for?

HUMAN LIABILITY TO DISEASE.

WE once heard a lecturer on Health say: "If the laws of health were strictly obeyed all might live to a good old age. I have no sympathy with the religious consolation which is often offered to the bereaved, as, for example, to a mother when her child dies. I do not believe that it is right to say to her that the Lord has taken away her child. She has thrown it away by disregarding in its care the laws of health." This, it is plain, is a strong statement; but does it go so very far beyond the truth as it at first thought seems to do? Let us see.

There is a marked contrast between man and other animals as to the frequency and variety of disease. Of the comparative few that are subject to those which come under the control of man, and are therefore exposed to somewhat similar influences—horse, cattle, etc. They are by no means as subject to disease as men are. The difference is greatest when we look at the period of infancy. The young of these animals seldom sicken and die, while a large proportion of the human race die in infancy.

Why this contrast? Is it owing to a difference in original constitution—in the organization and its functions? There is no evidence of this, for the functions of digestion, respiration, circulation, nutrition, growth, etc., are performed in these animals very much in the same way as in the human system, and therefore we naturally suppose that they would be equally liable to derangement if they were performed under the same circumstances.

The question then arises, is there any difference in the circumstances adequate to account for the difference of results? If there be such a difference it must come obviously from the mind of man, for it is here that the most marked difference between him and other animals lies. And yet, so superior is he in this respect to them that one would think him less liable to disease, from the intelligent control that he can exercise over external circumstances. This would be a legitimate inference if he were a pure being, and had the wisdom which would necessarily come from purity. But sin rules in this degenerate race of man, and moves to sinful indulgence, which in all its various forms mars the physical organization and renders it liable to disease. A signal example of the effects of such indulgence we have in the use of alcohol. No true animal drinks this poison, but its use as a beverage is a familiar custom of civilized man.

Then, besides the wrong use of external circumstances, we have the effects of sinful passion in all its varied forms. Every one sees a wide influence in the production of disease there is no doubt, though its working is to a great extent secret.

There is also a hereditary curse which involves the mental powers. The use may be either excessive or wrong in character. This may be seen in all the departments of the mental manifestations, in the intellect, but especially during education, while mind and brain are growing to maturity. The brute animal has no hereditary curse resulting from immental sources, which so commonly in man give rise to congestions and other changes of the brain, to a great variety of nervous maladies, and to diseases of organs in various quarters from their sympathy with the brain. It may be properly remarked in this place, that to the laws of health the mind has a mind so different in some of its qualities from that of the brute increases the liability to physical derangement. Even the influence of family peculiarities or of the unwise use of the mental powers, or the addition of such high mental endowments creates a wider exposure than ordinary to the system of brute animals, and complication always adds to the risk of disease.

In estimating the influences of which we have spoken we must remember that they do not end with the individual. They extend to his child, and may accumulate through successive generations. Sometimes diseases themselves are transmitted, but more often it is a predisposition to disease or some characteristics which become hereditary. It is the accumulation of these tendencies in the course of generations that gives rise to a large proportion of the greater readiness with which sickness is generated in man than in other animals, when both are exposed to similar physical influences. What occurs in the individual is not alone adequate to account for it.

Perhaps it will be said that there are maladies peculiar to mankind which may account for the difference in the aggregate of disease. But may not these not be in part due to sin in the ancestor which are peculiar to animals? It is true these appear to be less than those which are peculiar to man; but this may be owing in part to other causes than that which is predicted never breaks out. So, possibly, a panic upon which people speculate and against which they insure.

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CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

THE funeral of the late Rev. DR. EDWARD B. HALL, of Providence, Rhode Island, was a singular and beautiful tribute to the Christian charity of that city and to the saintly character of DR. HALL. He had been for thirty-three years settled over the First Congregational Unitarian Society, and during all that time he led a still good and generous works; his fidelity to the suffering and the poor; his constant sympathy with the pastoral duty; his ability in the pulpit; and the modesty of his spotless life, had made him perhaps the best beloved citizen in Providence. A great concourse of every sect, and from many places, came sorrowing to his funeral. The Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the State; the Baptist President of Brown University; a fellow-clergyman of the Presbyterian church, a Quaker preacher, and a Universalist were among the pall-bearers. No sectarian feel ng divided them in life, and they bore their testimony by holding the pall to the purity and piety of the good minister and faithful citizen.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD BONDS.

WE stated in our last issue that in case of the failure of the Central Pacific Railroad Company to pay the coupons attached to its Bonds, them would be paid by the State of California. The fact is, that the interest on these bonds is paid by that State, by a special Act of its Legislature.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE,

CONGRESS.

March 6:

In the Senate, the bill to reimburse Missouri for her expenses in calling out militia was passed.—A very lengthy message from the President, in response to Mr. Sumner's resolution of inquiry, in regard to the organization of governments in the lately rebellious States, was received and ordered to be printed; also the report of operations in the Freedmen's Bureau, both of which were referred to the Committee on Reconstruction.

In the House, the Military Academy bill was reconsidered, and, on motion of Mr. Schenck, an amendment was passed—50 to 49—striking out of the money appropriated by this or any other act shall be applied to the pay or subsistence of any officer or soldier who has been in the rebellion against the Government of the United States appointed after the 1st day of January, 1866, unless such duties shall have been returned to the original relations to the Union, under any system of its own or joint resolution of Congress for that case made and provided.—The Reconstruction Committee's bills were up for consideration. Mr. Morrill addressed the House in support of the bill. It had been a most unusual day in the history of the organization of the Reciprocity Treaty on the 11th of the present month. A vast treaty had been in force and operation for five years. It had been first extended from or by the armed mid made during our Revolution. In 1826, by the united Governments of the Provinces, let on by the Imperial Government, and also by the Crown. Now by the Provinces, and by the united legislature. We were too old to be again deluded, and let the lights shine in the darkness. Such a bill, however, if to a great, Henceforth we should treat the Provinces as States, and abolish their privileges as we do those of favorites or a sensitive. By the present bill certain principles were proposed, provided a scope of operation was established; but in the mean time the object was increased fourfold. To show that the Reciprocity Treaty was an advantageous to us, it was testified to by the fishermen, by Mates, by the farmers of New York, of Connecticut, Michigan, and Maine, the wool-growers of Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and Vermont, farmers of all the Western States, and the manufacturers whose business with the Eastern Provinces had greatly increased; but when the Provincial officers had tardily consented to the propositions made by the Secretary of the tender of terms was come to, if not less favorable to them than before. The treaty, they felt sure, could not be afford to treat us better in regard to the fishing interests involved. It was remarked that it was not to be given up whenever the comfort came, whatever the alleged grievances. It was not to be given up whenever the Provincial knew that the Provinces would be gone forever, body and soul, hot and water. But the treaty of 1854 left it in relation to the fisheries did not invite a repulse. On the contrary, it was believed, emerged from the dusk and friendly exchange of views between the Commissioners of Great Britain and the United States, appointed by the Provinces, that the terms would be readily accepted by most, if not all the Provinces, excepting by those who were interested in the trade. The rates of duty proposed in the Reciprocity Treaty, and even if not in any case prove prohibitory. In other words, be expected to be an effective stimulant. The money of them was collected; but before the sale could be allowed alongside of American fishermen, and to the Provinces, there was a price equal at least to our taxes, and often much greater. The Reciprocity Treaty would, however, prove the best that could disclose no other market so valuable. That part of the bill which went up the fishing bounties was to be taken up upon with more distrust than any thing else. The fishermen refused to sell their fish, except at such prices as would pay them on the salt used in curing their fish, and yet the Government took in some cases more than half of the bounty. The question, and not a national one, had existed even before the Revolution. It had existed ever since, and had been brought under the influence and control of man, instead of being left entirely to their natural inclinations.

Mr. Morrill's remarks have proceeded at intervals.—If the difference between man and brute animals in regard to the prevalence of disease be not sufficiently explained by the above mentioned—are there not to the conclusion that there is implanted by the Creator in the very constitution of man a tendency to disease, which tendency must be made to counteract the influence and control of man, instead of being left entirely to their natural inclinations.

Such a tendency we have presented as necessarily connected with the fact that man is a responsible creation a morbid, and not a healthy one—a proposition of which there is not the slightest proof, and which is directly opposed to many facts. The alternative is one from which we can not escape.

As the view which we have presented must then be correct, it follows that true hygiene can not accomplish a vastly greater work than is generally supposed. It has the power of preventing a very large proportion of the sickness and pain which the human family—all or nearly all that there is more than that which exists in the animal creation around us. Of course it does not do this till it had first removed all the morbid tendencies that have accumulated from the past, a work of renovation which it would require many ages to perform.

Whatever may be our estimate of the range of hygiene, it is evident that many of the causes of disease are preventable, and the distinction between these and those of an opposite character we will consider at another time.

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Mr. Morrill's remarks have proceeded at intervals.—If the difference between man and brute animals in regard to the prevalence of disease be not sufficiently explained by the above mentioned—are there not to the conclusion that there is implanted by the Creator in the very constitution of man a tendency to disease, which tendency must be made to counteract the influence and control of man, instead of being left entirely to their natural inclinations.

Such a tendency we have presented as necessarily connected with the fact that man is a responsible creation a morbid, and not a healthy one—a proposition of which there is not the slightest proof, and which is directly opposed to many facts. The alternative is one from which we can not escape.

As the view which we have presented must then be correct, it follows that true hygiene can not accomplish a vastly greater work than is generally supposed. It has the power of preventing a very large proportion of the sickness and pain which the human family—all or nearly all that there is more than that which exists in the animal creation around us. Of course it does not do this till it had first removed all the morbid tendencies that have accumulated from the past, a work of renovation which it would require many ages to perform.

Whatever may be our estimate of the range of hygiene, it is evident that many of the causes of disease are preventable, and the distinction between these and those of an opposite character we will consider at another time.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

THE funeral of the late Rev. DR. EDWARD B. HALL, of Providence, Rhode Island, was a singular and beautiful tribute to the Christian charity of that city and to the saintly character of DR. HALL. He had been for thirty-three years settled over the First Congregational Unitarian Society, and during all that time he led a still good and generous works; his fidelity to the suffering and the poor; his constant sympathy with the pastoral duty; his ability in the pulpit; and the modesty of his spotless life, had made him perhaps the best beloved citizen in Providence. A great concourse of every



CHARLES SUMNER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BLACK & CASE, BOSTON, MASS.]

CHARLES SUMNER.

CHARLES SUMNER is a name that will always remain among the most conspicuous of the present epoch of our history. No American statesman ever stood more steadfastly for the plain American principle of equal rights, and none has ever excited more exasperation or been more bitterly denounced. The reason of this is to be found in his temperament and a certain ideal cast of mind, which compels him unconsciously to disregard the conditions of practicability, and to treat public measures purely from the view of abstract justice. A man who does this must expect to encounter the impatience of friends as well as the hostility of foes. Consequently, from Mr. SUMNER'S first notable public appearance, when he delivered his famous Fourth of July oration in Boston upon "The True Grandeur of Nations," in 1845, to his last elaborate speech in the Senate upon "The Equal Rights of All: the Great Guarantee and the Present Necessity," his course has compelled moral approval rather than kindled popular enthusiasm.

Mr. SUMNER was thirty-four years old at the time of the delivery of the oration. Born in Boston in 1811, he graduated at Harvard College in 1830, and after a year of private study he entered the Law School at Cambridge, where he became the fast friend of his great teacher, Judge STORY. In 1834 he began to practice in Boston, and was at once eminent in his profession, publishing, as reporter, three volumes of Judge STORY'S Circuit Decisions, editing the *American Jurist*, and lecturing at the Law School in Cambridge. In 1835 he declined a chair, both in the Law School and the College, and the next year went to Europe, where he remained for three years.

The best introductions opened to him the finest social opportunities in Europe, which a mind richly stored, a trained and tenacious memory, and the various sympathies of an accomplished scholar enabled him to improve to the utmost advantage. Few Americans have better seen what was best worth seeing in Europe. His habits of ceaseless industry, his remarkable faculties of acquirement, were in constant play, and he made the personal acquaintance, which in many cases ripened into friendly intimacy, of the most distinguished Europeans. In 1840 he returned and resumed the practice of his profession, publishing, in 1844–6, an elaborate edition of "Vesey's Reports." In politics he was a Whig, although he had taken no prominent political part until the oration of which we have spoken, which was a learned and powerful plea for peaceful arbitration in all international differences. In November, 1845, he spoke in Faneuil Hall against the annexation of TEXAS as a measure intended to subdue the National Government to the control of the slavery interest. The next year, at the Whig State Convention, he defined in a forcible speech the anti-slavery duties of the Whig party, and, with an intrepidity which in a Boston Whig of that time was remarkable, he published a letter to Mr. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, then the Boston Representative in Congress, sharply rebuking him for his vote in favor of the Mexican war. This led to a rupture with Mr. WINTHROP which has never been healed, and that gentleman records his view of the matter in his volume of speeches and addresses.

The dissolution of the Whig party had already begun. The "Conscience Whigs," as they were called in Massachusetts, of whom CHARLES SEARGES, HORACE MANN, JOHN G. PALFREY, SAMUEL G. HOWE, and RICHARD H. DANA, JUN., were conspicuous leaders, withdrew from the political companionship of WEBSTER, EVERETT, CROATE, and

WHITEHOUSE, and supported, in 1848, the Buffalo Free-soil candidates, MARTIN VAN BUREN and CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. The schism was final, and from that moment the Boston Whig leadership declined. The breeders seemed to take with them the moral force of their party, and when, in 1850, MR. WEBSTER became Secretary of State under MR. FILLMORE and resigned his seat in the Senate, to which MR. WHITEHOUSE by the party traditions had been considered the natural successor, a coalition of Free-soilers and Democrats, after a long and fierce struggle, succeeded in electing CHARLES SUMNER to Mr. Webster's seat, and he accepted the office, as he had the nomination, without a single pledge to any party or person.

Mr. SUMNER came to the Senate of the United States a young man, perfectly familiar with international law and with the history and literature of all countries; with a thorough knowledge of the details of the anti-slavery movement, and a profound conviction that the insolent and dangerous determination of the Slave Power was the great peril of the nation. His fame had preceded him, and he was not welcome in a body which the spirit of CALHOUN controlled. Senators like JOHNSON of Georgia, who prevailed by audacity, or like DOUGLAS, who despised the moral sentiment, affected to sneer at what were called the dainty fogeyism and sophomoric rhetoric of the young Senator. But his speech upholding the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, and the opening thunders of his direct assault upon the Slave Power in the debates upon the Missouri Compromise, apprised those who and the country that there was one Senator at least who, standing upon the broad ground of moral right, was equally at home upon every inch of the discussion and of law with the most learned and the oldest of his associates. Personally of the kindest heart and most polished manners, he disliked social conciliation of his political adversaries; and his opposition was so inflexible and unsparing toward those whom he believed to be conspiring against the country that he was regarded as the personification of the unbending spirit of Liberty, which the Slave leaders knew to be their most dangerous foe. On the 19th and 20th of May, 1856, MR. SUMNER delivered a speech upon "The Crime against Kansas," which was unanswerable. In the course of it he spoke satirically of Senator BUTLER, of South Carolina, and of Representative of the Old, which MR. SUMNER was writing at his desk, he was assaulted by PRESTON S. BROOKS, a Representative from South Carolina, who beaten upon the head with a heavy gutta percha cane until he fell senseless.

It was four years before Mr. SUMNER returned to the Senate. During that time he was subject to constant, often to the severest, medical treatment at home and in Europe. While still disabled the Massachusetts Legislature re-elected him to the seat by a unanimous vote in the Senate and by a vote of several hundreds to seven in the House. Massachusetts felt while her Senator remained the sacred seat, and his first important speech struck the keynote of his Congressional life and exposed "The Barbarism of Slavery." In the caucuses for President, in 1860, he was an active worker; and at the beginning of the war he declared its "main-spring" to be slavery, and that there could be no peace until that was broken by emancipation. This policy he steadily urged until it was adopted by the Government. During the war his speeches upon the "Trent" question and our foreign relations were comprehensive and statesmanlike, and had great official weight from his position as Chairman of the Senate Committee upon Foreign Affairs.

Mr. SUMNER'S political career has been identified with the debate and the war springing from Slavery. Believing slavery to be the source of all our woes he has steadily advocated Emancipation as the radical means of national regeneration; and as the war has abolished slavery, his efforts are now turned to secure the overthrow of the spirit of caste in the organization of peace. His will is as strong as his convictions; and it is perhaps his misfortune and that of his cause that, in the constructive period which we have now reached, and in which political considerations are so essential and powerful, political differences are apt to appear to him as moral delinquencies. Immutably fixed in his own clear perception of the necessary development and ultimate achievements of the great American principle of Equal Rights, he seems anxious to secure at once, by acts of Congress, results which can be better attained by other and higher laws. But in his uncompromising desire that the faith of the United States shall be kept with the Freedmen, and that those who are still panting with the effort to destroy the Government shall not be allowed to share in its administration without satisfactory assurances, he has the hearty sympathy of all who love the Union and the national honor.

Among all American statesmen there have been few so variously and profoundly accomplished as MR. SUMNER. His literary style is stately and scholastic. Each of his speeches is an extensive treatise upon its subject. His oratory is declamatory rather than colloquial or rhetorical. A certain dogmatism of style both in writing and speaking may be easily traced to his intense personal consciousness, and to the sober times and events amidst which he has moved. But his chief fame will be that of a man who, during the maturing of a terrible conspiracy against human rights, stood as firm and clear for justice as a light-house in the fury of a storm. Without one faltering tone of compromise or fear or witless conciliation his lips proclaimed the everlasting truth that justice is right, and is therefore the best policy. The concluding words of his late speech are the true motto of his life. "And now, declaring my belief in Liberty and Equality as the God-given birth-right of all men, let me say in the same spirit, if this be an error, it is an error which I love; if this be a fault, it is a fault which I shall be slow to renounce; if this be an illusion, it is an illusion which I pray may wrap the world in its angelic forms."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



VICTORY AND YET.

CHAPTER XI.

As the days and weeks creep by, it is very slowly but very certainly ascertained in Somerville that the great and glorious victory near Corinth was not, at last, quite so complete and final a rout of the Yankees as was at first believed. Somehow they have not fled utterly away—the miserable remnant left of them—but are still lingering, in a singular manner, near or upon the very battle-field. And it is so strange of Beauregard, that he has not long ago descended upon them again from Corinth like a thunder-bolt. Why does he not make a finish of it? What is he staying there at Corinth for? people are beginning impatiently to ask.

Like many another military idol of the time, before him and after him, Beauregard is slowly waning in public estimation. Good Mr. Ellis thanks God for it. "The career of any one General, like Napoleon, in our cause," he avows, "would be fatal to the cause." We wish victory to be won for us in such a way that to no one man, but to the whole people, and to God above all, the glory may redound. Certain it is, though there were ever so many just on the point of becoming the Marions, the Washingtons, the Napoleons of the war, in some way or other each just missed it as by a hair's-breadth, but just missed it altogether.

But the Yankees are even approaching Corinth. Lamum fills the Somerville *Star* with ample assurance why. Beauregard's most important event within his intrenchments at Corinth, and people say they hope so, and that he will be able to abide it; but there is misgiving hearts in every bosom in Somerville. However, there is Island No. 10. It has been made a perfect Gibraltar. It is fully demonstrated that the passage of that Island in the Mississippi River by the Federal fleet is an absolute impossibility. Every Number of the Somerville *Star* exults in "Island Ten," and in the laughable notion of the Yankees that it can be passed. And so for weeks; slow as the first approach of an epidemic the rumor gets afloat that Island Ten has been evacuated.

It was not Lamum's fault! To do him strict justice, never from the first had any item, or any particle of an item, appeared in his columns save of good news for the Confederacy. Many a prophecy did he make of great and glorious events; many a statement did he cautiously prepare, on the best authority, of something or other highly favorable to the Confederacy. Steadily as the days rolled by each of those prophecies fulfilled and his statements disproved, yet you would never gather a syllable to that effect from his paper. And no reader could find away each Number of the *Star* for future reference as carefully, or with such deep satisfaction, as did MR. FERGUSON.

Lamum had remarked: "If our gallant heroes *should* evacuate Columbus, it will be only to make a more impregnable stand at Island Ten." Long after Island Ten was evacuated Lamum casually remarks in his columns: "If our able and experienced leaders should evacuate Island Ten it is only to make a stand at Fort Pillow, but a short distance below;" and thereupon follows several columns of the most inscription of Fort Pillow—its natural advantages and its armament—that even a child could understand that of its capture no one need entertain the least fear. "Deluded by their frenzied leaders they dream even"—Lamum was frequently observing in his paper—"of capturing New Orleans!" If Colonel Juggins read Lamum's full and enthusiastic description of Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip, and the other Gibraltars by which New Orleans was secured from the possibility of being taken, once, he read it a dozen times. The boom costing millions of dollars stretching across the river below the forts seems to him a waste of money. And then, the gigantic steamships building at New Orleans to dash to atoms the Federal vessels, to the Colonel they had assumed a grandeur of size and armament under the hand of energetic Lamum from which even a Brunel would have shrunk aghast.

"From what I learn of that splendid ship of war," good Mr. Ellis had said to his pastor, "even if the Federals should pass the forts below, of which I have no fear, their vessel alone moored as it is in front of the city, could drive them back."

"But the papers speak of it as not yet completed," ventured Mr. Arthur.

"One side is, one side is," urged Mr. Ellis, warmly, "the side toward the river: the guns on that side are enough, amply enough."

And to this his friend had no reply.

Stealthily and awfully as the deadly blast of which the Spaniards say, "It kills a man but does not part a taper," comes the news that New Orleans, too, is captured! A painful thing it is to state, but imperceptibly to themselves men begin to distrust Lamum and all his herd. Undefined, unacknowledged even to themselves, men begin to reason that, if the editors had so often declared them upon such points as Bowling Green, Columbus, Fort Donelson, Island Ten, Fort Pillow, Roanoke, Pulaski, New Orleans, Corinth, might they not have been equally guides on all other points also relating to Secession and its consequences? Slowly, slowly.

"I think I am beginning clearly to see the hand of Providence in lengthening out this matter," Guy Brooks remarked one night to his pastor as they sat together in the study of the latter. "You know my brother, Paul Brooks; he has been down lately from his solitude among the Pines. He was always fond of solitude and reflection—old bachelor that he is. He has been giving me the benefit of his months of thought up there. We are, he thinks, passing through a revolution indeed, not only a political, but a social, moral, religious revolution. Were it only a political revolution, the establishment of the Confederacy, or the putting down of Secession say, it might have been a thing begun and over in a few months. But it is to be, he thinks, a total revolution in our deepest and dearest convictions on many subjects of vastly greater importance than the mere question of Secession and Union. Such revolutions of thought, belief, opinion, feeling can not be effected all at once. To be sincere and permanent, people must have time to think; yes, time, plenty of it, to *think*."

"For the divisions of Reuben there were great thoughts of heart," said the minister. "I have been much struck with that passage of Scripture myself of late. Yes, the political leaders have had space, for instance, in which to show themselves—



MR. FERGUSON AND HIS RECORD.

"From the tips of their horns to the points of their cloven feet," interrupted the lawyer. "And the people are slowly but steadily finding them out: it is a lesson being very slowly learned, but once learned it will never be forgotten on this continent forever."

"Unless I greatly mistake the South is learning other lessons also," said the minister, after a thoughtful pause. "God is causing us to read over again, beneath the blazing torch of his providence, other matters in which I for one was as thoroughly settled and satisfied as any man could be. We will not speak upon that matter just now—let us wait and see."

"We will see one day," the lawyer remarked, "the wonderful dealing of the Almighty with us in permitting this war to linger so long. Suppose Manassas had resulted the other way, the Confederacy been crushed in the bud, it would have been a mere victory of force—nothing else. There would have been nothing of a radical cure of the evil, nothing safe and permanent afterward. I tell you, Sir," continued he, rising to his feet, and leaning his burly form against the mantle as if the idea was too large and free to be expressed save upon his feet, "especially we here, at the South, are slowly, steadily coming toward convictions, conclusions that shall be those of our own minds and hearts. The bayonets are holding the question open only till we have had time to think the whole matter to the end. As firmly as I believe in my own existence, I do believe that this whole continent is steadily coming to such a oneness of sentiment as will make us such a Union—such a nation as—"

"The old Union was but an emblem of a scaffolding *toward*," the minister added for him. "I tell you, Mr. Brooks, Southerners as we both are, we can not disguise from ourselves the fact that, on some points, we of the South lag in the march, are a century or so behind the sentiment, the conviction, the Christianity of the times. I have had an uneasy conviction of the sin for years, but quicken myself with the knowledge of its being the providence of God, his peculiar dispensation in our case. And it is only God's providence in present events which I am now waiting to understand. For one I have no notion of fighting against God. Nor have I any intention of being upon the obsolete side, the waning side of a great question. If you glance your eye over the history of the world you will notice that there are certain periods of time when you can run, as it were, a pencil line between where one era ends and a new and better era begins. And there always is a party for the old era fighting blindly and desperately for it! God helping me, I belong not to the old, worn-out era which the world is sloughing off, but to that era which is better, which is still to succeed, which is that much nearer the Christ that is to come. My happening to be born in the Southern Islands would have been poor excuse for

me, therefore, to have fought against civilization and Christianity when they had actually come from God on its shores!"

And it was well for Edward Arthur, and for the many like him scattered throughout the South, that he and they had a belief in those days clear enough, strong enough, inspiring enough, to bear them up through poverty, and the alienation of their dearest friends, and the hatred and insult of innumerable enemies, and death always imminent; in some cases actually inflicted; a belief, thank God, which grew clearer, stronger, more inspiring, as the darkness and the peril around them grew dense. Easy enough it was for you, Sir, living outside the South during those days, to possess convictions clear and right upon the subject of slavery. You heard nothing else all day among your friends. You read nothing else in your papers, pamphlets, books. You had the whole profession poured upon you from the platform with all force of argument and eloquence. You had it urged upon you in every speaking that met your eye, backed upon you in every transparency, waved before you in every flag, thundered upon you in cartoons of telling color, vivid, and in the infinite hurrahs of the people! Little merit in your going with the right—how easy it was to you!—when you were in the centre of a great torrent pouring irresistibly onward.

But look at this man, Edward Arthur, one case in multitudes at the South during those long and dark months. From the first hour of that sinful call he could be received as one of correspondence from any one outside the South, nor any during the first two years of the war, at least, from a correspondent within the South, save in enthusiastic support of Secession. Such of his correspondents as shared his convictions were prudently silent, well aware that the seal of a letter was no bond whatever against the reading of the letter by dozens before it could reach its owner's; at the utmost an insurance, do a carefully-veiled sarcasm, a word here and a phrase there, capable of being understood only by the one to whom the letter was addressed. From that hour, during the same length of time, no Northern or European paper, pamphlet, or book met his eye that was not printed that did not meet his gaze being in furious advocacy of Secession. Except as their arms proved it, there was a faint glimmering through the darkness of opinion and sentiment outside the blockade. By himself, even his correspondents shared similar views, mistaking those views mainly to their own bosoms, often speaking and acting in direct opposition to them, a real originality, standing alone and unaided, by himself and for himself, he arrived at those opinions to which he held as to his life, and by no other than his own light grasp upon the opinion being for him to relax his hold even upon life.

And it was so it was. Only, never wonder at the clearness and energy with which Southern men hold to views which they have then adopted, to values in action as much as the man who has earned them with sweat and toil; the belle of the ball-room holds not to her values with the concentrated force of the diver who has brought them up from the depths and darkness of roaring waters.

"Lamunn says, in his last *Star*, that I am a traitor to my native soil," the lawyer said, after a long pause. "I really wonder if am," he continued gravely, weighing the proposition in his mind with his finger behind his ear. "What is my pay for being a traitor? I am post officer, Morris says. And Bat Roberts told me that any thing I would have he would see that I *did* have if I said so. It is a singular fact, Sir, that one, and a number of the leaders in Secession in or around Somerville but urge this hour in receipt of letters from Senator Roberts or Confederate States Senator; Lamunn has the printing of the Confederate laws; Tim Lamunn, Lamunn's nephew, is a conductor; Colonel Goodlett has a contract for corn; Dr. Peel is making thousands by his contract for beef; even Captain Simmons is getting, when sober, of the Confederate Court; and Bob Withers is a Tax Collector; Joe Staples is Receiver of Confiscated Property—every one of them but has a full office, or, if in the army, but is a Colonel or a Quartermaster. Bribe? On account of my opinions my business is ruined and nothing will be left to; my best friends will hardly speak to me. I held to my original opinions upon Secession against every one with cash. As to the bribing them—the fact is," added the lawyer, "as Paul, that brother of mine, says, either I am entirely and hopelessly deranged or the Secessionists are."

It is weeks ago now since it had occurred to Mrs. Sorel, knitting, spinning, weaving, making starch, soap, candles, hats, caps, shoes, and every thing else in her place near Somerville, that it would be a great favor to her if Mr. Arthur could occupy the vacant front-room on the left-hand side of the hall in her house. Nobody, now Frank is gone, but herself and Bobby. It was a delicate matter to bring about under all the circumstances. But remember the best *diplomats* in the world. Talleyrands are they by sex; and Mrs. Sorel had her purpose announced and Mr. Arthur established at home in her front-room almost before he knew it was a thing in view. The truth is, he himself and Mrs. Sorel were still the progeny of the same as well as Mrs. Sorel, and only Mrs. Sorel could have managed it so quietly and pleasantly. Bobby Sorel is a sober little fellow, fond of his home and his book and his quiet sports, the very image of his mother; it will be a pleasure to Mr. Arthur to direct his studies, another reason for the arrangement.

The propriety of the step! Only you would read those lines, after painful experience of your own, can understand all the bitterness of meaning herein implied. Not a day but Edward Arthur was made to feel and see it. The strong Secessionists outside of his church had long since removed all doubt from his mind in regard to their opinion of his position. Colonel Bat Roberts had never entered his church in his life. That, however, of course. Gentlemen of his stamp never go to church. People who come to hear a preacher, such he, as a general rule, much desire to attend church—now they have none at all. If some preacher who is also Register of a regiment is to preach, or if Brother Barker is to give clear Scripture proof of God's cordial approval of Secession, if there is to be some startling variation of the one strain of glory to the South in the highest, on earth war to the knife, and eternal ill-will to the Yankees, then to go to church to be that much more encouraged in a cause in which they are beginning to feel more and more bold, and of courageous action, is the way to have the old Gospel? To be told over again the old old story of their being sinners and of Christ being their Saviour? No, Sir; heaven hates the ineffectual glories and hell its fires in contrast with the lurid flames of the war.

Where could Christians have become so apathetic in regard to religion Mr. Arthur expects nothing of the rest of Somerville. He touched him, however, this Sabbath morning when Mrs. Roberts made such a point of meeting him, when he visited her class in turn, and shook hands with some special cordiality. And Mrs. Roberts well knew what her eyes worn with weeping meant, and now filling again with tears, when she turned from him and stooped as if to tie again the scarf around the throat of her little boy, looking up with bold brave eyes while she was doing it for her father. When immediately after Sabbath-school she left with her children, not waiting until service, for a visit of a week or so, she had told him of the letters from her husband at Richmond requiring her never again to hear her pastor preach. If he had not understood, he could not have misunderstood him with which Colonel Bat Roberts sustained his own spotless reputation as a patriotic, political visitation, in leaving even the church. At first she resisted so far as the Sabbath-school was concerned; but it was too painful, her letter said, to remain there. How painful to her pastor was that vacant seat henceforth only you who occupied a like situation, and there are many of you, in those days can tell!

And with Mrs. Roberts there fell away one by one, even of the communicants, all save an old, "Mr. Arthur was a good man; they had known him too many years to doubt that; but now that he was a traitor to his land, he was not to rely upon them in their homes? Only political discussion, warm, perhaps heated. And so, what was left him but to pursue the even tenor of his way?

"Resign? No, Sir. The great body of the church are content that you should continue preaching to them the Gospel as of old," said Guy Brooks, whenever he consulted him upon the question. "You can be conscience do only what you are doing. Let us be as quiet as possible; let us wait and hope." And Guy Brooks, really and truly faithfully did. Mr. Brooks, and Mr. Ferguson, and the many like them, attend at service, listening to the same Gospel preached, greeting him on every meeting with triple cordiality.

"You can hardly imagine how painful it is to me," said Mr. Arthur to his friend the lawyer, one gloomy evening as they sat together in the study. "You can hardly imagine how painful it is to me, and how sacredness do only what you are doing. Let us be as quiet as possible; let us wait and hope." And Guy Brooks really and truly faithfully did. Mr. Brooks, and Mr. Ferguson, and the many like them, attend at service, listening to the same Gospel preached, greeting him on every meeting with triple cordiality.

"You can hardly imagine how painful it is to me," said Mr. Arthur to his friend the lawyer, one gloomy evening as they sat together in the study. "You can hardly imagine how painful it is to me, and how sacred my feelings are. I hoped I had secured forever pass me without speaking. Even many who do deign to greet me do it in a manner that is a mockery. I do know do fully agree with me in my opinions, and who would not enter the church if I pursued the course I personally could be sent speaking with me on the street."

"And have not a syllable to say in your defence when you are called a traitor to your native soil?" the lawyer, over Somerville," added the lawyer, who, in his own despondency, would have given a friend any thing with those around Job as he sat on his dunghill.

And it was well it was so. Too dependent on others for his happiness, Edward Arthur was not learning to stand firm in the consciousness of his own integrity—to dispense with all friendship besides in approval of himself. He was never before conceived of doing, the presence of Him who sticketh closer than a brother. Pale and thin he looked, and his wife's eyes told that was to last him his life—the lesson itself was not to last forever, but its *results*.

"Lamunn is a traitor, minister, after a pause, "the opinion that I am a traitor to my soil seems to be so universal as compared to be unanswerably supressed, that I have at times almost a sense of shame as for actual guilt. However, that only because I am not conversant with the action of my original views. And, alas for me!" he added, with a sigh, "these views are only deepening and strengthening with time."

"If you were only fixed as a minister my brother Paul lately heard of it would suit exactly. Paul was preaching in a town not far down from the Pikes. It is a minister as conscientiously opposed to Secession," continued Guy Brooks, "as I am to it, and strong in his views, strong, cast iron on that point. But he is an Episcopal minister, you see. His bishop has written out the principles, and among them are for Secession as language can make them, for the blessing of God upon the Confederate arms, for the speedy and total defeat of the Federals, and all that. Twice every Sunday that Union minister stands solemnly up and offers those prayers. Worse than that, the bishop has lately appointed a special prayer-meeting, with prayers to match, to be held two or three times during the week, for the success of the Confederate armies."

"And, true to the cannon obligations, he prays them?" asked Mr. Arthur. "Singular position for a worshiper of God to fill—deliberately, continually, kneeling before the Almighty, the set of petitions on his lips, exactly the reverse set of supplication in his— Never mind!" said the minister, interrupting himself, "it is none of my business."

"But it keeps all so straight and pleasant," resumed the lawyer. "Every now and then Paul has to call the pulpit in his regular visitation; and he always preaches a sermon full and most decided for the Confederacy—Brother Barker or ever will be, in his own and with manuscript. But no wonder; the Bishop's negroes have been running away dreadfully of late. His expenses for dogs alone are enormous."

"My dear Mr. Brooks," interrupted the minister, "do let us speak of something else. A man, I believe, more sincere man than this bishop before these troubles neither you nor I have known. The times have changed him, as they have changed so many of us. There was a time when there lived not a minister at the South who dreamed of alluding in the pulpit to political matters. And now!" Would Paul, would Peter, would Heber, Simeon of Oxford, Wesley, Whitfield, Newton, Daniel Baker do it were they now alive? Would the Saviour do it did he to-day—if such a thing can be imagined—walk the hills of North or South? Is not *his side* the minister happens to be on is a mere nothing in comparison; it is his abandoning the true side—the side, whether he preach from Secession or preach the Federal Union. "I feel to-day as if I had somehow become suddenly shunted—as if the whole world had passed by and left me in the rear—as if I was far behind the times."

"Well and you are," said the Kentuckian, "behind the times? Yes, Sir, eighteen hundred years! But Paul says it is the richest thing in the world—that Christian minister standing in the pulpit, as he has to do once every two or three months, reading long pastoral letters from the bishop in which, political visitation-general of the South, you know, the poor fellow reading it with the necessary emphasis and inflection—how positive he must be to occur?"

Mrs. Warner did not think so, however, when Mr. Arthur called there next. It was the first actual visit Mrs. Warner—until, at least, the minister took a lesson from Mrs. Warner, and at last deigned to call. Of late any one could tell, just by seeing Dr. Warner on the streets, that the gusts at home these days were not exactly light ones. The Doctor's neckerchief was always to one side now, the long curls hanging out, and dreadfully frayed. His general appearance was that of one in a linen; a strip or so of the lining of his coat hanging loose to the breeze from wrists and skirts; pantaloons that bid fair to resemble in wear and pantaloons; a wild and disordered state of his hair, too, a good deal of it gone altogether—the whole man altogether to resemble in number just out of a terrible tempest. And, stormtossed and weather-beaten as the Doctor was, he was only the more to be pitied. In fact, looked upon as the Doctor was by the eternal gusts, he had got into the habit of retiring completely from himself—from all that his body had excanded itself to make room for him:

"What I regret, who Dr. Warner regrets, if he would only say so—and he is one of those men who never will speak out as he ought—is, that you do not pray for the Confederacy as you should, Mr. Arthur," said Mrs. Warner to the gentleman, sitting in her parlor this last time. "If you do not feel prepared to preach sermons for the Confederacy, in denouncement of the Yankees, like Brother Barker and ever so many ministers more, well, you needn't do it—that is, if you are afraid to your conscience to do so; though I am sure our revolutionary forefathers took their swords and muskets even into the pulpit with them. But why don't you pray for the Confederacy—pray for it warm and strong? There's Brother Barker—and he a Northern man by birth—every Sunday, as Tim told by Mrs. Staples, that the Almighty will defeat, destroy, annihilate the Federals; that he will overturn, overthrow, destroy them in policy, decimate them with measles, small-pox, and yellow-fever; not leave enough of them for a corporal's guard to survives to bury the rest! Pray? yes, and for their eternal damnation too. They are fiends, they are devils, they are worse than devils, worse than Satan himself, worse than any savages; they richly deserve the agonies of the pit! Why, look at Dr. Peel—I mean Brother Arthur! Why, he's invading Pennsylvania, they are burning our cities and homes, they are slaughtering our men, women, and children, and he refuses to set our enemies free; they are hiring them all the time to rise and cut our throats, and wash their black feet in our blood! Why, these Yankee wretches—they make us their slaves, to hew wood for them —yes, drawers of wood and hewers of water to bring negro and Irish blood, peddling, pandering Yankees! I'd die first—die a thousand and a thousand times over! I've learned how to hate from another source, Sir, than you seem to! I would a snake. A snake?—yes, a genuine, Southern-born rattlesnake is more respectable to me than a Yankee! I'd cut our carving knife sharpened to a point for a dagger: if they come here I'll stab the first Yankee that comes near me in the heart! I tell you, Doctor—Mr. Arthur—I'll burn down my house with my own hands before they should have it. I'd make Doctor Warner shoot down every Hand he's got—and they all came to him through *me* —before he should let the Yankees get them. That's what Brother Barker says, Dr. Peel too, Lamunn, and all. Did you read Colonel Bat Roberts's last speech? Only his wife is such a poor, downcast creature of a woman! But you must pray for the Confederacy stronger, Mr. Arthur. Every body in Somerville is saying you are an Abolitionist. And just suppose they was to hang you some day; you may not know it, but people have, threatened long ago to hang you. Ain't you afraid? You know they have hung ever so many." And oh, how much, much more!

And Mr. Arthur sat, holding, instinctively, hard to the arms of the large parlor rocking-chair in which he sat—as while the unsteady gusts of the canal locks poured their tide upon him—sat waiting till the gush would flow itself out.

And so Mrs. Warner went on, taking snuff with her stick energetically all the time.

But the snuff which she so copiously dipped is not Mrs. Warner's only cause. Last night another of those wretched letters, written to some one in Somerville—somebody known—from somebody near Corinth,—has announced that Beauregard has actually evacuated Corinth, and is retreating South in consequence of the news just before there had been a well-authenticated report in Somerville that Beauregard had ordered an army to prepare for an immediate move upon the enemy. Lamunn had filled the last *Star* with it; the thrilling address of Beauregard to his soldiers before the great victory that was to be; the enthusiasm of his army; the utter demoralization of the Federals; the whole regiments that had already been shot in the Union intrenchments for mutiny; the almost unanimous unwillingness of the troops, Yankees though they were, to fire another shot upon the Confederates.

Hopeful as we have always been in regard to matters at Corinth," said Lamunn, "we are now positively confident of a great and glorious victory, full particulars of which we hope to give in our next. Only but steadily has Beauregard been maturing his brilliant plans. All information from Corinth agrees that the enemy has so long in Corinth has doubtless been launched long ere this. We congratulate all true Southern men in advance upon the coming fall of the wicked traitors among us, let them know their day of doom is at hand!"—and vastly more to the same effect.

But one of those miserable letters has arrived, saying that all Beauregard's preparations were not for the rout of the Yankees, but of a tremendous march either on St. Louis or Chicago, as Lamunn and all others had so confidently predicted, but for a hasty retreat—Corinth looked into before it could be decided whether their owners are to have them or not. Faithfully did Mr. Smithers, the postmaster, obey these instructions, but with a painful sense all the time of deserving the Penitentiary therefor. Yet almost every week somebody or other in Somerville was receiving and spreading abroad the astounding contents of some letter which should never have been written; or, if written, should never have been read except by an official; or, if read, should never have been whispered to a living soul—except. These letters, Mr. Smithers from the various seats of the war by people who had reference in writing only to the facts, and not at all to the influence of those facts unknown, unofficial people—in short, unsalaried people, who, in tenderly sustaining the Confederacy against every shock, lay down their unusual income to nurse and protract thereby. The constrast, the steadily running contrast, between the cramped information from the seats of the war and the undercurrent of private information from the same sources was amazing. Between the cross-streams of public and of private intelligence the air was always filled with all sorts of rumors as with the flying froth of conflicting waters.

Here is a bright summer morning upon which Mr. Warner would fly from his house to Brooks in his office. "I would not have my name mentioned in it, you understand," Dr. Warner says, in a low, private tone to Guy Brooks, "but there is a rumor afloat this morning that Richmond has been taken. Of course I do not vouch for the truth of the report; nobody knows this morning—let it go for what it is worth—that he overheard Lamunn and Captain Simmons speaking mysteriously about Colonel Goodlett's; tracing the route to it on a map open on Lamunn's table. Of course we attach no importance to what we hear, but it really looks as if the leading Secessionists were contemplating a speedy flight, taken in connection with the other rumors from similar sources. Observe it" and the mild Doctor wipes his perspiring forehead, from which the hair is being blown away as in the winds at home; quite bald the Doctor is becoming.

"I pay no attention to such things," says Guy Brooks, with a contemptuous wave of his hand, somewhat of a coincidence; the Secessionists—the leaders I mean—have had a remarkably depressed look about them of late. Pshaw! it's all nonsense; but I suppose you have heard about some lady or other suddenly coming in upon Mrs. Colonel Bat Roberts and finding her bathed in tears with her children around her. She had just heard, the interpretation is, from Roberts of the capture of Richmond, or some event of the sort." But the lawyer is ashamed of himself as he says it.

"We are kept so completely in the dark—

faking all these things together. Ah, well, we shall know sooner or later," says Dr. Warner, shaking his head as he considers it all over.

"And so Dr. Ginnis is running off with some of your patients?" inquires the lawyer at last.

"Such a loud Secessionist, you know. I can not help it. It is impossible for a man to think and feel except as he *does* think and feel; and I make such a poor hypocrite do the best at it I can," says poor Dr. Warner.

That very day the Scotchman was telling his pastor of this same rumor. "It is all over Somerville; people really believe it," said Mr. Ferguson. And he was right. Only wish to believe any thing, it is the easiest thing to do so. "It may be true, you know," said the Scotchman, before he had done referring to it; always scoffing at all news he did *not* wish to believe, too.

"Do you see this port-folio?" asked the Scotchman of a ponderous scrap-book lying open upon his table, with covers of blue pasteboard a yard square; half a foot thick the volume is. And he turned lovingly over the irregular leaves—pamphlets, speeches, sermons, placards, hand-bills, written notices of all shapes and sizes, newspapers, too, from a yard across down, toward the later dates, to sheets of eight inches, and of all the colors of the rainbow, according as wrapping paper was being resorted to under stress of the Blockade. "Now, here is a complete set of the news and the rumors since the beginning of this awful delusion," continued Mr. Ferguson, turning over his collection with the pride of a virtuoso. "You see, I own lands in the State. My business used to be selling those lands. I have none to sell now, not a rood, for paper-money, you understand. So I have a good deal of leisure to spend on this collection. When a rumor is about unprinted, I write it out myself and paste it in;" and he turned in succession to several pages of his own writing carefully interleaved with the rest of the pasteboard sheets of his best hand it was in, and with date in full to each rumor, and plenty of capitals and marks of exclamation.

"And each one of those items was in its turn as a dose of rescue to those who did not want to believe it, you see—"

"A glass of usquebaugh to those who did," said Mr. Ferguson, completing the sentence for his pastor. "Now I have every thing under these items for a regular index, here in this blank book, to the volume," continued the Scotchman, laying his hand upon it. "I have almost the thing else to do; and I have become interested in it as a systematic study of this war, and of human nature in it. Would you like to hear my classification?"

The Scotchman had a grizzled beard, carrying all his weight with a dry, didactic way of speaking, with his chin fixed steadily between his shirt collar, and in crisp sentences. He walked with a stiff, military step, never turning his head right or left, favoring his most intimate friends with the slightest possible motion of his head, strictly up and down on its vertebral hinge, his shade to one side or the other, when he met them. It had often occurred to Mr. Arthur Bond, Mr. Ferguson, if himself classified, would have been labeled of the *Linnæus* species—a botanist caring for classes for analysis, without the slightest reference to their hue or fragrance.

"From the beginning of this delusion," continued he, with the dry precision of an alienist's, "all of the innumerable rumors I have classified as follows:

"*First*—The Confederacy is on the verge of recognition by Europe. I have put this first, as being the most frequently repeated and the most steadily believed.

"*Second*—The North is bankrupt, and can not carry on the war beyond the fifteenth of next month at the earliest. This was the next frequent rumor at first that it has been of late.

"*Third*—A great revolution favorable to the South is impending at the North.

"*Fourth*—France, England, and Spain have determined upon an instant armed intervention unless their claims are agreed upon by the first of this month; and the papers all contain these terms, drawn fully out, article by article, in diplomatic style.

"*Fifth*—An impending 'mutiny of the entire Federal army against the accursed scheme into which their leaders have bounded.'

"*Sixth*—Great and glorious victories, with the slaughter of half of the Federal army and the capture of their half, stores, arms, and munitions beyond calculation. To the same head belongs the repeated capture of Washington city.

"*Lastly*—General, 'at last,' of the Confederate fleet, iron-plated, fully armed, from Europe, and the impending destruction of the Federal navy. These are the classes of rumors, two or more of which are continually afloat. It matters not how often a rumor has been refuted and disproved finally, like the balls of the juggler, one or more of them is continually in the air none the less.

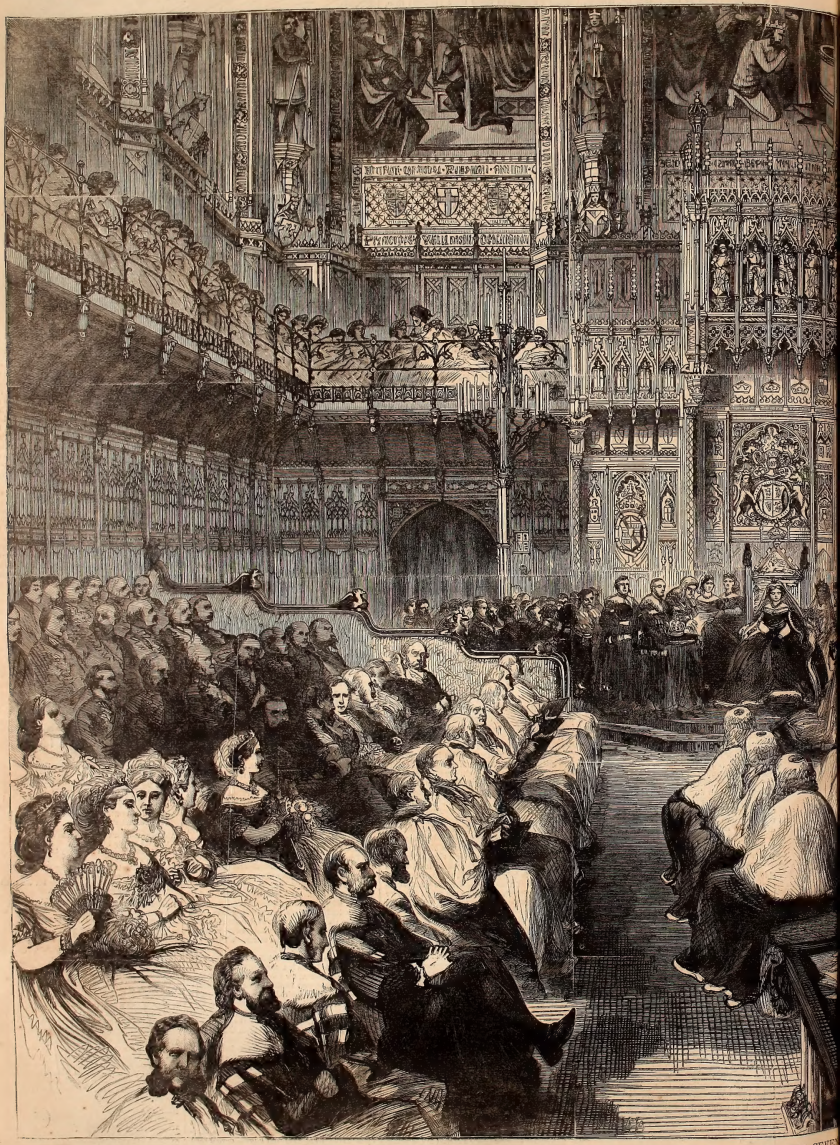
"I mean no such small matter as the death —now by pneumonia, now by wounds, now by the hand of some brave Southerner penetrated into his camp for the purpose—of, in turn, every leading officer of the Federal army. Perpetually are they being killed and buried, and then perpetually rising again from the dead it makes no difference. If they are proved to be alive today they are certain to die of disease, or to be killed again in the papers to-morrow. There is not a single one of their deaths that I have not down here," said the Scotchman with pride.

"It is amazing how readily the report of yesterday is dropped," said Mr. Arthur. "It was eagerly hailed as believed yesterday; yet its disproval to-day hardly excites a remark. It puzzles me."

"Not at all," said the countryman of Reid and Brown, in his sententious manner. "There is a reason for every operation of the human mind. Yesterday's news is forgotten because to-day's news is so much more glorious; then, yesterday's rumor was false, it seems, but that of to-day is certainly true. Besides, the hearty *want* it may be true is so satisfying. One thing that interests me in this continual stream of news is my studying therein the working of the leaden cells of this most disastrous delusion. Like the paid pyrotechnist of a Fourth of July night, they love to fix, out of sight themselves, that some rocket is always in the air to keep the gaping populace amused. They have such a supply to select from," said Mr. Ferguson, laying his broad and hairy palm on his foolscap classification. "It is bit to dash off the lie best suited to the hour in a few rapid lines, send it to the next paper, and in a few days it is read and believed over the whole South. If you had studied this collection as I have, you would find that just when all the appearances are at their darkest for Secession, then, and exactly then, the largest and most splendid lie is whizzing overhead. It comes down a stick, to be sure; but it answers the purpose of the moment, and, on the next occasion, up goes another."

Mr. Arthur did not care to say so to his friend —he was too weary of strife for that; but he knew it was all only a matter of notions after Mr. Ferguson. Like multitudes of other men, the Scotchman ascribed to the politicians far more than was at all due them; for far more than they ever even dreamed of doing they had all the curse or all the credit, as the case was, brought the minister. They had the placid ocean into tempest, he said to himself, as he rode slowly home to Mrs. Sorel's. What longcontinued and superhuman exertion it required! But now that they have fairly wrought it into commotion, the waves howl and leave and sparkle with all phosphorescent fires by the force of their own fury.

Arrived at home and gone to bed, Mars, not Morpheus, presided over his slumbers. Slumber? During the first hour or so after lying down he tossed as on the billows of Horror; and the bottom of ocean miles beneath his struggling feet. The waters around him are thick with men and women and children, all buried off from each other, the drowning and the drowned. How red they are, too, the waters deep and clinging as the sea of blood in which struggle in them. How many upturned faces rise and sink there! Can that bold brow with the largest eyes be that of Robert E. Lee? Is the thin face of the postage stamps jostled cheek by jowl with Bob Withers's ruby countenance and the pale cheek of Governor Morton? There floats by him a fair form, every lock of whose streaming hair is dearer to him than life, thrust aside by the sudden contraction of a closed jaw, gives, giving place to that of Mrs. Juggins; and amidst all the gurgling, gasping terror the dreamer hears as from far off the voice of Mrs. Juggins



QUEEN VICTORIA OPENING HER SEVE



LIAMENT, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1866.

REST.

TOLL on, ye bells! amid midnight through the air;
Tick out more lives, now growing under care;
Wear out great Time with clashes every where—
I wait, yea long, for rest.

Stride on, step not, ye finger-marks of woe;
Haste on, ye shades! Oil let the sunlight go;
Wing past, ye hours, life is too sad and slow—
I wait, yea long, for rest.

Rot forth, ye flowers, let Spring and Summer die;
Bend down, ye sheaves, let Autumn toe go by;
Cold blow, ye winds, another Winter's nigh—
I wait, yea long, for rest.

Rest cometh not, rest is not for the young;
Rest liveth not, it lies the graves among;
Rest comes to age, so yonder death-bells sung—
I wait, yea long, for rest.

Rest cometh not with worldly joy and mirth;
Rest cometh not until the soul's new-birth!
Rest cometh not until we die to earth—
Then cometh rest indeed.

Death clasps our lives, steadeth them carefully;
Rest grasps them now lying peacefully;
Cloeth our lips, which murmur thankfully—
"Now have we rest indeed."

SETH HATHRON'S FOURTH.

I KNEW him as a black-browed, broad-shouldered, brute of a fellow, always from a boy. At school (not that I had much of that sort of thing), but at school old Miss Peggy found out our capacities, and she laid it to my scores because of my looks, when often and often, while I was holding out my hand to be relieved, the pretticst boy in the school was grinning over his good luck in getting off so safely. She had her preconceived notions of a villain, I presume, and answered the description.

For the matter of that, of all the books and stories I've read since, especially those written by ladies, I've noticed that he isn't one whom they laugher, or forger, or pirate, or what not, who does all the wickedness of the book, as though he's taken it on contract, wouldn't do for or as a gentleman, while their pets, who do the grand and noble things, are generally slender, and fair, and pretty. Now the worst really I ever saw—one who was afterward hung, and who deserved hanging richly, even on his own showing—had blue eyes, and white lashes, and a pink complexion like a girl's. I've over and over again; but it's my opinion that if women were put on the police for the year round as over every ballroom, a redward, bilious fellow whose eyebrows met would be locked up in the State Prison on suspicion.

I never was a favorite with any woman but my mother, and she died when I was eight years old. So instead of growing up with the love of good men have, that every girl they meet is ready to fall in love with them, I never had the slightest hope that any one would ever like me well enough to let me fall in love with her even. And I liked girls so. It was odd for a fellow like me, but *how* I did like girls!

I never could bear to see one cry, or to hear of their being imposed upon or hurt. I couldn't pass one with a heavy basket or bundle without at least *wanting* to offer to carry it for her. I could never bring myself to sit in stages or cars when one was standing. I don't think I could if there was a crutch or lame instead of the giant I was. Yet I've seen *gentlemen* lounge with their hands in their pockets while poor old ladies, who might have been their grandmothers, stood up before them! And *their* manners were good and mine those of a bear, and I myself only a working-man, who learned all he ever knew at old Miss Peggy's school.

Something of this might have felt just in sight of the angels, who were too much above him to be spoken to or touched, I felt about all girls. That is, good, pure girls. When a woman was not pretty, or in any way debased she never seemed a woman to me, but a dreadful sort of creature, all the worse for having something of the pretty womanly look about her.

I was a maker of fire-works, as my father had been before me. I don't know that I liked the business particularly, but there I was, and there I staid. I made good wages, and saved them; for I didn't think enough about my looks to dress much, or to get drunk. "Sulky," the other men called me. What of that? It was better to be sulky than raving mad, as most of them were so early on Saturday night came round. Men with nice, good-looking wives too, whose children wanted for bread and shoes while they spent in drink. I was never known to have a wife and children, but I knew how they ought to be much better than they did.

I suppose I had come to be twenty-eight or so, and no girl had ever looked at me, except as she might at a tumble taller bear, when, one day, old Mr. Williams, the proprietor of the place, came to me as I was going home to dinner, and said, in his own quick way:

"Hathron, can you drive?"

"Yes, Sir," said I.

"I want you to take the wagon and go over to the railroad depôt at Baldwin, and bring down a new hand and her traps," he said. "She'll be there at half past twelve, so you'll have plenty time to snatch a bite and go; and you can have the rest of the day to yourself, if you like, as it's Saturday. Her name is Annie May."

Before you can understand what he meant I must tell you that our place (they called it the "No plus ultra Pyrotechnic Establishment," those years) employed some five-and-twenty girls, and that they generally came from a distance, and boarded while they staid with an old woman close by, all in one place, to keep them out of harm's way.

Mr. Williams insisted on that, and had a lot of rules about the hours they were to keep and the way they were to behave; good rules, and not so rigid but that there was plenty of innocent courting and more than one wedding in a season. As for we men, we went where we chose. Some put up at the tavern, some with people who had taken a few boarders, and those who lived in the place with their families. There were very few girls who had homes there to go to; for the village was an uppish kind of place, full of country seats and villas, and the factory stood all by itself, quite a distance away, and the tavern and the few common houses were grouped close about it, as if others were too genteel to join with them. So Mrs. Munson's place was always full. When a new girl came there somebody always had to be sent over to Baldwin to bring her to the factory. It had never been before, and why I was chosen this time it was hard to tell. However, I was willing enough, and so, when I had taken a bite, I put on my best coat and drove over.

It was a day to tempt a man out—a beautiful spring day, with tender green grass on the earth and tender pink buds on the branches, and in the sky their were only two or three white, fluffy clouds, like carded wool, amidst the blueness. It took only half an hour to get to Baldwin. I'd have been willing it should be whole ours.

The train had got in, and there were people waiting in the little house at the depôt—a couple of men and three girls, but they made her look like a lady. I walked up and down and waited. The fat women were away in a wagon; I knew Brannan had a pair sent for him; and there the girl sat beside her trunk, looking now and then out of the window and beginning to seem anxious. And I was afraid she'd do or harm to speak; so I took off my hat and stepped up, with a bow.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said I, "but has there been any body here asking about being taken to Mr. Williams's place?"

"I was to go there myself," she answered; "that is, if you mean the fire-work factory. I'm Annie May."

"I do mean the fire-work factory," I said. "Mr. Williams sent me down to fetch you. I'm Seth Hathron, one of the hands. The wagon is outside; will you get in?—What a bit; I'll put them in first."

"Shall I help you?" she said, and she put her little hand to the handle nearest her. It looked so small I burst out laughing.

"I don't need any help," said I—how I thought I could carry both the trunk and its owner together! I chose, and she'd let me. She was the smallest creature, to be a full-grown woman, that I ever saw. A piece of the blue sky that I'd been looking at, and golden sunshine for her hair, and some of those wild roses that would climb with the barberries over the snow fences seen for her cheeks, and you know how to paint her.

After I had helped her in and had taken the reins in my hands, I kept stealing looks at her and thinking how beautiful she was; and I tried to talk about things that would please her, and pointed out the places on the road, and the villas, as the day had had been before, it was somehow a great deal brighter now with her beside me.

We stopped at Mrs. Munson's and said good-by. I carried her trunk into the hall and called the old lady, and drove the horse back to the stable. I was having a holiday, I got a newspaper and went out into the wood—Baldwin's Woods they called them —and I think I knew every tree in them.

I sat down by chance under a great oak, where Jack Xarnes, one of the hands, had carved J. Y. for his name, and A. G. for his sweet-heart's, and I'm a ring around them both; and as I looked at the work fell to wondering why Jack Varnes should have a sweet-heart and I not, and whether I was the only his pretty face or something in our ways that made all girls like him and none me. And somehow I felt lonesome and disheartened, and tried to read my paper, and sat down with my head on my hands, sulkier than ever, I suppose, to look at. Maybe it was an hour, maybe it was more, that went before I heard a step coming over the grass, and looking up, saw the girl I had driven over from Baldwin—Annie May. I remembered her name, but did not see me at first; but when she did she started and stopped, and smiled at me just as I'd seen those girls smile down at their lovers, and it went over at me before that moment. I never thought what I was doing, but held out my great brown paw and shook hands with her as if we had been friends for years.

"I found there was nothing for me to do in the factory until Monday, Mr. Hathron, so I came out to see what these woods were like. It's a pretty place."

"Prettier in summer," I said, "and prettiest of all in autumn, when the leaves are burned gold and scarlet."

"I like spring best," she said; "every thing is new and fresh, and just begun. In autumn every thing is nearly over—and I hate that."

I don't mind it," I said; "I haven't a gay disposition, I suppose," I said. "But look here—if you like fresh woods and flowers, and running brooks[illegible] and I took her to where, behind a fallen log, the first spring violets always grew. There were a dozen there now, and I gathered them for her knees to smell them. She would only pick one, though; it seemed wrong, she said.

That one, after we had walked for an hour or so, somehow dropped out of her hair. She did not know it, but I did; and when she had gone home I went back and found it lying on the path and put it in my bosom. It was so sweet and fresh and beautiful that I could but think it was like her. I liked to think so. Oh, what a day that was for me! What a night when I dreamed it over!

Next day was the Sabbath, and I did what I never done before. I went to church, angry with myself for not looking handsomer all the while. I stood before the glass, I went over to Mrs. Munson's and asked for Miss May.

She came down in a muslin dress and a pretty bonnet with pale blue ribbons; and I remember stammering out something about thinking she might like to go to church and would not know the way. That was all nonsense, of course, for there was the steeple in full sight, but it gave me what I wanted, leave to be with her again.

I'm afraid I couldn't have remembered the text to save my life, and that the sermon was thrown away on me. But I was very happy—happier than I had ever been before; for this sweet young thing seemed to like me, to walk and play games with me, and found, I was so glad to think, a sort of protection that she liked in my great arm when we had rested, going over the fields, like a fallen snow-flake. It almost seemed to me that I must be crazy to believe that she had taken a notion to me; but it was true. So true that when four of those Sabbaths had passed I made her walk with me again in Baldwin's Woods, and sat down beside her on the hollow log, behind which a great patch of violets were in bloom by that time, and told her how I loved her, and asked her to be my wife.

Only a month since she came there—only one month since I drove her over in the little wagon; and if the moon had been any thing else than what it was I should have prayed to die. It may not be such a mighty matter to other men to have one woman's love, but I had no one else on earth to care for. So when she said, "Yes," and let me kiss her, it was only shame that kept me from crying outright for joy.

She was mine now, and how proud I was of her! How glad to know that she was so near me when I was at work! To see her at the door as I came, and meet among the other girls, who were most of them slovenly when they were not fine! and how full of dreams of the future I was!

She had promised to marry me in the autumn, and after that she should work no more in the factory. I was going to buy a little Baldwin cottage in the village, and to furnish it—humbly, of course, but so that it should be a home for her; and when she came in Baldwin I should meet her any king his palace. Meanwhile we saw as much of each other as we could, both working so industriously.

One week we had been more than usually busy, for it was near the end of June, and we were making fire-works for the Fourth of July, and Saturday I had seen of Annie that day I saw in the great saleroom where we always gathered to receive our wages. The men on one side, the girls on the other, stepping up to the great desk one by one as old Mr. Williams called their names. I looked across the line of girls' faces, and saw her smiling at me, but I could not get near her. Besides, at that moment, my name was called—"Hathron!" and I stepped up to the desk. Then, for the first time, I noticed that old Griffin was not there. A nephew of Mr. Williams's, whose name I remember as Richard Janes, was paying the hands instead. He was a handsome young fellow, and very gentlemanly—one of the few I've ever remember thinking so he laid my wages before me that his hair was just the color of Annie's.

He had a sort of amateur way with him very different from the business-like manner of old Griffin, and when it came to the girls he had something pleasant to say to them instead of the old man's snapping—"Sixpence deducted from yours, Jane!" or, "You were late three days last week, Martha!" What he said to Annie I did not know, but she blushed like a wild rose from brow to chin.

Walking home together she asked me who he was.

"Mr. Janes," I answered; "did you never see him before?"

"No," she said. "How very handsome he is!—don't you think so?"

I gave a grudging "Yes." I couldn't bear to hear her praise him. She might, for all I knew, be contrasting him with me. That was the first pain I had had since she had promised herself to me; but there was more to come of it.

Besides her daily work Annie had got into the way of doing some fine sewing and embroidery of evenings for a lady who lived in a beautiful villa, who lived in the prettiest house in the village, and once a week she carried it home. Generally I went with her; I was very proud of her errand, and I could do one night, and I could not get off. I fretted and fumed about it, but it was useless, and I couldn't for the life of me help slipping away to a starhead window to try and catch a glimpse of her. Sure enough, I did see her once or twice, walking with her little basket on her arm, but there was some one with her. It was too far to see faces, but I knew that Annie's face was turned up to that Richard Janes. He was bending over her as though talking very earnestly; and when some one inside called "Richard!" he could see that they stood, they were still going on close together—her face turned up and his bent down, both earnest and eager in whatever they were talking of.

I went back to my work, but I kept that picture before my eyes all the while. I thought of it until it seemed to burn itself into my heart in fiery outlines. After all, it was only what might easily have happened if Mr. Janes had walked the same way by chance; but I could not look at it that way—or perhaps I would not.

It was like my sulky, brooding nature, too, never to say one word to Annie, but to go on my own thinking and watching in silence. I found out more than I wanted to in that way; for one day when I had come to the end of my work-room after Mr. Janes had gone there, I plainly saw him slip a little note slyly into Annie's pocket. The note was addressed for her to observe it. Miss Redford's with her work; but that evening, instead of going with her, I watched her—biking like a thief behind trees and buildings on the road. She went alone and came alone, and I saw nothing for my pains. I did at church next Sabbath, though. When the service was over Mr. Janes came out, big in the handsome family pew, seeing Annie in doubt as to the number—for the old clergyman didn't always speak distinctly—reached over and took her book to find the place (she sat but a few behind him). When he gave it back I saw that there was something between the leaves, and some what might would have snatched it, but at that moment Miss Redford, who sat in the side aisle, whispered to Annie to show her the number, and I lost the chance, for in passing the books it was hidden. That it was a note I knew by the white glimmer of the edge as well as if I had seen the whole of it, and surely as I live I saw Annie give Mr. Janes a meaning smile as he passed us on the church path going home.

Miss Redford looked at Annie as if she knew something of it, as she stepped into her father and mother into the carriage. They were carriage people—the Redfords—and the old folks looked down on every thing below them. There was a feud between them and the proprietors of the factory, and they never spoke to either the Williamses or Mr. Janes; so there was a social chatting on the porch, and the Williams people smiled sarcastically, and the old Redfords scowled and looked haughty, until they were all fairly shut in and driven away. Not Mr. Janes—he was too gentlemanly; nor Miss Redford—she was too sweet. The feud was among the old folks. The younger families stepped up for their ill-temper though, and half the genteel people from the villas were smirking and bowing to each other.

The factory hands who were at church—a dozen in all, I suppose—hurried home pell-mell by short cuts, and by the time Mr. Janes, and of Miss Redford, and Annie and I were left. She was waiting for me to join her—a thing I didn't mean to do.

I heard a sound like the rolling of the churchyard, wishing I was sound asleep under one of the green mounds, but only looking darker and sulkier, no doubt, than usual, until I was close toward me. Then, I leaped the railing and went away, never looking back. I did not go home, but spent the day in Baldwin's Woods alone.

On Monday I was at work as usual. It was the third of July, and the Fourth, of course, was to be a holiday. There was a great deal of excitement in Baldwin, and the show-pieces for the evening were being finished at our place, under the superintendence of Mr. Richard Janes. We all liked to keep the younger hands at their work. They were half crazy about the Fourth, and I suppose every one of them had a rocket, I never could see the sense at nothing, and would not have had one even if I had felt differently. The young fellow had had a bad day to sell me his: like a goose he had bought two, and was sorry for it.

About dusk I went to get my supper, and was coming back when, among the shadows, I saw two figures standing whispering together. I felt in a moment who they must be, and got close enough to hear their voices. It was all I thought. "Annie, my Annie May, the other Richard Janes. They were parting, but I heard enough in the few last words:

"Eleven will be the best time; the moon will be up by then. I'll have the carriage waiting under the two plane trees at the end of the lane. Be there about the hour, for the down-train starts a quarter to twelve. Good-by—God bless you!"

Not another word—but I knew the whole. She was going off with Richard Janes. She whom I loved so. The one of all the world who had seemed to love me. She was going off with a man who I heard her light footstep rustle over the grass, and went back myself to the work-room, for we were to work until midnight that night, and I determined to up to the young fellow who had been trying all day to sell me his superfluous pistol.

"Sculk," said I, "if I think it'll suit me I'll trade you after all."

"Good for you," said he. "The Fourth ain't no Fourth without a pistol. Here's the coin's goin' cheap. A good look in it too, so be careful."

I counted down the money and took the weapon my way with me. What was it you want to do with it? to do with it? Shoot myself through the heart. The idea of murder had not crept into my mind then. I'd swear that—but I'm dying before the end.

I only wanted to get rid of my tiresome life. There was nothing left to live for—so it seemed to me.

At half past ten I got the chance I wanted, and slipped out. I was going to kill myself in Baldwin's Woods, or the dead log there by the first spring violets grew, and where we had sat so often since together. The moon was just rising round and yellow behind the thick trees, and the lights in the villas were all ablaze. As I slunk by the office I saw Mr. Richard Janes there alone. He was standing by the open window with a swinging lamp in his hand for any but a very handsome face, but his was not hurt by it. Great Heavens! how handsome he looked and how happy. My heart burned with rage, and jealousy, and grief. I was as mad for the moment as any lunatic could be. I went on and on, and caught at the pistol hidden there. The next instant I had fired, taking aim at the lamp-bearer.

But it was not good aim. The ball passed over its mark and struck the swinging lamp. I saw it fall and heard the crash as the glass sprang to pieces, and knew that the fire-work factory was on fire. That factory filled to the roof with explosive substances, and with walls and buildings dry as tinder, and pretty, innocent girls shut up within its walls. I do not know whether Satan ever feels remorse, but I am sure that he must be as I felt—hopeless, maddening, scorching.

The next instant there was a horrible report, and I was thrown into the air.

Not hurt, though. I picked myself up from the grass and stood looking at my work. The windows were burning with flame up in the air, amidst the smoke. Hundreds of rockets, and blue-lights, and Catharine wheels were tossing and flaming—scarlet, and yellow, and purple, and pink, and green, and blue. Hundreds of cannons seemed to be roaring; and over it all you could hear creams—screams of agony—and I, I went down on my knees and prayed—

"Oh, save her, save her—let no fire write, to hate me—only save her!"

People were flocking in from the village. Workmen, singed and scorched, forsook their way through the flames; and in the midst of the wildest tumults some one caught my arm. I turned—it was Annie, and beside her, white and trembling, stood Miss Redford.

"Oh, Seth—thank God for this!" cried Annie; "you are safe. Oh, dear young lady, try to hope—he may be too."

And then that beautiful Miss Redford sank on her knees before me, and clasped her hands, and prayed me in words like *Richard's!*

"I should have been his wife in an hour," she said. "Oh, save my husband—save my husband—my love, my life, my darling!"

The truth rushed into my mind then. I saw all my blind folly. I remembered the feud between the Redfords and the Williams family, and knew that my Annie had only been helping Miss Redford to meet and correspond with her lover; that it was to her the message I had heard that evening had been sent, and that it would have been better for me to be dead.

"Go out of danger!" I panted. "I'll bring him to you or die with him!" and, with Annie's scream of terror in my ear, dashed away. They were playing on the burning building with the one engine they had at hand by this time, and I could see that most of the workmen were alive.

I clutched one by the arm as I went past.

"Are the women in there yet?" I yelled.

"No, that's Harry," he answered. "Didn't you know the women were dismissed five minutes before the explosion took place. There wasn't one there. All the men are out too. I guess, but then that were setting the last show-piece in the room next the office, you know. The rest stopped out o' window. There's a broken limb or two, I guess. But that's better than the poor fellows inside roasting among the candles. Except Mr. Janes is there, too. His uncle is offering any thing to have him got out. Life's worth more than money, though you can't do it."

He was right. For hours we worked at the fire before it was out; and then a great heap of lumber was piled over the ashes of the thirteen men who must be inside—dead we supposed—and I heard none one say that Miss Redford was going from one person into another



UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, ON A WINDY DAY IN MARCH.

MR. T. HUGHES, M.P.

OUR readers will remember that, in our paper for January 27, we published an article by THOMAS HUGHES, the new Member of Parliament for Lambeth, entitled "Peace on Earth." No vindication of the cause for which our armies have fought has been bolder than this generous effort of Mr. HUGHES, and nowhere have the enemies of the United States met a refutation more complete and unanswerable. We give our readers on this page a photograph of this eminent statesman.

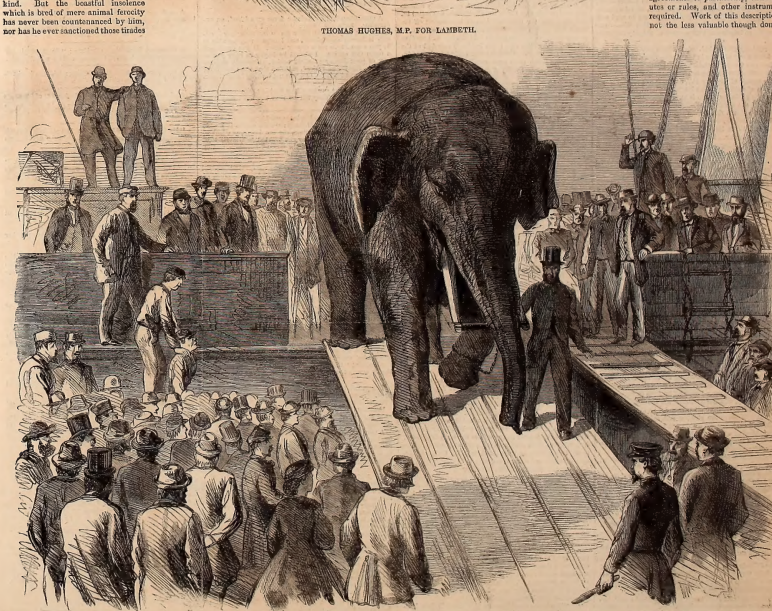
The new member for Lambeth is claimed by a large part of the English people as one of their familiar friends. Mr. THOMAS HUGHES—the author of "Tom Brown's School-days," and of one or two more books which have found their way, perhaps, to a less number of readers, but are scarcely less characteristic of the man from whom they came—has made himself pretty well known to a good many of his countrymen, high and low, not only as a novelist and magazine writer, but in various departments of practical work; and, though he is neither a peripatetic platform speaker nor a bustling patron of temporary exhibitions, he has long been reckoned a man of mark in the world of public life.

We need not here pass any criticism on those pleasant, wholesome, and instructive stories, or rather sketches, of English domestic and scholastic manners which commend themselves to the young as well as to the old by their frank cheerfulness of spirit, their hearty appreciation of all harmless pleasures, combined with a shrewd worldly wisdom, and what seems not incompatible with these moral elements—a noble enthusiasm for duty and virtue, with a manly sentiment of true religion. It is possible that these books may have caused him to be regarded as the literary champion of two great principles which have grown more fashionable than ever in the last twelve or fourteen years—the one being called "Muscular Christianity," and the other definable as an absolute conviction of the superiority of the English race in the fighting and working qualities—in toughness, pluck, and bottom—to every other race of mankind. But the boastful insolence which is bred of mere animal ferocity has never been countenanced by him, nor has he ever sanctioned those tirades of ignorant bigotry against all that is foreign to England in which Englishmen are too apt to indulge. He has shown that the stanchest English patriotism is consistent with an enlightened interest in the prospects of freedom on the Continent of Europe, and with a cordial affection for the citizens of the great American Republic, whose mighty struggle he watched in a sympathizing spirit, and one of whose best representatives—Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL—has been introduced by him to a high literary rank among his countrymen.

The claims, however, of Mr. HUGHES more especially to the confidence and good-will of the working-classes are quite independent of any popularity which he may have gained as an agreeable writer. While he has always disliked and eschewed the ways of the demagogue, and held aloof from the vain turmoil of common political agitation, it has been his steady endeavor to make the most of those agencies of social reform which bid fair to open a road for the poorest and humblest of his fellow-countrymen to the safe and salutary possession of a share of power in the state. Mr. HUGHES does not endeavor to set class against class, or appeal to the narrow prejudices and interests of one portion of the community to disparage and contemn the others. His chief aim, on the contrary, is to foster those sentiments of mutual respect and kindness among them all, without which the freest political institutions are but means of mischief. It was, we believe, through the unwearied zeal and industry of Mr. HUGHES, and of those with whom he worked, that the necessary alterations in the law of partnership were obtained from Parliament in order to legalize the formation of the working-men's stores for the supply of retail wares at wholesale price, and of the limited-liability companies for manufacturing and trading enterprises, which have been formed on the co-operative principle. Mr. HUGHES has continued to bestow his assistance on all these self-supporting industrial associations of the working men, both in the metropolis and in the north of England; he has been accustomed to act as their legal adviser, and to prepare the title-deeds or conveyances of their property, their agreements of partnership, their statutes or rules, and other instruments required. Work of this description is not the less valuable though done in



THOMAS HUGHES, M.P. FOR LAMBETH.



LANDING OF AN ENORMOUS ELEPHANT FROM THE "CORNELIUS GRINNELL," AT NEW YORK, MARCH 8, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 190.]

the privacy of his Lincoln's Inn chambers; and the men for whom it is done have shown that they are grateful by exalting Mr. HUGHES to the position of a triumphant candidate on the hustings, at the Lambeth election, last July.

Mr. HUGHES was born at Uffington, Berkshire, in 1823, being the second son of JOHN HUGHES, Esq., of Davenington Priory, Newbury, in that county. He was educated at Rugby School, and at Oriel College, Oxford. He was called to the bar at the Inner Temple, in 1848, and is a rapidly rising barrister in the equity courts. He has married a daughter of the Rev. JAMES FORD, Prebendary of Exeter, and has several children.

LANDING AN ELEPHANT.

From on board the ship *Cornelius Grinnell*, Captain SPENCER, one of the London packets, was landed, on the 8th of March, a large elephant, said to weigh about four tons. "His Excellency" had passed the voyage in the reclusion of the cook-house—antidisplus—which was considerably heightened by the accommodation. To enable him to reach the wharf a stout platform was arranged of oak plank, sloping from the side of the vessel; but it required a great deal of coaxing to induce him to risk his weight upon it, as he seemed to have a preference for the gang-plank, which not only was provided with cleats, but sloped much less. The gangway cracked ominously upon the pressure of one foot, and therefore the elephant took courage and "walked the plank" in perfect safety, and was through the streets by an admiring crowd of men and boys, who sympathized in his evident relief at getting *terra firma* once more.

The name of this elephant is Abracum. He was brought from London. He stands 9 feet 6 inches high, measures 5 from a hundred-weight of hay, and drinks ten gallons of water.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

READER, did you ever sit up to watch for burglars? Well! Then you have an experience yet in store for you.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed our good spouse, when either night as, distressing the servants' calm she went herself to fasten the back door for the night: "they'll be here by guns! They have taken it! Those burglars have stolen it!" And the worthy lady crumbled the key-fork and searched the floor in a state of intense excitement. Now the simple loss of the key—though a mysterious circumstance—could not have produced such consternation in Mrs. W——'s mind had she not been previously disturbed by our reading of dark deeds by our imaginative friend. And this strange loss was good positive—to her mind—that the attempt to enter her house was to be made—perhaps that very night.

Sympathetic consolation was offered to Mrs. W——, the police were notified—the bolder door was secured in the manner that would put locks and keys to shame—and, finally, in a fit of comfortable benevolence we volunteered to sit up and watch. "What a grand time to read and write!" we thought, though Mrs. W—— soon discovered to impress us with a sense of weighty responsibility.

Every body goes to bed. And with a new novel in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other—with a three-shaded gasolene at our elbow—well—we commenced to read, when, we settle down in the comfortable easy-chair—to read. In the middle of Chapter IV., as the "we small" hours come on, the silence grows intense. Hark! what's that? and every sectional nerve is tort. Nonsense that is nothing but the distant rumbling of the kitchen fire. We read half a dozen lines—then jump up and strain the ear at the palpable—say, more, we lean over the stairs—down stairs and listen intently. Ha! that peculiar scraping noise grows nearer. Pick-pocket our heart and down we rush into the dining-room, useless to demolish the burglar. The gas stream is as we open the door and behold—a thinked mouse is gnawing hard in his hand! Poor little thief of the kind! We see Mrs. W——'s pet Tabby, standing in the corner of the room with erect head, tremulous tail and great eyes, staring wildly at the results of her untimely scratchings.

Rather cruel-fellow we return to the parlor resolving that the cat shall be put out at night, or given away. The pen is better than a book, but only a huge book is better, when a stealthy—we fancy—step on the sidewalk arrests our ear. We peer through the blind. What could have those two perambulators to be prowling around the time of night? We watch them suspiciously as they come and recross the house. What o'clock? Only two! We fail to waiting again. Hark! A noise in the key-hole, and the wind whistles down the chimney. Rain! Yes, only the rain. Guess the cat is worth keeping on the whole. Why was the mouse, pretending to be hungry, so interested. Half past two! hold the watch to the ear, to make sure that it has not stopped. A peculiar, regular sound; we listen and investigate. Nothing but the water dripping from a loose faucet. A heavy regular tread announces the approach of the watch-dog to see if all is right, but it is three o'clock, and the house might have been sacked three times, and they never have been the wiser. The silence deepens. We wonder if there is such an earthly stillness and such peculiar noises every night when we are in dreamland! And we fall into a reverie disturbed by the occasional creaking up of our ears) which lasts until papa and Mr. W.—— come downstairs.

We might well have a larger police force in some quarters of the city, where the "beats" are occasionally long. Burglars, however, have other enemies as well as the police. New Yorkers are sharper and more curious than Londoners, we judge, for we do not believe such a case as the following would ever even have been told of them. This is the story, though, of course, we make no claim to truth of it:

A gentleman, residing in London, shut up his house, and went into the country for the summer vacation. After a few weeks' absence he returned, with his key in his pocket, to open his house. Judge his astonishment when he found nothing but the bit of land upon which his house had stood! On inquiry he was ascertained that a few days after he left the city the neighbors and others noticed that the building was gone, and that men were carrying away the furniture in broad daylight.

Supposing the owner had given such orders, asked no questions. Pretty soon the men began to take down the bricks, and openly carried off all the building materials, because nobody had curiosity enough to investigate!

The following paragraph from a recent article in one of our daily papers, on city nuisances, gives indication that our new Health Board mean to open the way for receiving suggestions and information:

"The Complaint Book is not yet ready, but complaints are steadily coming in to head-quarters. It has been proposed to set apart a day for hearing the complaints entered, one of which will be left at each of the police stations in the district, and one at police head-quarters.

The Senate has passed the joint resolution to pay Miss DOROTHEA DIX $25,000 for expenses in searching for and publishing lists of missing soldiers, and for the further prosecution of that work. The vote was unanimous. Miss BARTON'S own means are exhausted—we believe she has spent about $3000—and Congress does the merest justice to repay her and to supply funds for continuing her noble work.

Match came in "like a lion," and has been roaring like an infuriated wild beast a good part of the time ever since. Walking is any thing but a pleasurable occupation. The Senator's accumulation of filth is the result. Dust in the wind, taken to itself wings and dies into eyes, nose, and mouth, half mingling the unregenerate pronounce. Ladies endeavor to protect themselves with veils; but nothing short of the thickest double veils—which in reality are but blinding—keep out the decently clean. We retreat in the old saying that March will go out "like a lamb."

An exchange tells of a war-worn veteran who is now wearing his third nose. He lost the original article in battle, was also provided with a rubber one, which was also shot away, and is now wearing a wooden one in which he made of an amputated toe! It is to be presumed that the count of gunpowder is still grateful to his nativity; at all events he must see what is in.

A writer in the London *Medical Gazette* gives the following lucid explanation of the phenomenon of a lady's hands:

"The mind communicates with the central ganglion; the latter, by fuller action through the brain and facial nerve, with the muscular nerves in face, with which its branches inosculate."

Queen VICTORIA is reported as shocked at discovering that the Prince and Princess of Wales smoked cigarettes together in a little blue satin sanctum called their smoking-room. This *sanctum sanctorum* of connubial bliss was taught her Royal Highness by her scape-grace husband; and, horrible to say, she likes it.

Not so very long ago, in one of the Western States, there was a certain Baptist church, whose members were not exactly a unit on the subject of immersion. A sensible clergyman of charms, on one occasion, a certain person, who abundantly lacked the virtue of life, took to preach for admission into their fold. One of the committee—a rather rough man—on hearing the name of the individual, exclaimed: "*That man?* Well, if that man is to be admitted to the church he ought to *soak overnight!*"

A pair of Artesian wells, on exhibition in Raleigh (North Carolina), consists of a gentleman and a mule. It has the celebrated Siamese twins. The connection between these twins is closer than in the Siamese case, extending below the neck and terminating at the extremity of the spine. The mule can walk and kick with both legs, the connection sends a sensation to the brain of each; while a touch of either above the connection is felt by that one only. The mule can walk and kick with either leg, and receive entirely different subjects; and one can engage in a game of whist while the other is kicking.

A singular story is told of a blacksmith, living in Hunterstar, England, who has performed a feat which rivals that performed by William Tell. A child, aged two years, while playing with his brother, aged twelve months, placed the latter upon the iron bed-rail and pushed him into the eye of cart wheels. The child's neck began to swell, and when the parents discovered it they were horrified to find that the head could not be returned to its proper position without immediate death. Coles, the blacksmith, was called in, and he, with a sledge, and he successfully completed his dangerous task. With one powerful blow he struck the head of the little one, Coles fastened the legs and another ring and severed it. A false blow of half an inch, and instantaneous death would have been the result. It is impossible to describe the joy of the parents at the success of the bold blacksmith.

Fanny Ballie have been very brilliant and amusing in Paris this season—although, of course, Lent has brought the end of the season. The Parisian ladies would have been so very unjust that we can not forbear giving one or two of their pretty sayings to our readers. It is said that at a recent fancy ball the Marchioness de Gallifet declined more than her usual share of admiration and delight in the costume she wore. Her costume was a complete suit of white cashmere richly embroidered in gold; the bodice and skirt were trimmed with gold fringe, and the head-dress wings at each side made of white feathers; these arched high in the air, and then descended below the knee in her back hair. Her costume had fastened over the bosom, and her back in long curious ringlets. A diamond star glittered on her forehead, and in changing she brandished a small steel sword in her beautifully-formed unarmed hand.

Another great attraction was the *cortège* of a very beautiful woman, attired as a Japanese, who was carried in a palanquin, borne on the shoulders of four tall Nubian youths, represented by the *attachés* from the Embassy. The Princess Metternich, Princess Clotilde's cousin, was attired as the Queen of the Amazons, in a scarlet satin petticoat, covered with symbolical animals; the bodice was a tiger skin, and the head-dress a mass of black hair. The beautiful Mrs. Miles was Amphitrite, in a sea-green dress, with appropriate jewelry—a crown of silver, a silver tunic decorated with shells, coral, and feathery seaweed. Her shoulders were covered with a mantle of her hair studded with precious stones and crystal drops. Mrs. Miles' ensemble represented a shower of gold, in a dress of gold brocade, trimmed with gold lace, with a gold girdle round to the waist, and over that a white tulle tunic studded with gold and brilliants, and a gold crown. Her hair was arranged with similar gold balls, and the hair was of the golden hue.

But to turn to those fashions which may be of rather more practical interest to the majority of American ladies. It is now quite the rage to wear artificially disappearing in evening toilets, although it is still seen occasionally in morning costumes. The new and most fashionable bonnets are now adopted instead of steel ones. The crowns are made quite plain round the head, and have several flounces of lace round the crown. About four of these petticoats are worn at one time. The material is satin, and the starch is stiff. Only very accurate ladies, and those who desire to be conspicuous, are to be seen in the strict orthodox set of dress.

Yet the same journal which gives this as the Parisian fashion, tends to let readers a peep pattern which "will enable them to cut out a dress which will be in the first effective at home." And, moreover, states that the real fact is that "distinguished ladies" are now wearing the crinoline diminishing in size. They are still clung to with a pertinacity which is the more surprising, because it has been evinced for any article of ladies' costume. They have been ridiculed, jested at, attacked, in opposition by ten years or more. *Punch* has leveled endless critical shafts against them apparently offending garments; but all to no avail. The crinoline is here, and here it remains, and here it seems likely to remain for some time to come.

Jerome Bonaparte is reported as shocked at discovering that the Prince and Princess of Wales smoked cigarettes together in a little blue satin sanctum called their smoking-room. This *sanctum sanctorum* of connubial bliss was taught her Royal Highness by her scape-grace husband; and, horrible to say, she likes it.

SIMILES.

To what shall I liken my love for thee?
To the measureless sky, the boundless sea?
Verily no,
It is not so!
The sky is not ever so clear and bright,
But oftentimes clouded and dark and black,
As if the bright sunshine would never come back
Such is not my love for thee!

My love never changes, 'tis always the
From the cloud of fear or uncertainty.
Never more,
Nor ripple there;
To dim its skies,
Which are ever bathed in hope's deep blue;
And happiest fancies like sunbeams play
On its shadowless bosom night and day.
And such is my love for thee!

I would not compare my love to the *sea*,
That emblem of sinful inconstancy.
Nor raging love,
Nor ripple there;
It can not be broken for long, I trow.
Besides you can fathom it, know its breadth,
And take the hid treasures out of its depth.
Such is not my love for thee!

But the ocean of love within my breast,
Is a raging storm which is never at rest,
Boundless, endless,
And fathomless.
Nothing can calm it or lay it away.
The waves dash high, but the tide of Time
Can never affect this sea of mine.
And such is my love for thee!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SEASONABLE TRANSLATION.
LENTEN FARE.—Under a tent umbrella.

AMUSEMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES ON A WET AFTERNOON.—Knitting their Eyebrows.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.—A gentleman troubled with a short memory having acquired the bad habit of turning down a leaf of a book so as to remember where he left off, writes to say that he never can recollect a street that he's been in or a house that he's called to remember his duties? Very simply: let him do as he does with his books, turn down a corner.

QUESTION TO A WORKING GARDENER.
"Of all our trees which yields most fruit?" Says he,
"Sir, this has been come from my *Indus-tree*."

A COMPOSING COMPOSITOR.—When this is a greyhound not a greyhound?—When it turns a hare.

SCRAGGY.—Miss Martineau is supposed to have cancelled the ballot to prudence in her excellent work, *Mind your own Business*.

A gentleman had conferred a favor on a friend, an undertaker. Says the latter: "Brown, I am under great obligations to you for this favor, and as my line of business is nearly supervitated, and I hope I may be able to do you a good turn in the way of trade." If you ever want a coffin call on me. I should be happy to bury you or any of your family at the lowest rates, at greatly reduced rates." His friend retired, satisfied that the undertaker had his best interests at heart, and he was not disappointed.

Gentlemen who smoke allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us that the more they fume the less they fret.

EPITAPH.—The following is the world-renowned epitaph of the Lady Elizabeth O'Leachey: "First cousin to Burke, and intimately related to Erskine, she was kind, passionate, and deeply religious. Also she painted in water-colors, and sent many pictures to the Great Exhibition, and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Slight changes make great differences. "Dinner notice!" is very good fun, but you can't say as much of "nothing for dinner."

At what hour did the devil make his appearance in the Garden of Eden?—Some time during the night. He certainly came about it.

If you have a cough, don't go to church to disturb the rest of the congregation.

The editor who "did not mind his steps" introduced himself to a ball-room. "The poem published this week was composed by an esteemed contributor who has lain in his grave many years for his own amusement."

BEWARE! LANGUAGE—He-brew.

A CURIOUS EPITAPH.—The following epitaph may now be found in a Scotch grave-yard: "Here lie the remains of John Hall, grocer. The world is not worth a fig, and I don't regret leaving it in saying so."

"PRAY, Sir," said a judge angrily, to a blunt old Quaker, who was on trial for contempt of court, "don't you know what we sit here for?" "Yes, verily, I do," said the Quaker, "we sit here for you for dollars each day, and the fat one in the middle for four thousand a year."

The pawnbroker's favorite time of year—the season of loans.

HOUSEHOLD NOTE.—(By a Cockney.) What to do with Cold Mutton.—*Heat it.*

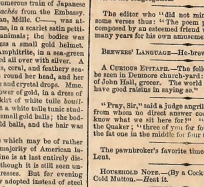
A man in Cincinnati adopted an original way of redeeming his promissory notes. One morning, when he knew his wife would see him, he kissed the servant girl. The bank officers happened to be absent, and actually rejoiced twelve dollars per month.

Mr. Jenkins was dining at a very hospitable table, but a piece of bacon stuck in his throat, and he said that the lady of the house reminded to him of a "bacon." "Oh, no, Mr. Jenkins, baby trowsers to the bacon. Don't be afraid of it!"

"Sir, I assure you, I would not be. I've seen a piece twice as large and it didn't hurt me a bit."

"Guilty or not guilty?" sharply said the City Judge the other day to an intoxicative female prisoner in the dock. "Just as your Honor pleases. It's not for the likes o' me to dictate to your Honor's worship," was the reply.

Spain is at red-hot heat with Chili having captured one of her vessels. What a fizzing there will be, for perhaps Spain will find herself in hot water even by dabbling in Chilly affairs.


WE CALLED THIS ONE THE SYLPHIDE, AND SERAPHINE'S DOG WAS A FLIGHTY ONE TOO.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Shortly will appear by the author of *Prometheus Bound, Prometheus Half-bound*, to be followed by *Prometheus in Cloth with gilt edges*.

A certain landlady, it is said, makes her pies so light that her lodgers can see to go to bed without a candle after eating a moderate-sized piece.

Somebody describing the absurd appearance of a man dancing the polka, says, "He looks as though he had a hole in his pocket, and was trying to shake a shilling down the leg of his trowsers."

Snooks says the prettiest sewing-machine he ever saw was about seventeen years old, with short sleeves, low dress, and quiet tastes.

TRUTH SS. FALSEHOOD.

There is a saying, strange to tell,
Though men in books have often stuck it—
It is, that Truth lies in a well.
If so, then Truth has kicked the bucket.

Why are books the best friends?—Because when they bore you, you can always shut them up without offense.

A noted itinerant preacher, once said of a grasping, avaricious farmer, that if he had the whole world inclosed in a single field he would not be content without a patch of ground outside for potatoes.

Why does the eye resemble a schoolmaster in the act of flogging?—It has a pupil under the lash.

An Emeralder, on admiring a beautiful cemetery, observed that he considered it a healthy place to be buried in.

The only pain that we can make light of—A window pane.

The ! dy whose peace of mind was broken intends to have it squared.

Why is swearing like a rugged coat?—It is a bad habit.

A man may curse,
And still be sane,
If his wife aught;
A man may spend,
And still not spend
If his wife be aught.

A clerical gentleman, who appeared before the gipsy covering, Queen Esther, with his third wife, was apostrophized thus by her: "Ah, Mr. Blank, ye've an awful waster o' money!"

They are fools who persist in being quite miserable because they can not be polite sages.

"Who's there?" screamed old Squire B——, roused from his first nap one bitter cold midnight. "Who's there?" "Hallos, Squire!" was the reply. "We want to get married."

"You're one. And now be off with you," said the Squire, with emphasis.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S MOTTO—Give a dog a good name and hang him.

Why are ladies like churches?—Because there is no living without them.

A punster says: "My name is Somerset. I am a miserable bachelor. I long to marry; for how could I hope to prevail on a young lady, possessed of the slightest notion of delicacy, to turn a Somerset."

A Chemical Joker thus alkalizes: "Some people say intrusion will not burn the stomach, but it will."

A newspaper contains the following: "Truth is created out of our columns this week."

An honest Irishman, observing the bearers of his wife's coffin bumping against the stairs, fumed them by calling out: "Arry, say, ye thieves of the world; what for be ye making a hell of pleasure?"

"My 'pinion is," said a philosophical old lady of much experience and observation, "that any man as dies upon a rainbo' day does it out of pure spite."

"What are you about with my microscope, George?" "I've been looking at the mites, and I want to see if there are any bairs in the leather as yet."

Can a man keep his feet dry when he has a crook in his boots?

The young gentleman who flew into a passion has had his wings clipped.

A COCKNEY'S EPITAPH ON HIS COOK.—"Peace to her hashes!"

UNDERSTANDING THE TEST.—A clergyman, when the contribution-box returned with little silver in it, said he would have understood the text, "Alexander, the coppersmith, did me much evil."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is a man who squints like a needle that can not be threaded?
Because his eye is defective.

Why is it time for men to be pitied than silent?
Because bankrupts are broken, while deaf men are only cracked.

Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest ever known?
Because it had no Eve.

Why are women the greatest thieves?
Because they arch their children, bone their stays, and steel their petticoats and buttons.

Why do little birds feel depressed early in a November morning?
Because their bills are overdue (dew).

Why is the letter B important?
Because it is found both in earth and water.

Who do children hate the most?
The teachers that beat them.

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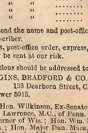
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 483.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



MICHAEL PHELAN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY KIMBERLY BROTHERS, NORFOLK, VA.]



PIERRE CARME.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY KIMBERLY BROTHERS, NORFOLK, VA.]

THE GAME OF BILLIARDS.

BY the official record it is found that in Paris, during the year 1865, taxes were paid on 37,473 billiard-tables in public use. The renown of the pastime is not confined to the country of its supposed inception, although almost every nation has its peculiar way of manipulating the game. For example, in France the game is played on a table without pockets, the surface of the bed measuring 5 by 10 feet. Three balls are used, one for each of the players, and a red object ball. A count is only effected by the carom, and such carom scores one only, and as all foul or *push* shots are prohibited, undoubtedly this game calls forth the highest skill of the player. In England the tables have six pockets, one in each corner, and at the centre of the side rails; the bed surface is 6 by 12 feet. Three balls are also used there, and the counts are made by the winning and losing hazards as well as by carons; thus, while a carom scores two, should the player or his opponent's ball go into the pocket the score is four, and if both are pocketed the score is six; should all three balls go in, beside the carom, the score is nine. In this country different sizes of tables are used, varying all the way from the French to the English standards. Some are made without pockets, while others have four or six each. The *full* game includes caroms and the winning hazard, and a stroke can possibly be made to score thirteen.

The game generally played by experts in this country is the four-ball carom game, on a four-pocket table, 6 by 12 feet surface. This, with the exception of *push* shot omitted, is beyond comparison the most brilliant and interesting of all the games; for while it calls for all the scientific ability of the French game, it presents a tenfold increase of the beauties and intricacies of triangulation, power of force, and startling effects.

During the last twenty years billiards, which had fallen into disrepute, has made rapid advances in this country, and an apartment for its accommodation is now considered a necessary feature in first-class residences. Next to its generally attractive features and superior sanitary advantages, this increased popularity is mainly due to the unceasing exertions of MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq., of this city, who has devoted an active lifetime to the elevation of the pastime and the perfection of its machinery. Mr. PHELAN, who is now in the fiftieth year of his age, is the senior partner of the well-known manufacturing firm of PHELAN & COLLENDER. He has long been celebrated as one of the best players living. Still he never had much inclination for match games, though his great encounter with SCHAEFER, of Detroit, for $7500 a side, which came off in that city in April, 1859, and which was won by PHELAN, has ever been rated as the greatest billiard contest on record. Soon after this occurrence Mr. PHELAN determined to permanently retire from the billiard arena, unless he should at some time have the opportunity of measuring cues with Mr. BENNER, of Paris, or Mr. ROBERTS, of London, who at that period were the reigning stars of their particular spheres. The last time PHELAN played for a stake was with KAVANAGH, at Irving Hall, in April, 1864. The game was 1000 points up-carons, push prohibited. The consideration was, the loser to give $100 for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, while the receipts for admission were donated to the Working Women's Society. PHELAN won.

In June, 1865, through the persuasive powers of Mr. PHELAN, still by valuable prizes presented by his firm, almost all the prominent players in the United States assembled in this city, and after forming a Billiard Congress, which still exists, a code of rules was adopted, and a tournament participated in, which established a championship. DUDLEY KAVANAGH, of this city, one of the most successful and effective players in any country, succeeded in securing possession of the Golden Cue, the emblem of the Championship, which he afterward maintained his right to in five succeeding encounters with the most skillful antagonists that could be brought against him. Finally, in May, 1865, under the plea of illness, KAVANAGH forfeited the Champion Cue to LOUIS FOX, of Rochester; who in turn lost in a contest with JOHN DERBY, of Washington, who now has possession—and is by right Champion of America. The next contestant with DERBY was JOHN MCDEVITT, of this city, and the game was played in the Hall of the Cooper Institute, on the evening of Tuesday, March 13. DERBY retained the cue.

DUDLEY KAVANAGH, who is now exactly twenty-eight years of age, has played more match games than any other man in America, and, of some twenty on record, he was winner in about two-thirds of them. His last encounters were with M. CARME, each player winning a game, and the latter forfeiting a third game, which he refused to practice for, as it allowed the odious "push," which CARME styles "baby billiards." Some of KAVANAGH'S over-zealous friends still claim the title of Champion for him, but of course this point can not be maintained. KAVANAGH not only forfeited the cue, but he refuses to respond to the challenges of M'DEVITT, of JOSEPH DION, of Montreal, and PIERRE CARME, of New York.

About one year since a real excitement was created in billiard circles by the arrival of a most skillful French Professor of Billiards, M. PIERRE CARME, of Versailles. Placing himself under the direction of Mr. PHELAN, M. CARME gave a series of public exhibitions, and his wonderful prowess in the masse, force, follow, fly, and other difficult and seemingly impossible shots, have produced profound astonishment, and been received with the most rapturous applause. M. CARME has only engaged in two match games (those above-mentioned) during his sojourn in this country, which we understand he has determined to make his permanent residence, and that he will probably shortly open in this city a fine establishment for practice and instruction. He is a native of Bordeaux, now in the thirty-first year of his age, and, like KAVANAGH, is a bachelor. M. CARME probably has no superior in his specialties, and is willing to engage any person, for a heavy consideration, at the three-ball French, or the four-ball American games; *push* barred.—The latest billiard sensation was the arrival, a few weeks since, of Mr. JOHN ROBERTS, the distinguished English billiardist. This gentleman has long maintained his supremacy in the winning and losing hazard game; and as he has beaten DEFTON, HOLDEN, CHESTERMAN, BENNETT, and other experts—most of them at an odds of 200 in 1000—he, without doubt, has no equal at the game. He spent the most of the two years just passed in Australia, and on his return to England made an engagement with DUDLEY KAVANAGH to visit this country, under whose management he is now traveling in the West, they lately having taken part in a tournament at Memphis, Tennessee. The friends of Mr. ROBERTS say that on his return to New York



DUDLEY KAVANAGH.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. H. WILLIAMSON, BROOKLYN, L. I.]



JOHN ROBERTS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. H. WILLIAMSON, BROOKLYN, L. I.]

he intends to give our best players the opportunity to measure cues with him, and that the contests will probably be at the English, French, and American games. From this it may be inferred that MR. ROBERTS intends to accept the challenges of MR. JOSEPH DION, of Montreal, who some time since defied any man living to play him a game in each of the above specialties, each to be for $2000 in gold a side. MR. ROBERTS is now in the forty-first year of his age, and is not a bachelor.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1866.

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

MR. JOHN T. MONROE, of New Orleans, was Mayor of that city when it was occupied by the Union forces, and his conduct was such that he was imprisoned by military authority. At the late election for Mayor he was the successful candidate, and with him three gentlemen who were of the same sympathy were elected for three of the four Recorders. The city. Governor WELLS, of Louisiana, whose Unionism has been hitherto of a strictly "Southern" character, is yet unwilling to authorize MR. MONROE to assume office. MR. KENNEDY, the retiring Mayor, is so unfriendly of the loyalty of MR. MONROE that he also is reluctant to leave the city in his hands, and has telegraphed to the President for instructions. The President is reported to have replied that the facts were unknown to him, and he has declined to interfere. Application was then made to General CANBY, and, as we write, his decision is unknown.

Meanwhile a gentleman perfectly familiar with New Orleans since its capture by the Union army tells us that the life of no Unionman would be safe in that city should the United States forces be withdrawn. Another observer reports the same condition of affairs in Savannah; and a gentleman resident of Mobile, faithful through the war, informs us that he should feel it necessary for him to leave the State should the military hold of the Government be relaxed. And these are not exceptional witnesses. Now the men whose conduct is such as to occasion these apprehensions are those who have elected MR. MONROE Mayor. They are those whose sympathizers elsewhere elected MR. HUMPHREYS, an unpardoned rebel general, Governor of Mississippi, and MR. STEPHENS, the second chief of the rebellion, Senator from Georgia. They are those who, in TEXAS, sitting upon Grand Juries, refuse to act upon five hundred indictments against murderers of Union men during the war, and who, as members of the Convention, are hesitating, at this time of writing, to annul the Ordinance of Secession null and void.

Of course so long as this feeling continues dominant in the late insurgent States, so long as fervent fidelity to the rebellion is the sole passport to popular favor, and the universal tone of opinion is bitter hostility to the Government and Union, it is the plainest duty of the Government to maintain a strict military hold of such States. Intelligent men at the South will see that such hold and conduct only mean "acquiescence." Nobody indeed expects defeated men to confess that they were wrong, or to feel a profound affection for a power against which they have ineffectually struggled. But when they declare that they have submitted and acquiesce in the decision of the war, they will not be content to add that they have no right to be indignant, that the country looks to their acts and not to their words. What kind of acquiescence is it which endangers the personal security of Union men? What kind of submission is it which elects as civil officers and representatives and senators men who are notoriously and confessedly incapable of cooperating with the Government? A man who carries up his suit to the highest court, and loses it, does not think he was wrong in bringing the suit, but he pays the damages and yields to the law.

That is all that is asked of the late insurgents. But if they continue to act as if judgment had been pronounced for them, instead of against them, they put themselves much further in the wrong, and indefinitely postpone the day of peace and reunion. If it be natural for them to be disappointed and bitter, it is no less natural for the country to be wary of admitting them to an unchecked exercise of power. If they say, as some of them do, "But what further proof can we give? Have we not accepted every thing which has been imposed upon us?" the reply is, that so long as the stanchest Union men among them feel insecure, so long as capital and enterprise and labor hesitate to flow toward them, so long as their Legislatures and popular elections reveal a sullen hostility to the measures and men which, whether they individually like them or not, are yet inseparably identified with the Government in whose supremacy they declare their acquiescence, so long the country has a right to say that they have *not* acquiesced; that they must be distrusted and closely watched; and so long we have no right to believe that they will by whatever power they may acquire to neutralize and destroy the very acts to which they point us as proofs of acquiescence.

The people of the Southern States ought to understand that the war was just as earnest to us as it was to them; that there is not the least vindictiveness of feeling upon the part of the loyal people of the country, but, on the contrary, a very large desire of sincere union and enduring peace; that there are no foolish expectations of an affected love of the National Government among those who were lately in arms against it; that there is no intention to be unjust or ungenerous toward our Southern fellow-citizens, whatever the press and politicians who deluded them through the war may say; but that there is a very inflexible determination that the war shall not have been fought in vain; that emancipation shall be made, not called, a fact; and that the permanence and authority of the Government shall not be imperiled by any rash policy springing from ignorance or impatience. There will be no effort to reap more than we have sowed, but the harvest will surely be gathered.

The quality and dominant will of the American people were shown during the war, and they are equally shown to those who can see, in establishing peace. The imbecility of the Confederate and anti-rebel sentiment should be fully known by this time even to the late insurgents of the South. It could not divide loyalty during the war, and it will not divide the same loyalty now that the war is over. No new party will be formed until the Union party has done its work, and that work is to establish and maintain and reconstruct the organization. If any Southerner doubts, if he listens to the sirens who have steadily deceived him for five years past, he will be deceived again, and more bitterly. The elections of last autumn, the opening elections of the spring, show that the Union line is not broken; and if the leaders of opinion in the late insurgent States are of the views, if they wish the country to believe in their acquiescence, they will abandon their dog-in-the-manger policy, and show that they were honest in the war by honestly accepting the judgment to which they appealed.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

THE freedom of a large number of the inhabitants of the United States, formerly held as slaves, was recognized and confirmed by the Emancipation Amendment. But mere emancipation left the whole class in an anomalous condition, the consequences of which it was plainly the duty of the United States to remove. It became necessary to secure to them the relation of the freed people to the rest of the population; and Congress has therefore declared that all persons born in the United States and not subject to any foreign power (excluding Indians not taxed, are citizens of the United States; and such citizens, of every race and color, and without regard to any previous condition of slavery, shall have entire equality of civil rights. Any person who shall deprive any inhabitant of any State or Territory of any right thus secured is declared to be guilty of a misdemeanor, and is punishable by a fine of not more than a thousand dollars, or by imprisonment for not more than one year. The district attorneys, officers of the United States, with the officers and agents of the Freedmen's Bureau, and other officers who may be authorized by the President, are charged with the duty of proceeding against all violators of the law.

This Bill of Rights is necessary, simple, and precise. It declares the citizens, it defines their privileges, and provides for their defense. It pledges the whole power of the country to protect the civil rights of every citizen every where. It does not leave the matter to whims of local communities nor to the prejudices of caste. It recognizes the right of the supreme sovereignty to declare who are its citizens, and acknowledges the duty of that sovereignty to defend them; nor can any faithful citizen object that his fundamental rights are precisely defined and maintained by the supreme instead of a subordinate authority. The constitutionality of the law can not be questioned except upon the ground of a controlling sovereignty in the States over the nation, and that is a claim which is no longer valid.

This bill—which is truly a Magna Charta—overthrows all black codes in the United States against equality of civil rights. The Black Codes, which seek to retain as many of the disabilities of slavery as possible, disappear before this just and beneficent decree. It announces distinctly to those who would still cling to feudalism in America that feudalism is henceforth impossible. It tends to speedy pacification by showing to those who still doubted the national purpose that all the consequences of emancipation have been well weighed and fully accepted by the country. It destroys false hopes. It clears away misunderstandings. It proclaims that when the United States abolished slavery they meant what they said, and knew what they did.

The bill passed both Houses of Congress by enormous majorities. In the House of Representatives the vote was 111 to 38; in the Senate 33 to 12; and we see no reason to suppose that the President will dissent. We hope indeed that by the time this paper is issued the bill may have been approved by him and have become a law. We shall hear of that result with sincere satisfaction; for when once the President and Congress agree upon a vital and fundamental measure like this, a better understanding and further agreement will be much more probable and practicable.

Senator JOHNSON of Tennessee and his disaffected States will also be glad that a vexatious question is thus put in the way of settlement. Mr. STEPHENS, of Georgia, in his late speech before the Legislature of that State, spoke very unwisely of the duty of giving the freedmen fair play. We have the right to expect his earnest support of this bill. Governor ORR, of South Carolina, and Governor WALKER, of Florida, have shown great good sense in their action respecting the education of the freedmen; and they, too, will undoubtedly see and acknowledge the wisdom of a measure which secures rights that they do not deny. And all citizens of the United States who understand that the country must and ought to be constantly agitated until the equal rights of every American citizen before the law are secured by the highest possible sanction, will hail the bill as a measure of the wisest statesmanship, and an earnest of the national resolution that nothing which was really gained by the war shall be lost.

A REPORT UPON THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW.

We have received many letters discussing the eight-hours' labor movement, some of them very foolishly charging us with hostility to the laborer because we have pointed out the impracticability of remedying the evil of overwork by legislation. But the truth is, that the subject is controlled by other laws than that of a Legislature, and can only be studied in the light of such laws. A regulation of the State making it penal to work for more than eight hours would be absurd; and a declaration that eight hours should constitute a working-day would be useless. If such a declaration could not be enforced it would leave the matter exactly where it is now.

We observe that Mr. JULIAN, of Indiana, has suggested in Congress that eight hours shall be a working-day in the Government shops and yards; and that a Committee of Congress has been considering a general proposition in favor of the eight-hours' system. In Massachusetts a Commission was appointed last year to investigate the whole subject, and, after careful inquiry and consideration, the Commission have presented a Report which we heartily commend to every reader. It is the result of a most careful, comprehensive, and sagacious treatment of the subject. The Commission was composed of gentlemen peculiarly fitted for the task by sympathy, intelligence, and experience. They have examined the question with the utmost sincerity of purpose to remedy existing evils, and have finally rejected applause as the wisdom, justice, and practicability of an eight-hours' law.

The Commission sent into every town of the State to make the necessary inquiries and to solicit co-operation and advice. It also held public hearings in Boston. But neither the response to the inquiries nor the attendance upon the hearings indicated so vital and general an interest as had been supposed. It appears that in the chief branches of industry the "ten-hour system" prevails in practice, except in cotton factories, where eleven hours is the general rule. The shortest time established by custom in seven hours and twenty minutes for shipwrights upon "old work" or repairs: the longest time is seventeen and a half hours in a few bakeries. The Commission found that the employees were generally in favor of a reduction of time, and the employers opposed to it. Yet those who favor a reduction are not agreed upon the form of the necessary law. Some wished it to be prohibitory; but a law forbidding a man to use his power of labor at his discretion is a law destroying the capital of the working-man. So, finally, the mass agreed that the law should merely declare eight hours a legal working-day. But such a law is useless. Endless.

The Commission are of opinion that the radical objection to making eight hours, or any other number of hours, a legal day's work is, that, by giving one measure of time for all branches of labor, such a law must be unequal in its action. It would not be an impartial law, and that is a fatal difficulty. Moreover, it would be absolutely impossible to apply it to some of the most common and necessary branches of labor. Thus the fundamental industry of farming and planting could not conform to such a law; and the extent of this industry may be inferred from the fact that the present cash value of farms in the United States is about *ten billions of dollars*. The Commission sum up their objections to the law as follows:

"Because they deem it unsound in principle to apply one measure of time to all kinds of labor.

"Because, if adopted as a general law in the way proposed, it would be evaded in part by special contracts, and so add another to the dead laws that cumber the statutes.

"Because a very large proportion of the industrial interests of the country could not observe it.

"Because, if restricted, as some propose, to the employees of Railroads, it would be manifestly partial, and therefore unjust."

The Commission then proceed to a concise, able, and temperate consideration of various points involved in the question: the relation of capital to labor; the province of law; the law of usury; and the employment of capital. They think that capital and labor are not natural enemies, but real friends; and while for the reasons stated they are opposed to an eight-hours' law they think that in many departments of labor there is serious injury from over-work, and that in such there is need of reform. This reform, in their judgment, is to be accomplished by intelligent discussion and mutual understanding between employers and employed. They cite instances of such agreement. Thus the workmen representing at the hearings in the Commission, the delegate cooperatives of Lawrence advocated the ten-hour rule for factories, on the ground that the change from eleven hours to eight would be injurious both for the employed and the employer. The introduction of the eight-hours' system in Australia was not the result of legislation, but of the tranquil deliberation of all interests. The great co-operative movement in England, illustrated by that at Rochdale—the constituency of the Rochdale Corporation is unmanned and not legislative. In Germany and France, according to the Commission, the same movement is proceeding without convulsions and with the best results.

We know of no better service which could be done to Congress and to the Legislature of New York, and of every State which is now considering this subject, than to present every member with a copy of this thoughtful, humane, and truly valuable report.

THE DOWNWARD COURSE.

THE debates on the Loan Bill in Congress on 16th and 19th inst. foreshadow the struggle that must be maintained before specie payments can be resumed in this country. All the manufacturers, all the coal-fitters, all the producers of grain, all the holders of wheat, corn, pork, and cotton—every one, in a word, who owns property which is liable to decline with gold, is opposed to any and all measures that are calculated to diminish the volume of paper or the purchasing power of the currency. It is the old story; the contest of property holders against the debtor class. It is for the interest of all these—including those who now chance to own property and merchandise—that we should as soon as possible get back to a stable standard of value. That is the very basis of justice. Such a 25 per cent. bill as Mr. SHERMAN'S for example is slow to be persuaded that present loss will be future gain.

Partisans of continued inflation may for a few years or months sway Congress in a wrong direction. They may even prevent the passage of any measure of contraction during the present session. But they will gain little by the postponement. The logic and policy of the action in this matter are so clear that no delay will convince the public that they are going to the bottomless pit. Every loan bill like that introduced by Mr. MORRILL is objectionable on many grounds. Its defeat on 16th instant was not an unmixed misfortune. But those who infer from the defeat that Congress is going to adhere to the property holders who—under the lead of JOHN SHERMAN and THADDEUS STEVENS—declare in favor of indefinitely increasing the redeemable and depreciated paper-money, will presently discover that they have mistaken the temper of the nation. Honest men may fairly differ on this question. One man may favor this sort of contraction, another another sort. One man may look for resumption much earlier than his neighbor. But they who oppose even the contraction already developed in Congress to the MORRILL bill that gold is not going to decline, and that prices are not going to fall with it, will soon find out their error to their cost.

We showed last week that contraction was already in active progress. Over $175,000,000 of compound-interest notes, which six and seven months ago were in active circulation, have now practically ceased to be currency by reason of the interest which has accumulated upon them. Over $80,000,000 of National Bank currency—say an amount equal to the issues of the National Currency Bureau—have within the past ten months gone South for the transaction of business in that section of the country. And, finally, the Secretary has managed within the past six months to retire about $30,000,000 of the legal-tender notes outstanding. Thus, without any new legislation, contraction is going on at a fair rate.

Even if Congress should, on reconsideration, refuse to accede to the demand of Mr. M'CULLOCH, his present powers will enable him to continue to contract the currency at quite an active rate. It is now clear that by mid-summer Five-Twenty bonds will be selling at 75, if not at 80, in London. At these prices the outstanding currency can be exchanged for bonds, and Five-Thirty notes can be converted into bonds quite as fast as the interests of the coun-

ity require and the safety of commerce will justify.

It is not at all desirable that the Secretary should be misled by the present plethoric condition of the Treasury into premature attempts to resume specie payments. Over twelve hundred millions of short-date securities are to be funded or paid off within two years. A policy which should precipitate a commercial crisis would greatly defeat the objects of the means of paying off these securities and of the credit essential for funding them. But no one connected with the Government has thus far developed precipitate views on this subject, but the partisans of continued inflation exhibit a disregard of the facts when they charge the Secretary with declaring for ruin forward in specie payments in disregard of the permanent interests of the country. Mr. M'CULLOCH's views have thus far been eminently conservative—as the continuance of the temporary loan at 5 and 6 per cent. sufficiently proves.

The great lesson which the public of producers, consumers, manufacturers, middlemen, merchants, farmers, etc., ought to engrave upon their memory at this time is that we are on the high road to contraction, to lower prices, to specie payments. They should never for a day being misled by the defeat of this or that bill, by the temporary success of this or that advocate of continued financial disgrace. Let them lay it to their hearts that the American people are bent on rehabilitating their national currency and making it as good as the currency of other nations. Let them whatever delays may occur, and however temporarily the paper-money men may seem to triumph, the restoration of a hard-money currency within a given number of years, if not months, is mathematically certain. Let them rely upon it that from this time to the day on which the banks resume specie payments there will be steadily a fall in decline, with such reactions as are usual in speculative markets. From quarter-day to quarter-day every thing produced or consumed in this country will show a diminution in market value. Men who hold goods, merchandise, and other property will grow steadily poorer, just as the holders of gold steadily richer in the days when the currency was being expanded. Labor will fall steadily in value, until wages decline to a point never before reached in our history. It is folly to see common laborers working for half a dollar a day by the time that gold falls to or near par. This will be thrice the average paid in Great Britain.

Let the public bear in mind, further, that "the bottom" has been reached before specie payments have been restored. In the downward course of prices, as many reactions as will often appear that prices are bent upward, and that a general recovery is about to take place. Such symptoms will prove deceptive. There can be no real recovery in prices while the national currency is made worth 100 per cent in gold. When that point is reached, it will be safe to buy any thing, for prices will naturally react sharply from the antecedent depression. But till then, seeming reactions will prove pitfalls of destruction.

Already the process has gone times point to the end. A month ago an active speculation in real estate was in full blast. It seems to have been shut down. Recent sales at auction and on a general decline in prices, and handsome country seats are for sale at rates very much lower than were current in 1856-7. Longheaded men are buying. Let them read the figures. In 1835-6, and again in 1856-7, this class of men refused to buy any thing, and were set down as simpletons by younger class of operators who claimed to understand the times, and bought right and left whatever was offered at "the going prices." In the course of a few months the young operators were ruined, and their more prudent seniors stepped in and secured their property at almost nominal rates. It will be so again. The men who keep their money, and have nothing to lose by 1866-7-8, will probably purchase in 1868 or 1869 all descriptions of property at prices as far below as the rates of 1853-4 were above their real value.

MORE LIGHT!

THE most important philanthropic association in the United States is the American Freedmen's and Union Commission. Its object proposes the education of all the unenlightened population in the late slave States. It is not an impertinent philanthropy, for the welfare of this country depends upon the best intelligence of the people, and ignorance any where is danger every where. The ignorance of Maine or of Florida imperils Pennsylvania and Iowa, and he is the true patriot and peacemaker who by every fair and honorable means aims at the education of all the people. The danger to the country is quite as much in the ignorance which puts the mass of the people at the South in the power of certain leaders as it is in the ambition of the leaders. The schoolmaster might have saved us the war. Education will certainly keep the peace.

The policy of Slavery has always been to keep the poor ignorant. Emancipation abolishes the chief reason of so barbarous a policy, but its traditions will long remain. The Charleston *Mercury* once said that the working-people had no more right to education than the slaves; and General HOWARD now says that he believes "the majority of the white people to be utterly opposed to educating the negro. The opposition is so great that the teachers, though they may be the purest of Christian people, are nevertheless visited publicly and privately with undisguised marks of odium." Yet, on the other hand, these are gratifying facts which show the awakening of some of the more intelligent minds in the late insurgent States to the necessities of the case, and which indicate something of that "acquiescence" of which we hear so much and see so little. Thus the Roman Catholic Bishop of Savannah has written to the Freedmen's Aid Union, saying that he learns (what is true) that it has no sectarian character, and asking help in founding schools for the colored part of his flock. The Legislature of Florida has passed laws establishing a common school system for colored children in that State, and the Governor seconds the request of the agent of the Freedmen's Bureau to the Aid Union, that it will assist in erecting a normal school for the education of colored teachers. Governor ORR, also, of South Carolina, and Mr. TRENHOLM, the Secretary of the Confederate Treasury, having visited the colored schools of Charleston, were so impressed by them that, their consciousness of the need of well-educated teachers, they propose a common school system for the colored population of the whole State. These are significant facts, and show that some men are beginning to see and how the cruel ravages of war are to be effectively repaired.

The Census of 1850, which was prepared under the auspices of DE BOW, who stated every thing as softly as possible for the slave States, said which, although the losses of war may be nearer the truth of 600,000, the later Census, gives 568,182 free adults in the slave States who could neither read nor write. The number of free colored people who could not readily reduce these figures. Assuming that there are 1,000,000 of freedmen, and even 500,000 poor whites to be educated, at least 80,000 teachers would be needed. The cost of education would be scarcely less than $15,000,000. The daily expense of the war was about $3,000,000. Thus to educate the whole mass the ignorance of the South from which the war grew would cost no more than ten days of war. If the States would undertake the whites, the expense would be reduced one-third. But this is an extra charge against expense? Would it be a waste of money? No; for as men are educated their demands increase, and the increasing wants demand start all the vast machinery of trade. Education in Alabama or Georgia quickens the spindles of Lowell, the looms of Lyons, the fields of the West. It is not charity, but trade. Education is the best police, abolishing armies, destroying penitentiaries, and recognizing the resistless force of the State in a single constable. Every dollar spent for this regenerating influence would be sowing a seed which would be harvested a thousandfold.

The work will be voluntary as that of the Sanitary Commission was; and such the Aid Commission proposes that it should be. Moreover, it should be cordially welcomed in the destitute States whose population is prepared to reach as it should be sustained by those which are able. Truth is not sectional. Ideas are not local. There is no sectional science or knowledge. Jealousy of so humane and lofty a work is impossible except among the foolish or the malevolent. It is worthy of the time and of the country. It would be the seal of reconciliation and peace.

COLORADO.

THE bill for the admission of Colorado has failed, and we are not sorry. The smallness of the population and the character of the Constitution were the chief objections to the passage of the bill, and the Enabling act was the main argument for it. But the terms of the original Enabling act are not complied with; and although that of itself is not a fatal objection, yet the facts as reported justify a doubt whether there was a fair expression of the population upon the Constitution. The vote upon the Territority was suspiciously small; and the Constitution disables an intelligent and industrious class of the population from having their ballot. The general principle was advanced which seems to us very reasonable, that it is not desirable to erect any Territory into a State until it has at least the population necessary to send one representative to Congress. If Colorado wishes to be the equal of New York in the United States Senate, it will be no unfair to delay her gratification until she is entitled to one member of the House.

A POOR JOKE.

ONE of the amusing spring jokes is the painful effort of the "Democratic" papers and orators to call the men who sustained the war against the Conspiracy of Richmond and the Chicago Convention *disunionists*. The gentlemen who with more or less frankness applauded JEFFERSON DAVIS and thwarted the United States Government in the agony of its struggle are very anxious to be considered the especial friends of the Union. As their political allies, the late enemy, could not overthrow the Government they are very clamorous that they should now control it. Next to the dissolution of the Union these worthy citizens would like to see a dissolution of the Union party; and as they have learned that loyal men are able to maintain the Union against combined Copperheads and rebels, they would dearly like to steal that name and brand their conquerors as disunionists. When they can persuade the American people that BENEDICT ARNOLD was a patriot and PATRICK HENRY a Tory, they may convince them that they that VALLANDIGHAM and the "friends" of HENRY SEYMOUR are true Union men, and the glorious multitude which saved the Union in war and intend to secure it in peace disunionists.

AVOIDABLE AND UNAVOIDABLE CAUSES OF DISEASE.

PHYSICIANS, in making out certificates of death sometimes in the case of old persons, when they find no evidences of the presence of some one positive disease, write down "Age" as the cause of the result. Let us see whether this is strictly correct. What, let us inquire, is necessary to the absolute preservation of life? Why, that death may come entirely from old age without the agency of any disease? Food must be taken every day of the right quantity and quality, in the right intervals, and adapted to the different periods of life; the influence of all external agencies—as air, heat, light, etc.—must be perfectly regulated, and mind and body must be exercised in the right amount and manner in all the stages of progress—all this requiring, as you see, vastly more skill of knowledge and judgment and power than are within the compass of man. But we will not call it so. There is requisite also entire freedom from unholy passion and desires, which are fruitful sources of disease in their irritating and disorganizing influence upon the nervous system, aside from the results of the wrong practices to which they lead. But even more than this is required. There must be the power to neutralize all those occult causes which operate so widely, producing specific forms of disease, such as scarlatina, malignant cholera, typhus, etc.

You see, then, that death absolutely from old age alone is an impossibility. Even if the occult causes alluded to did not exist, there is no obvious reason why aggregate which is to produce death at length in those who to all appearance die of old age. Even though there be no such cause, no obvious disease leaving residue, there always are in such cases slight morbid conditions engendered here and there —weak spots, as we may say—which have much to do with the final result, sometimes obviously, and sometimes secretly. It is only when some one of these becomes especially prominent at the last that some malady is set down as the cause of death; and when a concurrence of several such exists, it is not the cause, though death comes really from a compound disease, it is attributed to old age.

Have you ever read HOLMES's story of Dean Swift's "One-hoss Shay?"—how it all gave out at once at every point, making a pile of dust, instead of looking decayed, as it had been made, but in perfect of sheer old age? An amusing description this of an impossibility akin to that of a strictly general wearing out of every part of the human body.

"A chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out,"

so we may say of man even when he dies at a good old age, in the sense that the physician can discern that he died of any particular disease. Even in such cases there is undoubtedly often "somewhere a weakest spot," though not discovered; and as though there may not be, it is clear that many small weaknesses may produce the result as surely as a single great one.

In what we have said the reader can not fail to observe that the causes of disease may be divided into two classes—the avoidable and the unavoidable; the former, all those common causes which come from such agencies as food, heat, air, light, etc., and the exercise of the powers of our bodies and minds; and the latter, the occult and specific causes of which we have before said.

Again, the two classes of causes very commonly are mingled in their operations. Take, for instance, cholera. The specific cause of this is unavoidable; that is, no one can escape from its influence who is where it is operating. But many of the avoidable causes of disease—that is, the common transgressions of the laws of health—are absolutely necessary in a very large proportion of cases, perhaps even the majority, to make the specific cause effectual in the production of the malady. And yet little head do most people give to these avoidable causes, while they run after vaunted prophylactics, and demand for impossible and ineffectual quarantine regulations. So in the case of typhus there is a specific cause, which sometimes develops the disease in those who observe carefully the laws of health unconsciously well, but it is peculiarly apt to do so in those who live in decided and continuous transgression of them, as it seen in the crowded and filthy habitations in some quarters of cities in contrast with the model lodging-houses.

The avoidable causes of disease operate with some unavoidable causes much more readily than with others. They, for example, have a great influence, as you have seen, in the diffusion of typhus fever and the cholera, but they seem to have little or none in the diffusion of small-pox, scarlatina, measles, etc. These latter diseases do not, like the former, have their special habitats among the crowded and filthy and vicious.

Take now, in contrast with such diseases as typhus and cholera, consumption, that great and constant scourge, which becomes constant and not occasional attracting but little attention; that ceases in many quarters even one-sixth of all the deaths. The causes of this malady are all avoidable, of course with the limitations before noted. There is no specific cause—no poison acting in connection with other causes; but the disease is the result of tendencies in the system generated by transgressions of the laws of health, and there is no case in which a true hygiene can not secure a perfect victory. Even those tendencies which are inherited may be very generally removed by proper modes of living.

CONSUL GENERAL MURPHY.

MR. W. W. MURPHY, Consul General of the United States at Frankfort-on-Main, in Germany, has just arrived from Europe, upon a short leave of absence. Mr. MURPHY will be most warmly welcomed by those who know how inestimable his services were in maintaining the honor and dignity of his country during the war. That the bonds of the United States were in good repute among German capitalists is greatly owing to the diligence, ability, and courtesy of Consul General MURPHY.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 19:

In the Senate, Mr. SHERMAN introduced a joint resolution that the aggregate outstanding United States notes, not bearing interest, and including fractional currency, shall not be diminished below four hundred and twenty millions; that all surplus in the Treasury exceeding forty millions in coin and forty millions in currency shall be applied monthly to the reduction of the outstanding indebtedness, and to the purchase or payment of the interest-bearing debts of the United States; but the amount of interest-bearing legal-tender notes shall not be diminished by payments or exchanges in a sum exceeding four millions per month. The resolution was referred to the Committee on Finance.——The bill to admit Colorado was defeated, 14 to 21.

In the House, Mr. Schenck reported back from the Military Committee a bill to incorporate a Military and Naval asylum, for the relief of totally disabled officers and men of the volunteer forces of the United States. The bill was passed.——The bill of Mr. Stevens, providing for amendments, the Civil Rights bill. The amendments were agreed to, and the bill was passed by a vote of 120 to 68.

March 14:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson called for the bill to increase and fix the military peace establishment, which, after a fully debate, and the adoption of several amendments, was passed—yeas 37, nays 9.

In the House, Mr. Dodd's resolution relative to the Paris Exposition was taken up, and Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, addressed the House in opposition. Mr. Ancona, Mr. Grinnell, Mr. Woodbridge, Mr. Raymond, and Mr. Rice, of Massachusetts, followed in favor of the resolution. At the evening session the consideration of the subject was resumed, and among several amendments the resolution was passed—yeas 90, nays 80.

March 15:

In the Senate, the Civil Rights bill was taken up, and the House amendment agreed to. The bill having passed both Houses, is the first measure of the kind ever passed over the veto of the President.

March 19:

In the Senate, the House amendments to the bill establishing a national home for disabled soldiers were concurred in, and the measure now only awaits the President's signature to render it a law. The bill to provide for an annual appropriation for Indian affairs was called up, and, after some discussion, passed.

In the House, the veto on the Loan bill was considered, and the bill was reconsidered without instructions.

GEORGIA AND TEXAS.

The TEXAS Constitutional Convention has repealed the abolition of slavery, and will probably make full provision for the rights of the negro, there being only a very small number of the delegates opposed to such a course.

The GEORGIA Legislature has also passed a law that all persons of color shall have the right to make and enforce contracts, to sue, be sued, to be sued, to be sued, to give evidence, to inherit, to purchase, lease, sell, hold, and convey real and personal property, and to have the full benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of personal estates, and shall not be subject to any other or different punishment, pain, or penalty for the commission of any act or offense than such as are prescribed for white persons, and shall be subject to such only.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THERE is considerable opposition in the Corps Législatif of France to the policy of trying to keep a footfold in Mexico, and a general debate upon the question will be held. It will have great influence on the Emperor, leading him as he may be persuaded to withdraw or to remain. The Mexican question and also no question of reform. It is significant that the Emperor has appointed a Minister of Agriculture, has had the holidays to speak of France as absolutely prosperous, and has left the Paris Exposition.

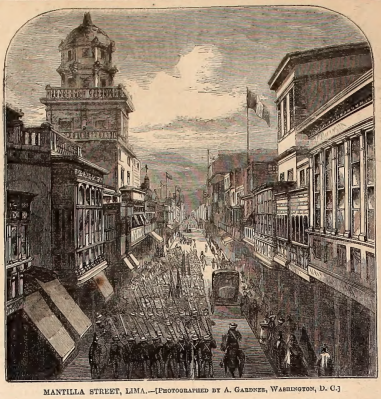
The London *Times* speaks of President Johnson's veto message in terms of considerable moderation.

Prussia seems determined to annex Holstein and Schleswig spite of Austria. Count BISMARCK has given the latter country to the alternative of surrendering its own claims or risking war with Prussia. It seems likely that Austria will make the surrender for the sake of peace.

The Emperor of MEXICO rebukes his critics from the other side of the water unexpectedly. They recall, was gaining rapidly, and the Imperial cause thus encouraged began to attack. The foreign residents were preparing to leave the capital. Hereupon the Government has published an captured rebels by Chinese officials, under the direction of the British Legation, are publications of the Hong Kong papers. In India disturbances had again broken out on the northwest frontier.



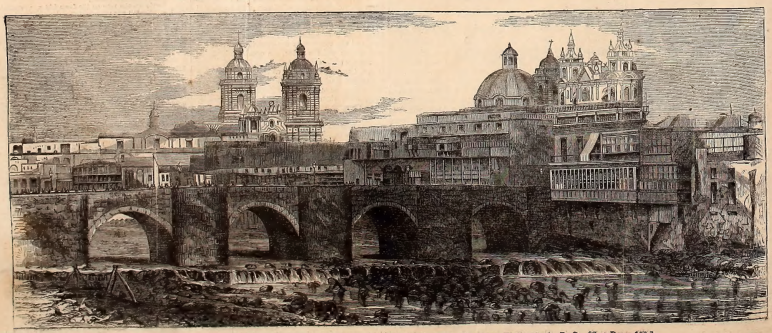
GENERAL PRADO, THE NEW DICTATOR OF PERU.—[SEE PAGE 199.]



MANTILLA STREET, LIMA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



INTERIOR GARDEN OF THE ORDER OF BAREFOOTED MONKS, LIMA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



SIDE VIEW OF THE BRIDGE OF PIZARRO, LIMA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.—SEE PAGE 199.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

IN LOVE.

CHAPTER XII.

We really can not and will not permit our attention to be drawn off one moment longer from Dr. Peel; he looms altogether too conspicuously upon the Somerville horizon for that. It is impossible longer to ignore the deep and widespread impression he has made upon that intelligent community.

"Describe him to you?" says fair Anne Wright to an old schoolmate, with whom she is conversing, on a visit from an adjoining county. "I can not, Laura; you must see him for yourself, child."

"Oh, well, you can at least give me some hint, can tell me something about him," urges her curious friend—naturally curious from the perpetual references she hears made to him beneath that roof: "Is he a big man?"

"At least not a little man," laughs Anne. "Yes, I do really believe he is the largest—I mean the grandest man I ever saw in all my life. Such a noble chest! His forehead, too, high and prominent. And iron gray eyes—the finest you ever saw—eyebrows, and hair all as black? That isn't the name for it. But his eyes—the most splendid you ever saw—look as if they were actually alive!"

"Why, so they are if the man isn't dead," says her more prosaic friend.

"Oh, nonsense, Laura! I told you I could not begin to describe him," says Anne, who is a fragile and lovely blonde. "There is a sort of soft fire in them, except when he gets roused; then how they glow and flash and scorch! And then he has such a voice, child; I do know it is the sweetest and deepest. And pa tells me he makes speeches in Somerville the most powerful—makes the people laugh one moment, and cry like children the next. And when he denounces the Yankees or the Union people! Why pa says his voice, when he lifts it, can be heard for miles. Pa says he is equal to Colonel Rhett Roberts, if not superior. And then he dresses so splendidly! The finest broadcloth, the whitest and finest linen, the richest vests. I do think his neck-ties—figured silk scarfs, you know—are the gayest and the brightest. One notices such things so much more these days when we are all wearing our old things on account of the blockade—the old calico, for instance. And his jewelry, too! Pa objects to that in Dr. Peel. And I didn't like it in gentlemen either till I saw Dr. Peel. He wears several rings on his fingers, large ones, one or two diamonds among them. Then his heavy gold watch—I have noticed it when he takes it out to see if he ought not to be going—it is so massive and rich, with such a heavy gold chain to it all across his bosom. But you ought only to see his breast-pins, Laura! A different one every time, at least, he has called out here—the richest! What is most uncommon about him is the quantity of perfumes. Pa almost swears about it. I don't object to it. Why, Laura, in his appearance, bearing, and all, his olive complexion, too, he looks like a Spaniard—a Spanish prince, so large and sumptuous and magnificent in comparison with us plain people."

"Why, the man must be rich," says Laura.

"Every body says so. He always has plenty of money, and he pays it out as freely as a king. The ladies there in Somerville have only to go to him to get any amount they want, provided only it is for the war in any way. Not our miserable, ragged, dirty paper-money; great round twenty-dollar gold pieces; and, you know, they are worth ever so much more than paper. And he to his politics, pa says he never saw—"

"Give for the war? He must be a good Southern man," says Laura, threading her needle afresh.

"I was just going to say, pa says he is most determined, active, liberal, confident; the most splendid specimen of a Southern gentleman I ever saw," pa said, after Dr. Peel left him last Saturday. And that's just what we like him most for," continues Anne Wright, with enthusiasm. "You know what a hot Southern man pa is: but Dr. Peel is ahead of him, of any body I know. I've always been a good Secessionist, which is more than you can say, Laura. Now don't be offended, dear, but it's actually awful to hear Dr. Peel talk about the Yankees—the most despicable people, he says, in every sense of the word; yes, and proves it in a thousand ways. And then to hear him speak about the South, its extent, resources, glorious victories, future prospects, how essential its success is to the whole world—I can't remember it all, but it is like reading an oration."

"Yes; but why isn't he off for the war?" asks Laura, whose people, by-the-by, have been dreadfully suspected of entertaining Union sentiments. Plague take them! as Mrs. Warner is steadily remarking, you find them here and there and every where.

"You silly child, he is in the war. Not a private soldier to dig in the trenches, or to be shot down like common people. If you were to see him once you would see how absurd that would be. No, Dr. Peel fills a much higher position or other. He is often away from Somerville attending to military business; in correspondence continually with President Jarvis, General Beauregard, and the rest. He brought a superb sword all the way out here to show me, one that Davis had presented him with, gold scabbard, silver hilt, with a great red gem of some sort in the end, silver chains to it, and all. Pa pressed him to tell us more particularly about his position—it was only last Saturday. You ought to have seen his manner as he said it—

"It would give me much pleasure, Major Wright, to inform you. I flatter myself it would interest and astonish you if I was only at liberty to tell. A gentleman of your discretion, however, will understand that there are elevated and difficult duties—duties which require oaths of secrecy.' And then he drew himself up with such dignity I couldn't help thinking what a splendid Confederate senator he would make. Don't whisper it, Laura; but he has already told me that he has some promise, when the war is over, of the mission to France, or one of the new embassadors like other nations—to Austria or Russia or Spain, he was not assured yet which. But, my child," and Anne sinks her voice, the quietest of girls, enraptured with her theme, "you must only to hear him tell about being taken for a Federal spy by Old Abe himself, or, much ago. He told us about a self-appointed Committee visiting his rooms at Staples's Hotel to examine, if he knew what, papers, and how he took off Bob Withers and that fussy old Dr. Ginnis, pa like to have died laughing. And how Governor Jarvis died laughing, you know, he has! He had met with ever so many singular adventures in his life, he told us, one that being taken for a Federal spy he did think was the richest of all. He sat down on the sofa, he told us, and wrote to the President a full account of it, just to give Davis, he said, one good laugh if he never has another. 'How he must have rumbled over his things, peeped into his boots, and all—pompous Captain Simmons and the rest. But he was glad to see it, he said; it showed that people were active and wide awake for the Confederacy.'"

"Why, he must have been out here quite often?" said the friend, with a smiling malice in her eye.

"No, not very often; that is, not very, very often," replies Anne, very red and then quite pale. "But we won't talk about him any more, I'm tired of it. How do you fix these gathers, Laura? you are such a nice body, and I am such a poor little good-for-nothing."

"Oh, you artful little goose," broke in her friend, "if you ain't in love with the man my name isn't Laura Rice!"

"What nonsense, Laura!" says poor transparent Anne, blushing very red, and then growing so pale it was unpleasant to see. "I never thought of such a thing. Me? I would as soon think of the Emperor of Russia. If you only knew him, what a great, magnificent—"

"Nonsense yourself, Anne, don't I know," says her visitor, who, being quite quiet, was that much the more strong-minded and sensible. "If you don't know you ought to know that just such fair-haired, blue-eyed, nice little bodies as Miss Wright are the very ones your big Spanish princes are most apt to fall in love with."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Laura," said her friend, flushing with pleasure one moment, almost ready to cry the next. "You ever whisper such a thing, and see if I don't tell every body you are Union. Dr. Peel may have taken me a good deal of attention at balls in Somerville, concerts, tableaux. He may have been out to talk with pa about the war. I never once thought, I never dared to think of such a thing. If I was only a strong, beautiful girl, high-spirited, like Alice Bowles say—but poor little me? Why, he would put me in his vest pocket almost. *Me*, child! You think yourself mighty wise, but you never were more mistaken in all your life." And Anne vows she will never mention Dr. Peel's name to any body again so long as she lives, rattles off upon other topics for a while, and then becomes so silent as to be but poor company for her friend.

And Dr. Peel is a magnificent-looking man, no denying that fact. As Anne Wright said to her friend, he did look "the very hero of a novel, dear; Byron's Corsair, and all that. And sings? You only ought to hear him sing!"

He looks all this the more strikingly these last few days from contrast with Lieutenant Ravenel. The Lieutenant is a late arrival in Somerville. He and Dr. Peel, to whom he has brought letters of introduction from South Carolina, are inseparable. Any one can see what particular pleasure the Doctor takes in introducing him to his friends—that is to say, all the gentlemen, not Union men, to be met on the streets.

"A genuine bit of Charleston aristocracy, Huguenot blood, distinguished for gallantry in the war; on important business from the War Department, though what that business is I can not get out of him," says Dr. Peel softly to his friends in billiard saloon and street corner.

If you observe them in Mrs. Bowles's parlor on a visit they make to that lady, Dr. Peel looms up peculiarly large in comparison with the small, slender, pale, and frail form of the Lieutenant. The Doctor is quite swarthy, while the Lieutenant is exceedingly fair and rosy, no perceptible beard—too young for that. A handsome fellow, too, in his way, in his neatly-fitting gray suit, the sleeves richly embroidered; the military cap sitting jauntily on the side of his head is off now, of course, and you can not fail to admire his light and curly locks. "My dear mother fitted me out before I left Charleston with her own hands," he told Mrs. Bowles in return for some compliment upon his attire. Such frank, open, cordial manners! Fun, too, always lurking in the corners of his dark eye and chiseled mouth, breaking out continually in rusty laughter, among and unrestrained as a child, over dimpled chin and cheek. Every body likes the Lieutenant on the spot warmly; you can not help it.

"By George! and those slight-built, pretty-faced fellows, girlish as they look, are the very ones to fight, you'll bet; perfect devils incarnate when a battery has got to be stormed. That's what the English people found out about their London dandies there in that war with the Russians," says Bob Withers in reply to Dr. Ginnis's sneers at the Lieutenant Ravenel.

For a wonder Dr. Peel is comparatively silent in Mrs. Bowles's parlor this evening, and lets the Lieutenant do all the talking. And Mrs. Bowles is in a flutter of delight over a visit from one direct from Charleston, and has a thousand questions to ask about Charleston and South Carolina. Lieutenant Ravenel knows almost every body and every thing there. She has vague recollections of having often seen the Lieutenant himself when a little boy playing on the Battery there at Charleston. His family she knows, of course, ever since she knew any thing. And the Lieutenant has a world to say about Rutledge Bowles, with whom he has been intimately associated, and whom he likes almost as much as his mother.

"Only, you know, Madam, there is no merit in that. Every one admires and likes Rutledge Bowles. How much he is growing to resemble his father in the portrait—of the Major, I presume it is, Madam?" says the Lieutenant, with a wave of the hand toward the old hero in his frame overhead.



"HAIL COLUMBIA!"

"I am pleased to know it," says little Mrs. Bowles, all the mother kindling through her refined and thoroughly lady-like manner. "Did Rutledge Bowles send his photograph by you?" she adds, eagerly.

"He would have done so, Madam, for I heard him speak of desiring to send it only the week I left. The fact is, I was not intending then to leave Charleston, much less come so far south as to Somerville? Upon my word, Madam, I had no such intention. Just ten minutes before the Augusta train ran out of Charleston my Colonel caught me on the street with dispatches in his hand and a sealed note of instruction for myself. 'You will hardly have time to throw your linen in a valise and run,' he said. I did run, hard as I could tear, Madam; barely in time to catch the train as it was on out of the depot. You remember it is a good distance from the Post-office, where I was when the Colonel caught me. At the rate they hurry us a pair of fresh feet ought to be served out every few hours as a regular ration, Madam—a relay of wings, or something of the sort." The Lieutenant is so perfectly a gentleman, at the same time so overflowing with life and fun that he keeps Mrs. Bowles and Alice laughing, the first named especially, all the evening.

"I could wish Rutledge Bowles was a little more lenient toward the faults of his subordinates, I mean his superior officers, as they are called in military language," says Mrs. Bowles, not without pride. "He seems to be very severe in some difficulty with them. Yet Rutledge Bowles has, though young, a good deal of his father's, the Major's, accuracy and energy of character. He lately sent me full drawings of all the defenses of Charleston, with an exact statement of the number and disposition at the time of our troops there."

"Was that not rather—excuse me—against rules?" began the Lieutenant, politely.

"So he said in his letter. 'But since you have written for them, mother,' he wrote, 'I will risk it.' It was a foolish curiosity I had, not to see the drawings and that, but to see how well he could do it. Friends here also would like to see what Rutledge Bowles could do. And I did not wish him to come unnecessarily in conflict with his superiors."

"Oh, we all know Rutledge Bowles," says Lieutenant Ravenel, gayly. "For my part I do assure you, Madam, I have talked with him upon that very point often. You see, Madam, we were students together at—tut, pshaw, was it at the Citadel or—"

"Columbia," suggests Mrs. Bowles.

"What am I thinking about? Columbia. I prepared for Columbia at the Charleston Academic, of course. I could take the liberty with him, you observe; it is not every one who can. If Rutledge Bowles has a fault it is modesty. But I could do nothing with him. Ah, before it

escapes my mind, those drawings you spoke of, would you be so kind? And all the papers, in fact, if it is not too much trouble?"

It is no trouble at all. Mrs. Bowles knows exactly where the package is. Lieutenant Ravenel glances rapidly over them, but is so pleased with them that he begs permission to take them with him, will return them in the morning—they are well worth an hour's study. Mrs. Bowles consents, of course. The clear lady glows up to the smooth parting of her silvered hair with pleasure. A visitor, and a Ravenel too, from Charleston!—it is as an angel stooping from Eden to Carolina, war, and Rutledge Bowles, the evening passes rapidly by. The gentlemen consent to remain till tea, Alice entertaining them while her mother absents herself, making some special arrangements connected therewith.

Neither of the ladies have any admiration for Dr. Peel, his sumptuous attire, jewelry, and essences. But on account of the Lieutenant, who remembers Alice, often met her in her early days in King Street—her mother also, only it is so long ago, at Hibernian Hall he thinks it was—they can not refuse to pay the Doctor due attention. Yet the Lieutenant is the soul of the evening, at tea-table, and after tea till near midnight. The war is, of course, uppermost, thanks to Rutledge Bowles, and Lieutenant Ravenel regards the attempt of the North to prevent our independence as the most unjust act of all. He describes their cowardice, how they scamper and squall for quarter in every battle till Alice can not help laughing heartily, and Mrs. Bowles's cheeks are wet with tears of mirth.

"Not that I do not from my inmost heart pity them," says good Mrs. Bowles. "The murdered, the frantic folly of their miserable leaders it is excites my anger. Poor creatures, the Federal private—cannon fodder, I presume, as most of them, ignorant persons. Yet they, too, have wives and children to sigh and weep for them."

The gay Lieutenant is grave in an instant. In low, soft tones he recounts sad, sad incidents with which, he is not ashamed of it, have moved me to tears more than in battle. "Poor, poor creatures! I agree in your Christian sentiment, Madam; yes, we can well afford to pity them." And the Lieutenant is familiar with the orphans of the Confederate generals, narrates skirmishes of which Mrs. Bowles and Alice have read, and had opportunity to read. Nor, owing to their retired situation, have they had such full particulars of the noble fleet being built for Confederate ports and in Europe for the Confederacy. The Lieutenant tells them, too, of certain negotiations then in progress with foreign powers, the ports the fullest information in reference to the great revolution, already arranged and soon to break out at the North for the overthrow of Mr. Lincoln and—pardon me, ladies—his hellish crew. A vast deal more to the same effect, all in a manner so sparkling and agreeable as not to bring back to Mrs. Bowles those happy, happy days in dear old Charleston.

"Henry must indeed see the editor of our paper—a Northern man, I regret to say," begins Mrs. Bowles.

Lieutenant Ravenel has already seen Lamman, Madam," interposes Dr. Peel. "We spent Sunday in company with him. The *Star* will contain in its next issue more really interesting information than any number since the war began."

And it did contain just that. Somerville read it with keen pleasure or the reverse, according to the political tendencies of the reader. Dr. Peel Ferguson regretted that number of the *Star* as one of the most valuable in his whole collection. The visit of Lieutenant Ravenel was the event in Somerville. Somerville, in fact, remembers it distinctly to this hour.

But it might have. The gentlemen really can not consent to trespass upon the ladies any longer. "Only one piece of music more before we leave," says the lively Lieutenant, seating himself beside Alice at the piano turning over the leaves for her, even joining in with a well-trained voice, as she played and sang this and that for the last hour.

"Well, if I can," says Alice, with a smile, her fingers on the keys.

"Hail Columbia. Only for the fun of the thing, you know," says her visitor, laughing.

"You may excuse me." Alice has a taste for fun, but finds no amusement in doing just that, she does not ask herself why.

"Well, the Star-Spangled Banner."

"Excuse me, Lieutenant Ravenel," quite decidedly, too.

"Pardon me, only Yankee Doodle, just for the amusement of it," pleads the Confederate officer, with hands clasped in comic supplication. "You play so well."

"I can be guilty of no such—such mockery," says Alice, surprised at her own resolution, force, and energy of refusal. With heightened roses, too.

"I really am amazed at you, Alice," says her mother, as Alice rises from the instrument. "A willful daughter, much like Rutledge Bowles in character, Lieutenant Ravenel. But since you have given us so pleasant an evening, Sir. Of course I respect your aversion to the North, Alice, but—but—If you will excuse my poor practice, Lieutenant Ravenel—"

And Mrs. Bowles, who is a fine player, sits down to the piano. She does not remember the joke, but it is the request of a guest, a favored guest. Yankee Doodle first. She had almost forgotten it. The servants in the kitchen positively refuse to believe their ears. The Star-Spangled Banner next. Charles and Sally, in the hall at this time, listening to Rutledge's wild vague ideas that the Yankees have arrived at last. The Lieutenant beside her strikes in with the words after the first line. Mrs. Bowles looks up nervously, to meet the laughing eyes of her guest. What a willful, handsome, foolish fellow.

"Now Hail Columbia, if you will pardon my folly," pleads the volatile officer. It is a severe strain upon our good-breeding, but she has no time to refuse. This time Dr. Peel is on her other side, his deep voice swelling that martial music. It is better sung than played, but splendidly done as it is. Alice is turning over a book on the other side of the room, the tears, to her astonishment, trickling fast and free down her cheeks. Her emotions? The variation of magnetism not more beyond her analysis or control.

"It will be such a joke to tell Rutledge when I see him," says the laughing soldier. "Mrs. Bowles is three-fourths married with him, but there is a fascination about the young Carolinian which she can not resist. With the most delicate magnificent attention the gentlemen take their hats to leave, apologizing for their long stay. And Mrs. Bowles has to apologize also for Alice, who has left the room.

"I fear I have offended Miss Alice by my whimsey in regard to that old music," says the handsome Lieutenant, seriously, and with penitent face. I am heartily ashamed of myself. I fear levity is my besetting sin. I apologize for her, Madam; she must forgive me on the ground of our being both Carolinians. And may I be," adds the Lieutenant, rising to take the pen for after taking his leave, "that you will not allude to my visit in writing to Rutledge? There are reasons—in fact, I am on a secret service." His peculiar position prevents the officer from saying more. No one has finer tact than Mrs. Bowles. She comprehends and appreciates the whole, and hastens to express again her gratification at having met him. And so they part.

"I do solemnly declare, Fairfax, you are a trump. But look here, mum, you carried it too far to-night, entirely too far. It is Dr. Peel who makes this remark over and over when they are safely in the streets, and once again with new emphasis when the carriage stops at the doctor's room at Staples's Hotel.

His companion pays no attention to him until he has consigned a complete copy of the papers from Rutledge Bowles loaned him by Mrs. Bowles.

"Beautifully done," says Dr. Peel, after examining the work. "What a draughtsman you are, Fairfax! And the list, too; useful documents."

"Worth coming all the way to this little Somerville to get. You are a lucky boy but choose are made to sell, perhaps to deceive; this we know to be correct. Good-night, good-night, Fairfax, my boy," adds the Lieutenant. "What a perfect lady she is; and so unsuspecting! But the Lieutenant is mistaken. Dr. Peel is the fool I was raised on; very little else I have heard off and on these last two years; but I never enjoyed it as much as I did to-night. By Jove! here in the heart of the rebellion, and the sincerest of rebels playing the accompaniment! Unless you ever know such a joke?" And the young man stretched out his legs under the table, threw himself back in the chair, and laughed as only the young and happy can laugh.

However, for her life Mrs. Bowles could not see the point of Mr. Peel's amusement. She condemned, guilty. And then passers-by having stopped, horror-stricken, to hear the music, poor Mrs. Bowles has to endure a long week at the matter for weeks after. Most annoying. But when Mrs. Warner, on a special visit, with agonized eyebrows, begs to know the truth, Madam. Hail Columbia, Yankee Doodle, Red, White, and Blue, Star-Spangled Banner—all most miserable old tunes—I am sorry to say again, I'm told. Why, Mrs. Bowles, you must have heard how Alonzo Wright, only a week ago, when you saw the comely face cotton, shot a man dead, dead on the spot, for only whistling Yankee Doodle thoughtless-like, for the man was a good Secessionist."

"Mrs. Warner," interrupts Mrs. Bowles, very quietly, but with all South Carolina in her manner, "my daughter Alice and myself and our guests play and sing, and do now, and at all times, exactly as we like. Mr. Wright's conduct is simply brutal. Sumptuous Dr. Peel is a totally different Dr. Peel in every sense from what Somerville has known him. Good-by, Mrs. Warner," in her air, too, with the Lieutenant, his natural self evidently.

Never mind about me, Peel, old fellow!" says his friend, gayly. "The only way to cure rotten ice is to skate your swiftest. You have your wish—out on the ice, Peel, and I'll follow my way. I wonder if I have not had some experience by this time? My way of doing matters has carried me over many an ugly place—will carry me over many an uglier yet. The fact is, Peel, I wonder—by-the-by, what your name really is. Never mind about that. The fact is, I'm a man walking the edge of a precipice; over a scantling laid across an abyss. It is top to top, Peel, with the abyss. Hit the nail if it isn't fun alive, the whole thing. I always had a genius for fun—about the only thing I had. Mrs. Bowles thinks me crazy, at the University of Virginia, we fellows used to think we knew what fun was. I rather flatter myself I was a kind of ringleader. Smoking the Fresh; dev-iling the Sophs; putting pigs up the belfry; tick to the trap, so as to come at it all night, you observe; putting tubs of cold water over the tutors' doors, so as to benefit their debilitated systems with a bath. Then secretly dyeing the professors' dogs and horses a lovely crimson—things of that sort. But this is a joke ahead of them. I realize it. There is no danger, that is the spice of the whole thing."

"And you never were in Charleston?"

"Not before the war; often since—on business, you observe, confidential and excessively private. Carolina, with a plague on the heroics! Its hunting, shooting that I was fierce in it in my life. Thank you for your hints about Rutledge Bowles, only his mother gave me enough during the first five minutes. I was intimate with him, wasn't I? Splendid fellow, I have no doubt."

"His proud beauty of a sister was too much for you," hazards Dr. Peel.

"Glorious girl, isn't she?" broke in the Lieutenant, with enthusiasm. "And if there is not something, Sir, will astonish even you. That girl is Union, Sir—Union true blue—Stars and Stripes to the centre! You needn't whistle, Peel, ought to know the signs by this time. While you were telling the mother that preposterous story about your acquaintance with Jeff Davis, Secession, war for slavery, and all, in more than I can understand—blind feeling."

"Excuse me, Lieutenant Ravenel," says Peel, foul-breathed, roaring, drunken husband, who curses and beats her and the children. It is my husband, you see. The Federal Union—the Abolition lies just there," says Dr. Peel, with a sneer.

"Oh, as to that, it is amazing how many people I find of that way of thinking. One continues to know what their country is, cling to it, too, with all their souls. By Jove, Sir, I honor them," says the young officer, with a solemn mere than words can utter. They are the very best people, too, of the places where they live. I fall in love with them on the spot, no matter where they are females. I often meet with wrinkled, toothless old ladies. You see they know people can not sell them, and so they speak out as it is their heart's content. And they do. I have heard them abuse Secession even to my satisfaction. I can't say as much for the old fellows in my arms. Whenever I chance with Union people off by themselves you can not tell what a secret organization is a little more than the thing. I can't play upon them as a girl can on a piano; tell them tremendous tales of the excess of the Secession party, how no man, melancholy they get, their faces growing as long as your arm in spite of themselves. And so one year they will come up when I slip in a little good news the other way! They do not believe a word of it, of course; or pretend not to, with a melancholy way, their eyes sparkling. How they will rejoice when the old flag flies over them again, and all the Yankees! Why, Dr. Peel, they are as steel they are; but if one could only tell them how certain the thing is! However, we must be moving, it is late, and in the morning. People might get to find out of me you know. Lieutenant Ravenel, Confederate States service—good-by."

"Well, I am ready," said Dr. Peel, producing a package of papers from his bosom. "Not much interest to me in what we have entered to already. But, first, there's a receipt for that last thousand you brought; much obliged to Uncle Sam for remitting it in full, mine. Here's—let me see—ah, yes, a statement of the rebel forces and so forth in my district, present and prospective, Lieutenant—by-the-by, I call them they may rely on it; I got the statement from head-quarters myself. You do things your way, Lieutenant Ravenel, and I do things mine, if you fancy there is a genuine Southerner of higher standing than Dr. Peel in all this district you are much mistaken. Here's a private letter. Do me the favor to leave it at its address in New York. It is exchange on London for two thousand pounds in sterling, you see; they'll understand it. A good joke, since you like jokes so well, in connection. That represents a cotton-field, you observe the words in payment by the Confederacy for I have forgotten how many pounds of powder—"

"Pardon me," interrupts his guest, with a total change of manner. "Do I understand—"

"I am astonished at you, Fairfax. Don't you see that the article was manufactured for this express purpose? We found it would throw up the bills of the Confederacy, you know, figures. The standard in our service is rather over that, I think. You ought to have seen the proud satisfaction with which it was received. I volunteered to see to the stowing of it away. Necessary to take special precautions lest it should explode. Exploded! And there is not the Arsenal this instant, all ready in case of need."

"But," began the delighted Lieutenant, "how in the mischief—?"

"Oh, I have experiments plenty for Trial, Dupont's best. The Governor shook me by the hand warmly. 'Splendid article,' he said. 'You see I'm an old soldier myself, and know what is what.'

"We are under obligations to you, Doctor.' I rather think wooden nutmegs will cease to be quoted hereafter. The articles in the way of caps, arms, powder, clothing, every thing that Yankees in Havana, France, England, Belgium, have passed off for genuine cotton upon these poor devils is shameful. Not Yankees only. It does seem that the entire world has conspired with the leaders here South against the South. I am glad of it to my soul," adds Dr. Peel, with a savage oath. "That is what I like most in the thing—that the cool, deliberate, thorough suicide in it from the start. Burned towns, railways destroyed, wharves leveled, manufactories stripped bare, to say nothing of the killed and the orphans and widows. Cure on them!" continued Dr. Peel, with a torrent of curses that the soul is his bad eyes—"no man can hate them worse than I do, and even I am almost satisfied. And then all that is going on at the present time satisfied, almost beginning to pity—*perhaps*," he adds, with the expression of a devil.

"Hallo, I say, look here, man," says his companion, looking keenly at the speaker. "War is war, I know, and these people would force their heads in time, I reckon. But I don't believe in the way you look at it. Take care what you say. If we are whipping them a tough enough job they are giving us it, all our numbers and navy to boot. Besides, I am a South, ern man myself, every drop of my blood." And the gay young officer's manner changed to a sharp observer upon Dr. Peel. "Besides, you talk too loud. How do you know but there may be some one else listening? Not that I think so. But I don't know," added he, with a peculiar gesture of his right hand, and resuming his gay manner.

"Never fear, Lieutenant Ravenel. I'm too anxious to live if it is only to see the delicious ending. I have taken every precaution. Besides, I don't suppose that any one here could make the people here even doubt me. The credulity, the super-astounding gullibility of these people is one long treat. I have a love to work them up, and have them yell and brag and soar to heaven in glorification of the South. Such delicious fun, I can not tell you. Not, mind, ing into contempt, and so becoming cool again.

"However, business. There, that paper explains itself. I want that, as well as the rest of it, of that raid to be made into Tennessee. I think I have been tolerably accurate here-before. There is another package for Fairfax, to be sent even from you, Fairfax. Ah, that is a little petition of some friends about that Sergeant Dunn, Mr. Bowles's overseer, who would have heard of it—after getting himself scrubbed on the back some wa—something like it in one of the old stories of Babylon, I fancy—I'll say. His information gave us that delicious blunder of the rebels below Corinth. The Sergeant didn't like it, no. You'll find the address in his family there. Several ought really to do something whatever—I am sure I am willing to do mine. they'll smell out the cipher, and in that case good-by to the men. That would be a pity. Those papers are from a Secretary of State, three Superintendents of conscripts, several officers in actual service. It amazes me, Fairfax, and evidently—pardon me, I don't mean to offend. But the *rottenness* of this whole thing! Talk of Southern chivalry! If you only knew as well as I do the Southern character! Not a Secretary men—not civilians mind you, but the officers, the very chivalry itself, to make money! All that is a part of course of study. Fairfax, I did think there would be at least that difference. Why, Sir," adds Dr. Peel, with an oath, "there is not a single one of these people who did not resort to make a fortune out of this war."

"Laying up for exile and confiscation, man," says his companion, gayly. "Don't be severe. It depreciates they will be more desperate in the work than before."

"Not for the South justice," continues Dr. Peel, with something like a sneer, "even you have little idea how very many Union men there are in the South and as much as they are beginning to make a cent out of the war, dumb, dead weights upon the rebellion those of them that escape hanging for it. The Confederacy is collecting another paper from his package. "There," he adds, laying it upon the table, "read that, they're sometimes good for a laugh. Another large amount of stores destroyed is rather under than over the mark."

"Pooring mills, card factory burned; ten powder wagons blown up, two more upset in crossing the river—hum—hum; train of motor cars off from—ah, yes, I see. Why, Peel, you are the very—steamer *Eliza* burned; thousand stand of—six pieces small cannon, fifty rounds each powder—hum, hum; machinery of percussion cap—"

"That was really a shame," puts in the Doctor, with a delighted air of his suitable fine teeth.

"If you only knew the months of depositing, contriving before they could get the thing to work as they did at last all ready—I was really sorry for them, such a bitter disappointment. Reminds me of a little thing I did a little worth pointing out. I was on a visit over the Potomac—a distinguished visitor, you observe. The Colonel insisted on my taking a wee the whole establishment. In one room they had an iron trough filled with the detonating mixture for caps. Very much interested I was, as much so as to visit the room again next day; had a handkerchief full of lime under my cloak, and—if those caps exploded I'm mistaken."

"Destruction of the Arsenal at Jackson!" says the young officer, glancing over another paper handed in his hands. "Splendid, Peel."

"Certainly," says Dr. Peel, with an effort at seriousness. "The women and children I regret as much as any man. I am sorry for them, and they *would* have it. You observe, there is no neighborhood in all the South in which one can

not find plenty of hands. The blacks are too dull often, but the mulattoes are smart enough. Bless your soul, you don't suppose I do my work with my own hands? No, Sir, not if I can help it; besides, what is the use when I have so many ready for any hint from me. You could not do my work; it requires a peculiar gift. In one month I could lay almost every town in my district in ashes if I only gave the word. They are sometimes very often hung; yet they never divulge any thing—at least, never any thing to hurt. Miserable animals they are, of course," adds the speaker in peculiar tones. "Mere monkeys, apes, gorillas, but as mischievous as monkeys. They can not plan, have no idea of combination, yet they can do what is planned for them. They are called 'hands,' you know. And then they have such an innocent, ignorant, stupid look with it all."

"I am sick of the whole thing—sick, sick," says his companion, with ill-concealed loathing for his friend, and resting his face, covered with his hands, upon the edge of the table.

"How you reason!" said Dr. Peel, looking above the Lieutenant, bold and bad as Lucifer. "Forty odd blown up at Jackson. Why, Fairfax, those people will already—a moment's cool reflection, mind—had already made cartridges enough to have killed many thousand times that number of our men, and were hard at it still.

"How do we know, at last, but you are humbugging us?" says the Lieutenant, glad of some mode of showing his aversion, rather to be heard, and looking his companion defiantly in the face. "Who knows but you take the credit of mere accidents?"

"That is for your superiors to decide, Sir," replies Dr. Peel, even haughtily. "They have had no occasion to doubt me so far."

"Oh, well, it is none of my business," said his companion, hastily, drawing his cap down over his forehead. "Let us get through it."

"Well," he adds, when Dr. Peel has handed in, without further conversation, his last report, "it is a disagreeable business. I'd rather take it out in open field. Yet few men in the field are as useful as I am—and so you are," he adds, with some humor. "Certainly more liable to danger."

There is a long silence, during which Dr. Peel, business over, is refreshing himself with a cigar, as he sits at ease in his superb dressing-gown, rocking himself in the best rocking-chair in Staples's Hall affords. The Lieutenant, meanwhile, is securing the papers about his person.

"Being a Yankee," he begins, at last, as impelled into conversation by some new motive,

"I beg your pardon. Figuratively a Yankee, you mean. You are a Virginian, you know," interrupted Dr. Peel, holding his cigar in his jewelled hand, and emitting a long puff of smoke from his lips.

"There is nothing very wonderful in your knowing that," replies the other. "Others besides yourself have me inside our lines. No, what I was about saying is this: being a curious sort of man, I will be glad if you will tell me exactly what property you to your wife's credit will add wonderful—zeal and energy. I don't think I am an idle man in the cause, but you leave me far behind, Sir."

"I have no objection to tell you," is the reply, "provided you will tell me why you are so active. I want you to be complimentary."

"Soon told," answers the young officer, who has entirely resumed his light and dashing manner. "I am a Southern Union man. I am more intenser Union than any of those Yankees North can be if they tried, because it is my native South which I love, and long to rid of the clutch of Secession and—I wouldn't have said it three years ago, I do say it now—slavery. I got my devotion to the Union from father and mother; had it deepened by the stand I took for it at the University; since the war began it has become my very life. The assassination of one of my dearest friends by the rebels, the death of my old father, and the destruction of the old place at the same time, have helped matters; and I have an old mother—as splendid a specimen of a Virginia lady as ever lived—living at Fredericksburg, with her hand on my head and blesses me in my work whenever I see her. Martha Washington, Sir, over again," adds the officer, with emotion. "Precious little I care for old Lincoln. In fact, I've had more cold water thrown on me at Washington than ever I got from the rebels in the rescue of the South from that wretched old Repudiator and his gang, and their abominable delusions and slavery. But I fight for ——. You know all about the Crusaders and the war for the Holy Land."

"But why engage in this particular sort of service?"

"It just happened so: At the opening of the war a particular piece of information had to be obtained from within the rebel lines for a very special reason. No one would go and get it; so I had to do it. It became a habit, the excitement of the thing, the success, a little praise from head-quarters, and all. And I always had a taste for masquerading, from my Joke's sake. Why, Sir, I've passed any number of times for Davis's nephew; once or twice as his son-in-law; once with that, as I do not know whether the old scoundrel has any son; but every man has nephews, you know. There is hardly a prominent officer in the rebel service whose near relative I-have not been somewhere in my travels. I am a native of every State of the South, barring, at some time or other, from almost every leading town in every State South. I have filled almost every minor office under the Confederate Government; been in every city without exception. Masquerading! Why, Sir, I've passed half a dozen times as a lively girl driven from my home in Maryland, Kentucky, Nashville. I have been the belle of balls in Richmond and Charleston! You would have died of laughing to see me managing my crinoline and tossing my curls! By Jove, I can handle a fan and a parasol so well, at times I almost get to believe I am a woman, and not so ugly a one either! I have had love made to me by any number of military men; have been so enthusiastic for the cause; have had so many charming little ways—'Now, do tell me, General!'—'Please, Colonel, how many men have you got here?' or any thing else I want, from any information than I should forge for. But I've no time to talk. Isn't that the morning breaking?"

And the young officer rose from his chair, washed his face at Dr. Peel's wash-stand, combed his hair before the glass, and remained about the room as fresh as if he had just risen from a full night's sleep.

"Good-by," he added, at last, consulting his watch, "and the stage hears at half past. Have up that breakfast, Doctor, you ghoul. I have a tremendous appetite. There is a sort of haunt-scarumness; a dashing mixture of Achilles and—by the by, I must look after my wardrobe a masquerade! I never thought of it before! Months, you remember, in disguise at the court of Queen Victoria—and what am I in that the stage coming up the street? And I had almost forgot. What is your motive?" said the Lieutenant, making a movement of his head, snapping together the lids of his valise, putting on his cap. "I'm all ready to be off—what is it?"

"None of the motives you speak of," said Dr. Peel, grim and sullen, behind the coffee-pot. "I don't understand you—by-the-by, in any of life; some other reasons, perhaps. But the chief reason," he added, suddenly, "is hate."

"Oh, pleasure, pleasure," he cried; 'them fellars ain't thar; true's death, Sir, they's not thar.'

"And I'm agwine to bang your dad, buh," added Jim Bludso, in imitation of what the boy had said; 'and, likewise, I'll be obleeged to give you the goldarnest whaling you ever heard tell on all six quarters of the sun.'

"Oh, please don't, Sir!' cried the little fellow again—he was thoroughly frightened now—'the people won't like it.'

"How do you know?' asked Bill.

"I knows they ain't,' replied the boy.

Bill seized him by the collar and spoke fiercely.

"Now, boy, I'm bang you and your dad, and home and house in ten minutes, if you don't tell me what them fellers is hid!'

"Oh, please, Sir, I'm afraid,' said the boy.

"Don't be afraid, but tell me what they's thar? harm you; nobody sha'n't harm you *but me*; and, by hockey, I'll pull your gizzard out and hang you on a nail in the barn if you don't tell right off what they're hid!'

The boy was now completely cowed.

"Well, Sir,' he said, 'they's hid under our house. They's dug a hole in the ground right below the middle of the parlor. You can't see it when you look in that hole in the bankin', bekase they jotted all the dirt away, and you see it's too dark to notice the dirt in the cellar.'

"All right, buh,' said Bill, 'you'll be a man before your mother if you keep your eye peeled! We won't keep you.'

"Oh, please, Sir,' cried the boy, 'don't burn down our house; we's Union folks!'

"In what?' said Bill, with a grin.

"I don't know nothin' about any direction,' said the boy, with a puzzled look.

"Oh, you do,' continued Bill, 'well, ye oughter. You oughter say you're Union—

'Over the left, you know, over the left!'

he sang.

Bill rushed out, and told one of the soldiers to stand with his revolver cocked at the hole in the banking, and to shoot down the first man that tried to escape through it.

Then he went into the house and asked for an axe.

"What in the world do you want with an axe?' the old woman inquired, with an anxious glance at his face.

"Axe me no questions and I'll tell ye no lies,' said Bill; 'but, unless ye want this house burned over your head, you'll keep in less than two-and-a-half.'

The woman saw that Bill was in no mood to be trifled with, and went and got the axe without any more ado.

Bill then turned to the three soldiers who had followed him into the house and told them to draw their revolvers and be ready to shoot. They did so.

Without a word Bill seized the carpet at the edges and tore it up.

The women screamed.

"Lord a mercy!' shouted the old woman, 'what on airth are ye spilling my carpet for? The man and all on us is Union, and her sellers tin!'

"Pon my word and honor,' added one of the daughters, 'that ain't near rob hid in our house.'

"We don't know nary thing about ary reb,' said another young woman.

"They all make a fuss and hollered, but Bill took no more notice of them than if they had been a parcel of hogs. He tore every bit of the carpet from the floor.

"As soon as he had done it he took the axe, and with one blow broke through the thin floor.

"Be ready, boys!' he said.

"The woman were crying and screaming and talking Union all the time.

"One or two blows made quite a large opening, and with a single jerk Bill tore up the flooring.

"What do you suppose we saw?

"Down in the hole, the cellar, beneath in dirty honesspen, huddled together at the bottom of a wide hole that they had dug beneath the house.

"There was a powerful fellow. He seized one of the rebels by the nape of the neck, and not only pulled him out, but pitched him to the farther corner of the cellar. One by one of boys instantly covered him with his pistol.

"Without waiting to rest, Bill served the two others in the same way.

"You ought to have seen him as he turned to the women:

"'Well, old Sixpence, you're Union, you ar? an' the ole man? and allers her bin? And you never seed no reb, you never did, Miss Bess? Nor you neither, on your word and honor, Miss Secesh?'

"They hung down their heads, blushed up to the eyes, and left the room without saying a word.

"We disarmed the rebels and led them to the General. But it was hard work, I can tell you, for our men so exasperated. They wanted to lynch these assassins. If our wounded man had died I don't believe the General could have held them back.

"Next day we had orders to return to Harper's Ferry. The rebels were hoisted to the boys' own saddles, and forced to ride all day and all day long on foot. Their shoes were taken from them, and they had a hard road to travel, I believe, 'that day. They were, of course, summarily executed on them for the attempted assassination of our men.

"This," added the Surgeon, "was in the days when we were not making peace prisoners, or would not have done then to have hanged these wretches. It might have exasperated the South, you know. As it is, all we did to them was to force them for one day to keep step to the music of the Union cavalry's hoofs."

THE NEW DICTATOR OF PERU.

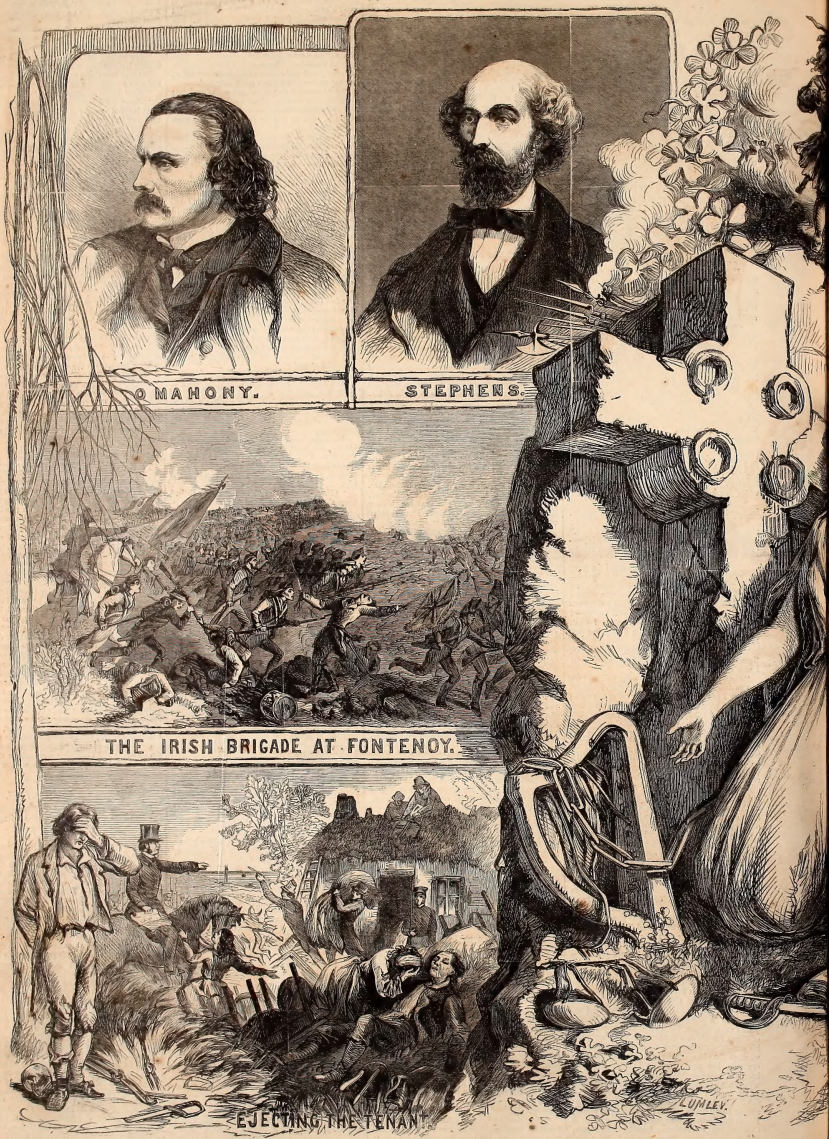
THE revolution which has recently been consummated in the republic of Peru, originating, as it seems, in a feeling of dissatisfaction among the soldiery at the appointment of the senior colonel as the behavior of President PEZET's Government in submitting to the insolent demands of Spain last year, has resulted in the establishment of a dictatorship in the hands of the new President, General PRADO, who was proclaimed at a meeting in the Plaza of Lima on the 30th of November. The Peruvians seem to feel the necessity of immediate and vigorous measures, as the only means of maintaining the nationality intact and saving the country from further financial difficulties. The new President promises well. There has been a thorough investigation into the public accounts, and a system of taxation is shortly to be established, in order to make up the deficiency and to prevent an entire dependence upon the transient revenues of the guano trade. A general abolition of all privileges and pecuniary grants unlawfully accorded by former governments has been decreed, and many other reforms. Several brave officers and all unnecessary offices have been suppressed. A central court of justice has been appointed for the speedy trial and punishment of all persons belonging to the public service who may be guilty of malversation, dishonesty in the discharge of their duties, or other crimes. Further, public schools have been decreed for the diffusion of education among the poorer classes. These measures are all in the right direction, and indicate that the Government is in earnest for the welfare of the country.

VIEWS IN LIMA, PERU.

WE give our readers on page 196 a portrait of the new Dictator of Peru; and three interesting Views of Lima, the capital of that country.

Lima—in accordance with the old custom which required that great cities should be built at some distance from the sea-coast—is built on a plain three out of the reach of piratical invasion—is situated about two leagues from the city of Callao, on the banks of the Rimac. The site of the city was chosen by PIZARRO, in 1535. In half a century the city is said to have contained 50,000 souls. But what a decline since then! In 1836 the population was only 54,000. The view of Lima, as one approaches it from the distance, is very magnificent: but the entrance of the city does not justify the anticipations aroused by a more remote observation. Owing to the frequent shocks of earthquake the houses are rarely very high, though, as will appear from our illustrations, there are marked exceptions to this custom of building houses only one or two stories in height. On an average there are about forty-five earthquakes per year in Lima. About once in half a century these shocks are extremely violent and ruinous. In this way the whole city has several times been reduced to a heap of ruins. The most destructive of these occurred in 1746. A little more than an hour before midnight the earth began its tremblings, and in three minutes the city lay in ruins. Of more than 3000 houses only 21 escaped entire. The towers of the cathedral were overthrown. The bridge across the Rimac, with its refluent wave buried Callao and its 5000 inhabitants in an utter and everlasting silence, leaving no vestige of the wreck within half an hour.

Our VIEWS IN LIMA are photographic leaves from the "Keys of Sunlight," photographed by A. HENDERS, and published by PRICE & SOLOMONS, Washington.



IRELAND AND THE FENIAN LEADE



Drawn by Arthur Lumley.—[See Page 205.]

HELEN GREY.

BECAUSE one loves you, Helen Grey,
Is that a reason you should pout,
And like a March wind veer about,
And frown, and say your shrewish say?
Don't strain the cord until it snaps,
Don't split the sound heart with your wedge,
Don't cut your fingers with the edge
Of your keen wit; you may, perhaps.

Because you're handsome, Helen Grey,
Is that a reason to be proud?
Your eyes are dark, your laugh is loud,
Your step is mincing on their way:
But so you miss that modest charm
Which is the surest charm of all:
Take heed, or yet may trip and fall,
And no man care to stretch his arm.

Stoop from your cold height, Helen Grey,
Come down, and take a lowlier place,
Come down, to fill it now with grace;
Come down, and your profession some day:
For years can not be kept at bay.

And fading years will make you old;
Then in their train will men seem aged,
When you yourself are nipped and gray.

LA SONNAMBULA.

THE country between St. Nazaire and Vannes is neither beautiful nor interesting. Sombre forests of fir, stretching over mile after mile of undulating plain, and relieved only by the appearance of a peasant's cottage or the mansion of a Breton noble, oppress the eye and fatigue the mind to such a degree that the wearied traveler is fain to turn his attention to the inside of the carriage, should he be unlucky enough to journey by the jog-trot railway that runs through this desert. There is not even excitement at the stations—in fact, excitement of any sort is forbidden by the paternal Government of France. It is unhealthy—it disturbs the mental equilibrium of the people; wherefore the utmost regularity of time and action is preserved by a discreet system of national education, which is just as visible at railway stations as elsewhere. You are not allowed, for instance, to walk up and down the platform—the impatience and suspense might produce agitation: you are therefore cooped up in an apartment as small as to the class whereby you travel; the train is placed so that its first-class, second-class, and third-class carriages are directly opposite these waiting apartments, and at a given moment the doors are opened and you are propelled into your proper place in the train, under the superintendence of the *employés-de-ville*. So that in traveling through the country there is not even variety met with at these halting-places. You glide into the station, and, suddenly the doors are thrown open, in scramble a few Breton peasants, and away you go again through the interminable forests of fir.

For fellow-travelers I had a lady and gentleman of respectable appearance, the latter might be about thirty-five; the former was good-looking, which ought to obviate all speculations as to years. They were not married, for he seemed particularly courteous and attentive to her; they were not brother and sister, for they were utterly unlike each other, concluded I was to be simply friends, or perhaps prospective husband and wife. The gentleman was somewhat reserved; answered her inquiries kindly but curtly; and seemed more amused than interested by her remarks. But how shall I describe the admirable manner—the ever-varying beauty, the brilliant, witty, bashful, and simple conversation of his younger friend? The artless grace of her every movement was pretty and perplexing as the motions of a kitten; she was constantly changing in her look, in her mood, even in the attitudes she formed; and the occasional observations there were such subtle drolleries, such unconscious shrewdness and humor, that the longer you listened the more you were charmed.

She dropped her glove.

I picked it up; and this little circumstance made us friends. I can not use words of thanks as pro-ceeded to remark upon the weather, then upon the country, upon the Breton populace, upon the French, upon the English, and their barbarous customs. She was indescribably engaging; she laughed and chatted, grew serious, and abruptly darted again into comedy; teased her companion for his accurate and reticent smiles; and gave herself such pretty airs and graces that one could have fancied her a child of thirteen. She asked me if I had seen "La Dame" when in Paris; if I had read the last new novel burlesquing the English; then hummed an air from the last piece of the *Journal du Dimanche*, a very un-Sunday-like magazine which she held in her hand.

"What I reverence in you English is your power, your grandeur, your great wealth. You are all rich—all wealthy, are you not?"

Despite the charming simplicity with which the question was asked, I was obliged, in reply, to suggest that I was not. I knew of one or two people who might be richer, with no great detriment to themselves.

"Why, you carry fortunes on your fingers, in your watch-pockets, in your purses. Will Monsieur think me rude if I ask to see his ring?"

At once the trinket was in her possession, and with quite an infantine curiosity did she examine it. She then passed it to her companion, whose attention had already been fixed upon it while it was yet on my finger.

"You will think us monsters of rudeness, Monsieur," said he; "but English workmanship is quite a novelty to us. The quaint figuring around the stone, for example, is purely northern. I presume Monsieur has also an English watch?"

"Of the eighteenth century," said I; "an heirloom in our family."

"What a treasure!" he replied, with more vivacity than he had hitherto revealed. "Would Monsieur hazy the goodness—?"

They were no less delighted with the watch, and insisted on my opening it to show its internal construction and the jewels which it contained. The back of the watch was also admired, with its quaint carving, and likewise its precious stones which were more readily visible than those inside. The gentleman leaned back in his seat, as though somewhat ashamed of having exhibited his curiosity, while the young lady remained as lively as ever, and continued her conversation during the rest of the journey.

Toward evening we entered the town of Vannes, the capital of the department of Morbihan. I pitched my traveling-case into the first omnibus that presented itself, which happened to be that belonging to the "Hôtel de la Croix Verte." My fellow-traveling lady friend was also about to enter the same vehicle, when her companion made a slight gesture of dissent.

"Which hotel?" he inquired of the conductor.

"Hôtel de Dauphin, Monsieur."

He remained a moment in thought.

"There is the 'Hôtel de la Croix Verte,'" he remarked to his companion, "and the 'Hôtel de France.'"

"*Le voici—par ici, Monsieur?*" cried another conductor, with an expressive motion of the hand and courteous inclination of the head.

The lady terminated the little debate by a slight shrug of her shoulders at her companion's hesitation, then, giving the conductor a very small quantity of luggage, stepped into the omnibus, and we all three drove off to the Hôtel du Dauphin. They had taken apartments, and I was shown to the *table-d'hôte* was fixed for half past five, we took advantage of the intervening hour to ramble through the quaint old streets of the town, and admire its extraordinary domestic architecture.

All this time I had been unable to discover the names of my companions, as the only called him Louis; he addressed her sometimes as Denise—oftener as Mademoiselle. In our acquaintance had begun without the usual English preliminaries of formal introduction or card-presenting: they were no wiser as regarded myself. We strolled, then, arm in arm on the most amicable terms, and our walk through the town was rendered doubly agreeable by the equal observation with which we exerted every fresh object of interest.

And of these there were plenty. The uneven, narrow, antiquated streets, the full of wood-built, ponderous, picturesque beauty. The projecting secondstories of the houses, adorned with grotesque sculpture carving of the beams, the quaint roofs, and the open casements of green glass crossed into diamond panes, the ancient walls of the town, the grass-covered foss of the old fortifications, the reversible and stately proportions of the cathedral, altogether presented an admirable picture of a feudal town of the Middle Ages, and we were delighted at the introduction of a few long-haired, sallow-featured, and strangely-dressed peasants to add to it a thorough Breton character. Mademoiselle Denise was enraptured with these quaint characteristics of a former age. She seemed to have little acquaintance with the manners or appearance of the Bretons: every fresh object was matter for fresh wonder, and our walk was indescribably delightful.

She was no less agreeable when we returned to dine. She was the only lady present at the *table-d'hôte*; but she conversed freely, even when the subject of our talk became personal. In fact, at one point, she led the conversation to that which had begun our acquaintance—the watch. She watched, and, in her laughing way, said that if the gentleman who were present would produce their watches, there would be two of them be found precisely to agree.

"And a gentleman always prides himself upon the correctness of his watch," she added, with a playful irony.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," said one gentleman, "you compel me to a confession. My friend's watch is precisely the same as my own."

Her companion laughed; but she insisted that he was right, and refused to believe it, until the gentleman politely handed her both watches.

"There is one second of difference, Monsieur; I swear it!" she cried, with the greatest glee; "and I am right after all."

"You are rude, Denise," said her friend; "let me return these gentlemen their watches."

"He spoils me, Monsieur," she said to me, "and then reproaches me. Is he not cruel, then—a savage, Monsieur, therefore, beware of the glaces!"

The glaring savage was at that moment engaged in drying his mustache after having taken a draught of en route, and was therefore in action nor in manner did he seem very terrible.

After dinner, having some letters to write to England, I bade my new friends adieu, and went up to my own room—not, however, until Mademoiselle Denise had been most particular in arranging for the following day an excursion to the Gulph of Succino and to Sarzeau, the birth-place of the author of "Gil Blas." Considerably before midnight I was fast asleep, and dreaming of the coverlet and large cushion which form the upper clothing of a Breton bed.

It could have been but a short time thereafter that I was awakened by a slight noise—so very slight, in fact, that it still remains a mystery to me how I should have heard it. With half-opened eyes I found the room pervaded by bright moonlight, which, streaming in through the casement, and drawing shadows of the bars on the carpet. I was about to close my eyes again, and address myself to sleep, when my attention was arrested by the evident movement of the door, which stood on the right of the bed. It was certainly no miracle that it should open—for I knew both bedroom doors or shutters even when traveling—nor that it should be opened at that time of night was certainly surprising.

Gradually I perceived the distance between the door and the wall increase; and judge of my astonishment when I distinctly observed a white figure appear—the figure of a woman that slowly entered, without seeming even to look at me. I need not pretend to say I was not frightened; the lonely hour, the stillness of the house, the moonlight falling through the window, combined to make this vision a horror which chilled the blood in my veins and made my hair almost bear up. But now, thoroughly awakened by the apparition, I shook aside the vague impressions produced on the mind when in a state somewhere between slumber and as I sought with a severe scrutiny to fix my eyes upon the face of this woman I recognized, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the features of Mademoiselle Denise.

Judge of my astonishment when I made the discovery! And there could be no mistake about it. As the turned her face to the moonlight the clear definition of her outline was sufficient proof, had proof been necessary. Her eyes were the same firefly-cut lips, the straight nose, the high but narrow forehead, even the dark gray eyes, which had grown familiar to me during my acquaintanceship of the previous dozen hours. She was dressed in white, as I said; but this loose outer garment seemed only to reveal more distinctly the outline of the form, which I had thought her dressed as usual, with the addition of this loose white robe. Her feet, as was evident when she walked, were bare, and long fair hair hung down behind until it almost reached her waist. Perhaps it was the striking resemblance which this vision bore to the name ("La Somnambula" that first suggested to me a solution of this seemingly inexplicable mystery; and as I further watched the movements and the countenance of the apparition of my supposition. She was either an habitual somnambulist, or had been attacked by a sudden fit of sleep-walking. At first I became ashamed of the fact the greater became my desire to avert the awkwardness and unpleasantness of her being discovered in such a situation; but calming my fears and the chances of the matter in my mind I came to the resolution of allowing her to do as she pleased, and to watch her closely for a few minutes more, in her own room, and the whole affair remain unknown to every one but myself.

She had not yet observe her eyes were open; and on her first entrance into the room she had fixed them upon me with a cold, glassy stare, attributable to her unconsciousness. In the pale, dim moonlight this mechanical fixture of the eyes was exceedingly unpleasant; but I strove to look upon it simply as the result of a physical movement. Slowly, noiselessly, she then stepped past the edge of the bed, and approached the small mahogany-table which stood at the window. Her back was thus turned toward me; and it was only at intervals that I could catch any motion, which I seemed to be examining the various articles which were scattered about the table or hanging from the toilet mirror—principally. I heard her repeat, in a low, clear voice, some lines from the Prayer-book which the good landlord had left in the room. She replaced these articles, and I heard her repeat the invocations among the other articles lying about. She took a long blue scarf, which I had hung over the mirror, and, folding it round her head in the form of a turban, stood to contemplate in the glass the picture she represented. Any thing more singular than this spectacle could not be conceived. The moonlight leil a pallor to her face, which otherwise her healthy complexion would scarcely have presented; and the fixedness of whiteness, coupled with the long white garment she wore, looked almost hideous as contrasted with the bold blue crown which she had assumed. Preparatory, however, to placing the turban on her head, I observed her withdraw from its folds a canoe pin, which I had negligently left therein, and, as I supposed, place it on the table.

Still retaining the novel head-dress she had so impressively assumed, she seemed to take an inventory of my jewelry, which was likewise placed in front of the mirror. My watch, which hung from one of the branches, I saw her take from the glass, she detached and held to her ear, with the manner of a child.

"Chick! chick!" I heard her murmur; "*mon Dieu, quelle vitesse!*"

I recognized this exclamation the same astonishment which had characterized her conversation during the day, and was reminded of the school-boy who boasted to his playmate that "he had got such a splendid watch! such a magnificent watch! it would wager it would go faster than any watch, clock, or timepiece in the world!"

Mademoiselle Denise seemed in no hurry to depart, and my suppose was momentarily becoming greater. The consequences might be of her suddenly awaking from this physical stupor I dared not imagine. I had heard of cases in which the somnambulist had been roused by conscience only to fall dead on the spot. And there were many reasons why this strange affair should not be known to the world at the moment—which consequent upon her being told of it, would, I knew, be inexpressible.

In a few minutes, however, I was greatly relieved by observing her unwind from her head my scarf, which she hung over the mirror in the same position she had found it. She seemed to bestow a little attention in arranging the objects on the table —probably prompted by that dim consciousness which haunts us sometimes even in dreams. She appeared to be desirous of leaving every thing in the order—or in the disorder—in which it had been on her entrance. She then turned, still with the same vacant, expressionless stare. She opened the door, disappeared with noiseless steps, and I was left to my own reflections.

I can scarcely tell what prompted me to get up; but no sooner had she gone than I stepped out of bed, and went to the door which led so interested Mademoiselle Denise. Here I made a discovery which first startled me, and then amused me. My watch had been placed, likewise my chain, canopy, sleeve-links, and a ring set with pearls and diamonds, the gift of my mother. I was somewhat alarmed, but a moment's reflection showed me how unjust my first thought had been. Moved by some incomprehensible whim, the unconscious somnambulist had carried with her these trinkets, as a child lifts whatever gay bauble presents itself to its fingers; and I felt assured that when Mademoiselle Denise awoke in the morning and found herself possessed of such strange treasures, her surprise would only be equated by her desire to restore them to the rightful owner. Probably, I thought, it is an habitual sleep-walker; and knowing her infirmity, will perceive at once how the jewelry came into her possession, upon which she will, of course, make instant inquiry to insure its restoration. Even in this strange circumstance there was revealed one of the principles which are supposed to govern these fits of aberration. Somnambulists generally are interested in those objects which are familiar to them in daytime; and reflecting on the particular interest which Mademoiselle Denise had taken in my watch when it was shown to her, I could not wonder that she should make it the subject of her regard when a peculiar fatality had drawn her toward my room. I returned to bed and slept soundly through the night.

Next morning I rose at eight, dressed, went down stairs and had the customary bowl of *café au lait* served in the breakfast-room; but though I waited and read the newspaper for a considerable time, neither Mademoiselle nor her companion came into the room.

I rang the bell, and inquired of the waiter at what hour they breakfasted.

"The *table-d'hôte*, Monsieur?"

"Yes."

"At eleven o'clock, Monsieur."

"I shall return then."

"Thanks, Monsieur."

Feeling that my ring my two friends at breakfast, I resolved to spend the intervening time in exploring those portions of the town which I had not visited. The morning was very beautiful for the time of year (October), and though the cropped and regular rows of lime-trees in the central square had begun to look very worn them, there were fortunate neighbors on the banks of the canal-like inlet which leads down to the Gulf of Morbihan were green and luxuriant in the bright sunshine. This new portion of the place I had not previously seen; and the old gateway of the massive wall, the clustering barges, the groups of women selling vegetables, the sailors lounging about the quays, were eminently picturesque. I entered every recess, I explored a large wooden saint, brightly painted, whose glaring white eyeballs and strongly-marked eyelashes produced a strong feeling of mingled admiration and horror. The artist who produced this work was, perhaps, influenced by the thought that those people who were to look upon it for the first time would be moved by terror; although the rest of the holy man's countenance was exceedingly insipid and commonplace.

At the appointed hour I returned to the hotel, and walked into the long apartment where I expected to find my companions assembled at their breakfast. But, in place of the calm propriety and graceful decorum of such a ceremony, I found the wildest confusion and consternation. There were a dozen people in the room, all talking at once; while loudest of all rose the voice of the landlord, who seemed to be overwhelmed with despair. No sooner did he observe my entrance than he sprang rather than came, and in an eager voice, which seemed paralyzed by reason of its very eagerness, he exclaimed,

"Ah, Monsieur!"

"Well, what is the matter?" said I.

"Ah, Monsieur!" he again cried, overcome by his emotion.

"What is it? What has happened?"

"I am ruined, Monsieur; I am ruined! I am thrown down, I am trampled upon, I am debased!"

I suggested to M. Dufoit that his explanation, so far from relieving him from the reverse, would but I should have to apply to some of the other gentlemen for an explanation.

"Mon ami, Monsieur—c'est moi, moi—voici le malheureux sujet qui parle!"

But during these few seconds I had caught a few of the expressions which were being rapidly interchanged by the others.

"She seemed so innocent, so *sagesse!*" said one.

"And I am much never have spoken of it," said another, "but for M. Dufoit discovering the loss of his plate."

"How incomparably cunning!"

"How miraculously skilful!"

"And by this time they may be any where—they were seen on the way by the first train in the morning."

"Of whom do they speak?" said I to the landlord, with a sudden alarm.

"Of the gentleman, Monsieur, who came yesterday evening, and of Mademoiselle his friend. Ah, Monsieur, I am ruined—ruined—the best hotel in Vannes. That any one should be robbed in my house!"

"Robbed—what do you mean?"

"Last night, Monsieur, Mademoiselle went into the gentleman's room, and, her base, she eyes fixed, the first one she. She appears to sleep. Monsieur he remains still and will not kill her with affright; she has his watch, Monsieur—the watch she demanded to see last night at table. He observes not this—he falls asleep—this morning he misses every thing they have fled, Monsieur!"

"Who is the gentleman who has thus been robbed?"

"I, Monsieur," replied one of their number, stepping forward with a slight smile which was very apparently forced.

"I, Louis," said, "I said, endeavoring to look quite as unconcerned, "have the honor to be your fellow-sufferer."

"Yes, Monsieur!" cried they all, having never imagined that besides the unlucky traveler and the landlord there was still another victim.

"Mademoiselle also carries off my watch, chain, ring, and some other little matters! But what would you have? Mademoiselle is pleased, and we are too gallant to refuse her any enjoyment."

"Mon Dieu, what courage! This Englishman is, without doubt, French, that he can smile in misfortune."

"The wisest thing possible," said another, with a shrug, "for Mademoiselle and her friend have had excellent places, and by this time will be beyond all pursuit."

"With you, babe," groaned the poor landlord, "and with the boner of my hotel! Monsieur, am I not a poor miserable?"

Certainly the hotel looked sufficiently unhappy; nevertheless he at once prepared to rush to the Prefet, and this occupation relieved his mind. For myself, I resigned myself to fate over a French breakfast; judging that I should hear but little further from Mademoiselle Denise or her friend Louis. My judgment was correct; in spite of the utmost official vigilance, nothing more was heard of the charming creature who thus wrecked them in a painful habit which was even more awkward to others than to herself.

THE GHOST ON THE RIVER.

I HAVE just risen from a bed of sickness, and I take up my pen, as soon as I am able to hold it, to commit to writing the events of one afternoon, while they are still vividly impressed on my mind. Not that I think they will ever fade from my memory; but it is a relief to me to tell my story. I will tell it simply as it occurred to me, without comment; that I leave to those who may chance to read what I have written. And now I will begin what comment could I make? What occurred is still to my mind unexplained—incapable of explanation. I have thought over it till my brain has caught eagerly at what I fondly hoped was a clew, but before I could follow it, it has broken and left me as last as ever. I have tried to doubt and to reason my impressions, to persuade myself that I was the victim of some delusion. But as far as I can trust to my senses what I saw, felt, and heard was real as—real to me, though conceived by a mysterious influence from some of those around me, and to others only spectral revealed.

"Chelsea, and all the piers up!" bawled the old man at the Temple Pier, as a steamer came up to the landing-stage.

"At last!" exclaimed indignantly a voice near me. "I've been waiting for twenty minutes!"

"I don't expect always to be 'up to time first,' said the old man, sarcastically; adding, as a vent for his feelings, "Temple Bar, Chelsea, and all the piers! Stand back, ladies, stand back! The passengers is first first, if you please!" he went on, as a lady in black passed him, and tried to get on board.

I was taking close to this lady, and I walked down Essex Street before me, and had passed the little hut where the man who gives the tickets sits, without stopping.

"Take your ticket here, ma'am. Hi! hi!" called the man, thrusting himself into the doorway in front of his face, and trying to attract the attention of the lady who had passed. But she walked quietly on, and seemed not to hear him.

"Pimlico," said, putting twopence on the sill.

"Would you tell that lady in black to come back and take her ticket?"

I promised I would do so, and followed the lady to the landing-stage. I found her seated on the bench at the foot of the steps, her eyes fixed on the river, and her hands clasped. Her dress, a black merino, fitted her slight and singularly graceful figure to perfection. Her veil was up, and her face, which was rather pale, wore an expression of melancholy, which, in my eyes at least, did not detract from its positive beauty. I went up to her.

"I was asked to remind you," I said, "that you have neglected to take a ticket."

"You are mistaken," she said, somewhat coldly, "I have one."

"Then I must apologize for troubling you," I replied, bowing; "but it is not my business, and you, I hope, will absolve me from all intention of rudeness?"

She bowed stiffly and said, "Certainly, we will say no more about it."

Her eyes fell again on the river, as it swirled and foamed past the piles of the next embankment. I followed them. They were fixed on a piece of paper, which danced and tumbled on the muddy water. She stared after it till it was quite out of sight. I remained still standing by her side; there was a strange fascination in her face and manner.

"Do you know what time it is?" she asked, turning to me. I was surprised at her addressing me of her own accord, after the cold manner in which she had repelled my previous attempts at explanation. I told her it was five-and-twenty minutes past three.

"Then I have five minutes to wait. The Chelsea boat will reach this pier at half past three."

"You seem to be accurately informed," I said.

"Nine years ago," she said, in a weary voice, "the Chelsea boat passed this pier at that time."

"That's a long time to remember," I said, laughing.

She turned and laid her soft white hand upon my arm, as if to impress her words on me. "This very day, nine years ago, I left this pier by the boat which started at half past three."

"Nine years ago," I said, "you must have been a child."

She shook her head. "I was a woman, with a woman's thoughts, and more than a woman's trouble." Her cheeks were flushed, and her hands clenched tightly together. There was something very strange about her.

"Yes," she went on, excitedly, "we were together, I and he. He who was more than a husband to me—and less," she added, in a lower tone, glancing at her ungloved hand. There was no ring. She spoke more wildly now, and her voice was broken. He had spoken words to me, such as I had never heard before, such as I could not hear. And I stood here under the bright heaven, with the merry earth all about me, and the golden river glistening in the afternoon sun, and one heart beating near me, which loved me more than all the world besides. She caught hold of my arm and clutched it. I had shrunk from her—the woman was mad. "I cursed her," she continued, in a calmer tone, "and vowed a wicked vow: that I should shut myself out from the bright heaven and the merry earth, and wall in my own heart with the love I had given more than all the world. I went and leaned on the bulwarks, and looked over into the water; he came and spoke to me, but my heart was hard, and I would not hear him. I shuddered as we passed under Westminster Bridge, for it is cold and dark there like the grave. But we left it behind, and out again into the bright sunlight, I jumped on to the bulwarks, and plunged into the river. I heard his cry of agony as I fell, and he jumped in after me. I soon felt his strong arms round me, but I clung about his neck and dragged him down. He tore me struggled to escape, but I pressed him close and closer. I could not die alone. We sank the last time. The tide washed us up and down, but we were still about his neck, and my face was close to his. They found us days afterward by the Erith marshes, locked in each other's arms."

I shrank from her. Her fingers relaxed their hold, and she released my arm.

"Days," I murmured, "it could not be, you would have been drowned."

"We were drowned," she said, quietly. The woman was mad or I was dreaming. I looked round at the river, at the bank; I heard the thud of the hammers as they drove in the piles of the embankment; I saw the clock at the Temple Gate to assure myself that I was awake. I looked at her, she was still sitting there; she had relaxed into her old position. The veil had fallen from her cheek, her eyes were fixed upon the river, and her hands were clasped.

"Chelsea, and all the piers!" shouted the old man, and I turned to the boat. The lady in black was before me, and as I reached the deck of the steamer, and the clerk at the office window had boomed out the half-hour, she turned and looked at me. The boat was punctual to-day as it had been nine years before.

I followed her closely on board, impelled by a strange fascination I could not explain; which I struggled against, but could not overcome. The cool gun was shining brightly, and the river danced and sparkled in the afternoon light. There was the busy hum of life all around me. The bright flash of paddles, the fries of the lightermen, the whistle of the engine as the train crossed over the new bridge at Hungerford—all the common sights and sounds of the river on a summer's day were present, to impress on me the reality of what was going on around me. But as I stood there, with the lady near me, or I felt as one who has turned back the pages of his life, and sees and hears once more with a strange vividness the events that had been in time long past seemed just about to return to me, till the very effort of thinking overpowered me, and I was being formed, and left me grasping the fragments of a memory.

I looked toward the shore. The old man was standing with his eyes fixed on his companion, and an expression almost of terror on his face.

"She's on board," he muttered, hoarsely, to one of the crew, who was standing by the paddle-box, as he stooped and unhitched the rope from a hook on the landing-stage.

The man did not answer, but looked rapidly round the boat. At last his eye fell on my companion, and remained fixed on her face with curiosity and horror, which showed she was the object of his search.

Once more I think over what I then saw, to try if a shade of doubt lurks in any part of the story of what took place. No, I heard the words the old man uttered as distinctly as I now hear the scratching of my pen upon the paper. How did I instantly intuitively receive their sense, I acted on them. I stepped toward the paddle-box to question him, but before I reached it the boat had forged ahead and we were off. For a few moments, as the fresh breeze first cooled my temples, I seemed to shake off the spell which bound me, and to withhold confided to me that strange story. I walked forward—I struggled to get as far from her as I could. But then the fascination of the horrible, of what she might attempt were there no one there to prevent her, came upon me with redoubled force. It was my duty to watch her, and I felt that I could not attempt to act in earnest the story she had told me.

I found her seated on one of the centre benches in her old position, looking dreamily at the river, never moving, never speaking. There were few people on board, and of them none seemed to notice the beautiful girl who was quietly sitting apart, apparently perfectly unconscious of the whisper that followed; I could not, I must not leave her. She leaned on the bulwarks, and watched the water foaming from the paddle-wheel.

She looked up into my face and spoke quickly, "Would you try to save me if I threw myself in?"

"I can and will," I said, evading the question. I felt more convinced than ever that her mind was wandering; I must humor her. I must, I could, at all events, prevent her jumping overboard; though if she once succeeded in that I could be of no use. As I looked round I saw her look-ing Pier evidently referred to my companion, and the man to whom he had spoken had asked no explanation of them. I had not the chance of leaving her without her incurring much danger, for she was seated again in the old place and the old position I marked in thought. I walked to the stern and spoke to the man who was steering.

"Do you know that lady in black?" I asked, pointing to the place where she was sitting. He looked at me rather strangely, I thought, but said nothing. I repeated my question.

"That lady in black with the red shawl?" he said; "no, I don't."

"No, no; the lady in black next to her, all in black."

He looked again, and then answered sharply, "There ain't no lady in black there at all. Mustn't speak to me, Sir, it's against the rules."

I had followed his eyes. He had looked straight to the place where she was sitting, but he had not seen her. Once again the veil seemed lifted from the past, and I saw what had happened long ago. The lady in black came on board and was gone; but so quickly that I could not retain it, and even the memory of what it was perished with it.

I was turning to another of the crew, when I saw that the lady had left the seat where she had been sitting, and was again leaning over the bulwarks. In a moment I was by her side. I leaned over there alone, so I gave up my project for the present and joined her.

The steaming close by the scaffolding of the new embankment, a strong tide was running out, and the yellow river foamed and splashed round the piles. My companion smiled as she watched it, a happy, childish smile. The boat stopped at Westminster: she never moved, and I dared not leave her: she clung to the bulwarks, and gazed more earnestly than ever at the water. "You had better sit down," I said, wishing to get her away from the side.

"No, the time will soon come now."

"Do you get out at Lambeth?"

"Before."

"There is no pier between this and Lambeth."

She smiled, a strange wild smile, as my mind was running on that delusion of hers, that fantastic story of her suicide nine years ago. We were nearing the place where the boat, and therefore I must watch her closely. When we got to Lambeth I would appeal to the crew, to the passengers, would call them to witness that I had not neglected to keep her from what she must have escaped.

The boat started; slowly it forged ahead under Westminster Bridge, and as the sunlight was shut out, and the dark, cold arch stretched over us, I thought of her simile. It was like the grave, and I shuddered. She saw my shudder too.

I tried to speak to her, but I could not; I went close to her, I almost held her. The boat shot out again into the sunlight: this was the time she had spoken of. I tried to grasp her dress, but my hand refused to move; I could not speak; I could not stir. My eyes found she was on the bulwarks, and had plunged headlong into the river. I did not pause for one moment; without a thought I picked up the irresistible impulse which seemed to force me to follow her. I dashed into the water after her—I sank—the water hissed and bubbled in my ears, and pressed me tight and tighter as we sank. Then for the first time the thought occurred to me of risk to myself. I struggled, I struggled. I struggled to escape, but she held me firmly; I tried to push her from me, but she pressed me close and closer. I was powerless. The tide had entangled me, and her weight dragged me down. We were still sinking; my strength was failing me, and I thought I could see a rush of roaring, fathomless water, a sense of utter darkness, and I remember no more.

I was in bed when I awoke again to consciousness; I felt weak and faint; I lay still with closed eyes, and tried to think. Gradually the whole of what had taken place on that afternoon came back to me, clearly and distinctly as I remembered it at the time. I recalled it, I murmured, more as an echo to my own thoughts than as a question; for I did not know that there was any one in the room.

"Hush!" was the kind voice by my bedside, and a grave middle-aged man took my hand. He felt my pulse: "All right," he said, "the fever has left you; you must rest now."

"Is she saved?" I asked again, "I must know."

He shook his head, but did not answer. I turned to a woman who was sitting in the window: "The fever is gone," he whispered, "but he is wandering still. Let him speak as many of him."

"I am not wandering," I said, impatiently; "I only ask if the woman I jumped in after was saved."

"She was not," said the doctor: "now keep quiet, every thing depends on that." But as he spoke he looked at me, and I could see by his manner I was not satisfied. As I got gradually stronger I tried to question the nurse as to the fate of the unknown woman, but I could get no information from her. She seemed almost frightened when I mentioned the subject; so I gave up asking her. I would question the doctor when I could get about I would make inquiries for myself.

Many times, while I lay on my sofa still weak from the effects of my illness, did I recall the incidents of that afternoon. Many times did the face of that poor girl return, haunting me with the expression of despair. I have tried to think how it was, that, knowing my own helplessness in the water, without one moment's hesitation I had leaped in after her. The decision on which I acted was sudden and irresistible; an impulse the effect of a cause unknown to me, and which in all probability I shall never know.

I was now nearly well, and was sitting up burning lazily over some old volumes of the *Illustrated London News*. I was tired of the pictures, and was glancing through some short paragraphs of gossip, when the following lines caught my eye:

"DEATH ON THE RIVER.—A few days ago two bodies, one of a lady and the other of a gentleman, were picked up by some fishermen at the Erith marshes. It appears that some fishermen at the Erith marshes. It appears that the dressed got on board at Chelsea, and that they were found locked in each other's arms. Nothing is known of the Westminster Bridge the lady jumped overboard, and the gentleman immediately followed her. Neither of them ever rose again. Advertisements have been inserted in several papers, as the deceased were evidently in a respectable position of life, but the bodies have not yet been claimed. The lady was dressed altogether in black, and was of singular beauty."

I read it over again. I looked at the date of the paper. It was the very month nine years ago. It was the very day, the 1st of the month. What strange fate was it that had thus thrown in my way a confirmation of that story which I had persuaded myself originated only in the brain of a madwoman? Again I questioned the reality of what had happened; again I tried to think that I had been the victim of some delusion. No; to me at least the events of that afternoon were real; my memory reproduced them with extreme particularity. How I had been saved, my kind doctor had told me; of the risk I had incurred there could be no doubt.

But she—she! I was able to leave my room I hastened to make inquiries. I may say at once I met with no success. I questioned the crew of the steamer, and, subsequently, the police; but to no purpose. They shook their heads; no lady had been seen to jump overboard. The old man at the Temple Pier was hardly more communicative; he had observed no lady particularly on that day; he did remember a lady jumping overboard, and a gentleman jumping in after her; he was then one of the crew of the steamer; it was a Chelsea boat. The gentleman and lady were both drowned, and their bodies were washed ashore, he believed, on the Erith marshes; but more than this he could not, and he was sure. And with this I am obliged to rest satisfied.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE shortest address to the month that we ever heard was that of a young lady on the 1st of *Nov* ember, but he only used one, and that was "March!"

At this time of civil strife it is well to keep a king's ransom. The monarch referred to was probably *Dust* Mo-narch.

The friends of Mr. Jeremy Diddler would do well to remember that this, above all others, is the month for failing the wind.

What flower is most like a shepherd's dog?—The *collie*-flower.

SAWS BY OUR OWN SAWYER.

All have their several tasks in life,
Let each his own pursue;
Don't touch the duties of your brother,
Peddle your own canoe.

That bird she flew from nest to nest
In added care must'ring:
My husband has for me to guide:
Paddle your own canoe.

That huntsman hath his bares will lose
Who cries at every hound;
No captain in two ships can ride;
Paddle your own canoe.

For your own pottage save your breath:
Who'd scald his lips for you?
Your eyes have each a double sight:
Paddle your own canoe.

Fox-sons that traveler gave
Who wears a neighbor's shoe;
Your own fit better pair with mine:
Paddle your own canoe.

Mr. Quibble, reading that "it has been decided in the Court of Queen's Bench that the Prince Consort of England can legally marry him-self," observed that that might be very right and proper, but then even in the hardest times he should prefer to marry a woman.

A poor Irishman, eating a crowd of people approaching, asked what was the matter. "A man is going to be buried." "Oh," he replied, "I'll stop to see that, for we have got to be buried ourselves some day."

EPITAPH ON A WATER-DRINKER.

Here lies Ned Rand, who on a sudden
Left off cold water for the good;
Drank old stingo, mild and stale,
And every day got drunker.
Till fuddled and blood, reduced to batter,
Conteining of more flour and water,
Which, wanting salt to keep out mist,
And heat to bake it,
Mouldered and crumbled into dust.

A Western soldier, who had been through all the campaigns and shared in many of the fiercest battles of the late war, being asked by a friend how he escaped the horrors of war till he got home to Indiana and found his partner in the form of a wife, replied, "Because I was a bachelor."

When was beef-steak the highest?—When the cow was browsing on the mountain.

"Your purse, Tom," said an indulgent father to his spendthrift son, "would you like to borrow it?" "How is either?" "Because it is always light-ning."

Connecticut has long been notorious for the facility with which it permits the marriage tie to be dissolved, and it is therefore appropriate that a jest *cr* eppet by an Episcopal clergyman of Hartford, which was recently circulated among his friends, should be aimed at the House of Representatives with a prayer, and found favor in his own vocation, of an unctuous character, to which his own vocation, and so characteristic of the Legislature of Connecticut, that the reader will not be surprised:

IMPROMPTU.

For ever-ating all occasions have failed,
CONGRE-GATE is fairly nonred!
I twain could not do for you
Cure those whom I CONNECTE in two;
Then wisdom whispered to me,
What you CONNECT-OUT away.

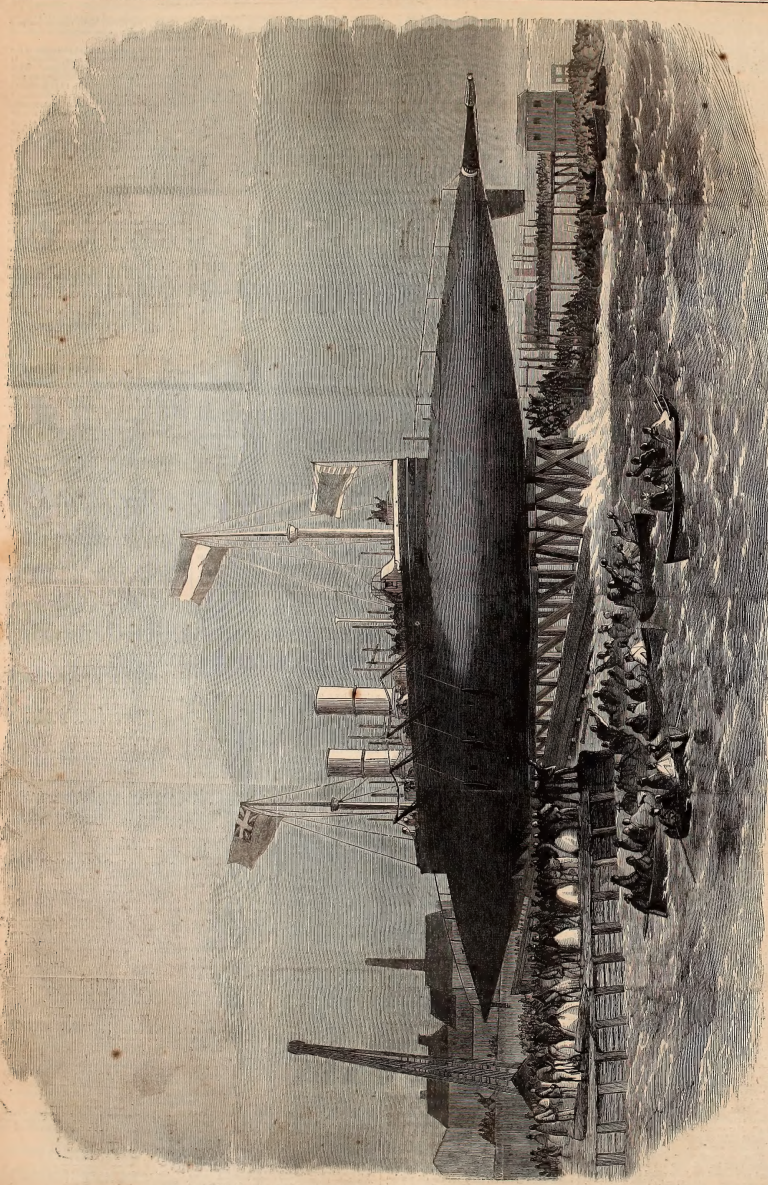
Little Bob begged hard the other day, when some friends were dining with us, to be allowed to come to sit at the table during dessert, which I told him he might do, provided he neither talked nor ate much. He very readily assented to this condition, which he most faithfully fulfilled to the letter. At last, in his poor little fellow crying and sobbing most pitiably. "Why, my dear child," I said, "what are you crying about?" "Why, pa," he replied, "there I am, asking for nothing, and getting it!"

THE THREE DEGREES OF COMPARISON IN MINING.—Mine, miner, minus.

The art of economy is drawing in as much as one can, but unfortunately young ladies will apply this "drawing in" to their own bodies when they wish to avoid any thing like sound.

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As the quickest way to make a fortune a contemporary suggests marrying a fashionable young lady and selling her clothes.



LAUNCH OF THE STEAM-YACHT "ROSS WINANS" AT MILLWALL, ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 205.]



THE ICE BRIDGE OVER NIAGARA—SWEENY'S SKIRMISHERS (DUCK-HUNTERS) ON THE ICE.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

IRELAND AND THE FENIAN LEADERS.

IRELAND has gained little by previous revolutions which have been undertaken under far better auspices and certainly have been occasioned by far greater provocation than that which is now threatened. No conspiracy can be connected offering relatively greater prospects of success than those preceding the insurrections of 1641 and 1798; yet both fastened the yoke of the conqueror upon the conquered more completely than ever. At this time not only is the Church opposed to the revolution, but there are in Ireland alone friends enough of the English interest to more than hold in check the advocates of Irish independence. The best class of Irishmen are not Fenians.

Ireland is sadly misgoverned, but her condition is certainly better than it has been at any previous period. It is true that Irish landlords spend little



THE FENIAN EXCITEMENT—APPEARANCE OF JAMES STREET, HAMILTON, C. W.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. MILST, HAMILTON, C. W.]

on the improvement of their property; but before 1847 they spent nothing at all for this purpose. The abolition of the old system of granting leases has doubtless worked unfavorably for the tenantry, as the landlords get thus a fuller power over them, being in no way scrupulous in the raising of rents according to their own necessities or the tenant's ability to pay. But is redress for the misgovernment of Ireland to be best obtained by violence? Why not rely on the force of the progress of events? It is comparatively easy for a great nation like England to quell an insurrection, but neither she nor any power on earth is able to resist the inevitable progress of thought and liberty.

The population of Ireland steadily declines in numerical strength. In 1841 it numbered over eight millions, and now it numbers scarcely more than six. This is a sad commentary on the state of affairs.

In connection with the events of the day the several illustrations which we give in this week's paper relating to the Fenian movement will be of value to our readers. In our portraits of Fenian leaders on pages 200 and 201 we have treated the two sections of the Brotherhood with perfect impartiality, having there two representatives, Mr. Roberts and General Sweeny on the one side, belonging to the recruit Senatorial Section, while Stephens and O'Mahony represent the more regular body of Fenians. The excitement in Canada is apprehensive of a serious invasion in very great. We have given on page 205 a view of James Street, Hamilton, as it appeared during the recent excitement. Our artist, Mr. Davis, who sends us this photographic view, has also sketched for us the Lee Bridge over Niagara. The view presented is that seen from the American side near the ferry staircase. The large masses covered with ice lie near the staircase on those rocks. The water is much used by duck-shooters, who, our artist facetiously remarks, "are the nearest approach to any thing seen at sea with the Fenian Seventy Thousand skirmishers." The ice extends entirely across the river below the falls. The ice in the river between the Falls and Suspension Bridge could be measured by the million cords, and it is estimated that the river will not be clear before the middle of May.

LAUNCH OF THE STEAM YACHT "ROSS WINANS."

THE singularly-formed vessel which has been under construction during the past twelvemonth or more at Mr. Hepworth's works, Cubitt Town, Millwall, England, from the designs of the owner, Mr. Ross D. Winans, U. S. Winans, American gentleman residing in London, who have obtained a patent for this peculiar style of shipbuilding, was successfully launched on February 19.

This strange-looking vessel, which has been popularly called "The Cigar Boat," is made somewhat in the shape of a cigar, or, to speak more accurately, of a tapering cylinder, each side being an arc of a circle, the radius of which, forming the centre mast, is 256 feet in length. The breadth and height of this cylinder are 16 feet, and at 18 feet from each end is a screw propeller, 12 feet in diameter, the blades of which, nine in number, stretch into the water on each side, and below to a distance of 6 feet beyond the bottom part of the vessel.

The deck is 130 feet long by 10½ feet broad, and from it rise two short funnels and two telescopic masts, which latter are also attached to steam-gear. The part below the water-line is built of the best Lowmoor and Staffordshire iron plates, for weighting of an inch in thickness, while the upper part is of steel plates, of the thickness of five sixteenths of an inch. The vessel is divided into thirty-four longitudinal compartments, calculated to be of an ultimate power of 2000 horse, and it is intended to work them up to from 1500 to 1600. There are also boilers to these, which are similar to locomotive boilers, and supply superheated steam, having an arrangement of tubes through which the heat from the furnace may be sent when desired, instead of passing directly into the funnel.

Behind the engine-room of the saloon, somewhat resembling in shape a railway tunnel, 25 feet in length, the entrance being at the after end, at each side of a table 12 feet long, which, with the body of the cabin, and rests upon the casing that surrounds the screw shaft. This saloon is tastefully painted in white and gold, and the roof is covered with a blue variegated damask. Two lustres hang from the roof under the skylight, and a pair of wall lamps are also placed at each side at the further extremity. At each side of the saloon, and also astern of it, are small cabins, handsomely and tastefully fitted up with berths and closets, and decorated in the same style. Astern of the saloon, and bedroom is the engine-place for the crew, with berths on each side, and in the centre is the windlass, which may be described as a long crank, to be worked by four men at the ends.

Previous to launching the ship lay on the ways, not as ships generally lie, sloping down ward toward the river, but the launching was so constructed as to have her water-line level. At four o'clock the tide was found to serve—the last blow was struck—Mrs. W. L. Winans performed the act of christening her the *Ross Winans*—and the launch went off beautifully, the vessel carrying the flags of England, America, and the Russian Empire, also the ensign of the Imperial Yacht Club of St. Petersburg, to which she is destined to belong.

Messrs. Winans have already constructed and launched three vessels built on this principle. The first, launched several years ago at Baltimore, was 230 feet in length and 16 feet in breadth. She has but one propeller, of the same size as those of the *Ross Winans*, and this is in the centre of the ship. It is obvious that with this arrangement there can not be the same strength and stability as with those of the new vessel. This first ship is said to have been driven, with a smaller engine than those on board the new ship, at the rate of fifteen knots an hour. A second boat, 170 feet by 8 feet, has been launched at St. Petersburg; and a third, of similar dimensions, at Havre, a few weeks since.

PARTED.

More than one! years have pass'd away
Since I have seen your thoughtful face,
Yet could I every feature trace,
Your image haunts me night and day.

And common things doth meaning wear
They never had before we met,
And I am wearied with the fret
Of guessing the sad hints they bear.

A song brings back what time we walk'd
Above the brown cliff's sloping lawn,
From music I have even drawn
The very words we used in talk.

The crumbling church, the upland lea,
The yew-tree mingling round the bridge,
The brave gray wold—the far off ridge,
The mournful dirging of the sea—

Too well remembered! Ah, I know
We never more can walk together,
To dhase the cloud or angry weather;
But you will with another go.

Nor can I blame the choice you made,
I sit within my lonely room
And pray that I may bear the gloom
That had been light if you had staid.

Farewell, sweet Margaret! thus in life
Those paths of mutual go hand in hand,
Our fairest hopes are built on sand,
And fate with love is ever rife!

Yet will I hold your memory dear,
God send you fortune fair and kind,
And love with truth your mutual mind
Your lot through every passing year!

TESTIMONY BEFORE THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

WHENEVER a subject comes under the especial charge of politicians it suddenly goes under a veil of obscurity. Questions which are plain to the common sense become under the sun, and it is not any thing wonderful that we do not find a clear view of the reconstruction question. Its magnitude in the attitude which they take toward the subject of reconstruction. It is for this reason that we think of course that there is somewhat of prejudice on both sides, and that we must look for the truth in the middle position. This is sufficiently apparent in the deliverances of the press. Journals like the *New York Times*, the *Tribune*, the *Evening Post*, *World*, and *Daily News* take one side, and the *Tribune* the other. The *Times* is the organ of Senator Fox, the advocacy of or in opposition to the President's policy we have constantly noted. The *Tribune* has been conservative upon the sincerity of the political schemers by other sympathizers with the South. The *Tribune* has been the only paper which has had the courage to call attention to the fact that there is an endeavor on either side to make political capital out of the question. The *Tribune* has been with the united conviction which is on that side entertained by the North, that the great misrepresentation of the Southern State had before the people. One strenuous effort is being made on the part of the Democratic representation of these States in Congress, mouthing over the sentiments of conservatives, and of the most moderate extremists, and giving the most hopeful phase that can possibly be given to the condition of the Southern States, while the other is equally strenuous in the opposite direction, and using the most extreme radical language, denouncing and representing the condition of the freedmen as bad as it could possibly be. On both sides there is the evident contempt of dangers which are really worthy of cautious consideration, and, on the other hand, exaggerations of dangers which the facts, as they exist, will scarcely support.

In this state of affairs the evidence which is being given before the special Committee of Congress on Reconstruction is of the highest importance, and the examination which is now in favor of one or the other method of disposing of the reconstruction question is of the most vital interest. We present before our readers an abstract of the points which have been developed in the course of the last examination before the Committee.

Brigadier-General Hatcher, Brigadier-General Hatcher says that except in the eastern portion of the state there is no armed force organized against the United States. The troops alone could the troops be withdrawn with safety. General Thomas, commanding Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, testifies that he has studied the condition of affairs in Tennessee. He is in favor of the state that if protected and encouraged by a small United force the loyal sentiment would gain complete ascendancy in the state. He does not think that it would be safe at this time to remove the troops or withdraw martial law or the military force. He is not in favor of negro suffrage. The Union men in West Tennessee are in the minority, but in East Tennessee is probably a majority. Suffrage is not a standard, and he thinks this feeling will go on improving. He is in favor of the test of loyalty oath, and would be admitted into Congress it will be a precedent for all the Southern States. They can not be admitted because all the Tennessee members are admitted, and that if they reject their members they will reject those who have voted as we done. There is no doubt but what there is a universal feeling among the people that the war is over, and that it is manifested. Colonel William Spence testifies that the present causes in Tennessee operate to the disadvantage were made to protect them; he thinks the federal authorities are unable to protect the loyal men. He is in favor of the test oath, and that the admission of Senators and Representatives from Tennessee will be a precedent for all the States, and that the whole machinery in motion, and the people would become better satisfied. He is opposed to negro suffrage. He testifies he does not think many of the citizens of Tennessee are favorable to the reconstruction of the Union. The people in Tennessee are opposed to the Government. If every man should be allowed to vote he thinks it would be

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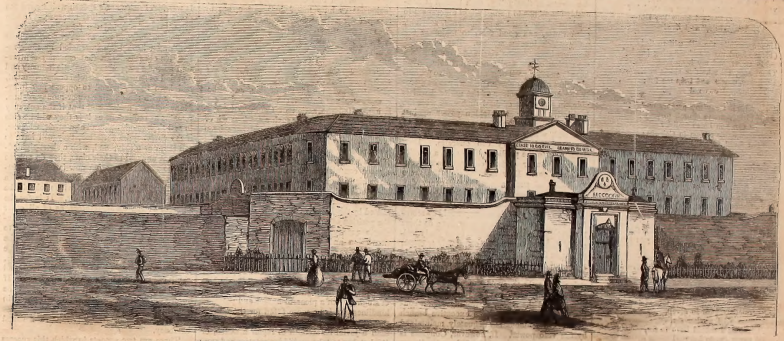
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 484.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



RICHMOND BRIDEWELL, DUBLIN, FROM WHICH HEAD-CENTRE STEPHENS ESCAPED.



THE FENIAN CONSPIRACY IN IRELAND—MARCHING PRISONERS INTO THE COUNTY PRISON AT CORK.—[SEE PAGE 229.]

DRESSING FOR CHURCH.

(EASTER SUNDAY.)

Has any body heard the bell?
You have?—dear me, I know full well
I'll never dress in time—
For mercy's sake, come help me, Lucy,
I'll make my toilet very spruce—
The silk is quite sublime!

Here, lace this gaiter for me—do.
"A hole!" you say? plague take the shoe
Please, Lucie, try and hide it—
Just think, it's Sunday, and, my soul,
I can not wear it with a hole!
The men will surely say it.

They're always peeping at our feet
(Though, to be sure, they needn't peep,
The way we braid our dresses);
I'll disappoint them, though, to-day.
"And cross myself," pray did you say?
Don't laugh at my distresses!

Now, Lucie, pray feel my waterfall—
Do you think it large? ain't it too small?
What lurker times things give!
My rats and mice, do they sit straight?
Please hurry, Lucie, I know I'm late—
"There? Willie," as I live!

How splendidly the silk will rustle!
(Please hand me "self-adjusting bustle,"
My corset, and my hoop.)
There now, I'll take five shirts or six—
Be hurry, that and help me fix;
You know I can not stoop!

"How shall I say my prayers to-day?"
As if girls went to church to pray!
How you be so foolish?
Here dump this ribbon in Cologne;
"What for?" to paint, you silly one!
Now, Lucie, don't be foolish.

Now then, my hat—how he abhors
This thing—it's big as all out doors—
The frightful sugar-scoop!
Thank Heaven, my cloak is handsome, too,
It cost enough to be, I know—
(Straighten this horrid hoop!)

My handkerchief and gloves you'll find
Just in that drawer. Lace, are you blind
(Now my head trail!)
It's all the fashion now, you know;
(Pray, does the print and powder show
Through my nose veil?)

Thank you, my dear, I b'lieve I'm dressed;
The saints be praised! the day of rest
Comes only once in seven,
For if, as the other six,
This trouble I should have to fix,
I'd never get to heaven!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1866.

PRESIDENTIAL PATRONAGE.

WHATEVER may be thought of the general wisdom or policy of the President's veto of the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, there can be no doubt that one point of it was very suggestive, and that was his opposition to the further increase of Presidential patronage. At present that patronage is immense and alarming. If it had been arranged by the adviser of the enemies of the offices created by the bill in question, the President, with the old "Federal" offices, and the Internal Revenue appointments, and those of the new bureaus, could have exercised a direct influence upon the elections which would have been not only dangerous for himself but demoralizing to the country. In thus giving new power to the Executive, as he justly objected. For although the country might willingly and gladly confide an almost absolute authority to an incorruptible, upright, sagacious, and purely patriotic man like ABRAHAM LINCOLN, it might tremble to know that any successor of his would inherit it. If PIERCE or BUCHANAN could have exercised, in addition to the prerogative they enjoyed, such power as Mr. JOHNSON declined in his veto of the Freedmen's Bill, the disastrous consequences would have been inscrutable.

The perils of the increase of Executive patronage proposed by the vast number of offices created within a few years are now painfully evident. There is at this very time an adulation of the President which is unprecedented and intimidating, and an eager and sedulous anxiety for his favor which the high Tory party of any monarchical country would disdain to feel or to display. Candidates for State offices hurry to Washington to ascertain whether they are welcome at the White House. Office-holders think it necessary to offer to resign if they pursue a course which they fear the President may not approve. Party Conventions nervously speak him fair. Great questions of national policy are discussed not upon their merits but upon the probabilities of the Presidential smile. The newspapers wrangle fiercely whether the result of elections condemns or favors his supposed views. The actual question of politics is not is it just, is it right, is it true policy, but—does it please the President? It is a state of affairs utterly unworthy an honorable people. It is a most alarming sign under a free Constitutional Government.

The excuse offered merely reveals more clearly the danger of the enormous patronage of which we speak. It is urged that, to differ with the President, is to run the risk of encountering the organized opposition of the army of office-holders, who, in other countries, are called the "creatures" of the Government. But when that is the controlling a voice of public action the national demoralization is complete. Honesty, intelligence, capacity have then ceased to be the requirements of the public servants; every consideration is subordinated to the Presidential pleasure: the obvious prophecy is then the cardinal condition of political success, and the republic has already rotted into a lower empire.

Every party in a free government when it accedes to power naturally wishes to maintain harmony in all its parts. Believing its general policy to be essential to the national safety, and understanding the necessity of amity between the legislative and executive powers to the success of that policy, each branch is honorably bound not to permit slight differences to produce alienation, but by prudence, sobriety, good sense, and good faith to maintain the unity which insures success. But when differences have become vital and irreconcilable, separation or surrender are inevitable. And here is another peril of great Executive patronage, that when one chosen primarily to merely the executive officer of the national will is able, in the event of fatal difference with the legislative branch, to a power exercise from the immediate and express representatives of that will, which no hereditary monarch in a constitutional country can exercise. A dangerous the public peace such a conflict might be under certain circumstances every man can see. How demoralizing the mere possibility of such a conflict is, every day shows.

Yet, as there is nothing which, when plainly seen, the people of this country would so scrupulously repudiate as a encroachment, so there is nothing of which they would be so justly jealous if their suspicions were once fairly roused; and as, in the event of conflict, they would understand swiftly and irresistibly with their immediate representatives, every good citizen will strive earnestly to avoid the possibility of its occurrence by removing the occasion of beginning and the means of waging such a conflict. The authority of the executive branch of this Government is elaborately circumscribed by the veto power. If, however, Congress is so unanimously persuaded of the expediency of a law that the President's reasons do not change its conviction, the Constitution then templates, by the two-thirds provision, that the will of Congress shall become law, notwithstanding the President's objection. It certainly does not contemplate that the President, despite the two-thirds vote of both Houses, shall oppose the national will as expressed overwhelmingly by its representatives. Yet the enormous patronage of the Executive makes this possible: and such patronage, and the veto and the military and naval command combined, invest the President with a power so hugely disproportioned to any other in the Government that it can not be safely tolerated.

There are two obvious remedies for the present and the other direct. The first is the "one term" system, which is liable to many objections, and the second the limitation of Presidential patronage. Let the heads of offices—and the widest distribution of the mass of patronage between the various Department and Congress. The corruption of this kind is a very plain peril the mind of the country will inevitably turn. The reform will be radical, and can only be effected by a strenuous public opinion. But it is the only effective means that opposes all progress, which worshiped slavery while it was trying to strike the nation to the heart, and which now resists equal rights. It is the only other necessary and wholesome change, the good sense of the people will approve and adopt it. That good sense will recognize that the most dangerous concentration is the concentration of controlling power in one man, and that office-holders are to be the servants and not the masters of the country.

CONGRESSIONAL LEADERSHIP.

AMONG the living statesmen of this country there is none who commands profounder popular confidence than WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN, Senator from Maine. Absolute integrity, a certain antique severity of character making him sometimes impatient and almost petulant in opposition to rhetoric and sentimentality, great sagacity, catholic comprehension, strict fidelity to the fundamental principles of the Government, and a singularly clear and concise oratory, are qualities which are apparent to every man who watches his career. No man surpasses him in that just estimate of practicability which is the highest statesmanship. The duty of a legislator is to know what is possible and to do it. It is to make six or eight, if you can not secure ten. It is to take the half loaf rather than to lose the whole.

In the Senate debates MR. FESSENDEN is always conspicuous for an incisive good sense, which is the surest as it is the most excellent quality of a Senator. In opposition he is always reasonable, speaking to the merits of the special case, and not planting himself upon abstractions. Quick to defend and explain the prerogative of the body-in which he sits, he neither traduces nor defies his opponents. His advocacy of measures is more effective because it is not rancorous in rhetoric nor discursive in argument, but firm, prudent, and pointed. There is no man in Congress whose judgment is truer, whose statesmanship is more absolute, or whose conviction is sincerer. If there were any conspicuous and distinctive leader in the Senate he would be the man; and that, with the single exception that he is not confessedly the leader, is due rather to temperament than to any other cause.

Unquestionably MR. FESSENDEN represents the patient common sense of the Union party in this country. He knows that the difficulties of the situation are to be surmounted not by vituperation and crimination, not by petty jealousies or lofty moral indignation, but by tranquil firmness and honest argument. He does not impugn an able reconstruction, which is sure to be baffled by events, nor an unreasoning and blind submission to chances which are calculable. Differing upon some points with the President, he does not accuse his sincerity; and convinced that certain conditions of reorganization are indispensable, he neither exasperates nor flatters the late rebel population. Had the action of Congress in both Houses been inspired by such a spirit much of the gravity of the situation would have been avoided. MR. FESSENDEN has a more cheerful temperament, and greater ambition and self-esteem would have made Senator FESSENDEN a more conspicuous leader, but they could not make him a more useful legislator.

A total contrast to Senator FESSENDEN is MR. THADDEUS STEVENS, who has been permitted by the House of Representatives to take the position of a leader. MR. STEVENS has no single quality of a statesman, except strong conviction and ability to principle. He is certainly a revolutionary leader; reckless, unsparing, vehement, vindictive, loud for the rights of conquerors, intolerant of opposition, and as absolutely incapable of fine discrimination and generous judgment as a locomotive of singing. Of a pleasant humor and personal kindliness, he is no more fitted for the task of reconstruction than the very region of the heart. Yet a Congress which is undoubtedly one of the ablest that was ever assembled has quietly allowed itself to be almost a puppet in the hands of such a man and at such a time. The consequence is that MR. STEVENS's crude and rash talk is supposed to be the voice of Congress. A bold attempt was undertaken to regulate the price of gold by law is the tacitly acknowledged chief of a body of practical business men. A representative who sneers at the press is permitted to lecture a party created and triumphant by free discussion.

The evident mischief of allowing MR. STEVENS to be the exponent of the House of Representatives is that he is not naturally supposed by the people of the late rebel States to indicate the disposition of the dominant party of the Government. He does at once conceive that the vindictive or unreasonable hostility is the main-spring of the Union policy. They instinctively resist. Seeing the President and MR. STEVENS at issue, they naturally support the President. That support again puts the President in a false position, of which he and all honest men are fully conscious, and he naturally does not feel pleasantly toward the agencies which have placed him there. We insist that MR. JOHNSON has reason to be hurt and indignant that he is represented as the friend and ally of red-handed rebels. Has he given no proof of fidelity to the Government? Because he holds views of reorganization which may appear to be right, abandon to the welfare of the Union, is he therefore to be accused of treachery? Because the President expresses his opinion, is he to be charged with usurpation? Yet MR. STEVENS makes the charge, and the House is silent.

It is one of the marvels of the time that no man known as a radical has vindicated the party and the country against MR. STEVENS. The opposition of gentlemen like MR. RAYMOND and MR. DAVIS of this State has been of avail. In public estimation they stand where "the King's friends" stood in the earlier days of GEORGE THIRD. Yet nothing is more certain than that the calm good sense of the great Union party has strongly condemned the views and policy of MR. STEVENS. His own instinct assured him of it in advance, and he said so in the first speech he made during the session, when he declared that he spoke for himself alone. It is as true now as it was then. The tone of reconstruction is blended of firmness and forbearance, of prudence and conciliation, of faith and patience; and those are words which are not found in the dictionary of THADDEUS STEVENS.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE PAPER-MONEY MEN.

THE paper-money men have won a substantial victory. On 23d March the MORRILL bill passed the House of Representatives, with amendments prohibiting the Secretary of the Treasury from curtailing more than $10,000,000 of United States notes in the six months following the passage of the bill, and $4,000,000 in each subsequent month—in other words, restricting contraction to the pitiful amount of about $18,000,000 during the recess, say 12 per cent. of the total volume afloat. Contraction at this rate may fairly be considered no contraction at all. If we progress no faster than this, a few years hence the only people who will see the restoration of specie payments.

The amendment was carried by the combined votes of the friends of the original bill—who accepted the measure with this limitation rather than be altogether defeated—and the Congressional representatives of the manufacturing interests of New England and Pennsylvania; the latter were opponents of currency contraction. It was MR. BOUTWELL's speech which gave the death-blow to the original measure. It was MR. MORRILL who led the paper-money party in opposition to JOHN WENTWORTH. These gentlemen have been instructed by their respective constituencies that any further contraction means a stoppage of domestic industry and a period of general commercial embarrassment, and have been affected to oppose any interference with the existing paper-money régime. Manufacturers understand that if the currency remains as redundant as it is they will be able to sell their goods at a profit, and that, whether if the currency be curtailed, they will have to sell them at a loss; and, with a short-sighted-ness not unusual to their class, they do not see that to resist contraction now is only to postpone the evil day, and to incur the risk of a crisis hereafter, when they will probably be less able to meet it than now. It is for the interest of the manufacturers, as of all other people, that measures should be at once inaugurated which will lead as soon as possible to the restoration of specie payments, and to the re-establishment of a stable standard of value for the government of commercial transactions. But these measures they will not support, and think only of the stocks of goods on hand. If they can sell these at a profit they will let the future take care of itself. And their power in Congress has been thus far sufficient to defeat the Government and the friends of a sound currency.

There are two aspects in which this success of the manufacturers may be viewed. One is the financial aspect. If they should succeed with the Senate and the President as they have succeeded with the House of Representatives, the commencement of substantial contraction will be deferred for a year. The consequence will be an extensive production of goods this autumn and next fall, and heavy sales, necessarily on credit, in the South and West. Another year of inflated currency would not be unlikely to lead to a fresh outburst of speculation in goods. It would follow that, when the question next arose, in December of this year, and the representatives of the people were again overwhelmed by the urgent necessity of the case to interpose some check to the upward tendency of prices, the manufacturing establishments would be in a much more prosperous condition than they would be if gradual contraction, and much less able than they now are to extend liberality to their debtors. In a word, the longer the day of reckoning is deferred, the more will it be met. If we begin now the uphill work of contraction, some weak members of society will fall out and perish by the way. But the bulk will be found strong and sinews equal to the task. Let the labor be postponed another year, and many men who could now meet the crisis successfully will be unable to encounter the shock. Manufacturers who could now afford to lose 25 per cent. on their stocks will then be called upon to lose 75 per cent. and will not be able to sustain such a loss. Merchants who could now bear a sacrifice on their goods will be in no condition to do so after another year of ups and downs. And the very men who are now the backers of THADDEUS STEVENS and JOHN SHERMAN in opposing the restoration of specie payments will discover that they would have saved money had they left matters take their course. For the whole question is covered by two propositions: *First*, We must, sooner or later, restore specie payments; and, *Secondly*, In the nature of things the longer the operation of getting back to specie payments is deferred, the more difficult will it prove, and the greater the risk of a crisis in the transition.

The other aspect in which the recent victory of the manufacturers may be viewed is political. Though many leading Republicans voted for the MORRILL Bill, and it was in part an administration measure, it was nevertheless defeated by Republican votes, and the responsibility for its defeat rests upon such representative Republicans as STEVENS of Pennsylvania, and BOUTWELL of Massachusetts. Had the Southern States been represented in Congress the bill would have passed as reported by the Committee. The South had every reason to favor

the restoration of specie payments, and no interest whatever in prolonging the present era of paper-money and fluctuating values. We must not disregard the use that will be made of this fact at the fall elections. By that time politicians will have taken hold of the currency question as a political issue. It will be easy to demonstrate that the great cost of living is mainly due to the depreciated condition of the currency, and opponents of the dominant party will plausibly argue that but for the opposition of such Republicans as STEVENS, BOUTWELL, and others—in the interest of vast manufacturing corporations in Pennsylvania and New England—the currency would by that time have been curtailed, gold would have been lower, and the cost of living substantially reduced. It will be further urged by the Opposition presses and speakers, that but for the unwillingness of the majority in Congress to admit Southern men to seats, the currency would already have been in process of contraction, and the cost of living on the decline.

As for the Secretary, he will probably do his duty as best he can with such powers as Congress may confer upon him. We regard it as a great mercy to him that the original bill did not pass. Had that measure become a law nothing could have saved him from wholesale charges of corruption and speculation in the stock market. If his power to contract the currency be definitely limited to $15,000,000 between this and December he can, of course, effect little or nothing toward the restoration of specie payments. Gold will fall only because every one will understand that contraction is only deferred, not abandoned, and because the cotton crop is likely to more than pay our foreign debt. He will doubtless exert himself to convert as large a proportion as possible of his short-date obligations into long bonds, and, by getting rid of the debt on call and of his debt certificates, will emancipate himself from the control of the banks. Another year of high prices and high taxes will satisfy Congressmen that they can not with impunity advocate the interest of manufacturing companies in opposition to the public interest, and the Secretary will then have his revenge.

THE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE ON RECONSTRUCTION.

A GREAT deal of unreasonable wrath has been lavished upon the Reconstruction Committee. That President-dragooning and Central Directory, which was an unfortunate expression, because it has no resemblance to a Central Directory; and the epithets have steadily palliated the rebellion declaim against the Committee as an irresponsible body to which Congress has helplessly committed its functions. This is a natural opposition, because the papers also decry the test oath as unconstitutional, and urge the admission of the late rebel States to all their old rights without conditions. They are, therefore, very impatient with a Committee charged to inquire whether such a policy is wise and safe.

The truth is, that when Congress met it was clear that it must at once adopt the policy of reorganization urged by the opponents of the war, or it must not. To adopt it was to abandon the war without fame, and to invite rebellion. Of course a loyal and honest and able Congress did not entertain the proposition for a moment. Then it was necessary to determine the exact situation of the country, and to consider the conditions upon which it seemed best that the unorganized States should resume their old relations. This was not a point for debate upon any theory whatever. It involved a knowledge of facts; and the first duty was to collect information, compare opinions, and elaborate methods. Obviously Congress itself could not undertake this work directly; and, unless it were prepared to abdicate its authority, and to allow the President to settle by himself the individual will the gravest question which could ever arise in our history, it was indispensable to appoint a Committee to investigate and prepare, to consider, and finally to report, that the whole subject might be treated intelligently by those who were elected by the loyal people of the United States to decide the question.

Nothing could be plainer or more reasonable. Surely if any subject ever demanded the most prudent and thoughtful deliberation it is the reorganization of the Union. It is not a matter to be "hurried up," nor to be determined by an abstract theory. It is the most practical of questions. As Mr. SEWARD said in his letter to MR. ADAMS describing the interview of President LINCOLN with the Peace-embassy from Richmond in February, 1865: "His power [the President's] is limited by the Constitution. And when peace should be made, Congress must necessarily act in regard to appropriations of money, and to the admission of representatives from the insurrectionary States."

The Reconstruction Committee is thus simply a Commission of Inquiry with no power whatever; and as Congress appointed the Committee because information was necessary to wise action, it very properly resolved not to act until it had the information. And the moment it may alter its instructions to the Committee, or it may discharge it. But it might just as wisely be denounced for referring questions of contested elections to a committee upon that subject, and declining to decide until the committee reported, as for intrusting this most vital inquiry to a carefully selected committee. So, also, to complain that it has not presented a complete scheme of legislation upon the subject, is to complain of the nature of the case. The essential information is, of course, slowly obtained and must be well weighed. Meanwhile, as fast as the Committee sees that a special measure is desirable, it reports it to Congress and asks action upon it. This course is also reviled; but if the Committee had been silent to this time would its conduct have been more satisfactory to its opponents?

It is surely a most reasonable and impatient complaint that the loyal people of the United States, by their representatives in Congress, are considering with the gravest deliberation the most momentous question of reorganization of the Union. The point is not whether loyal representatives are to be admitted, because nobody but a Copperhead claims that any other shall be. The question is, whether South Carolina and Mississippi shall, by the admission of members to Congress, be allowed to have resumed all the rights in the Union which New York and Iowa enjoy. It may be that it is most desirable; but is Congress to be blamed for carefully considering the question?

THE LAW OF TESTIMONY.

In the State of New York, since the spring of 1857, the parties to civil suits are equal witnesses with all others. This change has been an improvement, and the vast majority of lawyers in the State would doubtless smile at the proposition to abandon the present system. But the question is asked, and with extraordinary emphasis—If parties to civil suits may witness for themselves, why should not the defendant in a criminal suit testify for himself?

There really is no sufficient answer. If both parties were disqualified there would be at least an air of impartiality. But as it is, the just theory of the law is that every person is to be presumed innocent until proved guilty; but the practice is to hold him guilty until he can establish his innocence. And he is not suffered to help establish it. If you enter any court where a man is upon trial for an infamous crime of which he may be as innocent as you are, it is impossible that he should be in all ready regarded as guilty. We do not deny that this springs from the steps necessary to security which have been taken; but certainly we do not give the accused a fair chance if we silence him. The practice of the law in this respect is amusingly illustrated by a story of a certain New York judge who was about to sentence a negro for some trivial offense. "Stand up, Zingo!" said his Honor. "What have you to say why you should not be the law should not be pronounced upon you?" Poor Zingo, frightened out of his small wits, began to stammer, "Why—Massa—Massa—Knickerbocker—" "Don't speak, Zingo," interrupted his Honor, "not a word;" and sentence was pronounced.

A writer in the American *Law Register* for January, to whom we are indebted for this good story, and who treats the subject with great spirit and force, says that the only theory upon which the testimony of a party to a civil suit was rejected was that if he said any thing favorable to himself it must needs be perjury, and that the same reason is urged for a similar exclusion in criminal proceedings. But there is no delay in receiving a plea of guilty. It is only when the story of an accused man helps him that it is discarded. But having rejected the theory in one case, we must reject it in the other. Besides, before the examining and committing magistrate the arrested person may make a statement which may afterward be used against him, and so may cause before the jury without the sanction of an oath. Now if the accused may be heard without oath before a magistrate, why should he not be heard, sworn, before twelve magistrates or a jury. "If," as the writer of whom we speak says—"if his statements are received in the examination before a magistrate in holding or releasing him, why should they not be received in the form of legal testimony to influence the jury in convicting or acquitting him?"

Again, if the theory be that the accusation renders the accused unworthy of credit, why do we allow one of two accused persons to give States evidence and suffer him to escape by implicating his accomplice? By this offer we bribe both honest men wrongfully accused and rogues anxious to escape to swear falsely. Yet, so determined is the impartial law to convict, that if the State's evidence should tend to exonerate both the accused, it will not be produced.

In the State of Maine, by an act passed in 1863, the respondent to any criminal charge is allowed to testify; and Governor CONNOR, author of that State says of these changes: "So far as I can judge, they are favorable to the ascertainment of truth—the great end for which judicial proceedings are instituted.....I anticipate from the change proposed a greater certainty of correct decisions in criminal proceedings. The guilty will be less likely to escape. The danger of the unjust conviction of the innocent will be diminished." It appears that in no civilized country save the English-speaking lands is a person accused of crime forbidden to testify for himself. It is a relic of a false and foolish view of human nature. It is a view corrected by our experience and ridiculed by the inconsistency of our practice. If "the profession" will raise the banner of reform upon this subject it will be the banner of triumph.

SLAUGHTER-HOUSES IN NEW YORK CITY.

THE question of the removal of these establishments to the suburbs of the city has lately engaged the attention of the new Board of Health; but in the discussion between the butchers and the Board there was one point of considerable importance entirely overlooked. This was the condition of the cattle as to health, produced by their transfer to the city in cattle trains, and the superiority of abattoirs in the country. It would be impossible for any thing like cattle off their feed and transporting them in cars from the prairies of the West, or from Canada—and the majority of our meat-cattle come from these quarters—they must be bruised and feverish on their arrival at the pens, and in no condition for immediate slaughter. It would be evidently better to kill the animals fresh from pasture and transport the carcass quartered to the city.

The butchers object to this plan on the ground that the meat would, as they say, "be mussed" in a jarring train. But this slight disadvantage has to be weighed against the greater disadvantage in the unhealthy meat produced by bruises and fever. It would not be difficult, however, to construct cars on the plan of a cooling-house, in which animals might be transported in them without being bruised, heated, or in any way damaged. So far as expense is concerned, if the business were conducted on a large scale it would doubtless be as an advantage in having cattle slaughtered along the great lines, by which they are now conducted into the city—the Harlem and Hudson River roads.

The question, What food we shall eat, and what acutiny shall be employed in its selection, is one of more importance than is generally supposed. Many diseases are produced by meat injured by an improper mode of feeding animals. This is much more extensive in old countries than here, where we yet have the vast prairies and abundant crops of corn; but in the Atlantic States, owing to the exhausting plan of cultivation pursued, animals are often fed much less luxuriously than throughout the West. Cattle and hogs are there fatted generally in large inclosures, and with abundance of nutritious food—the improper feeding is the exception. But elsewhere such feeding is the general rule. A hog fatted in a close pen can scarcely be a fit food for man. The air of such a confined place is bad. The refuse of all food is considered good enough for the pig, and it is foul to him from a receiver in which it is allowed to accumulate until it ferments. The prejudice of the Jew against pork is doubtless due to this mode of feeding, known to produce scrofula not only in the animal, but in those who partake of the flesh. We need not speak of the abuses in fattening cows which have been kept in what are called swill-stables, as the food which they receive from sources is well known to be dangerous to health.

Food that is wholly desirable and proper can best be obtained from animals which are allowed to take exercise in the fresh air, and be fattened; and if a few butchers would unite in the purchase of extensive grounds in Westchester or Putnam counties and carry out this plan, we feel sure that the enterprise would be rewarded with good customers and large profits. The new Board, instead of directing their attention merely to the removal of slaughter-houses, would promote the health of the animals and of the consumers.

PREVENTION OF CHOLERA.

IN his admirable lectures DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH tells us that epidemics all belong to the class of Zymotic. The Black Death, the Oriental Plague, the Sweating Sickness, Cholera, Typhus, Small-Pox, and many other diseases of less severity are epidemic and periodical in their character, and are usually preceded by Influenza. The first outbreak of cholera in Great Britain was heralded by it, and the influenza of 1847 preceded the cholera of 1848. During the prevalence of cholera all other diseases are apt to partake of its type, owing doubtless in a great measure to the terror which pervades a community at such times, and we find that the reaction of the mental impressions on the body are so powerful as frequently to result in the death of the unfortunate unless his attention can be diverted from himself.

Cholera, like all other epidemics, is fearfully rapid in its action, and if death does not occur in a few hours the attack will usually prove fatal. The great object to be attained in the treatment of the disease when it has announced its presence is to gain time. The sufferer should *go to bed at once* and *send for his physician*, for every moment is of value, and proper assistance in the first onslaught of the attack will often decide between life and death in the ultimate result.

Whatever opinions physicians may hold regarding the contagious character of various epidemics, all agree that certain conditions are alike favorable to their development and rapid progress as well as to their fatality. Filthy streets, dirty sewers, exhalations from putrid animal and vegetable substances, are all powerful predisposing causes of the production not only of cholera, but also of typhus and all other diseases of the low fever class.

The influence of the foul air voided from the human body is also exceedingly pernicious to the system, especially in overcrowded, ill-ventilated rooms and buildings; but so great is the infatuation of the majority of men regarding the subject of ventilation that, in spite of this evidence of the contrary, it is often asserted that there is no difference to be found between pure and foul air; whereas the experiments of Dr. ANGUS SMITH show that if we confine the air of an overcrowded room and allow it to remain for a week or so it forms a gelatinous deposit that possesses a strong animal odor, and if examined from time to time by a microscope the deposit shows the appearance of vegetable growths in which hosts of animalcules are rapidly produced, thus demonstrating in the most satisfactory manner the presence of a large amount of organic matter in the air expired from the lungs.

The poisonous character of the organic matter contained in such expired air, as well as that exuded from the skin, is demonstrated by the same authority in the statement that a few drops of the liquid condensed under the accumulation of foul air of an overcrowded room introduced into the veins of a dog produces death, with the usual phenomena of typhus fever.

In the face of such facts it is fully longer to disregard the important subject of ventilation if we desire to escape the epidemics that now threaten us, an attack of which is now regarded as being even disreputable to the patient, since it involves a gross ignorance of the ordinary laws of health and a disregard of cleanliness in the personal or household arrangements.

It is impossible in an article to indicate the means which families and individuals should adopt to protect themselves as far as possible from the invasion of this disease, and since the old saying that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure applies with marvelous force to the cholera, it is the duty of all to observe with care the laws of hygiene as laid down in the works on this subject. An excellent summary of them will be found in a book on *Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene*, recently published by Professor DRAPER, in which the questions of diet, ventilation, bathing, etc., are fully discussed and brought within the reach of all intelligent minds.

"INSIDE."

THE story of this name, which appears serially in the present number, certainly affords a treat. It is the most graphic and clearly authentic sketch of the social condition of the late rebel States during the war, and will have a unique value to the historian of the stormy time, and, like all true pictures of a great range of society, is full of value to the contemporary and political student. The writer of such a tale is not a solitary product of the region in which it is laid; and it is to such clear and intelligent observation upon the part of the thoughtful people of the South that we must look for wise action in the future. They are the real friends of the Union and of peace.

SOLDIERS LEFT-HAND WRITING.

IT was in this paper that many of the soldiers who competed for the prizes of left-handed penmanship first saw the invitation to that generous rivalry, and they will now learn with pleasure the result. It is plain from the number of specimens that no Yankee loses his heart with his arm, for there were two hundred and seventy-seven competitors collected from nearly every State in the Union. The loss of two arms, indeed, did not daunt one competitor, who sent a specimen written with the mouth, which was remarkable and honorably mentioned. The Exhibition Room was prettily arranged, and they will now learn with pleasure of time, it would doubtless have been a point of popular interest. Yet it was long enough open for General GRANT to visit it. He was delighted at the display, and wrote a letter playfully confessing that he should be unable to decide upon the merits of the competitors.

This, however, was a responsibility which the Committee could not escape, and after careful inspection and consideration they awarded the prizes, although they would doubtless have confessed that it was also difficult to their satisfaction. The original sum offered was five hundred dollars by WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE, who was the projector of the contest. To this two hundred and fifty dollars were added by the Sanitary Commission, and as much more by the Committee, making one thousand dollars in all. The first prize of the first class was awarded to FRANKLIN H. DURHAM, private in the Thirty-first Pennsylvania Infantry. There were twenty-eight prizes in all, and when we wish we had room for the names of the recipients, who were from every part of the country, from Maine to Dacotah. General HOWARD, the Head of the Freedmen's Bureau, who is one of the left-armed soldiers of the Union, did not compete for the prizes, but he wrote a pleasant letter to DR. BELLOWS, one of the Committee.

It was a enterprise most honorable to MR. BOURNE and to the brave Yankee soldiers, all of whom showed in the sentiments they wrote that if their left-handed they were no less manly right-hearted.

THADDEUS STEVENS.

THE figure which in the present Congress looms up above every other is that of THADDEUS STEVENS, of Pennsylvania. Certainly if we were to select the portrait of that Congressman which would be most interesting to our readers it would be the portrait of STEVENS.

The subject of our sketch was born in Caledonia County, Vermont, April 4, 1793. Immediately upon his graduation at Dartmouth College, in 1814, he removed to Pennsylvania. Teaching in an academy in that State, he at the same time prepared for the practice of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1816, in Adams County. In 1833 he was elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature, and also in the years following until 1838, and again in 1841. In 1838 he was appointed Canal Commissioner, and in 1842 he removed to Lancaster.

In 1848 Mr. STEVENS was elected a Representative from Pennsylvania to the Thirty-first Congress. He was a member of the Thirty-second, and also of the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Congress. In the latter he held the most important position in the House—that which is usually conceded to the leading member—namely, that of Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. In 1862 he was elected to the Thirty-eighth Congress, and subsequently to the Congress which is now in session.

Not a man of great statesmanship though of sincere patriotism, he is inconsiderate in the policy which he urges upon the country, and in his utterances upon important matters of State. He is bold, and even rash in speech. Chief-Justice TANEY had slept in his grave little more than a twelvemonth when, in an important speech in the House, Mr. STEVENS had the boldness to declare that the opinions of the Chief-Justice on negro citizenship had damned him to everlasting infamy, and, he feared, to everlasting flame. In the same speech Mr. STEVENS expressed his impatience at the magnanimity of the Government in its attitude toward the conquered Southern States, and advocated a revival of the policy which had been visited upon the vanquished in the less civilized epochs of Roman history. Mr. STEVENS is more of an alarmist, we think, than becomes an honest statesman. He exaggerates trivialities. Because President JOHNSON simply expressed an opinion in regard to the proposed amendments to the Constitution, Mr. STEVENS saw in this a dreadful usurpation, not unworthy to be compared with that which cost CHARLES THE FIRST his head. We mention these things as characteristics of Mr. STEVENS'S boldness and extravagance. His attempt, afterward, to treat the President's 22d of February speech as a hoax, foisted upon the country by the Copperheads, was equally extravagant as a bit of buffoonery.

That which gives Mr. STEVENS the great power which he wields in the House—a power which is almost irresistible—is his emphatic and earnest denunciation of treason. The country has suffered so much in the past from vacillation, that it greatly admires any thing which looks thorough and straightforward. Mr. STEVENS'S words have a gladiatorial strength which would have done honor to the boldest of Rome's orators. They sway men by their sledge-hammer strokes—they are words of iron. Whatever be the verdict of posterity in regard to the wisdom of Mr. STEVENS'S acts and speeches, future generations can not fail to render him the tribute which is always yielded to extraordinary force of character.



HON. THADDEUS STEVENS, M. C.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE FENIANS.

WE continue this week to give illustrations of matters connected with the Fenian movement in Ireland and Canada. Apparently very little is being done by the Fenians themselves. We hear a great deal of volunteer drilling and parades in Canada directed against Fenians, but we are not aware of the fact that there has been found a Fenian in arms, Ireland has been put under martial law and the *habeas corpus* act suspended—and yet there has not been the first shot fired, nor the first act of overt rebellion committed. We smile when we remember the protracted howl of indignation which all England raised when, in the midst of the most serious rebellion which history records, we suspended the act of *habeas corpus*. It also excites a



CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS AFTER DRILL.

smile to read the indignant comments of the principal Canadian journals on the neutral attitude assumed by our Government toward the whole affair. The British are pronouncing most emphatically to-day the profound and instructive maxim which they have always pronounced to all the other peoples of the world: "Do as we say, but not as we do!"

It is reported that STEPHENS, the Head Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood, has escaped from Ireland. It is now several weeks since he escaped from Richmond Bridewell prison, of which we give an illustration on our first page. This prison is a Government establishment, and is also a house of correction for male and female convicts. Weaving is the principal employment of the males; those sentenced to hard labor are put to the tread-mill. The prisoners, on being discharged, are paid one-third of the earnings of their labor. This prison, as well as others in Dublin, is full of Fenians.

Arrests continue to be made all over the country. Eleven men charged at Skibbereen, on 28th February, with being concerned in the Fenian conspiracy, were brought to Cork next day, and lodged in the county jail. We give on the same page with Richmond Bridewell prison an illustration of these prisoners entering the jail. Our illustration on page 212, representing the Canadian Volunteers resting after their drill, speaks for itself.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. DR. WARNER had remarked to her husband only yesterday: "Dr. Warner, *will* you tell me what we are coming to? Flour forty dollars a barrel, sugar four pounds for a dollar, salt twelve cents, coffee one dollar, molasses two dollars and a half, lard forty cents, chickens fifty cents, eggs one dollar, butter a dollar and a quarter—those fiendish Yankees! And not a calico in town under a dollar a yard, domestics a dollar and a quarter, shoes ten dollars, a paper of pins five dollars! If I only had all the Yankees right in front of a cannon—Lincoln and all—loaded to the muzzle, and could shoot that cannon off, I could die happy. And there's snuff, not a grain of it to be had!"

MRS. Warner stopped; words failed to express her indignation. In fact the English language had long since been used up by Mrs. Warner. Its very strongest words had been hurled by her so long and so continually upon the heads of her invaders that they had become insipid and meaningless to her. It is weeks now since she has first remarked that, if she but could do so, she would with her own hands send the North into atoms so small that Omniscience itself should never find them, nor Omnipotence itself put them together if found.

From Colonel Ret Roberts's last speech that was; but even that had become language too feeble to express her loathing and abhorrence. Having said fifty times a day that the Yankees were worse than devils, and that even hell was a punishment too light for them—said this in all possible inflections of the idea, what else could be said? Even MRS. Warner was conscious of a sense of exhaustion.

As to the Doctor, what had he to do but to be as little at home as possible, put in some word of flattery wherever his conscience and a lull in the storm permitted, and so endure? The Doctor agreed in all the fulminations of his wife upon those who had brought about the ruin of the country, with this slight difference only—that the Xantippe of his bosom located these authors in Washington, and he located them in a somewhat lower latitude. When the infinite diversity of sentiment between the Secessionists and the Union people at the South during the war is considered, the wonder is, not at the alienation that existed there on that account, but rather that no greater explosion followed. But then there was on the part of the Union people an amazing amount of—what is the softest possible word for dissembling?—and a still more astonishing degree of silence. And there was an ominous meaning in that very silence, taken in connection with the class character of the Union people, hitherto and in all other matters, for forcible and prudence, which disquieted their Secessionist acquaintances exceedingly.

There is MRS. Sorel. The times bring many troubles to her besides the absence of her son at the war. She goes out very little these days. None of the Union people do so any more than they can help. But she meets, as all Union people do, with coldness, sometimes actual denunciation, in company when she does enter it. Often is she under the necessity of entering the small room adjoining her drawing-room, where is little furniture beyond a chair and a table with a Bible upon it; oftener than of old, and she remains there longer in these days. Yet she always comes out from it calmer and in happier mood, if possible, than even in her palmiest days of yore. Nothing can be more placid than the conversations she and Edward Arthur, her guest, hold across the neat little table at breakfast, dinner, and supper; for MR. Arthur is rarely away from home in these days any more than MRS. Sorel. Mrs. Sorel has even to remonstrate with



MRS. SOREL'S COMFORT.

her guest upon his confining himself too closely to his studies.

The truth is, in the absence of the papers, reviews, and new publications of all sorts in which he once delighted, Mr. Arthur has taken to the old English divines in his library, volumes yellow with years and near a yard long, for which he has hitherto found little time. Into these volumes, as into pools pure and deep, he plunges over head and ears, and so forgets the times and himself. Nor are these the only pools into which he plunges. Every morning, to keep as fresh and as strong as possible, he is up and away on his horse to a creek miles off in the dense forest, into which he goes headlong, to return by the time the sun is up, glowing with his bath and the exercise, hopeful of happy days beyond Secession, hungry for his breakfast and for his studies afterward. A little Virgil occasionally; periodic Greek Testament likewise; and Hebrew also, straying away in its elephant tracks far away from Secession, across Canaan, through the rocky gaps of Sinai and Horeb, and on toward Abraham and the Creation.

What with these, the Old Divines, and his exercise, he is preparing sermons having more of the pith and essence of the Gospel in them, leagues away while so engaged from Secession and civil war. It may be only his imagination, but he has an impression that he is just now in special training for a work after Secession is over—some great work in which he is to accomplish more than he has ever dreamed of so far. At any rate he will prepare himself as thoroughly as possible.

Here is a morning, some weeks after his last conversation with MR. Ferguson, when the gallop and the bath before breakfast do not quite suffice. It is in vain after breakfast that, after getting through his lessons with Bobby, he essays the folio of theology. It may be a deep pool at other times, but this morning it seems a frozen one. He can not penetrate beneath, but slips and falls continually on the page on to a surface of ice.

On account of the bells last night! Even from Mrs. Sorel's, three miles away, he could hear the great rejoicing in Somerville—all the bells, all the cannon, all the smaller arms. He woke at midnight with the first stroke of the Methodist bell, by far the largest in Somerville. "If Providence is willing, I am," he said to himself in the act of waking; but there was no more sleep for him that night.

Somerville has been quite despondent of late, and the reaction of joy over victory is immense. Colonel Juggins has a negro boy over at MRS. Sorel's with the paper long before breakfast. MR. Arthur has read it to MRS. Sorel at that meal. Cause for rejoicing, indeed! There have been a series of battles near Richmond lasting several days. M'Clellan has been captured, with his entire army! The gun-boats have managed to escape down James River, but that is all. 60 generals, 140 captains, 30,000 Federals killed, 80,000 captured; stores, batteries, colors without computation! The war is virtually over! Colonel Juggins comes along after breakfast.

"Of that vast army, ma'am," he says to MRS. Sorel, "Bill Perkins was saying last night only 75 privates made their escape, and at last accounts our army was in full pursuit of them!" And Colonel Juggins, brimmed with enthusiasm, insists on reading over aloud the whole paper from end to end to quiet MRS. Sorel washing up the breakfast things.

No, Edward Arthur can not get into the merits of the folio this morning. He evades Colonel Juggins, goes to the stable, saddles and mounts his horse, and rides slowly away he does not care whither. "I runs like a dirty in his mind over and over a. —" If Providence is willing, I am!" Odd pa. of Scripture come to the surface, in his mem. of themselves—" His ways are not as our ; neither are His thoughts as our thoughts. He doeth according to His will in the armies of , even among the inhabitants of the earth. None can stay His hand, or say what doest thou....." And yet if Secession *could* but have been put down! One country again; one flag again; universal amnesty; peace and prosperity again, firmer,



ARTHUR AND ALICE AT THE OLD GIN.



"ONE MORE CHANCE, ABOLITIONIST."

greater than before!" His mind runs over it all as it is: "The success of the great Wrong! The triumph of wicked men! Anarchy—the various North and South! And as it possible, after all, that such men as Lamum, Roberts, Barker, and the long tail of Captain Smithson, Bub Withers, Tim Lamum, and the like are right? Right? Pleasing to God? And all who think unlike them are wrong? their opinions despised? Heaven, and now justly rebuked?" It was partly broken rest the night past, but Edward Ashley will be rode along as if the very foundations of reason and religion were out of course.

The seven years of Chickahominy were days of disaster to you loyal hearts at the North, were they? Believe it, your deepest feelings in regard thereto were not the least because of old servants, "as cheese-cakes and cream-tarts" of the agony of hope deferred, nigh destroyed, in the bosoms of hundreds of thousands of us at the South, loving our common country as much as you. As much as you? Far more. Though trembling for you should lose it, you still possessed it. We at the South, actually stripped of all we loved, of flag and country, were yearning for their return. In our agonized bosom to both, you were as those of the wrecked mariner, who, still holding on to the floating fragments, though they sound to be only a handful of planks, see across those drowning without even that, praying and clutching—ah, how desperately!—amidst the roaring flood.

It is raining heavily, and the rider looks around to find that he has been stopped of in an open road under the roof of an old gin. He has been there before in his excursions. The gin is an abandoned one on the centre of a tract of land, which the furrows, nearly leveled by the rains to a plain, and a fragment of an old rail fence and ditch, which have been once cultivated. There is the screw, too, hard by, its long levers, with their little cap of a roof, idly resting in the open air. The gin-house is caved in. There are scraps of rope, shreds of bagging, great piles of cotton seed blue and steaming in the heavy rain. Yes, many a bale of cotton has been planted and gathered and ginned and pressed and wagoned away from this deserted spot. Edward Arthur is in full sympathy with the scene this morning; how much better to be there just now than in the field of battle, as we are at Mrs. Sorel's. As he alights from and ties his horse to one of the huge posts which support the upper room of the gin-house, he hears a story being open ahead, he is glad he has not to converse with even Guy Brooks this morning. Mr. Ferguson, he—he knows that the Scotchman is that instant in his room there in Somerville contemplating the "Rebellion" which he has justified in its place in his ponderous scrap-book. There is a gleam of satisfaction in the young minister's eye as, in his imagination, that peculiar expression which is that very instant tinging, so to speak, the very tips of the Scotchman's gleaming hair.

But he is to have company at last. There is a galloping of a horse across the old field. It is in ugly ruts, and the rider is under the protecting roof, and is off and shaking the drops from her riding-skirt before he can get to her assistance. She raises her head as he approaches. Of all persons on earth it is the person whom he would most desire to meet just there and then. Of all persons on earth it is just that person whom he would there and then most ardently desire not to meet.

It may be owing to the fact that we have double lobes to the brain and a double set of organs to the heart; but certain it is a man may have in himself two parts, and at the same moment too, a double set of thoughts and emotions —double and contrary, the exact contrast with each other. And it is with a man in such a case as it is with a steamer, say, when the engine on the one side is reversed, and on the engine on the other side backing. Round and round, morally speaking, goes the individual, but not an inch does he advance in the direction steam or no steam. At least Mr. Arthur certainly had, at this moment, just such speed.

But who can undertake to assert what her opinion of the chance meeting in that lonely spot was? If you gather any thing from her blush on first perceiving the gentleman, what you gather to gather from the pallor which, the moment after, left her face in such striking contrast with the black velvet which covered her head, and the black plume which drooped, heavy with rain, down to her cheek? Prompo enough to speak, however:

"All my fault, Mr. Arthur!" she said, gayly. "I have been out for a few days with a friend, Wright, an old school-fellow. I determined to ride home this morning, come what might. Anne told me that there was a road that I thought would get me home first. Mr. Wright is in Somerville; the hands were off in the fields with the horses, so I had to come alone. I deserve it for starting. But I *will* have my way, mamma says. How came you here?"

Mr. Arthur has but a disjointed reply to make. Disjointed, because he has no reason for having ridden there at all. And because she is so beautiful in the yellow light. He has not seen her, to converse with her, for many weeks now; and she has changed so! It is all in the sex. Boys do not change. The young man of eighteen is very much the individual he was at sixteen, only taller—no coming out of any chrysalis with *him*.

But here is Alice Bowles. When Edward Arthur removed to Mrs. Sorel's Alice was but a girl—a lovely girl, but only a girl, although Mr. Neely *was* in the habit of visiting her so often. But to-day Alice Bowles is slightly taller. A pony in the old gin a woman. Her face is full, and her ruddy lip, and clear eye, and gentle yet firm expression, is that of a woman—no longer a girl. She always bore herself in that erect and imperial manner—something about the white brow as if made for a crown—a bend about the neck as of Marie Antoinette among the *sans culottes*. Before. It was a manner that went and came with her varying moods; but to-day it is herself. It may be the plumed riding-cap she wears; it may be her long riding-dress, which brought up vague memories of grand ladies in their trains at court; it may be it was in the excitement of the ride, which brought her face to glow so; it may be the contrast between the young beauty and the littered gin-house, which she stood and the dilapidation around her; or maybe it was her sudden advent through the dreary morning, and upon the back of the dreary hour, whatever was the reason, she came upon him there very little else to him than an angel from heaven. Had he seen her such in the light, years ago, when she was only the bud of what had now opened into the perfect rose?

There was one advantage he had over her. He had not come upon her in her retreat there. She was the out-of-the-way one. She had come upon him; and, somehow, from the first he had yielded to her the burden of the conversation. She first spoke, and he had only to mutter that he felt, and she felt, he had little more to add. Ah! how she talked, in order to keep from herself—or perhaps any thing else than her riding-whip at the shreds of cotton on the ground, shaking the drops of rain from her hat, or the skirt, smoothing the long smooth hair on each side of her brow.

"And oh, Mr. Arthur, I nearly forgot. What is the news? You were suddenly asked, after all other topics were exhausted. "Anne and I could hear the noise all the way to Mr. Wright's. What great and glorious Something has happened this time?" And she entered on the topic with a sense of indubitable pain, and yet of indefinable pleasure too.

Mr. Arthur related the contents of the dispatches. Quite accurately, too, when he was a wonder in those days. As a general rule it was a thing impossible, quite impossible, to do then; but on this day he did tell the news correctly. The contents of the last dispatch the moment he laid it down, but he never *could* repeat it accurately. If he was a wonder in those days, it was far more unfavorable to the Confederacy than at best the printed lines warranted. If he was a Secessionist the news he repeated would have very much more encouraging for the Confederacy than even the largest capitals of the sheet just in his hands could be.

"I need not ask your opinion of the news," said his companion, more thoughtfully. "I should be ashamed of you if you did not know from Shiloh—it is partly true and partly false. And you were right. But I am glad you can tell me all. It is a matter from the first, and with all the heart. One could enjoy one's self so!"

"You have a superhension about your brother—?"

"Oh no!" interrupted his companion. "Did not mamma show you—oh! I forgot at the moment that you do not live with us now. No; mamma sometimes has a fear about my brother, but—. He is in Charleston—under arrest, I am sorry to say. There was some Mississippian or Georgian or other from the North, I believe, that he neglected to obey some order, something of the kind, I do not exactly understand it. At any rate, Robert is under arrest. Anne says mamma always is easily falling him—is under arrest in Charleston. Since Rutledge ran out there Anne says she is very much afraid that, as superiors, it is a great pity they can not make it a rule to comply with it. At least mamma always says so," added Alice, with a touch of demure fun at the corners of her rosy mouth.

Her eyes being intent on the particular shred of cotton she was twisting round her whip, the whip upon the ground, Mr. Arthur had an opportunity of looking at her. Poor young fellow! he was so beautiful! so full of life! so full of love! And Secession has put them as far apart—not as the East is from the West; that simillitude is too delicate in these days—but as North and South are the North is from the South.

"You know I have never seen your brother," said her companion, seeing a pause, and with great satisfaction that the rain was beginning to fall heavier than ever. "Is he like you?" And Alice Bowles's Secessionist Alice hastened to finish the question for him.

"A strong resemblance between Rutledge and myself," the latter answered, yes, I dare say there is. We are both of us altogether too impatient of control—much in the habit of having our own way. It is a dreadful defect of character, Mr. Arthur," she said, looking up only for an instant at him, and then continuing to twist cotton, though it was at least "an inch" of "a king," of the unfortunate piece of cotton; "but I do not see that I can help myself. I am not to blame for it. We inherited it from our father, who was celebrated for his fixedness—if there is such a word—and we, of course, have been trained to it from our cradles. If pa had only lived it would have been far better for us both; but you know his indulgence and love for us."

"I for one would not have you otherwise than as you are for the world," Mr. Arthur said, emphatically—only it was to himself, not a syllable of it reaching his lips. And yet she knew as well, in the silence which followed her remark, that he was saying just that as if he had said it aloud.

"Only to think," she hastily added, therefore, "of the thousands of brave men that must have been killed! that is, if there really was any fighting at all in Virginia."

"And of the many thousands that are yet to die in hospital and upon battle-field before this war is over," added her companion. "We read of Rencesvalles and Pontenoy, and the gallant knights dying at Chevy Chase, and all. Yet the simple truth is, old Froissart, whom you remember we read together last summer, tells of no brave gentlemen nobler or braver in every sense of the word than our Southern soldiers. Chivalry boasts of nothing which the South is not equaling every day, and every hour of the day."

"But we of the South deserve and wear the name of Chivalry, Mr. Arthur, only *too* well," said Alice, after a pause. "I wish I could not think of it as I do, somehow or other, we seem to be as antiquated as Chivalry is, too. As to the nobleness, generosity, courtesy, and valor of our enemies, I think all the world is agreed; but, with all that, I can not help having a vague but painful sense that we are classed by Europe with Chivalry itself. If one half of the feeling of the world in regard to us is admiration, the other half of that feeling is pity. I am afraid it is owing to some book or other which I should never have read; or it may be some natural perversity of my character, but I feel sorry for you, as if our armies, gallant as they are, are warring against—what shall I call it?—against Destiny."

It may have been some improper reading, or it may have been the independence of her nature rebelling against whatever happened to be dictatorial; but it had pained her mother that Alice was not as thoroughly under the rule of the enthusiasm as she desired her to be. Perhaps Mr. Neely had visited her too much—had overdone in his conversation the topic of the hour. However it was, as she loved her mother, she had known Mrs. Sorel too long not to acknowledge to herself the calm superiority of her sense and judgment. It was not her opinion of her mother, beautiful as that impulse was—not that Mrs. Sorel had conversed with her on the great question. No. At least not for months now had she heard a word from her lips upon the merits of the quarrel. In truth, she was partly sorry that those days were the families thrown together. Mrs. Sorel had always spoken frankly on the subject when she spoke at all, and Mr. Neely had decided in her favor. Hinge on the subject as Mrs. Sorel was in her convictions. Feeling ex. Conviction—that was the case at least.

"If you will permit me, Miss Alice," said her companion, "I may be able to explain you to yourself. If you had read and thought as little upon the whole question now convulsing the country as the most of us young people, you—I mean the absence of it—I dare say you would think and feel exactly as they do. Or if, notwithstanding all your reading and reading, your character admitted of your forgetting every thing of the kind, and giving yourself up blindly to the popular enthusiasm, you would be, then, too, you would feel and think, as, for instance, your friend Miss Anne Wright does. I do not mean to hurt you, Miss Alice, but I can not say what I wish to say without seeming to do so," he added, knotting the lash of his riding-whip industriously in front.

"I only wish I was as happy as Anne in her whole-heartedness upon the subject," said Alice. "I love her dearly, you know, as you—I mean I serve she thinks if the Yankees succeed they will actually make her go to the wash-tub for them, and that her father's demand or a field hand of her. I'd like to see them come carrying around out, her father says. Anne says she'll die first. I suppose she will have to eat any dish of her preparing, if I was Mrs. Lincoln, or whoever her future mistress is to be; it would be fair enough, seeing what they are so hasty. But," said Alice, with a laugh. "But, then, there is my dear, dear mother," she added, with sudden gravity.

"Will you forgive me, Miss Alice?" said her companion. "My admiration and affection for your mother are so strong to your own, and I venture to say only this," he continued, gravely, although he saw the color rising in her cheek—"I say only this to the date of your mother's birth you would have felt and thought just as she does to-day. It may be your misfortune, but you will, in many things, differ from your mother. There has been a vast change in the very latitude since then. Look at your mother's miniature, taken when she was a bride. There is—whether we like it or not—a still greater change in the features of men. A process of active intellect—one who reads, thinks, arrives at independent conclusions—can not be the same in opinion who has been a thirty-five years before, unless you lived like Robinson Crusoe on a desert island, or unless you lived exclusively in society on section, like the Chinese, or unless you went—"

"Fast asleep, like Rip Van Winkle," interrupted his companion, laughing. "Dear me, how rains! How mamma will scold me for venturing out from Mr. Wright's! You must excuse me, Mr. Arthur; I am in fault, but I have not to think in these days. I wish I could stop thinking, I'm sure. I would give all I possess for a good drink from the flagon that put Rip Van Winkle asleep!"

"To come out of your cave at last, as he did, and find all the world changed by other hands than your own. Well, perhaps so. And yet if there is indeed a great change for the better to be brought about by other brains and through other hands, I confess I would prefer not to live altogether apart from it. I would like—at least in my happier moments I feel so—to have a heart and a hand in the work. But it is a weariness thing to think upon so steadily. I never felt it more so than to-day."

Although Alice did not look at her companion she knew the less saw the sad pain, and even anguish, upon his face. With a woman's quick insight, however, she saw that the anxiety and uncertainty almost which used to—or which she mouth ago fancied used to—mark the countenance of the young minister, was giving place to a tweold expression of confidence and peace; an expression growing from day to day through great suffering into an aspect of certainty and joy. Yet Mr. Neely was much the handsomest man of thetwo, so fai and re; and full of cordial sympathy with the invaded South.

"If a person does not agree in sentiment with the people of the South what does he stay here for? Evidently he ought to be with that people in whose opinions he agrees. If I was with the Yankees I would go there, and I would stay there. That was Mr. Neely's decided opinion in his last conversation with Alice—another in his last conversation with Mrs. Bowles which Alice was present. Mr. Neely did not mention to Arthur's mother in that conversation—or that he could, of course, have no reference to him; certainly not.

"But suppose, Mr. Neely," Alice had innocently asked, looking up from her sewing—a soldier's shirt it was, one of a dozen made from the cover of her piano, cut up for that purpose as the only material to be had—"suppose you possessed property at the South, valuable property, all the property you owned in the world. I believe it is the certain log of property in the South for a person to leave as you advise; if you held the sentiments you mention, as you have said, as you say, at the sacrifice of all you possessed?"

"I certainly would, Miss Alice," he replied, enduring her look. Perhaps—in such a case Mr. Neely would. But perhaps in such a case Mr. Neely would not, also.

"Then if all persons were now at the North, entertaining the sentiments you do, you would instantly leave the North for the South, giving up all you have to do so?" was Miss Alice. Her beautiful eyes were full upon him. What could he do?

"I would, Miss Alice, I certainly would!" Oh, Mr. Neely! Not to know that you knew, and that she knew, whether you knew or not. But, then, the temptation was so great, to Mr. Neely the greatest temptation possible in the whole world.

"Suppose, Mr. Neely, though you disapproved of the step taken by the South, and agreed in sentiment with the North, in consequence, but stop, by the North, yet you shrank from engaging in actual war upon your own people, or even from being surrendered by such as were, how then?" Alice had asked.

"These are no days for such nice distinctions, Miss Alice," the school teacher had promptly replied. "As one feels and thinks so should he act. A man must adopt one side or the other, and without a spirit of reluctance or shame in doing so. And men will do so whose views are clear. He that is not against us is with us; he that is not with us is against us—plain as the multiplication table, Miss Alice."

Alice really did not know what to reply. But it seemed almost easy to hear this gentleman from New England speaking so freely of *We* and *Us* in connection with Southern affairs. The possessive pronoun in all their inflections were used with painful frequency by the Yankee Secessionists. "*Our* brave boys!" "The way *We* are whipping Burnside!" "The diabolical designs meditated against *Us* by the Federals!" and kindred phrases, were more frequent on the lips of men like Mr. Neely from the North than of those who had never been outside the South in their own selves, or in the persons of their associations, since secession was settled.

It seemed somewhat of a coincidence, then, with Mr. Neely's previous remarks, that Mr. Arthur should say now, living Alice's radical doctrine and answering her very thoughts:

"I do not wish to speak of myself. Here in God's providence I am. Not a day, or a moment of the day, that I do not feel how painful a thing it is to be in any public sentiment, especially from the sentiments of those among whom we have lived all our lives, than whom there are none in all the world for whom I honor or love more. I have done my very best to become a Secessionist, but I can not. I have done my utmost to think, at least to those of my father all, the Confederate Government will be a success and a blessing to the South. For my life I can not think so. I am not going to Europe, and if I could I would feel very much like Jonah on his way to Tarshish, stern or no stern. No, I am in circumstances as a minister of the Gospel. So long as I am permitted to do so, I will continue the duties of my office, obeying faithfully the Scripture injunctions as to the atonements over me. I was, I may almost say, in agonies of mind, at first. I am getting used to it. I have written to my wife a letter that I should not have acted otherwise than I have done that I am coming to feel as quiet as mind as a man can be—a happy, quiet gentleness that I never possessed before. And my experience, though I am not so situated as to have correspondence, or the leaves to correspond in the way, with one of them, is that of perhaps thousands of my brethren in the ministry at the South, and, in some respects, of hundreds of thousands of the very best men, all Southern men, and destined to do a great work in and for the South yet. But I am near this hour, Miss Alice. And I am the only Southern man in the whole South entertaining the sentiments I do, I could entertain them not a jot the less for that. It may be my misfortune, it may be my crime, it certainly is my case. And in the future of myself and of my country I am learning to leave the whole in the Hands that are managing it, perfectly satisfied in advance as to the result. You must really excuse me, Miss Alice," he added, with a smile. "It is the first time I have spoken to you thus of myself. I regret you it shall be the last time. It has only happened so, you see. You must endure it as one of the accidents of this rainy day."

But Alice did not hear these last words. It was only a few days ago that she had been reading Milton, and why she knew not, but the lines were passing through her mind as he spoke:

"So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single."

Her head drooped until the plume of her riding-cap almost concealed her face. But, at last, Edward Arthur had nothing to her of himself which she did not know already, and know fully as well as he did himself. She stood still, occupied with the shred of cotton on the ground at her feet. But no longer cutting at it as before, moving it about with her and thither with the lash of her riding-whip, lovingly, caressingly even, as if it were some living thing which she would not hurt for the world.

"No, but Miss Alice, what I want to know"—Mrs. Warner had said to her in the farmhouse where the ladies met to work for the soldiers only the week before, and it was after a long stretch of remark by Mrs. Warner on the one topic—"what I want to know is just this: do you not believe that the Yankees, invading our country, burning our homes, killing our women and children, are worse than the very devils in hell?"

"How should I know, Mrs. Warner?" Alice had replied. "I have never been to the abodes of the evil spirits you speak of. I never saw a devil in my life. If I was to come upon a person possessed with one, I would keep as far off from —dear me, you must excuse me, I must go and get Mrs. Sorel yonder to give me some more thread."

"I tell you, Dr. Warner," Mrs. Warner remarked, to her husband at supper that night, "there is something wrong about that Miss Bowles. Her mother, Mrs. Bowles, such a genuine Southern woman, too. You are their family physician, and ought to cross me. Because I am so strong for the South you are exactly the opposite" [Dr. Warner demurred, but she was not far from the truth. But Dr. Warner only ate his supper with the shower-bath droop about the head, and nodded no endorsement.

"All our father was a staunch Secessionist years ago," mused Mrs. Warner, aloud, striking her tea-spoon against her empty cup. "And as for the gentleman staying in their parlor, grand enough to look at; only it's a pity he couldn't have left a few more years to his wife and children. There's Ratledge Bowles, Mrs. Bowles is so even. Lastingly talking about. A worthless, drinking, gambling fellow, there in Charleston, if half I've heard about him is true. He'd better be here at home making money for his mother. But he's a good Secessionist, was active in the raising of Fort Sumter there at Charleston. Did Alice ever visit the North?" asked Mrs. Warner, suddenly.

"I believe not," replied her husband.

"Because it always has the worst effect on Southern girls, spending the summer months at the North! I reckon that old cry is over. I never was out of the South! And a far better South, ern man you would be, Dr. Warner, if you had never spent that time in Philadelphia, attending medical lectures. If I only had my way," said Mrs. Warner, for the three thousandth time, "no Southern citizen should ever visit the North on any pretext. Nor Europe either, for that matter: they are all free to rank Abolitionist as they are at the North. Won't recognize us on account of Slavery, Yancey said there in his speech in New Orleans. Or, if I had my way, I'd build a wall a hundred feet high all round the South, in real earnest; nobody should go out and nobody should come in. To think how they used to flood the country with their books and papers and peddlers and things! Hang them all!"

"I am afraid Alice has taken an active part," began the Doctor.

"Presenting that flag? Sewing, and singing at concerts for the soldiers, and all that?" interrupted his wife. "There's something wrong for all that. I began to think so the day she opposed Jane's lottery for the assistance of that regiment. It was against the rules of religion, she said, and there is a law of the country somewhere how she came to know that?—expressly prohibiting it. As if any body would dare enforce such a law these days. And as if Alice Bowles, she himself did not go in for it, and have the meeting to arrange for it in the very church. But, upon my word, we had it out at last. I don't know exactly how it is," said Mrs. Warner, in a lower and more intense tone, peering at her husband with suspicious eyelashes, and shading the tea-spoon at him like the thyrsus of a magician. "It is *Mr. Arthur!* Haven't I got eyes? Never tell me! And he himself, only two years, now; helping her in her studies, and all that stuff. He's gone to live at Mrs. Sorel's, I know. He doesn't visit at Mrs. Bowles hardly at all. I met their boy Charles on the street and asked him only the other day. I know they sin't engaged, for I asked Mr. Arthur himself when he was here last. But there's something wrong in Alice's mind about Secession, and it came there just in that way, you mark my words. And how people—you among them—*will* continue to go and hear him preach these days is more than I can understand. For my part I'll just as soon—"

But we have no disposition to share in Dr. Warner's surveillance.

A very smart woman was Mrs. Warner. Long and unwearying investigations into the affairs of others had given her a remarkable power of insight. Who will deny all of her reasonings in this matter? The being a Union man involved, at that period of the war, in general estimation, the being either a fool or a knave. Now Alice could not believe that Mr. Arthur was either; so that her faith in the desperate depravity of Unionism may have thereby been shaken. And there was Mr. Arthur, the old and trusted friend, one whom she had so long loved and esteemed, a South Carolinian too; her sentiments were all against Secession. It only happened that way, too. But was ever fly entangled in a web so terrible? It was Spenser's ever old and forever new Story of Una and the Red Cross Knight in the wider senses. Ah, how dark and brambly the way! Consider this Southern girl—for hers is but one case of how many thousands of her sex! Now on the bosom of the old era, tended by it from birth with its ten thousand tenderest touches; all the deep exercise of early and life-long prejudice repelling her from the bringers-on of the new era; all the warmest sympathies natural to the human heart, with a kindred blood, valor struggling against overwhelming odds: add to this the ever-present force of an almost universal estimate, that the North was drawing over her, with skies so dim and with hints so vague of its coming clearness. Happy are those whose lot it is that they can be—Fate—leaders in their parents, let us instance. Happier still those who live in the centre of the era which follows—the centre of the era of Peace and Restantism, we will say. But the transition period between the two eras—how stormy and difficult all perplexity! In every transition period the perplexity lies not without only—it is within one's own bosom that the difficulty lies, and the bitterness. Easy enough to do the right when a sincere soul but *knows* the right—the agony is to know with sufficient clearness what is the right.

If one dare plagiarize from Brother Barker in his sketch of finding the Lord, perhaps we might be tempted as we read to let finger and eye linger upon this prophecy as bearing upon the days of Secession: "Let there be light, said in that day that the light shall not be clear nor dark; but it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, not day nor night: but it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light." Only look in Brother Barker's little book for the fulfilment, for the light was in the two verses immediately before this passage is all worn away. Brother Barker, standing in the path as a humble Christian, with trembling, has kept the fore-finger of his left hand pressed just there, holding on like an anchor to the passage, and he will tell you that he was once about wildly in a tempest of declamation, proving that therein Secession and its glories were set forth as clear as noonday, and that the only inference of judicial blindness upon those who could not see it. Let us do the brother justice; daily prejudice, and the bias of Southern education does refer to Secession, and is it striking, very striking indeed. However, Brother Barker's finger was interposed providentially: you have curiosity to look them up—those sixth and seventh verses of the fourteenth Zechariah—the reverse.

The rain is falling less and less heavily upon the leaky roof of the old gin-house, if the parties within only knew it. Twenty times has the young minister said to himself, No, by the Lord! not neither the time nor the place." But there is something about the drooped head and the lean upon the shoulder, and the shadow of the gloved hand holding the riding-whip, as it toys with the shred of cotton on the dust, that tempts him. He has not yet spoken with the soul, his heart; and how soft and affecting are the tones of the voice when one does so!

"And, next to the blessing of my own conscience, do I desire *your* approval," he is beginning to say, when Alice raises herself and looks across the field full right in front. She has heard nothing, but a woman's instinct of approaching danger is strong upon her. And at the same time only a couple hundred hundreds of yards away riding slowly toward them. It is strange how swift the sex is in its reasonings and conclusions.

In the instant of seeing the approaching horseman she says, and she says it hurriedly:

"May I ask it as a special favor, Mr. Arthur, that you will mount your horse and leave me? You see the rain is over. Excuse me, but please do. How unfortunate!"

Mr. Arthur hears, with sense of pleasure at the tones, but with surprise at the request.

"I have only to remount and ride off with my request if you only knew why I ask it," she said, still more hurriedly, her eyes upon the horseman, her hand upon his own, pressing his arm.

"Really, Miss Alice," her companion began.

"Oblige me this once, Mr. Arthur," she continued, in tones of entreaty and apprehension. "Yonder is Mr. Wright. You know his character and sentiments. I have a fear that he may be intoxicated—"

"You must excuse me, Miss Alice," interrupted Edward Arthur, "if I cannot at once understand your apprehension, but I can not do as you wish." And a flush almost of anger mounted to his temples.

It was too late. Alice busied herself with her pony, leading him in front of Harper's weekly, who assisted her to mount.

"Why, good-morning to you, Mr. Wright," said Alice to the horseman, who had now reached and halted in tones of gayety intended to contrast with those she had just used. "I will be glad of your escort back to your house. I myself must

this morning for home in spite of all Anne could do. But I have got wet; do let us make haste; the rain is over. And she lifted her reins, gathered in her hand as if to start, keeping herself, however, still between Mr. Arthur and the person she addressed.

With an "Excuse me, Miss Alice!" Edward Arthur struck her pony a slight blow with his riding-whip, and Mr. Wright, who had reined in his horse with drunken dignity, sat staring at him face to face.

Alonzo Wright. As refined and agreeable a gentleman as you could meet with any where, when sober. When drunk, a devil incarnate. Long ago had he killed his first man. It was when he was transported, and because he fancied at the time the individual in question, a merry youth of sixteen—Jim Hartley—was looking impertinently at him. Jim Hartley had died a lunatic since then. But when he did become intoxicated the passion for killing some one again came over him. Some twenty had just passed of his drunkenness. It all took place before Mr. Wright removed to his present home; in fact he had come hither on that account: Jim, unless rumor lied more even than it usually does, if Jim Hartley was the first he was by no means the last man Mr. Wright had killed. Every body knew Alonzo Wright: and when drunk Nero on his throne had not more reason to dread him. Then the rest of them as did not fly the spot. Shunned as his house was by almost every one except a servant or five, it was on that very account that Alice had felt specially drawn to poor Anne Wright, her school-fellow, and hence her visit.

As Alice anticipated, Mr. Wright was drunk, very drunk. How could it have been otherwise in Somerville during the first week of such glad news? There had been a military prohibition on the sale of liquor in the place for several weeks past; but the announcement of Lee's surrender, as they styled it, "the blockade on whisky" to celebrate the glorious victory over M'Clellan. Men who never drank before got drunk in Somerville last night. Men whose whisky had been cut off for the months past drank last night in Somerville the full value of long abstinence. Even Lamum was shocked at the state of Somerville last night, Tim Lamum, his nephew, waiting each moment to take his office hour in the experiences of his first "regular spree." And Mr. Wright, having an entire grocery abandoned to him during the war, had no lack of whisky. No one. He was riding home with an unsatisfied craving in his heart, his loaded revolver ready for any emergency that might arise, and the wrath slumbered in his bosom against whatever negro might come out to hold his horse as he should dismount at the gate. Not a negro in the place, however, but will find pressing business on the remotest part of the plantation when he is known to be "Lonzo Lonny is comin'."

Such is Alonzo Wright, a slight-built, sandy-haired, paled-eyed man, who now sits his horse gazing upon the young minister, of whose presence he was not aware until Alice and her pony had separated between them.

It all takes place as in a second of time.

"And who are you?" Mr. Wright says, with a sudden blackness in his eyes and voice.

Edward Arthur knows perfectly well who and what is Alonzo Wright is. More than once has he been received with the most gentlemanly courtesy by Mr. Wright in visiting there. But that was months ago. Besides, it was under Mr. Wright's own roof. It stands as he is, were it under that roof he was now meeting Mr. Arthur, he would have treated him as a gentleman and a guest. But he is not in his own house; Mr. Wright is drunk, and this Mr. Arthur is strongly suspected of being a Union man. Nothing more discovered by Mr. Wright even when sober than that.

"My name is Edward Arthur," replies that gentleman; but his manner is stern from his knowledge of the questioner and of what may follow.

"A preacher and an Abolitionist," says Mr. Wright, with a volley of oaths.

Mr. Arthur has nothing to reply, but has turned to the side on which his horse is tied, and is slowly unfastening him to return home.

"And now you are going to run away from what you Yankees always do. Hold on!" exclaims Mr. Wright, in a tone such as only men like those of his class can use. "Get out of the way!" he adds, with a cut of his whip across the head of Alice's pony, which she is endeavoring to ride between them. He hears not a word of Alice's entreaty, not an ear of her existence. His eyes, almost shut, are fastened upon his prey.

"Leave here, I tell you!" drawing his revolver from his girdle as he speaks, "I've got one boy away in the army fighting the Yankees. Let no one of you remain in that bright air Richmond. If there is any thing in this world I would like to do this morning it is to kill an Abolitionist. Leave here!" Hurrah for Jeff Davis!' or you are a dead man."

Knowing his man, hearing that indescribable tone in his voice, Edward Arthur had no doubt that he meant what he said.

"Do, Mr. Arthur, for my sake, *my sake*, my sake," Alice says, upon repeating, while endeavoring to force her pony between them. But pony fears Mr. Wright's whip and shies off.

Unarmed, the thought of springing upon him before he can shoot, there is no alternative.

"Fire when you please, I will die first!" he replies, as pale, as cold, as rigid as a statue.

There is the sharp crack of a revolver, with Alice's shriek on the air. It may have been that Mr. Wright has been drunk too long, or that there was an extra quantity of strychnine in the whisky of last night; for the generous liquor is sometimes corrupted in the course of blockade—but the bullet sings by Mr. Arthur's left ear, and he stands erect and unhurt. And next, what? He thinks of springing upon the desperado, but he knows there are five more charges in his weapon! Mr. Wright curses his horses and again presents his weapon.

"One more chance, Abolitionist," he says, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis and the Confederacy!—or run with it!"

The young minister has no reply at all to make this time. Pale, cold, rigid he fastens his eye, glittering as it is, upon that of Mr. Wright. No attention at all does that individual pay to Alice, who has leaped from her pony and stands on the side pulling at the bridle-rein, now at rest, weeping and entreating. He keeps his weapon leveled at the forehead of his intended victim, his finger on the trigger full a minute.

There is neither flinching of muscle nor quailing of eye there. Mr. Wright deliberately lowers his weapon. "What! he questions, in an oath, "you are as brave as a man can be. I'll do you that justice if you are an Abolitionist. I could not kill even a Southern lunatic if I no was looking me as straight in the eyes. We'll cry quits if you say so;" and he rose in his stirrup to replace his weapon in confidence in its sheath at his waist.

"No, Sir," said Mr. Arthur, sternly, "I am not a specially brave man that I am aware of. But it happens to me just now that I am not particularly in love with this world. I am, I trust, prepared for the other. Besides, I am not in your hands or in those of any other man; now, as always, I am in the hands of my God."

"It looked very much as if God had turned you over to me just now; one touch of my finger on that trigger, and you would be dead in the other world sure enough. However, we won't quarrel about it. Ah, this is you, Miss Alice? Are continue," is it? You must really pardon me any rudeness. But we do not capture a M'Clellan and his entire army every day"—the gentleman instantly for now in the right humor. "Shall we ride? Anne will be glad to see you."

"Thank you, Mr. Wright," said Alice, who was by this time seated again on her pony, "I believe I will ride on home; Mr. Arthur will be kind enough to escort me. Good-morning" and the two rode slowly off, leaving Mr. Wright carefully buttoning up his waistcoat to protect his cherished whisky-flask from the drenching but what he ought use to it yet. And long sits Mr. Wright upon his horse, looking after them as they ride slowly, decidedly in reference to the course he has pursued in failing to kill some one, especially the chance, in his way of thinking, of having to kill a Union man! Dissatisfied Alonzo Wright is with the event and with himself. Stop! for the moment of the rascals have been up to something on the place since he left yesterday. Want to be free, do they? Give them good cause to run one of them—and with appetite quickened by new hope of food, Mr. Wright spurs from under the old gin, and rides off in search of his chief victim.

Alice rode along the miry way in silence, weeping and mirth struggling with and neutralizing each other to produce a sort of hysteria. She knew little these two can find to say to each other under the circumstances all the way to Mrs. Bowles's front gate, and even then. Mr. Arthur is almost haughty in his bearing, certainly very cold and quiet. And so, assisting her from her pony, they part. Mr. Arthur declining to enter the house on the plea of neglected studies.

Yet all the way to Mrs. Bowles, and when he rushed with it to the latter, one of those fatal fiancies that his companion cits of his own with a form more erect, and the morning as of a new purpose kindled within her. Ah, her fancy, I dare say," he said to himself as he rode homeward, "only fancy!"

"Proof! For any one to speak of my being *proud!*" Alice says to herself, as she stands in her room, her hand vacantly and mechanically about the fastening of her hat. Unconscious of herself utterly, because so conscious of another, and that other not Mr. Bowles's children, immaculate Secessionist though Mr. Neely is! Four years since the writer was seen a copy of Tennyson about a copy of some hundreds of miles, from memory let the lines be ventured:

"Love took up the harp of life, struck on all chords with might,
Smote the chord of self, which, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

CIRCULAR STREET, PEKIN.

Our engraving on page 216 will give the reader some idea of the extraordinary bizarre aspect of the capital of the Celestial Empire. Can any thing be more strange and fantastic to European eyes than this Circular Street of Pekin? We can hardly realize the multifariously quaint and grotesque peculiarities of objects here before us. The occupants of Pekin to an immense fair especially holds good in streets such as this, composed of shops where the custom every day is to attract customers from your neighbor by banging out signs of all forms and descriptions, and in every direction, representing the kind of articles, goods, and merchandise sold within, and bearing names and announcements written in the picturesque Chinese characters, yellow, in gilt, or red, or black, or calico, till the street is more gay than a fleet dressed with flags for a Royal reception; signs, indeed, of every color and every pennants into the street; or suspended obliquely, like a barber's pole; or dangling from a flag-staff like a streamer or the French ordinance; or perched on the top of a mast; together with a thousand other devices of inexhaustible grotesqueness. Add to all this the ceaseless irregularity of the facades of the tent-like houses with horned eaves like a pagoda; then people your caravanserai with the strangest race on earth, and you may form an idea of the Quadrant of Pekin.

Pekin consists of two cities—a northern and a southern.



CIRCULAR STREET, PEKIN, CHINA.—[SEE PAGE 215.]



VIEW OF VOLCANIC ERUPTION AT SANTORIN, WITH THE TOWN OF THERA IN THE BACK-GROUND.

VOLCANIC ERUPTION AT SANTORIN.

OUR American Consul at Athens, Mr. CANFIELD, sends us two photographic views of the extraordinary convulsion which recently took place at Santorin, in the Grecian Archipelago. We give a few extracts from Mr. CANFIELD'S letter, followed by a detailed description of the marvelous event, translated from a Greek paper:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

ATHENS, *February 23, 1866.*

I send you herewith two photographs of New Kaimeni, taken by the best photographer here, who accompanied the Commission sent by the Government to see the eruption of the submarine volcano, of which the inside coasts of Therasia and Santorin form the internal walls of the crater. I also send you a very perfect map made by an officer of the Topographical Engineers, on which are indicated the part of the island sunk and the new elevation.

The view showing the act of eruption was taken from Old Kaimeni, and where you see a smooth sea, along the edges of which thin vapor is rising, there has now grown up a little island. The new promontory is a tongue of land running out between two little inlets or bays, in the larger of which the little island, and on the smaller the promontory, George I., has sprung up. Beyond the smoke may be seen the town of Thera, about 2½ miles from the eruption, on the island of Santorin.

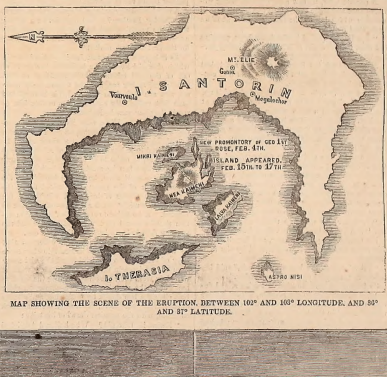
The other photograph represents the part of the island which is sinking, and the white house in the water up to the windows shows their peculiar style of building, which the Santorins, with their Boeotian facilities, have succeeded in inventing. The black mass, forming the principal object in the picture, is the new promontory now at rest. The pools in the sinking portion of Kaimeni are the lakes of fresh water mentioned in the following description by DECIGALA.

This description is a translation of the first observer, J. DECIGALA, published in Greek in the newspapers of Syra. It is interesting as being the production of the only man on the island of Santorin who can read and write.

An ex-minister of the marine, who came from Syra, told me, as the latest news, that heavy shocks of earthquake had taken place at Santorin, and the whole gulf seemed one mass of smoke. The Government has sent a Commission to investigate the subject. I saw to-day letters from two members who agree in minuting every thing up to this date as merely professory, and give it as their opinion that a new island will rise, bursting forth with magnificent eruptions of lava streams.

The rock I have seen from these eruptions seems halfway between basalt and lava, is black, and on the fracture presents minute crystals of feldspar.

In the description which follows the reader should bear in mind that a metre nearly corresponds to the English yard, being 39⅓ inches.



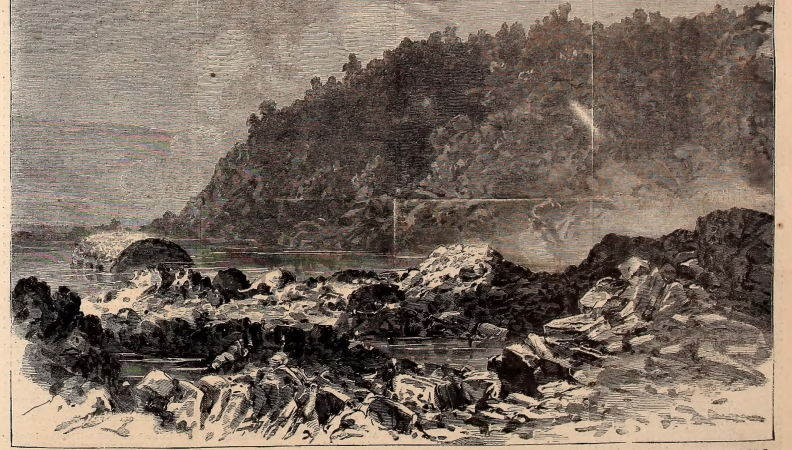
MAP SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE ERUPTION, BETWEEN 102° AND 103° LONGITUDE, AND 36° AND 37° LATITUDE.

DECIGALA'S ACCOUNT.

To the Monarch of the Cyclades:

SANTORIN, *January 31, 1866.*

A remarkable phenomenon has for several days occupied the attention of the inhabitants of Santorin. On the 13th instant a low rumbling sound was heard from time to time in New Kaimeni, and especially at the place called Vatyeni, where are the mineral waters. At the same time stones detached from different parts of the island were constantly falling about. Early morning of the 19th cracks could be seen on the walls of buildings, as also in the ground and the newly erected quay. Toward noon the rumblings



ERUPTION AT SANTORIN.—VIEW SHOWING THE SUNKEN PORTION OF NEW KAIMENI IN THE FORE-GROUND, AND BEYOND THE NEW PROMONTORY OF GEORGE I.

begin to be more frequent, till they sounded like successive discharges of artillery. In the little harbor of Volcano the sea was violently agitated, and an innumerable multitude of bubbles rose incessantly from the depths. At the same time we could see on the surface and on the borders white vapors giving an odor of sulphur. The afternoon of the same day the boiling of the sea increased, and the ground on the beach commenced gradually to sink down. The morning of the 30th, about five o'clock, flames, forming a conical fire of 10 to 15 square metres at the base and 5 to 6 in height, rose from the sea on the east. An hour they entirely disappeared. We then went upon the spot with an engineer and some others to make a minute examination of the phenomenon. We then saw that the whole southern part of New Kaimeni was covered with ashes. A steam, commencing at the western shore near the port of St. George, was pursuing itself over the land and divided in two equal portions the conically formed hill and the mountain behind. Other considerable vapors were running from east to west, others from north to south, expanded like a cloud over parts the ground of the whole southeastern portion of the island. This land, which is formed only of the earth but of an accumulation of volcanic stones and ensue, or rather of the powder of basaltic rocks, was already covered in all its upper portion with vegetation. We saw here for little lakes of pure water, whose surface was receding; for having only a moderate largeur of all, which had hardly an area of 12 square metres, we saw no more than five centimetres within four hours. We advanced toward the focus of the volcanic region, and proceeded to explore other like lakes of larger ages. White and suffocating vapors arose from the agitated sea, and from the lakes we saw new fissures of greenish color, proving that the vapors which arose were of hydro-sulphuric and hydro-phosphoric nature. The ground was constantly shaken, though it subsided very slowly, directly toward the interior of the crater of the eruption. The depression of the ground was much more perceptible on the western part of the island. Between this last shown a depression of hardly three metres, while the western portion had a still greater extent in width. The subsidence, as I have said, took place insensibly and gradually, and without shaking the surface of the water at the moment of our arrival and that of our departure, we saw that in the space of less than the toll of the bell of a watch-glass had sunk sixty centimetres (about three-fifths of a yard).

The sea was agitated and red, like water containing a great quantity of pulverized ochre. Its temperature was that of the rest of the sea, but it tasted bitter, and when taken up in a tumbler appeared turbid. Between 10 and 11 A.M. there was very great, and doubtless came from the abundant springs existing in the crater of Jera, which, mixed with force from its depths, accompanied with much noise from the commotion with violence. About noon of the same day we felt it Santorin a slight shock.

The night of the 30th and 31st the sea around New Kaimeni was milky white on its surface, and on the interior of the bay it appeared as though it were boiling. The water color which continued some minutes, while in the harbor of St. George a violent agitation was formed which carried the vessels from going out, especially against the south wind, which drove directly into the entrance of the port. The four lakes formed in the morning were a little larger, and five other appeared very clear and were of a round form appeared, while the subsidence of the ground gradually continued, but more rapidly on the shore of the new island chosen, where it was estimated at 10 centimetres per hour. All the mountain buildings of the island were full of cracks; the old fractures have increased and new ones made their appearance, but always on the southern part of the island, and nowhere beyond the port at St. George. The low communication between the old and the new land by the Volcano continues to take place at intervals. The boiling on the sea continues likewise, and on the 31st there was such that it rendered the approach of boats impossible. The odor of sulphur was perceived by the crew of the ship at Santorin. The gulls and other sea birds, which on the first day had assembled in numerous flocks in the middle of the land and flying fish which floated on the surface of the gulf, did not appear on the 31st.

In the night of the 31st and 32d we saw from time to time flames of a red color, and principally at the end of the east, whence in the morning there was seen to proceed without interruption a thick cloud of white but dense. The subsidence of the ground continued with the same shortness of the 30th of the fractures, and particularly those of the conical hill, enlarged sensibly. The water in all the lakes, with the exception of one, became muddy, and bitter, and the sea-water of Volcano smelling bad, as also the water of the neighboring river, which was bitter, and the heat transmit themselves beyond the chasm to the west of the new island, under which appeared to be the focus of the volcanic action. The heating of the sea has reached to about the entire Gulf of Santorin. During night the odor and smoke became more intense, and at times red flames appeared in the centre of volcanic region, and the smoke became thicker and of deeper color. These flames, which successively diminished, reappeared at noon and a half, after which they disappeared, and we see in the same place a white column, which gradually rose.

I am going on the spot to examine there there curious phenomena.

F.S.—N. C., Jan. 25, 11.30 A.M.—The reef has been changed to an island, in which I was unable to examine very closely on account of the temperature and the boiling of the water. I approached, however, to within a mile within a distance of ten paces, and could observe all with perfect exactness. The right is a mountain of rock and the more agreeable ones, without the least danger, on one on the island gradually increasing. The water, although thick, and rising in abundance from all parts of the rising land, has not undergone a disagreeable change nor a very high temperature, and in no way impedes the respiration. You are to me to finance to be seen, and the border of foots destroyed by the subsidence, or belonging to the first island, the same which in the night of the 30-day raised with the bottom of the sea, appear attached to the two parts of the island. Between the centre of the action in the midst of the smoke without being at all burned. There are the sayings of the ground of the island. There is no noise. The stones are not thrown up into the air but the island develops itself simply in the form of a bubble, from inside to outside, with such rapidity that I can not compare with the eye the gradual increase, although unable to distinguish in what manner the stones and the earth are successively added.

Now, as I am writing, I estimate the height of the islet at from 15 to 20 metres, and its size 30 to 40 metres in length by 5 to 10 in breadth. The subsidence of the neighboring portion to-day to have increased sensibly. The water of the entire Gulf of Santorin is, so I perceive, colored and thick. The principal source of the eruption is, likewise, while on the spot, where the eruption takes place, and in a water of Volcano, close by, and the coast. It is in a state of constant effervescence. It is evident that these volcanic eruptions have a very powerful local influence on the island of Santorin, except a slight shock, which preceded it at five o'clock the same morning by the 30th instant. The meteorologic condition has never experienced any change, and these phenomena, in the midst of calm, or when violent winds were blowing from different points of the compass, or even amid the rain, they have continued to operate alike.

F.S.—N. C. has not increased to nearly the size of the former size. It directs itself apparently away from the place where it made its appearance. I do not believe the volcanic eruption has ever shown itself so active and so terrible since the year 1707. God grant it may remain so until its close!

Jan. 26.—Night might the island has continued to form itself with the same tranquillity. It is now 200 metres long, so as to present a great heap of burning coals. The smoke which rises is equally horizontal, so that I think it will be compared to a comet's tail. Some of the islands present a phosphoric gleam, and from the great chasm at the summit of the central hill rise at intervals reddish flames.

4 A.M.—The smoke augments in proportion to the size of the growing island, which is continually rising, but not with the same rapidity as yesterday. The shaking of the ground appears to have ceased. The color of the sea are as yesterday—those of the whole of ochre and troubled. Fortunately the day is fine. At 6 A.M. I am on the spot to admire again from the near at spot the beautiful and magnificent sight.

J. L. CARDALA.

AN APRIL FOOL.

IRA HART had been foolish enough, in the first place, to leave his father's pleasant farm on the edge of the village of Sparkville, and come to New York City in search of employment. Setting aside the motives which do mostly influence young men to leave farm-life and seek the city, Ira had a good motive-settle the question of folly for a good many young men—it was foolish in our friend Ira to come to a city where thousands of young men are "as thick as flies in a molasses cask," and expect to get a recognition of his merits on the strength of his own honesty of purpose. Ira found this out, and was constantly doing this foolish thing, and constantly repenting it, as Ira was very much inclined to do after there was no need for repentance. The little money he had brought to the city with him was nearly all gone—notwithstanding he had lived very plainly—and still up to any employment. M'Pack-er's boarding-house, instead of running up hill hills.

It was the first of April, and Ira came out of his boarding-house and walked up the street, debating with himself as to what direction his efforts for the day should take; for he was unrelaxing in his endeavors to obtain employment, day after day.

He had not gone three rods before he was aware of being an object of interest to a cluster of juvenile who danced and grinned delightedly in his vicinity. Encouraged by the first effort of the day, he put his hand behind him and quietly removed a slip of white paper from his coat-tail, to which it had been fastened with a pin.

"April fool!" sang out the boys; and the inscription on the paper corroborated their view of the case.

A minute later, he saw a poorly-clad young woman pass and stoop over, about to pick up a small package which lay on the sidewalk, and which had manifestly been abandoned.

"April fool!" yelled half-a-dozen boys, popping out from behind the ash of tricks, and pointing jeering fingers at the stooping girl.

She drew back her hand as quickly as if it had been burned, and looked up with a flush of confusion on her sad, thin face.

Ira went idly up to the package and picked it up, reminded of the pranks of the urchins, hilarious at the appearance of a fresh victim so quickly after the last. Supposing it to be a paper of pins, he was about to empty it into the mud of the gutter, when something in its feeling deterred him. It did not feel like pins.

He opened one end of the package, and found that it contained a little red shoe—a baby's shoe—another with the mate to it, and eight quarters of red rutile. Evidently the boys knew nothing of the contents of the package, which some one had accidentally dropped, and which the girl had taken for them brave enough to open on the first of April.

"Whoever tied up these things so neat," said Ira, "tied up the package for me."

He turned the package over, and found on one side some writing, nearly obliterated by the mud and wet.

"I'll take it to the house and dry it," said he, and then, perhaps, I can read the writing."

So he walked back to the kitchen, and descended straightway to the kitchen, knowing there was no fire in the house that mild day except that which burned in the kitchen stove. The girl was gracious, and did not resent the intrusion; indeed she wiped a chair with her apron, and placed it in the range for friend. Bridget lacked a civil word as well as her betters, and Ira was always courteous to servants—a result of his early training, perhaps.

At last, I am sure but Ira was more at home in the kitchen than he was in the parlor up stairs, where the boarders congregated—and with reason, for airs, especially Mr. Strutt, the dandy bachelor of 35, who furnished the waggery for Mrs. M'Packer's establishment at Sparkville.

The mud being dried, Ira was able to read the inscription on the paper: "J. G. Bandrol, No. — Broad Street, City." Broad Street, the owner of the package in the counting-room of a large grocery wholesale house, at the designated number.

Mr. Bandrol looked up with eager hands.

"Where did you find it?"

Ira told him.

"You can save the notice in the *Herald* this morning; I suppose?"

"No, Sir; I saw no notice."

"What! Did you not see the reward offered?

"I didn't come for any reward, Sir," said Ira, moving away. "But—" he stopped and turned about, "I guess I am back, Sir, now, and if you've any work for a young man. That's an honest question that I'm asking at every chance I get."

"No; there is no work now," said Mr. Bandrol.

"Then I bid you good-day, Sir."

"Hold on!" said Mr. Bandrol. "You'll be looking up the notice and coming back after the reward. You may as well take it now. Here!"

He handed it to Ira, who said:

"Reward!" said Ira, turning the clean greenback over and over in his hand. "No, Sir," handing back the bill, "I prefer to earn my money."

Mr. Bandrol looked at him with some surprise. A clerk sitting at a tall desk exchanged a wink with a fellow clerk, which said, as plainly as words, "Here's a green one!"

"There!" said Mr. Bandrol, without taking the money, "you better run along. If you don't want it you can give it to the poor. If it's any consolation to you—you seem to be a supersensitive young man—I'll say that you've saved me a hundred dollars or any man's money for that little mess of rubbish. My wife has nearly cried her eyes out over its loss. Go along; give the money to the beggar-woman on the corner if you like."

"Very well, Sir," and Ira left the office.

"John," said Mr. Bandrol to a porter, "what young man back?"

John obeyed.

"Give me your address," said the merchant to Ira; "if I hear of any place for you I'll send you word. What do you want to do?"

"I can keep a set of books, Sir," said Ira, "or I can roll a hogshead or shoulder a barrel. I'm not afraid of work."

Mr. Bandrol handed him a pen, and motioned him to write his address on a slip of paper, which Ira did in a clear round hand. The merchant looked at it, nodded, and put the slip away.

I know very well what nine out of every ten young men—whether city or country born—would have done if they had found Mr. Hart's little piece of good luck; but Ira was a trifle peculiar, you see—and that is the reason why I happen to have a story to tell. Ira threw a cent in a while in a game and peculiar young man to relieve the dead level of commonplace young men, I don't know what would become of the story-reader. I'm sure.

The absurd and extraordinary idea which found a lodgment in this young man's brain, as he stood at the corner of Wall and Broad streets, thinking over his April Fool adventure, was something like this:

"That pale-faced girl who was about to pick up the little package *would* have picked it up if those boys had not yelled 'April fool' at her, and if Bandrol had not been there. She would have returned it, and got this money that's now in my pocket. By good rights then the money is hers; and I'll not feel at ease in my mind if I don't know as I ever saw my duty plainer before me in my life.

A regular-built greenhorn this young chap, wasn't he, Charley Gray?" And now he'll go poking round the neighborhood looking for that girl, like a needle in one of Mother Hubbard's haystacks. Big thing for the first of April, ain't it?

As it happened, however, Ira knew the house in which this girl lived. He had seen her go in at the door of the house building three or four times; and as her manner was uncommonly modest, and she looked so very sad, this circumstance had made a deep impression to enable him to recall the place now he had occasion.

But in that building, with its single entrance, four in front, and perhaps a score of different house-holds—perhaps more than a score; and if he had entered it in search of each of all those doors in the block, in order to find this particular young woman. So when he reached the building, as he had along toward sunset, he stood on the opposite side of the street, and looked up at the dizzy seven stories of brick and window, in the hope that he would catch a glimpse of the face he wanted. If he failed to see her Ira had a dim notion that he would go through the house and ray at every door in search of the right one.

While he stood there he became conscious that he was again an object of interest to a certain area boy of vivacious disposition, who had strayed from the package in the morning. They were, it was plain from their gestures, relating the sportive incident of the morning to a new-comer, an older boy, clearly a boot-black by profession, and a bully among these youngsters. Presently the boot-black sang out, with the full swell of his lusty lungs:

"Hurhat! *Who* did? Who hollered April fool at *her*? I'll whack 'im in de smoot fer it!' Who hollered at her?"

Ira caught this up quickly. He went over to the boys.

You know that girl who was going to pick up that package this morning just before I picked it up?"

"Yas," said the boot-black; "you bet I know 'er. Didn't she give me some bully soap when I fed her? I'll whack any feller what hollered at her."

"That's your sort!" said Ira, diplomatically, patting the boy on the shoulder; "but just show me to her door, and I'll not go at whacking for her."

"Well, I donno," said the boy, looking Ira over with a preciously knowing squint, and seeming to hesitate. "Yer a stranger to me, mister. But," he suddenly added, "I guess yer ain't on it, neither—don't mind! The young lady ain't to home, though."

"Sho-ut?"

"No. She goes out er sewin'-day-times, an' stays home nights. Come now't-night 'bout seven an' I'll be here—I will, sure."

This conversation took place in the doorway of the tenement building in question; and Mr. Strutt, our hero's fellow-boarder, who was one of the tenants, beheld the participants therein as he passed the corner of the street on his way to dinner.

"I see you in the doorway of a mansion in an adjoining street to-day, Mr. Hart," said Strutt, at the dinner-table, wishing to hit friends as much as to say he had seen him. "Have you any relations in the country now; "had you been calling on some friends or relatives there?"

"No; that is—no relations!" said Ira, blushing violently, as he was fatally prone to do when directly addressed in the presence of that elegant conducted ladies and gentlemen at Mrs. M'Packer's.

"I mean the tenement house in ——Street, where I saw you a few minutes ago," said Strutt, smiling, blandly. "Friends there?"

"No," said Ira, eating his dinner industriously.

"Ah, only friends?" persisted the tormentor.

"No, there's nobody there I know in particular," said Ira, still blushing deeply.

"Then, Mrs. I'Packer," said Strutt, laying down his knife and fork with much solemnity, and addressing the majestic lady at the head of the table, "I fear we are about to lose a fellow-boarder. I suspect Mr. Hart is looking for apartments elsewhere."

At this surprising scintillation of wit a titter ran round the table at Ira's expense.

"It's none of your business what I was doing there, Mr. Strutt," said Ira, with a sudden energy that drove the blood all out of the dandy bachelor's face with a rush, "but since you've made me think before all these people when I've really nothing to think at, I'll tell the whole story."

Whereupon Ira related his April Fool adventure, and how he was going to see the girl to-night, and why her the money that belonged to her.

Mr. Strutt was in ecstasies over this story; it was the most refreshing thing he ever heard, of its kind, really—cucumbers and lettuce and things wouldn't be a circumstance to it; he cracked several brilliant jokes in rapid succession on the subject.

Somehow Mr. Strutt's jokes did not meet with their usual success on this occasion. The majority of the boarders were positively touched with respect for this young man's remarkable verdancy—there was an odor of rustic, natural simplicity about it to be more disagreeable.

After tea that evening Ira went around into —— Street, and found the little boot-black practicing a double-shuffle on the steps of the tall tenement house.

"I told Miss Harvey yer was comin'," said the boy; "an' she sayed p'raps yer was her brother. 'S that so?"

"No," said Ira, "I'm not her brother," and he thought again of Mr. Strutt's witticism about "relatives."

Ira Hart had never seen poverty like that which met his gaze on being ushered into the room where Miss Harvey lived; together with her invalid mother, as afterward appeared. Ira looked about her depth in New York, but he had never seen it. This was bad enough, in all conscience. No carpet on the floor; no curtains to the windows; no picture or ornament, even the cheapest, to relieve the barren aspect of the walls; and all the furniture in the room was a bed, a table, a chair, and a little stove. There was a cupboard which let into the wall, and as the door stood ajar, Ira saw a meagre collection of dishes—like the stove, perhaps cooking-utensils. Dealiness drew every where.

The girl had met our hero with a face full of inquiry, and placed the only chair for him, saying in a whisper:

"Please to sit down, Sir, and please don't wake up mother for she's sleeping very heavy."

This referred to a thin, white-faced woman who lay asleep on the bed, evidently far gone with consumption.

Ira looked about him with his deepest blush. He felt as if he had no right to look upon this poor girl's dire poverty, and seemed to have no right in looking on her bare feet—a necessary exposure which he had no business to cast his eyes on.

"I—I've come to—to—to give you your money," stammered Ira, standing up and tugging at his pocket-book; "here's some money that belongs to you," and he handed her the two dollar bill.

"No," said the girl, looking with, strange eagerness at the money; "it is some mistake. It does not belong to me."

"Oh, but you don't understand," said Ira.' And then he explained what the reader already knows.

"Oh, how good!" said the girl, clasping her hands, as Ira's hand and pressing it to her lips. "God must have sent you to us. We are in sore need. I was trying to get my mother's cup."

Tears of gratitude filled the girl's blue eyes, and as she spoke they began to grow larger and larger, and had to be kept out of his left sleeve and wipe it repeatedly.

"Can I—can I do any thing else for you?" said he. "I should be glad if I could serve you any way."

The girl looked him in the eyes, and gave him a smile so sweet that it thrilled him through and through.

"I thought you would ask me that question," said she. "I don't know why; but I thought you would. Yes; it is possible you can do that or us which will be more than even money. Money, which is so welcome—so welcome! I will tell you our story in a few words."

Ira Hart sat and listened.

"We lived in a little village in the western part of the State"—and she named the village—"and had a little cottage and garden. My father was a carpenter and joiner—my mother's second husband. He died suddenly about six months ago, leaving us very poor indeed. Mother's health began to fail declined so fast that she feared for the future. She has a son somewhere in this city—my half-brother. I have never seen him. He left home when I was still a baby. Mother resolved to come down here and find her son. We are perfectly unused to city ways; mother's money was all gone, and she has never realized what a great city this was, and what a place to search in; and of course *I* knew nothing about it. So we came down here, and mother's health became apparent. Mother grew worse and worse. We had rented this room and furnished it quite decently; but we have had to sell one thing after another, till this is all we have left. I have earned what I could with my needle, but that is very little. Mother grew rapidly worse, and the future looks very dark unless my half-brother can be found. But I know no more than a child where to look. You can see yourself how we could find him."

"I'll try, at any rate," said Ira. "Please to write his name in this little book."

She took the pencil he offered her and wrote as desired. Ira read it, and jumped up out of his chair.

"Gracious!" he cried, but in a suppressed voice; "what ha thought it?"

What he thought the girl, with flushing face.

"I'll bring him to you this very night," said Ira, putting on his hat and plunging out of the room. "Wait till I come back; 'twon't be long."

He ran as fast as his legs would carry him around to Mrs. M'Packer's, and rushed into the parlor where a party of the boarders were enjoying a quiet game of whist.

"Ah, here's our April fool!" muttered the irrepressible Mr. Strutt, winking at his friends. "Well, Mr. Hart, have you surrendered the intruding greenback, and what did the girl say? I'll bet the ci-

gars, Jenkins, she cracked him on the back and sang out, 'Bully for you, country!' Didn't she, Hart?'

"Well, not exactly," said Ira, forgetting to blush on this occasion. "But she thanked me very heartily on behalf of her sick mother; and she sent word to you, Mr. Strutt, that she'd like to see you."

"Me?" said Strutt, looking up from his cards in astonishment; "you're getting your green worn off fast, Hart. But you can't April-fool me, you know."

"I can't help it," said Ira, very solemnly and very liberately, and looking Strutt full in the face, "lies helpless on a bed in that tenement house. Your half-sister, Miss Harvey, is watching over her. Both are suffering in the direst poverty. Will you walk over and see them? If you won't, I invite these ladies and gentlemen to go with me and see Mr. Strutt's relations in his stead."

"Here's some hanged mystery or other!" exclaimed Strutt, pushing back his chair and flinging down his cards; "I'll go and see what it is."

Ira accompanied Mr. Strutt to the door of the room, told Miss Harvey who he was, and then considerately left the three alone.

The result was that the dandy bachelor, who was not at all a hard-hearted fellow, but his mother's sister placed in a situation of comparative comfort the next day.

How this April-fool adventure of Ira's got to Mr. Sandrol's ears in all its details I could easily explain at length if it were worth while. It did get to his ears, at any rate, on a few days after the young man got a note from the Broad Street grocer. This note was placed in Ira's hands by an old gentleman named Cosey, also a boarder at Mrs. M'Pack-er's; and it offered our hero a good situation in the counting-room of Cosey, Van Wyck, and Barbird, wholesale dealers in groceries, where he is still at work, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

One of the aforesaid gentlemen, I presume, is Miss Agnes Harvey; for Ira has continued the acquaintance with this young woman. What will come of it is left impossible to tell. Agnes is certainly a very nice girl.

MY TEMPTATION.

I was brought up a weaver, as my father was before me. I was a good hand at my trade, and I worked steadily at it. When about twenty-four years of age I married. My wife was also a weaver. She was quiet, amiable, and industrious, and made me an excellent wife. We soon had a family, but as we were both expert and quick work we not only contrived to keep the wolf from the door, but lived in comfort and respectability as well. We worked for many years for the same firm, one of the largest in England, doing our work well, and never during the whole time wronging our employers to the value of an ounce of silk.

When I was about thirty-five years of age the head partner sent for me, saying he wanted to speak to me on a matter of importance. When I came, he presented myself at the office, and shortly afterward was ushered into his room.

"C——," he said, "you have always been much satisfied with your behavior, and now we are going to advance you. The under-foreman in our receiving-room is going away, and you are to receive his appointment, if you like. Your wages will be thirty-five shillings a week, and your wife can work for us as before."

You may easily believe I was overjoyed at the offer, which I immediately accepted; and two days afterward I entered on my duties. They were very light, and consisted principally in receiving the work brought home by the weavers, examining it to see that it was properly done, and giving out the bobbins for fresh work. Times were now very flourishing with us, and we lived sufficient to give the children a good education. My employers were perfectly satisfied with me, and I worked on soberly and honestly.

After I had been seven years under-foreman, the foreman one day died suddenly; and I was most anxious to know who was to succeed him, as he had been a very good friend to me, and we had worked on very amicably together. My doubts at last terminated in a very satisfactory manner. The head partner sent for me one morning, and told me the firm were so pleased with my steady behavior that they had determined to promote me the situation of foreman, with a salary of two hundred a year, to be paid quarterly. I was, naturally, delighted at the intelligence, as I considered my fortune was a good one made. I thanked the head of the firm most gratefully for his kindness, and assured him that every effort should be made on my part to give him satisfaction.

"Of that I am assured, Mr. C——," he said (it was the first time he had called me "Mister," and it was not a little flattered by it); "you can now enter on your duties as soon as you please."

When, in the evening, I told my wife of our good fortune, she was completely overwhelmed by it, and for some time could hardly realize it; but when I told her the head partner had called me "Mr. C——," she was even more pleased at that than I had been myself.

"And why should you not be called Mr. C——?" she said. "I am sure you would make as good a gentleman as the best of them."

"Fair and softly, my dear," said I. "Let us first feel our feet, and then we will talk of that afterward."

My duties now were not more severe than formerly, but far more responsible; for I was intrusted with considerable sums of money to pay the workmen. I had also an under-foreman to assist me, who was a sharp, clever fellow; and we got on very well together. Once a week my books were audited by the firm, and I was frequently complimented not only on my exactitude, but also, as I was a good foreman, on the neat manner in which they were kept.

Although my income was now two hundred a year, it had not increased much in reality, for I had been suggested to me that, now I was in a situation of trust and responsibility, it was hardly just that I should allow my wife to drudge like a common weaver. I, without hesitating, admitted the justice of the remark, but I hardly thought my wife would agree to it: however, I was determined to try her, so I told her when I went home in the evening that I hardly thought it right she should continue at the loom, considering the position in life we were now in. To my great surprise my wife not only made no objection, but positively told me she had already thought as much, and that she had spoken to me on the subject, but did not like, as she was afraid I should think her lazy.

Although my wife had now given up the loom, she was by no means idle. Unlike most weavers' wives, she was an expert needle-woman, and she occupied herself in making the children's dresses. True, she had always done so before, and had had time for them as well; but now we were in a more genteel position, it was right that the children dressed, and, of course, a good deal more needlework had to be done: but, as my daughters were now old enough to help their mother, it was no great increase of expense after all.

After I had been a few months in my new position my wife one day said to me, "You will be handed called to-day, and I paid him for the quarter. He talks about increasing our rent. He says you have had the house to yourself so long, that, considering the rate of rents in the neighborhood——"

"I shall not pay any more than I do now," I replied, "and it is absurd to charge for him to want it, considering how long I have been his tenant. I would rather look for another house than pay a shilling more than I do at present."

"Well, dear," said my wife, "and I think you are right. Besides, there's another thing strikes me. We are living here on the weavers' rents, and mixing with them, which is not quite right considering our position. I was thinking, that when the girls are growing up, and they ought to do something better than marry weavers."

I was struck with the justice of my wife's remark, and requested her to look out for another lodging or house, which she promised to do.

The next day when I returned home I found my wife had busied herself in finding a new dwelling for us. She had set her mind on one in the Hoxton Road. It was considerably handsomer than our own, and much more expensive. We were paying twenty-five pounds a year, and this was forty without taxes. It was, however, a most respectable, airy wife said, than the one we were then living in in Fleur de Lis Street, and she had hit upon a plan to make it comparatively cheap. It appeared at first sight. It was to let off the first-floor to some single gentleman who was employed in the City in the daytime. In the evening he let we should have all the credit for the appearance of the house and not be at my higher rent than we then were.

I complimented my wife on her excellent arrangements; the house was taken, and in a few weeks we were in possession.

But although the rent of the house would not be more than our old one when we had let off the first floor, and the gentleman should create a world be far greater, there was the expense of furnishing to be taken into consideration. This my wife calculated pled us for the moment, but my wife said in a short time she would make up the amount by the rent of the rooms.

We found without difficulty a tenant for our first-floor, a young man, clerk in an insurance office. He was a quiet, inoffensive fellow, and, paying regularly his rent every week. I now proposed that we should begin economizing the money we had paid for the extra furniture, which it was expedient to do so till later, as she had other expenses to meet at the moment. I inquired what they might be.

"Why, my dear," she said, "it is utterly impossible that the girls and I can dress now in the manner we did in Fleur de Lis Street, when we were living among weavers. They have been here six very genteel, and I don't like to dress different from our neighbors. We are now in a good position, and we ought to mind the dignity of my position."

I foolishly admitted her arguments, and we not only put off saving the money for the furniture, but we also somewhat increased the expenditure of new clothes as well. When my wife had obtained the new dresses for herself and children they certainly looked very well in them, and I felt, indeed, very proud of my family; but unfortunately, after the purchase had been made, we did not save the money we had expended for the furniture. We continued to live on quietly enough; but we spent, I am sorry to say, somewhat more than our income, though not by much, and I was not quite at my easiness. I, however, was obliged to apply to a loan office for assistance, which I had no difficulty in obtaining; and I received it just in time to pay the rent, the affair gave me very little trouble.

I have told you the commencement of our unfortunes, I will now tell you how our gentility ended. My wife's love of dress increased, and with it our expenditure, but our income remained the same. At last my wife confessed to me that the clerk on the first-floor had begun to show great attention to Charlotte, our eldest daughter, and she had every reason to believe it would end in an offer. His family, she said, were very respectable, and it would be an excellent match; and she considered the best thing we could do would be to get acquainted with them. I told her we must be careful what we did. I had no objection to make the acquaintance of the young fellow's family: but at the same time we must be careful not to increase our expenditure, as I had already great difficulty in keeping up the amount of the interest of the money I had borrowed from the loan office.

"My dear," said my wife, "what nonsense you talk! How is it possible we can mix with people in a better position of life than ourselves and spend no more than we do now?"

"How much money should you want?" I inquired.

"I do not exactly know. I must get the girl some new dresses, and we must cut a dash a little. You know, after all," she said, "that if he marries Charlotte, you will not be at the expense of maintaining her; so, in the long run, it will be a saving to us."

I gave in to her plan, and I applied at the loan office for more money, but to my great annoyance I experienced this time considerable difficulty. However, I got the money at last, and my wife bought Charlotte some new things; and we got intimate with the clerk's family, who appeared very genteel people, and lived in a large house. We visited at each other's houses occasionally, and at last the young fellow proposed for Charlotte.

Every thing was now the exception of my increasing debts, went on flourishingly. On one occasion we went to a dinner-party at the house of the clerk's grandfather, a wealthy solicitor, for the purpose of introducing Charlotte to him. My wife, as we were preparing to leave home, appeared very nervous, and after fidgeting about for some time, said,

"The old gentleman is a very sharp fellow, my dear. Take care you do not let any thing fall that will show that we were at one time only weavers, because he imagines we are far higher folk than you suppose."

"I do not wish to speak about family matters at all," I said; "at any rate, you need not be afraid of me. But what makes you think they believe we are better off than we are?"

"Well, my dear," said my wife, coloring slightly, "I don't know how it occurred, but they all believe you are likely to be taken into the house as a partner."

I was exceedingly angry when I heard this, and I inquired of my wife from what source such an infamous falsehood proceeded?

She replied that she did not know; but implored me so strenuously, and at the same time with a guilty a look on her countenance, that in case it were mentioned to me I was not contradict it, that fully perceived it was a piece of boasting of her own. I scolded her severely on the matter, and told her that if it were mentioned to me I should certainly contradict it. Fortunately nothing on the subject was mentioned during the evening, and although it was a source of uneasiness to me and my wife for some days afterward, the affair at last died away.

We had now to invite the old solicitor and the family to dinner, and before the day arrived I found my wife had got considerably into debt in the neighborhood, and I was again obliged to apply to the loan office for assistance. The secretary told me they would consider my application, and let me know the result; and in a few days their decision came. It was, that as they refused to advance me any more money, but that when my outstanding bills were due they should certainly press for the full amount.

This news came like a clap of thunder on me. What to do I knew not, or where to find the money. To sell my furniture, six months' rent was owing on the house, and the landlord was pressing for it. However, I shut my eyes to the circumstance for the present, hoping that, as soon as the dinner-party should be over, I would turn over a new leaf and insist on far greater economy being practiced in the future.

The day arrived for the dinner-party, for which my wife had made great preparations. Before leaving the house I took an opportunity of requesting her to be as moderate in all this as she could, and was on the point of leaving her, when a bill was heard at the door, and a broker's man entered with a distress warrant for the six months' rent. I was perfectly aghast at the sight, and the servant, as I was powerless, I had not twenty shillings in the house, and it wanted a month before my next quarter's salary would be due. I was, of all alternatives, but to leave him in possession; and with a heavy heart I proceeded to business.

I got on a cab, and was still the time arrived when I was accustomed to take my dinner. Being to dine at home that day, I went to a neighboring public house to get some food. As I was seated at the table, the gloomy aspect of my affairs came before me, and my eyes filled with tears. Ashamed of my low spirits, and wishing the enemy of my ruining myself, I called for a glass of spirits-and-water, although ordinarily a most sober man. As I drank it my courage returned, and I began to think in what way I could retrieve myself. But one way presented itself to my mind, and that was a most rigid retrenchment. I resolutely resolved on practicing it, even against my opposition on the part of my wife; but still the disagreeable fact presented itself to my mind, that I was not yet out in possession, and that the same day we were going to give an extravagant dinner-party. Something must be done, but what? I applied to my thoughts; I called for another glass of spirits-and-water. As I drank it the idea came to my mind that a considerable sum of money was in my possession in my possession, but it was my employers'. Why could I not borrow some without their knowing it? If I could pay off the broker's man I could redeem to a certain extent my credit. To-morrow, I argued, I will sell off every thing, and the proceeds would, after all, of my furniture would be enough, for that, and the payment of the money I owed to the loan office as well. The first step was to procure the amount. It might oppose me, but I silently and solemnly swore that no persuasions of hers should induce me to alter my determination.

I now returned to the house of business. There was a considerable sum in the till, of which I kept the key—nearly one hundred and fifty pounds. I took from it, trembling the while like a leaf, the money I required and not a shilling more, and shortly afterward, plunged in a violent headache, I returned home and paid out the broker, to the great joy of my wife.

The dinner passed off in a most satisfactory manner, although perhaps it appeared more so to me than it really was from the quantity of wine I was obliged to drink to drown the thought of the action I had committed. The next morning I rose with a severe headache; and my whole was so overcome with her exertions of the day before that I left her in bed when I went to business. However, I argued, it mattered but little; the next day would be Sunday, and then I should have ample time and opportunity to express my determination to my wife, for I was fully resolved I would sell every stick of furniture I possessed, and enter some cheap ready-furnished lodgings nearer to the house of business. On the Sunday I told my wife the resolution I had come to, and a terrible scene we had of it. She accused me of gross cruelty and meanness. She told me I might at least have waited till the wedding was over, and then she would have offered no objection. Many times I was on the point of telling her of the desperate action I had committed, for I would not acknowledge to myself it was a dishonest one, although I should have considered it infamous in another. Charlotte at last came to my wife's aid, and her tears quite subdued my courage. As the license for her marriage had already been obtained, it at last gave way, and it was understood between us that it was on no account to come off, which was to take place in a fortnight, or plan would be adopted.

One morning in the next week I received a message from the firm to attend at the City-house of business about some alteration in my duties. I immediately surpected there was to be a change to be made in the manner of paying the weavers, which had already been hinted at once or twice, and that my accounts would be audited on the next Saturday, the last in the month. When I arrived, there was no one in the counting-house, and on the desk was a large blank book-book. The head partner saw me, and I neatly abstracted from it a blank check and entered it in my pocket. When I saw the head partner he received me very coolly, and told me that on the next Saturday my books were to be examined, and the system of paying was to be adopted. I promised every thing should be in readiness, and left him.

I was now desperate, and I resolved on forging my employers' name to a check for one hundred pounds; but when I took the pen in my hand I lost all courage, and I forged. I stood for some time, and I went to the public house, and after drinking two glasses of gin-and-water I had sufficient nerve to commit the forgery.

But now, how was I to get the check cashed? At last I remembered that my daughter's suitor was a clerk in a bank, and I resolved to make him my tool. When I arrived at home I agreed him applied to the bottle for courage, and as he was leaving the house I asked him if he should be able to tell me if he would get a check cashed for me at the London and County Bank the next day, and bring me the money in the evening. He promised he would do so, and kept his word; but unfortunately he was personally acquainted with the cashier, and they had many times conversed on business on indifferent subjects. To shorten a sad story, the fraud was discovered, and I was tried and found guilty. My employers recommended me to mercy on account of my previous good character, and I was sentenced to only three years' imprisonment. My daughter's marriage was of course broken off, and my wife has since died of a broken heart. Some weavers have befriended my children, but the youngest were sent to the work-house and my family broken up. I have paid dearly enough for a couple of hundred pounds. When I leave here, God only knows what I shall do; my character is gone, and nobody will employ me.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE ROBBER'S DEN.—A New York railroad car.

What part of a building would a proud man be likely to avoid?—A humble part.

A person was boasting that he was sprung from a high family in Ireland. "Yes," said a by-stander, "I have known a number of the family so high that their feet could not touch the ground."

Do the ladies like short or tall men the best?—Why, Hyson of course.

A little boy in an over good family was rebuked for looking into his spelling-book on a Sunday. Says he: "I study now that I may look into the Bible when Sundays as well as read the Testament week days.

"Sow and you shall reap." That's so. We sewed our old coat the other day and reaped a lot of tailors.

"Take off your hat, man," cried a judge to a prisoner. "I'm a lady," was the reply. "Then," said his lordship, "I'm not a judge."

THE HEAD AND FEEDER OF AN OFFENDING.—The hat fabrics as the Boston Sephinx is designated by one's maid, and is in the service of a lady at Kingston. This is rather a dangerous place to be a hatter's head.

What room in the house reminds you of a troublesome complaint?—The room attic.

"Frida goeth before a fall." It frequently goeth before a waterfall.

A REAL SOCIAL JOKE.—What's the next wine to Golden Sherry?—Silver-ado.—Ed.

THE HARRY'S MISGIVING.—Eating a mess-pie, and wondering, after a pause, what the contents were composed of.

A POSER.—As a schoolmaster was employed the other day in explaining to his pupils the "book" of nature without the trouble to either the stars, the precocious pupil put the following question to his instructor: "Whaur dis a' the figures gang till when they're rubbit out?"

PROVERBIAL EPIGRAM.

Civility, that nothing costs,
Oft procures to its possessor;
Flies are attracted less by
Vinegar than honey.

"Opportunity makes the thief." Not in our case. We found a big anchor and chain cable on the sidewalk the other night, and we didn't touch it; there was nobody about neither.

Why is a boarding-house keeper who fortifies his table with strong butter like a naval officer who has his table with strong butter like a naval officer who has his table with alongside another in action?—Because he is prepared to repel boarders.

An Irish musical author, being asked if he had composed any thing remarkable, replied: "My last work was a composition on the multiplication table."

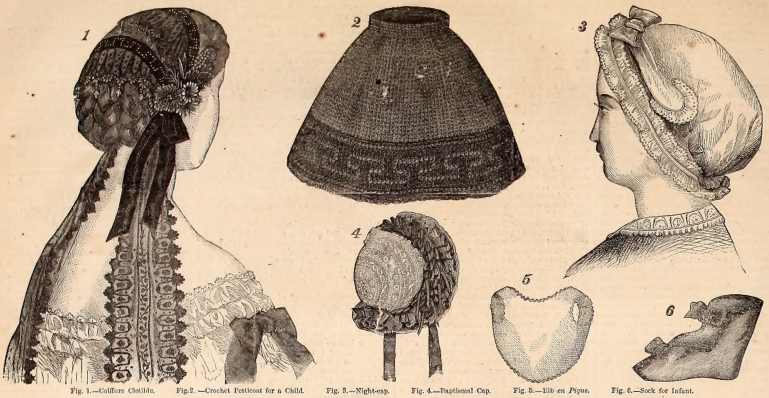


Fig. 1.—Coiffure Clotilde. Fig. 2.—Crochet Petticoat for a Child. Fig. 3.—Night-cap. Fig. 4.—Baptismal Cap. Fig. 5.—Bib en Pique. Fig. 6.—Sock for Infant.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 221.]

MARY ANERLEY.

LITTLE Mary Anerley, sitting on the stile,
Why do you blush so red, and why so strangely smile?
Somebody has been with you—somebody, I know,
Left this sunset on your cheek, left you smiling so!

Good Mary Anerley, waiting by the wall,
Waiting in the chestnut walk, where the snowy blossoms fall,
Somebody is coming there—somebody, I'm sure,
Knows your eyes are full of love, knows your heart is pure.

Happy Mary Anerley, looking, oh, so fair,
There's a ring upon your hand, and there's myrtle in your hair!
Somebody is with you now—somebody, I see,
Looks into your trusting face very tenderly!

Quiet Mary Forester, sitting by the shore,
Rosy fades at your knee, roses round the door—
Somebody is thinking of somebody, I know,
Made you sorry when he sail'd: are you sorry now?

PARIS FASHIONS.

COIFFURE CLOTILDE.

THIS head-dress consists of two velvet ribbons, embroidered with clear, white glass beads, and a border of black lace, representing a Grecian pattern, about a quarter of a yard long. The ribbons are supported by a half-circle foundation of wire covered with black silk.

The black lace is slightly gathered, falling over the head, and is ornamented with steel pendants in the star form.

The two pieces of lace are united on each side, and are fastened upon a foundation of about half an inch wide, forming two *bordes*, each half a yard in length. Upon one side is a bow of black velvet ribbon about an inch wide, and a bunch of mixed flowers. The ends of the black velvet ribbon are fastened under the *chignon* by an elastic cord.

CROCHET PETTICOAT.

[For a child from two to four years old.]

This petticoat is wrought in *tunisien* crochet; the centre of scarlet worsted, and the border of black in design *à la grecque*. The petticoat is commenced on the border by making a chain of 173 stitches of black worsted. The first three rows are made in the *underlaing* crochet stitch, which is a variety of the *tunisien*, differing only in the manner of taking up the stitch.

From the fourth to the eleventh row the *tunisien* crochet stitch is used with black worsted. The next three rows are done in the *underlaing* crochet. Then the scarlet worsted is taken for the centre of the petticoat, and eleven rows are made in the ordinary *tunisien* crochet. The narrowing is commenced in the second stitch of the twelfth row by uniting two stitches, and in the following row counting these two as one. The narrowing is repeated seven times in each row at intervals of seventeen stitches, and is continued in the same manner every third row—that is, in the fifteenth, eighteenth, twenty-first, twenty-fourth, and twenty-six h. After the twenty-seventh row, which is the termination of the petticoat, a row of plain stitches is made, and the two opposite sides are sewed together, leaving a space of about four inches.

As a finish to the border a row of scallops is made in scarlet worsted, each scallop being composed of two plain stitches separated by two fancy ones.



GEORGE PEABODY.

NIGHT CAP.

Fig. 3 serves as a pattern for this cap, which is composed of a crown and a fore part. The crown is cut to a point indicated in the model, and is gathered and sewed to the fore part, which is only a straight band about an inch wide and two-thirds of a yard long, sewed together in the middle to form a point. On each side, about four inches from the middle behind, is a large eyelet hole for a string to pass through.

The gathering of the crown comes altogether behind. The cap strings, which are about an inch wide at first, but increase in width, are trimmed at the ends with a bit of lace. A trimming of fine muslin covers the front, composed of two bands lightly gathered in festoons, and stitched on with a band.

BIB "EN PIQUE."

Cut out the bib whole, according to Fig. 5. Trim with loops or edging on the parts indicated in the pattern. Put on a button, and work a button-hole, as in the pattern, and fasten on each point on the shoulder a bow of ribbon about four inches long.

SOCK FOR INFANT OF SIX MONTHS.

This sock is made of white flannel, bound and ornamented with cherry ribbon. It is cut from a seamless piece of flannel, with a lining of muslin. Bind together with ribbon. Sew the two sides together in the middle behind. Proceed in the same manner with the middle of the upper part from the toe upward. Make a bow of ribbon about an inch wide for the top of the shoe.

PEABODY SQUARE, ISLINGTON.

THE magnificent bounty of an American merchant has bestowed a quarter of a million sterling, equal to one and a quarter millions of dollars, on the poor of London; and the trustees of this fund, since the first installment of £150,000 was placed in their hands, have thought it best employed in the construction of improved dwellings, as described in their lately-published report. The sites for the erection of these buildings are variously situated. Our engraving on page 221 relates to the plot at Islington. This plot measures 47,863 square feet, and cost over $40,000. There are four blocks of buildings, to comprise in all 155 tenements, with ample accommodation for upward of 656 persons. The whole cost of these buildings, exclusive of the sum paid for the land, will amount, when the accounts shall have been closed, to $158,450.

The entire community at Islington now consists of 674 individuals, of whom 19 are widows, the rest married persons and children.

The buildings consist of four blocks of houses, five stories in height, which are let out in tenements of one, two, and three rooms. Each block will afford accommodation for sixty families, or 240 in the aggregate. The rooms are each of them about 9 feet wide and 12 feet long, and of a suitable height. The attic of each block is paved with tiles from the Isle of Wight, and is surmounted by a handsome ornamental turret. There is also accommodation for washing and drying, and at each end of the buildings is a cistern 12 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 6 feet deep, capable of containing 1760 gallons of water. Every thing has been done to render the sanitary arrangements complete in every respect.

The principle and organization in each of these extensive structures is the same. Drainage and ventilation have been insured with the utmost possible care; the instant removal of dust and refuse is effected by means of shafts which descend from every corridor to cellars in the basement, whence it is carted away; the passages are all kept clean and lighted with gas without any cost to the tenants; water from cisterns in the roof is distributed by pipes into every tenement, and there are baths free to all. Laundries, with wringing-machines and drying lofts, are at the service of every inmate.

The weekly rent charged for one room is 2s. 6d., or about 62½ cents; for two rooms 4s.; and for three rooms, 5s. As MR. PEABODY directed by his letter, the sole qualification required for a tenant is "an ascertained condition of life such as brings the individual within the description of the poor of London, combined with moral character and good conduct as a member of society."

GEORGE PEABODY, whose gift to the London poor is the most munificent ever made by a private person to a public charity, is the leading American banker in London. He is a native of Danvers, Massachusetts, and about 74 years of age. He became a partner in a leading house in Baltimore, and went to England in 1836.



HOMES FOR THE LONDON POOR—PEABODY SQUARE, ISLINGTON.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

PERSECUTION are being outlined. Visions are about to be realized. *To proof whereof are the facts:* Gold is falling; prices of all goods are falling; rents are falling; and last, but not least, the dirty streets and nuisances of New York are falling—into the hands of the Metropolitan Health Board.

The first-mentioned fact is evident from a glance at the daily monetary quotations. The second is more apparent from an inspection of the general market reports; for from the unbelievable public feeling, there is now, as a matter of course, in the amount of change which any body receives after purchasing a sirloin of beef or a dozen yards of muslin. But the *change* will soon come. It is very easy for dealers to add a few pennies to the pound on beef, or to the yard on calicoes that have risen. But ah! it goes terribly against the grain to allow *purchasers* their rights, and give them the advantage of *falling* prices. Accordingly, merchants may as well bend gracefully to the coming breeze, which, if rightly met, will not harm. They are unconscious should mutual benefit. Certain it is that even ladies not over prone to sacrifice their longing for new things to any uncertain notion of economy are resolved to postpone replenishing their wardrobes a while longer because "goods are falling." Rents, there is no telling anywhere in this dull-day. But many even if they are not restricted in money, have a fancy for getting things "cheap," and are chastised if they are compelled to pay more than the market value for an article. And constantly an opportunity to return to good old prices is reasonably a thing to be desired by all.

The large number of houses in the market, both "for sale" and "to let," the actual decrease of rents, and the other startling admission of real estate owners, indicate in a conclusive manner that old-fashioned "high" rents will be more honest to let the middle of April than now, and at a lower rent."

The prospect of investing in clean streets and pure air looks brighter than ever before. True, only a fortnight has yet passed, but that is a thorough beginning. And the chokes may yet be kept out of New York, or more with a method in its operation which will repay the power. If only every citizen will do his duty. The way is opened for any responsible person to give information to the Board of Health, regarding any nuisance which comes under his observation, by addressing the Sanitary Superintendent of the Board—office 301 Mott Street—or by entering the complaint at one of the Police Stations, where books for the purpose are to be kept. Of course such information should be given in a clear, definite, and brief statement, accompanied by name and address, so that further inquiries may be made by the Commissioners if needful. If every body would do his duty in this respect, there would be no need to report those nuisances that seem to belong to nobody—as for as regards the care taken—the result would be most satisfactory.

It is said that "there is neither Cattle Market nor Slaughter Pen in Paris. The great markets are at Poissy, thirteen miles distant, and at Sceaux, five miles away. Within the city limits, though in the suburbs, are five public abattoirs, where all the slaughtering for the town is performed. They are under the control of a Guild of butchers, who are responsible to the Minister of the Interior, and are consulted when new arrangements are to be made by Government. The most vigil ant supervision of police attends them, and no butcher may follow his trade without a license. The slightest detail in the slaughtering or sale of meat falls under the most public regulation."

In these markets the greatest attention is paid to decency, cleanliness, and to the comfort of the animals. They are carefully fed and watered, and no undue driving, hauling, or beating is permitted. Of course every expert of the several slaughter-houses is carefully cleansed. So rigid is the police inspection that no sick animal is killed, no diseased meat can be sold, and no atom which threatens health is allowed a moment's lodgment in the great area."

What a contrast is this Paris system to the unhealthful and unclean arrangements which among us have so shamelessly existed! We could almost wish that a resolute Napoleon had, long ago, enacted certain laws for New York city.

A superb sleeping-car has recently been constructed, designed to run over the railway between this city and Erie, on the New Jersey Central Railroad. This car, which is valued at about $20,000, is fitted up in the most elegant manner, the soft rustling of the silken curtains, the subdued light from the ground-glass windows, the coolness secured with a superb velvet, and the magnificent carpeting in totally unlike any vehicle that is usually found attached to a train. It contains fourteen berths, a bath-room, besides a bridal-chamber, lavatories, closets, etc. The seats are covered with the finest velvet, and the floor with Brussels carpet. The wood-work is of black walnut, and the decorations of silver plate. Each berth is separated by elegant and rich damask curtains, and is supplied with silk mattresses, linen sheets, pillows, etc., just as in the most fashionable hotel.

It may be mentioned that those who take passage in the car will have to pay for the privilege.

An exchange enumerates a long list of "Curiosities of Humanity," some of which would be quite worthy a place in the museum of curiosities. Among these are—

The bashful that says to his wife on a Monday night when cook is in revival, chance is behindhand, and "stock down" "My dear, you look tired—had not you better go down with the baby while you rest?"

The man who, when he sees, and goes out to chop kindlings for exercise after heavily recommended bed-making by his wife, as a healthful method of expending energy.

The man who is always delighted with the domestic puddings and pies, and don't expect a single bit of the like unless a French restaurant!

The man who never saw a collar pattern that fits so much better than his own did!

Of course, the above definitions as well as masculine "Curiosities" in the list; but we think it more appropriate, considering the "curiosities of women," that they should be only an *private exhibition!*

Some irreverent investigator inquires if the use of the handkerchief is a part of theological training. As an excuse for making this inquiry, he says:

"I notice some ministers take it out of their pockets as they do their sermons, and lay it on the pulpit. Some spread it out lengthwise through the middle of the Bible; some fold it and rest it under the Bible; some put it over their heads; some clench it in their hands as if they were praying; some blow it as the audience do when keep crowding in late their pockets and pulling it out again, with a great movement, as if about to speak, and what use to make of their hands. I went once to hear a popular young preacher, and as much as half the time the man was made up of pocket-handkerchief, and the most of the other half he got out of it with one hand or the other.

Ministers seem to be privileged to be eccentric. There is a story told of a certain preacher who wound up his sermon one Sunday with the following sentence: "On account of the warmth of the weather and the ripeness of the hebrius, and because I've got to go fishing to-day, I will say no more at this time." And at another time, when he had said the sermon through, he took the Bible with a clap, remarking, "And now, brethren, I have done."

We have a distinct remembrance of a venerable and worthy minister of New England, who, in his travels, frequently came unexpectedly to the house of a friend. After being seated at the tea-table, he would often say, in the first *unwelcomed* manner possible, "I would like some *cold hasty-pudding* and milk for my supper;" or ask for which he always, equally unlikely to be prepared.

At a recent Parisian soiree several American ladies appeared without crinoline. It was remarked of them that, "whereas they formerly succeeded in their skirts upon umbrellas, they now have a good deal the appearance of closed ones. Not that the skirts are actually closed, but they make up in length, and the train which they wear are so full, and so generously sweep that the entire lady is quite as great as it was in the days of crinoline." A vast quantity of underclothing is said to be necessary as a substitute for the discarded hoops, which, indeed, were invented to remedy this very inconvenience. Whatever be the success of the experiment in Paris, it will not, it may be considered within moderate bounds. It is more the exaggeration of a fashion than the fashion itself which is hitherto been the object of complaint and ridicule.

It may be mentioned in this connection that a grand ferry-boat recently constructed for the Brooklyn Academy, a petition was made that the lady guests would dispense with crinoline altogether for the particular occasion, the motive being in view the accommodation of a larger number of guests than usual; but, sad to relate, very few complied with the request.

It is currently reported that young ladies are now wearing aprons of the finest cambric, and of many yards in width. The minding one as they ideble through the merry dance, of the nursery ditty of their childhood:

"With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes."

What next will fickle fashion bring?

Somebody, who seems to understand the subject, thus discourses upon *Life:*

"It is never too late to do right; as, for instance, a gentleman began to study grammar when he was eighty. He never began it. It is never too late to get married. Nestor, the daughter of Enoch, took her first husband when she was eighty. It is never too stop any habit; James, the inventor, wrote his first invention at eighty. It is never too late to shake off the yoke of sin. Sometimes too late to 'pop the question,' a man once did it at eighty-two. Sometimes too late to repent. Even after hurrying her first husband, 'You are too late,' was the reply, '*the clergyman spoke to me at the grave!*'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 29:

In the Senate, Mr. Morrill reported a joint resolution from the Committee on the District of Columbia, appropriating $10,000 for the relief of destitute persons in the District, to be expended under the supervision of the Mayor of that city. Adopted. Various bills were passed.—The Naval Appropriation bill was passed.

In the House, the bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial business of the Government, and for the pay of the officers' military official and Union citizens against legal action for acts committed in the discharge of their duty, was passed.

March 31:

In the Senate, a bill was passed indemnifying the States of Maine and Massachusetts for certain lands ceded under a treaty of 1842 with Great Britain.

In the House, the Railroad bill to facilitate communication between the States was passed—73 to 40.

March 22:

In the Senate, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and Arkansas a Judicial District was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific.

In the House, the deficiency bill being taken up, the Senate amendments thereto were passed.—That the pursuit of any living person shall be placed upon any of the vessels of the Treasury Department was debated at some length, and the House refused to concur with the Senate.

March 23:

In the Senate, the New Jersey contested seat controversy was taken up, Mr. Dixon, Mr. Stockton, and Mr. Wright on his own side desiring the question.

In the House, the Loan bill was passed—83 to 53—with a proviso that if United States notes not more than ten millions of dollars may be retired and cancelled within six months from the passage of this act, and thereafter not more than four hundred millions of dollars shall be issued. The bill was passed without the clause sanctioning a foreign loan.

March 26:

In the House, the Committee on Elections reported in favor of W. L. Dodge, and against Brooks, for the contested New York seat.

NEWS ITEMS.

A man named King, arrested a few days ago for a theft recently committed in Ohio, and awaiting in jail a requisition from the Governor of that State, escaped from Hamilton County jail on Saturday last, by climbing a ladder recently confined Government cassettes, that he (King) and Joyce, who was not implicated in the counterfeiting business. Secretary Seward. King afterward attempted to commit suicide.

General Burnside was nominated, March 26, by the Union Republicans of Rhode Island, for Governor, and has accepted. William Greene received the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor, and Hon. Thomas A. Jenckes, of State, Horatio Rogers for Attorney-General, Colonel W. V. Ray for Treasurer.

Dr. Charles Beck, formerly a professor in Harvard College, died at his residence in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on March 19; he was aged 70 years.

Major-General Pendleton has been appointed to the responsible and lucrative position of superintendent of Colt's pistol factory.

A German committed suicide in Philadelphia on March 24, by cutting his throat with a razor. He left a note stating:

"I was a soldier in the Fifteenth New York Heavy Artillery, and in the battle in front of Petersburg I was taken, from the effects of which I was obliged to stop work; I have received a pension of eight dollars per month from States Government. Not receiving any support from the New York Soldiers' Aid, I have to inform you that destitution I have been obliged to kill myself.

The chest contest between Mr. Belchheim, of Philadelphia, and Captain McKenzie, of the city, was brought to a close March 30 by the temporary victory of former gentleman. Six games were played, of which Captain McKenzie won five, and one was a drawn game.

There was a very destructive fire in Cincinnati March 23, in Duck's Opera-house, which was burned, with a loss of $100,000.

The difficulties between Prussia and Austria continued unsettled and threatening.

Nothing of importance was going on except that the Prince Imperial was getting over his measles.

The steamer from the Rio Grande, bringing the report of a naval action between Spain and the South American allies. The action, it appears, was a bombardment, which had been for some time past at sea, looking for the Allied fleet —viz., the *Villa de Madrid* and *Blanco*—had been successful in finding—and to their cost too—the object of their search in the harbor near Ancud, Island of Chiloe. The Spanish ships stood in close to shore in order to find the depth of water, when they were opened upon by a very heavy battery on shore, armed principally with guns recovered from the lost frigate *Assaycuna*, and one of them was struck seventeen times, while the other, the *Blanco*, received one heavy shot below the water-line, which had to be plugged. The two frigates then came close in to fire dare and opened fire, although at long range, with their broadside guns. They returned after two hours' work and expending about seven hundred shot and shell, only to find that the enemy had fled from them, so must be first silenced or crippled before they would to get inside of the ships there ashore. The next day the two Spanish ships returned to Valparaiso.

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10 Grand Piano-Fortes	$800 to	$1300
100 Rosewood sevee-octave Pianos	400 to	600
250 Gold hunting-case Watches	100 to	150
250 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 to	75
500 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	20 to	35
250 First-class Sewing Machines	40 to	75
100 Gold Ladies' and Gents' Guard Chains	15 to	30
1,000 Fine Castors and Butter-Dishes	15 to	20
2,000 Sets Solid Silver, 46 Case & Pencil	6 to	10
2,000 Sets Tea, Dessert, and Table Spoons	6 to	15
2,000 Napkin Rings, of fine quality	6 to	10
4,000 Butter Knives, per pair	6 to	10
2,000 Fancy Enamelled and Seal Rings	5 to	8
2,000 Ladies' Gold Vest Chains	5 to	8
10,000 Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	5 to	12
10,000 Gold Pens, Silver-mounted Holders	5 to	10
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10,000 Other valuable and saleable articles, Silverware, &c.	5 to	12

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Agents wanted everywhere, with certificates, and a silver butter-knife or premium, sent for $1; eleven for $2, with a fine photograph of any subject for $3, with a 36-picture album worth $5; sixty-five for $10, with a silver butter-dish or 100-picture album, worth $15; one hundred for $15, with a solid silver fall-pleated hunting-case watch, worth $25.

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Worth from 50 cents to $100, to be given with each Book. Send 25 cents for a Book, and see if you know what gift you are to get. The Gifts consist of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, Pieces of Jewelry, Sleeve-Buttons, Button Studs, Chains, &c., &c.

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Certificates are prepared, describing each book and naming the gift that is to accompany it, with its value. These certificates are placed in sealed envelopes, and well mixed, and, when ordered by mail, one envelope will be sent, at choice, of a beautiful Card Photograph of any prominent person, or for $1, eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15; fifty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15, with a Gold Watch, worth $25 to $50, with a gift worth much more.

On opening the envelope you see what your certificate calls for, and it is at your option to send $1, and take the book and gift, or any other book and gift of the same value, or not. You can not get less than one dollar's worth, for the lowest gift is worth 50 cents, and the lowest book is worth $25 to $50, with a gift worth much more.

Agents wanted everywhere. Special and liberal inducements are offered. Don't fail to send for circulars. Address

BOYNTON & CO.,
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100,000 Watches, Chains, Silver Articles, &c.,

Worth $500,000!

TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH,
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AND NOT TO BE PAID FOR TILL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO HAVE.
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5000 Magic Spring Snap Lockets	3 00 to 8 00
10000 Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders	4 00 to 8 00
1000 # Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Holders	3 00 to 6 00
8000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	3 00 to 10 00
5000 Tea, Dessert, and Table Spoons, per doz.	12 00 to 14 00
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4000 Butter Knives, per pair	4 00 to 6 00
2000 Napkin Rings, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
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Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put in envelopes, well mixed, and numbered; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. One of these envelopes will be sent on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; eleven for $2; 35 for $5; 65 for $10; and 100 for $15.

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Sell no Brass or so-called Plated JEWELRY.

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Let it be distinctly understood that this is emphatically a GOLD SALE, by an association of manufacturers, on a one-price coverage system, and that not a single article of brass or plated jewelry is included in the whole immense stock.

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Pianos, Gold and Silver Watches, Diamond Rings, Sets of Jewelry, Photograph Albums&c.,

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All to be sold for two dollars each, an average price of one-fifth the usual cost, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive.

INSURING TEN DOLLARS WORTH FOR $3.

☞ THE PROOF.—We guarantee to send any customer, in exchange for the least article they may get for $3, a *splendid richly chased Gold-plated Hunter-Dial-Watch, Chain, fine jewel, valued at $30, or a beautiful 50-picture morocco Photograph Album, valued at $6;* and you have a possibility of getting a

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Send 25 cents for the Golden Envelope, containing valuable receipts and songs; and one of the sealed Certificates, which are well mixed and taken out regardless of choice, and sent by mail. You will inform you what you can get for $3, from a Butter-Dish or Castor, worth $10, to a Watch or Grand Piano, worth $1000. Also will be sent our circular, containing list of articles and certificates, and other terms to agents, to whom great inducements are offered.

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WITH THE COMPOUND CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT OF VALUABLE MEDICINAL ROOTS AND HERBS.

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This is our reply: Health is health the body, like a well-balanced scale, is in a state of Equilibrium. But when, from any cause, down goes one side of the scale, we have the effect of disease. What is requisite is to restore the normal balance of the scale.

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It is no universally admitted that CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP is the only effective means of restoration in the various forms of Fistulynia, that we need not reiterate that it is emphatically the Great Life-giving Power.

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INDIGESTION, WEIGHT AT STOMACH, FLATULENCE, LIVER COMPLAINT, WANT OF APPETITE, BAD BREATH, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS.

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And all other difficulties of this kind, which are so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

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SPRING SKIRTS

Are universally acknowledged by Ladies throughout the Length and Breadth of the Land

To be the most perfect and agreeable Skirt ever invented, the three thousand sets of every kind made being heavier, and twice or double covered.

They will not break or break, like the single springs, but will preserve their graceful and perfect shape where three or four ordinary skirts will have been thrown aside as useless.

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Contains more vegetable extractive matter than twenty boxes of any pills in the world besides. Fifty-five hundred physicians use them in their practice to the exclusion of other purgatives. The first letter of their value is yet scarcely appreciated. When they are taken, the whole garden death and continued sickness will be of the past. Let those who know them speak right out in their favor. It is a duty which will save life.

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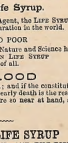
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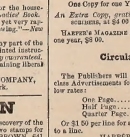
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DEPOSITS from 10 cents to $3000 open ed.
NO PUBLICITY. INTEREST, THREE PER CENT.
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GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT
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Have taken 32 First Premiums, gold and silver medals, at the Principal Fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, in competition with 200 Pianos from all parts of the World.

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STEINWAY & SONS direct special attention to their **Patent Agraffe Arrangement,**
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STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOS are the only American instruments exported to Europe in large numbers, and were highly honored on exhibition.

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MANUFACTURED BY THE
EMPIRE PEN CO.,
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For Sale by all Stationers.

Every variety of superior Steel Pens manufactured to order, and for sale by the Empire Pen Company.

50 PER CENT SAVED By Using

B. T. BABBITT'S LABOR-SAVING SOAP.

This Soap is made from clean and pure materials, contains no adulteration of any kind, will not injure the most delicate fabric, and is especially adapted for washing flannels, as it will not shrink after being washed with this Soap. It may be used in hard or soft water. It will remove paint, grease, tar, and stains of all kinds. One pound warranted equal to two pounds of ordinary family soap. Directions sent with each bar for making three gallons handsome soft soap from one pound of this Soap. Each bar is wrapped in a circular containing full directions for use, printed in English and German. Ask your grocer for "B. T. Babbitt's soap," and take no other.

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Salt Rheum. Salt Rheum.

Will cure the Itch in 48 hours; also cures Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Chilblains, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents. By sending 69 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass., it will be forwarded free by mail.
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The Four-Story Building, No. 51 Broad Street, 29 feet front. Possession 1st of May next. Apply to
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square.

"American Union Company,"
Manufacturers of the NEW ORGAN-TONED PIANO, Equal, if not SUPERIOR, to any. Warranted in every particular. Wareroom and "Agency," 667 Broome St.

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This new celebrated Revolver exceeds all others for compactness, effectiveness, durability, power, and safety in carrying. Is light (14 oz.), small only 7 in.), with larger service-proof cartridge (32-100 ball than any Revolver made of same size and weight. Send for circular. GEO. A. RICKOO, 54 Cliff street, New York.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 485.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"THE CURT REPLY."

THERE are, we suppose, few of our readers who do not remember from very early days the anecdote of the ambitious RALEIGH scratching on a window-pane, where it would meet the eye of his Royal mistress, the line—

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall;"

and QUEEN ELIZABETH'S dubious, or, as Mr. FOLINGSBY's title suggests, "curt," rejoinder, forming a couplet—

"If thy mind fail thee, do not climb at all."

Yet we must confess that, unless the gentle reader has studied history to better purpose than ourselves, he will find some difficulty in fixing the time, place, and circumstance of the story. It is, of course, beneath the dignity of FROUDE; it has no documentary evidence to recommend it to MISS STRICKLAND; it is not to be found in MISS AIKEN's more gossiping "Memoirs of the Court of Elizabeth." We turn with confidence to TYTLER's tolerably elaborate "Life of Raleigh," and, lo! it is not even there. The first reference to it we light on is in one of the early memoirs of Sir WALTER—that by OLDYS. But this only proves a faint scent to guide our chase: the anecdote is given, but with no details whatsoever, and FULLER's "Worthies" is quoted as the authority. But, alack-a-day! our fox only proves a buck hare after all. The anecdote is given in the baldest possible manner; only the phraseology is a little more antiquated, reading thus:

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall,
If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all.

The popularity of the anecdote is doubtless due in great measure to SCOTT's introduction of it into "Kenilworth," where it appears with all the circumstantial embellishments of the novelist's imagination. The handsome young gallant has just been, according to the tradition, taken into the Queen's service in acknowledgment of the chivalrous sacrifice of his richly-embroidered cloak that Gloriana might walk dry-shod. Intoxicated with certain marks of the Queen's favor, received when accompanying her Majesty in her diversion on the river, and after the return to the palace at Greenwich, when, at evening, she was walking in the gardens, "Squire Lackcloak" contrived that a maid of honor should see him enter a summer-house and write on a window-pane with a diamond ring which the Queen had given him as a recompense for the loss of his cloak. The sequel is, of course, perfectly evident.

The attempt to paint an anecdote is generally a misemployment of the resources of art. However, we can hardly find fault with the artist for selecting a subject which enabled him to represent "good Queen Bess" in all her brave attire, and (whether the incident be true or false) so characteristically engaged. We must, however, take exception to the portraiture of her Majesty, as being as outrageously flattering, in its way, as RALEIGH's own extravagant adulations of "the goddess," "the Diana," "the Venus"—his excessively vain yet most sagacious Queen. At this time ELIZABETH was approaching SIXTY, her features were very strongly marked, and she never had the embonpoint of the picture. The peeping RALEIGH is, on the contrary, not so good-looking as his authentic portraits. Mr. FOLINGSBY is an Irish artist, studying at Munich. In No. 460 we gave an excellent picture by him of "John Bunyan in Bedford Jail."



"THE CURT REPLY."—[BY G. F. FOLINGSBY.]

THE GREAT FIRE IN CINCINNATI.

WE give on page 228 illustrations of the recent conflagration in Cincinnati, sketched on the spot by our artist, Mr. WAUD. The fire broke out in FIKE's Opera-house. This building—the most splendid structure of the kind in the West—was completely destroyed. Very fortunately the immense audience congregated to hear "Midsummer Night's Dream," had dispersed before the accident occurred, otherwise we should have occasion to detail the horrible features of another human holocaust devoted to the Moloch of Flame.

The first appearance of the fire—due, it is thought, to a gas explosion—was in the scenery back of the stage at 11.30 P.M. The Cincinnati *Commercial* thus describes the scene which followed:

"In five minutes the flames had wrapped the whole magnificent interior of stage and auditorium, and burst through the rear portion of the roof. On the wings of the drought they gave shot, the tongue of flame rising to a great height and lapped over upon adjoining buildings. Soon huge masses of black smoke burst from the cornice of the Fourth Street front windows. At a quarter of twelve the scene was exciting in the extreme. The hall square bounded by Fourth, Vine, Baker, and Walnut streets had a dome of luridly gleaming flames, through which columns of smoke shot up, and from which showers of sparks and bunches of flame floated upward, and then descended upon the burning mass below. The dome and ceiling, with their gorgeous and artistic ornamentation, fell with the roof with a terrific crash, and there burst upward a dazzling light, blinding in its intensity. Shortly but surely the fire crept down through the various stories of the building, though effective and gallant efforts were done to the magnificent stores, fronting the entire length of the building on the first floor of Fourth Street, into the wealth of literature, the tens of thousands of volumes of books of CARROLL's store, the valuable stock of SINGER's sewing-machines, the fine music-store of W. C. PETERS, and Philip Phillip's pianos, the immense gallery devoted to the magnificent stores recently fitted up for the reception of STRAUP, STRATTON & HELMAN'S Commercial Institute, the cheerful rooms of the National Union Telegraph Company, the job printing establishment, with its valuable machinery, and all the dozen offices besides. From the rear and west side of the Opera-house the flames marched with overwhelming strength to the extensive stables of the Adams Express Company and the building of the Cincinnati *Daily Enquirer*. The fall of a large mass of wall upon the roof of the *Enquirer* building hastened its partial destruction, and soon the flames were communicated to the rear of the first and second floors, and climbing upward crept through the front windows, and told the story of their power to the firemen, who gave up the struggle with them. But with its usual power it ready to terribly used the devouring flames wrapped the structure in their embrace, and the work of destruction was soon far advanced. Through the back rooms, where were stored nearly $500,000 worth of cute through job-presses, and composing-rooms, and editorial rooms; through the engraving-room of JONES & HART—all totally destroyed."

The total loss is estimated at $1,751,000, over one-half of which was involved in the ruin of FIKE's Opera-house.

Our artist has sketched the scene presented by the ruins the day after the fire. An interesting feature of the sketch is the view given of the Chain-gang at work among the ruins.

THE LATE KING OF SIAM.

IT is perhaps not generally known that there are usually two Kings of Siam. But the Siamese Royal brethren, as elder and a younger—not Siamese twins—hold unequal shares in the divided monarchy—two-thirds of the power being vested in the First and one-third in the Second King. The junior of their fraternal Majesties has lately been removed by death; we therefore give his portrait on page 236. The senior, whose fame as a learned Buddhist sage, with his other philosophical and literary accom-

plishments, has been attested by high authority, pursues a wise and liberal policy, which has resulted in a great increase of the prosperity of his kingdom, since the treaty of 1850 opened the navigation of the Menam and other Siamese rivers to European shipping and commerce. In the year 1864 the foreign export and import trade of Siam amounted to more than $12,500,000, and employed 55,000 tons of British shipping, besides a great quantity carried on in native vessels, which are built of the teak wood of the country, on the best European models, in the dock-yards of the Menam. The capital city, especially to China, is a most important article of Siamese enterprise, amounting to 125,000 tons in the year; and this kingdom is in a fair way of becoming one of the wealthiest and most civilized of Eastern states. The Second King, recently deceased, "would have been," says Sir John Bowring, "a very distinguished man, if he were not eclipsed by the more active nature and more prominent position of his elder brother. He spoke pure English, wrote a hand which might be a pattern for a European schoolmaster; he had work-shops for the manufacture of scientific and mechanical instruments; he had, moreover, a taste for literature, and I found the shelves of his library filled with European, and especially English, books." The palace at Bangkok, in which both Kings resided together, is a huge pile, inhabited by about 2900 persons: the First King's private house being more than 100 feet was little distinction, as regards the pomp and ceremonies of their Court, between the royal pair.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1866.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

IT was unfortunate that the President should have lately said to a delegation from New Jersey that he is too old to change, for the greatest changes of his life have occurred within the last few years, and no reasonable man will ever too old to be convinced. Especially at a time like this, when the wisdom of public policy and the national welfare depend not upon theories but upon the actual conditions of affairs, it is surely the part of wisdom to cultivate patience and toleration and an open mind. During the dark days of the war a Union Senator became one day from an interview with President LINCOLN and exclaimed, impatiently: "There's no bracing atmosphere at the White House." The President, he said, is never away. No wonder Union man is stronger for seeing him." That it was a very dull Union man. MR. LINCOLN was strong because he was patient. His patience enabled him to know and to weigh exactly the force of opinions. If he had constantly said upon the vital points of the war, "My mind is made up. I am not to be moved," he would have lacked precisely the distinctive quality of his greatness as a man and of his fitness as President.

President JOHNSON's temperament differs from President LINCOLN's as General JACKSON's did from General WASHINGTON's. Mr. JOHNSON likes fights. All his life has been a bold, sturdy political champion. He has been trained in the most orthodox discipline of the most unpopular of parties, and he gives blows as well as takes them. At the close of a fierce war he stepped into the Presidency over the body of his predecessor murdered by those who would also have killed him; and his grim resolution to maintain the Constitution and Union, as he understood them, promised to be inflexible against all those views differed from his own. But forgetting, as it seems to us, that the most patriotic men may honestly differ in a crisis like the present, he rather impudently recognizes as the only friends of the Union those who support his policy in every point, without weighing the probable and obvious motives of such support in many quarters. Thus while he identifies himself with patriotic sentiments the defender of the Union and Constitution it is remarkable that those who have not shown that they were not the very men who overthrew the wisdom of some of his measures, while those who have been the open and bloody or secret and treacherous foes of the Union, now vehemently applaud every word he utters and every act he does. Is it that those who with ANDREW JOHNSON have hitherto defended the Union against every assault did not comprehend what they were doing; or is it that those who after long deliberation struggled fiercely to destroy it, are at heart its most intelligent advocates and truest friends, and the safest counselors in its reorganization?

But this rapturous approval of the President by his political enemies is not a new phenomenon. The party which advised surrender to the rebellion, and exhausted the language in contemptuous vituperation of Mr. JOHNSON while he was a rock against their treasonable fury, has no course left but to excite and exasperate division between him and his friends. They applaud him not because he demands that treason shall be made odious, not because he maintained military rule and suspended the *habeas corpus* in the disturbed States, not because he imposed assent to emancipation upon those States and excepted large classes from amnesty, not because he demanded that "a public example * * * should be subjected to a severe ordeal before he is restored to citizenship," but because his measures do not command the unqualified support of all Union men, and because they hope to widen a difference into a fatal breach. When Mr. S. S. COX, who said at Chicago in 1864 that LINCOLN and DAVIS ought to be brought to the same block together now says at New Haven that Mr. JOHNSON, the faithful friend of Mr. LINCOLN re elected with him, is the best of Presidents, it is hard to believe that a politician so experienced as Mr. Cox cannot see the meaning and the support of its true value. He must know that the breach between him and the Copperheads is irreparable. He must know that they would willingly use him as a bridge to pass the Union over, as a stalking-horse to their own purposes, as a spring-board to leap into power; that they would use him to the last and then contemptuously discard him. He ought surely to know that the party which must rely for success upon its old alliance with the old spirit of Slavery in the South, and not upon the new spirit of Union and Liberty there, would as soon vote for CHARLES SUMNER as for ANDREW JOHNSON. The Copperhead policy of to-day is a vast reaction against the spirit and results of the war and in favor of the old Southern policy. In such a reaction does the military Governor of Tennessee, the Senator who alone from the South was true to the death the leaders of that old Southern policy, think that he has any place? Had the Presbyterian church lower and confidence in the Court of the Restoration?

The President can not hope to create a new party however doubtful States may waver. The Union party comprising that overwhelming majority of loyal men who sustained the war can not disband merely because the war is over. It will of necessity cohere until the full results of the war are secured. With whom, then, will the President trust himself, with his friends or his foes? However he may differ with those friends, can the difference be such as to induce it is with his opponents? We have no wish to conceal that difference. The various views and measures which compose what is called the President's policy are fully understood and approved by him in perfect good faith. They are inspired by the conviction that the best method to be adopted is one of moderation, conciliation, and the preservation of our constitutional system. In this conviction all patriotic men will agree. But upon the question what is security, and what is not, upon Constitutional, there are wide differences. When the President assumes that by a formal acceptance of the terms he has imposed the Union is really restored, when he refuses to see further delays or conditions; when he opposes any constitutional amendment, or any serious national guarantee whatever that the rights of the citizens are represented in Congress: when he thinks that the present remedies of law are sufficient for whatever friction or wrong there may be in the long disorganized system; when he thinks it adequate, that they should not be strengthened until those States have a voice in Congress, he differs from the vast majority of the loyal people, and apparently begs the very question at issue, which is, upon what conditions those States shall have a voice?

It is not enough that he declares himself the defender of the Constitution against those whom he calls its new assailants. It is not enough that he declares himself the enemy of centralization. It is not enough that he declares that he stands by the Union, and that those who do not agree in every point of his policy are enemies of the Union. The question still remains. The President is unquestionably pure of purpose, and very determined. He is very clear in comprehending and skilful in interpreting the Constitution. But he is certainly proved his fidelity to the Union. But the equal integrity, and ability, and devotion, and firmness of Congress are also unquestioned. President JOHNSON must see that the Union party can not accept the indiscriminate support of all his views and measures as the only constitutional fidelity. He must see the profound mistake if he regards the situation as a struggle between himself and Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS. When he sees those who have so little respect for Mr. STEVENS's wisdom as to has himself gravely questioning his course, it is a fatal delusion if he sees only Mr. STEVENS.

The Democratic is taking the position for the President to believe that the party whose last general and official manifesto was the Chicago Platform of 1864 is sincerely the Union party of this country? Would he have the Union Convention to settle the questions of to-day more than of two years ago? If the alternative is presented to him of supporting such a party, or of attempting to form a party composed of the Copperheads, the late rebels, and a few recruits from the Union line, or of continuing to act with those who have fought with him the good fight, but who now, in some important points, differ with his judgment, we shall believe, until belief is impossible, that he still holds to his words of the 8th of February, "that he might differ with some of his friends, and he should feel wholly at liberty so to differ, and to state the grounds of his own opinion belief or opinion; but he considered himself identified with the great Union party, and had no desire or intention of being found outside. He intended to exercise his own judgment, but was ready to yield it when he found it was not sustained by the judgment of the people."

CONNECTICUT.

THE result of the election in Connecticut is peculiarly significant. It shows the great Union line unbroken. It is a plain demonstration that the loyal people of that State, whose sons and brothers went to the war, from which so many never returned, are not yet ready to deliver the State and the country into the hands of those who denounced the war and excused the rebels. ISAAC TOUCEY and THOMAS H. SEYMOUR, one of whom, as Secretary of the Navy, did what he could by sending away the national ships to paralyze the Government, and the other of whom, as candidate for Governor, openly expressed his sympathy with treason, are not the accepted political leaders of Connecticut.

The contest indeed was, as usual, severe, but the result was a remarkable triumph for the Union party. In 1864, at the Presidential election, when the honorable existence of the Union itself was at stake, the Union majority for Mr. LINCOLN was only 2406. Now the war is over. There is naturally a certain reaction. The Copperheads masked themselves last year as candidates who voted for the war supplies in Congress, and even for the Constitutional Amendment. The Union party is disbanded by the gratitude of the President. His sympathies, under the circumstances, were unquestionably against the successful candidate who had frankly declared his difference with the President on certain points. The canvass was conducted upon the radical ground in a State which last autumn refused impartial Suffrage by 7000 majority; and yet, notwithstanding all these influences which undoubtedly impaired the majority of General HAWLEY, reducing it to half of that of Mr. LINCOLN, the whole Union ticket is elected: there are 18 Union Senators to 7 of the Opposition, and a Union majority of 50 in the House.

The result secures a Union Senator in Connecticut in place of LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER, and, we hope, indicates that the question of impartial suffrage may be successfully revived at no distant day. The people of Connecticut form among the States the people of which, with charity for all and malice toward none, propose to reorganize the vast disturbance of the Union upon the simple constitutional basis of justice.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

THE Civil Rights Bill was drawn with simplicity and care for a very necessary purpose. It declares who are citizens of the United States, defines their rights, prescribes penalties for violating them, and provides the means of redress. The power to do this springs from the very nature and function of a supreme government. The power being conceded, it is fair to demand that any measure of legislation shall be shown to be necessary, politic, and constitutional.

It is not essential to an intelligent use of language in the laws and common speech that the true meaning of citizenship should be defined. Nearly a fifth of the population of the country are citizens. They are subject to the Government; they support the obligations and do the duty of citizens. Are they citizens or not? The question may be more unanswerable than to fear or hesitate to define their status? If they are not citizens, are they aliens, are they unnaturalized natives? Domiciled aliens and foreigners have the protection of law, indeed, but these are neither. They are native to the soil. They owe and perform the obligations of other citizens. Why not call them citizens?

That color was not originally a disability for citizenship is undeniable; for the citizens of many States, even before the formation and adoption of the Constitution, citizens of the United States, and in some of the States at that time colored persons were not only citizens but voters. The Constitution, between the years 1787 and 1803, by implication and directly, admit that color is not a disability. In 1843 Mr. DANA, U. S. District-Attorney-General for the United States, gave his opinion that a free colored man can be a citizen. But as the Government became thoroughly tainted with the spirit of slavery, that obstacle was to acknowledge the fact increased and obscured the whole question. Mr. MARCY, as Secretary of State, held both opinions, that colored men were and were not citizens. Passports have been both issued and refused to them as citizens; and finally the spirit of slavery culminating in the DRED SCOTT decision, declared that a free negro was not a citizen. In 1862, under the Government purged of the influence of slavery, the question again arose, and Attorney-General BATES in a masterly opinion held that color was not a disqualification. But the baffled party of division still asserts the contrary. President JOHNSON in his veto of the Civil Rights Bill admits a difference of opinion; and the Constitution, while it speaks of citizens, nowhere defines the term. It is therefore both timely and wise, at the close of a civil war which has abolished slavery, that the highest authority should declare distinctly who are citizens of the United States, and what are the rights to which citizens are entitled.

The policy of such a measure is plain from the fact that the civil rights of millions of the native population of the United States are destroyed in certain parts of the country on the ground of color: that this invasion springs from the worst evil habit of the country, and that, if not corrected by the supreme authority, the inevitable result will be a confirmation of this spirit, and a consequent perpetual menace of the public peace by deepening the unreasoning of the outraged class of the population that the chance of legal redress is hopeless. The good policy is evidently to open the fountain of that recountry earnestly desires repose, but that repose is and ought to be impossible while millions of loyal and tried friends of the Government are exposed, as in the absence of such a bill they are exposed, to the vengeance of those who are still, and naturally, alienated from the Government. Nothing can tend so surely to confirm the peace of the Union as the kindly but firmly expressed intention of the Government to protect and enforce the equal civil rights of every citizen; understood by civil rights, according to Chancellor KENT, "the right of personal security, the right of personal liberty, and the right to acquire and enjoy property." This is substantially the explanation given by President JOHNSON of the right conferred by the Emancipation Amendment. "Liberty," he said in his message to Congress and to Judge WAIRDLAW, "means freedom to work and enjoy the products of your own labor." The Civil Rights Bill merely secures that freedom; for no man enjoys the fruit of his labor if he can not own property, and sue and testify and convey.

But if the United States had the constitutional right to confer this freedom, can it be unconstitutional to defend it? If it were constitutional for the Government to insist that the late rebel States should guarantee this liberty, can it not insist that they shall assent to its definition and protection? What else was the significance of the second clause of the amendment authorizing the Government to enforce it? Having freed a man from chattel slavery, is the Government bound to look on passively and see him reduced to a new virtual slavery, by a State vagrant law, for a trivial offense? The President, indeed, asks in his veto whether the present laws are not sufficient to protect the rights of the freedmen. What rights? If they are neither citizens, nor domiciled aliens, nor foreigners, what rights have they? Before those rights can be conferred before their rights can be defined; and then, if existing remedies are adequate, they are not impaired by the bill. If they are not adequate, the bill is plainly necessary.

The President's objection to the bill as special legislation is a manifest misapprehension. The bill is universal in its application. If the rights of any citizen of whatever class or color are invaded any where in the country the bill provides the remedy, without any exclusion or exception whatever. But the bill has a great weight upon the fact that "worthy, intelligent, and patriotic foreigners" must reside here five years before they can become citizens, and expresses the opinion that the bill discriminates against them in favor of those to whom the avenues of freedom and intelligence are just opened. But the President knows that the case fairly. Let us ask it in another way. If "worthy, intelligent, and patriotic foreigners" are to be made both citizens and voters at the end of a residence of five years, is it unreasonable that worthy, intelligent, and patriotic natives, all whose interests and affections are and always have been bound up with the country, should be made citizens, generally, at the end of twenty-one years? If it be objected that the mass of the natives in question are not intelligent, the reply is asserted that the mass of the foreigners are so? If it be right to take a foreigner totally ignorant of our language and government and the whole spirit of our system and give him, after five years, the right to vote, can it be wrong to take a man like ROBERT SMALLS, who instinctively knows and loves and would give his life for whatever is here, after the end of three years of emancipation give him, not so much as a vote, but the name and rights of a citizen? That is a question which we do not and answer in the Message.

The objection that the bill interferes with rightful State legislation is not sustained by a careful consideration of the bill. The United States may lawfully define the civil rights of their citizens no State can lawfully impair those rights. The bill leaves the legislative discretion of the States unlimited by any thing but the fundamental civil rights of all citizens which the nation itself protects; and it gives the United States courts exclusive jurisdiction under an express clause of the Constitution.

But the most extraordinary objection urged by the President is that the Civil Rights Bill is antagonistic to the principles of political economy. It is not easy to see precisely what is meant by this statement. The bill provides that all citizens shall have the same right to

make contracts, to sue and be sued, to give evidence, to purchase and convey property. Is this settling questions of political economy? We should as soon have suspected that it was an attempt to solve astronomical problems.

But the serious objection to the veto lies in the fact, which is evident throughout, that the President thinks enough has been done to redeem the sacred honor of the United States, not of the separate States, pledged to the emancipated class. He says indeed that he will co-operate with Congress to protect them; but Congress is maturely considered and presented two methods of protection, and he rejects both. What is the President's plan? Is it to leave them to the Black Codes? Is it to call them free, thereby exasperating the late masters, and then suffer those masters unchecked to forbid them to own property, to bear arms, to testify, and to enjoy any of the rights of freedom? Is it to trust to time, and to hope that when the present generation, to whom war is not yet real, is exterminated, some kind of justice may be done their posterity by those who come after us? The present danger to the Union is not in the direction feared by the President. It is not from the United States doing a simple Constitutional act of justice; it is from the States perpetuating the old injustice from which our troubles sprang. State rights injustice begat by slavery brought war, war alienation and bloody war. State rights interpreted by liberty can alone give us Constitutional unity and enduring peace.

WHAT IT COSTS TO CORNER WALL STREET.

About three months ago the leading director of the Erie Railway Company—familiar to all observed that the stock of that concern had been oversold by the reckless Bears of Wall Street, and undertook to "corner the shorts"—that is to say, to buy up the stock, so that the speculators who had sold it for future delivery should not be able to buy when they wanted it. The director took into his confidence one of his director bought and bought, and as he bought the stock rose. Pretty soon it was 85, then 90. Still the director bought on, and by-and-by it was 95, presently 97. The Bears had gone on buying it might have been 100, or 110, or even 120, by this time. There are limits, however, to the capacity of even the boldest speculators. By the time the Erie director had bought rather more than all the stock afloat in this country he thought it was time to stop.

He had achieved one half of his enterprise. He had pretty thoroughly cornered the shorts. Foolish operators who had sold Erie short at 80, found themselves compelled to buy it in at 95, and the difference—$1500 on every hundred shares—went into the pocket of the speculative director. There were many who, finding sold short at 80, refused to buy in at 95, and remained "short," borrowing the stock from day to day. These the speculative director punished by refusing to lend them the stock except for a bonus—say $50 a day for each hundred shares. Day after day passed, and a few resolute patient "Bears" paid their 18 per cent. a day, and refused to cover. All the weak and faint-hearted "shorts" had already bought in.

The question now was, what to do with the stock on hand? A few thousand dollars had been taken from "Bear" speculators. But this apart, the speculating director found himself the owner of all the Erie stock in the market at an average cost of over 90. There was no demand for the stock. Nobody in Wall Street or out wanted 100 shares. At 85 there had been a small consumptive demand. At 95 there was none at all.

The speculative director formed many combinations, by means of which he succeeded in interesting others in his operation. In the course of a day or two these combinations led to disputes among the confederates, and some of the parties to the conspiracy began to sell. Others followed, and the cry of *sauve qui peut* being raised, such quantities of stock were thrown upon the market that in a few days the price fell from 97 to 75.

The speculative director had not succeeded in selling all his stock. As his account then stood the sale would not cost him more than $1500 less than half a million. It was a painful reflection for a man who was accustomed to make, not to lose, money in stocks, and especially in Erie.

A week or so elapsed, and the director resolved to look for his money where he had lost it. He began to buy Erie again. Other speculators were as quick as he, and Erie began once more to rise rapidly. From 75 it jumped up to 80, from 80 to 85. At 85 to 85½ the speculative director made his grand demonstration. He bought all the stock that could be had at the price—say 30,000 shares in a single day. On the following day all the Erie loaned out was called in. From ¼ to ½ per cent. a day was again demanded for the use of the stock. Once more the Bears were squeezed within an inch of their lives, and none but the resolute held out. On the next day the grand pinch was ordered. The stock opened at 87, and every one said it was going to 90 before noon. To the amazement of every one, at 87 there was an ample supply; fully 10,000 shares were sold in the morning, quite enough to supply the more pressing wants of the Bears. It subsequently appeared that some weeks previously, when Erie was 75, the speculating director had sold a call for 10,000 shares at 85, and the holder of this call had defeated the corner by supplying the Bears at the expense of the seller of the call. Thus once more the attempt to corner the shorts had failed.

It took the speculative director but a few days to realize that he had once more missed his mark. Most of the shares he had covered their contracts, and as there was no consumptive demand for the stock at 86, it was clearly futile to put up the price. The director began to sell with vigor and despatch. How much he sold and at what prices is only known to himself and his brokers. Within a fortnight the price fell to par cent., and real stock was still being delivered from the speculative director's hoard. It is not unreasonable to suppose that at least a quarter of a million must have been lost by him and his friends in their second attempt to corner Erie.

It is now supposed that they have altered their position, and gone short of the stock. In the late new allotment they may or may not receive the losses they have met with in their previous attempts to corner the street. But Erie will have to fall very low indeed to give them the $750,000 thrown away in the two abortive enterprises of January and March, 1865.

The lesson should not be lost upon Wall Street speculators. If the leading director of the Erie, with unlimited capital, unrivaled skill, and vast power over the market, failed in making money by cornering that stock, it is safe to conclude that no stock can hereafter be profitably "cornered," unless the party which corners is content to wait for years before making it for an indefinite period of time thereafter. Such operations, in a word, inflict severe loss upon the Bears, but bring no profit to the Bulls. The feeling of Wall Street is such at the present time that the mere mention of the words "clique" or "corner," in connection with a stock, is sufficient to prevent operators dealing in it. No one will buy or sell a cornered stock. And though people who sell that which they have not got are naturally victimized by such disputes as underlie the way stocks reported to be oversold, it does not follow by any means that the cliques themselves will find a market to dispose of the stock. Many of the public argue that a cornered stock must be let alone, and when the Bulls, after ruining the Bears, try to convert their property into cash, they can not, as a rule, find a purchaser. This has been done by the Erie director. Prairie du Chien stock, some account of which was recently given in these columns, was cornered by a sold to-day in any quantity at 50, though the last reported sale was 96, and the clique—which owns all the stock in existence—bids 92 as a matter of form at every board.

In an article publish'd early in January we alluded to the probable downward course of prices in Wall Street during the present year, and to the probable unemployed speculators combining to corner this and that active stock. Both expectations have been realized. Prices have fallen very nearly all round, and one of the most active stocks—Erie, Michigan Southern, and Rock Island—are or have been cornered. The result is that business is falling off in Wall Street, and that the number of operators is being steadily diminished. The Bears are being cornered and bled profusely; the Bulls are being loaded up with stocks which they can not sell, and which they will only be able to hold so long as money remains easy. The indications are that business will continue to decline until a speculation arises in some new investment, which can not be cornered, and in which no thimble-rig can easily be practiced.

THE "METEOR."

THE case of the *Meteor* is peculiarly interesting as showing the extreme care of the United States Government to maintain the honorable American relation of neutrality. Nothing can be more desirable, nothing can be more dignified and impressive than to show to the world that, when we denounced British neutrality as a mere name, we knew what we said, and were not crying out merely because we were hurt. Yet it is quite possible that, in the very purpose of showing this shining moral, our Government may be a little hasty to seize an occasion. And that is the exact question of the *Meteor*. Shall she be seized and detained as a violation of the Neutrality Laws intended?

The *Meteor* is a noble screw war steamer. She was built in the best manner, is thoroughly equipped, could be readily armed, and was doubtless intended for service during the late war. The war being over she was about sailing from New York for St. Thomas in the West Indies, when the Spanish representatives here complained that she was to be sold to the Chilean Government now at war with Spain, and asked for her detention. The Government immediately issued the necessary order, and the ship was seized. The claimants of the ship assured that the Court appoint appraisers, that the ship might be justly valued and bonds taken, and the vessel released. Upon this motion Judge BETTS decided, on the 23d of March, that the release was not obligatory, but discretionary with the Court. He held that the importance of a strict observance of the Neutrality Laws was so great that the United States should have reasonable time to prove their case; and that when, as in this instance, a forfeiture was claimed under the third section of the Neutrality Laws of 1818 it was clearly the intention of the Government to detain the vessel in order, if necessary, to execute the forfeiture. The application for release was therefore overruled.

It now remains for the Government to justify its action, and to prove that hostilities have been fitted out a ship to commit hostilities against any country with which the United States are at peace. But should the charge fail it is a very hard case for the claimants. The libel was filed on the 23d of January. It is now the second week in April. If the charge be baseless, if it were wanton, the owners, to drag daily from the use of their property, and subjected to the expenses and delays of an important suit, have apparently no remedy but applying Congress to give them compensation. Judge BETTS will never forgive them no other redress. There is no reason or excuse for so shiftless and unjust a state of things. If a citizen brings an ungrounded suit he is made to pay the piper. If the Government does the same thing it should be subject to the same penalty. Great property interests should not be left unprotected by any peremptory action of a Department, to the discretion of a judge, or to the delays of the law. If the owners of the *Meteor* are innocent the law let them pay the penalty. But if they are innocent let the accuser pay for the losses he has inflicted. And this is a redress which should be established by law.

THIERS AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

In his late speech upon the grant for the GREAT PARIS EXPOSITION, MR. BANKS, the Chairman of the House Committee of Foreign Affairs, said that he had no doubt of the visit of LOUIS NAPOLEON to go to war with this country. It was not surprising, therefore, that the honorable gentleman proposed that we should accept the Emperor's polite invitation to his Fair, and that we should go thither in Monitors and military baggage-wagons, carrying our 20-inch guns, 600-pound rifled projectiles, with Admiral FARRAGUT at the head. If, however, the French Emperor is still desirous of war with us, as the result of our domestic struggle, we hardly think that the mere spectacle of our projectiles can accomplish what the prolonged and vigorous use of these projectiles failed to effect. We should have been glad to hear the reasons of MR. BANKS's faith, for we doubt if this country or France is of his opinion.

The Emperor of France is a much duller man than he has been hitherto supposed if he is not convinced that his Mexican expedition is a failure. He knows very well that the United States are waiting for him to leave Mexico. He knows that MR. SEWARD's dispatches, however polite, are very plain in their statement of the feeling of this country; and that if we wait we do not cease to watch, and that any serious movement of increased persistence will be met by force. He is still civilized enough to abhor war. He is aware that we have as yet made no false move. His Mexican enterprise is unpopular at home. The pressure against it grows constantly stronger, and he is doubtless persuaded that this Government is much too sagacious to overthrow that opposition by a policy which would unite France to violently its honor.

Meanwhile the late speech of M. THIERS reveals a new danger to the Empire. The veteran Bitherto the opposition in France has been revolutionary and not legitimate. It has opposed his dynasty, and has thereby justified him in his own assumption that it was the natural and political foe, M. THIERS, has adroitly changed his base. He declares that there is now no question of the dynasty. That is established. The question is liberty which the founder of the dynasty has promised, and which he has hitherto withheld upon the plausible pretext that it could not strengthen the hands of its enemies. The opposition itself now removes that pretext, and respectfully requires a fulfillment of imperial pledges. This is an immense fortification of opposition, for now if there be any danger of revolutionary measures it is not upon its side. It can now reasonably demand, as THIERS does demand, freedom of the press, personal security, and retirement from MEXICO and other unpromising expeditions.

There was never a time in which watchful quiescence was so clearly our true foreign policy as at this moment. Neither LOUIS NAPOLEON nor the United States desire themselves as to the traditional amity of the two countries. France aided the Colonies not because the Bourbons and they favored rebellion, but because helping the Colonies was a heavy blow to Great Britain. The debt that we incurred to LOUIS XVI. has been fully cancelled by LOUIS NAPOLEON. He has put himself completely in the wrong. He must right himself or account to France. Our position is one of steady observation.

LENGTH OF LIFE.

DIFFERENT animals have different limits of life, the universal being of all degrees, from the insects of an hour up to the animals that live even beyond a hundred years. There is in each case a period of growth in which a supply continually exceeds waste, followed by a period in which there is an even state, supply and waste being balanced, and then comes a period of decay. These periods seem to have quite a definite relation to each other, for the longer is the period of growth the longer is the middle period of maturity, and therefore the longer is the whole life. For example, the horse that gets its growth so much sooner than man, does not live half as long; and the elephant, on the other hand, which arrives at maturity about the thirtieth year, lives to a much greater age. Of fishes the salmon, which attains its full size quickly, has short life, while the perch, the carp, and the pike, which have a slow growth, are long-lived. The same truth holds of the vegetable world.

Length of life depends somewhat upon the degree of activity of the life of relation, and is longest where this is lowest. Tortoises, crocodiles, and fishes furnish as many more instances of great longevity than the warm-blooded animals, which are comparatively a much more active life. And of the warm-blooded tribes the less active are generally the longest lived. Thus the stately, proud, and slow-moving peacock lives about twenty years, while the restless and quarrelsome cock has a much shorter life. Still shorter is the life of the sparrow and of the smaller birds generally, and their activity is, we know, intense. The rule does not always, however, hold good; for the hare, though so sharp much, and is far from lively when he awakes, is rather short-lived, while the active camel sometimes reaches the age of a hundred years.

We may thus infer that the natural limits of life in different animals are conformed generally to the activities which they each. There is a provision for every animal which is consistent with its best development, and either going above or below this is detrimental to it. Man is not fitted for such activity as is maintained, for example, by the restless horse, nor for such a low degree of life as that of the tortoise; and if he choose either his organization will suffer, and life will be shortened. To use living animals for labor is a cruel abuse of power.

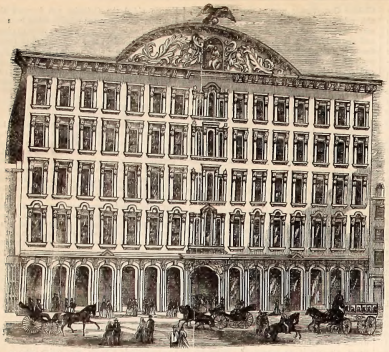
It can not be said, then, that there is a certain amount of vital power given to every individual, which he has to use in this is just that he will last. On the contrary, the putting it forth to the extent of the design of his nature is essential to its preservation. In other words, some good degree of action is necessary for the development of the vigor of health. Yet it is not probable that the due exercise of the laws of health would extend the limits of life very far beyond what they are at present, though it would very largely lessen the mortality of infancy short of old age, and render life more comfortable and useful.

There is one consideration in relation to length of life of great importance to be omitted. As mortal tendencies are transferred from parents to children we should naturally suppose that every hygienic effects, as well as in the struggle against actual disease. A full victory is often obtained by the new individual over some hereditary mortal tendencies of the most decided character.

SOLDIERS' FAMILIES LABOR AND AID SOCIETY.

IT was the reproach of the country after the Revolution that the soldiers were neglected. But the spirit that sustained the enormous labor of the Sanitary Commissions during the late war does not permit the neglect of soldiers' wives or widows come to work daily, and are paid one dollar a day. There will be a hospital in the house for disabled soldiers, and a school in which mothers can leave their children, while they are themselves at work elsewhere in the building. Employment, and elsewhere in the building. Employment, and the character and experience of the ladies who direct the society are ample proof of the sagacity, thrift, and tenderness with which the Home will be managed.

The institution needs money now, but it is intended to be self-supporting. The Sanitary Commission promises a thousand dollars some time hence; but our good friends might wisely remember that he gives twice who gives quickly. MRS. JAMES GERMOND and MRS. F. B. MORGAN will gladly give any information or receive any contribution.



PIKE'S OPERA-HOUSE, CINCINNATI.—FROM A LITHOGRAPH PUBLISHED BY E. MENDENHALL, CINCINNATI.



GREAT FIRE IN CINCINNATI—CHAIN-GANG AT WORK ON THE RUINS.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.



THE GREAT FIRE IN CINCINNATI, MARCH 23, 1866—BURNING OF PIKE'S OPERA-HOUSE.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By George F. Harrington.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



CHAPTER XIV.

"Brr I do sincerely hope, my friends, that we are really by this time to turn away from these record and seventh chapters of Daniel. There are a host of other passages in Scripture I am anxious to show you. Astonishing, is it not, that men should have supposed so long that America was not referred to in the Bible? Why there is not a day passes but I, for one, find some fresh allusion in it, especially to our glorious Confederacy. Yes, let us leave this behind us as settled. By 'the Ancient of days' here in Daniel is clearly meant the old United States. By the 'one like unto the Son of man' is as undoubtedly meant the Confederate States. The 'mountain' refers, as we have seen, to the United States also. The stone 'cut out of the mountain without hands,' which is to dash all other nations to pieces, and become the great empire Christian nation of the millennium, is, as we have clearly shown you, the Confederate States. Any flaw in our reasoning is simply impossible. Any man that can not perceive this is hopelessly rotten. Heaven forbid, dear brethren, there should be a Union man among you!"

And here Brother Barker pauses, wipes his streaming face and then his moist hands with his very damp handkerchief, lays it beside his Bible to dry, takes another sip of water, and begins afresh. He is in the pulpit on his regular monthly appointment in the Pines, a country neighborhood some fifty miles from Somerville. A log church it is, densely crowded to-day. On his last regular Sabbath there Brother Barker had preached a thanksgiving discourse upon the defeat and capture of M'Clellan at Richmond, so powerful as to bring him into a state of hoarseness from which he is not recovered even yet.

"I'd rather wear out than rust out," he has remarked; and to-day he is delivering one in his series of sermons upon the Confederate States in Scripture.

The fact is, it is long now since Brother Barker has preached any thing else except the war. Nothing in the world more insipid, behind the times, obsolete for the present, than the Gospel. But has he not taken up prophecy instead? And is not prophecy as much a part of Scripture as the old gospel? And Brother Barker frankly disclaims all credit as the discoverer of his new interpretations of prophecy; they are discoveries too splendid for that.

"I only use the investigations of other divines at the South," he said. "The documents themselves can not be circulated as widely as they ought owing to the dearth of paper. But so conclusive are these discourses, so exceedingly encouraging to every Christian patriot, that so far as my poor bleeding heart will allow I am making them known by word of mouth to all under sound of my voice. I learn there are up here in the Pines some who cling to the old Union still; few, very few I do hope. If the brutality of the North, if the justice of the Confederate cause have not convinced such of their error, Scripture surely must. Scripture," brethren, *Scripture!* And right here let us turn, if you please, to another passage—but wait a moment. Let me see," says Brother Barker, folding his long arms upon his narrow chest, and standing back a little from the pulpit. "As you all may know, your unworthy speaker was born at the North. I have some half dozen brothers alive there this very Sunday, I suppose. Do you want to know the Scripture that cured me of my last love for the North? Turn then to Genesis forty-first, fifty-first. Wait a moment. What was the first great battle of our revolution? Manassas! Very good. Now read the passage: 'And Joseph called the name of the first-born Manasseh: For God, said he, hath made me forget all my toil, and all my father's house.' See?" And with the finger of his left hand on the passage, Brother Barker spent a vehement five minutes in showing how entirely the South had in and by that battle been made to forget its long slavery to the North, all affection even for that the home of its ancestors.

"Scripture prophesied enough for me here," he said, with both palms on his Bible. "'My old father? Manassas! My brothers there? Manassas! The North, and all in it, now, henceforth, and for evermore?' At the very least utter forgetfulness and eternal alienation. In other words, Manassas, Manassas! And yet there are people who doubt whether our war is referred to in this Holy Book!" added the preacher, with an air of patient resignation.

Another application of the handkerchief to face and neck and hands; another sip at the glass of water.

"Let us turn now to Isaiah sixty-sixth, seven and eight." And Brother Barker reads—"'Before she travailed, she brought forth; before her pain came she was delivered of a man child. Who hath heard such a thing? who hath seen such things? Shall the earth be made to bring forth in one day? or shall a nation be born at once? for as soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children.' Now remember," continues Brother Barker, leaning one elbow on the desk, his long forefinger demonstrating the point of remember what has been proved that, as the ecclesiastical Zion was a type of the New Testament church, so the political Zion was equally an emblem of the central nation in New Testament times—that is, America. And clearly does the preacher apply the prophecy to the instantaneous secession of the South.

"Turn again to Daniel twelfth, seventh." And Brother Barker finds the place and reads—"'When he shall have accomplished to scatter the power of the holy people, all these things shall be finished.' Now, who are the holy people?" asks he. "America, of course, the Christian Israel. What was their being scattered? Secession evidently. And what was to be accomplished then and there? Look back to the seventh chapter going before: the establishment of Christ's last and most glorious nation—these Confederate States! Can any thing be more conclusive?" And Brother Barker goes over the passage and his comment thereupon several times, to the satisfaction of upon the hearers. Very fixed is the attention of those hearers.

Once more, if you please. Isaiah twenty-seven, verse first. And the preacher reads—'Ye shall be gathered one by one, O ye children of Israel.' What exact manner of Secession! No co-operation, no movement of the States as a body; 'one by one' do the States secede!" And on this point also Brother Barker dwells at length.

"Let us turn now to the eleventh of Zechariah," the preacher reads the chapter. "By the breaking of the staves Bands—Unity and Bands'—was prophesied the dissolution of the Union. The three shepherds alluded to in the passage, and all that is said of them there, how manifestly it refers to Missouri, Maryland, Kentucky, and the temporary exclusion from the Confederacy!" And the interest is thrilling as Brother Barker shows from the passage how the North, in its awful destitution and self-division, are to "eat the flesh of one another!"

But the enthusiasm of the preacher overflows all bounds as he turns to the fourth chapter of the Prophet Micah, and paints therefrom the millennial splendor of the Confederacy. Over and over again does Brother Barker read it. "'In that day, saith the Lord, will I assemble her that halteth, and I will gather her that is driven out—*drives out!*" cries the preacher, "'and her that I have afflicted; and I will make her that halted a remnant, and her that was cast far off a strong nation.' Observe, brethren, '*cast far off*'—*a strong nation!* And the Lord shall reign over them in Mount Zion from henceforth, even forever.'" And so to the end of the chapter, at which the speaker arrives entirely exhausted.

"Matthew twenty-first, forty-third," resumes he, his handkerchief almost flying in his hand from its service upon face and neck. "Therefore say I unto you, The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof.' In the verse before is allusion to a rejected stone," reasons the preacher. "You will remember we saw this stone all through Scripture; cut out of the mountain of the old Union; destined to destroy and supersede all other nations in the Confederate States; 'become the head of the corner' is there says. Why? Because the Union, the old Christian Israel had failed—every thing failed—bring forth fruit—fruit which the Confederacy *will* bring forth!" And closing the Bible, Brother Barker describes at length the awful agonies of the North, its universal infidelity and abominable wickedness. "Ought I not to know?" he asks, in conclusion. "Am not I a Northern man? born there, raised there? It is sometimes asked by people, sometimes the preacher, with both hands clenched upon the ledge of his pulpit, and leaning as far forward as possible between them—"sometimes asked why Northern born men make the strongest of all Secessionists. I will tell you, brethren. It is because we who have lived at the North *know* the North so much better than men at the South. From long, personal, close observation we *know* the North!" And what intense loathing did the preacher infuse into the word! Strange that his audience should have such a sense of distaste at hearing this from the lips of one born there! True, of course, but they did not like *him* to assert it. The Brother is conscious of this, and falls back a little disconcerted upon the thirty-fourth chapter of Ezekiel, the eighteenth and nineteenth verses.

"You need not take my word, friends; see what Scripture says of the conduct of the North." And he reads—"'Seemeth it a small thing unto you to have eaten up the good pastures, but ye must tread down with your feet the residue of your pastures? and to have drunk of the deep waters, but ye must foul the residue with your feet?' And as for my flock, they eat that which ye have trodden with your feet; and they drink that which ye have fouled with your feet." And the minister illustrates this prophecy of the tyranny of the North over the South by its course in regard to the Tariff and the Territories, resolving himself with the speedy righting of the South, prophesied so clearly in the verses which follow.

"Some of you have been rather trying to jokes me about my last sermon here," the preacher says, by way of digression. "True, I *did* believe then that M'Clellan was defeated and captured. Suppose it was not so complete a defeat as we then supposed; and where is that one of us that had any doubt on the subject then? Look again at my text of that sermon: 'I will remove far off from you the Northern Army, and will drive him into a land barren and desolate, with his face toward the east sea, and his under part toward the utmost sea, and his stink shall come up, and his ill savor shall come up because he hath done great things.' Is there a man that does not see that Scripture refers here to Lincoln's army, by its very name, too? I need not enter into this passage again. If it has not been fulfilled entirely yet, it certainly will be, and that soon. But let us turn to Daniel again, seven, eighteen, this time. 'The saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom for ever, even for ever and ever.' Now what does 'saint' mean when applied, as Scripture means it should be here, to a government? Why, it means a mild, a gentle government. Friends, contrast the Confederacy with the old Federal Government. That bound the States together strong and hard; ruled them with a rod of iron; the most despotic Government, as this war shows, that ever disgraced the earth. But our glorious Confederacy! How perfectly mild and easy it is! The States are free to go and come under it as each one pleases, no restraint, no coercion. The North is invading us—does our Confederacy invade them? No, brethren. It only asked to be allowed to go out of the Union in peace. It did not want a war. It never dreamed of a war. This day it is the gentlest, most peaceable, most leniency; the lightest, easiest government the world ever saw. No wonder Scripture speaks of it under the name of 'saint.' Ah, if the North could but come up to the true idea of all government in this nineteenth century; the millennial, the Christian idea of government—States free as air to vote themselves whichever way they like! Instead of that, what do we see? Why, the old heathen ideas of permanent rule, coercion, war! I tell you, friends, Secession contains in itself the very essence of Christian freedom; it is a Gospel doctrine; it is the very germ and substance of all human organization in millennial times!" And largely did Brother Barker expatiate on *this* theme.

"Bear with me, brethren," he continues, as he searches the pages of his Bible. "I want to show you another—ah, here it is! Zechariah thirteen, from the seventh verse." And here the pen recalls from recording in such connection the first, at least, of the verses quoted by the preacher. By "the man that is my fellow" Scripture meant, according to him, the "one like unto the Son of man" referred to in Daniel; in other words, the Confederate Government. "'And it shall come to pass, that in all the land,'" continued the preacher from his Bible, "'saith the Lord, two parts therein shall be cut off and die; but the third shall be left therein.' When we seceded there were thirty-three States, you know," continued the preacher, holding his finger upon the passage for after use. "Three classes there were among these thirty-three States. First, the Border States; second, the Coercion or Northern States; third, the Confederate States, eleven, you observe, just a third of thirty-three. The two parts cut off from God's new and glorious millennial Confederacy, shall die, you see, be defeated, destroyed, perish—the Border and the Northern States. The third—our Confederacy—shall live and flourish in the land in permanence and prosperity. And look how our trouble from the blockade and the war is farther prophesied—verse nine—As if I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried: they shall call on my name, and I will hear them: I will say, It is my people: and they shall say, The Lord is my God.'"

But it is impossible to follow Brother Barker. Only the intense excitement attaching to every syllable said by any one on the one topic enabled the audience to sit so patiently under his eloquence. Less than twenty minutes of a discourse from his lips on any other topic would have wearied them out. There was there, too, in the glowing enthusiasm of desperate. Whoever else did not he at least did believe in his interpretations of prophecy. Need we say how he described the impending convulsions at the North from the sixteenth chapter of Revelation, the nineteenth verse? Or the rout at Manassas and in all the other battles of the war, so foretold in the forty-eighth Psalm, fourth, fifth, and sixth verses? Or the future influence of the Confederacy over the world in the nineteenth chapter of Revelation, the fifteenth verse, the "rod of iron" referring to its commercial, and "the sword out of his mouth" referring to its moral influence? That Secession was the act of God himself, He setting up the Confederacy with his own hand, Brother Barker proved from



BROTHER BARKER.

the second chapter of Daniel, the forty-fourth verse. The peculiar estimation set by Heaven upon the same Government, from Isaiah the twenty-eighth chapter and fifth verse. And that the Almighty himself was fighting for them the prophet Zechariah has left beyond question in the fourteenth chapter and third verse of his prophecy. Let those who wish to study the theological aspect of the insanity in the times refer to the chapters and verses specified at their leisure. Let them remember in doing so that there were men who sincerely believed Jefferson Davis or Barker's application of them, and a new insight will be had into the depth and desperation of the insanity.

But the preacher has reserved some of his most telling texts to the last.

"I was in the same discourse I showed you," said he, "that in Scripture the number seven refers to the seven States that first seceded. Permit your humble speaker to give you a few more illustrations of this most striking fact." And so he drains the last drop of water from the pitcher, fills when he begins, pulls down his waistcoat by the lower edge, moves pitcher and glass out of his way by placing them on the bench behind him, and resumes:

"Micah, brethren, fifth, fifth. Then shall we raise against him seven shepherds and eight principal men." And clearly is it proved that while the seven principal men means the seven States which first seceded, it is Virginia, standing when the Federal Government had become "Assyrian" in its attitude toward God's chosen, which makes the eighth.

"Seven, my brethren. Isaiah fourth, first. And transfixing the passage with the forefinger of his left hand, with the other hand he exercises special attention. "And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel: only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach." Dull indeed must his brethren be if they do not see the singular and striking meaning of this at a glance. The seven women are the seven States in a desolate condition when they first seceded. Instead of each one hold of one man. "You see it, brethren! They take the Confederate Government to be a husband over them. Each is to remain free, preserve, an independent State; insists on feeding and clothing itself; they only want the Confederate Government as a sort of protector. The reference of Scripture to our new nation is as minute as it is abundant. Who can doubt, in the the peculiarity we had for us by the Almighty?

"Once more, but once, though you can not but observe how exhausted I am. Jeremiah fifteen, nine. He that hath borne seven has given birth: she hath given up the ghost; her sun is gone down while it was yet day." That the Union is this unhappy mother; and its fate, after the departure of the seven seceding States, the utter desolation in mid ocean that Beecher Barker surpasses himself in the delineation thereof. When he ceases at last it is solely because he is physically unable to articulate more clearly audible. And then he holds forth his long arm, his heavy-lidded eyes almost shut, and stands for minutes exhausted but triumphant, in the attitude of a conqueror over his captives.

Fanaticism? It has nothing to do with such merely as a sect: it is temperament. Look at Brother Barker as he stands. That narrow forehead, that lank hair, those restless gray eyes, those incessant hands. Had that man been cradled in Rochester and Mormonism he would have been Donite, apostle, leader of the delusion. Had he been into the mysteries of Spiritualism, no man would have whirled more madly on its rapid error. Only let him have had a hint in time of Father Miller's theory of the end of the world, and no man alive would have been more positively certain than he that the world was to end on the second day of June, 1843, at precisely half past two o'clock to the morning. The Scriptures are full of it! The Bible for this, and the other, whatever the fancy be he flies off upon? He could find you passages innumerable, passages beyond all shadow of question, passages so perfectly convincing of his theory that, it pains him to say it, but you are an infidel if you hesitate to believe. Or place a red conical cap upon that small, narrow head; strip off the suit of rusty black, and wrap Brother Barker's lean shanks in a cow's skin instead; give him a twirl by the shoulders, and no Dervish along the Golden Horn would revolve more fanatically on his toes, or with greater strength of conviction and lungs than he.

But the evil is, Brother Barker is not content to revolve on himself: he is for a war all the world if it fails to spin and scream with him. Riding one's hobby is an innocent amusement enough. Did not Uncle Toby ride his hobby? Only Uncle Toby never rode his hobby over any one else, and that is almost the sum of the pleasure of the ride with Brother Barker.

Dr. Warner had once remarked to his wife that Brother Barker was afflicted with a species of moral "cutaneousness," by which he meant, as he explained to his wife on demand, that the Brother never forever breaking out afresh in the sudden rash of spirit and tongue whatever heat happened to be in the atmosphere. It mattered not a straw the nature of the heat from the first the hottest of the heated was Brother Barker.

At the time Mrs. Warner entirely agreed with her husband: and the defect of character which her own also, so repeated and deplored the fact as to lose the Doctor nigh a score of patients, the members of the Brother's church. To do her justice, however, when the preacher went in for Secession with Mrs. Warner, that lady retracted in the circle this supreme defect in him, and mournfully ascribed such an impression on the mind of the Doctor to "his abominable Union notions."

Nadab and Abihu? Alas, the censer of *this* minister never glowed except with "strange fire." Most of his ministry had been spent in onslaughts upon other denominations, and it was wonderful the skill with which he platted detached passages from Scripture like so many separate thongs into scourges for his foes; for all who did not agree with him were foes, actual and active foes to be met and defeated as such. Neutrality? No more than moderation. Was there an atom of it in his character; therefore he could not conceive of its existence in that of any one else. And when Brother Barker did preach the Gospel, it was in tones so vehement, so unlike the gentle accents of the Master, that the very Gospel heaven, and Gospel hell, and Gospel salvation wavered too strongly of the minister himself to have their full effect upon the mind which bloweth as it listeth never blew at all in his estimation save as it blew exactly from that quarter he would have it, and in a hurricane at that.

"Just one thing more, my friends," says Brother Barker, as soon as he has recovered voice enough for the purpose. "When I was explaining just now that prophecy from Daniel about the mist-like character of our Confederacy, its being, in other words, the mildest government the world ever knew, so mild as to be almost no government at all, just brotherly, I saw a gentleman in this congregation shake his head. I ought to have stopped and asked him why he did it; but, truth is, I was under such headway I could not stop then. Let me now ask the Brother *why* he shook his head?"

There is nothing more embarrassing than in the audience, the deep stir within the heart of war. The minister stands silent for some minutes, but no chance in the way of chewing—nothing else noticeable.

"I believe you are the friend that shook his head," the preacher remarks, and that long finger indicates a man on the left of the congregation. An unusually large and tall man it is, a conspicuous object on account of towering above those around he sits. A large, prominent face, plenty of black hair and whiskers, butternut coat and pantaloons, no relaxation of feature during his brown chances in the way of chewing—nothing else noticeable.

"Paul Brooks, I think," adds the preacher, all the St. Dominic and the Torquemada stirring in his veins.

"Sir!" exclaims the gentleman designated, after a torrent of amber. "Did *I* shake *my* head?"

"Yes, Sir, you did," says the inquisitor, solemnly, and in the discharge of a painful duty.

"I did, heh? I didn't know it. But I know I thought it very strange when you said at this time to think of it, I dare say I did." The speaker says this coolly enough, but he knows the peril he has incurred, for he is among his foes. Paul Kentuckian as he is, even more than he acknowledges it in his mind. There is breathless, painful silence.

"May I ask why—may this intelligent audience of Southern citizens ask *why* you shook your head?" The question is addressed to a criminal condemned. He will let him say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, however.

"When I shook my head, though I didn't know till now that I did it," replies Paul Brooks, "it was when you used the figure as if this new movement was the freest and mildest Government on earth. What I meant by shaking my head was—exemption and mildness to me!"

The preacher hears him in silence; then only draws together his lips in unspeakable contempt, and shuts his hand in the deepest sorrow, and takes up his hymn-book.

"Forty-sixth Psalm, second part, long measure," he begins.

"Will you excuse me one minute?" says the Kentuckian, as he rises. "I am in the middle of things seeing it's Sunday. You won't object, I suppose: and I think a good many of us would be interested."

The preacher pauses, hymn-book in hand, with the air of a martyr at the stake, assaulted but patient.

"You say Scripture speaks plainly of this new movement?" asks the Kentuckian.

The preacher looks down with a low bow of the head. There is something indescribable in it. It is as of a judge on the bench to some unreasonable prisoner whom he is already settled.

"And we must take exactly what Scripture says of this movement—that is, what Scripture may seem to say about it?"

Brother Barker smiles a sad but patient assent.

"And we, as good Christians, must obey what it says in reference to this movement to the letter?"

The Kentuckian retains his seat, but spits copiously between each question.

"By movement I suppose you mean our glorious Confederacy?" replies the preacher, sparring with both hands to the audience in sorrowful expectation.

"Yes, Sir," says the Kentuckian, very mildly, even persuasively.

"You have some intention in your question, I see *that*. But yes, Sir, yes. What Scripture says of our Confederacy—and it alludes to it continually and pointedly—we obey, Sir, implicitly." And the preacher loses a little of the martyr as he stands on the defensive.

"Then you have one or two texts in Scripture," begins the Kentuckian.

But "Brother Barker was sharp as a steeltrap," as was afterward remarked by some then present. "Exactly as I thought," he interrupts, at the same time closing his Bible and pushing it away from him. "No, Sir, thank you. I do not read those passages. For one, I can not. I dare not make such mockery of the word of God."

"Nothing more to say?" remarks the Kentuckian, and so expectorates and subsides into his former indolent position on the rude seat he occupies.

"Forty-sixth Psalm, second part, long measure!" says the preacher, briskly, and with some emphasis, hymn-book in hand.

"Hold on a moment, Brother Barker!" It is an old man seated, with a staff between his knees, near the pulpit. "I don't like this way of doing things on a Sunday, and in meetin'. But now we are at it friends present would like to hear you read the passages; every thing bearing on the pint is interesting."

The preacher acknowledges the movement of assent among the crowded audience. But he can not comply.

"No, Brother Robinson, if I would I could. As a minister of the Gospel, standing here in this sacred place, I can not. I dare not make mockery of God's blessed book."

"The shortest way is, let us read them then. Friends present want to hear. No danger of Scripture hurting any of us whatever part it is. None the texts, Mr. Brooks." And Brother Robinson, the patriarch of the neighborhood, is standing before the pulpit, the minister's Bible in hand.

"I had no intention of disturbing the meeting," began the Kentuckian.

"Passages, Mr. Brooks; you name them passages," interrupts the patriarch.

If the Kentuckian names the eighty-third Psalm, the first five verses, the patriarch is a long time finding the place. Brother Barker leans, with a peculiar smile, over the raised upon the pulpit.

"Keep not thou silence, O God: hold not thy peace, and be not still, O God. For, lo, thine enemies make a tumult: and they that hate thee have lifted up the head. They have taken crafty counsel against thy people, and consulted against thy hidden ones. They have said, Come, and let us cut them off from being a nation; that the name of Israel may be no more in remembrance." "Let's see," consulted together with one consent: they are confederate against thee." Humph, *confederate* against thee!" The patriarch finds the passage very slowly.

Brother Barker groans.

"Hold on," he says; "Brother Barker has stated what he considers to be Scripture language, that is—are the Confederacy Scripture speaks of. I see the ones confederated together in this place are mentioned in the text. Let's count. If I recollect the patriarch transfers the Bible to his left hand, while he counts aloud with the fingers of his right upon the knee. "Edom, Ishmaelites; Moab, Hagarenes, Gebal, Ammon, Amalek, Philistines, inhabitants of Tyre, Assur, children of Lot—Selah. Seven exactly!" Deep sensation among the audience.

"Any more places, Brother Brooks? Be safe, for here's a long passage to follow, which is to come over again to be certain. "Out with it, Brother—yes, *eleven* exactly!

Isaiah nineteen, second, third, fourth, and seventh verses," from Paul Brooks. Breathless attention.

"And it was told the house of David, saying, Syria is confederate with Ephraim. '*Confederate*?' Yes, well. 'And his heart was moved, and the heart of his people, as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind. Then said the Lord unto Isaiah, Go forth now to meet Ahaz, thou and Shear-jashub, Take heed, and be quiet; fear not, neither be fainthearted for the two tails of these smoking firebrands. Thus saith the Lord God, It shall not stand, neither shall it come to pass. Humph, queer!"

There is a movement of interest in the congregation as the reader ceases.

"My friends," begins Brother Barker, holding up his right hand.

"In one moment, Brother Barker," the patriarch interrupts him. "Any more passages, Mr. Brooks?"

"I was told Mr. Barker found a good deal about the Confederacy in the Bible. I happened to come across a Concordance, and hunted out the places where the word occurs. Our preacher says the Jews were nations of the Confederacy. I thought the word in their history might teach something. However, only two passages more. Let me study a moment. Ah! yes—Obadiah, seventh verse," says Paul Brooks.

"Chapter?" asks Brother Robinson, turning over the leaves.

"Ain't any chapter, seventh verse."

"All the men of thy confederacy have brought thee even to the border: the men that were at peace with thee have deceived thee, and prevailed against thee: they that eat thy bread have laid a wound under thee: there is none understanding in him," reads the patriarch. The very slow manner in which the passage is read is itself significant to a running audience upon it. The interest in the congregation deepens.

"Only one more: Isaiah, eighth chapter, ninth verse," says Paul Brooks.

"Associate yourselves, O ye people, and ye shall be broken in pieces; and give ear, all ye of far countries: gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces; gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces. Take counsel together, and it shall come to nought; speak the word, and it shall not stand." But there ain't any thing about the Confederacy in this," says the patriarch, looking up.

"Go on," says the Kentuckian, with a copious expectoration *first*.

"For the Lord spake thus to me," the reader continued, "with a strong hand, and instructed me that I should not walk in the way of this people, saying, Say ye not, A confederacy, to all them to whom this people shall say, A confederacy; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid."

"That's all," said Paul Brooks.

The reader closed the volume, laid it on the pulpit, and took his seat, resting his chin again on the staff between his knees. Dead silence.

"And do you, Sir," said the preacher, severely—"do you, Sir, say to this intelligent Christian, intelligent *Southern* congregation, that those passages have reference to our glorious young nation?"

"I say nothing about it. You all hear the witness you attacked me first. I only say, if all your places in the Bible mean as you say, what this these other places mean? I leave the silence that follows the splash of the Kentuckian's indignant expectoration is distinctly heard.

"I have read, I have heard of awful perversions of this blessed and sacred book, brethren," says Brother Barker, after a pause, and in deep and measured tones; "but never in all that desecration and wresting of Scripture I never heard in my life. On Sunday! In this holy place! During the very hour of divine worship! Only this one thing I've got to say, brethren"—and the preacher leaned over his pulpit toward his audience, and spoke in low, significant tones—"has been told before Paul Brooks is a Union man; now I know it from his own lips. Brethren, brother Jews, look myself back, as with a calmness awful to behold. "Forty-sixth Psalm, second part, long measure. Brother Brooks will please raise the tune, my bleeding lungs will not permit."

A ROMANCE OF THE HAREM.

AN ORIENTAL ADVENTURE.

THE bold, cunning, cruel, yet beautiful Nazly Hanein, daughter of Mehemet Ali, has been the heroine of many a romantic story. The following incident, therefore "strange," is said to be "true."

Count Luigi, a young Italian nobleman of effeminate appearance, became possessed with an intense desire to visit the interior of the Mysterious Harem at Cairo. He bribed a lady, with whom Nazly Hanein was intimate, to assist him in carrying out his mad whim. The success of the Italian's scheme was informed that a lady of rank from Europe was anxious to see her Harem, and to pay her respects to a Princess who was highly honored. An audience having been granted, Count Luigi, thoroughly disguised in female attire, proceeded alone to make his romantic visit—his fortune utterly reckless in undertaking him in so perilous an enterprise.

On reaching the palace he was received in an Oriental style, by haughty eunuchs, and beautiful slaves; and at length, after numerous ceremonies, was ushered into the presence of the Grand Princess Nazly.

The Count thus describes his visit and subsequent adventures:

"The Princess Nazly was of small stature, though beautifully made. She wore, over a pair of wide bright nansensicals, a robe of crimson silk, a large white Cashmere dress, the loose sleeves of which displayed her well-formed arms, and which, being open in front, were fastened with a pin of gold at length. A waistband of splendid large pearls, fastened with two large diamond clasps, encircled her waist. Her tiny feet were dressed in a pair of red slippers, embroidered with costly pearls. Her head-dress consisted of a large fillet of golden-colored crape Cashmere, which was twisted gracefully around her head. Her long black hair, neatly plaited, was rolled up behind and fastened with large diamond pins. Her bracelets consisted of strings of enormous pearls; her necklace was composed of some of the finest pearls imaginable, which fell negligently on her clear alabaster skin. She felt desperately in love with her at first sight. How incomparably beautiful she appeared! How haughty and tapered was her nose! How small a sweet, pouting, shell pearly white teeth; the whole of her lineaments were perfection itself! But her eyes! ah, what eyes! Large and black, the most piercing I had ever beheld; at one glance they seemed to scan me from head to foot, to read my thoughts, and cause my heart to palpitate almost violently. In fact, they shot through the very innermost recesses of my mind. Every time that her penetrating glance was fixed upon me I felt my countenance change, and I could have sunk into the earth. Is it possible, thought I, that these scrutinizing orbs can read the confession that I had framed?

"Pipes and coffee, according to custom, were served; and then I commenced conversation with my vice-regal hostess. As soon as the usual compliments had been exchanged, I conveyed to Her Highness my feelings of deep regret that my sudden indisposition had prevented her from accompanying me. I told her that she was extremely ill, almost on the last quarter of an hour's visit, and was astonished that I did not even go so far as to state that she was dead.

"What must we begin to tell lies we hardly ever know where to stop. The excuses that I made for that lady's absence were graciously accepted by the Grand Princess, and our conversation passed on to other subjects.

"'Have you any family?'

"That is always the first question which an Oriental lady asks her visitor. I answered, as a matter of course, in the negative.

"'Therefore I suppose you are journeying to Jerusalem to pray to your prophet to give you some?' added the Princess.

"'Your Highness, with singular aptitude, has guessed the object of my journey.'

"'May Allah grant you your desire! for then your husband will love you more affectionately. Does he go with you?'

"'No, your Highness, business retains him in Europe.'

"'I am sorry for that: for it must be very dull to have to travel all that long way alone. For when a woman has to endure loneliness it is almost as wretched as death!'

"The sudden remark she had mooted was a very delicate one for me; so I endeavored to turn the conversation upon some other topic.

"If very seldom happens that women in the East meddle with politics, especially Princesses; never-

theless Nuly Hanein had become quite *au fait* with them: and what she said showed clearly how well and deeply she had studied the art of government. Dearly believed by her extraordinary father, possessing his unlimited confidence, she had, literally speaking, been the companion of his misfortunes and active life, and therefore had become quite a politician. Still it was evident that I ought not to appear to take much interest in politics, seeing that I myself was then but a woman. So I turned the conversation as skillfully as I could to topics praising the jewelry which adorned her person, and intimated that it would afford me unbounded delight to see her casket of jewels.

"A signal being given, an immense iron chest, covered over with red satin, richly spangled with gold, was brought in. It was opened, and the jewels were taken out of the cases.

"It is impossible to describe their magnificence and splendor! My light was actually dazzled by looking at them. Aladdin's wonderful lamp, I am quite sure, could never have given its fortunate possessor a sight of any thing like those precious gems. Among them were pearls as large as pigeons' eggs, topazes as big as fowls' eggs, emeralds as large as pears, rubies, diamonds, and—I really can not enumerate the names of half the other unique precious stones; but there were quite enough of them to fill a Bristol measure. The Princess Nury hardly deigned to bestow a glance upon all these priceless treasures.

"'Your Highness,' inquired I, after having greatly extolled the beauty and workmanship of those wonders of art and nature, 'does not often wear them?'

"'Never,' replied she, very curtly. 'No, never; they are too heavy, and of what use would it be for me to adorn my person with them?'

"Then there was a long pause: the silence at length became so painful that my perplexity almost was extreme, more especially as the Princess never removed her eyes from off my face.

"And in order to premune to look the silence, I endeavored to conceal my perplexity by smoking a little, and drinking coffee.

"'I perceive,' said Her Highness, at length, 'that you have a great desire to visit my Harem; your request shall be gratified.'

"Accordingly the Mother of the Harem and half a dozen pretty slaves took me with them on a tour of inspection. The Princess did not accompany me; and having satisfied my curiosity by walking through one of the splendid suits of apartments, I was conducted back to Her Highness. Coffee and pipes were again served; and these Circassian slaves, according to Oriental musical instruments, produced some discordant sounds, which, however, were not wholly unpleasing. Meanwhile Her Highness reclined indolently on her divan, placing her red lips from time to time to the beautiful amber mouth-piece of her chibouk, from which she puffed forth the clouds of perfumed smoke. Occasionally she seemed as if lost in deep thought; but those piercing dark orbs of hers never left their glance off my face, even when they were withdrawn, I still felt their fascinating influence upon me, for the very murrow in my bones appeared to become frozen by their power.

"At length the hour of departure arrived. Accordingly I submitted with the best grace the most impassible manner possible, and thus anointed with strong perfumes I slightly touched with the tips of my fingers the Princess's hand, and retired from her respectfully to my lips; which is the mode in which persons of rank take leave of distinguished Orientals. The Princess bowed gracefully as I was rising up all at once, just as I had reached the door, she advanced toward me.

"'Come,' she to me, 'I must show you my garden. And I will accompany you myself.'

"Then we passed into the garden, accompanied by a whole host of attendants. Then, taking hold of my hand as we descended the staircase, and lucky was it for me that I had a very small hand, totally unlike that of a man, or else it would have betrayed me.

"The guard who followed us kept at such a respectful distance from us that it was not impossible for them to overhear our conversation; we, however, maintained an interminable silence, but it would have been all the same if we had been conversing with each other.

"The gardens into which we had entered were undoubtedly very beautiful; but I remember that I was so dreadfully agitated that I am quite unable to give any description of them. I did not bestow the slightest attention upon the trees, flowers, beds, or fountains. All that I remember is, that we walked for some time along, very slowly, under a very long avenue of sycamore-trees, from where I must have been least noticed.

"The silence that both I and the Princess observed toward each other at length became unbearable. So at last I took upon myself to break it, and began to praise, in as pure Turkish as I was master of, the perfume of the flowers, which I had neither noticed nor smelled; the gentle murmuring of the waters, that I had not listened to; and the proceeding in the same strain when the Princess interrupted me rather sharply, without the least allusion to the subjects of my position and dignity.

"'I hope that you do not for a moment imagine I am your dupe?' said she, in a curt manner, at the same time letting fall my hand, which she had held in hers up to that moment. 'If my husband, Defterdar, whose anger knows no bounds, had seen you, and had but the slightest inkling of your intrigue in thus presenting yourself before me, he would have had you impaled upon the spot, and most assuredly you would have deserved it.'

"'I flatter myself,' said I, 'that I have shown you, and I will prove to you again shortly, that I possess no fear, and that I am no coward.'

"Nevertheless I can not but confess that those words gave me such an electric shock that the whole of my limbs shivered and trembled violently. The bare idea of impalement is one perhaps less agreeable at any time. I was so thunder-struck that I remained speechless. Fortunately the Princess gave me no time to offer any reply.

"'But luckily for you,' replied she, in a more subdued voice, 'my husband Defterdar is not at home, and I am as much mistress of my own actions as a woman can possibly be in any Mussulman's country. Adventures sometimes have a very pleasing beginning to me; I admire courage, no matter what form it takes; even if it borders on temerity or rashness. If, then, you are as brave as you say you are, and even which you have now undertaken makes me give you credit for, you will come to the *Mogrob* to-morrow, to the Elfy Gate; a tall negro, dressed in red, will pass you, touch you on the left shoulder, as he walks along. Follow that slave if you wish to know any thing more.'

"Saying which, she again took hold of my hand as if nothing had happened, and led me on without uttering another syllable to the end of the staircase. There she took leave of me in the most cordial and graceful manner imaginable, saying in a loud tone, so that all present could overhear her, that she was exceedingly grateful at having had the pleasure of conversing with one of the most learned of my countrymen, all of whom she trusted resembled me both in manners and habits.

"I proceeded to the entrance hall, followed by the slaves, I was led to the outer gate of the palace, with the same ceremony as had been observed on my arrival. Entering my carriage, I express a little more hastily than ladies generally do, I was driven to a place of safety, where I exchanged my Mussulman suit for my own dress.

"As I was then only twenty years of age, it will not be regarded as surprising that I never closed my eyes the whole day, which gave such a fine brain kept thinking of all the good and bad reports which I had heard about the Princess Nuly, and my mind became exhausted by it. Was it really a meeting or a snare that she had proposed? Was I to be the hero of an adventure or the victim of treachery?

"The next morning I purchased an excellent Damascus cimeter, as fine as a hair, and which was so highly tempered that it would have cut in a sider-down pillow in half. This I concealed beneath my cloak—for I now wore my male habiliments—this was my first step; and placing a six-barreled revolver in my pocket, I walked up and down the Mogrob in front of the Elfy Gate.

"It was not long before the tall negro in red made his appearance, and touched me on the shoulder as he passed. At that gate of Cairo is one of the most frequented in the city, and the number of any of the passers-by as I turned round and followed him. My guide soon proceeded along a path to the left, and after having passed through the rings which always led nearer to the banks of the Nile, he stopped short, which I did also, at the foot of a high wall which seemed to block up my further progress.

"As night had suddenly closed in I did not at first perceive the small low door, which had all the appearance of being the postern gate of some old castle, of which the remainder was in ruins. But as he was in the act of stooping down, for he was full six feet high, I scanned the height of the wall, thinking whether it would be an easy matter for me to scale it by dint of a gigantic feat. While measuring it as accurately as possible with my eye, the tall slave touched me on the shoulder, to beg me on the shoulder as a token that the door was open. I crossed the threshold with a firm step, at the same time drawing, but my revolver was not in my pocket and my Damascus blade by my side. The slave quickly shut the door after me, and I continued to follow him. He passed through a dark garden, which I shall not stop to describe, for the best of all reasons that the darkness of the night prevented me from being able to observe how it was laid out. My guide maintained an imperturbable silence.

"I really believe that he was a mute, and I will not swear but that he was deaf also, for he did not reply to a single question which I put to him. The sharing of our footsteps upon the hard sandy paths of the avenues as we passed along. After making several detours, we at length came to the door of a large building, beneath some large trees, which must have formed a most grateful retreat in the daytime. My guide of a sudden left me, but thereby, but passed me rather than introduced me into it, and there I was within that mysterious retreat alone in the dark with my cimeter in my hand, or prope my way. My first care was to find out my position as best I could. All that I was enabled to discover was that I trod on a wide space, strewn with the softest cushions, and that the hangings were of silk. It was surrounded with a large divan. I had just discovered the *modus operandi* of the *penates* when I felt something clasp my neck. It was not, however, the classic silken cord of the ancients of the Seraglio: it was only the two soft arms of a lovely woman.

"This mode of reception was adopted to banish all surprise. I returned the embrace as any young man would naturally have done, without waiting to identify the person of the individual who had thus honored me with her caresses, and one of the approaches were returned with corresponding alacrity. It was not long before I knew perfectly well by my unknown visitor was.

"The night passed away as rapidly as if it had been but a few seconds: the stars were still shining most brilliantly, when that awful word, 'Farewell,' was pronounced by the sweetest lips I had ever pressed, and by a woman who was much more mistress of her own actions than I was myself. I felt half inclined to have translated for her edification that beautiful balcony scene in Shakespeare's Tale of Love and Life into the purest Turkish that I could command; but she appeased my regrets by breathing into my ear the fond hope that I would come again to-morrow, at the same hour, and in the same manner; and then, embracing me, the lovely phantom vanished, in the twinkling of an eye, like an ethereal being.

"I did not remain long alone: a heavy hand was placed upon my shoulder, and I hastily retreated. My safety, however, was not yet secured. I was not long in discovering that, instead of returning by the way he had conducted me, my guide, still the same black-skinned fiend, took me in a very different direction. He walked straight toward the Nile, which lay before us, as the creaking of waterwheels confirmed.

"'Good,' said I, as my heart beat with its usual promptitude. 'This is like having passed a quarter of an hour on a Rahdah ride. Now comes the forfeit. I am doomed to pay for the happiness I have enjoyed.' And all the dreadful tales which I had heard of the lascivious treachery of the Princess Nuly presented themselves to my imagination.

"Remembering that I was in Egypt, I began to consider how and by what means I was to escape from the snare into which the beautiful but perfidious Princess had entrapped me. My black guide was six feet high, his frame Herculean, and I should have stood but little chance had I wrestled with such an antagonist. That Gellah would have brained me with his tomah, and I possessed not the prowess of David.

"It is true that I was armed with one of the keenest of Damascus blades ever made, and a six-barreled revolver; but then the report of fire-arms would have brought hundreds of enemies to his rescue, and as to the cimeter, well-tempered as it was said to be, I placed no confidence in it, as I had never used one before. I remembered that at a sabre blow mad missed I was a dead man; and yet I was obliged to adopt some plan; time pressed, or else in a few short moments I should be over the Nile.

"The creaking of the water-wheels became more distinct; the Nile was evidently not far from us. The first dawn of the day, which gives such a very indistinct light in the East, hardly allowed me to distinguish any more than the lofty wall beyond the trees, which appeared as well as on the other sides encircled the garden. Soon afterward I saw the gate which opened on to the river, and you may rest assured that I was taken aback thereat. I saw that it was guarded by three tall phantoms, three devils of blacks, placed there most unquestionably to cut off my retreat. I sent my pilot to the devil like a kitten, as they had done many a European before.

"At the sight of those formidable opponents I resolved to put into execution the project I had been meditating. Approaching my pace, I had recourse to an angle of masonry-work, which concealed me from observation, to rush upon my guide with the delight of a mad bull-dog ripe for his prey. I then plunge my Damascus blade up to its very hilt into his body. My trial strokes proved a *chef-d'œuvre*. I must have pierced his heart, for the poor devil dropped down dead instantaneously without uttering a groan. I then rifled his pockets, expecting to find there the key of the door by which I had entered the grounds. I was fortunate enough to put my hand upon it, and, leaving others to bury his body, I turned about quickly and ran along as fast as my legs could carry me.

"In a few minutes I reached the opposite wall: the same height of which I had taken the precaution to measure. On arriving there I found to my dismay that I had overrated my gymnastic abilities, and was baffled. A squirrel could not have bounded over it. I was then obliged to seek for the gate, which I was not long discover. Was it on the right hand or the left? I could not tell. By mere chance I proceeded to the right, that side appearing the most likely; and, fortune to praise! I had hardly gone thirty steps before I found the gate which had been anxiously sought for.

"Scarcely, however, had I put the key into the lock when three tall black eunuchs came suddenly upon me from different directions. They were the same whom I had seen entering guard at the door to which the defluent negro was proceeding. The first one who approached me brandished a tremendous large club, with the view which would have cleft my body in twain, but the first ball from my revolver laid him prostrate on the ground. It had, however, only broken his arm, but that was quite enough for the moment, as it was his right arm, and his sabre fell from it. That slight chastisement for his treacherous conduct in a measure effect upon his companions, who thought that they would receive a similar correction, as they were also armed with formidable cimeters. As they drew back I passed through the door, and in so doing fired at them two farewell shots, without stopping to see what mischief I did. But it is most probable that they were killed, as I proceeded quietly on my way, and reached my own house safe and sound before sunrise.

FICTION AND FACT.

"Whenever I'm awake in bed
I lie and think," Tom Bowser said.
To which remark the prompt reply
Was, "What the deuce do you think and lie?"

GOING, GOING, VERY CHEAP!—A person called James Taylor, a "comic" stager, put himself up to auction before a fashionable audience of publicans and sheriff's bail keepers at Glasgow, Scotland. Strange to say, he was eventually knocked down. We should have thought he had gone too low for that.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND.

How to get a good Servant.—Do your work yourself.

How to preserve Fruit.—Put it into glass bottles, and seal the corks. Put them in a strong box (an iron one will do), and bury them about ten feet in the ground. After that never go near them again.

How to prevent your Cat from Stealing.—Never keep one.

How to pay Taxes.—Look out of the top window and tell the collector you are all out of town and never expected back. If he does not believe this, the police will find him to pay them himself.

How to keep Meat from turning Sour.—Always leave the key in the tap, and don't lock the cellar.

How to buy Coals cheap.—Don't give too high a price for them.

"Why, Ham, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I ever saw seen." "Oh yaw," was the reply, "I know de reason for dat; mine mudder was a woman."

"Out of sight, out of mind." We don't see it. We let our wallet the other day and it hasn't been out of our mind since.

An invalid once sent for a physician, and after detaining him for some time with a description of his pains, aches, etc., he then remarked: "Now, doctor, you have hombugged me too long with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless syrups: they have given me great difficulty. I wish you now to strike at the cause of my ailments, if it is in your power to reach it." "I shall be done," said the doctor, at the same time lifting his cane and demolishing a decanter of gin that stood on the sideboard.

The first and greatest thing in rhetoric is to have something to say.

LANGUAGE.—A Spanish gentleman studying English, being at the table, was asked by his host to be helped to some sliced tongue—in doubt as to the term, hesitated a moment, and then said, "I will thank you, mine, to pass me that *language*."

A clergyman was addressing his hearers with some remarks explanatory of the great power of the Spirit exercises over the minds of men generally, and just as he had come to a climax on this point a bewildered dog, which had entered the church in search of his master, uttered a loud bark, which was heard in every part of the building the Bible board a tremendous thump, the reverend gentleman continued, "Ah, no, my friends! it is not to be heard on recruiting his ranks that he has rent that dog in here to-day to interrupt my speaking and carry away your minds."

A conductor on West recently demanded two tickets of the itinerant vender, but his face was blank for reasons, and as the conductor couldn't eject one without the other he had to let them pass.

The clergyman in a certain town, as the custom is, having published the banns of matrimony between two persons, was followed by the clerk's reading the hymn beginning with these words, "Hinsken souls, who these banns forbid!"

Science does more for the brute than the man. Piper, attacked by the most fatal disorders, are frequently cured after death.

"Do you believe in the appearance of sprites, father?" asked a short-sighted man of his parent. "Never saw a red Tom, but I believe in their disappearance, since I missed my bottle of Bourbon the last time I had a friend gentleman looking hard at Tom. But Tom didn't seem to take the hint, although it was evident that he had taken the Bourbon.

Why is a generous man a good Christian?—Because he's a man of charity.

A very volatile young lord, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married. "Now, my lord, what's the matter?" "I keep myself steady," said he, "this is my last folly."

OUR SAWYER'S SAW-DUST.

An Or, that all day long
A tries to saw a fallen tree,
Lay down upon his bed of straw
His weary limbs to rest.

Perched on his horn, a Fly
Said, "Friend, I see my might
Has tired the strength of which I'll go a while
And swing on yonder gate."

"Thank you," the Ox replied,
"I will not you were there;
And while you're gone I'll try to stay,
Shall neither know nor care."

Some carry, as they think,
The nation's fate when'er
But on its axle, I suspect,
The world would turn without 'em.

A fellow went to the parish priest, and told him, with a long face, that he had seen a ghost. "When and where?" said the pastor. "Last night," answered the man, "I was going to my house, and as I passed the wall of it did I behold the spectre!" "Fool!" replied the priest, "you should have said a ghost, as you did it against the wall." "Go home, and shut your tongue about it," rejoined the pastor; "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened by your own shadow."

THE MOST APPROPRIATE CHOOSER FOR CHURCH MUSIC.—Bishop.

"A bird in hand is worth two in the bush." As for us, we had rather have two turkeys roasting in the bush than one in the hand.

SELF-CONCEIT.

Hail! charming pow'r of self-opinion!
For none are to this deity dominant
Secure in thee, the minor's at ease:
The sage have only cut to ponder.

Why is a constant attendant at auction an unpleasant fellow?—Because he's for-bidding.

THE POET FOR FIREMEN.—Cowper.

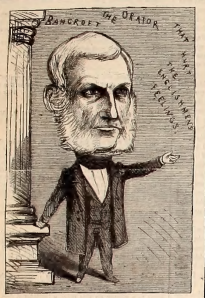
A wag says of woman: "To her virtue we give love: to her beauty, admiration; and to her hoops the whole paraphernalia."

Why is the letter A like the meridian?—Because it is the middle of day. Why is the letter B like hot fires?—Because it makes all bake. Why is the letter D like a fellow angry?—Because by its association with evil it becomes a devil. Why is the letter E like a lady of fifty?—Because it is the beginning of eternity. Why is the letter F like a fiddle?—Because it makes all fall. Why is the letter G like wisdom?—Because it is the beginning of greatness and goodness. Why is the letter H like the Devil?—Because he's dark.—? This is the last of earth." Why is the letter I like the end of spring?—Because it is the beginning of June. Why is the letter K like a pig's tail?—Because it is the end of pork.

"So many men, so many minds." Not always the case. A gentleman asked a crowd to imbibe the other day. They were all of one mind and took it.

"Deal gently with the cheering," as the Cockney fashionable said to a customer.

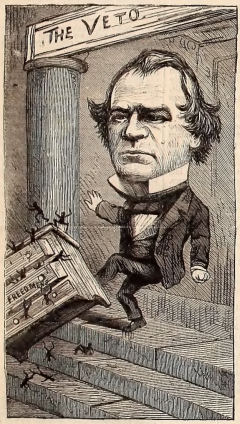
TENANTS OF THE DEEP.—Crustaceans and Testaceans.

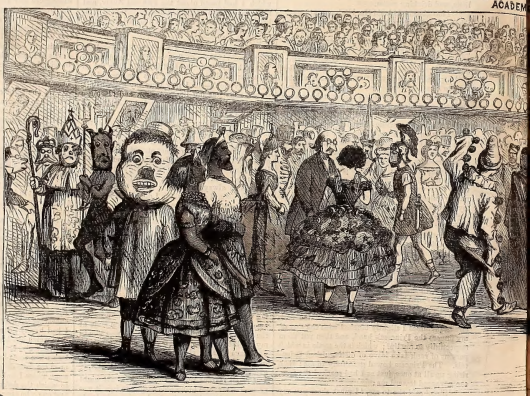






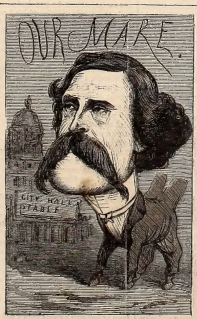


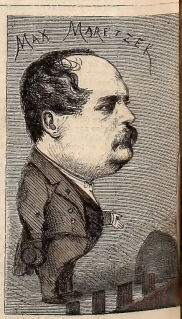








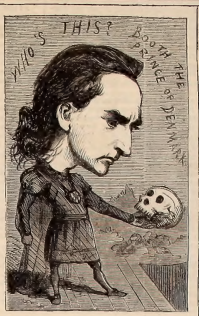


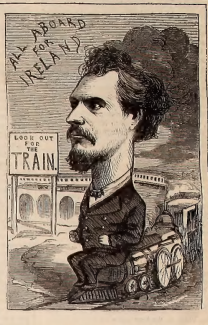


GRAND MASQUERADE BALL GIVEN BY Mr. MARETZEK AT TH



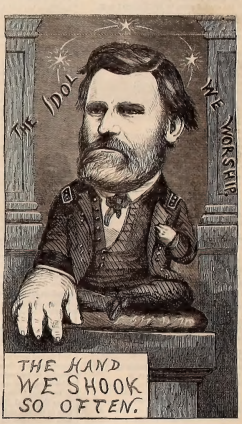


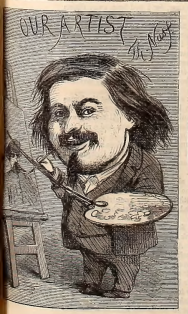


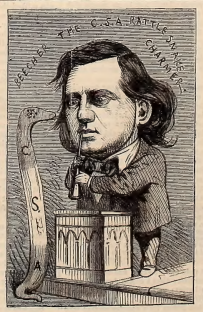




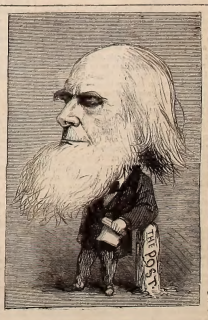
Th. Nast.











ADEMY OF MUSIC, April 5, 1866.—By Thomas Nast.—[See Page 234.]

THE BAL D'OPERA AND CARICATURE DECORATIONS.

On double page this week represents the grand Bal d'Opera which took place at the Academy of Music on Thursday night, April 5. It was undoubtedly the events of the season, and proved a great success, the committee having spared no expense to make the arrangements on as grand a scale as possible. We hope, from the title with which this one went off, that Mr. MAREZEEK may be induced to repeat the experiment annually. The picture is surrounded by representations of a few of the caricatures with which the ball-room was decorated. This new and original style of adornment emanated from the fertile brain of our own artist, THOMAS NAST, and greatly redounds to his credit. There were nearly a hundred paintings, all of them excellent caricatures, easily recognized at the first glance, and they formed the principal topic of conversation. They each of them amazingly portrayed the characteristics by which the various distinguished individuals were known, but none of them could be considered ill-natured; all parties fared alike, from the President down. The caricatures are to be sold by auction at an early day, at the Somerville Art Gallery in Broadway, near Fourteenth Street, when we hope Mr. NAST may amply realize the just reward of his talents and industry.

THE WORKERS.

CLEAN, clank, sound the hammers now!
The sturdy workmen ring;
The bellows roar, and the hot flames pour
Their ruddy light o'er the floor!
And the brawny smiths, they sing.

White, white, go the busy bones
In the factories of form and high,
Where the steel mandrels softly fall,
Through the crusted paste, on the blackened wall,
From the gaps in the industrial sky.

Stitch, stitch, go the needles bright
And the silver gleaming thread;
Women sitting cozy and late,
While the eyelids droop with a heavy weight,
To earn their daily bread.

Click, click, go the slender types,
As they fall from the printer's hand;
Scattering wide each burning thought,
As it lingers half in the mind that wrought,
For over the waiting land.

Burr, burr, go the busy planes
In the lumber-yards, and where
The stately joisters all day ply
Their noisy craft; and the shavings fly,
And make their home in the air.

Ring, ring, chime the virgin coin,
As the mighty lever falls
On the solid bar of silver and gold
By the swarthy coiners fashioned and rolled
In the great mint's vaulted halls.

Delve, delve—hear the miners at work
Far down in the hidden mines,
Toiling by day and toiling by night
Mid the sparkling ore, where no ray of light
From the warm sun ever shines.

On, on speed the sharpened pines
As they turn the heavy mill
Where the sturdy farmer guides the share
Through the hard earth's furrows, gleaming bare,
With the horny hand of toil.

These are the workers, hour by hour,
With hearts that are brave and true,
From dawn till dark, through the whole day's length,
Each gives with an earnest will his strength
To the work he finds to do.

But a grander task for all remains
Which will only end with Time;
And this grand task is "mid the ceaseless din
Of the constant struggle that hems us in
To make our lives sublime.

DIMPLE.

SHE had golden hair, black eyes, a brunette skin, and a dimple in her chin. I think I fell in love with her at once.

I wasn't any body in particular then, only a farmer's lad with a pair of strong arms, and plowing all day in an old mare Burton's field I used to see her going down into Aunty Maple's meadow joining it, with just a rail fence between, to milk the cows. I didn't know her name, and I felt shy about asking it; for who, at eighteen, likes to be laughed at? And I called her to myself, "Dimple."

I used to say when the sun began to dip behind the Camel's Hump, which, either purple or white, was always to be seen from the field on clear days, she'll be here in half an hour. And there was always was, with her stool and pail, calling to the cows by name. There were four of them: Suke, and Short-horn, and Dapple, and Crummie. One day Crummie brought us acquainted.

They had left her on the beast's calf from her, and she was like a wild thing about it; and just at milking-hour that torment of a boy, Nat Maple, hid himself behind the bushes and made a lowing sound. Crummie thought it was a calf, and when that minute Dimple opened the gate she lowered her horns and made at her.

What with the surprise and the fright together the girl stood quite still, turning white as the lilies in the pond close by; the pails dropped out of her hand and the stool flew any where, and there she was, there, there, giving herself up to her fate without a struggle.

There was a man near enough, and he was over the fence with a great oak stick in a minute, and the next Crummie was one side of the gate and Dimple on the other. Brutes with four legs, like brutes with two, are generally afraid of those they know are not afraid of them, and there is no denying Crummie's mind to toss me, I fancy.

But there was Dimple in a swoon, and the farmhouse a quarter of a mile away. So I could only fill my hat with water from the pond and sprinkle her face with it, and lift her head upon my arm and hold it there, trembling to think she might have been frightened to death, until the great black eyes opened again, and the lips parted and began to grow red again, and she would stand up all pale and trembling. I steadied her with my arm for a minute or so, and then I took the pails and went into the meadow and did the milking for her, and after that I carried the full pails home for her, for she was trembling still. By that I earned a smile and a nod when we met, and, maybe, a word over the hedge at milking time, for in the course of Camel's Hump one didn't care much, just then, about formal introductions.

Her name was not really Dimple, of course. It was Hetty Shaw; but I never thought of her by any name but that. And I never knew her mother at all for me. I think she liked it, for what girl ever had a pretty dimple in cheek or chin without knowing it? None that ever I heard of.

I'm sitting in a velvet chair just now, in a room that cost goodness knows how much so furnish. I've an account at the bank, and shares in the Passumchunk Railway Company; but I'd change in a minute if I could back to raw, awkward John Jasper, perched on a rail fence, with nothing in his pocket but a hole, talking to Dimple, milking her cows in Aunty Maple's meadows; and many a richer man than I would give more any thing you could ask to put him back into a poorer place than that, if you'd only give him youth and the girl he first loved into the bargain.

It was the sort of thing to remember in dreams, that homely courtship, under the blue sky, and I was not in love with Dimple one bit. Cut that bit out of my life and it isn't worth much, to my thinking.

"Yes, I am married, and I hadn't said it. Was not he my wife?" yet, in so many words, but words are not needed when hearts know each other. I had looked and said enough, no doubt, and I went every where with her, and had that air of proprietorship in her which every man, high or low, understands, and took the liberty of finding fault with her gowns, when I didn't like them, and of telling her she looked better in pink than in blue; and she put up with it. Just the surest sign in the world that she liked me.

Nobody found any fault with these things that I know of but Hal Maple, the widow Maple's son. It seems he had liked Dimple as well as a man could like a woman, and, perhaps, might have told her so, if it hadn't been for the pity of seeing her shy and shut, with a fondness for books (he was studying for a doctor), who let time slip through his fingers without marking it, and who never guessed Dimple for a lover until he met us, face to face, her hand in mine, in Green Lane one Sunday evening.

Dimple tried to get her fingers away, but I held them tight, and a blue lightning danced in Hal Maple's eyes, and his cheeks flushed, and I saw through his pale mother's face clear down into his heart. He was as jealous as Othello.

Not that I knew much of Othello then, seeing I had never been to a play in my life; but a few months after when I went to Boston and saw it performed, the actor—he must have been a good one—looked over the lamps into the pit at me with just Hal Maple's face, blue lightning in the eyes and all, as I saw it in Green Lane.

After that meeting he tried his best to make up for lost time, but it was too late. I don't blame the fellow for hating me; and when the hatred began to touch to himself, and never did an ungentlemanly thing. He was a gentleman by nature was Hal Maple.

How proud I was, and how glad I was, and what pyramids of little hopes I built! Not one of which could have been done by Dimple's father, Tom Jasper, the one trial of my life—the thing I had fretted and fumed over more than I can tell you—nothing more nor less than a farmer's lad who only wanted to be something more, and stopping short with a common school education when it had been in my mind to be a lawyer. Nobody had any more than Hal Maple, whose mother could send him to college and let him study for a profession; so he would some day be called to the bar, or made a gentleman's position in the world. Now the tables were turned. Hal Maple envied me. We were cool to this world, but I was the richer in my own estimation by having made myself envied.

This was my plan just then. To live along in the shadow of the Camel's Hump mountain, and bring until I could get a piece of ground. To build a little house on that, when it was bought, and marry my little Dimple. Then, a barn, a few cows, a churn, a pine table, and four chairs, and a big feather-bed, what more could mortals want to begin with? I never should have had Dimple a bit the more if one bright day—I think Satan showed him the way—my mother's Uncle Darrow had not found me out. He had quarreled with my father about before, and in his old age had grown remorseful. He told me plainly he should not rich enough to make me rich without injuring his own children, but he was ready to give me a start in life. "A respectable start," he said, looking round upon my boots and the bits of hay on my clothes, "and one your mother would approve of."

Well, I had given up all hope of such a thing, but the wish was not dead yet. It flashed up into flame at his words. I thanked him and pleased him by looking genuine and grateful, and that day got ready to go back to Boston with him. I was so busy that every cow in the meadow had been milked by the time I jumped the fence to have a talk to Dimple.

"Dimple," I said, in a hurry, "I'm going to Boston by the eight o'clock train."

"To Boston!" she cried; "for long, John?"

"For good, Dimple," said I.

If her color had been paint, and she had dipped her cheeks in the pond, all the red could not have left them faster. I saw I had frightened her, and began to comfort her.

"I have excellent prospects there," I said. "I've always hated this life," and then I told her all. She ought to have been pleased, but she cried instead.

"How lonesome it will be!" said she.

"I shall miss you, I'm sure," said I; "but I'll write twice a week and come down when I can. It won't seem much. Besides, it's not for long, you know."

At that her cheek changed to scarlet.

She talked a good while in womanish fashion about what I should do in the city, and she sat down by me on an old stump and let her head rest on my shoulder, and by-and-by grew more cheerful. But oh, how hard it was to leave her after all!

I kissed her at last, at parting, and came back again to kiss her once more; and then I stopped to wave my hand to her, and stopped again, just at the foot of the hill, to see the little figure looking after me; and once more at the top, when a flock of pink I knew to be her gown was all I could see against the green grass. And during my months of darkness set and guessed how they came so. People never die as the minute they afterward think would have been best for them. When my aunt would have gone straight to heaven if my body had dropped, a bit of clay, under the sycamore on the hill-side, then. I sat in the back seat to go back to old man Barton that minute and ask him to take me back, and refuse to accept any offer that would separate me from Dimple for a day; but in an hour or so I began to think myself an idiot for harboring any such fancy. At eight o'clock I stepped into the train, and was off for Boston.

I was three-and-twenty now, and it was hardly the thing to begin to court. My education was sufficient for a mercantile life, and into that I entered. At a low point, of course, but with a chance for rising. My salary was what would have been a small fortune to me a year before, and at first I intended to go back to —— and marry Dimple and bring her up to Boston to keep house for me in a week.

I didn't know what city life was then. In a week my resources were no more. And I need salary was not enough to dress and live alone on as I must. I must wait for Dimple. Meanwhile I wrote to her. I received letters with queer, crooked, ill-spelled notes, my name in the corner written "*Mister* John Jasper," and "with great love" beneath it. I kept them and put them away in my bosom at first. After a while I sent her word to have them left at the post-office until called for, because there was no need to pay postage to me. I got them. At my uncle's it was worse yet. There were three pretty girls there who teased me unmercifully about them, and screamed with fun at the crooked filling and the unnecessary caution to the postman on the back. It was very cruel of me to be ashamed of loving Dimple's dear letters, but I was. They did her such injustice. That was the way I excused myself. They did her such injustice. She was a lady when you spoke to and looked at her.

So I thought; but three months with these fashionable cousins of mine, and I went down to ——, met Dimple at the church door, and walked home with her. She was more beautiful than ever; but the rapid half-education that I noticed, after the first happiness of the meeting was over, that had also begun to show itself. She blushed, and what the Mesdames Darrow would have called "a fright." Besides, it certainly *was* not stylish to hang on my arm with both hands as she did, and to carry her handkerchief folded flat on her hymn-book in the bend of her elbow. But for all that I loved her, and thought the time when she should go to my wife. I knew now it could not be until I could hire a house fit for a gentleman to live in, and train Dimple through the fine ladies' wars, and have sofas and lounges and *tête-a-têtes* to sit on, instead of the four pine chairs which would have contented me once. I hadn't got that sofa up for me, and I paid for the lost simplicity and the ease with which I could have settled down in the poor little cottage where meeting Dimple at the church door was a surprise in my hands half the way back to Boston, with a sort of miserable desire to shut out thought along with the bright face.

It was *six* months before I went down again; and then I must have cut a very fine figure, for there was a sensation in the church when I went in, and I heard a whisper of "Boston store clothes."

I had a cigar-case of prime Havanas in my pocket, a watch-chain with a big locket, a diamond ring and a pin to match; but I was by no means rich enough to be married. My salary would be doubled next quarter, and I had my eye upon a estimate of "the least a young couple could live on."

Perhaps my manner was colder to Dimple than it had been. Perhaps I was then my proudest; and it was a whole fortnight before she wrote. I could kiss her letter then, for I had been anxious about it.

Oh dear, dear! what little things our tragedies and comedies on the stage of actual life are made of! Write Dimple one half the letter she must have would read them. Little things happened to me, and drove me step by step into a new road, and so it came to that letter never sheet to Dimple, to marry; that is, a poor girl, and that there was no reason in the world why I should not marry Dimple, and that, all things considered, I would not. So those queer little notes went unanswered, until, in the height, Dimple came down to Boston to see me. That ended it, for she was no fool. By the next post, after she went back, came this note to me:

"MR. JOHN JASPER,—I am not angry—only I have seen what things are in your mind. You may have been a good minister, and it is better to speak plain about it than to be all in a mist. You may be a good lawyer, and, by-some safe hand, I will send your letters. Please send me back all that you have of mine, and them now; and believe I shall always wish you well.

"HETTY SHAW."

When that note came I raved and stamped and tore my hair at first; then I cooled down. It was better—much better; and then it was her doing, not mine. (How I lied to myself!) So pretty soon I sent back her letters by a country woman who brought them, and that was all over between us, and Dimple was not my Dimple any longer.

Sitting in the close city office, in the hot summer days, I used to think sometimes of the green grass meadows and the waving grain-fields, and wonder whether she came there at sunset, as of yore, to milk the cows. That sort of thing made me wretched though; so I did as little of it as I could, and at last resolved to do what my aunt had been trying to wheedle me into all along: namely, marry Miss Graymarsh for her money. She was very rich, and wonderfully stylish, but not so young as she had been, and never in all her life pretty. I danced with her a few evenings; called on her a few mornings; sent her a bouquet and tickets for the Opera; acted as her escort—and proposed. She was accepted under cover of the music, and was married in two months.

After that I had the finest house I knew of—a wife who "shimmered i' the sun," with her fine silks and jewels, like the bride of the ballad—moved like Queen Esther on the road, and was as idle as I pleased. Was I happy? Do you suppose a bolt is happy in a gilded cage? Ever and ever again, waking on a morning, I heard the tinkle of the cow-bells, and saw Dimple looking over the farm at me—Dimple, with her golden hair and jade-black eyes. I hardly knew what the color of my wife's eyes really was.

I led a life of mental wild as life could be. I was only home once in a while. Then, after the first, it was sneer, taunt, and quarrel—quarrel, taunt, and sneer. "My" house, "my" horses, and "my" money from her from morning until night. We never had a child; so there was nothing to bind us together. Still we went through the forms of society, and nobody guessed we were not fond of each other, I suppose. At last we went to Newport, as usual, one summer, and one glowing morning she would have me go down on the beach. I wanted quiet and my cigar. She turned me fiercely.

"My money bought you," she said, "and I do not choose to spend, what I am, a neglected wife. Come, I have had enough for your attentions."

I did not go with her. I said words to her which, even with such provocation I never should have said, and she went down with a rush to her fifty room and sustained down stairs. There was a crowd at the door, another crowd down on the beach, a dreadful something in every face I turned toward, a whisper of "Keep him back!" "Stop him!" It was of me they spoke; but I forced my way forward and saw a man bearing something in his arms and dripping up the path. My wife. By what chance no one ever quite knew she had been drowned. The first thought was that she had swum out herself, and, conscience-smitten, I swooned upon the floor.

When all was over and I was free, with wealth to squander at my will, I began to think. I might have made some little happiness for myself by being more tender to her. How even her love would have been better than the contempt. The splendid empty house was a haunted place to me, and I shut it up, and went wandering here and there over the world, at last to Europe. I came back to it when I found home no happier. I tried California. I lived a month in Canada. At last I thought of the Camel's Hump, and the village in the shadow.

I longed to see the old place once again. Perhaps I wanted to know what had become of Dimple. And there, in a few days, I found myself at the hotel, quite a fashionable place by that time, with Hessels carpets and mattresses in the bedrooms, and a piano in the parlor.

The place had altered. The people were dead or scattered. A young man with a sad old name, Burton's land, all but a piece cut off by the railway. The Smiths were all in the grave-yard, and the Brown girls had changed their names to Jones. Nobody remembered me, with my great man's mustache and beard, for the smooth-faced young fellow who had lived among them and milked my cows unchanged was the widow Maple's. She lived there still, and her son with her. She had hair as white as snow now, and in the middle of his pride was a great bald spot, such as students have, nine times in ten, before they are forty.

"There was a gilded sign—"Dr. Maple"—on the side of the door, and he had a gig; that was all. I wondered whether I should find Dimple there. After a while I saw her. Down in the meadow, milking the cows, calling them by name, as she did in the long ago. I half expected to hear "Crummie" called, but looked in vain for the old cow. It was a girl who milked them now, for I had been away fifteen years, but a woman—a very handsome woman of a round, ladylike form. I had her identified, aided by a little girl who came with her and went away, not seeing me. But I had seen her glance over the fence where I stood, and I knew she knew. I used to plow, and I wondered if she thought— She had the same black eyes and the same golden hair; and I had been right about the face, it was the loveliest in the world.

It could not rest after that. I rode past the house daily; sometimes twice, sometimes oftener. At last a lucky, or unlucky chance befell me. I was thrown from my horse, broke an arm and a rib, and was carried to Dr. Maple's house.

I was in pain, and only half-conscious at first, but as I grew better I began to know that Dimple was my nurse. Her hand was smoother now and made me my medicine. Often she kept vigil at night, and her face was always gentle and her voice low. What an angel she seemed to me! and even then I could not but notice that her countrified, girlish ways were softened down, and that she was quite a lady.

She knew me, for she called me by name; but what did she think of me? I could not conjecture. I could not solve. As I grew better I knew that I must solve it somehow. I had loved Dimple once, and I loved her yet, with a sort of new love, born of the present as well as the past. And I wondered whether she had kept single for my sake.

At last I spoke to her.

"Dimple," I said, "will you come here?"

She was sewing in the fading light near the window, but she laid down her work and came to me.

"Do you want any thing, Mr. Jasper?"

"I do, a few words with you."

"And welcome," she said, smiling.

"I'm so much better now," I said, "that I shall

go home soon. I want to thank you for your kindness. You have been so good to me."

"I've only done my duty, Sir."

"But to me, I am so undeserving."

"You broke your arm, and were ill. We women never think further than that."

"Ah, but you must; I proved myself such a worthless dog, long ago."

"So long ago I've quite forgotten it," said Phœbe.

"You'd better sleep now."

"I can't, Dimple. Nor can I forget. Those old times were the happiest of my life."

"These will be the unhappiest if you talk any more," she said. "I shall all the doctor. You head is cool, and I will have you in a fever next."

And in a minute in came Dr. Hal Maple, making me jealous in a moment by the bright smile he won from Dimple and how kindly he gave her.

Sleep! I slept none that night, and there was fever at my heart if not in my brain.

I found no more chance of speaking to Dimple for some days, fume as I might. By that time I was well and ready to leave the roof which had so hospitably received me. I thanked the doctor and his mother, and looked for Dimple. She was not there. It was the milking hour, and she was in the meadow.

To the meadow I went to venture all: to lose or win for life. I leaned against the same wall, and hurt arm in a sling and watched her. She was teaching the little girl to milk, and laughing at her blunders. Soon she saw me and nodded.

"I have come to bid you good-by," I said.

"Good-by, Mr. Jasper," she answered, and crossed to me and held out her hand. "I'm glad you are well. Don't break any more bones. This has been a pretty serious time with you."

"I was mad when I believe?" I said.

"Yes, but for the doctor's skill you might have died."

"And your care."

She shook her head.

"*I did nothing.*"

"You did all, Dimple, perhaps you did more than you know. You can't tell what thoughts were in my mind. How bitterly I cursed my heartless conduct. If I thought I had grieved you, Le—"

She shook her head.

"I was a young thing of seventeen," she said, "and not to be trusted. I was a child in nature. I was shocked, and I did fret a little. I'm ashamed now that I could have grieved for such a little thing."

"A little thing, Dimple?"

"Yes, the love that could change is too small a thing to grieve over, don't think of."

I can not convey an idea of the placid way in which she spoke, not taunting me, only uttering a truth she love not a while.

But I was flushed and excited.

"My love has never changed, Dimple," I said. "I was cold to you a while. I have never loved any one but you. I never shall. My heart has been empty since we parted."

"You will soon see to fill it yet," she said. "That little romance of yours and—and mine was over long ago. As well bewail a broken toy of our childhood. Be good-by, Mr. Jasper."

"Not yet," I said, in a husky whisper—"not yet. Dimple, I love you to-day as I never did before. Do not take your hand from me; but me keep it. Dimple, you must give me a little hope, or I die."

"You insult me, Sir," she said, wrenching her fingers from me. "You have no right to speak so. I have done nothing to warrant it."

"Insult!" I repeated. "Ah, Dimple, I mean no insult. I deserve punishment, but I have been punished. Think one moment, darling—be merciful; unless you are my wife life is valueless."

"Your wife!" she repeated.

"Dimple—your wife!"

She burst into a laugh—a rippling, innocent laugh.

I thought you knew," she said. "But then he calls me Hetty, and I call him Doctor; and we kept the children away for fear of harming you. I've been engaged a whole year, John Jasper, to Hal Maple is my husband. I know what real love is now—true love—that could not change. That is my girl" (turning to the dappled cow)—"the eldest. The others are boys. I'm a very happy woman, and have been a long while, John."

Then she held me pityingly.

"I'm sorry you are not. I hope you will be some day," she said, simply, and gave me her hand. Then she turned her out of sight along the meadow. Hal Maple's wife—not mine.

I'm an old man now, and live in the grand frozen city house. I married Amanda, who eat and drink with me, and am rich, and, among business men, a little famous. But often, amidst the gayest carousal or "on 'Change," all things of the present pass away, and I see the field and the meadow and the lowing kine, and Dimple among them, and lean over the bars to kiss her before I am sure it is only an old man's dream.

BURIED ALIVE

THERE is something dreadfully uncomfortable in the feeling with which one reads the recent debate in the French Senate on the report of the commission on a petition by Dr. Cornol, for an extension of the *Code Civile* in the matter of ante-burial ceremonies. The French law is exceedingly strenuous in all that relates to the conveyance of corpses from one place to another, and indeed in every thing connected with death, so that if an absentee dies by any misfortune charged with conducting the last rites for a friend or relation who has chanced to die in France, he will find it about the most annoying piece of business he has ever had any thing to do with. It is nothing of this kind, however, against which Dr. Cornol's petitioner, for its all public, bility a Frenchman accustomed to paternal government may not feel its solicitudes in season and out of season to be so much a pain as a less profusely governed man does. The law requires that twenty-four hours shall elapse between death and burial, and the minimum then fixed Dr. Cornol declares to be not nearly sufficient, a declaration which he supports by numerous instances of suspended animation, showing that he has good ground for his opinion that a large number of persons are annually buried alive in France. No subject would provide a more ghastly theme for the pen than this, and there is a fascination about it against which men like Edgar Poe have not been proof.

The matter is brought to a sufficiently striking, but a dramatic effect was produced in the Senate when the matter was brought before that body. Among a very numerous audience in the hall was an opportunity of witnessing—an effect which might have appeared in one of the elder Dumas's more shocking and improbable tales—the Senate suddenly up to this time have been held to be scarcely legitimate in ordinary words of fiction. M. M. Troplong, president, presiding over the debate, argued against the petition, and proposed to absolve it by the technical motion to proceed with the order of the day. Thereupon his Excellence the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux rose and expressed his dissent from the Viscomte's conclusion. In the first place, he declared that the precautionary regulations of the law were very frequently evaded in practice, but the strength of the law would be much weakened if strictly carried out they were wholly insufficient. He had himself, while yet a curé, saved several lives about to be interred by the hasty precipitation of survivors. He had seen a man taken from his coffin and restored to perfect health. Another man, of strong constitution, had struggled with the coffin and yet lived for twelve hours after. Moreover, he had performed in his own person a miracle such as seems to belong to a good chapter of a romance, using a canonized saint had he lived in the Middle Ages, when people believed in the continuance of miraculous powers. Having been called to a young lady laid out for dead, the attendants covering the face on he entered, but allowing him to observe the patient as closely as he chose, the coffin was not dead but slept. Thereupon, with a loud voice (how Scriptturally it runs!), he cried out that he came to raise the dead. The young lady was convinced that by an effort she could shake off the lethargy which oppressed her, and could return to life. His Excellency, with natural sensitiveness, he made the effort, and has lived to be a wife and mother. This very remarkable account of himself brought the miracles of early times. Thus when Empedocles, the philosopher, got the credit of restoring to life a deceased woman, by the aid of Dr. Diemerbroeck, Bodin, and others), there can be little doubt that the person whom he saved was suffering under one of the various forms of catalepsy, but of which names have given so many different names, and to which we ourselves in common parlance, rightly or wrongly, apply the term of fits. It is worth passing, that although this remark might apply equally well to the case of the damned whom Dr. Watts "cursed in sleep," and to that of Lazarus, in that miracle was only one out of a very large number, to the majority of which no miracle was attributed.

But his Eminence had a more striking instance to adduce. A young priest fell down dead, as it appeared, while preaching one of the Lenten sermons on a sultry day, about forty years ago. The funeral bell was tolled, the doctor came and examined him as he reposed peacefully in his coffin, in the usual way as the two inspectors at Hull examined the fatal 600 head of diseased cattle in three hours and a half, and certified that he was dead, all in the dead man's full hearing. Then came the measuring for the coffin, the *De Profundis* recited by episcopal clergy, accompanied by the usual solemnities, and he was conscious of the preparations that were being made for his own burial. At length some one present spoke, which was the first sign that he knew and loved from very early years. A chord was touched which galvanized the frozen heart, and once more the blood became a living soul. Such stories are to be found in many story-books, and probably few of the Archbishop's hearers could call to mind a parallel instance of the kind as the result of their reading at an age when the marvelous and the horrible have a peculiar attraction for the mind. But there was something in the speaker's manner which led them to suppose that it was no ordinary tale that was being told. His Excellency, with a lump upon his further words: "That young priest, gentlemen, is the same who is now speaking before you, and who, now that he has attained the years of retirement, implores those in authority not merely to watch vigilantly over the careful execution of the legal prescriptions with regard to interments, but to enact fresh ones in order to prevent the recurrence of irreparable misfortunes."

It is sufficient, then, to run such a story to earth. We have never felt quite clear about the truth of the dreadful stories that are told of facts observed by Swedenborg, Cardanus, and other seers, terrors to which these facts give rise. Every one has heard of the lady whose ring tempted a servant to violate her body, and, even after having been cut off the finger from which it refused to be drawn, the shock of which brought back the dead woman to life and consciousness. But there is that ghastly scene where corpses are laid out in full dress, with wires in their hands connected with bells, so that the smallest motion of the deceased will bring down an attendant. And a tale is told of a corpse suddenly rising up from the bed on which it was laid out, terrifying the watcher so that she fled half-fainting, and the reanimated body was left without assistance and once more died for want of succor.

The horrors of being buried alive are so manifest and manifold that it is almost unnecessary to point out how such a death fear offenses only. Vestal virgins with broken vows and nuns convicted of unchastity are among the most conspicuous victims of offense. Being held to be the most heinous conceivable under the peculiar circumstances of their position. At Ensbury, in Dorset, there is a tradition that many years ago a man was put quick into the earth as a punishment, buried up to the neck, a guard preventing any from rescuing or feeding him till death relieved him. The Irish rebel, Shane O'Neil, used to get right after drinking himself drunk with sequebaugh by a like process, being placed upright in a pit and covered with earth to his shoulders, by which means, says Holinshed, his body, being "extremely inflamed and distempered, was recovered to some temperature."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SOME sarcastic critic—evidently a novice in the ways and arts of fashionable society—has hits off the effected admiration temporarily excited by a young lady's manner in sing at an evening party:

"On being led to the piano the young lady first throws a timid glance round the room, ostensibly to show a gentle confusion, in reality to see who is looking at her. She then moves to the side of the piano, "That she is not in very good voice, having a slight cold, which she confirms by a faint cough, something between a sigh, a sniffle, and a single-knock cough. "Oh! but you always sing so delightfully," declares the hostess, encouragingly. The young lady is certain she can not this evening"—in consequence which opinion she makes some young gentleman exceedingly proud by begging her forthwith to hold; and during the ogling of her glasses the most approved style, lays them, together with her fleecy handkerchief, conspicuously upon the piano. An entire gentleman volunteers to shut down the top of the piano, which has been opened for quadrilles, and then the young lady, with a slight cough, commences, form a series of disturbing views; and the young lady at once begins to sing. As she plays the chords of the left hand she is about to luxuriate in every body is not prepared silent, in order that the music may be heard, or too low, or something of the kind. At length all being still she plays the symphony again, and then smiling at the hostess, and with a slight gesture she shall break down," she brings out the opening notes of a recitative, which makes the drop of the chandelier vibrate slightly and silences even a couple who are whispering all sorts of things to a timid-looking girl in the back drawing-room."

It is no wonder that such ridiculous affectation—of which the above is no overdrawn picture—should be rather disagreeing to sensible persons. It is a vice but to be teaching right to see a lady without apology comply with the request to sing, and to assume grace and ease that would contribute to the enjoyment of her friends in other ways.

Another feuill is lamentably common. Many a time have we listened to a song trilled forth in a most artistic manner, every note and word of which, whether it was French, Italian, or what foreign tongue, and have been surprised to find that it was *not English*; but that the artist could not have detected a word or syllable amiss if he or she had been singing in their native tongue. As a school exhibition not long ago, the first music performed was, "Teach me, O Lord," etc. It was sung thus: "*Tee-ach me, O-ee-ee Lo-ee-ee-ord*," etc. *Ay ess-ay-ee-ee, ah shall lee-ee git vaste thi-ee-ee, dun di shall lee-ee pit vaste thi-ee-ee*," etc. An audience was naturally overcome—exclaiming, "Wha, I declare, it turn away." It was rendered, "*Teahrn, no Lor de*" before much study.

Nothing is more delightful than good singing and good music—in the family, in the social gathering, in the church. But nothing is more vile than vocal ability or artistic skill is necessary to profane good music—the "spirit and the understanding" must be given into the performance. Let the children in the family be trained to sing—not merely the art of singing, but to sing "with spirit" and "correct ear," but *all*. How many look back regretfully to their childish days, remembering how they were told, "you have no ear for music" or "you're not correct," "you never make a singer," until it seemed a fixed fact. Some have been laughed out of song. Let not parents help their children to bury *the one*. All may not become Jenny Linds—but there are few of the family circle—with, at least, pleasure to themselves.

Some of our readers may do not seem to have much confidence in the knowledge possessed by their readers of the first principles of Numeration. The following item recently appeared:

"Leavenworth, Kansas, exhibits great mercantile activity for so young a city. The daily average of deposits at one of the banking houses of that city during the month of February was $1,000,000 over all business and investment stock dividends."

Yes, just ninety-one cents over! as any New York school-boy of ten years old would be able to tell from the numerals alone. However, such a double statement of amounts by the banking house seems queer. Few call to mind a certain fashionable dressed lady, sitting stately in her new carriage before the door of a certain Turkey-bound hymn-book. The clergyman gave out the hymn, number 1076. The lady looked over and the hymn, and then leaned over to her neighbor, and the hymn being pointed out to her, was heard to mutter, "one, 0, seven, one!" with which memoranda she succeeded in finding the place.

Burglars in New York continue to perform midnight breaks. In one recently no citizens understood this, that we do not believe it possible for the most devout believer in spiritual manifestations in this city to be "taken in" as was a servant in another city:

He was in his first comfortable snooze when a clicking noise in the hall awoke him. He listened. He listened intently; the noise was still going on—very like the rage of a mouse at the foot of the bed.

"Who's there?"

There was no answer, and the noise stopped.

"Any body there?"

No answer.

"I must have been a spirit," he said to himself. "I must be a medium. I'll try." He rose. A spirit is always in the room, it will signify the same by saying 'Ay'—so, that's one knock. Now, if there is a spirit in the room will it please to rap three times?"

There was a tremendous rap given in the direction of the bureau.

"Is it the spirit of my sister?"

No answer.

"Is it the spirit of my mother?"

Three taps.

"Are you happy?"

Nine taps.

"Do you want any thing?"

A succession of very loud raps.

"Will you let me have possession if I get up?"

No answer.

"Shall I rise from you to-morrow?"

Raps very loud again; this time in the direction of the hall. Then he knew that he was never to see his bed quilts, but once came. The spirit had gone; and after thinking the matter all night he left the bureau where it was.

On getting up in the morning he found that the spirit of his mother had carried off his watch and pins, left pants down into the hall, and his great-coat off altogether.

It is said that a Massachusetts man has invented a perpetual motion machine, which will do the work of twenty men, gathering cotton as clean as the most expert hand can possibly do it, taking it only from the pod as it ripens, and will pick the undeveloped pods unripened, and well open pods, leaving the cotton on the stalk to rot and not harming the plant. If this really proves to be a success—and there is nothing in Massachusetts genius it—it will materially aid in reducing the price of cotton.

To see a person in church nodding—apparently (from a back view) in approbation of the minister's opinions—is not such a very rare sight in the city, though more common, perhaps, in the country. If seats in church were constructed after the pattern of those in St. Philip's Chapel, England, built long before the time of Henry VIII, sleeping in church would be attended with difficulty, not to say danger. These seats are so fixed upon hinges that those who sit on them can only maintain their position by balancing themselves with care, and resting their elbows on the seat arms; so that if the old monks who sat there dropped asleep during the service the seat came forward and pitched them headlong on the floor. Thus, if they only dozed and nodded the least in the world, the hard oaken seat clapped against the oaken back, and made noise enough to attract the attention of the whole congregation. In our day, the more comfortable seats may be retained, provided we have little-like fastenings to the arrangement. In relation to the above, the cathedral nods are generated on one Sunday is carefully set up by the magistrates on the occasion of Sunday, of course the congregation will experience the natural somniferous effects, and the minister himself will most likely be unconsciously soporific.

We may laugh at the quaintness of speech in the little sentence given below, but there is an underlying lesson in it which we all might well learn and practice:

A black minister was closing up his prayer, when some little boys in the street had the ill-manners to laugh, so that the sable supplicant heard them. He had said but a moment before, and very earnestly, "Lord, if dat is business," when the laugh occurred; and commencing again, said, before that "business" was out of sight—"Lord, I see we not in de habit of askin' postscripts to our prayers; but I'se forgot something, Lord, I'se forgot, and can't take in dese wicked white fellers, den we pray dat de Lord will bress some dat ain't human also besides. Amen!"

The pronunciation of words declares that we shall have *fonetic* spelling before long, as all the world will, very soon, be either-killed. Perhaps this is really true at last. But the following list shows how many names are the example of the boy in the fable, who cried out, "*A wolf! a wolf!*" that we shall not be fooled, and expect to cut peaches in their season just as usual.

It is said that there is a plague of mice this spring in Ohio. They destroy the wheat, corn, potatoes, clover, and destroyed over five thousand trees. They are so thick that in passing through the fields in some places they scatter before you in every direction.

A London correspondent of *The Queen* gives the following inedited epigram of the cattle plague:

I was one morning surprised by a conversation I overheard the other day between two dancing acquaintances. "Do you know the last new play?" "What, the Tinsel Series?" "No." "The Eclipse?" "No." "The Croquet?" "No." "The Opera?" "No." "The Russian Loan-scrum?" "No." "The Donats?" "No." "Why, my good fellow, these are all old pieces. Do tell me if there's any thing else than any of them; haven't you heard the Bishopric Gaiety?" "Why, yes, I think I have heard of that piece, but I don't like it." "Pon my word they have though: it's a capital piece to hear."

The greatest crusade against natural hair was in the time of William the Third. It is recorded that a bather drove the fashion before him, and about then with a pudding of Absalom outside his door:

"Oh, Absalom, oh Absalom,
Oh Absalom, my son,
Would I had been torn a gobbling,
Before that hour been undone!"

Another record is that the barbers, having quarrelled, appeared in court. The complaint was, by the first barber, that he had a sign of a man, artistically painted, hanging to it by the hair, by which he had caught the bought. Under the picture were these words of similar import to those:

"Passenger, here you may behold
The fate of all those who scold;
If he had wisely worn a wig,
He'd not have hung upon this twig."

The rival barber and most thorough had a sign painted of a man drowning, and another man seeking to rescue him, but in vain, as the latter had clutched only a wig to a wig, and away the drowning man floated. Underneath is this verse:

"Even if you are paid for it,
Do not put a wig on your pate.
Or else, you'll be quite unaware
To false hair this great owes his fate.

The judges and the counsellors laughed so much at the discomfiture of the possessor of the first sign, the judge declared he could not see any wrong done, and dismissed the case.

There seem to be matrimonial difficulties in other parts of the country as well as in America, but instances are most cruel trials, not domestic ones—strange therefore. In a case which has recently been brought into the London courts a wife deposed that her husband pushed out her hair an omnibus on October 16, 1863, saying that he "should have it some day," and that he had not yet returned. This reminds us of a bit of dialogue in a novel now in course of publication in one of the French journals: "Where is your husband?" says a gossiping lady. "He's out to buy a cigar," replies the lady. "Has he been gone long?" asks the gentleman. "Only three months," replies the lady. "He is quite right," remarks the gentleman, philosophically. "He wants to choose a good one."

Telegraphic mistakes are not altogether sectional, as may be seen by the following incident:

Some time ago a functionary in Algeria applied to the Minister of the Interior for permission to build some fountains in the town placed under his enlightened rule. The answer was received by telegraph as follows: "*Construisez q. q. fontaines.*" The initial letters stood, of course, for *quelques fontaines*, but the ignorance of the people read them as numerical figures, and accordingly the order was carried out with 99 fountains. Never was there a place so well supplied with water.

A singular instance is on record of a family of five persons who have all died within upon a Berry, by Hampshire, for a period of fifty-three years, during which time he was succeeded by a son, daughter, grandson, and his family. Neither did they during the time put a letter into the post-office, take one out, or take a newspaper. This was apparently a case of total stagnation.

A Richmond paper says that young men are scarce in that city, and maidens and widows plenty. The editor then relieves his mind:

"We do not think, in view of the great scarcity of men, that it is fair for widows to marry so many. Every old will the young maidens have secured husbands. The Lexington widow ought to be ashamed of herself, and respect the interests of young ladies, for without the aid of legal enactments she will soon secure to the 4th grade of husbands."

Now in China the customs of society are such that it is considered a disgrace to marry a widow, no matter how intelligent, interesting, and handsome she may be, as well as a disgraceful or shameful step on the part of the widow to consent to marry again. No rich and desirable family ever marries a son to a widow. Four families out of every five are unable to marry one of their sons in wife, when they find themselves unable to procure a girl of their own class, the chances are that they cannot do it. Occurred in such a case. The expense attendant on marrying a widow is comparatively small.



KAMEHAMEHA V., KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—[SEE PAGE 228.]



THE LATE KING OF SIAM.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

ELEPHANT-HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

WE give on this page an illustration of a characteristic scene in Central African life as witnessed by the well-known traveler, Mr. S. W. BAKER, in his expedition to the source of the White Nile and the shores of Lake Albert, Nyassa. The subject of the sketch is elephant-hunting with the sabre, as practiced by the Hamran Arabs on the frontiers of Abyssinia, along the Settite River. Mr. BAKER hunted with these Arabs for some months in 1862. So dextrous are they as riders that they can pick up a stone from the ground at full gallop, and both dismount and remount at the same pace. They hunt all kinds of animals with no other weapon than the sabre, including the lion, the rhinoceros, and the elephant. The great art is to divert the attention of the elephant when hunted to bay; the enraged animal then follows one man with great fury, and at this opportunity a hunter gallops up behind him and, swiftly dismounting, severs the "tendon of Achilles" with one blow of the sabre, used with two hands. This at once disables the



ARABS OF ABYSSINIA HUNTING THE ELEPHANT.

huge beast, and, the blow being repeated on the other leg, he quickly bleeds to death, being thus actually *killed* with the saber.

No other tribe but the Hamran Arabs hunt in this way. The danger is exceedingly great, and many hunters lose their lives. Having shared in these hunts, Mr. BAKER has been an eye-witness to what might otherwise have seemed, even to an old elephant-hunter like himself, quite incredible.

ROBERT EDMUND LEE.

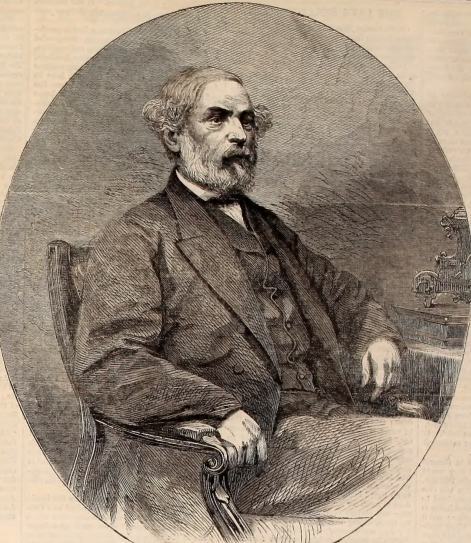
ROBERT EDMUND LEE was undoubtedly the most popular of the conspicuous Confederate leaders. The political chiefs had all excited special animosities, but a certain passivity of temperament and mildness of manner conciliated all who came personally in contact with LEE, and his military career had separated him from local intrigue and consequent calumny. It pleased the imagination of his section, also, that he was of a noted Virginian family sprung of English Cavaliers. His father was "Light Horse" or "Legion Harry" of the Revolution, who had been warmly praised by WASHINGTON and GREENE, and was known as one of the most dashing officers of that war. LEE himself was the owner of the White House estate and of Arlington House, and, as second in his class at West Point, as a brave soldier in Mexico, where he was brevetted as Colonel, as Superintendent of the Military Academy, and Chief of Staff to Lieutenant-General SCOTT, he added individual distinction to that which he had inherited, and completed the spell which charmed the Southern fancy. It was not difficult for that fancy to see in such a man, when placed at the head of an army, a "great Captain," and to describe a leader whose life was correct as a "Christian soldier and gentleman."

General LEE was born in 1808, and graduated at West Point in 1829. He was First Lieutenant of Engineers in 1836, and Captain in 1838. He was Chief Engineer with General WOOL in Mexico, served gallantly in the chief actions there, was severely wounded, and finally brevetted Colonel. In 1852 he was Superintendent at West Point. In 1855 he was relieved and made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Cavalry. On the 16th March, 1861, he was made Colonel of the First Cavalry. From the time that he left Mexico until he drew his sword against the United States he had seen no active service, except that, during the night of the 18th October, 1858, following the failure of old JOHN BROWN's enterprise at Harper's Ferry, Lieutenant-Colonel LEE arrived with ninety United States marines and two pieces of artillery, and occupied the Armory guard, very near the engine-house.

Colonel LEE remained attached to the military family of General SCOTT, and in intimate personal and official relations with him, until the 20th of April, 1861, the day after the massacre in Baltimore, and six days after the fall of Fort Sumter. On that day he wrote to General SCOTT from Arlington House, resigning his commission. He had already received overtures from the rebel authorities in Virginia, and no one knew better than Colonel LEE that resignation in the face of the enemy, with the intention of joining him, is treated as desertion by the military custom of all nations. But bred in the political school of his section, which made the flag under which he had always served an unmeaning rag, a sincere sophistry doubtless saved Colonel LEE from the sense of dishonor. In his letter of resignation he spoke with unquestionable sincerity of "the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed....Save in defense of my native State I never desire again to draw my sword." It was not the letter of a conscious conspirator, but of a man deluded and confused by a conflict which he could not comprehend. On the same day he wrote to his sister: "Though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have fortorne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home." After speaking of his resignation and his hope that his State may never need his services, he concludes: "I know you will blame me, but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought right."

These letters were written on the 20th of April. Three days before, on the 17th, the Virginia Convention had secretly voted to secede. On the 25th Governor LETCHER proclaimed that the State had joined the Confederacy, although the question had not yet been submitted to the people, and he placed the whole military force of Virginia under the supreme command of JEFFERSON DAVIS of Mississippi. Yet such was the confusion of Colonel LEE's mind as to the actual situation, that on the 6th of May he accepted the chief command of all the secession forces in Virginia, seventeen days before the State voted to secede, which she did, under the advice of JAMES M. MASON that every one who offered to vote against secession should be shot. In his late testimony General LEE says that he undoubtedly took the oath to the Confederacy if it were required, but he does not recall the fact. He was soon afterward appointed General, and finally Generalissimo of the Confederate forces, but, remained in Virginia throughout the war, personally directing the operations in defense of Richmond.

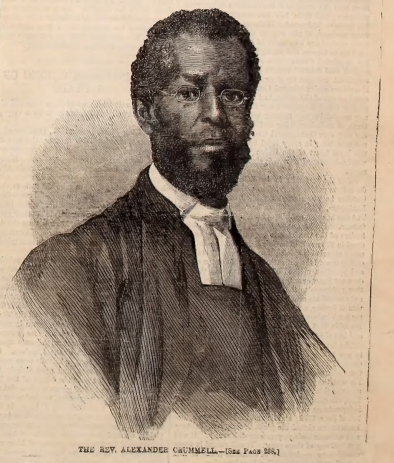
It is remarkable that the fate of the Confederacy should have been intrusted to one who recognized "no necessity for this state of things," and who acted from what may be called a mechanical sense of duty. General LEE, according to his own testimony, had none of the ardent conviction of his associates, and his career is an interesting illustration of the moral confusion so often produced by a merely military training. For granting Virginia to be the supreme authority to which he owed allegiance, was all that Virginia did to be approved and personally supported by him merely because she did it? *Is* the moral duty of a man abrogated because his government commits a crime—*for* surely a revolution involving the misery of war, if it be of "no necessity," is a crime. Taking General LEE's own view, if Virginia fired upon a foreign government without necessity, was the foreign government to



ROBERT E. LEE, IN CIVIL LIFE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



THE LATE SOLOMON FOOT, SENATOR FROM VERMONT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 233.]



THE REV. ALEXANDER CRUMMELL.—[SEE PAGE 236.]

submit; or if it resisted did its resistance make the assault necessary? Such questions, of course, were not asked by General Lee. He was a Virginian, Virginia commanded, or he thought she did, and he obeyed, but with more alacrity than might have been expected of a reluctant an adherent of State sovereignty. Such conduct may show the discipline of the soldier, but it certainly proves the moral confusion of the man.

Mexico had proved the personal gallantry of General Lee, and Virginia as the late commander of an army was yet to be proved. In the opening of the campaign in West Virginia the honors was the late war his strategy in the Confederates, but it was collected among the Confederates, but it failed to win victories. He was defeated there by General Reynolds at Greenbrier, and his military capacity was fully tested in the Peninsula campaign. He was already called a great captain; he stood upon his own ground in the army regarded that of his antagonist, and that antagonist was M'Clellan. Here certainly was an opportunity. A candid writer in Harper's admirably "Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion," who has thoroughly studied in the reports of both sides the Peninsular Campaign and the Seven Days' Battles, says that "never in history was better fighting and never worse generalship on both sides;" and he attributes Lee's success in making the siege to the fact that he committed fewer errors than M'Clellan.

Lee's two aggressive movements were fatal victories. The first called Asbestos, which the rebels claimed as a victory—a claim which is ostensibly confirmed by M'Clellan's permission to Lee to withdraw across the river unmolested. The second ended at Gettysburg, which, with the fall of Vicksburg was the turning-point of the war. General Lee could not, however, to show a brave front in Virginia, although he doubtless foresaw the final catastrophe of his cause. The country was defended entirely. It was extremely difficult for an invading force, and Lee, taught by sharp experience, remained upon the defensive to the end. General Grant's first campaign against him was masterly. His task was simple, but it was tremendous: for it was to hurl the enemy back upon his town and, by steady hint on the way, if possible; and failing that, after he was securely intrenched in his citadel. It was done; and General Lee's surrender to General Grant was the virtual end of the war.

The confidence of the Confederates in General Lee was unabated to the last, and their affection doubtless has only gleamed upon him made Dexterous. No word of censure or of harsh criticism was ever spoken against him, and when he surrendered he was more trusted than ever. His portrait hangs in all the houses of the late insurgent section; and it is one of the most touching incidents of the whole reaction that a man doubtless of an amiable character, but of no more remarkable qualities than General Lee has displayed, should be the idol of a people.

The strongest feeling against General Lee among loyal citizens arose, first, from his preceding directly from the military presidency of General Scott to the direction of the enemy's operations; and then from his total inaction during the sufferings of Union men in Libby, the Libby, Andersonville, and Salisbury. In his late testimony he states distinctly that he knew of no cruelty, and has no reason to believe that it was practiced. But the cries of suffering was made to him; that he knew, of course, in a general way, that prisoners on both sides suffered somewhat; but the care of prisoners was entirely in the hands of the War Department, and he had heard vaguely that it had done what it could for relief. But General Lee could also have been ignorant of the horrible reports. He must have known from the papers that Congress had appointed a Committee of Investigation. He must have seen the accounts of the condition of returned prisoners; and Belle Isle was almost in sight of his home in Richmond. If the circumstances had been reversed, if the cry of the whole Confederacy against one section of their population had gone up to heaven and through the world, if they had appointed Commissions of Investigation, and we had read their reports in the brief pauses of the treatment endured by their captive soldiers—and if a prison under General Grant's very eye were noted as one of the worst, and General Grant had neither asked a question nor expressed a wonder, nor sought in any manner whatever to test the truth of such harrowing and incredible stories are very sure that General Grant's portrait would not now hang in every loyal home as it does, and the loyal heart of the Union would not be so severely denounced as now it sincerely applauds his name.

After the surrender in April General Lee withdrew from public observation, and in the following October he was elected President of a college at Lexington, Virginia, where he has since resided. The war has stripped him of his considerable private fortune. He has, undoubtedly, like all the chief leaders of the Confederate movement, fully acquiesced in the result of forcible Secession. His testimony upon the question that "property and generality toward the entire South" would be the surest and speediest method of conciliation, and that he does not at present suspect any intimation here of further resistance to the Government. Yet he does not conceal his conviction of a present total alienation of feeling, nor his opinion that it would be better for Virginia to be rid of the colored population. He adds that he has always been of that opinion, and has never favored gradual emancipation.

The family name of Lee has a certain prominence in our history. Thomas Lee, the grandfather of General Lee, was acting President and Governor of the Colony of Virginia more than a century ago. He was the grandson of the first emigrant of his name to this country. His son, Richard Henry Lee, the celebrated orator, moved the resolution of Independence in the Continental Congress, on the 7th of June, 1776; and he and his brother Francis Lightfoot signed the great Declaration. History will estimate their powers very differently. It will not call any of them great. It will record in them conspicuous weaknesses of character; but it will doubtless acquit them all of base intention.

THE LATE SENATOR FOOT.

On Wednesday, March 28, Solomon Foot, United States Senator from Vermont, died in Washington. He was the oldest member of the Senate in continuous service. He was, as Senator Doolittle said in Rutland the other day, "revered as the Father of the Senate."

Senator Foot was born in 1802, at Cornwall, Addison County, Vermont, graduated at Middlebury College in 1826; became Principal of Castleton Seminary in 1826; was a tutor in the University of Vermont in 1827; studied from 1828 to 1831 was Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Vermont Academy of Medicine in Castleton. He studied and practiced law always loved the legal profession, directed him toward the bar, which he entered in 1831, and, settling at Rutland, which city has been his home, he commenced practice, and was at once successful. The appreciation of his fellow citizens of his long ability long allow him to remain in a chosen sphere of action; for in 1833, 1836, 1837, 1838, and again in 1847, he was sent to the Legislature as Representative from Rutland, and his professional ability in that assemblage afterward, in 1837, raised him to the Speaker's chair, which he occupied during his last three terms of service. After this a wider sphere of duty demanded his presence, and he entered Congress in 1842, being re-elected in 1844. Returning to Rutland in 1845, after having declined re-election, he resumed his legal practice, but was suffered to retain it for only four years, being elected United States Senator in 1850. He held this position ever after. His present term of office would have expired in 1867. The Senatorial office would have expired in 1867. The Senatorial office would have expired in 1867. The Senatorial

fere existed in the States of Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Florida is at an end, and henceforth to be so regarded."

NEWS ITEMS.

The shipments of produce (including cotton) from this port, week ending March 31, reached the currency value of $6,137,256, making the total value of the exports of produce and merchandise from the port, since the 1st of January, nearly $37,000,000.

The levees of Louisiana which have just been footed up, by the enormous aggregate of 153,000 Union soldiers to have died on battle-fields and in hospitals during the war to suppress the rebellion. This does not include those who died at their homes of lingering disease contracted in the service.

The resignation of Major-General John M. Palmer, commanding the Department of Kentucky, tendered some time ago, has been accepted by President Johnson. Gen. *Joel Jefferson* C. Davis has been appointed in his place.

Rev. Henry Ward has accompanied General Howard in his expedition to Arizona, where he will take Locks, and had to be left at Fort Mohave.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FROM England the principal item of interest is the confirmed intelligence of American securities. Five-Twenties having reached 71¼. The London *Times* of the 17th announces that a British war vessel will be sent out to be done notice, to exclude American fishermen from the British Fisheries. St. Patrick's Day passed off quietly in Ireland. No disturbance whatever occurred, and the customary festivities passed off as usual.

In the House of Commons on the 12th, Mr. Gladstone, in a lengthy speech, explained the Reform Bill. The main features are a reduction of the qualification of county voters from fifty pounds to fourteen pounds sterling, and for boroughs to seven pounds rental, and to lodgers paying ten pounds or upward for apartments. The measure adds about 400,000 to the number of voters. The bill deals also with the redistribution of seats, and enlargement of representation for another session.

The election is said to have made its appearance in some of the districts of Germany. In that case the danger to universal is somewhat imminent, on account of the continuous stream of emigration to the United States from that country.

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3000 Ladies' California Diamond Rings	3 00 to 8 00
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10000 Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders	4 00 to 5 00
10000 Gold Pens, sewing Silk Silver-Mounted Holders	4 00 to 5 00
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THIS IS A
Metal Top Lamp Chimney
That will not break by heat, gives a LARGE LIGHT, is NEAT, DURABLE, and SMOKE; in fact, the MOST PERFECT OF ARTICLES KNOWN.
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Prepaid by Mail, of the choicest sorts. Also Fruit and Ornamental Trees, 120,000 Fruit Stocks, Grapevines, Strawberries, &c., &c. Priced Wholesale and Retail Catalogues, gratis, to any address. Wholesale Lists for the Trade. Agents wanted. B. M. WATSON, OLD COLONY NURSERIES AND SEED ESTABLISHMENT, PLYMOUTH, MASS.



DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure.
For sale by all Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.



DR. STRICKLAND'S MELLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM is believed to cure Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Whooping-Cough, Sore Throat, Consumption, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.
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Debility and Emaciation

Result from a lack of ability in the stomach to convert the food into nutriment. Strengthen the digestive powers with HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, and vigor will return to the muscles, flesh restores the air-minded frame, and the cadaverous complexion loses its sickly tint.

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Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth-patches, freckles, sunburn, or LIVER COMPLAINT, will find MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. C. BRADLEY, Pittsburgh, 49 Dead Street, New York. Sold by all druggists.

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$5 SEWING $5
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Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Sub'ct delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal terms, remaining liberal inducements, and free. Address all orders,

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(From the Rev. J. W. Feland's Autobiography.)

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. I was one of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some time past been thought that a preparation, having for its basis the inside bark of white pine, would be found valuable as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in such cases, I procured a quantity of the inside bark of the Medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. Relief was almost unwillingly gratifying. In 24 hours in two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a permanent cure effected. From that time I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been afflicted with a severe cough with a bad cough, contained by a sudden cold, and her relief means stranded with bad. She was very much relieved, and for more, she took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first commenced to make the same with WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled.—*Boston Journal.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having stood the test of the last of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures all throat, lungs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a specific for diabetes, healing from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy, and all blood diseases. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., PROPRIETORS,
Boston, Mass.
And for sale by
BURNHAMS & VAN SCHAAK, Chicago, Ill.
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GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE WEST.

C. M. DUNN & CO.
(ESTABLISHED 1850),

Managers of the celebrated Gift Sale in the world! immensely successful in nearly 100 cities throughout the country. Also

Greater Inducements than ever before.

280,000 Pianos, Gold and Silver Watches, Articles of Silverware, &c., worth over $1,000,000,

All to be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get.

Splendid List of Articles.

10 Grand Pianos, each worth	$1200	$1200
100 Rosewood seven-octave Pianos	400 to	600
200 Gold Hunting-Cased Watches	125 to	150
250 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 to	75
1,000 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	20 to	50
200 First-class Sewing Machines	45 to	75
2,000 Gold-headed Canes Pitchers	12 to	20
1,000 Fine Castors and Butter-Dishes	12 to	20
3,000 Sets Fine Jewelry	5 to	15
5,000 Sets Tea, Dessert, and Table Spoons	6 to	15
5,000 Sets Tea, Dessert, and Table Forks	6 to	15
4,000 Butter Knives, per pair	6 to	10
10,000 Gold Pens, silver ex. Case & Pencil	3 to	10
10,000 Gold Pens and gold-mtd Holders	5 to	8
3,000 California Diamond Rings	3 to	8
2,000 Fancy Enamelled and Seal Rings	5 to	8
6,000 Vest, Guard, and Neck Chains	5 to	15
10,000 Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	5 to	12
10,000 Opera and Field Glasses	5 to	15
10,000 Beautiful Photograph Albums	5 to	10
175,000 Other Articles of Jewelry, Silverware, &c.	5 to	12

Sealed certificates of the articles are well mixed, and sent, regardless of choice, to each purchaser of a Photograph of any prominent personage—costing 25 cents. The Photographs are very fine, and worth the money. After opening the certificate, it is at your option to send for the article you get, or not. You can get less than the value worth; for the lowest article on our list is a beautiful fifty-picture morocco-bound ivory-enamelled photograph album, worth $5, which may be ordered on any certificate, while you have the privilege of drawing a watch or piano worth from $100 to $1000.

Five photographs, with certificates, and a silver butter-knife as premium, sent for $1; eleven for $2, with a fine napkin-ring; thirty for $5, with a 50-picture album for $10; sixty-five for $10, with a silver butter-dish or 100-picture album; one hundred for $15, with a fine gold-plated silver-jeweled hunting-cased watch, worth $25.

Agents wanted every where, and the most liberal inducements every offered to those who will act as such. Send for circulars. Address

C. M. DUNN & CO.,
Headquarters 710 Nassau Street, New York.

HERE IT IS! LOOK! LOOK! New Patent "Snap-it" and-catch-em" Fish Hooks. Takes every fish that bites. Sample package by mail, post-paid, 25 cents for 6 cents for sample hook, or four hooks for $1. Send postpaid on receipt of price. Address W. E. C. PITCHFORK, Bridgeport, Harrison County, West Virginia.

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For the Army and Navy Hospitals, Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, &c. Complete Outfits, Cards, Circulars, Checks, &c., &c., for 10 cts. ADAMS PRESS COMPANY, 70 and 81, New York.

TO FARMERS.

POUDRETTE! POUDRETTE!!

The LODI MANUFACTURING COMPANY (the oldest manufacturers of Fertilizers in the United States) offer their celebrated Poudrette for sale at lower prices than any other fertilizer in market.

It is made from the night soil and offal of New York City, and has been in use by thousands of farmers for over a quarter of a century—$4 will manure an Acre of Corn in the hill, and increase the yield one third.

A Pamphlet will be sent free upon application to Lawns, Garden Vegetables, Corn, Potatoes, and Tobacco, of hundreds of Farmers, who have used it for over 20 years, containing also prices, directions for use, &c., will be sent free to any person applying

LODI MANUFACTURING CO.,
66 Courtlandt Street, New York.

$1 TIME-KEEPER. $1

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER and marvel of ingenuity. *The European Pocket Chronometer.* The most wonderful invention of modern time. "*Chronicle*" warranted correct. Keep no key or winder. Price $1 each, by Gold or Silver Gilt Cases. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address J. W. DILLAMORE & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

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Sold by Druggists. Dr. Briggs, Chiropodist, 389 Broadway.

SELF-CONTROL to acquire; to conquer habits; to attain health and mental vigor—a better life. Young men, middle-aged men, both postage, L. L. W., clerk, box 5643, General Office, New York.

GREAT DISCOVERY.—DR GRAFFIS ELECTRIC OIL is warranted to cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, Frost-bite, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Coughs, Deafness, and all forms of pain, in from 1 to 2 days. Depot 43 and 45 Park Place, and by DYER, BARNES & CO., New York. Depot, Philadelphia.

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GERMAN, Red or Brown, $2 50, $3, $4, $5, $6, $8.
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OLD MASTERS, very fine Tone, $40, $50, $75, to $200.
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of every description at lowest New York prices. Send stamp for price-list.
Especial attention to Repairing and Importing.
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MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
ARMS AND AMMUNITION OF ALL KINDS,



Sole Agents for the Celebrated Colt's Belt and Pocket Revolvers. The Best Rifle Cartridge Ammunition, Rifle, Pistol, and Fowling Powder, Caps, Flasks, Pouches, Belts, &c. These arms have an equal in market. For further information, send for circular.
No. 42 MERWIN & BRAY, 269 Broadway, N. Y.
P. S.—We manufacture all our own goods; also are Sole Agents for the celebrated Colt's Revolving Rifle.

FAMILIES and GENTLEMEN on a visit to the **OLD COUNTRY** should not leave without seeing the **BIRTH-PLACE OF THE IMMORTAL SHAKSPEARE, RUGBY, and KENILWORTH.**

The Hotel bearing his name having undergone recent improvements, will be found replete with every comfort, combined with moderate charges.

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FOR APRIL, 1866.

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An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Five Subscribers. Price $4 00 each. or 4 Copies for $15 00.

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Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average eight words to a line.

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THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of expense, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

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DRIVER. "Run round, JACK, Sit on her Head, and Cut the Traces."

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our personal attention.

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We are now receiving the most comprehensive and finest assortment of glass views ever made in America, representing scenes and objects in nearly all European cities and countries. These views are of the special collection of our Mr. Edward Anthony, now abroad, and are adapted for the use of either the Stereopticon or the Stereoscope.

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(Established 1822.)

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USING B. T. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, or READY SOAP MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or lye in the market. Put up in cans of 1 pound, 3 pounds, 6 pounds, and 12 pounds, with full directions, in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make 10 gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market. B. T. BABBITT,
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington St., N. Y.

REMOVAL.
WM. GALE, JR.,
LATE
WM. GALE & SON,
SILVERSMITHS,
487 BROADWAY, cor. Broome Street, New York,
Will remove about the 1st of May, temporarily, to
590 BROADWAY, Metropolitan Hotel,
while the premises
572 and **574** BROADWAY, Metropolitan Hotel,
(which will be ready in July.)
Are being prepared for permanent occupancy.

DEAFNESS,
DISCHARGES FROM THE EAR, and NOISES IN THE HEAD, RADICALLY CURED
By the use of the recently-discovered Vegetable Extract
OTITINE.
Price $2 00 a bottle. For sale by all Druggists.
GEO. C. GODDWIN, 56 Hanover Street, Boston, Wholesale Agent.

MERCHANTS, BANKERS,
And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 65 Broadway.

Ladies & Gentlemen
OUT OF THE CITY,
TAKE YOUR OWN MEASURE AND SEND TO
E. A. BROOKS, Agt.,
Importer and Manufacturer of
BOOTS, SHOES, &c.
575 Broadway, New York.

Directions for Measuring the Foot.

First. Place the foot upon a piece of paper and trace the outline of same with a pencil, which will give the length and spread of the foot, as shown in figure *A*.
Second. Make the following measurements, in inches and fractions, with tape measure, as shown in figure *B*, viz:

1st—The Ball of the foot.
2d—The Low Instep.
3d—The High Instep.
4th—The Heel.
5th—The Ankle.
6th—The Calf.



THIS HOUSE IS THE LARGEST IN THE CITY, AND WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1849.

100 Photographs of Female Beauties sent postpaid for 25c. Address B. L. Fox, 54 Varick St., New York.

520, 730, 1040, GREENBACK
NATIONAL BANK PENS,
MANUFACTURED BY THE
EMPIRE PEN CO.,
82 and 84 John St., New York.
For Sale by all Stationers.
Every variety of superior Steel Pens manufactured to order, and for sale by the Empire Pen Company.

TO LET.
The Four-Story Building, No. 51 Broad Street, 28 feet front. Possession 1st of May next. Apply to
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square.

CEDAR CAMPHOR
For Clothes-Moths. Sold by druggists every where.
HARRIS & CHAPMAN, Facturers, Boston.

Marvin's Patent
ALUM AND DRY PLASTER, FIRE AND BURGLAR
SAFES
Never lose their fire-proof qualities, corrode the iron, or mould their contents.
Sideboard and parlor safes for silverware.
MARVIN & CO.,
265 Broadway, New York.
721 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT,
TO BE HELD AT
CROSBY'S OPERA-HOUSE, CHICAGO,
May 28, 1866.
125,000 VALUABLE PRIZES, VALUED AT $492,575 25,
Will be presented to Ticket-Holders, including
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GREENBACKS;
NUMBER OF TICKETS ISSUED 500,000, PRICE $1 00 EACH.
This is the greatest inducement ever offered to the public, one ticket out of every four drawing a prize.
The following Prizes are a few among the many to be drawn. (For full list, see circulars.)

1 Gift in Greenbacks		$30,000
1 Gift	"	10,000
1 Gift	"	5,000
1 Gift	"	4,000
1 Gift	"	3,000
1 Gift	"	2,000
25 Gifts	" $1000 each	25,000
10 Gifts	" $500 each	10,000
20 Gifts	" $100 each	2,000
50 Gifts	" $50 each	2,500
1 Gift, Residence No. 881 Wabash Avenue		10,000
1 Gift, " No. 993 Lake Street		5,000
1 Gift, " No. 57 Newbury Street		5,000
5 Gifts, Cottages, on Fulton, near Paulina Street		10,000
2 Gifts, Cottages 169 W. Liberty and 537 W. Indiana Streets		6,000
2 Gifts, Cottages, in one locality		4,000
10 Gifts, City Lots, $500 each		5,000

The drawing will take place after the concert, on the stage of the Opera-House, where 10,000 persons can witness it. A Committee will be appointed by the audience to superintend the same. All purchasers and agents will be supplied with correct lists of drawing as soon as published. Parties holding tickets will retain them until after the drawing, and if their number appears in the list of drawn numbers they will forward their ticket immediately, with full directions as to the shipping of goods or money. Tickets are for sale at the principal Hotels, Book and Music Stores in this City, and at our office, 124 Dearborn Street; price $1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp for return postage.
Good reliable Agents wanted in every city, town, and village in the United States, to whom great inducements are offered. References required.

Special Terms, or Club Rates.

Any party procuring a club of five or more names for tickets, and forwarding us the money for the same, will be allowed the following commission, viz: We will send

5 tickets to one address for		$ 4 50
10	" " "	9 00
25	" " "	17 50
50	" " "	35 00
60	" " "	35 00
100	" " "	65 00

In every case send the name of each subscriber, their post-office address, with town, county, and state in full Money, by draft, post-office order, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk.
All communications should be addressed to WIGGINS, BRADFORD & CO.,
(Post-Office Drawer 2313.) 123 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
The proprietors will donate to the Lincoln and Douglas Monument Fund $1000; also there will be $1000 reserved from the prizes drawing the $50,000 prize, for the same purpose.
REFERENCES.—Hon. M. S. Wilkinson, Ex-Senator of Minnesota; Hon. Geo. Y. Lawrence, M.C., of Penn.; Hon. Alex. Randall, Ex-Governor of Wis.; Hon. Wm. Montgomery, Ex-M.C., of Penn.; Hon. Major Thos. Moss, Ex-M.C., of Ind.; Hon. Ira J. Lacock, of Kansas; Hon. Wm. Lefflingwell, Keokuk, Iowa; Hon. Joseph Knox, of Chicago; Hon. C. Graves Smith, of Minn.; Jacob Forsyth, Agt. M. S. R. R., Chicago, Ill.; M. Kronberg & Co., Importers of watches, Chicago; Berry, Garner & Co., New Orleans, La.
N. B. Editors of country papers are authorized to act as our agents, and they will be allowed full commission on all tickets ordered either for themselves or other parties who may purchase through them.
Proposals for inserting this advertisement are requested.

UNION ADAMS,
HOSIER, GLOVER,
AND
SHIRT MAKER,
No. 637 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

GAS FIXTURES and LAMPS.
The attention of the trade and of buyers generally is invited to our extensive stock of CHANDELIERS, BRACKETS, &c., of every style and pattern, comprising many beautiful designs entirely new.
ARCHER & PANCOAST,
Manufactory and Warerooms,
Nos. 9, 11, and 13 Mercer Street, New York.

MONEY RETURNED
In full, if, after a short trial of GODFREY'S CATARRH REMEDY, the prescription of one of the most eminent medical professors and surgeons in America—it is not satisfactory. F. C. GODFREY, 831 Broadway, New York.
Five Dollars a package, by mail or express.

Wanted, Agents and Canvassers
For every county in the United States, to whom exclusive rights of territory will be given for one year. Salary to competent men. Large commissions to every body. A rare opportunity for energetic parties. Inclose stamp for circulars, or call in person.
DUVAL, SWANDER & CO., Publishers and Purchasers, Nos. 22 and 24 S. Fifth Street, Philadelphia.

ITCH. (WHEATON'S OINTMENT) ITCH.
Salt Rheum. Salt Rheum.
Will cure the Itch in 48 hours; also cures Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Chilblains, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents. By sending 60 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass., it will be forwarded free by mail.
For sale by all Druggists.

Agents Wanted.
$2000 A YEAR, AND ALL EXPENSES PAID.
For further particulars address W. G. WILSON, Cleveland, Ohio.

PESTACHINE!
It is the Gum Restorer for the Hair, also an excellent dressing. Invented by Dr. ROOT; manufactured by (DR. RIN SKINNER & CO., Springfield, Mass.; and sold by DEMAS BARNES & CO., 365 New York.

E. REMINGTON & SONS,



MANUFACTURERS OF
Revolvers, Rifles, Muskets and Carbines,
For the United States Service. Also
POCKET AND BELT REVOLVERS,
REPEATING PISTOLS,
Rifle Canes, Revolving Rifles,
Rifle and Shot-Gun Barrels and Gun Materials. Sold by Gun Dealers and the Trade generally.

In these days of House-breaking and Robbery, every House, Store, Bank, and Office should have one of
Remington's Revolvers.
Circulars containing cuts and description of our Arms will be furnished upon application.
E. REMINGTON & SONS, Ilion, N. Y.

A NOVEL and BEAUTIFUL ARTICLE for Gentlemen's Toilet.—The Patent Hard Rubber Neck-Tie and Butterfly, now being extensively worn by the elite, are neat, convenient, and durable; are adjusted at once, without pinning; always retain their original shape and lustre, and in style and appearance surpass any other description of tie now worn. Manufactured by the Volcan Rubber Co., 162 Broadway, N.Y. Sold by dealers generally.

WOODWARD'S COUNTRY HOMES.



A new and original work, with 125 Designs and Plans of Country Houses of moderate cost.
Price $1 50, postpaid.
GEO. E. & F. W. WOODWARD, Publishers, No. 37 Park Row, New York.

HORRIBLE !!!
I HAVE SUFFERED with CATARRH thirty years; it had destroyed my voice and smelling—impaired my sight and hearing. In six weeks I have been entirely cured. For humanity's sake I will send the recipe for the simple remedy used, postpaid, to all afflicted. Address Rev. T. J. MEAD, Drawer 176, Syracuse, N. Y.

WANTED! AGENTS!!—$150 per Month—to sell the celebrated *Common-Sense Family Sewing Machine*. Price $18. The greatest invention of the age. Send for descriptive circular. SECOMB & CO., Chicago, Ill., or Cleveland, O.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE.
Magnifying small objects 500 times. MAILED FREE everywhere for 50 CENTS, or THREE for $1 00.
Address E. C. BOWEN, Box 3200, Boston, Mass.

TRADE MARK



OF THE
MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY,
To be found on each box and each piece of GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLE. All other goods of whatever name not having this mark, are worthless imitations and infringements on the patents of the Magic Ruffle Company. The GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES sold by the yards in each piece, are well made of the best material. Call and experience satisfaction to consumers. Office of the Company No. 95 Chambers Street, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 486.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

SCHOOL FOR FREEDMEN.

THE "ABRAHAM LINCOLN SCHOOL" for freedmen, NEW ORLEANS, was opened on the third day of October, 1865, in one of the buildings belonging to the University of Louisiana. Rev. THOMAS W. CONWAY, then Assistant Commissioner of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands, obtained it of Governor WELLES, on condition that another building, known as the "School of Medicine," and held by the Bureau for the use of the freedmen, should be released. Soon after this school was opened it had over eight hundred pupils, and an average attendance of seven hundred and fifty, with fourteen teachers, being the largest freedmen's school in the United States. From seventy to eighty per cent. of the pupils are of mixed blood. Up to the first of February Mr. EDWIN F. WAYES, a native of New York State and graduate of Yale College, was principal. His successor is Mr. M. A. WARREN.

Owing to the recent change in the school system which Brevet Major-General BAIRD, Assistant Commissioner, has been compelled to adopt from a free system to one in which the tuition is paid by the pupil, the number of pupils has decreased to about four hundred, with eight teachers. The tuition required is $1.50 per month.

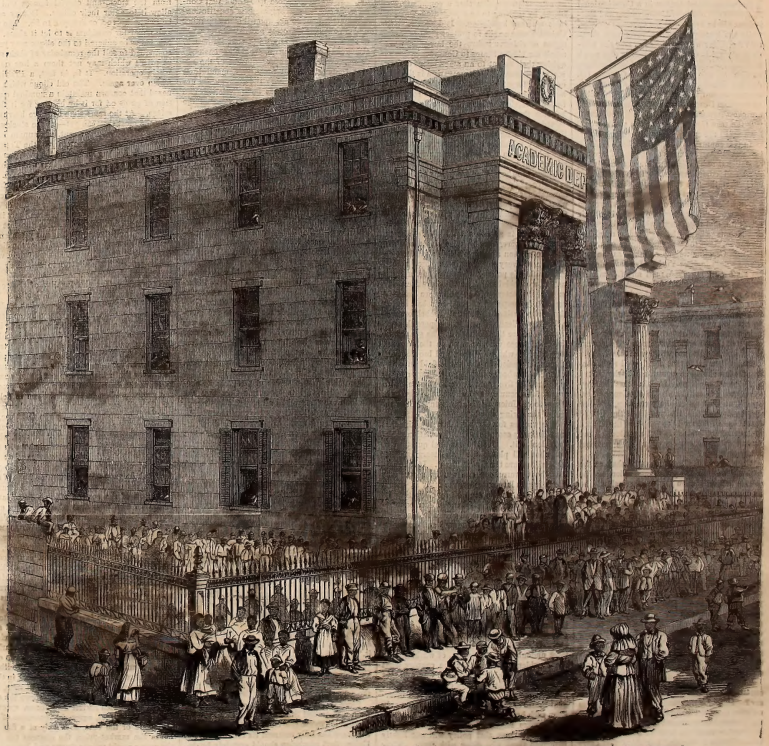
The building on the left is a part of the Medical College which has been closed during the war, but is now opened and patronized by a large number of students. In front, between the two pillars, are the teachers, while in front, and on the steps, are the pupils just dismissed from their studies.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, CHICAGO.

THE Chamber of Commerce building, of which we give an illustration on page 253, is one of the latest of the many new and handsome public edifices erected of late years in Chicago. It is located at the southeast corner of La Salle and Washington streets, and fronts the Court-house Square.

The style of architecture is decidedly composite, the beauty and majesty of art having been made subordinate to the amount of capital stock and the prospect of future dividends. The dimensions of the main building are ninety-three by one hundred and eighty-one feet, and one hundred feet in height.

From the main door the entrance leads up a short flight of stairs to a hall which extends the whole length of the building, each side being apportioned into handsome business rooms, all of which are occupied by merchants, banks, and insurance companies. The sides of the building face respectively on



THE "ABRAHAM LINCOLN SCHOOL" FOR FREEDMEN, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEE&WILLIAMS, NEW ORLEANS.]

La Salle Street and Exchange Place. From this floor the ascent to the grand hall is by a double flight of stairs. This hall is the finest, in all its details, erected in the West. Eighteen windows throw their colored rays upon the room. Its loftiness, the harmony of the coloring, and the general character of the design are very imposing. It is elaborately adorned with frescoes, paintings, and appropriate designs. The hall is one hundred and forty-three feet by eighty-nine, and forty-four feet from floor to ceiling.

The building was erected and the site purchased by an incorporated company, known as the "Chamber of Commerce," composed of members of the Board of Trade. It cost about four hundred thousand dollars.

On Wednesday, August 30, 1865, this grand edifice was dedicated, with imposing ceremonies, to Commerce. The dedication of the building was followed by a series of festivities covering three or four days.

The Board of Trade of Chicago, to whose enterprise the city owes the successful completion of this handsome edifice, is composed of about fifteen hundred members. It was organized in 1848, and then numbered less than one hundred members.

For the illustration of this building, as also for the description above given, we are indebted to the courtesy of JEVNE & ALMINI, of Chicago, who have recently completed the publication of a beautiful work (issued monthly, and to consist of 25 Parts), entitled "Chicago Illustrated." Chicago has made more rapid strides of progress during the last dozen years than is recorded of any city in the world. History, and the enterprise of the city itself, prove that of other cities of equal and even larger population.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1866.

RADICALISM AND CONSERVATISM.

IN every political contest in a Constitutional system the names of Conservatism and Radicalism will be applied to the opposing policies. The history of such governments shows that the policy which truly conserves the principle and spirit of a free system is that which is called Radicalism. In the conflict of opinion in England upon our Revolution Burke, Fox, and Dr. JOHNSON were the stiffest of Tory Conservatives, and saw in the doctrines and policy of Essex and Hyde nothing but Radicalism and the overthrow of the monarchy. But BURKE was the true Conservative. His policy would have saved the empire upon its own principles.

In this country at this moment both the Radicalism and Conservatism, as the names of a policy of national reorganization, are very easily defined and comprehended. Thus Radicalism holds that the late rebel States should not be suffered to take part in the government of the Union which they have so zealously striven to destroy except after searching inquiry into their condition, and upon terms which shall prevent any advantage having been gained by rebellion. By the result of the war the suffrage of a voter in South Carolina weighs as much as the vote of two voters in New York. Is that a desirable state of things? Would any fair-minded voter in South Carolina claim that it ought to have a preference in the Union because, however honestly, he has rebelled against it? Radicalism, therefore, favors an equalization of representation as a condition precedent to the full recognition of the disturbed States, and every citizen of those States who sincerely desires national unity and peace will favor it.

Radicalism holds that equal civil rights before the law should be guaranteed by the United States to every citizen. It claims that the Government which commands the obedience of every citizen shall afford him protection, and that the freedom which the people of the United States have conferred the people of the United States shall maintain. Is that a perilous claim? Is any other course consistent with national safety or honor?

Once more: Radicalism asserts that, as the national welfare and permanent union can be established only upon justice, there should be no surrender of political distinctions based on any part of the people. It denies that complexion, or weight, or height are reasonable political qualifications, and it refers to the history of the country to show that they have not always been so regarded even in some of the late slave States, and remembers that both President LINCOLN and his predecessor were friends of impartial suffrage. Holding this faith, Radicalism urges that while we may honestly differ as to the wisest means of securing political equality, yet that all our efforts should constantly tend, with due respect for the proper and subordinate functions of the States in our constitutional system, to protect the political rights of man with whose assertion our Government began, and in consequence of whose denial that Government has just escaped the most appalling fate.

This is Radicalism. Is it unfair? Is it unconstitutional? Is it anarchical or revolutionary? It denies no man's rights. It deprives no man of power or privilege. It claims for the National Government nothing which is not inseparable from the idea of such a Government. Does it demand any thing that every prudent and patriotic man ought not to be willing to concede? The views of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS and of Mr. SUMNER, sincerely entertained and ingeniously defended as they are, are not the Radical policy. Mr. STEVENS holds that the disturbed States are conquered provinces in which the land should be confiscated, as that of Ireland has been three times over without giving Ireland peace. Does any body suppose that even the House, which respects Mr. STEVENS's sturdy fidelity in his own sphere, agrees with him, or that the National Union party holds his view? Mr. SUMNER holds that equal suffrage should be required of the absent States as a condition of representation, and in a Radical Senate which passed the Civil Rights Bill over the veto by a vote of 33 to 15, Mr. SUMNER's proposition obtained 3 votes. The two gentlemen, of course, support the Radical policy, but they do not shape it. The opinions of the Union party are to be found in the Resolutions adopted by its party platform. The policy of the Radicals is to be seen in the measures they adopt; and of the forty-two bills which at the time of the last veto they had presented to the President, he had signed forty.

In our present political situation Conservatism is the theory which maintains that the late rebel States are already in a condition to resume their full functions in the Union, and which denounces Congress for presuming to inquire whether they are entitled to be well founded. It denies to Congress—that is, to the representatives of the loyal people who have maintained the Government—the right even to look behind the credentials of any man who comes from a State still panting with rebellion, and ascertain the origin and validity of the authority that invested the credentials. To object to the legislation of Congress while eleven States are unrepresented, without reference to the reason of their absence, thus virtually recognizing the monstrous proposition that a combination of States, by refusing to be represented, may prohibit national legislation. It denies that the United States ought to secure the equal civil rights of citizens before the law, and would admit the absent States to Congress before requiring their assent to an amendment legalizing representation. Conservatism is the policy which, forgetting that the United States are bound by every moral obligation to secure the freedom which they have guaranteed, apparently believes that that freedom will be best maintained and the national peace most truly established by leaving those States to whom we were heroically faithful to the Government during the rebellion to the exclusive mercy of those who sought to destroy it.

These are the distinctive points of the Conservative policy. Are they agreeable to an honorable and intelligent people? And of what is this policy composed? Of men who, faithful to the Union, it will of course be earnestly supported by their true and tried friends. Is it so supported? Who are the potent Conservatives? The men who all sing and fire cannon and ring bells in jubilant exultation at every measure in support of reconstruction? Who are the Conservative party, or the supporters of the policy we have described, is composed of the late rebels and of those who justified and excused their deeds, with a few Republicans. And who oppose this policy? Who are the Radicals? The great multitude of those who fought the battle of the people, of whose children and brothers and friends lie buried in the battle-field in every rebel State, whose sentiments are now as they have been for five years, echoed by the whole press of the country, and whose voice speaks in the vote of Union Legislatures and in the result of the spring elections.

It is not against Conservatism to claim that conciliation is essential to reorganization. Nobody denies it. But the cardinal question is, not what will be done, but by whom and how what will secure the Government. If it be said that the Government can not be secured by alienating its late enemies, the reply is, that it certainly can not be secured by conciliating unwavering friends. If conciliation contemplates the filling of national offices in the South by known rebels to the disregard and exclusion of Union men, thereby rewarding rebellion and discrediting loyalty—if it proposes to leave freemen of the United States to the Black Codes of Mississippi and South Carolina, to condone the fatal spirit of caste which has been our curse—then conciliation is simply a name for ignominy, and Conservatism may see its fate in that of Secession.

Radicalism has not a single vindictive feeling toward the late rebel States, but it does not propose to betray the loyal men to their destruction. It has the sincerest wish, as it had the most undoubting expectation, of working with the President to that end. For the country what the country has fairly won by the war, and that is, the equal right of every citizen before the law and the full resumption by the late insurgent States of their functions in the Union only upon such honorable and reasonable conditions as Congress might require. All reasonable men who support that policy will not lightly denounce those who differ with them. They will strive long for the harmony of those with whom during the war they have sympathized and acted. They will concede minor points of method, and bear patiently with impugnment rhetoric leveled at themselves. But they will also bear steadily in mind the words of ANDREW JOHNSON when he accepted the nomination which has placed him where he is: "While society is in this disordered state and we are seeking security, let us fix the foundations of the Government upon the principles of eternal justice which will endure for all time." The Radical policy was never more terribly expressed; and it is the policy to be maintained now, for it is founded in the plainest common sense and the profoundest conviction of the loyal American people.

THE REPRESENTATION OF THE LATE REBEL STATES.

THOSE Union men who ask impatiently why Congress does not immediately admit any member from a late insurrectionary State who can take the oath do not seem to reflect that the admission of a member is the recognition that the State from which he comes has fully resumed all its rights in the Union. It is assuming the very point which Congress appointed a special committee to investigate and determine. It is, in fact, a step in the process of reorganization. The President so understands it. He said to Governor Cox, of Ohio, that those loyal representatives were admitted "the work would be done;" for, in his judgment, the States in question "were restored in all other respects."

If there are Union men who hold that no further measures precedent to complete restoration of all their functions to the late rebel States are necessary, we will merely explain that their representatives are not admitted. If there are those who think that Congress, as at present composed, is constitutionally incompetent to act upon this or any other subject, they will protest against the absence of such States. If any think that its action, although perfectly valid, would be hastened or improved by the representation of the absent States, they will properly demand their presence. But if neither the competency nor the validity of the questions be involved, or if any thing still remains to be done in the legislative work of reorganization, why take any step that will embarrass it? If there be any thing of continued exhibition impolitic must show why, in such a situation as ours, the utmost prudence and deliberation are inexpedient. Whatever may be the feeling in loyal States, we are very sure that there is no sincere Union man in South Carolina or Alabama who is not more anxious that all possibility of peril from the Administration of Carolina to Congress should be plainly averted than that the State should be admitted.

If the disturbed States have a *right* to be represented at once, it can only be upon the ground that they have reorganized their local governments in a manner satisfactory to Congress. This was the condition imposed by President JOHNSON in his appointment of Provisional Governors. The Convention of the State was "to consider and adopt such form of State Government as will entitle the State to the guaranty of the United States therefor." Who was to give this guaranty? Congress, of course. Did Congress give it? Until Congress gives it what claim has the State to representation? The President, indeed, is of opinion that Congress ought to do so. He goes further, and dispenses with the action of Congress as necessary. He said to Governor Cox that the States were restored in all respects but representation, and were too late to ask Congress their right to be represented. This is the President's opinion often and strongly stated. But still the decision of the question does not rest with him. The authority of the United States can be given by Congress alone; and when President JOHNSON virtually declares that his opinion settles the question, that to differ with his view is to endanger the Union, and that he is carrying out the policy of his predecessor, he forgets that President LINCOLN in his last public speech, after stating the differences upon the subject of reorganization among Union men, said of the State Government which he had formed in Louisiana, and which was in the same authority with those that President JOHNSON has erected elsewhere, "I distinctly stated that this was not the only plan which might possibly be acceptable; and I also distinctly protested that *the Executive claimed no right to say when or whether members should be admitted to seats in Congress from such States.* The plan was in advance submitted to the then Cabinet, and as distinctly approved by every member of it."

If Mr. SEWARD, in his letter to Mr. ADAMS relating the history of the conference with the Confederate Peace Commissioners at Fortress Monroe, tells us that President LINCOLN said the same thing to the savoys there.

Since, then, the admission of any member from a disturbed State is the final and solemn recognition by the sole competent authority that the State has fully resumed its relations in the Union, that admission should certainly be delayed until every reasonable precaution has been taken against the inevitable risks of the situation. We can not see upon what grounds those who hold that some preferred measures are still necessary urge the immediate admission of representatives from those States.

THE MICHIGAN SOUTHERN AFFAIR.

IT was only last week that we took occasion to relate the misadventures of the leading Wall Street operators in the Michigan Southern stock of the Erie Railway. Since then a much more striking corner than any he ever attempted has been successfully accomplished. A party of speculators, comprising by no means the most reputable and solvent operators of the street, have cornered Michigan Southern, and done it so effectually that the losers of the Bears have been almost without precedent. It was the old story. The corners bought up the whole stock of the Company. Parties who wanted to buy were offered stock seller's option—that is to say, after three days. "Regular" or "cash" stock—that is to say, stock deliverable on the day of the purchase or on the following day—was not to be had. All stock lent out was called in. On 5th inst. 5 per cent. was paid for the use of stock for a single day. On 6th inst. 9 per cent. was paid in one single hour. The cornering clique was willing to supply the stock at 84 seller three, while the cash price was 104 @ 107. Not even in the famous Hudson River and Harlem corners was such severe punishment inflicted on the Bears.

It is not certain that the corners have made any thing by the operation. It is understood that they have still on hand over $5,000,000 of the stock of the Michigan Southern, and no one is likely to want to buy the property at present prices. A flavor of roguery exudes from the stock, and careful houses will not allow it to enter their offices. It may again be twisted to 100, or dropped to 10. The only safe policy for outsiders is to let it alone. If this policy be adhered to the clique may yet be compelled to sell the remainder of their stock at prices which may be less than 50 on the whole operation. It is, in fact, a Prairie du Chien over again. The old clique which cornered that company left a nominal quotation of 92 @ 94 for it by bidding for it themselves. At the same time they are borrowing £—the most they can get—on the stock at an interest of 15 per cent. per annum for interest. Whenever the Secretary of the Treasury offers new funding loans, the money-markets are convulsed once more, they are forced to sell, and may not realize over 30 @ 35. It will be the same with the Michigan Southern. If sales be forced it may fall below 50 per cent. in a couple of days. No, no, keep out of Wall Street, believes in its value. In ten years it has paid three dividends. Of these the last was recovered, and the money has not yet been repaid. A general belief prevails that the directors are speculators, and that they would withhold or declare a dividend to suit their own purposes.

It is likely that the legality of the recent corner will be tested in a court of justice. The leading director of the Erie, who has made or lost so much money in manipulating the cornering Bears in that stock, was outraged at being himself cornered by the speculators in Michigan Southern, and has appealed to the courts for redress. To Wall Street eyes his appeal is ridiculous. A man who sells and undertakes to deliver that which he has not got, necessarily takes the chances of being able to procure the property when he is called upon to deliver it. But the matter may be differently viewed by the courts. In the case of Prairie du Chien, of which some account was given in these columns a few months since, the courts held that, where the price of a stock was advanced above its natural value by the illegal combinations of a managing or cornering clique, parties dealing in the stock in good faith and in ignorance of said manœuvres could recover any losses incurred by reason of the corner. The case of Erie is clear: he who buys that which does not exist buys nothing, and can not insist upon a delivery of the thing bought. If Mr. WILLIAM B. ASTOR buys of Commodore VANDERBILT the New York City Hall, which is not for sale, the contract is void, and Mr. ASTOR can recover nothing by way of damages. If he sells to SMITH the church and church-yard of Trinity there is no sale, and nothing can be recovered by way of damages. If SMITH, who owns all the land on the west side of Avenue B, buys of ROBINSON—who is unaware of the state of the case—ten lots on said west side of said Avenue, the contract will find that the purchase is void, the thing sold not being in the market. In like manner, if BROWN and WILLIAMS club together and buy up all the Michigan Southern in existence; then, having all the stock in their trunk, or due to them from solvent men, bid for a quantity of stock over and above the actual capital, which SMITH and JONES, speculators in Wall Street, agree, in ignorance of the real state of the case, to supply at a fraction above the market-price, the chances are that the courts would relieve SMITH and JONES from their contract on the ground that the purchase

was void, and that the purchasers were fraudulently minded.

If the commission brokers of Wall Street were wise they would put an end to this cornering business at once. For it is fatal to their business. No man can tell how to advise his customers, or how to save them from loss. To buy railway stocks, in view of the coming depression in business, is wild; to sell them in view of the probability of corners in active service stock, is insane. The only safe policy is to let stocks entirely alone, and to leave the brokers to feed upon each other. To other words, the inevitable effect of these corners is to destroy the business of Wall Street. It may be a question whether this is an unmitigated evil. Those brokers who will regard it as an event not devoid of advantage to the public at large. But the brokers, whose living depends upon the activity of trade in stocks, will not share this opinion, and it is a little curious that both boards should have suffered these corners to be accomplished without even an attempt to protect themselves.

Some ten years ago, before the crisis of 1857, when European were investing freely in United States railway securities, it was proposed to place our leading railway stocks upon the list of the London Stock Exchange. To the astonishment of most people here, the application was denied—on the ground that the capital of most of our companies was so small that in the event of a Bear movement it would be easy for any one of a score of rich operators in London to corner the Bears and force them to settle on their own terms. Experience proves that the Englishmen were right. It would be to the interest of New York brokers to unite to strike from their list every stock that is cornered, and to establish for other stocks a clearing day, on which contracts might be settled at the price of the day without regard to the supply of stock on the street.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

The Civil Rights bill declares that all persons born in the United States, and not subject to any foreign power, excluding Indians not taxed, are citizens of the United States, and that such citizens, of everyrace and color, "shall have the same right in every State and Territory to make and enforce contracts, to sue, to be sued, be parties, and give evidence, to inherit, purchase, lease, sell, hold and convey real and personal property, and to be entitled to full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of person and property as is enjoyed by white citizens, and shall be subject to like punishments, pains and penalties, and to none other, any law, statute, ordinance, regulation, or custom to the contrary notwithstanding."

The bill then defines the method of protecting these rights, the details of which, if imperfect, can readily be corrected. It leaves the adjustment of political privilege to the States. It does not say that a citizen shall be a voter: it says only that he shall have the equal rights of a man.

This law, which was passed by an imposing vote in both Houses, 33 to 15 in the Senate, and 122 to 41 in the House, unquestionably expresses the fixed determination of the loyal people of the United States. They conferred freedom, and they have now defined what they mean by freedom. If a man can not own property and enjoy the right that appertains to that its possession he is not free. This truth is fully recognized by ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, at whose instance, and against the wishes of many leaders, the Georgia Legislature has passed a bill legalizing equal civil rights to the freedmen. What Georgia has wisely done for itself the United States has done for the whole country. In doing it Congress has secured one of the most legitimate results of the war, and has laid the corner-stone of enduring peace and Union.

THE CASE OF IRELAND.

Although Fenianism may not be a very imposing phenomenon, yet it is not to be forgotten that the wrongs of Ireland are not a trifle, but a very tragical truth. We do not need to explore history to know so much. We have only to consider the general condition of the vast numbers of emigrants from that country to this to be very sure that there must be a radical but vital defect in the system to which they are subject, and which makes them what they are. "The Anglo-Saxon race," bitterly says the French *Opinion Nationale*, alluding to the national fear of the cattle pest, "will pray for the salvation of bulls and scourge poor Ireland." The accusation is tremendous, but to every plea of England the actual condition of Ireland must be sternly and constantly alleged.

A hundred and fifty years ago MOLYNEUX published his "Case of Ireland Stated," and DEAN SWIFT his "Drapier's Letters." Mr. JAMES GOUDEN, a writer in the London *Fortnightly Review*, reminds us that the House of Commons could not answer MOLYNEUX's book, so they had it burned by the common hangman, while SWIFT's publisher, for refusing to give the author's name, was thrown into prison. These events are typical of the English system in Ireland, and Mr. GOUDEN submits the case of Ireland anew.

It must be remembered that the Irish population is not of one race or faith. The pure Celts are few and feeble. The Roman Catholics, the Episcopalians and Presbyterians, the professional and mercantile classes, with most of the land-owners, belong to the British connection. The "dangerous class" is not the original Celt, it is the Catholic peasantry in the better part of the country who are of mixed race. It is in the most Irish counties—the pale—that the chief discontent is found, and if the quarrel were to be settled among the Irish themselves, the Irish British race, according to our author, would remain masters. It was these English counties, where Irish had not been spoken for ages, that the rebellion of 98 against the British connection was most fiercely forced. The population is energetic, self-reliant, and asks only for just government and fair play for industry.

The Irish priests spring from the people. Their interests are those of their flocks. Educated upon the Continent, which is covered with the monuments of their Church, or at Maynooth upon the ancient power of their faith, the priests point to the present weakness of their Church, which is proscribed and persecuted. Before the eyes of those people are the palatial convent of Rome and the cathedrals with the modern Episcopal chapel and its well-endowed rector preaching to his congregation of empty benches, while a thousand of the faithful and traditional Church kneel upon earthen floors in their rude house beyond. These contrasts are deepened in effect by the traditions of splendid estates, of martyred bishops, of the long, desperate struggle for freedom, and the black penal code. The passionate power of political appeals upon such points to such people can be imagined.

Most of the land in Ireland has been confiscated three times, and as joint rights of ownership were disregarded the titles are hopelessly confused. As the tenant farmer by his own outlay increases the yield of the ground the landlord increases his rent and refuses long leases. Small farms are rapidly absorbed the struggle. Large farmers throw land out of cultivation because of the greater profit of grazing. Then the cry is raised for delay of agricultural labor; in large districts there are no resident gentry or capitalists; and the mass of the agricultural and laboring classes are hurried to the ports. Ireland is represented to them by noble absentee proprietors, who make attorneys their agents, and pay them a per-centage upon what they can extort.

The hostility of races and of religions has never been fiercer than in Ireland, but it is not greater than that of the native septs or clans before the Reformation. The Pope supported the King of England and the King's Irish against the rest of the Irish population until the King turned Protestant, when the Pope went over to the "Irish enemy." The terrible civil wars continued, and hatred, suspicion, and contempt were embodied in the English view of Ireland, until the Lord Lieutenant, HUSSEY, the Tory Chancellor, described the Irish Catholics as "aliens in blood, language, and religion." Mr. GOUDEN's statement truly have expressed the Conservative feeling of Ireland's own time and the last generation had he said enemies instead of aliens.

But during the last half century England has been trying slowly to atone for the melancholy misgovernment of Ireland. The Tory or Conservative party, which never forgets and never learns, which thinks that the Divine mission of Ireland is to be a law is reformed which hangs a starving man for stealing a hen, which has brought England to the verge of civil war more than once in this century, of course resisted and resists. The safety of the British empire, as of every constitutional government, lies in the defeat of the Conservative party. That party in Opposition such a party is useful; as a Government it is perilous. It opposed Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, and the Corn Law repeal. It has opposed every vital reform demanded by the condition of England. The problem in Ireland will be solved by the English liberals. An equal religious and political equality and a change in the land tenure must be achieved before Ireland can rest, or any English party. The key-note of English as of American liberalism—the secret of peace and welfare—is Justice.

AMNESTY.

Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, who held quite as firmly to the Southern doctrine of State Sovereignty as Jefferson Davis, was released from Fort Warren during the last autumn, and was lately elected Senator in Congress by the Georgia Legislature. On the 22d of February he made a speech accepting the office and exhorting his neighbors to patient acquiescence in the results of the war. It unquestionably wise to release him, to suffer him to live at home, and to give good advice to the Georgians. But equally wise it is a whimsical injustice to deprive his late associate executive officer of "the Confederacy" of the same opportunities. Why should not Jefferson Davis be allowed to acquiesce and to urge acquiescence? His offense was no greater, if more conspicuous, than that of Stephens; and treason, if they were guilty of it, can not be made "odious" by imprisoning the one and countenancing the other.

Mr. Raphael Semmes, also, who commanded the *Alabama*, and who made war upon the United States after his surrender, has been unconditionally released by the President of the United States. Mr. Semmes was very successful in his raids by sea upon the ships of loyal merchants. He must have destroyed property to the amount of many millions of dollars.

C. C. Clay, on the other hand, was very unsuccessful. His raids by land were generally abortive, although planned upon the most comprehensive scale. We do not complain, under the circumstances, so far as they are known, that Mr. Semmes goes free, but why is Mr. Clay kept in jail?

We presume that these facts foretell a general amnesty.

To hold Davis and Clay while Stephens and Semmes are released is unjustifiable. To undertake to try Davis is folly. It would be the trial of the Government. Does any loyal man believe that he admit the validity of the war to the verdict of twelve chance men in Richmond? If Davis should be convicted of treason, nothing is settled. If he should be acquitted, the Administration becomes ridiculous and the war is condemned. No trial can affect the public judgment of his course. Whatever the result, loyal men would retain their opinion and disloyal men theirs. If convicted, he would not be hung, for if there were any danger of the execution of such a sentence the most loyal men in the country would be the most earnest intercessors for his pardon. No constitutional Government was ever strengthened by hanging its enemies after a war in which it was victorious, and no blood shed upon the scaffold for political offenses has ever yet stained the purity of our national garments.

But while the most conspicuous individual leaders in the great rebellion, like Davis, Stephens, Lee, Semmes, Clay, and others, instead of being punished with rigor, are suffered, and wisely suffered, to go with no other penalty than the feeling with which the authors of so much misery will always be regarded by patriotic men, it is even more important that every reasonable step should be taken to destroy the conditions which so fatally favored their conspiracy. Where a war in which Congress is engaged, and in which it is supported by the sympathy and prayers of those who have saved the country,

"CONSERVATIVE" WISDOM.

The last suggestion of the "Conservatives" is worthy of those who denied the authority of the United States to "call out" rebels, and who declared the war a failure. It is simply that the President is not bound to execute a law which he considers unconstitutional—in other words, that the President may dispense with the laws.

The simple truth is, that the President takes an oath to "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." The Constitution provides that when the President objects to a law which he considers unconstitutional or other grounds, he is to return it to the House in which it originated, and that House shall proceed to reconsider it. "If," says the Constitution, "after such reconsideration, two thirds of that House shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other House, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved by two-thirds of that House, it shall become a law."

If the President's conscience forbids him to fulfill his oath and execute the law, he may do what some Commissioners did under the Fugitive Slave Law—he may resign his office.

The "Conservatism," which, by the mouth of Mr. Garrett Davis, suggests to the President to refuse to recognize the Senate of the United States, and by the Chicago *Times* exhorts him to treat Congress out of the Capital, naturally proposes, by the New York *World*, that he shall disregard his oath. A "Conservation" which considers Congress "a Rump" easily discovers in the law an impertinence, and the will of the President the sole government of the country, without perceiving that if Congress be a Rump, the President, who was elected by exactly the same votes, is no less a fragment.

And these are the oracles who roll up their eyes at "revolutionary" radicals.

MR. JAMES M. SCOVEL.

As the name of Mr. James M. Scovel will probably never be heard of again, it is incurrent to note why it was ever heard of at all. He was a Union Senator in the New Jersey Senate. The Union Senators were clever in number, and the Opposition ten. When the seat of Mr. Stockton in the United States Senate was vacated, a proposition was made in the New Jersey Senate to go into joint convention for an election. Mr. Scovel voted with the friends of Mr. Stockton against it, and refused to vote for a Convention, unless the Convention would agree to nominate a person whom he should propose. Why the whole body of Unionists in the Legislature should yield their preference to Mr. James M. Scovel that gentleman failed to state. He declared with great solemnity that he was very honest, while nobody doubted that the others were so. The passage of the Civil Rights Bill over the veto apparently depended upon the Senator to be elected in New Jersey, but Mr. Scovel declined to yield, and reiterated that his honesty was truly phenomenal. Fortunately the vote of New Jersey was not necessary to pass the bill, but that State has lost one of the finest fruits of her noble victory of the autumn—a Union Senator of the United States—because Mr. James M. Scovel, elected as a Unionist, refused to vote for the candidate selected by the whole body of Union men. He was not bound to vote for a man whom he did not approve, but he was bound not to defeat others from voting for their chosen candidate. He had no right to insist that every Union Senator and Representative in New Jersey should submit to his sole dictation; and it is because of his betrayal of an honorable political trust that Mr. James M. Scovel is not now a Senator for a week, and will not be heard of again.

HOW MUCH SHALL WE EAT?

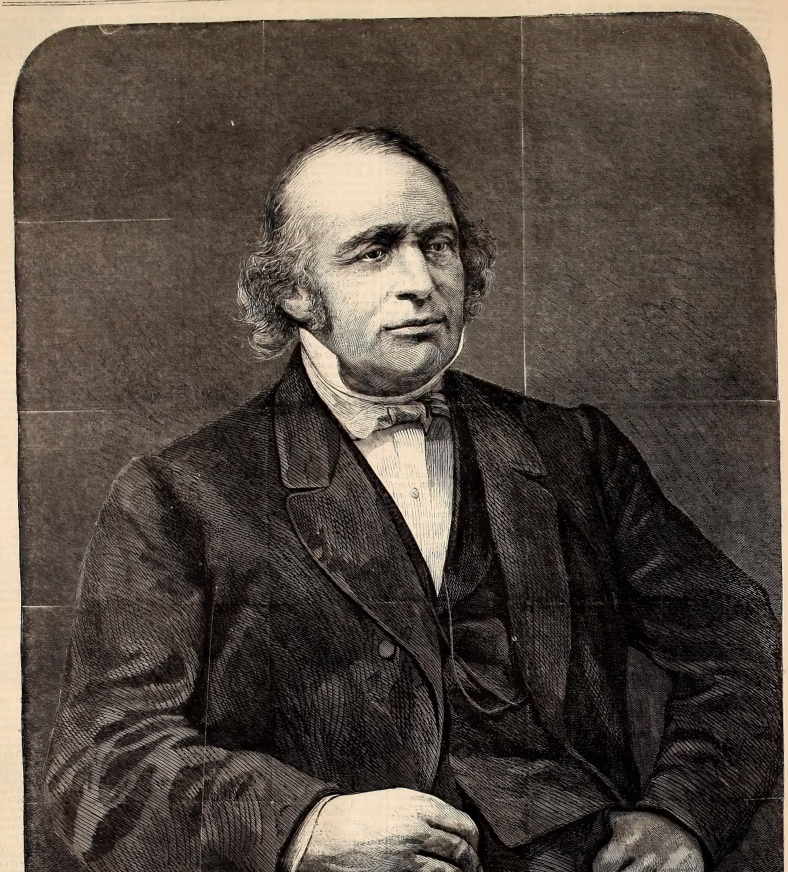
One of the most important items in the relation of food to health is the regulation of its quantity. Each seems to be a very well done, for the most part, where it is left entirely to the instinct of the animal and the amount of supply furnished by nature; for we have no evidence that wild animals commit excess as to the quantity of their food. It is otherwise with domesticated animals, for their habits are modified more or less by man and by their time, and the supply of their food is not regulated by nature. Errors of diet are often committed by them, and we have many complaints of over-feeding of dogs with too much of rich food; your horse may be injured by eating from a grain-bin, or your cattle by getting into a corn-field. In the case of man himself the indications of nature are very apt to be overruled by his inclinations and notions—shall we say his judgment? It is, but his judgment is often at fault.

What prompts us to eat? It is what we call hunger—a sensation about the stomach, the seat of which there has been much speculation. Its seat is certainly in the nerves of the great part at least, in the stomach; and its cause is the want of nutrition-matter in the system, this want being expressed by the sensation which we call hunger. The greater, therefore, is the want the more intense is the sensation, because in the imperative hunger which sometimes appears in convalescence who have been much emaciated by disease. This sensation is often removed by other things besides food. Sudden and new things, by the influence on the stomach through the nervous system, destroy it. Filling the stomach with indigestible substances will remove it, or rather overpower it by producing another sensation there, as is done by the dirt-eaters, and sometimes in experiments on animals.

When this removes hunger it is not by the supply of the want of the system, for the effect comes long before the nutritive part of the food can be conveyed to where it is wanted. It is the effect the sensation occasioned by the presence of the food and the consequences of the process of digestion. What is this sensation? It is a sense of fullness! Many eat till there is even an oppressive sensation of the head, and then come other ones has passed clear beyond the sensation that betokens a sufficiency of food—the sensation of satiety, as we may term it. This is quite as definite as the appetite, hunger, and it is a reliable indication. It is not a mere extinguishment of hunger, but it is a positive sensation of a more or less compound character. There is a feeling of satisfaction, with sense, but slight, sense of fullness. It is sometimes claimed that we should eat short of this point, and not absolutely satisfy our hunger; but this would be a disobedience of an obvious indication of nature, and the result would be insufficient supply of the system, and consequent feebleness and disease.

This sensation is not an adequate guide in regard to the amount of food, unless the circumstances under which we take it are properly regulated. It may fail as if we eat too rapidly. The feeling of satiety will not come at the proper moment. Ease of food be thrown into the stomach partially masticated and unmoistened with saliva, it will not. The bare sense of fullness would then be our chief guide, and there is danger of eating too much. It may fail as after the eye has made full of the pleasure of the palat, by variety of dishes and courses, although we do not decry a due regard to gratification in taking our food.

There should be more attention paid to the cultivation of correct tastes in regard to food. There should not be the alternation which we often see between poor living and such provision as presents extraordinary temptations to gormandizing. The fruits of the different seasons should more commonly make a portion of our daily meals. There should be more uniformly good cooking of ordinary articles, and not the usual making of the best delicacy in this by a variety of luxuriously prepared food. Good bread and well-cooked meats are much less common than is supposed, even where there is a profuse display of the nick-nacks of cookery, which serve both to deprave the tastes and produce dyspepsia. Richness—the richness of nature—with plainness and simplicity, should be the main object in the appropriation of food. Under such regulation we avoided, for this leads to going beyond the sensation of satiety, and a more or less oppressive fullness is apt to be the limit of eating.



PROFESSOR LOUIS AGASSIZ.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. SONREL, BOSTON.]

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

THE President of the United States referred in his inaugural to the warm reception, by the monarch of Brazil, of the scientific party now exploring that portion of South America. It is believed that this is the first time that a Chief Magistrate of our nation has called attention to any exploration of a nature so purely private in its inception and in its execution. Professor AGASSIZ is the head of that expedition, and such is the remarkable career and character of the man that his new researches have not only merited mention by the President of the United States, the enthusiastic co-operation of the Emperor of Brazil, and the deepest interest of scientific men in Europe and America, but the general public manifests in his movements as great solicitude as if he were engaged in enterprises of great official as well as national importance. His discoveries on the Amazon have called renewed attention to the man who belongs to both continents. Born in Switzerland, he is an adopted son of the United States. Several cantons have claimed him in his native land, and our own LONGFELLOW has added not a little to the confusion in the popular mind when, in his beautiful "Ode to AGASSIZ on his Fiftieth Birthday," written in 1857, he says:

> "It was fifty years ago,
> In the pleasant month of May,
> In the beautiful Pays de Vaud
> A child in its cradle lay."

The fact is, that LOUIS JOHN RUDOLPH AGASSIZ was born on the 28th of May, 1807, in a little corner of the Canton Fribourg, Switzerland, not far away from the cantons of Neufchâtel, Berne, and Vaud. His father and five immediate ancestors were clergymen of the Protestant faith. His mother, who still lives, was remarkable for her talent and acquirements. His education was of that complete kind which is open to every one in the excellent schools of Switzerland; but his tastes, influenced by Rev. Mr. FIVAS (now a resident of New York), turned in the direction of natural science. The colleges of Bienne, Lausanne, and Zurich in Switzerland, witnessed his early triumphs in the classics, in general scientific attainments, and in the particular study of medicine—his early chosen profession. He completed his academic course in the Universities of Heidelberg and Munich. Later, in Vienna and Paris, he enjoyed the association and friendship of Humboldt, Cuvier, Hyrtle, and others.

While he was yet in his teens the first Emperor of Brazil took the Austrian Archduchess LEOPOLDINA, the sister of MARIA LOUISA (the first NAPOLEON'S second bride), to share with him the throne at Rio de Janeiro. Then it was that the monarch of Bavaria sent a corps of scientific men to Brazil, chiefly directed by MARTIUS and SPIX. AGASSIZ was not yet of age when this expedition returned; but when SPIX, to whom was intrusted the zoological portion, suddenly died, there was no one in Europe whom MARTIUS found capable of classifying the fishes of Brazil except the young Swiss, who had devoted more close attention to ichthyology than any other man living. The work was published in Latin, and it instantly placed AGASSIZ in the first rank of authorities. From that time to this the scientific world has been surprised and overjoyed at contributions to science on a variety of the most difficult questions in nature, which required years of the most fervent study merely to arrange preliminaries before publication. The most varied

as well as the most accurate knowledge and study are displayed in these works. The late Professor AGASSIZ, of the Sorbonne, Paris, wrote in 18-1 that Professor AGASSIZ was the only man living, and one of the few who have ever existed, who had "made himself master of four sciences." Dr. MANUEL PACHECO DA SILVA, President of the Public Library at Rio de Janiro, recently made, in the *Jornal do Commercio*, a resumé of the works of AGASSIZ, with copious extracts thereon; stating that any one who reads "The Fishes of Brazil" will find that it is a work upon which any one might rest his reputation; that a close examination of the second publication of AGASSIZ—"The Natural History of the Fresh-water Fishes of Europe"—is a work so complete that any other man would have considered it his *magnum opus*; that his third great treatise—"Fossil Fishes"—for which his preliminary studies were for seven years of most laborious study, and which were ten years in publication, is a monument of research and genius such as the world has rarely seen, leading through the most abstruse and intricate regions of zoology, geology, and paleontology, to a new classification, which is recognized in all the leading schools of the world; that his minor works on the Echini, on living and fossil shells, and several other subjects, were enough to satisfy the ambition of ordinary men; that his "Studies on the Glaciers," and his *Système Glaciaire*, results of years of arduous investigation and long exposure on the highest Alps, and on the great glaciers of the Oberland and Mont Blanc, did more than any other of his works to consolidate the former theories concerning the remote period of our globe when the great snow-storm covered from as well as arctic zones. "Surely," says DR. PACHECO DA SILVA, "no one would have looked for other volumes from this great and prolific man; but sooner soon he read, the United States than the New World calls forth new efforts, and we looked upon his contributions to the Natural History of the United States as the final and monumental work of this capacious mind; but now we see him investigating the rich field of Brazil, and we find that he has not yet been written to the efforts of his genius."

Professor AGASSIZ came to our country in 1846. He was then Professor in the College of Neuchâtel, and visited the United States to study the aspects of nature here. He remember the wonderful interest excited by his lectures. Two years later, duty indicated plainly to the Professor that the New World was to be the field of his labors. The Professorship of Zoology and Geology in the scientific school in Cambridge is filled by AGASSIZ. The magnificent Museum of Comparative Zoology is wholly his creation in its inception, plan, and execution, and has excited the envy of Europe. It has a national importance, and its completeness and extent is the first in the world.

In March, 1865, Professor AGASSIZ left our shores with a corps of accomplished men to explore the virgin fields of Brazil. Already this expedition, endowed by the munificence of NATHANIEL THAYER, Esq., of Boston, has produced abundant fruits. The enthusiastic reception by the Emperor of Brazil, and by the people of that Empire, and the co-operation of the Brazilian Government, are gratifying to our nation, which is now more closely united to the most stable Government in South America. The results of Professor AGASSIZ's expedition will, like all his works, redound to the advancement of science and to the promotion of a truthful understanding of the great phenomena of tropical nature.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XV.

AT the same hour in which Brother Barker is preaching the Gospel—according to Jefferson Davis—at the Pines, Edward Arthur is preaching another Gospel—that according to the Lord Jesus Christ—in his church in Somerville. And he and his comparatively few hearers know that he has got such a grasp upon the very substance and essence of that good news to men as he never had before. Yes, he, and multitudes like him at the South, in ever deepening despair of things human in these days, are looking to the Gospel and to the living God, of whom that sacred page is but the transparent drapery, with an ever-increasing singleness and intensity to which all previous experience is tame indeed.

"It's the last time, the very last time, you catch me a-hearing him," Mrs. Warner said, as she marked a few Sabbaths ago as she walked her portly husband home from church. "Yes, I know it, I did say before this I never would go again, and I haven't been, you well know, for ever so long. But I thought that to-day, Thanksgiving Day for our glorious victories over McClellan, he certainly would come out for the Confederacy, and be down at last upon the Yankees. And look at it. All that sermon of his to-day only a-trying to prove what terrible sinners we are instead, telling over all our sins. Not one word about the vile wickedness of the Yankees."

"Why he said, Helen," ventured the Doctor, "that, whatever were the human instruments of chastisement employed, the Almighty would deal in strictest justice with them as with us. You see he wants us to look more at this for which we are being punished than at the punishment itself; he says that if we do not we will be more and more punished by Him until we do.


GOING HOME FROM CHURCH.

For one," added the Doctor, rashly, "I agree with Mr. Arthur entirely."

But the Doctor never would have said this save from the warmth of just having heard the sermon.

"It's his influence has ruined you; he's a traitor, a Yankee, a vile Abolitionist!" says Mrs. Warner, and so decidedly that Alice Bowles, walking home alone from church, can not choose but hear. "Always insisting and insisting upon our sins," says Mrs. Warner, "as if we are not a million times better than the Yankees. Talking, too, about the Almighty, as if *He* had any hand in this wicked war upon us—it's awful! Look here, Dr. Warner," adds his wife in a sudden change of tone, as a light breaks on her, "I've got it now! The one great sin the South is being punished for is Slavery. That's his idea. Ah, hah, I've got it, yes, I see! The Almighty is so angry with us because we own slaves he is using the Yankees to chastise us—*chastise us*, as if they could do it!—for that."

"Has he ever said so?" begins the Doctor.

"Hah, I remember now. That's why he has never preached a sermon—never on the Bible command to us to hold slaves. Brother Barker—why there's not one preacher I know of but has done so often. Even you—"

"I am astonished at you, Helen," says Dr. Warner, a new light, of somewhat different hue, breaking on him also. "I am astonished at his often urged on us—taking the institution for granted—to instruct our negroes—"

"Warn us to see that they are actually married and all that—as if a negro ever does more than take up with a husband or wife for a while; and as if virtuous white ladies were going to meddle in such things! Catch me! Something about the duties of negro masters to their children too. Parents! I tell you, Dr. Warner," adds his clear-spoken partner, "all such stuff is inconsistent with the institution. To preach it is to preach Abolitionism, that's all. It may deceive you, but it can't deceive me, so I tell you. And that he, a Southern man, that has lived here so long—"

Dr. Warner walks with drooped head beside his wife while she is exhausting herself upon the subject. Not that he hears a word she says. That Sunday morning when his pastor announced his settled purpose to confine himself exclusively to his Spiritual duties comes up before him. People agreed that was a pastor's only true course then—now it is disloyal. Mr. Arthur's is a peculiar position. Once, at least, during the week, the bell of every other church in Somerville summons the congregation to a special prayer-meeting for the success of the Confederacy; alone of the churches Mr. Arthur's remains closed, the bell silent. The only exception to the preachers in and around Somerville, and there are a great many of them, one ever sees him on the streets laughing and shaking hands over the last glorious news, or clapping and stamping at the public meetings. All the "putting down, O Lord," Brother Barker claims for these days is the "putting down of our three fiendish foes," the "saving" he supplicates is the "saving our new, our young, our great, our glorious Confederacy, even thine own peculiar people, O our God!"

Yes, it is a trying time for Mr. Arthur, these days.

"He's a lie, it isn't a political matter at all," Sam Peters says in reference to this speckled bird in the flock. "the very existence of Christianity at all on this continent is involved in the success of the Confederacy!" and that is the first article in the Creed—"Oh, you may deny it now; you know it was then—of every religious Secessionist at the South. But, in the rising tide of the times, friend after friend has been swept away from Mr. Arthur, some fled North, some gone to the war in reality, some gone to the war, from him at least, in heart.

His congregation wanes from Sabbath to Sabbath. In pastoral visits among the few that remain, even among some as heartily opposed as he at the outset to Secession, he hears, "Well, I was opposed to the thing at the beginning as much as a man could be, but now that we are in it"—and so on to the "last ditch" with the "black flag" waving over it! Such a forgetfulness of all principle in the matter, such an utter abandoning yourself to the current simply because it *is* a current. And that current is Lethe itself as to the Past. It matters not a groan how sincerely Mr. Ellis, and many thousands like him, once believed it to be a great sin; "now we are in it; now, you see, we are in it!" is the magical formula, and, presto! off you are gone, soul as well as body, with the movement.

A trying time for the man. There are many as clear and as firm, too, as he, but, unlike them, he can not shut himself up in his office, bury himself in the furrows of his farm, occupy and conceal himself behind his counter. He is before the public every Sunday, peculiarly before them on that often recurring Thanksgiving and Fast days. Somerville has forgotten a good many people, but he is too much before it for that. An unloving Elijah, who will not even hie himself away in the seclusion of Cherith and Sarepta, but is perpetually in Ahab's path.

By slow degrees, keenly as it hurt him at first, he is becoming used to people passing him without speaking, to the cold words and colder manner of those who were once his friends. On what pretext resign? Where go if he should? What occupation can he, a man under ban, follow? He has no capital to become a merchant, no farm to be a farmer, as objectionable a teacher as he is a preacher. Let him resign to-day, before to-morrow Brother Barker will himself see to it that he is conscripted. All he can do is to continue in his present line of duty. He wonders, Is the delusion in myself or in the mass around me! Ignorant and educated, sanguine and phlegmatic, silent and talkative, violent and mild, the avowedly wicked and the devotedly pious—the fermentation is seething all men into oneness of opinion, feeling, speech. Alas! for Edward Arthur, he is only petrifying in his isolation.

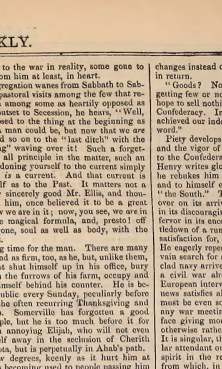
Look at good Mr. Ellis. There is almost nothing left in his store these days for sale. His last calicoes went off at two dollars a yard. Mrs. Bowles bought his last bolt of domestic at one dollar and seventy-five cents. He did have shoes at ten dollars, some now. His shelves display only empty boxes, bottles of hair oil, stone jugs, patent medicines, and an amazing number of mouse-traps. Any quantity of coffee mills, but they are only a mockery, coffee selling at two dollars a pound. But not a cent have Mr. Ellis. His main object in opening his store in the morning is to hear what people—dropping in during the day to ask for articles they won't get—have to say upon the one topic, while, leaning against his empty shelves, he exchanges instead of goods his own freshest hopes in return.

"Goods? No, Sir; and, for one, I intend getting few or none from abroad hereafter. I hope to sell nothing that is not made within the Confederacy. In a short time, Sir, we will have achieved our independence in every sense of the word."

Piety develops in a man the faculty of hope, and the vigor of Mr. Ellis's hope has references to the Confederacy, and is amazing. His son Henry writes gloomy letters from the army and he rebukes him therefor, ignoring to every one and to himself every thing not encouraging to the South. The paper he reads several times over on its arrival, with what heated unbelief in its discouraging items, with what magnifying fervor in its encouraging ones. The least thickledown of a rumor of the latter kind is a solid satisfaction for, at least, the passing moment. He eagerly repeats it to customers calling in on rain search for axes or nails or pins. An ironclad navy arrived at Wilmington for the South, a civil war suddenly broke out in the North, European intervention—his sincere belief in the news satisfies all who hear it from him that it must be true even so. Whoever else is absent from any war meeting Mr. Ellis is not; his sincere face giving moral sanction to the proceedings otherwise rather vindictive, not to say profane. It is singular, though, that he is not a more regular attendant on the prayer meetings; there is a spirit in the remarks and the prayers thereat from which, in spite of himself, he winces and shrinks. The unpiousness of Mr. Ellis's belief in the Confederacy disquiets his pastor more than any thing else—all Mr. Ellis's piety running so swiftly in that one channel in these days.

But the two rarely meet now. "He knows my sentiments perfectly well; how can he be so cordial with me—not cordial—no! cordial of a struggling respect and esteem for me still?" the pastor asks himself, wondering whether he will see his former friend at church next Sunday or no. Is it possible deep down in his soul he knows I am right? Mr. Arthur muses upon it, till one Sabbath Mr. Ellis disappears with his family from church.

Perhaps Robby Sorel may have had an unconscious share in this last step. Not a more modest, quiet, sober little fellow than Robby; but, to say nothing of his mother, he has by this time become exceedingly attached to Mr. Arthur, who teaches him at home, and makes a companion of him in all his excursions, to his heart yearning doubly over Robby in his state of banishment, and being repulsed from almost every one else. As with the children of all Union people, Robby has a great deal to bear in the way of abuse. That his mother and Mr. Arthur are Yankees, Abolitionists, and traitors he is told almost every time he is sent into Somerville on an errand. But when Charley Ellis, about his own age, as a "widowshaid negro," with a great deal more in reference to Mr. Arthur and his



THE PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE.

mother, Robby's wrath bursts forth, and, as much to his own surprise as that of Charley's, he gives this latter a sound drubbing. Of course Mr. Ellis hears only his son's, or rather his son's mother's version of the matter; that, with Charley's blackened eyes, settles the matter. Only he will not put it on that ground with Mr. Arthur.

"The prayers he offers are precisely those he might put up in a Boston pulpit: I can not stand it," says Mr. Ellis. "Not that he has not more in his way Mr. Barker and the like for all that. For the present Mr. Ellis and family, his children without from Sabbath School, are strictly upon the world.

I wonder whether I would be as dumb upon political matters if the political pipes of my head could speak?" said Mr. Arthur to himself, next morning as he rode home from his bath, feeling fresh and strong. "And is it in human nature for me to put my position on the ground that it is the duty of ministers to silence their political pipes?

"You and your fellow-preachers of the same sentiments are in somewhat the same case here at the South that the preachers of the Democratic party are at the North," says Mr. Ferguson, to whom, in Gry Brooks's office the same day, Mr. Arthur propounds his case. "Were you and your like at the North they at the South, to say the least, the temptation upon you as upon them to speak out would be somewhat dous. Eh? Now say you would be among the loudest, most violent of them all—a perfect Barker. It is only human nature, man," says the Scot.

"My conviction," moans the minister, "are the very reverse and strong: we may say that many is at stake; and, then, the question is so largely a moral, in fact a religious, one!" Yet surely a moral can not be exclusively—"

"Oh, never mind about that," breaks in the lawyer. "You are occupying the only position you can and do. Gay Brooks continues to be interrupted denunciation of the new Stay Law.

"And there is conscription," begins the Scotchman.

"The most awful violation of State Rights—the most unconstitutional thing!" burst out the lawyer.

"You must not say that; you know our Supreme Court is unanimous against you," says the Scot. "Ferguson, I'll not. I had a visit last night from a man on land business—wanted to buy land—as if I would exchange my property now! He was telling me about a District Judge in our sister State, now away. Being a Democrat and in office he decides instantly, eagerly, that conscription is constitutional. They wanted to argue before him the question of which they are now existing in every village over the State.

"Not one syllable, gentlemen, he said; 'my mind is already made up—Martial Law is constitutional also.' And if that gang at Richmond had enacted Polygamy it would have been the same. Power! Power! I know all about it. In the beginning of Secession, too thoroughly informed in head and heart not to know its diabolical nature and consequences, he winced and writhed.

In, however, he went at last, under the terrible pressure, desperately; now he stops at nothing, of course. My hand-sucker told me of a poor fellow is thinned to a ghost—you can read his misery in his face—he can not sit still a moment —in and out of every group he comes, ever seeking consolation and finding none. Like Milton's Satan he can not fly to himself, however. I've put my information in my collection, adds he, laying his broad palm on the vast volume in question to bring on the table before him, "and you mark my words, Sirs," continues the grim Scot, "if I do not have to complete that personality with an account of his death and his more mistaken than I was ever before in my life."

"I suppose you have that printed list of those who have not paid their War tax," asks the lawyer—"the one pasted up in the Court-house?"

"Yes, you collector," Yes, Sir, my valuable listing the list. There has not been a matter relating to Secession in my reach that is not noted. That other thing, I, nothing to do with it—the material of profound philosophical study. The regular steps of Secession toward despotism are perfectly illustrating. Illustrating the natural working of moral law as the rainbow does the natural laws of light. Stay law, exemption of the rich from military service, martial law, conscription, prostituted press, terrorism—we will soon get on to currency utterly depreciated, then impressment of property and wagons, general military executions to prevent desertion, State militia passed into the hands of the Richmond gang—"

"What raving madness!" breaks in the lawyer, rising from his seat in desperation. "Are seceded for what?"

"For our share of the Territories, and they are gone," for States Rights, and they are gone."

"For Slavery, and it will soon be gone, too. *Upon dem veh perdere*—a hackneyed old proverb. Mr. Arthur, You cut loose from the Union," continues the Scotchman, "and sail off on the one bottom of Slavery! Beautiful experiment, experimentum crucis, as Bacon calls such: Faraday, with a bread, clean counter before him, never tried a neater, completer one in Natural Philosophy. The idea, you see, is to eliminate Slavery from all that has hitherto been mixed with it, to see how the thing itself and by itself stands. Well, not a Power in the world dare recognize your Slave Government; at home corruption and despotism and ruin until you sicken of it—to say nothing of the awful judgments of Heaven upon you by the hands of the Federals! Being from Scotland, I am impartial, of course. And such men as you two, Mr. Wanser, Paul Brooks up there at the Pines, and all like you at the South, why, born and living at the South, it is no wonder you are coming so slowly to see. But you men on the road—three years hence the Union men of the South will be the most hearty emancipationists on earth, without a spark of Northern fanaticism!"

It was an awful sentiment; but dry Mr. Ferguson stated it simply as a scientific fact. He was one Scotch enough, however, to lower his voice as he made the atrocious statement.

"And it is the hand of God," he added; "your good people said we were fighting in Slavery. Very well, Heaven is putting that very cap to your lip, pressing it there bitter and long, to see if you like the taste. The Jehovah of Moses still rules, an eye for an eye, *lex talionis*—retributive justice the old Jewish principle."

Neither of his friends would have endured such language a few months before. Yes, an immense change has come over the spirit of men in the South those days, and in the mind of every reasoning mortal there, Union man or Secessionist, it affects more upon them than anything else.

"And so you had to march up, too, and take your medicine?" the lawyer asks Mr. Arthur, after a long silence. And the poor gentleman needed no explanation. He *had* stood before the Provost Marshal, and, under oath, renounced all allegiance to the United States Government, swearing fealty to the "Confederate States of America" instead. Medicine? Yes; and the bitterest to him, as to thousands of his class, their manhood had ever taken. Certain sessions females of the Secession persuasion had even offered themselves to the Provost Marshal of Somerville as a committee to administer the same oath to every one of their own sex in the county. Unfortunately the Provost Marshal declined the offer; acknowledged its propriety, but pleaded absence of instructions from the Secession authorities but would have died or succeeded. Not even the feeblest of the Union ladies but would have undergone the Secession formula. Who can conjecture the issue? And, alas for Poesy, Bellona, dread goddess of war, being the mean, that such an Iliad should not have been enacted!

"Tim Lannum Provost Marshal? Oh, come now, not Tim Lannum!" Mr. Arthur's personal remark in Somerville when that fact was announced.

Not one instant. For it takes very little expenditure of colors—water colors—to paint Tim Lannum. A suddenly shot up youth of fourteen years ago, with a little down on the mustache, feeble as to stamina, profane as to speech, loose as to morals, good as to only one thing on earth—and that is playing poker. All the rest of Tim's full length is on the canvas when it is added that Tim had "plenty of money," and is now in the prime of life. An exceedingly vaporous existence had Tim led up to Secession. With his hat perched, tilted well forward, upon the back of his head, and in the corner of his languid mouth, nothing on the surface of this planet had Tim to do. And he did it; that is, when he was not at night it was poker.

Tim was out to the war from the first, was in a big fight in which a bridge was much mixed up, and came back. Forever on the point of leaving to "rejoin his command," Somerville never got rid of. But as a private? No. No man readier than he to go as an officer. Examining the list, Lannum, elder uncle, discovers that he can not dispense with Tim from the office of the Snr. So Tim is compelled to make his bow to Somerville, and, with one foot in that dreary and very dirty den until his uncle can get him something as Commissary, Quartermaster, Lieutenant-Colonel, perhaps.

So, when Martial Law is established in Somerville, Somerville finds it embodied in Tim, ripe in temper for the task, sitting at the little table before him, ready to perform all the duties of Provost Marshal in the empty store employed for the purpose. And, as Tim took the oath to Bob Withers acted for the time as his clerk on the duty counter next by, entering the names and administering the oath to Tim, Tim was to do at present is to smooth down his incipient mustache in the hallowed fore-finger of his left hand whenever he can keep eight fingers steady with his right. Medicine? Ay, the bitterest on earth.

"Ah oath under duress has not the least obligation," reasons Guy Brooks and hundreds of thousands at the South. Ye who seriously reckon an oath at the mere mercy of the Deity, God, is a or is not the taking of an oath on the basis of such reasoning about as cool, as deliberate a taking the name of God in vain as ever man can be guilty of? If the whole moral law, in every possible infraction thereof, were less explicit and less tenurable as the Multiplication Table now!

A pitiful sight it was to see old, white-headed men, who had not had time yet to realize the possibility of secession, the very imagination of which they had abhorred all their lives, suddenly hurried in from their homes, stood like children before this beardless puppet of the hour, driven there to do so under pain of property and life, calling on God to witness they renounced the Government they had up till that instant regarded as the best that existed on earth! Solemnly pledging themselves to what? To the noblest and wildest and windiest—

Strong nerves cannot stand this. Hurriedly Brown help us! not a man in Somerville failed to come. Many swearing, as they took the oath —oh, how solemnly!—by the God that made them, to take full vengeance for this their deep humiliation. Yes, it was an oath—not to Secessionists—it left *them* as it found them; to Union men it was the awful pledge and sacrament of hatred and vengeance. Before that last they impose was merely a resolve: henceforth it was a vow.

In the establishment of Martial Law and Conscription Secession rolled into its zenith, subsiding thereafter—but oh, how slowly!—to its nadir.

"I call you to witness, Mr. Lannum, and you, Mr. Withers," Edward Arthur, as he stands before Tim's boot-soles displayed on the little red table, remarks, "that I take this oath on the one ground. Were it not for that I would perish first."

"Ah, and what ground is that?" asks Tim, with languid curiosity, clasping both hands together behind his head and tilting his chair further back on its hind legs. He manages to ask the question, too, with his cigar in his mouth.

"Solely because I am commanded to obey, by Scripture, every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake. I obey as part of my submission to the Powers that be, yielding not to those Powers but to the Power that permits them to possess might, and to the express command of God in such a case as this. I submit to this as I would endeavor to do to every affliction He please to send, however painful. I have nothing more to say."

"I'm afraid you do not like my Government," says the Provost Marshal, with pitying dignity. And if Tim could the expression once during his official career he used it—shall we venture to say?—one thousand times. He had met with it in the corner of some room and in the lamentings of some other high and distinguished official in diplomatic correspondence. "I have no choice in the matter. The Government intends to those whose houses he has searched for conscripts, or who are up before him for using disloyal language: it is my Government which directs me to act as I do. If my Government did not consider it necessary they would not have made it my duty." Tim has heard every one attempts to argue the matter of passports from county to county. It is something, as peculiarly pleasing to the Provost Marshal as it is distasteful to Mr. Ellis, in hearing just such an individual as Tim Lannum mention the Confederacy as "my Government."

"I regarded the act of Secession as a wicked-ness, from voting for which I abstained exactly as I would abstain from *whatever will* and in a steady tone and looking his beardless hero in the eyes—" from the wickedness of swearing, gambling, or lying. "On my honor I live I more firmly regard it as part of the great crime against God and man for which we are enduring and will continue to endure the awful punishment. I am submitting to it, meanwhile, only as to the afflictive Providence of Heaven, in obedience to the express command of God. Sir—"

The old store is full when he says it. Of course he ought no more to have said it than ought irate Saul to have said to the peasant remark about a whited wall when on *his* trial. His own ideal Minister would have quietly taken the oath and spoken both Tim's and Bob Withers's mind by feeling as much as he pleased, but breathing no syllable aloud. He was surprised at himself for the hot intention of saying a word. But he felt more deeply than he knew, and in the anguish of the moment could not refrain from bearing testimony against the Baal of the hour if he died for it.

At that no other man in Somerville did any thing of the kind. It would have been a too dangerous experiment in the case, say, of Guy Brooks, Ferguson, Mr. Warner, and the like. But Edward Arthur was so well known in Somerville, had married so many of the couples there, buried so many of the children there, his pastorlife, his acknowledged piety, the evident sincerity of the man, as he stood there before Tim Lannum, every one, however fearless, took the crowd too much by surprise. Besides, just then, it was Tim who presented the majesty of Secession in his person—the contrast between the two was too striking.

"Oh, said he hated and despised the Confederacy with his whole heart! Said he owed it only because the Bible made him. Acknowledging, you see, the Bible is on our side. Said the Secessionists were a set of damn adulterers, liars, and thieves, and murderers! Got so mad he was white with rage. Had his right hand in his mouth all the time, to convince them he was in dead earnest. Would have ever thought such a thing of him, Mrs. Bowles? I used, myself, to think the world of Mr. Arthur, have said a thousand times Brother Barker was not to be compared to him. Now just look at those two men! Brother Barker, a true patriot, a strong Secessionist, and Barker a Northern man, you know, while he was born at the South and lived all his life there. I tell you what, Mrs. Bowles's—Mrs. Warner it is, she has been in Mrs. Bowles's parlor for the last hour or so, her eyeborrow wide apart at the inner ends—" if we only knew we'd find out he's a bad, bad man. There's hardly a bit of him that is all of a piece but if we only knew! I always was doubtful about him, there's a sort of pride— My little Ella is a child of God, and she was all sweetly and I but imagined Mr. Arthur had any idea of her—"

I can not imagine what you mean, Madam," says Mrs. Bowles, more in reference to Mrs. Warner's mysterious manner than to her words.

"I mean, my Ella was as old as your Alice —I say it as a friend—"

"You will excuse me, Mrs. Warner," Mrs. Bowles looks at Mrs. Warner in her stateliest manner—some ten inches lower, forty pounds lighter than Mrs. Warner; but it is South Carolina in contrast with Mississippi, and she towers above her as did Marie Antoinette above the *canaille*—"we will not allude, if you please, to my daughter, Alice Bowles, in this connection."

How the said Alice managed to bring in Mrs. Warner's name that same evening, as mother and daughter sat together at tea, and her perpetual hyerasticks, is not known, but Alice suspended her needle and looked up surprised at the vehemence of her usually quiet and refined little mother.

"I do not mention her name to me again, Alice. I did suppose our acquaintance with her was ended by my reply to her impertinence in reference to Lieutenant Ravenel's visit. It is not so much her boisterous snuff-dipping, that she should bring her filthy yellow bottle with her into my very parlor, actually converse with me, her filthy snuff-stick in the corner of her mouth. It is her quick eyes and her incessant tongue. I do believe the poor creature is a sincere Southern woman as much as I am myself. Nothing else can explain her incessant tongue.

"Now, you know, I'm not given to slander, my child, and those poor Union chaps are so frightened, I don't have as much to do as I supposed I would," says Alice.

"It is such a new thing among us, Mr. Lannum. Did you mean that the duties of a Provost Marshal are?" asks Alice.

"Not a bit proud these days. It is really amazing how the girls are taken by a fellow's having a fine position. Isn't Lannum handsome as well as fine-looking, Miss Alice. Joe Staples, the hotel-keeper's son, you know, he has that South Pocket-piece, you know, that Lannum chap —oh, you know him—up before me, you see. Ferguson had lent Staples some thousand dollars gold over the bar, you know, or maybe Staples was fixing up his hotel, you see. Staples has a trunk full of Confederate money, taken in, you know, from Yankee prisoners with him. Staples wants Ferguson to take it in payment. Ferguson refuses. However, he says he may do it in the end, and steps out to consult Guy Brooks as his lawyer. Just as he steps out in comes Colonel Jaggins, owes him a couple of Confederate money—he had heard, you see, that Staples was up at my office, and had followed him—outs, you know, with a bundle of Confederate money as big as a small baby, and wants to pay Staples some—well, I don't know how many—hundreds. Tom Ferguson hasn't left you know he used to lord a good deal about the hotel before he went to the war. What do you think? Staples said he would take it and he order protest; steps out to see *his* lawyer if ever that would secure him."

"And what did Mr. Ferguson decide to do?" asks Alice, with interest.

"Came back with Guy Brooks; said he would not take the money in that shape at all. Fact is, people don't like, you know, to take the money. We have the case under advisement. If I could only," adds Miss Bowles, with the dignity of an embassador, "what my Government would have me do—"

"You have assistance in determining?"

"Assistance? Oh yes; plenty of them. My uncle, Dr. Peel, Captain Simmons when he is sober enough, as for that, and when he is not sober, never is, you know. Fact is, I leave it pretty much to them. I only sit there, you see. I do not have a detail of a dozen or so of soldiers to haul up people. The worst bore is making out passports. We let no man go out of the

county, and it is so all over the State, but we have him to tell where he is going, what for, how long, and all. However, we have blank forms. Bob Withers fills them up; all I have to do is to sign my name."

But that was just what frightened Mr. Neely. After incredible exertions for office that gentleman had been offered the post of Provost Marshal before Tim. At first he was immensely flattered. But the Yankee, though sternly smothered and trampled down in him by his own hands and feet, was too strong there for that. One night's sleep over it, rather one night's tossing wide awake over it, and Mr. Neely, with a thousand reasons, declined, exactly as he would have done any other speculation in which he might make hundreds perhaps, possibly, might lose thousands; for the inner Mr. Neely was exactly as confident of the certain success as was the outer Mr. Neely. His instinctore to bills for tuition, in other days, was not so glorious, but safer.

"Mr. Lamum," says Alice, after a while, in lower tones and playing with her fan, "you know how curious we ladies are; there is one thing I would like you to tell me: you have seen some of the worst of the Union men out of the country, have you not?"

Government official as Tim is, he could no more refuse those eyes! Besides, he has an increasing spice of his new importance, and does not care to diminish it.

"I ought not, perhaps, officially, you know, o tell it, Miss Bowles; but you will not mention it, we have. My Government—"

"And in every case they were hung by the middle?" Alice is paler, but more erect, too, she asks.

"Pan Barker? I don't remember."

"I'll have mistaken. That is—" Alice says, with stammer and a blush.

"It m have been Mr. Arthur I spoke of," says Tim and adds: "But it is this conscript business is gaining to make us very ill. would look, you'll se, as if it will take all the volunteers were e to hunt up the conscripts. In hiding, you know. And when one does catch them, their yes and sisters and old fathers and mothers spring there in my office, you know—"

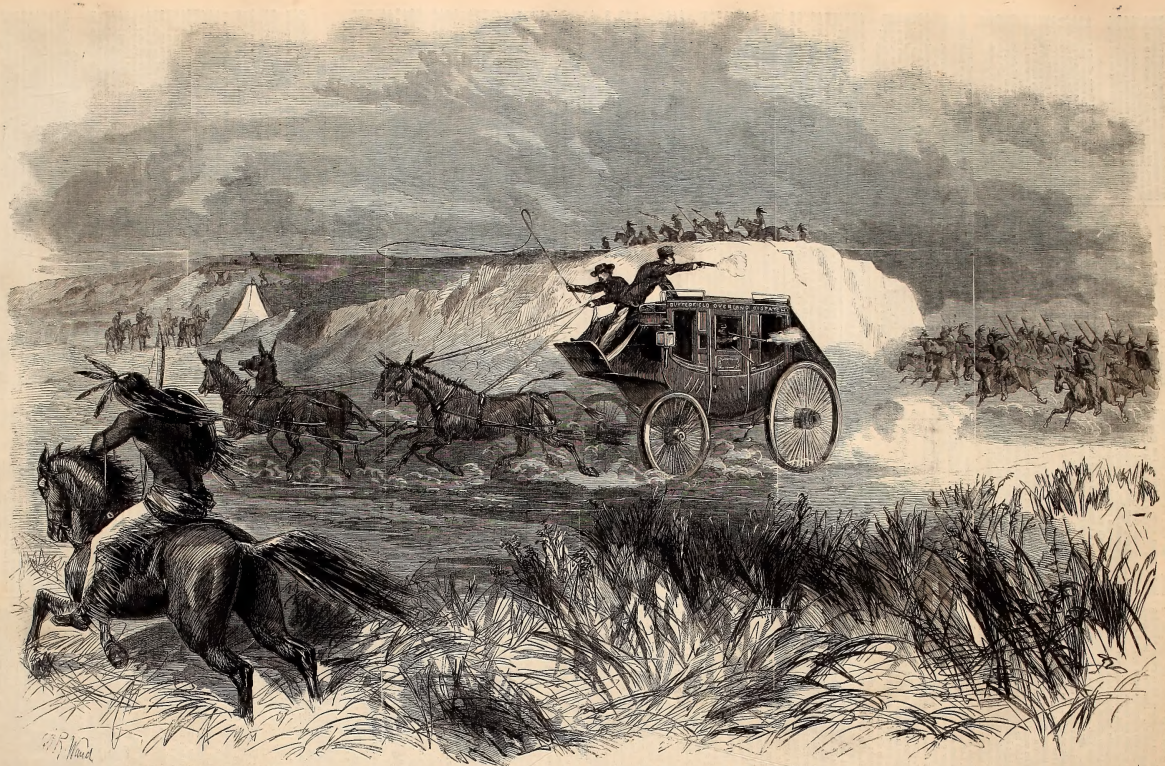
"However, believes you that no one refuses to take the oath—"

"Oath? Oh ! Who cares for an oath, you know? There's no Mr. Arthur—but of course you've heard about—"

"Not clearly. Mr. Arthur? What was it?"

It is amazing, considering their long acquaintance, how indifferent Alice is. Tim tells the whole story very nearly as it occurred—truthful fellow, Tim, except as poker. Besides, he likes to talk, and it is a pather in his way op to be seen by the company passing and repassing around them talking with her.

"Spunky chap, Miss Alice," he adds at last. "I haven't much use for preachers myself; but one can see him liking that man. He seems really to believe our revolution a worse mockshakes his head over us as if we were all on a spree. Doesn't but he really believes so! You won't mention it, Miss Alice, but fact is, of the two men, Mr. Arthur and Brother Barker, as they call him, I can't stand Barker. As by being a good Secessionist, that is all right, you know; as the same time we outsiders don't like to see a preacher mixing himself up in things of the sort too much. It's like a woman outside her sphere. It's that distinguishes us from the Yankees. One's a lady, I mean to say, or rather a religious—oh! I don't know what you call it," says Tim, making vague gestures with both hands, "a sort of Sabbath-day something one likes to have in a person. The hardest case among us don't like to see a preacher leaving his sermons to look up— Mem must, you know, a good deal of cursing and swearing and worse these days; and a parson hail-fellow in that sort of way, you know— Why, these days, you know, and in churches, too. For one, I hate—we all do—to have Brother Barker everlastingly in with us, discussing and mixing up in things he don't understand



ON THE PLAINS—INDIANS ATTACKING BUTTERFIELD'S OVERLAND DISPATCH COACH.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. [illegible] PAGE 249.]



EXTERIOR OF THE ADOBE FORTIFICATION AT SMOKY HILL STATION—FIGHTING THE FIRE.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

ON THE PLAINS.

We give on this page and on page 248 some interesting illustrations of life on the Plains. In No. 474 of the *Weekly* we alluded to the attack made last winter on BUTTERFIELD'S Overland Dispatch Coach. Our artist, Mr. DAVIS, was one of the party attacked, and has furnished on page 248 a sketch of the occurrence, together with other illustrations, of which he gives the following descriptions:

ATTACK OF INDIANS ON AN OVERLAND COACH.

Leaving Atchison we journeyed out into the vast plains, that never can be other than the vast wilderness that they are. We had, or thought we had, a journey of six or seven days before us. But circumstances alter cases: at least they did ours.

Two hundred and fifty miles from Atchison we became aware that Indians were more plenty than usual along the route. This gave us no uneasiness; but soon after the discovery of the bodies of murdered men—some of whom had been captured alive, and undergone the most awful torture, such as the cutting out of tongues and other parts of their persons, then burning them alive—caused us to be continually on our guard. At this part of the journey Colonel TAMBLYN, an able officer and a good Indian fighter, when he has the men, furnished us with a small escort.

Soon after this we discovered the bodies of two more men, from which we drove the wolves, and buried them. These men had fought and been killed; their bodies were covered with arrow-wounds. Brave men as they were, we could only cover them with so thin a blanket of prairie sod that would hide them from sight but not from the wolves.

Still further on we buried three more bodies that the Indians had left most barbarously mutilated. These discoveries, following each other so rapidly, caused us to be ever on the alert for an attack, which came about two o'clock one bright day, when one would have thought that the Indians would have been busy hunting the buffalo.

We had nearly reached a station known as Smoky Hill Spring when we discovered a party of fully sixty Indians within short pistol-shot of the coach. Our escort had reached the station and dismounted, leaving our little party to fight the affair out alone, which we did in the most determined style—arrows and pistol-balls penetrating the coach every moment, stunga to say, without any thing more serious resulting than a couple of arrow scratches!

The Indians, beaten off, were joined by parties that seemed to come from every bluff. Thinking to drive us from the shelter of the station, which we had by this time reached, they set fire to the tall grass to the windward of us. The strong breeze brought the smoke and flame rapidly down, nearly reaching the adobe before we could check the fire by beating it down and out with our blankets. This we finally succeeded in doing. Then, so far as fire was concerned, we were safe; for prairie grass will



INTERIOR OF THE ADOBE FORTIFICATION AT SMOKY HILL STATION.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]



STREET VIEW IN SANTE FE, NEW MEXICO.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

not burn twice on the same day, and an Indian is too careful of his life to come within rifle range. If he is sure that the party that points said rifle is used to the weapon.

No attack was made until nightfall, when an unlimited quantity of arrows were distributed among us. Dawn found us ready, and the Indians perceiving this, no attack was made. About ten o'clock a company of Colonel Tanner's regiment came to our rescue, at the sight of whom the Indians mounted their ponies, and we saw no more of them except at a great distance.

STREET SCENE IN SANTA FE.

The little city of Santa Fé has about it an ancient appearance that is so different from the more American cities of the neighboring Territories, that one scarcely realizes that he is still in the United States. The Spanish population is almost exclusively Mexican, and the people so lazy that no excitement can urge them to a faster pace than a slow walk.

Water and rain are a rare and modern innovation for the Mexican, who uses instead the "Burro"—or, in good English, a diminutive specimen of donkey. This "Burro" is raised in the family, among the children, and is the most peaceful and domestic animal that I have yet seen; it has, too, the faculty of being able to live in pasture that a goat would starve on.

The houses of Santa Fé are built entirely of adobe brick, which is to all appearance the same style of brick that the Israelites were engaged in making for the Egyptians. The effects of these houses are of a dismal, unrelenting infrequence of rain making this roof practicable.

The only thing that the New Mexican does really well is the manufacture of jewelry; this he makes after the most curious pattern, and very beautifully. Some of the specimens would put to shame some of the best designs of our leading jewelers.

OLD LEVERT'S GRAVE.

"WARDE! O my God, how I suffer!" groaned the wounded man, and rolled his bloodshot eyes over the pitiless blue sky and the whispering forest, and then closed them, perhaps as he thought, never to open them again.

Open they did, however, for a heavy footfall came through the wood, heralded by a rough voice singing,

"——The kingdom coming
In the year of Jubilee!"

"Just so, year of jubilee sure 'nough. Lordy how them years come so tarnationly—most like as they'd heard the blood-hounds after 'em! Well, turn and turn about's fair play, and— Hi dere!"

With the exclamation the speaker, a powerful negro dressed in the uniform of the United States, and carrying a musket over his shoulder, stopped short, and looked down at the wounded and dying man, who, slowly opening his eyes, looked up at him.

"Clare to gracious if it ain't Mas'r Winch—Leftenant Winch, of the rebel army, I'd ought to say."

The grave sarcasm of the amendment so tickled the speaker's fancy that he was fain to indulge in a brief chuckle, even while kneeling down to relieve the dying man.

"I 'spect, Mas'r, I's got to take you prisoner into our camp, hain't I?" asked he, cheerfully.

"I'm dying, Scip, dying, for God's sake!" gasped the wounded man.

"Sho! Dying be you? Oh no, Mas'r, I reckon not. When I get cut up so awful last year, 'long of you telling old Mas'r what I said 'bout him to your Sam, I thought I was dying sure 'nough, but I didn't. I reckon, too, how had I wanted a drink, and I kin guess just how you wants one now. Mas'r and you laughed mighty hard when I axed one of you for de Lord's sake to git me some water. Reckon dat, Mas'r Winch?

The wounded man raised his dim eyes to the dark face in one piteous appeal, groaned, and closed them hopelessly. The negro's quick perception translated look, and tone, and groan, and question.

"Yes, yes, Mas'r Winch, you reckon 'well 'nough, and you's thinking dat you turn's come now, and I'll pay you back. Well, I'se got dat time, for you's taken. Dat kind o' talk may do for white folks, but I'se a nigger, and scorns it. Wait a bit now."

Unslinging his canteen as he spoke, the negro filled it at the running brook, raised the head of his enemy tenderly upon his arm, and held to his lips what seemed to them a draught of Paradise.

"Ah!" sighed Lieutenant Winch, "that's life."

"That's all you'll see in de shade, Mas'r. Dis yer July sun's 'nough to melt de marrow out of your bones. Kin yer help yourse'f any?"

"No! my back's broken I believe—my way both legs are. Oh! No, no, Scip, don't stir me!"

The negro carefully cut away the rebel uniform and examined the wounded. Covered. Their ghastly nature told more plainly than words what the end must be, and how soon it must come. The rich brown of Scip's complexion faded to that of yellow as he stood upright, and looking down into those dim eyes, said, solemnly,

"Mas'r Winch, if you feels like you want to hear me say it, I forgit you, an' I pray God to forgib you all de wrong you has eber done. For you's got to die, Mas'r, dat's clar."

"I know it, Scip, I know it. Scip—"

"What, Mas'r?"

"I'm glad you said that, Scip. It was mighty mean of me to get you into that scrape. I'm glad you forgive me."

"'Nough said, Mas'r. Now seein' you can't be moved, I is going to try to make you more comf'able w'hat you be. Here's a blanket; reckon de feller dat t'rowed it away won't want it no more, and here's a soudder, and ober dere's a soudder wid a dead man strapped onter it. Now you see, Mas'r, I jes pices dem soudder wid a bagynet, and fix 'em ober dis yer limb ob de chestnut-tree, an'—dare you be."

The shade of the chestnut then formed fell gratefully across the figure of the dying man, and he smiled faintly.

"That's it, Scip. Some more water, boy?"

"Here yer be, Mas'r. Is you head comf'able?"

"Yes, thank you, Scip; you shall's lose by this."

"Don't 'spect to lose nothin but little time, Mas'r; and I kin't in a particular hurry. We's out buryin' de dead dis morning, and there's 'nough 'sides me."

"No, but wait, and listen carefully," interrupted the other impatiently. "I'll make you my heir, Scip. I'll make you the richest nigger in the States, ay, richer than half the white men."

Scip's countenance fell again, and assumed blankly at the speaker, remembering that Lieutenant Winch had not been known in New Orleans as a man of principle, or even credit, having been, rather a loose and disreputable character, his only avowed pursuit being that of marker at a billiard and gambling saloon, while he was also shrewdly suspected of other and far less respectable avocations.

"Reckon, Mas'r, you'd better be making up yer 'counts for de nex' world, and quit foolin' wid such talk," said he, dryly.

"I ain't fooling, Scip, not a bit of it. You've been good to me, and I reward you as an honest man; and you're a good fellow, and—and maybe I'll do better where I'm going, for making it up to you. Some water, Scip."

The negro silently held the canteen to the parched lips, and then squatting grotesquely upon the ground, fixed his eyes upon the face of the rebel, and waited his further revelation.

"We kept a bank, Scip, you know."

"Farrable dey called it, Mas'r."

"Well, no matter. I'd made up my mind to quit when the shooting began, for I didn't want to go empty-handed. I got another key to the safe, and waited for a pile. One night we had an uncommon run of luck, and made a heap of money, and put, to the tune of near half a million dollars. That night I made my haul, but I couldn't leave the city, for I didn't want to. I wanted to save my name, and leave it respectable."

A slight sarcastic twitch of Scipio's wide mouth emphasized the period.

"It wasn't so much for myself," pursued the exbilliard-marker, hastily; "but I've got a little girl —the only creature in the world that cared for me, and I was in hopes we'd go off somewhere, and live handsome and genteel, and I'd see her marry a gentleman, and never know all the hell I've been in."

He paused, and his white mouth quivered with the last pang of defeated hope. The quick sympathies of the negro were touched.

"What's yer little gal now, Mas'r?" asked he.

At school with Mrs. Lemond, 16 Grand Street. Her name is Rosine Dubrow."

"Dubrose? Ain't it Winch, Mas'r?"

"No. I didn't want her nor any one to know who was my child. My name was well very nearly as in Orleans I'm afraid. I called her Dubrowe when I took her there five years ago, and I haven't seen her or Rosine's self-styled aunt, Mrs. Lemond twelve years old now, and mighty pretty, Scip."

The negro looked with wonder at the face, but now so deeply and repentantly lined with sorrow. "Dat's mighty pretty, Mas'r."

"What's yer little gal now, Mas'r?" asked he.

"Yes, but you must get leave or it must be got for you. I'll see the Colonel—he's my uncle, you know— Stop! I've got an idea, Scip! Secret service—that's the enemy's camp! Hurrah, my boy, I'll go too! See if I don't!"

Snatching his cap Lieutenant Vane dashed out of the tent without further explanation, leaving Scip open-mouthed with astonishment, and utterly bewildered by his companion's parting assurance.

"He go, too," muttered he. "De Lord he's mercy if's got to take him, for de gal he'd put out o' Egypt. Reckn my han's 'll be eber full."

He was still shaking his head in disapprobation of the idea that Lieutenant Vane officer re-entered his tent, his face glowing, and his figure dilated with animation and importance.

"All right, Scip," he exclaimed he, breathlessly. "I've seen the Colonel, and we'll be off to-night. He wants to communicate with some one inside, and the secret service men are all off. You're to go and speak to him directly."

"To de Kunnel, Mas'r?"

"Yes, come along; I'll go with you."

It was in the dusk of an autumn evening, some days after the death of Lieutenant Winch, that a Confederate officer, pale, travel-stained, wearing his arm in a sling and bound by a bandage, slowly mounted the steps of the St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans, leaning heavily as he did so upon the shoulder of his companion. A sharp-eyed and morose-looking individual, who had patiently followed them in their slow progress through the city, hastened to relieve the latter them, and into the office, where the wounded officer was already inscribing his name.

"A bed-room, if you please, and supper," said he to the clerk as he threw down the pen.

"Yes, Sir. Jim, show the gent to 46. Gong will sound in half an hour, Sir."

"Very well. Come, Joe."

The officer left the room, followed by his servant, and the clerk turned to the book he had read, meantime, staring out at the window and picking his teeth in an abstracted manner, sauntered up to the desk and laid his disengaged hand upon the book the clerk had been about to close.

"William Sewall, Captain C.S.A., and servant," read he. "Ah! Sewall, one of escaping from the Yanks and making his way down here from Corinth wounded, hope to see, though it may be. It suited the Colonel, it seems, but I'll be hanged if I would have let him pass so easy. Any way, a little watching won't hurt any body, and I'll keep an eye on him and that sly-looking nigger of his."

Captain William Sewall, C.S.A., with his servant Joe, had meantime installed himself comfortably in No. 46, and closed the door. No sooner was this done, however, than he opened it again, and thrusting out his head, watched the retreating figure of the white-jacketed waiter until it disappeared down the stairs, then glanced warily through the corridor; and finally reclosing and locking the door, mounted a chair to shut the blind above it, open for the sake of the air. This done he again skipped to the floor, relaxed his arm from the sling, and used it to flourish above his head the C.S.A. cap, somewhat incongruously accompanying the gesture with the whispered apostrophe—

"Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue! And three more for Tom Vane and Scip— What's your name, boy?"

"Scip, Mas'r; nuffin more," returned the negro, with a broad grin and a look of acute apprehension cleverly done into one.

"Scip, Scipio, then; that shall be it. Now, Scip, don't be scared, nor tell your big eyes at that door any more. Every thing is as safe as possible on our side, and I've calmed down now. But I'd got to rid myself of the patriotism bottled in all day, somehow or another, and I should have burst before. Mighty mean trash, I reck'n. Nobber seemed much 'count, though he's alles hangin' roun' wid gen'lemen tryin' for look at he's fingernail wid 'em."

"Just the fellow for a spy, I dare say, and we must look out for him," said Lieutenant Vane, more thoughtfully than he had yet spoken. "I'll see, Scip, it is my opinion that the sooner we're out of the the country the better. I'll write a letter for us to be found at home if any gentleman should take a fancy to call upon us this evening. So, before we have our supper, I will go out and transact Colonel's business, while you call at the school, shoot the written order I have given you from the father of Miss Rosine Dubrow, and the young lady, and bring her here. Then about midnight we'll visit the church-yard and wake the ghost of old Levert, whoever he is, have been [illegible] for ourselves if all seems tranquil, or sooner if there's any fuss, we'll shake off the dust of this charming sink of iniquity and go where we can breathe."

"Wouldn't it be better, Mas'r, fer ter make shore ob de money first, and get de pick'nainey arter wards?" queried Scip, cunningly.

"No, my boy; for we may have to leave without any time for putting calls, and I'd rather risk the child and the money, than get the money and abandon the child."

"Dat so, Mas'r. But what I call real bon'able sentiment. It call'd to a called person, Mas'r, dat idee."

Captain Sewall, C.S.A., strolled leisurely down the stairs, followed by his servant, who waited in the office to light a cigar, and to audaciously inform the clerk that if any one asked for him he should say he had gone to the city, and would not return until late; and then passed down the steps and up the street.

"He's a coming arter, Mas'r," muttered Scip, closing up to his master's side after a few minutes.

"All right. Let him strike off down this road, and let him follow me. He'll be none the wiser for seeing where I go," was the equally cautious reply, and a moment after the negro was suddenly lost into a black alley, and, hitting himself in a doorway, saw that the *musketard*, only pausing to cast one long glance after him, hurried on in pursuit of his more important game.

"Go 'long, you fool! an' I should tink de debbil fed 'bout you. You'd have found such sich a mean specimen ob a chile!" muttered Scip, wrathfully, as he stole to the head of the alley and watched the retreating figure dogging his master's steps. When both were out of sight the negro cautiously emerged, and after following in the same direction for a short distance, struck off into a side street, and presently ran up the steps of a handsome square house whose front door-plate bore the inscription :

MADAME LEMOND.
SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

To the servant who opened the door Scipio announced his errand, and committed his credentials, in the form of an order from the Colonel to Madame Lemond, to commit to the negro Joe, handing her the paper, the custody of his daughter Fanny, with the property belonging to her.

After ten minutes of the door-mat, Scip was desired to walk up stairs, and being presently ushered into the sewing-room, found Madame Lemond—a little, nervous-looking Frenchwoman—standing in the centre of the room, the order in her hand.

"Your name, boy?" asked she, rapidly, as Scipio peered inside the door, bowing humbly.

"Joe, Mist's."

"And who sent you?"

"Mas'r Mist's, Mist's Mas'r Dishrowe axed him ter fetch de lilly miss's outer dis place 'fore de Yankees git in, kase dey's gone ter kill obery livin' soul dey find, an' gemman an' chillun an' all."

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu?" exclaimed the Frenchwoman, clasping her hands and turning deadly pale. "They will be here, then?"

"Course dey will, Mist's, an' dey's like ter hab de chance mighty soon. Mas'r Dishrowe said fer ter tell de lilly gal away fore ter-morrow mornin'."

"I shall go myself. Recalle must stay and send off the children. I must go—but—why not?" muttered Madame Lemond, rising from the chair where she had sunk, and tottering toward the door.

"Will Missy Fanny be done got ready 'fore sun?" interposed Scip, seeing that both he and his errand were forgotten.

"Oh!"—and Madame Lemond paused to violently ring the bell. A pretty mulatto girl answered it immediately.

"Put up Miss Disbrowe's clothes, dress her for walking, and bring her down to this man, who is to take her home. Then come to my room," ordered the mistress; and, with a slight nod by way of adieu

to Scip, glided from the room and ran hastily up stairs. The servant follow:.., back to Scip, finding himself alone, allowed the funereal gravity of his sable visage to relax into a grin, becoming by degrees so broad as to reveal nearly the whole of a magnificent set of teeth.

"Golly! scared she poote well!" muttered he, and cast an admiring eye about the room, thickly strewn with these articles *de luxe* so utterly useless, and yet so seductive, in the way of loot, to the rapt and fine of feeling army.

"Berry pooty pickin's here," continued Scip; "an' seein's our folks 'll be here 'morrer or nex' day, reckn 'll take my share now."

As he spoke, Scipio's black paw descended upon an elegant paper-weight of ebony and silver, with a golden Cupid and pin-holder lying beside it. These he rapidly transferred to one of his pockets, and rolled his eyes upon a silver card basket and gold-stopped cut-glass bottle a little farther on. But even as the great black fingers closed upon the basket, Scipio paused and drew back.

"Dat no fashion for robbin in de Fed'ral Army he cuttin' up," muttered he. "Do well 'nough for sarvent, or mean white trash; but mahbe some day I'se sarvin' an' a gen'leman."

More rapidly than they had disappeared, the papier-weight, the holder, and the pen-handle emerged from the pocket of the future "ossifer;" and although in the half hour ensuing between that moment and Mrs. Hollowe's appearance Scipio's keen eyes examined and admired every article in the room, not the point of his smallest finger was allowed to join any one of them ; and when Mrs. Allie, the pretty maltato, opened the door for the young lady to enter, she found him waiting in the very attitude and very spot where she had left him.

"Here's Miss Bloxsome, Joe, and her trunk's in the hall. Miss's is calling—good-by, Miss Fanny."

"Good-by, Joe. Joe, are you going to Richmond?"

"No, Miss, I's Cap'n Sewall's boy. But your pappy sent for you by us."

Mrs. Hollowe's flushed her dark eyes to rest upon the face of her strange guide for a moment, and then, straightening her graceful figure, with an involuntary movement of self-reliance and decision, said,

"Very well, Joe. I am quite ready."

In the hall, as Rosalie had said, stood the young lady's modest trunk, and Scipio, shouldering it easily, led the way into the street, closely followed by his little charge.

"Where is papa?" asked she, as they slowly walked up the newly-lighted street.

"He was 'bout twenty mild from here, missy, las' time I heerd from him," said Scip, congratulating himself upon his evasion that yet was true, "an' I 'spect he pretty well?" asked the child, raising her great eyes curiously to the negro's face.

"Fus'-rate, missy. He nebber war so well in his life."

Scip spoke confidently and even cheerfully; but glancing down at the delicate little face upturned to his he found there a solemn doubt, a dawning suspicion, impossible to meet or combat.

"Reckn 'll be well 'bout twenty up a lilly bit. Mas'r Sewall will be waitin' for us," said he, hurriedly ; and the rest of the walk was performed with silent rapidity.

Arrived at the St. Charles, Scip led his little charge directly to the room retained by his master, and, placing the trunk upon the floor, asked, with even a tender accent in his rough voice,

"Kin I do sumfin for you, lilly missy? or does you want to be 'lone a-mos'-ded for to help you endress? Has you had some supper, missy?"

Miss Fanny Dibrowe seated herself upon her trunk, laid her pretty hands in her lap, looked up again upon the negro those dark and searching eyes beneath whose glance he had already quailed. A pale and delicate child, with slender figure and fragile face, colorless save for the curved crimson of the lips, and the dark depths of those great eyes ; with a self-contained and resolute expression, so wonderful to see upon a face so young and fresh, so childlike in its purity and dreamy innocence. Very self-possessed was this little maid, and she quietly finished her survey of the coarse face and uncouth figure before she replied,

"No, I don't want any supper, Joe. I don't want any supper nor the chamber-maid, but I want to see Captain Sewall. I like you very well, but I want to see Sam."

As if in answer to her wish, a rapid step sounded down the corridor, and the next moment the door of the bed-room was thrown open.

"Back, Scip! Oh!"

And Lieutenant Vane, who had for a moment forgotten the claims of his sable ally, turned and looked cautiously through the hall. All was safe there, but as he entered the room and closed the door he encountered a gaze that showed him the error had been noticed and commented upon by at least one listener.

"Miss Dibrowe, I presume," said the Lieutenant, taking off his cap and advancing smilingly with outstretched hand. But the child shrank back, and so tightly upon Miss Dibrowe's lap were stirred, and it was with a yet more earnest look into his face than had searched the negro's that she asked,

"Did my father send you for me, Sir?"

"Certainly, my dear young lady—that is to say, he sent his man, and I came with him," replied the Lieutenant.

"And what made you call him Scip when my name is Joe?" pursued the little inquisitor.

"Oh, I forgot just then," stammered Lieutenant Vane, more discomposed than he would have acknowledged.

"I think I will go back to Madame Lemond's and wait until papa can come for me himself."

She rose as she spoke and walked toward the door, but her self-made guardian threw himself in the way.

"Stop, child!" cried he, eagerly, "I will tell you the whole truth if you will only wait, and you will see that it was in kindness that I wished to deceive you."

The little girl turned even paler than she had been before, but paused, and by her inquiring look demanded his meaning.

"Sit down, my dear, and don't imagine for a moment that I have any wish to harm or deceive you," said the young man, placing a chair and motioning her toward it with even a beseeching look.

The child seated herself, but with a queenly air that said she did but defer her decision, and the young officer, standing before her, proceeded with his defence, telling as tenderly as he might of her father's death upon the battle-field, Scip's care and kindness toward him, of the father's dying wishes and bequest, and finally of the negro's infatuation with himself, his own connection with the matter, and the consequent deception or rather stratagem he had found necessary to practise.

The young girl listened attentively, shedding not a tear at news of her father's death, although the look of dread desolation which had settled over her deep the blow had struck to her orphaned heart.

At the close she came and put her hand in that of the speaker.

"You will be the same as my father now, won't you?" asked she, simply.

A half smile mingled with the quiver on the young man's lips. He was twenty-five years old, and Miss Fanny about thirteen.

"I will take the same care of you as if you were my own little sister Alice," said he. "And I will take you to her, and to my mother among the pleasant hills of Vermont, if you will be willed by Scip, kindly.

"And Scip too—I see you for what you did for him," said the child, going to place her slender white hands in the great black ones of the negro, and laying her head for a moment upon his breast shoulder. "Of course Scip will be to me—your genuine African, impressible as a child, requires but one tone of pathos to bring his tears, one strain of joy to make his mirth."

"And now, Sir, what shall we do first?"

"Rest, I think you better and then start and try to get a night's rest," replied the Lieutenant, a little startled by the prompt tone of the appeal.

"Scip and I have something to do to-night, and shall not have time to go to bed at all."

"Well, good-night. Good-night, Scip!"

The night was dark and tempestuous, the wind sighing and moaning through the trees of the abandoned cemetery like wails of the naked souls lamenting above their lost bodies.

"Clare to goodness, Mas'r, dis yer's a ugly sort o' job, look like," said Scip, as he drew a long pull at his whipered Scipio, clinging to his master's coat.

"Nonsense, Scip, where's old Lovett's grave?"

"Way 'bout dere, Mas'r. Dis yer great wite ting am movin' 'bout. De Lord sabe us—what be?"

It's a poplar-tree, you fool, blowing in the wind. Don't be such a coward, or at least hold your tongue," exclaimed the Lieutenant angrily, as he made his way across the mounded turf and the shimmering headstones to the tall, straight shaft of poplar.

"De debbil—what dat! De Lord fergib me say-in' dat word!" and Scip's clinging fingers clutched his master's arm like iron clamps.

"What's what, you blockhead?"

"I see somfin—don' know what he be!" gasped the negro, his teeth chattering audibly.

"Now, Scip, this won't do. Though you were more of a man. Recollect we don't have cowards in the Union army, and if you can't walk through a graveyard after dark without all this fuss, how are you going to face a rebel battery?"

The argument was final. Scip would have silently allowed himself to be shot or dive over a cliff, be pronounced unworthy of his uniform, and although his progress was still marked by an obligato accompaniment of chattering teeth, he kept the officer's arm, held his tongue, and stoutly led the way toward his ominous El Dorado.

"Dis am Mas'r. De old Lovett's grave," said he at last, in a subdued voice, as he laid his hand upon a broad granite monument standing by itself in the corner of the grounds.

"Well, you've got the spade. Begin to dig while I light the dark lantern. The sooner we're through the better."

"Dat so, Mas'r," muttered the negro, plunging his spade deep into the turf which had been carefully replaced after the burial of the Lovetts; the Lieutenant lighting his lantern and shielding it with his coat, took his place upon the other side of the grave, directing the gleam of light upon the spot where Scipio dug. For some moments the click of the shovel and rattle of the stony earth were the only sounds audible, save the moaning of the wind and the drowsy hum of the sleeping city. The shovel struck with a metallic and hollow round upon some unyielding surface. Scipio suddenly raised his head, crying, excitedly:

"Dat's it shore 'nough, Mas'r!" and in the same instant dropped his shovel, uttered a dismal yell, and turning to flee caught his foot in the long grass, fell sprawling, and lay upon his face kicking and struggling, and uttering the most appalling and maternal discipline, and between pain, rage, and fright, declines to recover his composure.

Lieutenant Vane, startled by the yell, hastily raised his own eyes in the direction Scipio had looked, saw what he had seen, and not unaptly exclaimed:

"The Devil!"

Perhaps it was. At any rate it might have been, if the devil may be supposed to present himself behind a dark repulsive face, covered with a sheet of black bread and hair, and long, greedy claws from the top of a monument with glittering eyes, and a ghastly grinning mouth, into the bowels of a wicked man's grave.

Lieutenant Vane did not run, like the poor African, away from the danger, but straight toward it, darting round the monument in fact, just in time to grasp the descending legs of the supposititious demon, finding them encased, not in flame-colored tights, but grey shoddy trowsers of Confederate cut and make. With a hearty kick and heartier curse the apparition would have freed itself, but the sinewy arms of the young Green Mountain athlete were around him, and his panting voice growled out:

"Come now! None of this. I've got you! Here, Scip—quick, you rascal!—bring the lantern!"

Encouraged by the mundane air the struggle had assumed, Scip, ceasing his lamentations, rose gingerly to his feet, and cranking his neck so as to look behind the granite shaft, beheld his master struggling fiercely with a tall, dark figure, formidable certainly, but yet of the form and proportions of a man.

A sudden grin illuminated Scipio's features, and seizing the lantern by the prolonged, he came close up, and, with no note of warning, brought down the token handle upon the stranger's head.

"Tweak 'im harm, whether he be," muttered he; and found himself justified in his conclusion as the dark form fell silent and motionless at his feet.

The Lieutenant hastily released from the now inert, serpent-like arms, staggered back a step, then darted toward the lantern, and turned it upon the face of its fallen foe.

"Ole Jarvis, shore 'nough!" exclaimed Scip, bending over the body with the same air of disgust he might have bestowed upon the crushed carcass of a reptile.

Five minutes more, and the spy, bound hand and foot, with a gag in his mouth, was recently lashed to the monument, and left to collect his scattered but returning senses at his leisure.

"Now, Scip, you run over to her and keep guard and limit getting out the box, while I return for the little girl. Don't let her be off before daylight," suggested the Lieutenant, wiping his forehead.

"No, Mas'r. You stop an' let me go. Mahbe dey's got spicket 'round, an' might want for to hang you. If my stop me taint so much matter, you see."

"I don't see any such thing, Scip. If there's danger it's for me to face it sooner than you."

"But, Mas'r, if you leave me long o' dis yer white 'ooman, I think you'll kill him fore yer git back. Pears like I couldn't help it nohow."

"Come, come, Scip; that won't do. To kill a prisoner in cold blood would disgrace us forever. Say you are afraid to stay alone among the graves, and I'll let you go."

"Well, Mas'r, I'se den. I isn' 'fraid oh all de sojers nor all de shabe-dribes in 'leens, but I is mos' powerful 'fraid oh de dead men."

"That's honest, Scip, any way. Well, go your way, and manage the best you can ; you won't mind a lie or two, I dare say, if it's necessary."

"Dat jes' de way I look at de war, Mas'r," replied Scip, gravely ; and the Lieutenant assented with a nod.

"If I doesn' get here by daylight, Mas'r, you jes take de box and put for camp. I's jine you dere somehow, I reckn."

"If you are not here by daylight I shall come and look for you, Scip," replied Tom Vane, steadily; "and now, my lad, the quicker the better."

The distance was short, and Scip, as he crept creep through the black mist that had shut in the lonely sentinel, was with a word. Through the Scipio, a huge bundle upon his shoulder, a little patient figure by his side.

The Lieutenant watched round the monument and dragged the prisoner's cap low upon his face, that the fast-increasing light might not aid him in fixing their identity, and saw that the ropes were strong and unshaken, and then, with the transcriptbox in his hand, went to meet his companions.

"Clare to goodness, Mas'r, it's been a war we went an' not you. I's lied till I war black in de face, an' you know it dou' show on me," announced Scip, with an air of conscious pride.

"All right; but let us be moving. You shall tell me as we go. Miss Fanny, can you walk fast?"

"Yes, Sir, I can walk and run any more if I were a soldier too, and you needn't call me Miss," replied the child, whose glowing eyes, steadily bent forward, seemed to outstrip her slim form.

Taking her hand in his, the young soldier led her quickly on ; and, as dawn brightened into daylight, passed the rebel sentinels consecutively safely through the rebel outposts, and a mile farther on passed at a deserted plantation to mount the horses carefully secreted there upon the preceding afternoon.

"You must ride behind me, Fanny. So—I have strapped your trunk and the box on for a pack, and you will hold tight around my waist. Can you?" asked Lieutenant Tom, merrily.

A bright color flushed over the clear, pale cheek of the little maid, but she answered calmly.

"I think so. I was never on a horse."

"Oh well, Sir, Only hold tight to me and you will do," returned the young man, hastily flinging himself into the saddle.

"Now, Scip, put her up."

The negro obeyed, and, with the precious chest safe strapped to his own saddle, mounted in turn. The spirited horses, fed with corn, and filled with the delicious air of early morning, tossed their heads with an exultant neigh, and darted forward. With the left arm of the officer about his waist, and found time to smile over his shoulder into the pale, determined little face close behind, and to say half-aloud to Scip, kindly,

"Never fear, little Fanny, only cling tight to me."

"Golly, Mas'r! dat feller's got loose a'ready! Look a' dah!" shouted Scip, as, pausing on the crest of a long-winding hill, they looked back upon the rebel camp. Confusion reigned there, and had only passed a couple of hours before. Hastening out from that very outpost, like ants hurrying from an invaded ant-hill, they now be distinguished a number of black specs moving rapidly along the white stripe of road leading toward the position of the fugitives.

"Dey's got de news, an' dey's chasin' us, Mas'r!" exclaimed Scip, his great eyes glaring with ardor and excitement.

"They are right. It is a fine morning for a ride, and I trust they will enjoy it. Let us be getting on, Scip," answered the Lieutenant, quietly : and not a word more was exchanged until fifteen good miles lay between the fugitives and the useless pursuit.

That night Lieutenant Vane reported himself to his colonel, and a few days afterward obtained a short furlough, just long enough to enable him to rush hurriedly home to the old parsonage among the Vermont hills, and to leave there the little, quiet, thoughtful companion of his travels, who shed no tear when he bade her good-by, but stood gazing from the window with such a heart-broken look in her dark eyes and pale lips, that good motherly Mrs. Vane there her arms about her and wept, as she had not done in infancy when her boy fell and bumped.

Leave her there, growing daily in grace and stature—growing too more deeply, day by day, into the hearts of those wise and kindly guardians who care for her, and into the heart of her self-made strange fortune, fostered in the hands of a wise and honest financier, grown also, and still some day make a splendid dower for the child of her adoption.

Lieutenant Vane—Captain Vane before the war was over—did not come home when peace was declared, but, becoming master of a vessel himself, applied the same energy and courage to its restoration and improvement that he had once done to the destruction and impediment of many a hundred such in rebel hands.

And Scip? Ah! what is to be the fate of Scip, and thousands, millions like him?

Scip waits; and also waits the fortune he has destined to the ennobling and uprising of his race.

BROADCAST THAT SEED.

Broadcast they seed!
Although some portion may be found
To fall on unexpected ground,
Where sand, or shard, or stone may stay
Its coming into light of day:
Or when it comes, some reluctant air
May make it droop and wither there—
Be not discouraged; some will find
Congenial soil, and gentle wind,
Refreshing dew, and ripening shower,
To bring it into bounteous power;
From flower to fruit, to glad thine eyes,
And fill thy soul with sweet surprise.
Go good, and God will bless thy deed—
Broadcast thy seed!

IDOL WORSHIP.

The essential features of human superstition are very much the same all the world over, only the accidental traits differ. The faith by which the Roman Catholic rejoices upon the image of his patron Saint or of the Virgin for the protection of a city, is at root, the same which led the ancients to believe in the power of an image of a patron goddess to protect the country and their cities ; and the difference being that the one is nominally Christian and the other nominally heathen. With only this difference the principle which underlies the two remarkable instances of idol worship, which we illustrate on the succeeding page, is one and the same. Under similar religious influences human nature exhibits itself in the same way in Cochin China and in Spain.

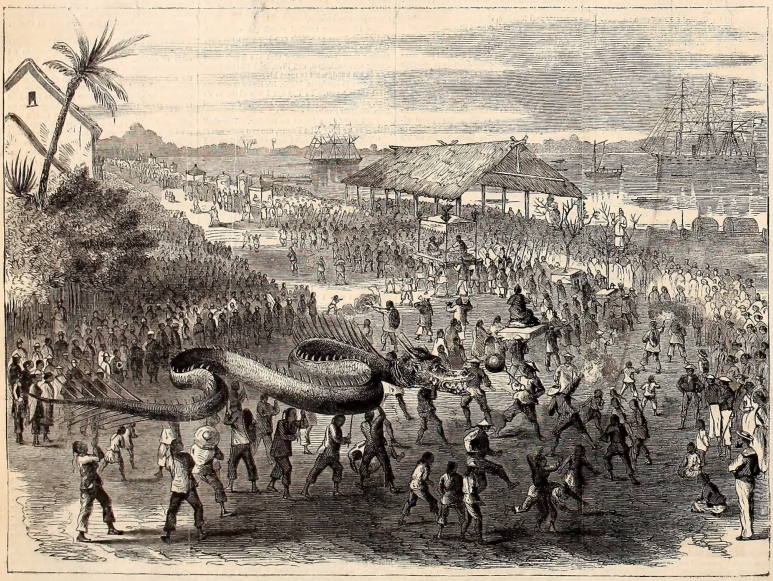
One of our illustrations represents the procession of the Dragon, which takes place annually in all parts of China. These processions—in which a monstrous image of the Dragon is paraded through the streets—are very remarkable on account of the costumes adopted, and the decorations of every description by which the Chinese seem to give *éclat* to their grand religious ceremony. They spare no expense. They deck themselves out in silk and gold ; and a single procession costs about ten thousand dollars of our money. To describe the musical exhibition afforded by this display would be quite impossible—the instruments all being of that sort which secures the greatest possible amount of noise. Their cymbals are half a yard in diameter, and are played with astounding vigor. At the head of the procession flaming standards are borne, followed by the mandarins of the first class loaded with great ornaments, and these by the musicians and palanquins laden with fruits of every sort. Then follows the *pas d'armes* armed with every kind of weapon, ancient or modern, of Chinese warfare. Then, after a long troop of gods and goddesses, represented by youths and maidens in full dress, comes the great Dragon, which measures from 30 to 40 yards in length. Those who bear the huge massage to make the idol represent the undulations and writhings of a real dragon—which Mr. Doolittle, in his interesting work on "The Social Life of the Chinese," calls "unsaucuring the Dragon."

The second illustration represents a proceeding of less apparent pomp, but which is quite as prescribed. Just before the late important event which gave another possible heir to the Spanish throne, a Royal carriage, splendidly appointed, attended by priests, soldiers, and outriders, was seen passing through the street of Atocha. Within this carriage rode an effigy of the house duties are not remarkable—no less a personage, in fact, than the mistress of the robes to the Virgin of Araujuez. To this image of the Virgin the Queen regents on every succeeding occasion like that which has just taken place; and for some months previous to the interesting event the highest of the Court officers and dress-makers are consulted as to the fashion and richness of the votive offering which shall be presented to the lady of Araujuez. This is the convenience of this magnificent robe, all bejewelled and belaced, that the Royal lady for whom the effigy was devised ; and it was believed that the object of the Queen's veneration would, when opportunity served, be efficacious in securing for her Majesty that safety and comfort which in her situation were so desirable. Our illustration represents the solemn ceremony which took place just before the accouchement, when the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo accompanied the image into the presence of Royalty, and the Virgin of Oleido was transported for a month's visit to the palace in all the splendor of the robes and jewels with which it had been decorated. Some days before the time announced for the re-



IDOL WORSHIP IN SPAIN—THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO CONVEYING THE IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN OF OLVIDO TO THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

eption of the little Royal stranger, the Archbishop of Toledo, Cardinal Father TIRILO, set out by special train to fetch the Virgin from the convent of San Pascual, at Aranjuez, and was accompanied by a priest, whose sacred duty it was to carry the image, as though he were bearing a doll. Our illustration is taken from a sketch representing the entrance of the Archbishop to the railway station, where, as usual, a number of the faithful had assembled to witness the deportation of the image whose presence in Madrid was expected to be so serviceable to the Queen in her hour of trouble.



IDOL WORSHIP IN COCHIN CHINA—ANNUAL PROCESSION OF THE DRAGON AT SAIGON.

GOVERNOR HAWLEY, OF CONNECTICUT.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, Governor elect of Connecticut, was born in Richmond County, North Carolina, October 31, 1826. His parents removed to Connecticut when he was eleven years of age. After his graduation at Hamilton College, New York, in 1847, he studied law, entering upon the practice of his profession in Hartford, 1850. In politics he acted with the Free Soil Party. After a practice of six years, becoming very deeply interested in the struggle against the extension of slavery, he became editor of the Hartford *Evening Press* (an organ of the new Republican Party) in 1857, and took a very active part as a speaker in the political campaigns, which were always bitterly contested in Connecticut.

On the breaking out of the rebellion and the publication of Mr. LINCOLN'S call for 75,000 men he drew up an enlistment paper, and headed the list as the first volunteer from Connecticut. Associated with him was A. W. DRAKE, a young Democratic lawyer, who afterward died as Colonel of the Tenth Connecticut. Ignorant of drill, the volunteers selected GEORGE S. BURNHAM, afterward Colonel of the Twenty-second Connecticut, as their Captain, HAWLEY being First Lieutenant and DRAKE Second. BURNHAM was immediately promoted, and HAWLEY became Captain, in which capacity he served honorably three months, and was especially commended by his brigade commander, General KEYES, for good conduct at Bull Run. Upon his discharge he accepted a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventh Connecticut, of which Major-General TERRY (the hero of Fort Fisher) was Colonel, and assisted in raising and equipping the regiment. The Seventh went on the original Sherman Port Royal expedition, and was the first ashore at Hilton Head. With his regiment Lieutenant-Colonel HAWLEY was in the siege of Fort Pulaski, and immediately after, upon TERRY'S promotion, HAWLEY became Colonel of the Seventh.

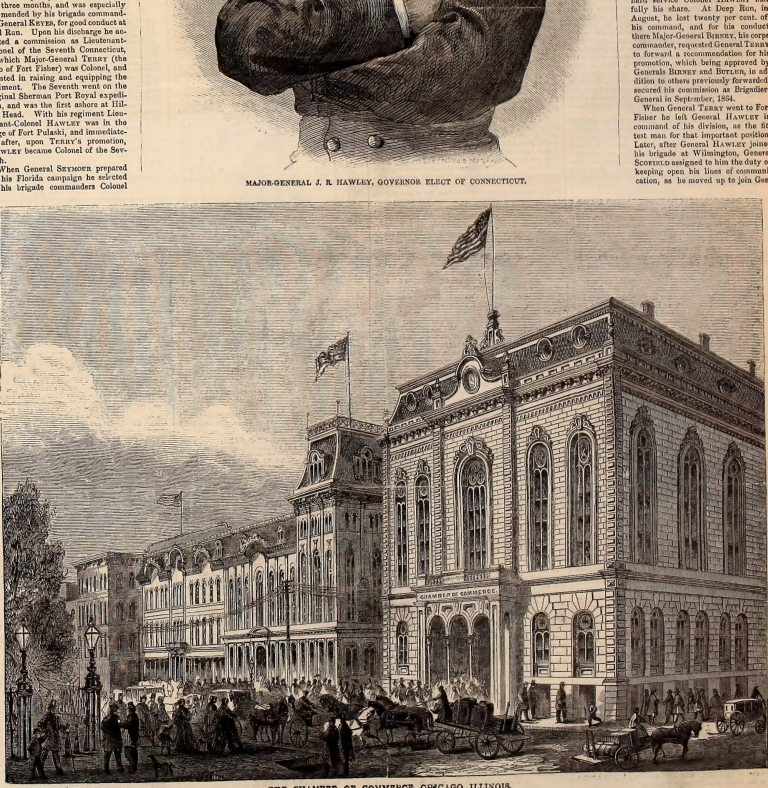
When General SEYMOUR prepared for his Florida campaign he selected as his brigade commanders Colonel HAWLEY, Colonel JACK MONTGOMERY, of Kansas fame, and Colonel BARTON, of the Forty-Eighth New York. At the battle of Olustee, Colonel HAWLEY'S brigade commenced the fight, and the Seventh Connecticut, under his guidance, was the last regiment out. He was in the battle for three and a half hours, never once dismounting from his horse, although greatly increasing his danger by being thus conspicuous, while his men were lying down fighting with their breech-loading rifles. Of about 4700 actually engaged in that battle over 1800 were killed or wounded, Colonel HAWLEY'S brigade losing its full share, or over 38 per cent. For his gallantry on the occasion General SEYMOUR urgently requested his promotion.

In April, 1864, Colonel HAWLEY came to Virginia with his regiment, and was assigned to the command of a brigade in TERRY'S division of the Tenth Corps, in the Army of the James. In the battle of Drewry's Bluff he lost between 400 and 500 men, and his conspicuous gallantry in the three days of that fight called forth warm praise from his commanders, General STANNARD, of Vermont—a brave officer, who subsequently lost an arm at Chaffin's Farm—complimenting him on the field for his marked coolness and courage. The campaign before Richmond and Petersburg was an almost uninterrmitted series of battles and skirmishes from May to November, unequaled before in the world's history, and of all the hard service Colonel HAWLEY had fully his share. At Deep Run, in August, he lost twenty per cent. of his command, and for his conduct there Major-General BIRNEY, his corps commander, requested General TERRY to forward a recommendation for his promotion, which being approved by Generals BIRNEY and BUTLER, in addition to others previously forwarded, secured his commision as Brigadier-General in September, 1864.

When General TERRY went to Fort Fisher he left General HAWLEY in command of his division, as the fittest man for that important position. Later, after General HAWLEY joined his brigade at Wilmington, General SCOFIELD assigned to him the duty of keeping open his lines of communication, as he moved up to join Gen-



MAJOR-GENERAL J. R. HAWLEY, GOVERNOR ELECT OF CONNECTICUT.



THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

ceal SHERMAN. At Wilmington and Richmond, after hostilities had ceased, General HAWLEY was formed, in an administrative capacity, perhaps as arduous and important duties as at any time during his four years in the army. He returned to Connecticut November 1, 1865, and was soon after honorably discharged. February 14, 1866, he received a two-thirds vote on an informal ballot, and was then nominated by acclamation for Governor by the Union party. He was elected April 2, by 500 majority, after a fierce contest, in which he vigorously stumped the State.

Governor HAWLEY is most devoted to the Republican party, and abides its harmony and a continuance of its rule in the country upon its well-known liberal and thoroughly Democratic principles.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FASHION has definitely changed, we fancy, since SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK was pretty much a

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light."

The "little mice" have grown wonderfully bold in these latter days, and have no occasion to *steal* "out;" they most unmistakably "*out*" when "*on duty*" in the public thoroughfare. Perhaps the description given of Scotland, who wrote the book a hundred years earlier than Suckling, will better suit our times, in spite of the old-fashioned orthography:

"Their woven hose of silk are shawin,
Baryit about with lakels dewin,
With garten of one new mounde
To gar their contributes be knawin;
And all for mychtiegheasse of gre."

"Sometimes they will hair up their gown
To shew their wilfoot hingan down;
And sometimes both they will uplyft,
To shaw their hose of black or brown;
And all for unbridgeing of gre."

It is passing strange that American women can not adopt a sensible fashion without carrying it to ridiculous extremes. It is all a very thing pins and no sixpences: dresses must be *very* long or very short; very wide or very narrow—the legend being always and to "moderation."

The fashion of hanging street-dresses is unquestionably sensible, but the comfort, and health demand that the drapery should not trail through wet, dusty, or dirty streets, and that the foot should not be unduly trammeled. So also, without any wish to be unduly censorious, ladies are agreed that the much-abused crinoline is more conducive to health than the multitudinous skirts in which ladies were wont to envelop themselves previous to its modern introduction.

But when to the looped dress and short petticoats is added the extra-fashionable, bell-shaped, floor-and-a-half-yards-wide-at-the-bottom, the combination cannot be not simply inelegant, it is ridiculous and indecent. No modest woman ever yet allowed herself to be tortured into exposure and remark which such a costume causes. Better stick to the old dress, ladies, than run the risk of such exhibitions as are becoming frightfully common in our streets, and which are the occasion of many a rude jest.

A lady belonging to the Episcopal Church the other day remarked, with regard to a modest fashionable style in which she was herself attending theatres as some who brought out their best and heaviest—with a view to display—the large hoods and cloaks of the period, that "it was impossible for me not literally to be ashamed of my own sex." It was then called the "poke" style, and in those days some great ladies wore fortunes on their heads. Such exaggerations are now obsolete. Although it is scarcely possible to be too neat and particular "about the feet," simplicity is a primary principle in this portion of the toilet. For those who admire and adopt the quieter and more reasonable fashions, no boots can be better suited to spring wear than the simply made of either black kid or black poplin. The poplin, if carefully worked upon the dress to color, but it is more frequently worn either black or gray. Boots made of good French satin, and fastened with crystal buttons, are "well worn" for dress occasions.

A few June days have accidentally dropped into April. A dreamy languor steals over body and mind, and free and free are made apparent. The grass is springing, the birds are singing, and the melancholies little moth-millers is flitting about. It will do well to take reasonable care of their minks and sables.

A pair of tender lovers eloped from the vicinity of Albany a few days since. The gallant marvellous was aged eighty-five, and the fair and fickle dame had seen seventy-five summers pass by the same number of withers. Both were married and had large families, who "mourn their loss."

In olden times it was the custom to engrave mottoes upon or inside the wedding-ring. The following are specimens of popular mottoes:

"Let him never take a wife
That will not love her as his life."

"In time, my love,
All joy I prove."

"Beyond this life
We'll love, dear wife."

"Divinely knit by grace are we,
You inside one; *me* dwelling here one."

Some mottoes were admonitory, as—

"Should I wed, wish single
Twixt man and wife."

"This ring should bind
Not mind to mind."

A Honolulu newspaper gives a tantalizing account of the luscious fruits with which spontaneously the Sandwich Islands. The most delicious oranges, it says, are in perfect drug in some districts; limes are seen rotting under the trees ankle-deep, bananas, mangoes, tamarinds, and pine-apples are abundant, to say nothing of "that splendid fruit, the chirimoya, that makes one's mouth water to think of!" Why don't somebody import a cargo of the *chirimoya*—whatever it may be!

At the recent *1st* display at the Academy of Music there appeared a prominent citizeness of Baltimore, who for some time past has been exerting herself in behalf of the Southern Relief Fair. It was reported that she had cried and raved because her young husband would take her away from her work, and make her expend so much on a costume, when the cry for common clothes and common food came up from the desolated hearth-stones of her fair Southern homes-land. Her sister, though single, was extremely elegant; and when complimented by a friend on her appearance, the lady replied, somewhat proudly: "My husband gave me a check for a thousand dollars, with special directions and supplications that I should get myself a worthy of myself and worthy of the occasion, and he assures me I have done so, though I bought nothing but the rose my gloves and my slippers and the magnolias in my hair."

The following anecdote is good enough for a second reading, if any one has not seen it on his letter:

When Daniel Webster was delivering his memorable speech at the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument the crowd pressed forward to such an extent that some were fainting and some being crushed. Officers strove in vain to make the crowd stand back. They said that it could not be done. Some one asked Mr. Webster to make an appeal to them. The great orator stepped forward, which ceased, and said, in deep, stentorian tones, "Gentlemen, stand back," said he, without a change of voice—"It is impossible, Webster, impossible." "Impossible!" repeated Mr. Webster; "impossible! *Gathering his mantle around him as Bunker Hill*" and the vast crowd swayed and ruled back like a mighty wave of the ocean.

There are, it would seem, only six kinds of noses that are decidedly beautiful, and this classification is well known and of long standing, for an antique gem in the Florentine Museum gives us five out of the six. There are, however, in nature many more specimens of any class; almost all the noses one meets with are of a composite character; and six all merely accompanied with equally composite mental characteristics.

Class I. The Roman Nose.
II. The Grecian Nose.
III. The Cognitive or wide-nostriled Nose.
IV. The Snub Nose.
V. The Snub Nose.
VI. The Button-hole Nose, or Celestial.

The first three classes are the noble type of nose, the latter three are of the sordid and contemptible type. The Roman nose, which we observed yesterday, usually fixes the very earliest times, for we have them distinctly portrayed in the Hittite Terra-Cotta Heads of Carchemish. In this three-headed deity the profile of Yizhun, the "Destroyer," has a rough Greek outline; that of Sivn, "the Destroyer," has a rough and energetic Roman nose. But Brahma, "the Creator," has a broad egotistic nostril, both nostrils being of equal size, and of the Cognitive order. This is very remarkable, as showing that in the very dawn of history we must look for accuracy of mind in what we call philosophy, there was a much more accurate intuition of truth than, in these latter times, we are ready to allow.

The etiquette of Court "drawing-rooms" has been quite changed since the Queen's public appearance in mourning. A first "drawing-room" in an event long looked forward to, and much desired, by the young girl who has been "out" for a year or two, and who dates from her felicitation by the crowding and crushing of the whole room. Now, the number of presentations, empty honors and graceful young ladies' struggles for first entrance with a determination and energy that is marvellous in this life (?) an assemblage: and many are the shreds of lace, tips of feathers, dismembered flowers, and broken fans, that strew the floor, the following morning, out of the way, but the crinolines of the ladies. Having smoothed her ruffled plumes in a lobby after the crush is subsided and entered into the presence of royalty, and before she is aware of it, the long-talked courtesy is performed and the ceremony over.

A certain military officer, who, after having gone heroically through the Crimean war, was promoted by Her Majesty the Queen at a very crowded *levee*. Although totally prepared for what he was to perform, he felt very ill at ease as he approached the royal presence. His nasty nervousness the Duke had in his eye as he stood near by the Chamberlain, and for a moment he stood bewildered before the Queen. "Kneel down, sir," was the admonition, "kneel!" and accordingly he dropped on one knee as the Queen extended her hand. All his acquired knowledge fled from him, and instead of kissing the hand he put to shake hands with her Majesty or knew the delicate little hand, so generously extended to be kissed, in mid-air, like Monsamoth's coffin, knew not as, with his natural faculties in one hopeless whirl, he gazed as if fascinated upon it. The Duke, who stood by his side, at last impatiently whispered, so as audible utter ran round the Court circle—"Kiss the hand, sir!" when herself and he mutually compelled to join, when the gallant officer, regaining his device to do so, seized the hand, raised her hand and impressed upon it so emphatic a kiss that it resound rang through the room. Hastily rising, he was about to retire with all the decorum so difficult of attainment by retired half-pay officers, when a tone of intense irritation, "Here!" burst on the ear. It was her Majesty. The poor officer, thus admonished and baited on every side, almost lost patience as he stepped quickly backward, and in so doing trod heavily on the foot of the Lord Chamberlain, who, while swearing up his face into a horrible expression of pain, did not give vent to his feelings. The officer, meantime, made good his retreat—a wicked delight in the sufferings of the sorely perverse comforting him for his own disasters and brushes of Court etiquette.

A society has been formed in Paris for the purpose of exhuming the usually poor remains of celebrities in the Père Lachaise. In order to insure impartiality the work will be confined to learned men of the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish persuasions.

In an Auckland (New Zealand) paper a girl advertises for a situation to take charge of a boundry or dairy. She can cook, wash, mend, wet by preference, &c., &c. "None but a respectable mistress, who wishes to leave her servant in 5 hours in the morning, need apply." What a competition there must be among mistresses for the modest servant!

Physicians in England, it seems, are liable to be called upon to do double duty in their professional visits. Not long ago a doctor residing at Putney (on Thames) had occasion to call in the bedroom of the left (as he knows she asked him to wait for a few minutes, as she wanted to write upon a particular matter. He waited, and presently the lady reappeared, followed by a domestic bearing a large piece of wood. It was down before the doctor. "Oh, Mr. ——," said the lady, "I'm so terribly afraid of this cold plague, that I've almost sfraid to cock anything in the way of meat. Will you kindly cut that shin?" Now, just look at it, and tell me whether it has had the plague or not." "Dear Madam," replied the doctor, "I don't understand that kind of patient. I'm not a veterinary surgeon, you see. I don't attend cases of beef. I could only say it was good if I tasted it." The lady was in no wise taken aback. "Then come and dine with us, doctor," she said, "and if it is bad, you'll be able to tell us."

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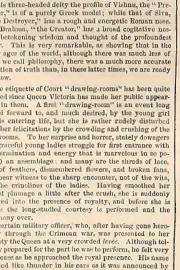
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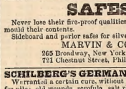
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 487.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



OUR "SPECIAL" A. R. W., ON HIS JOURNEYINGS.



STREET SCENE IN CAIRO, ILLINOIS

SALE OF GOVERNMENT STORES.

Our artist at Cairo thus describes the illustration of the sale of Government stores on the levee at Cairo given on this page:

"Passing along the levee at Cairo, with its dust, filth, and obtrusive drinking-saloons, gaping wide open for victims to the trash within, it would appear to a stranger, from the great number of such places, that the people of Cairo had powers not accorded elsewhere to ordinary mortals of resisting the effects of 'tangle-leg,' 'red-eye,' 'twist-knee,' and other brands peculiar to the locality. Outside of each place are gathered a knot of hard-looking fellows. There is a suspicious air of 'lying-in-wait' common to those frequenters of the levee which is not calculated to inspire confidence in a stranger.

"At a Government warehouse an auction is in progress of such stores as appertain to the commissary department. The prominent figures are the



GOVERNMENT AUCTION ON THE LEVEE AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

auctioneer and a colored soldier—the former a well-known character, at one time connected with the *Herald* as an army correspondent. As a getter-up of sells he has few rivals; and many who knew him in the army will recognize him when they hear that he is principally indebted to his powers of ventriloquism for success. Many will remember the succeeding article of a *Herald* correspondent monopolizing the telegraph line at Niagara Falls and telegraphing the first chapters of Genesis to excited newspaper reporters, who were dying with anxiety to transmit their accounts of the Prince of Wales's progress to Canada. The article that must! As far as your artist knows he is the last instance of this gentleman's proficiency in practical jokes. While the sketch was being taken the auctioneer, who up to that time had ignored the artist's presence, turned upon the latter with a twinkle of recognition, the response by which was an inadvertent wink. Turning traitor at once, he went on with the sale, accepting the wink as a further bid, and knocking down to the delinquent character an old worn-out copying press at the liberal sum of $1 75."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1866.

THE EXECUTIVE POWER.

IN a free constitutional system of government the executive branch becomes most prominent during a war. The frequent necessity of summary measures, which the common sense of the country concedes, accustoms it to the contemplation of the arbitrary use of extraordinary power. And if, as with us during the late war, the exercise of that power is in the hands of a magistrate entirely beloved and trusted, its essential and normal peril becomes obscured to the public eye.

To our fathers who made the Constitution, however, there was no such obscurity. They had emerged from an exhausting war with a Government in which the executive power had absorbed so much more than its rightful share, even in a monarchical system, that its success in America would have been constitutional ruin in England. When they framed our government, therefore, they defined the power of the Executive as exactly as it could be done. The President was made Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy when in actual service; but Congress alone was to declare war and raise and support armies. He was to veto any law which seemed to him objectionable; but a two-thirds vote of Congress was, upon due consideration, to overpower his veto. He was to make treaties, but only with the consent of two-thirds of the Senators present, and to appoint envoys and judges, but only with the approval of the Senate. In the imagination of the fathers, and because of their faith in a popular system, the motive power of the Government was to reside in Congress, which was the immediate representative of the people.

It was in obedience to this system and in full sympathy with the spirit from which it sprung that Mr. LINCOLN, whom circumstances compelled to assert the executive power to its utmost legitimate extent, constantly appealed to Congress to justify his acts. During the war he did not hesitate to state "to whom it might concern" the terms upon which, as Commander-in-Chief, he was ready to cease operations in the field; but he was careful to say that the question of reorganization must be finally determined by Congress. While the war was still raging he said that he was willing to recognize any rebel State a Government established and maintained by a tenth of the number of voters before the war; but he conceded that the admission to Congress of a State so constituted was a question for Congress alone to decide.

President LINCOLN died just as the work of restoration was beginning. President JOHNSON laid down by proclamation the terms upon which rebel States might proceed to reorganize, but most explicitly that the work was to be concluded only by the consent of Congress. He did his part as his sense of duty and his view of public necessity demanded. The States, summoned and directed by him, did their part as they saw fit. Congress is now cautiously considering in what way most wisely to do its work which officially completes the work. And it is just at this point that those who are utterly malignant at the overthrow of the late revolutionary movement which sought the destruction of the Government advise the President to lead a new revolution for the same purpose. Those who, in 1861, called upon "all conservative people" to withstand the "abolition frenzy" of ABRAHAM LINCOLN in undertaking "to coerce Sovereign States," now entreat the same people to call upon the Executive power to seize the Government.

This is a curious illustration of the fact that the devotees of slavery, which is a system of brute force and blood and crime, have neither the least conception of a popular government, nor the least faith in any methods but those of the sword. Congress passes a law to protect the equal rights of all citizens of every color in the United States; and GARRETT DAVIS, bred in the politics of slavery, thereupon declares—not that he will try to submit to the judgment, or to procure a repeal of the law—but that he will devote the feeble remnant of his life to overthrowing the Government. SAULSBURY of Delaware, another graduate of the same school, more or less soberly announces that his sentiments will resist the law to the last. The New York *Daily News*, which rejoiced at every bloody victory of rebels over loyal citizens, exhorts the President to shed the blood of loyal representatives. The New York *World*, whose sympathy with the rebellion was masked but not concealed, whose Presidential platform declared the war a failure, and whose fierce vituperation of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON in their letters to Mr. GREELEY is historical, begs President JOHNSON to disregard his oath; and the Chicago *Times*, the deadly foe of the Union and of equal rights, urges him to sweep Congress from the field.

These men and papers have no more idea of a Constitutional Government than New Zealanders. Disloyal Mr. BROOKS, a politician of their school, if they do not like an argument they are for knocking the advocate upon the head. If they do not like the laws, they are for instant revolution. If the President differs with Congress, he is to turn it out of doors; and if a Congress which they favored should differ with a President of their party, like JOHNSON, they would urge Congress to hang him without delay. This was precisely the course of the late rebels. They were displeased with the result of an election, and immediately rose in arms; and it is natural that those who either frankly or meekly defended them should invite a repetition of their folly.

But the exquisitely humorous aspect of the matter is, that those who urge revolution as a remedy for legislation which they do not like, solemnly call themselves Conservatives. Large property holders, with people of regular industry and employment, and of small means will, of course, see and appreciate the advantages of such Conservatism. They have been evident in Mexico for the last forty years. They have been revealed in the condition of our own country during the last three. They would be illustrated in England if, upon the passage of the pending Reform Bill, Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI could persuade Queen to order the army to turn Parliament into the street. Reduced to a plain statement the Conservative policy, as represented by the authorities we have named, is the overthrow by violence of our Government by the absorption of the whole system in the executive branch.

Now if my difference of opinion exists between the executive and legislative authorities the Constitution provides a lawful and peaceful remedy. In case of extremity, as of the veto, the President is the judge of the will of Congress previous. The reason of this is plain. The executive power is vested in a single person, whom ambition or fanaticism might tempt to overthrow the liberties of the people. But Congress *is* the people by their immediate representatives, and it is not supposable that they would conspire against themselves. To say that Congress, without the representation of the late rebel States, is not the people, is simply to say that we have had no lawful government for five years past. The nature of the executive power in our system is indicated by its name. It is the power that executes the will of the people, as expressed under certain conditions and by specific instruments. If the elective agent of that power willfully opposes Congress he opposes the majority of the people upon whom the power is devised, is the rightful government of the country. The belated devotees of slavery, who call themselves Conservatives, and urge President JOHNSON to subvert the Government upon the advice of his and of the American people and of a constitutional system as they did before the war.

THE PROSPECT UNDER THE LOAN BILL.

THE "Loan Bill" has become a law, and by that law the Secretary of the Treasury is expressly prohibited from issuing any notes of a less than 7-per cent. of the currency of the country before the next meeting of Congress. It is a substantial victory for the paper-money men, whose leaders are Messrs. JOHN SHERMAN of Ohio, THADDEUS STEVENS of Pennsylvania, and GEORGE BOUTWELL of Massachusetts—gentlemen whose representative ideas are doubtless, but who have done what they could, it seems to us, to postpone the resumption of specie payments, to perpetuate the degradation of the national currency, and to give a new lease of life to the speculation which is fattening at the cost of the great public of consumers. Whether we have forever or not, the market reports are there to tell.

With few exceptions, prices are as high as they were when gold was 200 and above. Roast beef sells at 28 cents against 15 before the war; veal at 27 or 29 as against 14 or 16; mutton at 18 or 20 as against 12 or 14; butter at 60 or 65 as against 22 or 27; coffee at 50 cents as against 28 or 30; dry goods at 150 @ 200 per cent. advance; woolen goods at 100 @ 150 per cent. advance; boots and other manufactures at 100 per cent. advance; and sugars, spices, and groceries generally at 100 or 150 per cent. advance. Very few of these articles are lower than they were when gold was 200. It costs just as much to live now as it did in 1864–5, when the issue of the war was uncertain, and it was a problem whether the national currency was or was not going to follow in the wake of the Confederate shinplasters and Continental money. In some places living seems even higher than it was then. In the city of New Orleans, the cabmen, and the car-drivers declare that they can not live on the wages which supported them in 1864–5, and have generally struck for an advance.

Now the cause of the prevailing high prices is the redundancy of the currency, and —to use the jargon of the street—the "ease of money." Capitalists, direct and indirect, have their effect, of course. But these exercise less influence upon prices than the condition of the money market. Money is now to be had 5 per cent. per annum in Wall Street. The consequence is that all the National Banks are begging speculators to take their money; and the next consequence is that cliques have been or are being formed in every article of merchandise for the purpose of forestalling the markets with the aid of these National Banks. Cotton, beef, pork, gold, leather, hides, groceries are all controlled by cliques, which are buying up or have bought up the entire stocks in market, and are carrying them with the assistance of the National Banks. In this city alone the bank discounts have swelled from an average of $100,000,000 @ $120,000,000 before the war to $180,000,000 now. A similar expansion has taken place in other cities. The advance represents money loaned to speculators to hold produce, merchandise, and stocks. It gives bank accommodation which enables the speculators in beef, butter, dry goods, and leather to extort from the public double the old prices, and to be unable to curtail their discounts these speculators would be forced to disgorge, and prices would fall. So long as the banks can discount freely they will be sure to be able to earn large dividends, and the speculators will succeed in keeping up prices.

It was the purpose of the Secretary of the Treasury, by holding a rod over the head of these banks, to compel them to draw in their currency and diminish their discounts. Had the necessities of business in the necessaries of life would have been compelled to abandon their forestalling scheme, and prices would again have been governed by the law of supply and demand. He failed; and the consequence is that speculators hold their property as firmly as ever, that prices rule as high as they did when GRANT was thunder-at the gates of Richmond, and that mechanics are compelled, in this hour of expected contraction, to strike for higher wages.

As for the Secretary of the Treasury, he has a plain duty to perform. He is empowered to exchange long bonds for short date securities in any quantity, and he is not restricted as to the price at which he will sell his bonds. He should act upon this authority without delay. Not an hour should be lost in funding the outstanding debt and deposit certificates, and the Treasury should be a lender. The absorption of these troublesome liabilities would place the Treasury Department in an independent position, and would speedily bring the National Banks to such a realizing sense of their danger as would compel at least some of them to initiate the policy of contraction. This measure might be followed by an exchange of long bonds for Seven-Thirties. But no time should be lost in inaugurating the policy of funding. Every hour of delay inflicts loss on the public, and enriches speculators. Every day that is lost swells the ranks of the men who are inclined to hold the dominant party responsible for the present cost of living.

Men of all parties can not too soon or too plainly perceive that hereafter political issues are to be joined on substantial and material questions—and especially on questions of taxation. The people of the United States are paying this year fully $17 per head in taxes—a heavier burden is borne by any other people. This tax is laid, indeed, to discharge a debt generously incurred for the noblest cause, and no man who understands this every hour is responsible for the debt children who secured by it, will grudge its payment. But the redundancy of the currency, the number of National Banks, the unnecessary excessive discount, have swelled the cost of living to twice the average prior to 1860. This is a burden which we all wish to shake off as soon as practicable. The longer it is borne the louder will be the demand for relief. The taxes, indeed, would weigh less heavily if the cost of living were reduced, and every party deserved of that relief presents facilities for forestalling the markets. We might perhaps agree to pay 65 cents for butter and $12 for boots if we were relieved from an income tax of 5 @ 10 per cent. But no patriotic party or statesman ought to expect or desire the country to endure for more than the shortest time the great increase in the cost of living caused by the redundance of the currency, and the necessarily heavy taxes. Even the great Union party which carried the country safely through the war and restored the flag of the Union "without the loss of a single star," could not hope to retain its present ascendency except by surely and steadily relieving the public burden.

We think Congress has made a serious mistake; and it remains for the Secretary of the Treasury to do what he can to check the expansion of the National Banks, and to bring down the cost of living. And it behooves him to lose no time in beginning the work.

A GOOD UNION VIEW.

IT was certainly a very questionable compliment to Governor Parsons offered by Democrats in Mobile when, at a late dinner, his health was drunk with that of "President DAVIS." Of course the proposer of the sentiment had been a rebel. But we desire to observe to Kentucky a Union man, Colonel B. H. BRISTOW, who was a LINCOLN and JOHNSON elector, pays no such doubtful honors to the President. He proposes to associate his name with Mr. LINCOLN'S.

At the late Soldiers' Convention Governor BRAMLETTE reported a resolution approving the policy of President JOHNSON, saying that the resolution did not commit the Convention to any man or party, nor was it "an indorsement of any Presidential, but simply supported the principles for which the soldiers had fought. He used Mr. JOHNSON'S name, he said, merely by designate a policy. Thereupon Colonel BRISTOW rose and

> "I move to amend by adding at the close, 'understanding it to be the fixed and cherished policy of his honored predecessor ABRAHAM LINCOLN.' I think this country had more of my love, respect, and veneration than Mr. JOHNSON has. If we must have Mr. JOHNSON'S name in the resolution, let us have Mr. LINCOLN'S too. If, as I understand Mr. JOHNSON, he is carrying out the policy of Mr. LINCOLN, I am for Mr. JOHNSON. With this express understanding I indorse JOHNSON, but I will not indorse him in the language of every rebel meeting in Kentucky, nor in the way of those who, while they indorse him, reassert the fundamental and original principles of the rebellion, the miserable, abominable, and infamous resolutions of '98."

It is surely a fair question whether the Mobile toast coupled President JOHNSON'S name with that of JEFFERSON DAVIS because he was supposed to be carrying out the policy of Mr. LINCOLN.

THE AUGEAN STABLE.

THE Board of Health has gone to work in earnest, and has therefore undoubtedly discovered what a task it has undertaken. When we look at the city misery and filth, disease and hopeless, and saw the cholera making ready to fall upon us, the news of the appointment of the Board was like a ray of sunlight. The commissioners appointed were excellent and satisfactory. They lost no time, and called for nuisances to abate. The nuisances have answered to the call with alacrity. They appeared in hosts and clouds. They are every where. This was the first step, and it was not difficult. In the city of New York to find a nuisance was the easiest task to which an inquirer with a nose, a pair of eyes, and a pocket could be called.

But having found the nuisance, how to abate it is a different question; and that is the one which presented itself to the Board directly upon the heels of the first. And it is the consideration of this question which has damped the expectations of the public, and prevent an unreasonable reaction against the Board in consequence of which the encouragement of their every action—a reaction which is all the more probable from the enthusiastic welcome which hailed the creation of the Board.

Indeed the chief nuisances and dangers of the city are the markets down town and the tenement-houses. Nothing is easier than for the Board to say the thing—nothing can be more plausible than a distinct order that these abominations shall be regulated or annihilated. Certainly; let the command be uttered in the most uncompromising voice. And then how is it to be done? Some of the inspectors have reported a certain range of buildings, a horrible slum in which human beings wallow. "Shut it up," says the Board. And the people who are turned out? Are they to encamp in the streets or retreat to other slums? There are hundreds and thousands of people in New York to-day whose habitations endanger the health of the city. They should be unhoused immediately for the general welfare. Where are they to go to unhouse?

So with the markets. The testimony concerning the Washington Market confirms what every man knows who has seen it. It is in every way a nuisance and a peril. Mr. A. T. STEWART said lately before the Committee at Albany, that, in his judgment, Broadway could be much relieved of its pressure if the markets were moved up town, and the great steamer piers built. There is no doubt of it. But the horrible accumulations of the Washington Market should be removed now, and how long will it take to erect new buildings up town? There is an open lot up town below the neighboring level. The surrounding region has been drained into it until it has become a cesspool offending earth and heaven. The Board order the drainage into it to cease. It is immediately stopped, but the refuse of the houses which fed it is emptied as slops into the street at each front-door.

while the line of the new sewerage which will finally relieve the difficulty lies directly through solid rock, and the work can not be finished to-morrow. In the mean time the neighborhood and the city must suffer, nor can any Board help it.

The city must suffer, for the sins of the fathers are visited upon the second and third generations, and in our case those generations make the sins three and four times as bad. The necessity for the vast work of sewerage which is now going on in the city is occasioned by the foolish and ignorant system of laying out the city, and that again is due to intrusting the municipal management to ignorant and rapacious men. Commissioners, for instance, appointed to open streets, receive three dollars for every meeting whether they attend or not. A man may be appointed upon ten or twenty such Commissions and receive payment for all. Is it surprising that there are some streets the laying out of which involves such difficulties that Commissioners have been sitting upon the subject *for five years*, at the rate of three dollars for every meeting at which they are absent or present, and can not yet determine how to open the streets and close their pockets?

A Health Board that undertakes to deal with a city of this kind has begun upon the top of an Stable. The City Government itself is the chief nuisance, and the horrible slums and filth and poor drainage are but secondary evils. It is a pleasant fact that the Board appears to be at work like a Hercules, for nothing but Herculean resolution and labor can insure success.

OUR ARTISTS IN THE SOUTH.

THE sketches which we give on our first page are the first of a series of illustrations which we propose to give of the characteristic scenes of life in the Southern States, whether in the city or on the plantation. We have for this purpose a corps of special artists in those States, who have had years of experience in the special class of duties which they have undertaken, and who understand the peculiarities of the region and of the people. During the war these artists have followed our armies, and have furnished the public through the pages of this paper with illustrations of the great conflict so graphic and faithful that they will be appreciated as long as our history shall be read. The battles are now; but their results remain —results how different from those contemplated by the late rebel leaders! Those leaders, indeed, have failed to revolutionize the United States Government, but they have most certainly succeeded in revolutionizing the southern part of the country.

Yet the situation which the war has created is not irretrievable. A country so purely agricultural in all its interests as the southern section of the republic can recover even from the most terrible shocks of war. There is, in such a case, no vast and complex system of commerce to be suddenly blasted, for there was no such system to be overturned or interrupted by the war. The cities which suffered were few in number, and as they were chiefly great agricultural emporiums they will speedily recover their former importance and wealth, while a single day will almost redeem the plantations from their present chaos of ruin.

But that which is irretrievable by any possible human means is the social revolution which the war has accomplished. It is a revolution both of society and political economy. With slave labor a chief element of the power of the ruling rebel classes of the Southern States has vanished. Not only has the slave been freed, but all labor in those States has risen from a position of degradation to one of honor, and therefore of power. An attempt will doubtless be made and persisted in on the part of those who have formerly monopolized profitability and power to retain so much of their feudal estate as the war seems to have left them; but this is only clinging to shadows. The new system gives to the laboring interest by its rehabilitation in the South will lead to the development of the many resources of the country, and to the establishment of commerce and manufactures on an extended scale. Gradually, but surely, the unambitious, indolent life of the laborer will reverse the passions of the wealthy planters, and there will rise to the political surface new men with new ideas of progress and give rise to their new interest. It is not in our present Congress that this great contest is to be determined, but in the Southern States themselves, and upon the very fields where the preliminary conflict of arms was fought that has made this second and more significant struggle possible.

With pen and pencil we shall follow this contest through its successive stages. For the present the elements are confused and but dimly revealed. It is like the rising of a new world from chaos. To us the late Slave States seem now almost like a newly-discovered country. For the first time we ask earnestly: What are their resources and opportunities? How has the great earthquake left them—with what marks of ruin upon their cities and fields —with what changes of a social and political character? We shall leave to our artists the task of answering these absorbing questions, but it is impossible to answer them by means of pictorial representations.

HOW MUCH SHALL WE PAY?

THE fact, so commonly observed, that some eat much less than others, and yet are equally well nourished, although performing an equal amount of both bodily and mental labor, seems to show that eating too much is a common fault. Perhaps we may say that in this country of plenty most of the well-conditioned eat too much, the question very often being, how much can the stomach and the system conveniently bear? But we would not have one go to the other extreme, and seek to know how little food the system can get along with, and be in comfortable condition. The true question is, how much does the system require to keep it in vigorous condition? And in deciding this every rational man will be governed mostly by the natural indications spoken of in a previous article. This obedience to instinct implies little thought; and the truth is that the less thought we have about the matter, provided it be properly settled, the better.

What, then, is the cause of the results of eating too much? These are seen both in the stomach itself and in the system at large. The stomach, however well it may habituate itself to do the extraordinary work put upon it, is gradually impaired in its powers, and therefore becomes liable to various derangements. The food removed for the time being by diminution of the work of the organ, assisted perhaps by some medicine. But the evil recurring sooner or later, it may be at length positive irremediable disease. If, as is perhaps more often the case, the stomach, though liable to frequent derangement, maintains tolerably well its vigor, results of a more or less marked character will be sooner or later apparent in the system. The will nevertheless appear in the system. The result may result in the supply of more material for growth and repair than is needed; that is, too much blood is made. There is, therefore, a plethoric state of the system. Various results come from this, according to concurring circumstances. The effect may be general, giving rise to obesity, or local in character. There is a certain tissue called cellular membrane, which acts every where as a sort of packing material, lying between other tissues, as between muscles, about organs, between streets of other tissues, and even between their fibres; and in those who take too much nutriment there is apt to be a deposit of this tissue, especially in some portions of the body, and the fat which is deposited in some localities in its cells is increased, sometimes very largely. Considerations of a local character may also induce enlargement, or hypertrophy, as it is called, of some organ, as the heart or liver. With the organ, or the organization—that is, local increase with partial detention of disease in the part to some extent; and with the slight or temporary, a frequent repetition will engender positive disease. With the general disturbance caused by repletion, the blood sometimes produced a degeneration of the structure of some organ, and of course an impairment of its function. There may be a fatty degeneration or change in the heart as to stop at length suddenly its action, and produce death. Very often there is a combination of disease in the various ways which we have had difficulties, or with the general derangement, all coming from the habitual overaction to which that organ is subjected. We have not the space to trace out all the results of overeating, but enough has been said to indicate in the general their nature and extent.

If now, on the other hand, too little food be taken the stomach does not perform the amount of labor for which it is naturally fitted. Not being adequately nourished, there is debility and deficient development. But besides there is depression occasioned by the lack of the stimulus of sufficient food. From all this there will arise various diseases of either a general or local character, or both combined. Positive feeding is a prolific source of disease in the abodes of poverty.

LITERARY.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S new book, "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries," published in a handsome volume by the HARPERS. The extraordinary popularity of the author's previous works is sufficient to secure to the present which its interest will justify. Of all the great African travelers of our time Dr. LIVINGSTONE chiefly displays a *moral* regard for the rights and religion which he sees. His story is not a dull diary, or a scientific catalogue, or a colorless narrative. It is always a delightful tale of adventure and discovery, but it is warm with the most generous humanity, and bright with the hues of a noble Christian aspiration. And there is little semblance for us in his observations and judgments upon the people themselves. The African race he considers to be of wonderful physical capability, and in constitution and temperament remarkably fortunate. But centuries of barbarism have degraded the African character. The cruelties that part of the Irish population to have been degraded which was driven back, generations ago, to the Irish Highlands and Islands. Nor does he hope for any serious improvement upon the African continent until the slave-trade of the tribes is abolished.

The sixth and last volume of CARLYLE'S "Frederick" is now published by the HARPERS. It is the completion of a work remarkable for research into the most vexatious and numerous documents and unparalleled for extraordinary analysis of narration. We have already spoken of the general scope and execution of the work; but while every "reader" will of course admire the style, the keen irony, its humor, its pathos, and its insight, he will also confess a secret pain that all this power and genius have been expended upon this subject. He will read it as the work of a master in English literature, but he will discover that even CARLYLE can not make a hero of FREDERICK the Great.

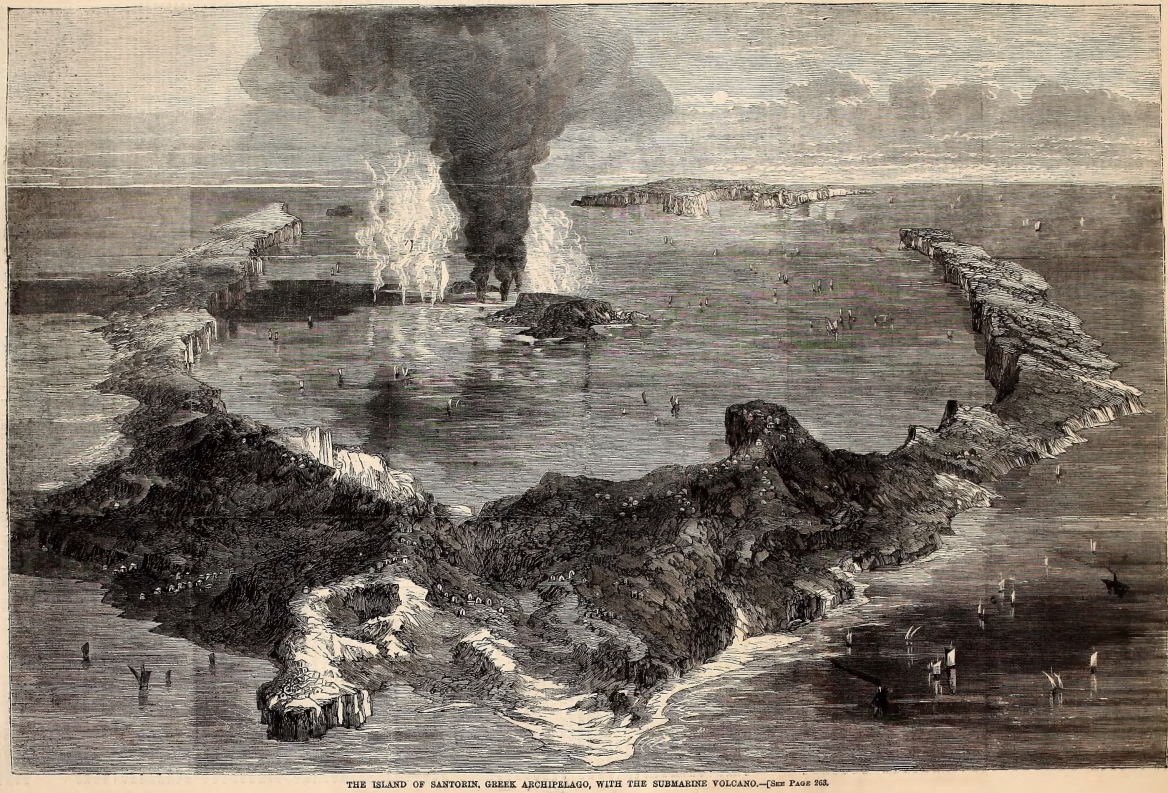
Another famous traveler, MR. BAYARD TAYLOR, is winning fresh laurels in a new field. His "Story of Kennett," just published by HURD & HOUGHTON, is the last in a long series of popular works, but none of them all is sure of a wider welcome or longer date. It is an interesting, characteristic, and delightful story. The scene is laid at the close of the war between Mexico, in and around Kennett Square, in Pennsylvania, close upon the Delaware line. It is the landscape in which the author was born. The traditions of the story were familiar to his boyhood, and in weaving them together in his book he offers a tender tribute to his home and its associations. The literary art with which the work is constructed is very striking. The characters are all active in the plot, and all the incidents move symmetrically to the end. The plot is stirring and exciting, but a soft air of rural remoteness and repose envelops the story like a tranquil atmosphere brooding over the splashed and sunburnt Kennett. The characters are strongly drawn, and the Quaker heroine is one of the truest women whom we have lately encountered in the realm of reader romances. Benjamin Thurston a little doubtful or unkindly, let him know Martha Deane, and he will learn

"How much shall a woman say be made?"

The work has evidently been a labor of love. The details are wrought with fidelity and skill, and "The Story of Kennett" is undeniably MR. TAYLOR'S best book.

The HARPERS have issued VICTOR HUGO'S new novel, the "Toilers of the Sea." It has the same peculiarities as "Les Misérables," without the discursive and baffling episodes of that book, and is full of extravagance and wild, exciting romance, and of that searching knowledge of human life which the author is famous. The tale is of the sea and shore, of love and crime, of the ideally best and the most commonplace. It is an absorbing and dramatic interest. Of course it is sensational, for it is VICTOR HUGO'S. The wonderful eye for situation, which was manifest in "Notre Dame" thirty years ago, is still as remarkable in the "Toilers of the Sea;" and the curious minuteness of knowledge, not always necessary, which was observable in "Les Misérables," is also here. To us there is no indication in it of failing fire in a talent never remarkable for the display of sobriety, and if the concluding scene is preposterous it is certainly powerful.

The April Number of the *North American Review*, published by TICKNOR & FIELDS, is in dimensions and in variety of contents a timely and valuable book. There is not an article in it which is not worthy of careful reading. The one which will be most widely read probably is MR. PARTON'S paper upon Journalism and the New York *Herald*. It is the most readable, trenchant, and thoughtful upon the whole, and with considerable modification, true. It is certainly a fine piece of criticism. The remarks upon newspapers are equally important, and it perfectly illustrates the spirit which it urges upon journalists. MR. PARTON'S paper upon Henry Clay, in the same number of the *Review*, was not so good that we are surprised it has not been more generally mentioned. The article upon Character is plainly the work of a man who is especially interesting as a clear and vigorous reply to the question so often asked, "What is his religious faith?" It has all the subtlety of thought and the exquisite felicity of phrase. CARLYLE'S genius and position are treated with severe insight by MR. LOWELL, and with a delicacy of thought and



THE ISLAND OF SANTORIN, GREEK ARCHIPELAGO, WITH THE SUBMARINE VOLCANO.—[SEE PAGE 263.

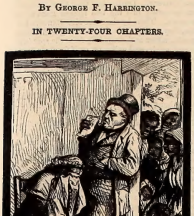
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INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By George F. Harrington.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



TOM IS DEAD!

CHAPTER XVI.

"Weary? Yes, even unto death, but that is it. Yet, let us ride up to the Pines and spend a week or so with Paul up there. A plain, rough man is Paul, but a sincere and thoroughly sensible one. He lives in rude fashion, but will give us a hearty welcome. We will try to forget for a while there the very existence of Tim Lamum —we shall have to get a pass from him, by-the-by—Dr. Peel, Secession, and the Somerville *Star*."

It is Guy Brooks who makes the suggestion, to which Mr. Archer eagerly consents.

"I never was in better health in my life," he adds, standing erect as a grenadier, and slapping his hands upon his breast. "When I get fairly into my studies I take to them with keener zest than I ever did before—to get into them from Secession is the thing. If one could only get away for a while, off say among the Esquimaux, I could shout there 'Down with Davis!' till the blue icebergs rang again. Since, like the starling, I can't get out, I could roll myself up like a hedgehog and sleep for six months—such weariness, such intense anxiety, and for so long now."

"Ah, that is a weakness!" remonstrates the lawyer. "We are at our post, and must stand manfully there!" As if he himself did not require to be often rebuked by his friends—the rebels are so long, so very long in coming—for despondency and impatience.

"I know it; since I say it to myself several dozen times a day, but the flesh is weak; Country, Church of God, Civilization even, so suddenly swept from under one. Truth, Justice, Providence itself, gone. Only, all of it my own miserable lack of faith under trial. One will lapse a little when the weather is gloomy, when some special wickedness comes to mind, when Secession gains some great victory, when the North seems to halt, perhaps fail—who knows but here?—in its work, the greatest work, Guy Brooks, Esq.," adds Edward Arthur, boldly, "ever given a nation to do since the world began!"

And this is astounding language for even a Union man at the South to use at this period. I think it he may, perhaps, but say such a thing aloud? No. "If one," he continues, "was only where one could *do* any thing."

"You are doing something," placid Mrs. Sorel had said to him months before, when he had ventured a like remark to her over the supper-table. The truth is, one *must* have some one to unbosom one's self to, especially in periods of great trial, and by this time Mrs. Sorel had become to her guest as a mother.

Robby has left the table before this. They would not mind speaking before him, however, for he rarely goes to Somerville except on Sunday with his mother; and when he is there he has learned, from experience, to evade the attempts to draw information from him in regard to his friends—attempts which not only Mrs. Warner but even Dr. Ginnis and Brother Barker have not disdained to make. You can teach a child silence on a given topic sooner than you can teach him to read—try it. Besides, Mr. Arthur and Mrs. Sorel had thoroughly instructed Robby in the whole quarrel. No more devoted Union man in the world than Robby.

"If we only knew it," she had then replied, "we would see that the silent influences are ever the most powerful. What so powerful as light and heat, yet what so utterly without sound? You have quietly, but from the outset, occupied a position of solemn protest against the rebellion—sermon, prayers, conversation, very existence in Somerville, all an influence unswervingly against it."

"I have tried to urge in every way I could," Mr. Arthur then said, "the supremacy of Heaven in this matter, as in every thing else; that we are being chastised for some great and good end of God."

"That angry prayers are never heard, that trust in men is vain, that violence of party and feeling is unchristian. I have never said so before, nor would I now but to encourage you," adds quiet Mrs. Sorel; "but your very words to Mr. Barker all the time is an influence in Somerville for good."

"Could Christian men outside the South, at the North, in England say, know my course, I think it would meet their entire approval; I do think I would have the sympathy of the wisest and best of my generation. In any case," added Mr. Arthur, "I have the hearty approval of my own conscience, though deserted by so many who once esteemed me."

That is, he pursued the course he did because any other was simply impossible.

"I do not make my conscience a law to any other man living," he reasoned with Mrs. Sorel; "but neither can I make the conscience of any other a law to me. My own deliberate conviction I must follow, even though it leads me to 'a traitor's rope,' as Mrs. Warner says."

More than he knows it, too, is there growing up in him one great hope. For the hour she had first burst upon him in her mother's parlor a glowing school-girl, swinging her sun-bonnet in her hand by its long strings, he loved her. Always very foolish in him as it was, certainly, had grown up this absorbing affection. Now he be less that he rarely met her. He was a Union man; Mrs Bowles knew it, and was of opinions accordingly contrary: not for worlds, too, did Alice even, would he intrude unwelcome. When he did visit Mrs. Bowles, too genuinely a lady to allude to her own private affairs, even to one confined herself to Rutledge Bowles, whose letters few and far apart was the food of her mind and the fountain of her speech. Rutledge Bowles to Mrs. Bowles South Carolina incarnate, was very often in trouble in these days; his letters were full of it: eternally worrying about Secession right and left, east, west, south—almost, in time of peculiar injustice to him, north even, rather than admit it.

Mr. Arthur often met Alice when at her mother's, and one more, generally, of the war garments so perpetually demanded in the Somerville days. Since, like the starling, she could get no books—there were no magazines or new books now. He had a fancy that a blush tinged her white as their muslin when he met her one day as a teacher in the diminished Sabbath-school? Alas, poor human nature! his chief happiness in those Sabbath-school days was the Sabbath-school, even though mere sight and casual greeting was all.

Her mother never attended church now, for Mr. Arthur would not pray for the Confederacy. But the preacher was aware all the service through of one sweet face that did not draw down too far away toward the door. The solemn fact is, he selected his weekly text, and wrote every line of his sermon almost as much for her as if it had been a letter. Had not Alice become a communicant just before Secession? How much or how little through his means he never dared ask himself.

Long ago, if Secession had not come in, would he have learned his fate at her hands. Yet he believed—that is, he hoped—I mean, he felt assured— However, not for the present, visit. Perhaps when the end comes she will see how right I was all along—even her mother may. Not without terrible apprehension meantime of the young gentlemen in gray clothing and brass buttons who frequented Mrs. Bowles's hospitable parlor, rode with her, took her to parties. But if a man is not to be governed by his own intuition of the wisest, happiest course, what is left him to do? See her, his unwavering intuition is —wait. But it is for something considerably more to him than the re-establishment of the Union that he yearns in looking to the end. Besides, he says, if I was to learn certainly that I have no hope with her, still, in the attitude of a foe, I too great a blow to bear. Let the hope live, if only to sustain me through these dark days.

Perhaps it is as well he does not know of the letter Alice receives these days from her brother. Its soon after his ordeal before Tim Lamum—the first from the hand of that dynasty. Rutledge Bowles writes his sister that he has received a letter to the effect that she is being addressed by a Mr. Arthur, a Union man! Could it have been Mrs. Warner? Surely not Mr. Neely? For these are, both of them, too sharp not to know the kind of reception Mrs Bowles will write to his sister, with the effect upon her of that epistle.

He can conjecture the possibility of some such letter to her from her brother weeks after, however. He, too, is favored with one from the happy Carolinian. Such a letter that, after reading the first few lines, he refolds it, places it again in its envelope so redirected as to go back to its author, and drops it in the letter-box of the Post-office. This does not diminish the pride of his antipathy toward the one he loves most of all the world. Not without a medicinal virtue to him is that letter, a counter-irritant to the other inflammation of Secession.

And thus does, even on this fair young girl, the great question press heavier every day. No neutral ground between the old era and the new. One opinion or the other. And to the opinion you adopt must be given your whole heart also. The past is forever gone; and the future, choose!

But by a determined effort Edward Arthur throws every painful thought from him down upon the west wind, blowing full upon and past him, as he rides away from Somerville this August morning beside Guy Brooks, on their way to the Pines. Riding avowedly away from Secession, conversation, however, on all other topics droops and dies before they have got ten miles out from Somerville.

"One of my old clients that was that stopped me as we were mounting," said the lawyer at last. "He was telling me that he had escaped the ranks by working in a powder-mill. I told him he had better have gone into battle at once. At least a dozen of their trumpery powder-mills have blown up in this section. Villainous—"

"My dear boy," remonstrates his companion, "do let us forget Secession for a while. We must, or we shall lose our wits. If a cow gives a shake of her bell at night lying by the calfdot at Mrs. Sorel's, it wakes me instantly out of the deepest sleep to imagine it the Somerville bells over some great victory. I am perpetually fancying I hear the sound of distant cannon on the west wind. If I hear a shot-gun, I say that man has heard some news. The distant crowing of a rooster has been to me more than once the far-off yelling of somebody for victory. I am positively hesitant to open the *Star*; it is like opening a letter with a black seal. In fact, I never ask the news of my but a Union man, because I know he will break any disastrous tidings to me in the gentlest possible way." Mr. Arthur laughs as he says it. "I never knew," he adds, "so well before what the command mean to pray without ceasing. I never wake at night, never recur to the subject during the day, but it is with a prayer for the Union on my lips. You may laugh at me, but I never catch glimpse of a leading Secessionist, nor the louse, child, or dog of one reminding me of him; never see a swar-jooter on the walls; never see a Government wagon, postage stamp—any thing that reminds me of the great crime, but what theologians call ejaculatory prayer burns on my tongue for its swift and utter destruction."

"Yes, my Heaven speedily crush the rebellion and give us back law, order, civilization, society, country, religion, ourselves. With all my soul, Amen!" adds the lawyer, to such lengths of disloyalty has he arrived. "However, don't tell the Provost Marshal I said so."

And it is note-worthy the manner in which Union men risk their lives in each other's hands in these days. Meet a stranger casually in a store, fall in with a respectable traveler along the road, the one topic is introduced as soon as the salutations are over, and, almost from the first syllable on either side, by tone, manner, bearing—the subtle Freemasonry which causes people who feel alike—lovers included—to be aware of the fact, especially when they feel very deeply, in half an hour the stranger and yourself have mutually placed a life in each other's hands if you both be Union in sentiment. Because there is no longer neutrality. The guilt has so deepened and widened by this time between the two opinions that there can be henceforth no passing and repassing. If you and your chance acquaintance are not Secessionists now, both of you are to the centre of your souls the opposite to that, and opposite to that forever.

"That client of mine," adds the lawyer, "was telling me the various shifts to escape conscription. Some have gone to tanning, and the sort of leather produced is apt to see. Others have rushed into the making of salt, nitre, sulphur, shoe-pegs—any thing. Others are flying desperately around to get the required twenty scholars, to be exempted as teachers. One man, to my certain knowledge, exposes himself purposely to keep up a sufficient rheumatism. People suffer with remorse, neuralgia, and every other disease under heaven, to a degree unheard of. Many a man has suddenly proved to be many years older than his own wife ever imagined. I have heard of Campbellite congregations of late which have mutually ordained to the ministry every male member on their books—how true that is I don't say."

"What a mercy the comic *will* slip into even the most tragic!" puts in Mr. Arthur.

"There is that client of mine," continues Guy Brooks, "a poor, honest, hand-working man, with a wife in wretched health and a swarm of white-headed children. Jewet is his name—Silas Jewet—a fair specimen of really the most virtuous class in the country. All his life he has regarded Disunion with as much horror as a man can regard any thing which he considered impossible; Washington's Farewell Address, framed and glazed, is the only ornament there, hanging up against the wall of his cabin. A Democrat from his pine-wood cradle, idolizing Jackson for whipping the British at New Orleans, the United States Bank, and Nullification. This man wakes suddenly up to find Disunion a fact, and Jackson's alternative with South Carolina actually upon us. And *he* must leave bedridden wife and helpless children, a few rags of clothing, a little corn in the crib, a few pigs, perhaps an ox or two, their only supply, to be gone—he has no idea where nor for how long, and to fight for Disunion! No alternative but to leave all, shoulder, strip himself almost to the skin for the use of his suffering family, and march off in a cause he abhors. Silas Jewet fighting for Colonel Rex Roberts, Tim Lamum, Colonel Juggins, and the like, that they may retain their negroes, slaves which they have bought and sold in their own and folly in Secession!"

"And this going before board after board to be examined, displaying your hidden sores, concealed diseases, to move their pity and secure an exemption—testing slavery ourselves to the very dregs to see how we like it, as Ferguson says. And all this insolent triumphing over us of men, at least the most active and prominent among them, grog-shop politicians, bullies, and

ruffians, the very sediment hitherto of society—" And the clergyman emphasizes his remark by stopping his words in full flow lest he should add what he ought not.

"The wounds around his house, Silas Jewet says," adds the lawyer, "swarm with runaway negroes. Twice they have broken in, while he was away, upon his helpless family and stripped the cabin of all the little food there was in it. I couldn't advise him to run the country; it will lose every stick of that little he has got if he could move his family even. The woods are full of runaway whites as it is, and starving. That we should be brought to this—we, and for what?"

"I tell you, Sir," says Mr. Arthur, more calmly, "at first I regarded the deadly principle of Secession as the great sin, the cause and source of our sufferings. Slavery I was born and raised with, and I never had any very definite idea in reference to it before. I have now. It is the accursed root of this accursed upas. Could it be extirpated by a stroke from heaven, and destroyed any other than a wrong thing have destroyed our country as it has? Slavery is a sin, Sir. The judgments of Heaven now on us are God's wrath against us, North and South, just for this great sin. And to think that in the Church of God itself this sin has its last and strongest citadel! God's great institution for putting down sin in the land itself the most active and powerful! It's gone by its establishment! What can Heaven's only instrumentality for good to a people is thus not only powerless for good, but is actually the most effective means in the land for the sin, no wonder He drops it as his instrumentality and draws the sword instead. And nothing less than God's awful judgments could open our eyes to the truth."

"So those two women in that field on your left?" asks Guy Brooks, interrupting his friend as they ride by a road-side cabin with its improvements. "I don't seem to notice them, but look at that ingrest one in the big yellow sunbonnet—one with the hoe. Any thing remarkable about her?"

"Not that I can see—why?"

"Well, nothing, only the one in the blue bonnet is Mrs. Hoss Hook, and the other is mine."

"Her sister, lately from Carolina. Yes; I stopped here to get a drink of water a few days ago. Mrs. Hook told me," says Mr. Arthur.

"You saw the sister—talked with her?" asked the lawyer, with a smile.

"Yes—why; she had just stepped out, Mrs. Hook said."

"Yes, and always has just stepped out, whenever calls. It's her husband, man!"

"Why, I asked after her husband," says astonished Mr. Arthur. "She told me he was a better from a some regiment, somewhere. Was shot in the leg, or something of the sort. I remember I tried to encourage her by telling she hoped so, but feared not. And that other woman—"

"Don't look back. Not five people besides them know of it. Dare say he is used to the women's clothes by this time. Delightful state of things, isn't it?"

And while the friends ride thoughtfully on let us in this connection turn for an instant to Colonel Jaggers's household, type and symbol of hundreds of thousands of households throughout the land.

"Wa'n't goin' on to *their* lot to interrupt them," had been Mrs. Jaggins's reasoning in regard to the Yankees. "Why can't they let my home?" If she don't like owning niggers, well jest let them *not* own them. Our havin' hands is none of their business."

And very naturally indeed had Mrs. Jaggins equipped Tom, when the war broke out, to go and help drive off the Yankee hordes. And the news came, months and months afterward, that Tom has been killed there in Virginia. Now Mrs. Jaggins is a mother; Tom was her son, her only son. And a very ordinary youth, gawky, freckled, stolid, was Tom Jugging; but to his mother he was all the world. When the fatal news came, calling back that disastrous afternoon from Somerville, after a dozen efforts to break the news to her at last taken out the paper and blotted letter from Henry Sorel, who was in the same company with him, and reads it out, breaking down at times times in the reading, Mrs. Jaggins's hands fall with the knitting in them into her lap with a first feeling of profound astonishment, that a thing had occurred that entertained in her mind for an instant. Then followes the burst of grief, till all the neighbors flock into the house from their cabins and field to know what is the calamity. It lasts in all its bitterness for weeks; loud weeping and wail is the theme of conversation with friends; silent, steady weeping, the tears rolling for hours down her cheek and splashing upon her knitting-work, during as she knits. Tom as a baby, Tom as a little boy, Tom at school, Tom a grown youth, Tom and now saw him leaving home to go to war.

But now a change is coming over Mrs. Jaggins which perplexes her husband wonderfully, smoking his cob-pipe on long afternoons while old age suddenly fallen upon him. With every body else, long before Tom's death, Mrs. Jaggins has come to know that the war is, in fact, a struggle for slavery. And since, as her grief loses, so to speak, its first personality, she is thinking the slavery question steadily over as she knits—no Tom to knit for now, but only from habit.

"You may say what you please," she remarks to Brother Barker, whose condolences are, somehow, singularly unacceptable to her, "but my Tom was more to me than all the bands se've got. I'd give up every black one se've got, God he knows my God too, to get Tom back to-day. Yes, every one of them, from old Cudgo, that waited at my mother's wedding, and can only tend the young turkeys, down to that last little thing born in Sukey's house last night. It's them this fight is about. In my 'pinion one white man like my Tom is worth all the niggers in the world. The Colonel there, he says a person's say it: I don't always said, for one, all my life what I think, I don't care who knows it, that if my body else thinks slavery is worth all the men bein' killed and all the other ruin brought upon us for it, I don't. As to what you say about the Bible bein' for it, so can we; they say about the Bible bein' for it, so can we; there's a right of things connected with it. Many a time ever since I could remember I've asked myself—However, no matter, that's neither here nor there. What it seems to me a curious sort of thing for God to be for. For our Jesus Christ, say, to be for. Or I wonder if Tom's death in makin' me kind o' unsettled in mind, this slavery 'pears so dif'rent. An' you believe it is—of course, *sure as eternity*. Well, I'll tell Brother Barker with such eyes, as her hands fall with the knitting in them into her lap, this even that Brother, request to reply, has seen a sensations up his spine as he does so.

For his wife's practical sense Colonel Jaggins has ever had the highest respect, and her remarks to him when they are lying side by side under the mosquito-net, or when he is smoking his big clumsy pipe, have opened a whole new train of thought in his mind. You see at the South we all took our the institution as a matter of course from our birth. But many thousands are smoking the same thing in their pipes now. Is slavery worth the ruin it has caused? Could any thing short of a thing *actually had* have produced such ruin? Up to that date, however, very rarely did the universal thinking and talk of the South get to the to you a result to be reached by other than much thinking, even though that thinking be quickened by swift-succeeding and tremendous events.

It was generally, though silently, agreed that it was not good idea Moses' God gave the people that sermon on the Exodus from Egypt. True, an anonymous admirer revealed it by note: he was hardly well-bred to discourse but Brother Barker suspected a trap, and he rages inwardly over it these days like a caged lion. For Mr. Arthur has come to feel that the Almighty is pledged against all wrong as it exists in the world, now as ever, and has used, is using, and will use all agencies and agencies for its overthrow.

"I confess I am uneasy in regard to Paul," Guy Brooks is remarking to his companion as they ride along, and after a lengthened silence. "I fear trouble is brewing up there in the Pines. There are many Union families living there. They have kept very quiet all this time, never expressing their opinions, at least except to each other, violating the law, studying as closely at home as possible about their business. As many as could have fled the State from conscription have done so, and those who remain they can go, unable to hear from or assist their families. For myself I *don't* want to go into the Union army, I don't know where. This is the main reason of my going up now," adds the lawyer—"my anxiety in reference to Paul."

"That accounts," said his companion, "for those three columns of abuse of the Governor in the last Number of the *Sun Star*. It is the most ferocious thing I have yet seen in the paper."

And it was. Mrs. Warner, who had fallen into the habit of reserving the strongest "documents" met with during the week for the day of unhappy husband at night, had accomplished two objects on the Doctor by the reading to him of that article, especially the long close of its verses, and convinced him that it was the production of a more frantic pen than that of a mean-souled Brother Barker.

It charged the objects of its rage with being Abolitionists banded into a conspiracy to murder and rob in the pay of the Washington Administration, and with having its leader as the avowed infidel who had recently disturbed a peaceful congregation gathered together for the worship of God by introducing his blasphemous atrocities. "More hereafter." The paper added, "That a single one of these miscreants should escape a long sleepless little credit to the undoubted loyalty of the country. These are no times for the regular processes of the law; but Lynch law, and that swift and just and speedy work upon them!"

"And Amen, say I," added Mrs. Warner in conclusion; "and I wonder, I wonder, Dr. Warner—sh, you needn't drop that head of yours, if you are one of this band of traitors, Abolitionists of them, for what I know; you are a Union man, and you know it!" Viler abuse than is intended by that epithet even Mrs. Warner can not use.

For the last half hour the travelers have ridden along in silence. Guy Brooks with his head declined in thought—thought evidently so deep and painful that his friend hesitates to break in upon it by a syllable.

"Mr. Arthur," says the lawyer at length, looking up at his companion with an expression of deepest anxiety, yet almost childlike supplication, "you are my spiritual guide, now what do you say? You know Lemuel has often urged upon me to go to the recruiting office as a Union man to be shot, as so many have been, from behind a tree; besides, they are sure, sooner or later, to force me into the ranks, even if I escape that. Now what ought a man to do? It isn't that my business is broken up, that so many of my old friends have become personal enemies, that I sacrifice every cent I have on earth by going, that if I am caught on the way my life will be taken. What I have is to desert the South, wrong as the South is. Then the idea of actually enlisting in the Federal army and systematically killing my own kin—I can't say that I see a man alone. I am not disobeying a law they have made, am doing nothing against their feelings. Then the idea of actually fighting for this thing, and I know they'll force me in at last. I have fifty hands down on my place! I don't believe in slavery! I don't say slavery is a sin or any thing of that sort, but as to fighting for it I can't, and I won't! And Abraham may be against me—I may—but I'm not going to fight for it or for the ruin of the South, which I know Secession to be. I have, I do believe, to struggle on, matters in the church getting worse every day. What do you say?"

The Kentucky lawyer has spoken with energy, turning in his saddle as he rides, and looking his friend full in the face. And it is not the first time the minister has been applied to for advice of the kind. Mothers and wives of members of his church, young men members also, had come to him: "What is my duty, Sir, as a Christian man in reference to escaping or enduring conscription—duty of escape?" I can, I will, I must!" Ah, how fervently had the pastor sought divine instruction in order to instruct others. What could he seek for more than light of Heaven in Scripture, prayer, and—Providence.

"It seems to me," he now said to his friend in conclusion, "that you should wait the plain indications of Providence. Don't act an instant before it is necessary. You could not. The light opens only as we advance into it. Wait. Let your hand lie in that of your Heavenly Father. He will make it to you as clear as it is possible for us to see at this time comes. "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart; I say, wait, I say, on the Lord."

We all know the Ruler of all uses devils in all their degrees to accomplish His purposes—devils of ignorance, devils of fanatics, and those of yet in hell, as much as He does the angels in heaven, and those not yet arrived thither from earth. He will make it to you as clear as it is to things now are, it is of all His human instrumentalities the diabolical ones He most delights to use, in so much the most numerous—ay, and energetic.

But the travelers have by this time reached a creek which is the line of the house of Paul Brooks. It is a wild and barren spot. The road runs along through deep sand and under gloomy overhanging woods. The only sounds the sighing of the wind, the ever-living steady murmur, now rising, now falling, overhead, with a surge as of the sounding sea. Riding along in silence through the solitude, conversing in low tones, they come immediately, and by a sudden turn of the road, upon the creek, which, running for a time parallel to the road, now rushes, swollen by late rains and quite a torrent, across their way, rushes, foam-covered with the yellow sand, and cones of the pines swept away in its course through the forest. For some minutes past there has been the sound of falling trees, and they are now observe that, on the left of the road, and not a dozen yards off, the creek suddenly falls over the edge of a small circular excavation.

They say the hazel wand bends in the hand toward water flowing far underground. Certainly the feet are drawn by some strange attraction of the magnet. And whenever, you must have observed it, there be an object near you charged with that which is either within you to excess joy or sorrow, like or dislike, love or loathing, the very object itself would seem to exert a power upon you. Even the inanimate forms of the five channels by means of which objects of lesser interest flow in upon the mind.

Certain it is that the moment the same instant, and swayed by the same unaccountable influence, turn their horses and ride to the edge of the chasm. Terror! No fear eyes deceive them? The water has washed out a round pool from seven feet across, falling into it from the sands of the bank, and a fall of ten or fifteen feet, and now runs in the hole it has made round and round ere it finds outlet under the fallen log, and so down the slope. Runs slowly round and round, bearing upon its surface, half-discernible among the foam, leaves, grass, and other light matter,

Southern States of America. It would have been strange, indeed, if these two had not long since grown accustomed to men dying by violence. No event more familiar to them than that. Men falling dead from their horses by a bullet through them from behind as they ride along the highway; men called, by day or by night, to their door by a halloo from the front fence, and shot down at the feet of wife and children; men called in a "fair fight" to the streets after having come armed for months, the one aim of each being to kill his foe before he can get a shot at him; men killed accidentally, by-standers in a store or along the street, by some one of the bullets generally distributed plentifully when a fight among the setting of such "difficulty." In all their varieties such deaths had formed a large part of the practice of the lawyer, of the death-bed visitations of the minister. Pity if they had not got somewhat used to such things by this time. Murder? Nothing more thoroughly familiar to them than that. But in all their double experience, except in the case of a negro or two, and that for a mob, not one single murderer put to death by law for his crime.

Let only the truth be told. Not for money were men killed in the South, or very rarely at least before the war. Very rarely on account of seduction, that crime being almost unknown, whether or no the abundance and the perfect accessibility of females of a darker hue prevented the attempting of seduction who shall say? Anger from any one of ten thousand causes—anger in first flash, or anger cooled into the steel of revenge—lies in the great motive. But neither of these two had ever stood so near the hanging of a man before. They had often, of course, heard the hanging of Abolitionists and horse thieves, but for murderers there was only the jail, out of which they soon "broke;" by a particular process cases the Penitentiary from which a pardon sooner or later released them.

Not that law at the South was an inactive thing. The unsleeping vigor and vigilance of the law of the land in regard to negroes—slaves for instance—is ever upon the slave, and upon any one even suspected of entertaining doubts upon the institution, was at the call of the slave's idea. A strong grasp upon the murderer, the hold of an aged crone, toothless, blind, deaf, paralytic, palsied, were comparison too flattering to the law.

Years ago Edward Arthur, and ministers like him, had urged the Scriptures of God as the law of the land in regard to negroes, and for them, as for others, the certain judgments of God, too, upon the land. Even if slavery be a divine ordinance, insured the protection and care of the Lord over it, even, murder is not. He urged the sin and its certain national consequences as earnestly, fresh from the civilization of Scotland, as he had just arrived from the civilization of Edinburgh; and with what result?

"De Lord's a person, you're right; only nobody minds at last," said Bob Withers.

"For my part, Mr. Arthur, I really can not understand why you can not see that you can bring yourself to speak so of your own section!" And much more from Mrs. Warner, snuff stick in mouth, to the same effect.

It is a Southern hand writes this, a heart true in every fibre to the South present and to the Nineveh needed by the threat; if ever London needed, in its great plague and great fire, the exaction of the divine wrath upon its faults and sins, did the Scotch send the cornado of war rushing over it for its sins. "The earth was filled with violence." That is what the Scripture says in one age; and, without among its causes, this, too, it was which brought upon the South its deluge of fire and blood. Not that the slave was not a man, are, or ever, in the worst of Christendom; as much piety there, in proportion to the population—as much of many an excellence—as in any part of the world: certain virtues, even, as peculiar to and characteristic of the South as is the magnolia and jessamine to and of it; and these the less is all this true. They say that the percentage of illegitimate births is larger in Scotland than in any other part of Europe. For which Heaven's justice will be meted to it at last! It is one human nature every where, in the same weaknesses and with the same in each of us. "The whole world lieth in sin," but is of the South we happen now to speak.

During the few moments God's wrath has been gazing upon the superscription over his brother's grave, as true a superscription as ever was over the grave of, Hol Robbins, peering anxiously, then curiously with his small eyes at the lawyer from under the flapping brim of his old wool hat, has come upon another idea.

"Look here, Squire," he begins rapidly to say, "you are Squire Brooks, and I'm glad to say, 'you are' because of the lawyer's face has satisfied him of that, however, and with keen reference to the revolver in the brother's hand he proceeds excitedly—

"Look here, Squire, don't you go and believe one word I said about my not being a Union man——" And at this point Hol Robbins takes off his old hat, throws it on the ground, and with both his large hands above his head proceeds to such imprecations upon himself if he is a Secessionist, such a throwing his entire soul into the matter as to make his assertion more than double.

"An' I never knowed about it till next day, Squire," he says at last. "But if I had a-knowed what could I a done? One man, you know—only Catfish Robbins. S'pose they'd not a come by an' killed me, too, of I'd been any 'count? Dag's born, Squire, when I could a done soauthin'. What with hand work, fever an' ague, an' the whole country almost again in ye'r ague, an' the whole country almost again me, however, there's one thing I is do."

And turning toward the ruins of the cabin he proceeds with hands, arms, face, every fibre of his body as well as his tongue, to curse the murderers in such a lava of heart-felt execration as to bring down upon him the stern rebuke of the lawyer and minister even that moment of horror and hate.

Catfish Robbins lets falls his outstretched arm, and, ignoring the minister, looks at the brother with perplexity in all the lines of his yellow and withered face.

"Why you ain't no parson, Squire," he says at last; "any rate you ain't pioueer than God Almighty Himself, sir. He is a cussin' sich devils as them in the Bible, an' I'm a cussin' Yankee Secessionists a'most all of them devils were. Jest what a cotton-mouth moccasin in Lowes is to a chicken snake at Cheraw is Yankee Secessionist is to a Southern-born one—pis'nous! a-gnawin' an' a-gnawin' at the vitals after a Don't matter," he adds, brightening as the lawyer and minister turn to go, "I'm a cussin' them men all the time, say how, and keep my hand on the revolver at its top. Ye'll know when boy Hark here at it too. I'm a-cussin' of 'em, I first woke of a mornin', between the tails of my plow, koin' corn, eatin' dinner, dreamin' at night, under my breath when I'm among at night, under my breath when I'm among them sort of scoundrels—never stop. You couldn't a knowed this Paul Brooks as well as I'"

Meanwhile, in consequence of an order to that effect from the lawyer and with lively remembrance of his previous remarks and the lawyer's revolver, the negro has climbed the fatal tree with the agility of a monkey, obtained the paper, and given it to the lawyer, who reads it aloud fully as if it were a bank-note he places it securely in his breast-pocket.

"Now throw them with your axe," he adds to the negro. "Not that side, this side toward the cabin. That will do, thank you." His voice is the gentlest in the room and the negro both glance at him with surprise.

"Stay," he adds; "Robbins I thank you for your kindness to the child. I can't talk now. Another day, when God pleases, I certainly will repay you. Now go."

"Wait a moment, Squire," says Hol Robbins. "Not now, go!" says the lawyer, impatiently.

"About his property, you bein' the heir——"

"What of my property?"

"Oh, nothin', nothin' at all. What I was tryin' to say is, you bein' the heir, I reckon you'll be a-gettin' there was so much plunder burned up or tucken away by them devils. Fact is, there was almost nothin' left, an' I had to stripped himself, givin' first to one an' then to another till a'most nothin' was left. Parties of people whose husbands I'd shot in the wars, an' other families, too, whose men folks had run away to keep from goin' to the war. I sees he's got his blanket down at Widow Maxwell's only last week."

"Well, go now!"

"Hold on, Squire, you wouldn't mind a poor fellow havin' some of these yer old rails?" says Hol Robbins, coaxingly; "maulin' rails ain't no easy with me as it used to be, an' I'm sort a'gone—"

"Take any thing you wish of what is left on the place. Stop. Roll two or three large logs over this grave."

"Count of them hogs an' things. It was rather shallier, that is the hole."

But what consolation can the minister use as they ride off at last from the spot? He says no one deep in thought to yield attention. He ceases at last, and they ride along the way they came in silence. Old Negro casts, whose tattered weeds are hurrying on as if they had heard of what is in the gully below and are crowding there to see the sight, and which, in large front unwilling horses to the brink again, and sit gazing upon the murdered men circling round and round them. The sun, meanwhile, is at the same period, if not at the same instant, millions throughout the South are aware of men assembling in the Methodist, for like cause, here and there throughout all the Southern States. Millions! All men, women, children at the South are more or less cognizant of, and are thinking upon, like thoughts; beneath whatever outer bearing, thinking, thinking, thinking.

The solemn pines put their heads together far above the pool with incessant whispering, and bow to bear the tale to river, and so to the broad sea. And over all bends the great God so patient, knowing every thought and purpose, and by anger, and by the inherent force of their own nature, to their appointed end. Yes, thank God, no stone in the planet turns, no wave in the sea with motion more certain than that by which every Judas goes "to his own place."

The two friends ride on, not having their road before the silence is broken.

"You won't object to camping out with me to-night, Mr. Arthur?" says the lawyer, at last. "We've done it together before now on our hunting excursions. I know a place by the creek where I camped once with Paul a week while he was getting his cabin ready. I can not enter a house to-night—I could not endure it—so you will, I hope, besides, we've enough left of our lunch for supper and breakfast."

The night has fallen before they get on the spot where Paul's cabin secluded and grassy knoll under the pines. To dismount, tether their horses where they can graze, build a fire, and arrange themselves before it upon their saddle blankets, is the work of a few minutes.

"Thank you, I can not," said the latter, as the other companion pressed him to share in the food put up by Mrs. Sorel in lavish abundance for their journey. "Eat, and listen. We for their journey. "Eat, and listen. We may not meet again soon, and I've much to say. First, I want to tell you about Paul.

It is a long story, as Guy Brooks tells it, that night under the pines, in the light from the fire of logs upon his broad face as he speaks, revealing even a new expression altogether. Mr. Arthur is almost surprised at the calmness of his fri l. Guy and Paul were the two only children a Kentucky planter. The lawyer suggested long years when the trivial incidents of their boyish attachment to each other—like a boy again himself while he recalled them. The moments had been fleeting out a long, unfinished scheme, the brothers had sold the old place, bringing the negroes southward to their new home. Paul was beginning to understand Paul in reference to those negroes," said the lawyer. "Just before leaving Kentucky Paul had come to me. I am a professor too, as you know. Not as Paul was. We were very different. He had a hundred times my depth. I don't think it was his religion only. Our father was a good man, but our mother was an extraordinary woman for intelligence and piety. I remember her as if I saw her to-day. erect, beautiful, the finest-looking woman I ever saw in my life. Her eyes before her death she gave me in my life. Her eyes before her death she gave me in my life. Her eyes before her death she gave me



THE LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WASHIN



GTON DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

A BLUSH.

In a blush doth a tell-tale appear
That speaks to the eye, quite as plain
As language itself can convey to the ear,
Some tender confession of pleasure or pain;
What thoughts we should never impart,
What secrets we never should speak,
Are the flourish of truth in the heart
But one rise in a blush to the cheek.

As the blossom of spring on the bough
Is promise of fruits yet unseen,
So the color that mantles thy beauty just now
May be prophetic of hopes but yet green.
How vain is each delicate art
Of concealment, when nature would speak,
And the flourish of truth in the heart
Will arise in a blush to the cheek.

EM.

SHE had waited there all night. The three roads stretching their three ways before her were powdered with a light, dry snow, which the wind as it levelled and smoothed and tossed in her face. Over her the cold sky of the February night looked near and selfless. The tall pine might be landmarks or rendezvous. It was dead to the top, where some scraggy tufts which had sifted the snow cropped out.

Heaven knows how she dared stay, little, tired, scared, babyish thing that she daylight showed her. And more than that, Marston Goss was her only friend on whose wife might be keeping appointments with other men at any time, let alone in the dead night, out in the country in this gold-riddled county, and with one too. But if it had been with the Angel Gabriel it wouldn't have altered the matter in Colonel Goss's eyes, I suspect; and though it would, poor little Em had no thought of justifying herself by explanations; so it's hard to tell where the courage that kept her there came from.

She was not glad either to have the dull, tardy dawn break. The darkness had been terrible, but then it concealed her. And the mysterious chirping and crackling, which always begins in the woods with the first sense that the stillness, every stir tightening her nerves to the snapping point.

She tried to take her mind from the long-drawn meeting, waiting what she was thinking. Colonel Goss was likely to return any minute from his scouting excursion—to come by one of the very roads before her. She must be ready; or, what was but little better, some of the servants must presently discover her absence from home. She faced them both in a sort of dream, shrinking up as under her steadying herself with any sense of her innocence, but merely starting duly at probabilities and their results.

Uncle Ben, she recollected, was to vote wood that day. He would be along soon, and, like the rest of Colonel Goss's servants, severely beat her into him for cringing and crafty not to be glad of a spy's earnings. She started a step forward, fancying she had heard the old man's voice shouting his ox along with the rush of the crisp morning air.

Her head was tired and confused; all the freshness and color gone from her pretty face; her lips dry and grayish, and her violet eyes filled with reckless fright.

A bit of paper was crumpled in her feverish little hand: *that* she had not once let go of since the mulatto woman—who had come with some fowls and eggs and insisted upon seeing Mrs. Goss the afternoon before—had slipped it, upon some pretense or other, into her work-stand drawer. She smoothed it out now and read it over:

"I must see you, Em, to-night. Some time to-night by the old pine-tree at the cross-roads."

There was nothing more, and, for that matter, no need of more. She asked on explanation of Stephie. She was not afraid to do any thing in the world he told her to; and it would be worth a good deal worse than it could come through not to do him again. The very sight of the words he had scrawled made her feel braver. She straightened herself with a little pale determination—so much like the determination of a toy—stamped her twenty-two feet (*twenty-two*) was what they called her half the time, at home), folded her little hands tighter, and began searching the lengths of the three roads, taking them in order, beginning at the left: that was the shortest road, a single flight, and direct as it cut the red clay bank; next the old pike, connecting up with Virginia pikes do, and off to the right the new military road, planned by the slushed sake. Up and down their lengths, in the cold light coming, searching. Even the looking relieved the dreary thump-thump of the minutes through the dark.

Daylight broadened. Now and then her heart quivered and bounded at something she saw. When the something turned out to be a stump, or possibly a dog, her heart had to go to its place to be but sick again and keep still.

It got to be near seven o'clock. She was very tired. Even the strength of excitement was suspending itself, and a dreamy kind of delirium began to gain upon her. She was positive that the wheels of Uncle Ben's cart were coming along over the hard, rough ground, when it was nothing in the world but a snow-bird, she fancied her husband had suddenly come upon her, and all hope had screamed out with terror; then she wondered, childishly, what would be done to her if she were found out. She was nothing but a child any way. Not yet twenty, and married to a man who had lived his forty years like a Tartar kral upon his thousand acres, at the head of his hundred slaves; breathing submission like an atmosphere, gorging himself with despotic rule, and, naturally enough then, suspecting every one around him, even the little wife he had taken only two years before from west of the Kanawha, to be mistress of Marston Manor. She had wanted to love him; but he didn't understand that. Her trifling vexed him, and h.. showed it, and she was shy and timid, and went away from him to make beautiful pictures out of her simple past, and to live in them instead of in her present. Marston Goss understood this even less than the other. That was why he began to suspect her.

Covering there, close to the dead tree, sick with watching and disappointment and fright, she felt his eyes—stern, unmerciful eyes, whose looks grieved her soul. She was dizzy and it grew dark. She groped for something to hold by. Her limbs were yielding—sinking.

"Em!"

Ah! So sudden! It was *not* true! The blood rushed through her veins. Life came in hysteric gasps. She was hearing his step, hearing the blur of tears away that she could look into his eyes. He was her twin brother, you see, and they had been separated ever since her marriage.

"Oh, Stephie!"

"Darling! You have waited here alone?"

"It was nothing, Stephie," in short, choking tones, to assure him that there was no harm in what he had asked of her.

"You can't tell, Em, what I have suffered"—starting and stopping to look at her wan face. I got my message to you privately, for I didn't know but Marston might feel about—touching his uniform—about having a Federal soldier visiting his—wife." Stephie had to stop for a word for—and a look of inquiry, half expecting she would contradict him for her husband. He hadn't believed in his soul that any man would close his doors upon his wife's own brother.

She gave no sign, only a little shiver.

"After I got your message I unexpectedly met quite a force of them at the junction."

"Yes; he is there," she said.

"And there was nothing about dusk; but no one hurt"—seeking how anxious she looked, and not understanding. Then I was detained to carry some orders"—putting his hand into a breast pocket of importance upon his breast pocket, bulky with papers. "And twice after I'd started I was recalled, and the picquets white-flagged. Why, I thought I should die with impatience, little one. It's been the hardest night's service I've ever seen."

"It was nothing, Stephie," she repeated, faintly, very contentedly, clinging to him in happy dependence, taking his words in haughty, caring way, after all, for her little fears. "Not at all."

"Little kitten," he said, trying to strip his voice of the shock he felt at seeing her so changed as she was; anodized the white cheek with the finger of his great gauntleted hand—"to think how we twins hardly breathed apart till you were married, and then never to see one another for the whole years! Why, it wasn't the fair thing at all, baby" —making his voice gay to stop its quivering. "We never should have let you go—should we?"

She lay very quiet now in his arms, thriving by breaths on his fondling. She needed so to be loved —so much more than she ever suspected herself.

"You never can know how we've missed you, Em," he said.

"And then the war, Stephie"—in her pitying, complaining, little tones—"I could have gone back, you know, if I hadn't been afraid"—with such quiet submission—a whole volume of disappointment and longing clapsed in her half-complaint.

"Yes, he said, a little gloomily, turned from her for the moment by the thoughts her words roused—the weary old war-thoughts—"I think it was harder for him to take up arms against Marston's side—your husband—almost like you, yourself, Em—even than going against old Virginia!" —with considering tones and long words.

"Yes, Stephie." She didn't comprehend much about it in the main. She was too near for its proportions and perspective to be right. But depressed by the confusion of events; the corn growing green over the acres before her eyes one day—trampled and ruined the next; the dim blue hills bazed by cannon smoke, and then left clear; subtle sweeps of ground-guests, going as suddenly, their noiseless lines trailing on through the woods, winding through the pass—not much else, but there, that she could understand—and the fury of her husband's hate for the "other side," shown in bursts of rage or savage exultation—all filmed with a mute, smothering fear—these were what she meant when she said "the war."

Her arms were twisted about one of Stephie's, as big and strong as a bear's, her head cuddled, clinging to him as though she could detain the moments and him together; so happy, so very happy, just to lose herself, forget, to begin to think of all the things she meant to say.

And then?

She cried out, wrenching herself from him wildly; erect, her hood fallen back, letting her long hair loose to the wind; her lips parted, some quick flame of self-burning like itself out with the fear; her eyes full of horror. Stephie's hand was on the pistol in his belt. He sprang about, facing the way her eyes were fixed. And all that was good and perfect shot—he could feel the mad glitter of Marston Goss's face as it came to his leveled revolver, his black horse curbed, quivering, to his haunches; his hand and will paralyzed by his recognition of his wife, lying, as in the sharp, gray morning air, like moulded basalt.

She raised her hands slowly, mechanically, as a person unconscious, and put them up protectingly before her brother, never turning her eyes one moment from her husband; then slowly, with a mechanical intelligence, fell them upon Stephie's arm with the fierce strength of decision, with the impulse of a dumb, dominant will, toward where, near by, his horse was tied.

"Go!" she stammered.

He understood them, and regained himself.

"What—Em—to leave you in it?" with cool indignation.

"Don't you see? It is he. I am safe," she interrupted, in a still, frozen voice, her eyes never faltering, her form swaying—keeping unconscious—within the range of his vision.

"He would not harm *me*?" Stephie said, confident, and yet half-questioning.

Colonel Goss had given his horse the rein, and was coming toward them.

Em was powerless to explain, but *she knew* how they hunted their prey, how they never spared one. A hard hand seemed to have fastened around her throat. A hard hand only tell him what she had seen—the tattered rags of those half-cut coats that had swung from the trees; one last winter, this very month—almost to the night of Marston Manor! Spies, they had said. But she knew! If she could only tell him!

Colonel Goss did not fire yet. He was waiting to see.

Her voice came to her—harsh, dry, as though the very tongue was parching.

"He would, *Stephie*"—the name ending in a hysterical scream—"and"—pointing to the papers he carried—"and to-day's your own"—wildly, not the woman to be so stirred by any patriotic impulse, but snatching the argument whose thrust was the sure pitches of greenish grass. But it was all just as lonely as before. No sign of life—no sound. She knew that the sun was in the west, that the day would go soon. She went steadily to work to get out. The room was in a sort of tower with one narrow, mullioned window. She broke that away deliberately. Afterward she knotted the bedspreads, fastened one end in the room, the other about her waist. It seemed quite simple. She wondered, rather, that she had not done this at first. Then she poised herself on the window-ledge, waited for a minute, and, clinging as long as possible with her hands to the sill, dropped. The rope span about with her weight, and her head struck. She even grazed the bricks, and hung limp and helpless. In the end she was standing finally a foot or so from the ground, unable to loosen the knot about her waist, with a choking, suffocating sense, watching the whirling world grow black around her, spinning in a vortex of fragments, and sensible of dissolution.

"Little Em—!"

"Are you in Heaven too, Stephie?"—dreamily rather gladly.

"Open your eyes, darling"—his sobs choking him.

The waxy lids lifted heavily.

"Why, this is home!"—with babyish wonderment and self-pity—like the eyes wandering wearily from the white bed curtains over the blue chintz couches, the girl's books and toys and the rest.

He was on his brush before her, and she—those big, weak tears. The mother was crying softly, uncontrollably, and it was left for him to hurt.

"You have been very ill, dearie."

She thought for a minute; the tired lids dropping again, but with no agitation as the recollection of it all came back to her.

"Did Marston find me?" speaking quite slowly.

"I did, darling"—Stephie, then, hastily knowing how to tell her the rest.

"I was ill, he was away at the bridge"—pensively, with little interest.

"He was hurt there," Stephie said, holding his breath.

"Is he here now?" startled, opening her eyes a little, quickly.

"No, dear; he was hurt, I told you—badly hurt." She thought about it, with no emotion in her face.

"Oh yes. He is dead, I suppose."

Her apathy tore their hearts.

"That was why he didn't let me out," she added, with a faint touch of satisfaction in her tone.

They looked at one another, and thought she was wandering again.

"I was found about Marston," Stephie said, "I went to the General, and told him that you must be there alone, and all about it, and he gave me leave to go to you."

Her thoughts had gone back.

"Yes, it was a long time," she said, placidly.

"It was two days since Marston left me you"—breaking down, with great sobs—"my poor darling"—falling on his knees beside the bed, and burying his face.

"Little daughter must rest now," came the mother's voice, unsteady and full.

She had put the two pale hands and held them out, opening the hollow, tender eyes, saying in her little distant, pitying way.

"I'll go to sleep a little while, mother."

They held her hands with pressures of passionate agony, mother and brother; bushing their sobs, holding back their anguish, for her sake.

It was a little while—only a little while. The strength of strong enough to keep her. The sobs were not loud enough to rouse her. She did not wake up to them again.

Last summer I crossed the bridge that the rebels held, in spite of all, that night in February, 1863, and went on to the wood without encountering a picquet to Marston Manor. There is neither claimant nor heir to the house now. The trumpet flowers flaunt in their old Gothic window, and the wild rose grew above the desolation and decay.

The servants, whom Colonel Goss sent off to Lynchburg the day he left his wife a prisoner, had come back, neither invited nor hindered, and settled themselves deliberately upon the acres.

"And what do you'll let me have for the meal I wants for my little pone, off de ole place?" Uncle Ben said to us, in interrogative and rather uneasy accents, with a view to keeping on his knees upon his hoe.

"But, Uncle, don't you want something more than corn meal enough to keep you alive?" I asked, experimentally. "You are a free man now, and ought to be thinking of laying by something for old age."

"Ole age," with a stumpy chuckle, feeling of his grey poll. "Yes, I'se free man now, bress de Lord; an' I'se tired scuffin' around like a nigger. Might as well keep on scuffin' for ole massa. T'wan't easy, dat," with another low laugh.

"He was a hard master, then?" I asked.

He looked at me sharply, a little mistrustfully, Than, evidently relenting.

"He was, mass—t'are tru to yer soul," he said, with rather incomprehensible exultation.

"But we want to see you feed folks take hold ambitiously in your new career," I persisted.

Uncle Bun straightened himself with dignity, a little affronted. I think he looked about him, at his patch of corn, row of collard sprouts, then down to his ragged trowsers, and off to his shanty, against which a thread-bare wash hung then conspicuously his savory sides. And, as though the picture might teach its own lesson, he resumed his hoeing in silence, working with after-thought and merely by way of manners, "Yes, ma'am, so we does!"

KRAUFT'S WORLD BEWITCHED.

MR. KRAUFT, coming home after business hours, was told that a young woman was waiting to see him in the library, and going in with emotions of disgust for a young woman capable of calling on him before dinner, recognized in his visitor Ellen Tree.

Miss Tree was twenty-four or thereabouts, and wore a faded black bonnet. She was not pretty, though she had all the possibilities of beauty, because you can't make rounded outlines, sparkle, ease, rose, and smiles out of constant anxiety and bread and black tea. She was lady-like; that is, would have been, if her gown had not been clumsily dyed, and skimped, and her shawl as shabby as her hat; and she was a friend of Mr. Kraut's, who instantly concluded that she came to ask some favor about rent or repairs, and as instantly decided to say that he only went to manage the people in Mr. Kraut's opinion; but as a rule, when you ask favors, you are depreciating; now Miss Tree was not depreciating, though she stammered a little as she commenced:

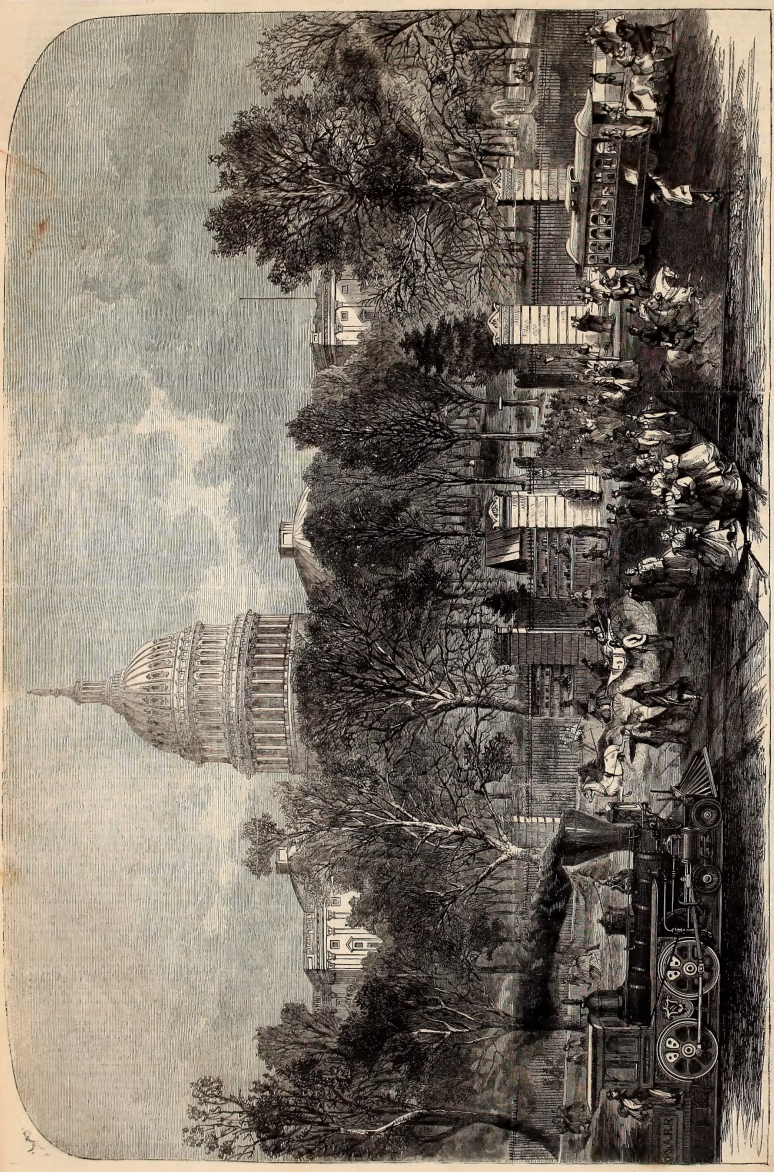
"Mr. Kraut, you are a man of wealth and influence—"

"Yes, yes," struck in Kraut, bluffly, and facing Miss Tree in a bleak, inauspicious way. "All very fine! but if I have what you say, I gave it to myself, mind you! I made my own way up from the bottom round, and never asked help of any one; and folks that don't get on don't go about wishing for help, in my opinion."

"Precisely why I apply to you," said Miss Tree, calmly. "Others may have been put on my way, I was certain that you could not help taking an interest in others who only ask the privilege of following your steps."

Mr. Kraut expanded a little.

"Hum! Miss Tree! I—hum—ha! well—hum—I certainly I have what you say, I gave for myself, mind you! I made my own way up from the bottom round, and never asked help of any



SCENE AT THE PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE ENTRANCE TO THE CAPITOL GROUNDS AT WASHINGTON ON THE DAILY ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.—[SKETCHED BY F. DIELMAN.]



OUTSIDE OF THE GALLERIES OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

ALTHOUGH the weather is still occasionally bitingly cold, and we are visited at times by frosts of a night, the Parisian modistes are determined to force the spring forward, spite of nature itself. The windows of their establishments, indeed, may be compared to so many parterres of spring flowers. Velvet bonnets are fast disappearing, and in place of them we have chapeaux of white crape and of rice and other fancy straws. A new shape just introduced, and one likely to become very popular, is a sort of compromise between the bonnet and the hat. It appears to be nothing more or less than a hat with a widish brim, compressed very much at the sides; in fact, a revival of the sui-disant pastoral headgear in which both Reynolds and Gainsborough occasionally decked out their aristocratic beauties, and which we see covering the heads of the shepherdesses of Boucher and Laugret. This new form of chapeau is made generally in white crape or the finer sorts of fancy straws. The usual trimming is a wreath of either clematis or jasmine blossoms and leaves, or a wreath formed of Michaelmas daisies, with occasionally a brilliant-costed bectin or two at one side. Those made of fancy straw are bordered with some light-colored velvet—blue seems to be the favorite tint—with strings to match, and trimmed with either a bunch of wheat-ears on one side or a wreath of ivy-leaves, intertwined among which is a *chaine Benaiton*, all being of the same material as the bonnet itself.

The Pamela bonnet, which the Empress has now taken up, and which she rechristened the "chapeau Lamballe," is becoming very much worn. The peculiarity of this bonnet is, that it fits close to the



PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1866.

ANTOINE PROBST, MURDERER OF THE DEARING FAMILY.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHARLES CONELL. POST GALLERY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.]

lower part of the face—clutches it, as it were—which has a very pretty effect on the countenance of a well-rounded, youthful beauty, to whose perfect oval face it forms a charming frame, but which hardly suits the taste of matured years who depend so much upon and who so sorely tax the modiste's art. The chapeau Lamballe, as worn at the present moment, has few ornaments about it, and rarely any feathers, except a little tuft or so. It is now being made in white or pale blue silk velvet in preference to white, which, perhaps, a rose or two both inside and out.

The robes Lamballe are in great request, more particularly for morning and walking dresses.

The *chaise Rosalind*, which took the Parisian world of fashion, as it were, by storm, still holds its sway, although it is quite certain that it will be impossible to adapt it, on account of its more or less heavy look, to the light and delicate fabrics which promise to become the mode during the ensuing spring. It will, no doubt, however, retain the bold if not modest as an auxiliary to the coiffure. Formed of pearls, or of amber, and interwined round the head, the hair being flowed behind with a shower of small rose-buds fallen over the neck, it has a most graceful appearance.

Coiffures, as at present worn, are generally raised a good deal above the forehead, with a multitude of small curls. The chignon is becoming abandoned among the *haut monde*, with whom nets are again the mode. The *coiffure Persane* is the way of nets is the "Coiffure Benoite," which is covered over with artificial curls made of the glossiest and finest hair, so all the various shades of the human hair, and which are occasionally powdered or dotted over with small gold stars.

Stockings of bright and sombre colors, ornamented with clocks at the sides, or of a white cross-bar pattern, have also been introduced. For evening dress stockings are of white silk, with clocks in gold or silver embroidery.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Corsage Dress.*—Robe of striped blue satin. Canaque of blue velvet, with buttons of mother-of-pearl, and trimmed with white silk fringe in imitation of feathers. Chapeau Jeanne d'Arc, in Italian straw, trimmed with black velvet, a white ostrich feather, and a cherry biscuitier, formed of large links of straw passementerie.

Fig. 2. *Spring Dress for the Country.*—Robe of canaque of light-green taffetas, with ornaments in passementerie terminated by a ball of velvet and fringe. Chapeau Pamela, in flat as straw, with a garland of leaves, and trimmed with straw-colored ribbon.

Fig. 3. *Toilette de Ville.*—Robe and canaque of coarse grey silk, striped black and white: a basque, which is fastened to the belt, forms the canaque; pockets *en Charles IX*. The sleeves have a full skirt, reaching to the bottom of the dress, where it is composed of a large cord. The chapeau Pamela composed of the former Royal Highness the Princess of Wales's rice straw, with a raised in white moire ribbons finished in front of white satin bordered with blonde. On the left is a white rose covered with narcissus.

Fig. 4. *Bathing Dress.*—The habit is of brown cloth.

ANTOINE PROBST, THE DEARING MURDERER.

On Saturday, April 7, a murder of the most atrocious character was perpetrated by ANTOINE PROBST, whose portrait we give on this page. The Philadelphia *Ledger* of April 21 gives the following account:

The victims were CHRISTOPHER DEARING, a farmer, his wife, his daughter, SARAH, and his niece, a young woman about twenty-five years old. MR. DEARING occupied a farm on Oxford road, some distance from the Point-House Road, belonging to MR. THOMSON MITCHELL, of Public Ledger. He had lived there for seven years, and had been a resident of the neighborhood for twelve or fifteen years. Besides his own family he had a hired man living with him, a German, whose name none of the residents thereabouts could give; also a lad, called CORNELIUS, seventeen years old, who was bound to MR. DEARING, and had been with him seven or eight years.

The last seen of MR. DEARING alive was on Saturday last, when he came to the city on business, and called upon MR. MITCHELL, his landlord. After transacting his business he seems to have made a purchase of some meat, which was found in his wagon, and to have driven to his home with his niece, before reported to, who had been spending a few days at Burlington with some friends.

Since Saturday all has been quiet at the farm. The neighbors thought it strange that they did not see either the children or the adult members of the two family about, but to ascertain the motive for this unnatural quietude, was more than curiosity could satisfy. About two o'clock one of them, a friend of MR. DEARING, went to the farm-house, and found it sealed up. Prompted by curiosity, he raised one of the windows and entered. The shades were drawn, and for while the interior was not entirely in the dark, it was sufficiently dim to render one near him—looking for a time—powerless. The picture of a foul play. The barn and stables were open, and all in the former yielded, as if a man was ever to be seen entering from under a side of hay. The hay and a sweet removal, and was gone. The cattle were also fed and watered. Not only was the murdered family undisturbed, but that of his friend also. Both were in full dress, he having even left on his hat, and both had their heads neatly covered from their bodies.

The pockets of the gentleman had been turned inside out, and his body searched, as if for a double. The pockets of the ladies had been carried there on the bay table over them to prevent immediate discovery. The clothing of these bodies led to the belief that the mother and the children had met a similar fate, but this was not at once instituted for them. In their pockets, however, news of the murder, the murderer, and information had been

conveyed to the Second District Police Station. From there, by telegraph, to the Central Station. Chief Engineer and Superintendent of Police, the scene of the tragedy, with High-Constable CLARK and several other detective officers. Coroner MARSHALL arrived on the form, but before he arrived the other bodies had been found in a cornfield adjoining. The father, mother and four children all lying together, and all, as MR. DEARING and those were, with their heads neatly and concealed under a pile of hay. The mother had, in addition, the top of her head crushed in. Another and more shocking sight was never seen than the mother and her murdered children after the bodies had been taken from the earth. One of the children was a mere babe, less than two years old. Whatever motive induced the murder could have thought, to have moved even the brutal murderer's heart to pity. The victims, with their ages, were as follows: CHRISTOPHER DEARING, 40 years; JULIA, his wife, 39 years; ELIZABETH DEARING, his niece, 25 years; JOHN DEARING, 8 years; THOMAS DEARING, 6 years; ANNA DEARING, 4 years; WILLIAM DEARING, 2 years.

The eldest child, WILLIAM DEARING, was spending a few days with his grandfather, JOHN DEVITT, in West Philadelphia. Had he been home there can not be a doubt but he would have shared the fate of the other members of the family.

The fact that two members of the household—PROBST, a hired man, and CORNELIUS—were missing directed suspicion toward them. It was not long, however, before CORNELIUS was found to have been murdered.

On the 12th PROBST was captured in West Market Street. The prisoner was searched, and two rings were found on his person, one of which is one of his pockets. This was afterward identified as one that had belonged to MRS. DEARING. Proof had also been one of DEARING's clothes. The confession made by the prisoner was to the following effect:

He said that he had only killed CORNELIUS, and that the DEARING family were murdered by a German. His accomplice's name was JOHN GANTNER. The agreement was that all were to be knocked in the head with an axe, and then their throats cut. GANTNER slept in the house with CORNELIUS on Saturday morning PROBST, according to agreement, got the boy near the hay-rick and killed him with his axe. In the mean time GANTNER was preparing for his bloody work. PROBST went to the house and told MR. DEARING that a man was at the barn and desired to see him. He got to him and show him what to do. She accordingly went, and was there murdered by GANTNER. The children, except the baby, were killed by one after the other to the barn, and there dispatched by GANTNER, after which he took the baby from the arms of its mother and killed it in the house.

At one o'clock on the same day MR. DEARING returned to his home, in company with his niece, and at this time GANTNER was in the house. MR. DEARING and his niece were killed on the spot, and their bodies carried to the barn.

The prisoner was then asked what he had done, freely to such of the officers of the prison as asked him questions, and, when dinner was served to him, he ate somewhat voraciously. He was formerly from Brooklyn. He is five feet eleven inches high, twenty-five or twenty-eight years of age, round shoulders, no whiskers, black hair, a short, thin, light mustache, inclined to curl at the ends, has a downcast look, and weighs 170 or 180 pounds. He is very reticent, and has a shuffling gait. He seems to be entirely destitute of feeling; and with the exception of fitting care and attention he might have been obtained with far less violence, no motive can be found sufficient to explain this wholesale massacre.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A POLITE acceptance of courteous attention in our public conveyances is the exception not the rule. Many individuals seem to fancy that because they are "ladies" they must receive every thing, and give nothing in way of politeness. The French, characteristically, have a most beautiful way of making themselves attractive. We by no means think that a gentleman is in duty bound to be jumping up to give his seat in the cars to ladies who, it may be, are not half so tired as himself. But where is the courtesy in a very pleasant one; and lookers-on can't help feeling indignant when a stolid lady coolly takes a seat which a well-dressed fair one without a word or look of thanks. Yet so commonly is this done that it is really refreshing occasionally to see another style of conduct.

The other day, as a young lady stepped into a crowded car a gentleman rose and offered his seat. "No, thank you," said the lady, "I am only going a few blocks." But the gentleman's gallantry increased, and on a second invitation she took the proffered seat with a pleasant recognition of the attention. But the original possessor of the seat evidently regarded her as an anomaly, and as he stood near her, apparently very contented to be so stand, he looked very much as if he was less obliged to the alternative of her acquaintance.

Not long since a lady entered a car so crowded that no attempt was made to give her a seat until, presently, a gentleman, rising to leave the car, offered her the seat he had occupied. Instead, however, of taking it herself, she turned kindly to a weary-looking miss who stood near her, holding a heavy boy, saying: "You take this seat, you have a child to hold." She remained standing, while the somewhat surprised girl took the seat. But with so much quiet grace was this little politeness offered that it was a real pleasure to witness it. We should like to have a similar pleasure oftener.

There is no lack of houses in the markets although May is coming on apace. Landlords, who fancied that they held the world—of New York city—between thumb and finger, have relaxed their grasp; and despite all their efforts there is a reasonable probability that the majority of our citizens will still have a roof to shelter them! Housekeepers are already taking the fevrishness and planning about the picking of their Lares and Penates, while they fervently wish the dread ordeal of moving were over.

Speaking of moving day reminds us of an item which appears in a recent English journal. It is this:

"We believe it is no longer a secret that the title of the poem on which, as we mentioned some weeks since, the Poet Laureate is at work, is 'The Death of Lucretius.'"

Whether we are to say that Lucretius should be any respectable person in regard to what Tennyson is actually writing. And we will relieve any anxiety our readers may feel about the matter by informing them to assurance that, "*Apropos of expense*," we have secured the "*Author's notebook cheby*" and are now prepared to furnish that work over wrong impression exists in regard to the title, is due merely to the circumstance that the poem refers to the death of Lucretius—*from his house*—touchingly alluded to in a ballad sung by MRS. LUCRETIUS, about ten o'clock on the evening of the First of May, as per following lines:

TO-MORROW'S THE FIRST OF MAY.
A MOVING BALLAD.
AIR—*Jeannette and Jeannot.*

You must wake and call me early, call me early, husband dear!
To-morrow 'll be the maddest time of all the round New-Year;
Of all the circle of the year this maddest, maddest day,
For to-morrow is the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

I sleep so sound all night, my dear, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break;
But there are other things will break, I guess, besides the day,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

There's many a fine house, they say, but there's none so bright as this;
Where we moved in there was but one—we pleated seven more.
The honey-suckle round the porch has woven its wary leaves,
And in the garden we have reared a bright array of flowers, I ween.
But though we've loved our home so well, we've got to move again;
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

Our carpets they must all come up, our pictures all come down;
Each room undergo the looking-glass, I'll wrap it in my gown.
The beds I'll leave for you to pack—be careful they're not jammed;
The chandelier may go by cart, the globes should go by hand.

Be sure and take the hammer round—I shall have need of it, dear!
Save all the paper you can find—and don't forget the cat.
Don't mix the pickles and preserves, nor throw the old broom away.
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

And oh! tell Bridget, husband, to be careful how she moves
The earthen-ware and crockery, and other things she loves.
And if upon the sidewalk you should hear a dreadful wail,
You'll know our china dinner-set has gone to eternal smash.

O course some common things will break, some costly ones perhaps,
But you can't expect to move, you know, without a few mishaps.
And when we've got the moving done you'll have none to blame but me,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

The night winds come and go, my dear, along the vacant street,
And the happy stars above them do not seem to mean to cheat.
But to-morrow it will be sure to rain the whole of the livelong day;
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love—to-morrow's the First of May.

So you must wake and call me early—call me early, husband dear,
To-morrow 'll be the maddest time o. all the round New-Year;
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, maddest day,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

During the recent strike of the car drivers in this city, one of our down-town lines was entirely deserted, and the comfort and confusion which the whole city suffered in consequence, and the duty of the railroad companies to guard against such strikes, remarked that, "Under no other government on the face of the earth would such conduct be permitted." This was in allusion to the business of the railroad company being conducted without sufficient regard to the convenience of the public. Consequently it was not so surprising that on one of those earlier days the Englishman, lately imported, who had come to New York to represent a London Character for a Fourth Avenue car was puzzled. Nor that, after some time, his patience being fairly exhausted, he broke forth, to be answered to a gentleman close by, "Well, by Jove, his tilt's bust-

ing. Why, 'ave you no 'acknes, hor 'acks, her hormit. Don't you know his Highland you can get by-where you like for 'alf a dollar, you know." Here he discovered that those around were laughing at him, and, with a look of scorn, he re-entered the hotel.

The public recognition of the New England Church of this city, which took place, with appropriate services, last week on Thursday evening, was an event of interest to many, as the crowded house testified. As there was hitherto been, in reality, but one Congregational Church in this city—the Broadway Tabernacle—the need of another is now long apparent. On the occasion referred to, the sermon, by Rev. H. W. Beecher, was characteristically full of rich thought and brilliancy. Rev. J. P. Thompson, of the Broadway Tabernacle, on behalf of the council of ministers, gave the "Right Hand of Fellowship" to the new church, with cordial assurances of sympathy and co-operation. Other clergymen took part in the exercises, which, being both by the composition and choir, was interspersed. Eighty-three individuals have become members of this new church. The church edifice, situated in Fifth-Street, near the Sixth Avenue, is neat and tasteful, though not pretending to appearance.

The Boston Medical Journal wisely says:

"People who would avoid or prevent cholera should cultivate equanimity, regularity of life and habits, cleanliness, sublunar exercise, temperance, and the avoidance of all excesses. When they have done their effort by providing for the care of the sick, alleying public panics, and making public nuisances, they may safely abandon their apprehensions."

Certainly no good ever results from excitement and agitation. There is great safety in equanimity, self-control, and judicious care. An exchange relates the following incident, from which we may, while we laugh over it, deduce a very important moral:

"A friend of ours, who has been unfortunate enough to be taken down with the typhoid, left his boarding-house very quickly and suddenly, as soon as the first symptoms of the disease began to manifest themselves, and took his quarters at the hospital. In order to allay the anxiety of his landlord as to his whereabouts, he sent him a note, stating that he 'entertained no personal hostility toward the house, but that he did not wish to associate with the boarders.'"

Fashion continues to change with an unchanging changeability," remarks some cynical observer. "This week the ladies are wearing their dolls' bonnets and cloaks, and the next they will wear their hair in dolls' hair and other folks' bonnets." It is suggested that it is not at all impossible that we may yet be failed to wear the fair hair to match the color of dress. Thus a lady in the morning may appear with dark brown hair, and in the afternoon have golden hair with her yellow silk! So when deep mourning was required the hair might be dyed black, and a streak or two of grey might easily be added where half-mourning was thought desirable. So also the fated lover might be told that—one-pink, or one-green hair would certainly be unique, and who knows but it would be a charming variety?

Not long since a lady was walking through one of the squares in London, with a long skirt trailing in the dust and dirt behind her. She grew impatient, stopped a gentlemen, one of whom observed, to the other, "I say, Jack, how much it requires a lady to hold up her skirts?" "Yes, and not be clean after all," replied the other.

Comment is unnecessary.

The following item occurs in one of the latest London journals:

THE FASHIONABLE COLOR.—Green dresses are very much in the fashion at present. Ladies will soon look like swans, and will probably be called upon to feed on grass. A stout Scotchman met Professor Maschka and Dr. Lorck, of Prague, who have analyzed a green dress worn at a ball in Vienna, and discovered that it contained no less than 5 oz. of arsenic.

There is an old saying that "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." This does not seem to be invariably correct, if the following anecdote be true:

A retired Scotchman was addressed by his sick wife: "Oh, John! I'm dying, and I'm going to leave you." "Please yourself, Betty, and then'll please me," returned John, with great equanimity. "I have been a good wife to you, John," persisted the dying woman. "Middlin', Betty, middlin'," responded the matter-of-fact husband.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.—No other preparation so exactly suits the various conditions of the human hair.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, Proprietors.

We clip the following from the *Chicago Sunday Times* of April 1:

UNITED STATES FREE CONCERT.—GIFTS OR ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND GREENBACKS.—The Philadelphia Tabernacle and house of MESSRS. WILDING, BRADFORD & CO. ought to be of themselves sufficient attractions to the public to call forth the rare inducements which they set forth to subscribers to their great Prize Concert, on May 26, in this city. It is a gratifying characteristic among those who have set high hopes on drawing the big prizes to cast suspicion against enterprises of this character, and the frauds have failed to strike the lucky numbers. But were all that had ever been given unreliable, they would not diminish one iota against the great responsibility and honor which heads and guides the United States Prize Concert. Besides this, the number of prizes to be distributed is so great that the average profit alone would accrue to these gentlemen after the gifts are fairly distributed, for not less than one hundred thousand dollars' worthwhich are to be awarded to the fortunate, including one gift of thirty thousand dollars, one of twenty thousand dollars, a number of fifteen thousand dollars, four thousand dollars, three thousand dollars, two thousand dollars, and other high figures—all cash and currency. In addition to this twenty-three houses and lots, worth each from six hundred dollars to eleven thousand dollars, will be awarded to the holders of successful numbers. Besides all this there will be one hundred and twenty-five thousand greenbacks, in fifty dollar greenbacks, given to a family costly libbe, making altogether one chance out of every four that a rich prize may be won.

The drawing will be done openly and above-board at Crosby's Opera-House, in the presence of thousands, and under the supervision of the Secretary of the Committee whose the audience itself will select. Order and fair dealing, under the circumstances, are unquestionable. All who become subscribers will be made independently rich by the gifts they will get, and the rest of those who will be unsuccessful themselves will receive hundreds and valuable gifts.

The number and undoubted character of the references of MESSRS. WILDING, BRADFORD & CO. give stability and reliability to their enterprise; and this prize concert is commended as a means of safe investment to those who desire an interest in any enterprise involving a small risk for the prospect of great gain. The proprietors refer also to donate to the LINCOLN and DOUGLAS monument fund two thousand dollars. Further particulars in a great famie two thousand dollars. Further particulars in a great famie may be found in an advertisement in another column.

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PAPER.
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JOHN P. MARSH, Agent.

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French Cingulis, and American Novelties.

New Skirt for 1866.



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Manager of the most extensive Gift Sale in the world: immensely successful in nearly 100 cities throughout the country. Offer

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250,000 Pianos, Gold and Silver Watches, Articles of Silverware, &c., worth over $1,000,000,

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Splendid List of Articles.

10 Grand Piano-Fortes.....$800 to $1200
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1,000 Fine Castors and Butter-Dishes..... 15 to 20
2,000 Sets Silver Forks..... 10 to 15
3,000 Sets Tea, Dessert, and Table Spoons 6 to 15
3,000 Sets Silver Spoons..... 6 to 10
4,000 Butter Knives, per pair..... 2 to 5
10,000 Gold Pens, with Silver Case & Pencil 5 to 8
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10,000 Beautiful Photograph Albums..... 5 to 10
170,000 other Articles of Jewelry, Silverware, &c..... 0 to 15

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Five photographs, with certificates, and a silver butter-knife on premium, sent for $1; eleven for $2, with a fine Stephen finger; thirty for $5, with a 50-picture album worth $8; sixty-five for $10, with a silver butter-dish or 300-picture album, worth $12; one hundred for $15, with a solid silver fully-jeweled hunting-case watch, worth $20.

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Headquarters 156 Nassau Street, New York.

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Worth $500,000
TO BE SOLDAT ONE DOLLAR EACH,
WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE,
AND NOT TO BE PAID FOR TILL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO GET.
SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES.

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100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches.....	$115 00
500 Gold Watches.....	75 00
1000 Silver Watches.....	30 00
1000 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches.....	18 00
1000 Revolving Castors.....	12 00 to 18 00
1000 Drinking-Cups.....	7 00 to 10 00
5000 Coral and Gold Bracelets.....	4 00 to 10 00
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Lame Back.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR MAY, 1866.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 488.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE—A GROUP OF PORTRAITS SKETCHED FROM LIFE.—[SEE PAGE 285.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1866.

WHO SHALL DECIDE?

ONE remark in the testimony of Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS expresses exactly the absurdity and peril of the "Conservative" policy of reorganization. In reply to a direct question by Mr. BOUTWELL, Mr. STEPHENS said: "I do not think any of the States attempting to exercise it [the right of secession] thereby lost any of their rights under the Constitution as States when their people abandoned that attempt." In other words, when a State has drawn the sword against the Union and is vanquished, the moment she surrenders the sword the Union has lost the right to provide for its further security without consulting the State that is still sullen and sore with defeat. This doctrine is the very reverse of that adopted by the President in appointing Governors and prescribing conditions, and is opposed to the virtually unanimous resolution of the loyal citizens of the country. It nicely regards the war as a friendly tussle, an exciting little episode; and some of the pleasant party at table having failed in cutting their neighbors' throats, the company will now all be reseated, and the dinner go de lightfully on.

Happily there is a common sense in human affairs which prevents men from following any theory to their own destruction. If this doctrine of Mr. STEPHENS's were to be gravely accepted as the rule of reorganization, he and his friends, who frankly confess that their success as to the right of the rebellion remain unchanged, finding that the present was an unpropitious moment for putting that right into operation, would still have succeeded in obtaining some seventeen additional representatives in Congress. Representation is based upon population. A majority of the population in certain States is reckoned not by its actual number but by three-fifths of it. Mr. STEPHENS and his friends take up arms to secede. During the struggle the United States restores that population to its actual numbers. "Well," cry Mr. STEPHENS and his friends, finding that they are going to the wall, "half a loaf is better than no bread. We aimed at the moon and missed it, but we have shot an owl. We stood at five, and we struck at four. We do not get it this bout, but we have scored seven. Let us acquiesce." And he tranquilly proposes that eleven States, having failed to destroy the Union by a drawn war, shall be welcomed back to Congress with a largely-increased representation, and being there, shall help decide whether they will accept any other measures.

His argument is one that has been frequently urged, and which has an apparent finality very agreeable to a superficial view. "The war," says Mr. STEPHENS, "on the part of the United States was to prevent secession. It succeeded. Consequently secession was prevented. Consequently the States are all in the Union. Consequently they have equal rights, and Georgia has the same claim to representation that New York has. If the population of Georgia has increased during the war, thereby increasing our representation, that is our good luck, but it is none of your business. Show me in the Constitution the power to keep out Georgia."

That is adroit; it shows the practiced politician, but it is not the question. The question is not Georgia, but Union. The Union has been mortally imperiled by a conspiracy of which Georgia was a part. Georgia and the other Confederate States having been vanquished in the field, the question is what further is necessary to secure the Union. And that is a question upon which Georgia can claim no voice whatsoever. The authority which will have secured the Union against the arms of Georgia can alone rightfully determine when and how Georgia shall return to her rights in the Union. That power is no more verbally specified in the Constitution than the power to coerce States. It is in the nature of things. The Constitution is not a code of common sense, and the Government of the United States having been murderously assulted will determine, like every other Government, what is necessary to its security. Five years ago Mr. STEPHENS and his friends told us that the Constitution did not permit us to do any thing by force to prevent the attempt at secession. We differed, and by force we have prevented secession. Now Mr. STEPHENS and his friends inform us that the Constitution does not permit us to do any thing further. But do he and his friends suppose that they are in a situation to expound the Constitution of the United States to those who have just now successfully maintained it against both the theories and the arms of himself and his friends?

National necessity and the general welfare justified the war. They justified emancipation. They justified the appointment of military and provisional Governors. They justified the arbitrary military orders. They justified the imposing assent to emancipation and renunciation of the acts of secession upon the provisional conventions. They justify the present maintenance of martial law and the Freedmen's Bureau. They justify any other measure, not inconsistent with the plain and necessary intention of the Constitution, which may be deemed essential to the resumption by any late rebel State of her position in the Union. The necessity must of course be prudently estimated. The conditions must be wisely determined. Neither hostility nor ignorance are to taint them. History and human nature are to be carefully considered. But the right of the authority which prevented the eleven States from uniting with the Union to regulate the resumption of their relations in it is as unquestionable as the right of self-defense.

STRIKES.

THE strike of the car-drivers has ended, as strikes usually end, in the triumph of the employers. Yet the conduct of the strikers was, upon the whole, so moderate in their chief, so apparently just, that they were sustained by public sympathy.

The most striking fact in the case was the general willingness of the strikers to respect the equal rights of other workmen. A man has undoubtedly the right to say that he will not work for two dollars a day because those wages will not support his family. But he has no right to say that another man shall not take two dollars if he finds that they will support his family. So any number of men may combine and agree not to work for less than certain wages, but they are the worst of criminals who forcibly prevent a single man from working who is satisfied with less.

The difficulty with strikes, as with Trades' Unions generally, is, that they presuppose an essential hostility between capital and labor. But that hostility as such does not exist. A man, whether he have a hundred dollars or a million, naturally wishes to buy cheap and sell dear. A rich man buys his labor at the lowest price, as the poor man buys his bread and meat. The poor man is not hostile to the butcher because he prefers to buy his meat at a shilling for good meat, nor is the rich man hostile to the workman because he prefers to pay the lowest sum for which he can get the work he wants. Of course this parallel must not be pushed too far. Labor is merchandise, but it is something more. It is merchandise plus a soul. It is useless to treat it as merchandise out of political economy. It may be a disturbing and incalculable force, but it is none the less powerful because it is unwise to take it into account or allows for drift in his reckoning. We are not saying that some capitalists may not be hard upon some laborers—we are only denying that a man who has been successful must necessarily the enemy of him who has a hundred.

The important fact for strikers to consider is, that a strike, unless it be undertaken under the French revolution wax at bottom really a strike for higher wages or the means of living —is seldom successful. In England, for instance, where they are most frequent, LOUIS BLANC, who has carefully studied the matter and with the heartiest sympathy for workmen, says that for twenty-five years, from 1836 to 1861, scarcely any have been successful.

The great strike of the Preston factory operatives in England in 1854 is the most memorable upon record. They had a lot of work. They in that year and demanded ten per cent. increase of wages. It was refused. The operatives struck, and were supported by the funds of the Trades' Unions, their contributions being guided by an active committee. The employers announced that if the demand were not withdrawn the factories would be closed within a certain day. The day expired, and the factories were closed. Seventeen thousand operatives were out of work. Their sufferings were terrible. They had been accustomed only to earn twenty shillings a week received but four shillings from the general fund, which amounted to 150,000, or 200,000. They endured the strain with gloomy heroism for thirty-six weeks, but were finally forced to yield. The strike had cost the entire population a loss of £250,000, or a million and a quarter of dollars.

Why did the operatives yield? Simply because the employers could wait longer. And no strike was or can be managed by the workmen but a general overturn of society, which is always burning down your house to warm your feet.

So terrible a spectacle as the Preston strike, and the constant recurrence of the same effort however unsuccessful, as in the case of the stonemasons and bricklayers, who struck for nine hours instead of ten in June, 1861, and of the present tailors' workmen in London, has led thoughtful Englishmen to the conclusion that so much smoke means fire somewhere; and intelligent communities in Rochdale and Leeds have established co-operative societies upon the principle of a mutual understanding between producer, capital, and labor, which have already had the best results. And if in England, where the condition of the laborer is probably worse than in any other country, the idea of strikes as a means of securing any great benefit, it can hardly be more serviceable elsewhere.

In this country the solution of the difficulty is to be found in reason rather than in stopping work. If a body of men who are steady, responsible, efficient, and therefore valuable workmen, find that by the general increase of prices their wages are insufficient, and plainly and temperately state the case to intelligent employers, who are the great majority, we do not believe they would be made to suffer. But if they assume hostility, and act accordingly, nothing is more probable than that they will encounter hostility. For resistance to a request of higher wages usually proceeds from the conviction that to yield is to invite still larger demands. That feeling can be dissipated by frank and honorable conduct, and by the spirit of cooperation, which is the true secret of industrial harmony.

REFORM IN ENGLAND.

LORD GREY and his friends, who agitated England for electoral Reform in 1832, Richard COBDEN and his friends, who began to agitate for the Corn-Law Repeal in 1837, and JOHN BRIGHT with the party who now propose to agitate for Parliamentary reform in England, have been that class of true statesmen who perceive a condition of affairs which will lead to revolution if it is not changed; and who, therefore, before the peril is imminent, arouse the public mind that the catastrophe may be avoided altogether. They are all met by the same objection. They are told that the people do not demand a change, and that they are incendiaries who try to inflame dangerously the public mind. Their answer is always the same. They reply that the conditions of revolt are existing, although latent, and if they are not perceived by the public, that that is the very reason why the public should be made to see. Acting upon this principle which Machiavelli taught England the danger and the duty of the hour, and by organizing the popular demand they have compelled privileged classes to yield, and have so saved their country from tragical convulsion. Their wisdom lay in putting up lightning-rods in pleasant weather, and in not waiting until the hot air quivered with electricity.

In his late speech upon Mr. GLADSTONE's new Reform bill Mr. BRIGHT said that he regarded it as wholly unsatisfactory, but that the bill which he very plainly declares is a necessity of the times in England. That work is the constant enlarging of the suffrage. Pass the present bill, Mr. BRIGHT says, and Parliament will show that it sympathizes with the multitudes of the English people. The advice of those who urge Parliament to resist it he calls "*the most revolutionary advice ever given in this House.*" And Mr. GLADSTONE, in replying to Mr. LOWE and Lord ROBERT GROSVENOR, who had asserted that the bill was framed to admit drunkards and brawlers and semi-savages to political power, said, with his old brilliant fervor, "I object to the whole tone in which these statistics as if we were ascertaining the numbers of an invading army. The people who will be admitted to the franchise are our fellow-subjects, our fellow-Christians, our own flesh and blood. Men lauded to the skies for their conduct—men who have borne destitution, starvation almost, with a patience which is a lesson to all."

Mr. BRIGHT's statements and Mr. GLADSTONE's are in the key of the position. "You have a population divorced almost entirely from the land and shut out by law from the possession of the franchise." To see that fact, and to appreciate the vital danger it involves, is the proof of his great political genius. To rely upon his profound conviction that the danger is real, and because it is real, personally comprehended, and to devote himself to arousing the people to perceive it, makes him a great popular leader. He marks exactly the difference between a follower or a trimmer and a statesman.

Mr. BRIGHT knows, as every close observer of human nature and student of history knows, that every country is safe so long as it moves constantly and regularly toward a wider distribution of intelligence, property, and political power. When those tend to concentration, when the land is falling into fewer hands and the political power to a smaller number—the country is being besieged. Mr. BRIGHT has read Roman history and French history with his mind as well as with his eyes. He has seen that although the early French revolution multiplied the number of land proprietors, and the days of July abolished the old Bourbon monarchy, yet the number of voters was still only about 900,000 out of 30,000,000 of people, so that LOUIS PHILIPPE's parliament was virtually of his own election; and deceiving himself by his own image, which he reproduced as the people of France, that MOLÉ found himself suddenly without a kingdom or a crown.

In England the tendency of the land is to fewer proprietors, of which, we believe, there are now about 36,000; and the voters of all kinds are but twelve hundred thousand in a population of 30,000,000; nor to counteract the consequences of this tendency is there any thing broader and more radical than individual qualification of suffrage, or the enlargement of political power. To that Mr. BRIGHT looks for more general education, which, in his judgment, is sure to follow. With greater general intelligence, and the self-respect which springs from the consciousness of an actual share in the state, the still further enlargement of political power, even with any necessary modification of the whole system of the country, becomes possible. Without some movement wisely and continuously developed which shall give the great multitude of the people some direct voice in the representation, Mr. BRIGHT unquestionably expects grave trouble.

The politics of England are watched with interest by many minds in our kindly disturbed States. Their own problems are in many points, and especially in this of suffrage, like those in England. We hope they will weigh the counsels of BRIGHT and GLADSTONE.

THE I. R.

THOSE honest Irishmen who comprehend the real sufferings of their country and would seriously help her, must be the most indignant of all the spectators of Fenian antics. It is not to be doubted that large sums have been subscribed for the pretended movement toward Irish independence, and the mass of those who give a generous part of their hard earnings to the fat Fenian treasury are unquestionably very earnest. They heartily hate England, and with the easy enthusiasm of their race they sincerely believe that they have subscribed to some formidable demonstration. If, however, those who have received the money are not quite so earnest, the urgency of the subscribers must be rather annoying. It must be appeased in some way, and nothing would be so valuable to the leaders as a valid excuse for deferring the blow. Has it occurred to those who have given their money that the demonstration upon the border are intended merely to provoke the United States Government to interfere, so that the leaders can turn to their subscribers and say—"There! you see the Government has interfered! We can do nothing now, of course. But patience, patience, patience. Wait carefully, watch closely, and you shall see what you shall see!"

So far as now appears that is the present scope of the effort to establish the I. R. in the State of Maine.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SUFFRAGE.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON must not be held responsible for the follies spoken in his name. The vociferous orators who defend him, and in the same breath declare that this is a white man's government—meaning that no man of any other complexion should be allowed to vote—reckon without their host. The President is not of their opinion, if we may judge from his own words on many occasions. Let us refresh their memories.

In his famous speech to the colored people of Nashville, on the 24th of October, 1864, which was certainly not the least illustrious incident of his life, Mr. JOHNSON said, speaking of Tennessee: "Loyal men, whether white or black, shall claim control her destinies; and to them shall be given that which we enjoyed in past, I trust, I know, we shall have a better state of things, and shall all rejoice that honest labor reaps the fruit of its own industry, and that every man has a fair chance in the race of life."

In April, 1865, Mr. SUMNER, Mr. W. D. KELLEY, and Mr. SCHURZ, who, as Jews were very radical, were entirely satisfied with the opinions upon the question of suffrage which were expressed to them by President JOHNSON.

In May he told Mr. KELLEY, of Pennsylvania, that he should earnestly advocate the extension of suffrage to her colored citizens, if we were in Pennsylvania; but that he did, as President, he had a right to force it upon the late rebel States.

On the 15th of August, 1865, President JOHNSON suggested to Governor SHARKEY, of Mississippi, that he should persuade the Convention to "extend the elective franchise to all persons of color who can read the Constitution of the United States in English and write their names, and to all persons of color who own real estate valued at not less than $250 and pay taxes thereon.....This you can do with perfect safety."

On the 27th of September, 1865, President JOHNSON told Senator WILSON that the suffrage question was open for discussion within the party, and that he should not discriminate between its members on account of opinions they might express. Various gulais not settled by the Baltimore Convention.

On the 3d of October Major STEARNS made a memorandum of a conversation he had just had with the President, during which Mr. JOHNSON said: "My position here is different from what it would be if I were in Tennessee. There I should try to introduce negro suffrage gradually: first, those who had served in the army, those who could read and write, and perhaps a property qualification for others, say $200 or $250." This memorandum was submitted by Major STEARNS to the President,

who returned it with this indorsement: "I have no time within communication and find it substantially correct. I have made some verbal alterations. A. J."

There is no reason whatever to suppose that President JOHNSON has changed his opinions upon this subject. And no man of common sense supposes that this large part of the population can be long disfranchised with safety. Differences of methods will prevail, but in an intelligent, free republican country there can be no question as to the right and necessity of impartial suffrage.

TAXATION AND REVENUE.

BEFORE these lines are read the House Committee of Ways and Means will probably have reported the amended Tax bill. The papers are full of the governmental economy of the changes which are to be made. But Washington correspondents, like HOMER, have been known to make mistakes, and we may as well defer criticism on the bill until it appears in authentic form. In the mean time there is no reason to question the published statement of the revenue for the fiscal year ending the 30th June next, which sets down the receipts of Government from customs, excise, and miscellaneous sources at $325,000,000; or the published estimate of the public revenue for the fiscal year 1866–7, which informs us that the income of the coming year will not be less than that of the current year.

These are substantial, suggestive facts. This country, it seems, with a population, including negroes, perhaps 3,000,000 more than that of Great Britain and Ireland, and 9,000,000 less than that of France, yields a revenue to Government fifty per cent. more than the public revenue of Great Britain, and of France. The British revenue has for some years averaged $350,000,000 per annum, and the revenue of France about the same sum. Our public revenue this year will not be less than half as much more. Thus, while inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland pay an average tax of $8.81 to the head, and inhabitants of France about $8 75 per head, inhabitants of the United States, including negroes, pay about $16 50 per head. This is pretty well for a country which but within three years was new to direct taxes, and of which it was confidently predicted by observers who were neither idiots nor traitors that the people would never submit to the exactions of the tax-gatherer.

The revenue, as we said, is not to be less in 1866–7 than it was in 1865–6. Yet the expenditure is declared positively to be reduced. In 1865–6 the expenditure will be found not to fall far short of $600,000,000. For 1866–7 the Secretary estimates are $385,000,000 and sound authorities predict that unless Congress throws money away the aggregate, including the interest on the public debt, will be within $450,000,000. This would leave a surplus of $250,000,000, to be applied, as many suppose, to the reduction of the principal of the public debt.

An important problem is suggested by this probable excess of revenue over expenditure. Is it just or politic for the present generation to undertake the payment of the national debt, and at the rate of nearly 10 per cent. per annum? On the one hand, it is urged that, as there is no better possible investment for an individual than the purchase of his own paper, so there can be no better use for the public funds than in the extinguishment of the public debt. And, further hand, as future generations will benefit at least as much as the present generation by the war for which the national debt was incurred, it seems but fair to many that they should bear their full share of the burden. Or, to put the proposition in another shape, it seems unfair that the present generation, which has contributed its full blood to a work that is to benefit its posterity as well as itself, should be further called upon to reduce, by the payment of heavy taxes, the pecuniary burden which naturally would devolve upon its successors. There can be no question but that the war of 1861–4, with the consequent prosperity of the country, will redound



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.]

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

THERE are few public men in the country who have spoken so plainly, and whose political career has been so conspicuous, whose real position has yet been more misunderstood than that of Mr. STEPHENS. It was long the habit to regard him as a "national" man as opposed to the school of State sovereignty; while the plain fact of his whole career is that, while Mr. CALHOUN'S measures were not always approved by him, Mr. CALHOUN'S theory of the Government has never had a more consistent and determined supporter. Viewing the two great historical parties of the country as the Northern and the Southern, the Southern policy has been steadily defended by him, and with a thousand-fold more sagacity than by its sinister and more rhetorical chief. If the people of Georgia and of the late slave States had followed ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS rather than ROBERT TOOMBS and BENJAMIN and DAVIS, the war would have been deferred, but the character of our Government would have come much nearer destruction.

MR. STEPHENS was born in Taliaferro county, Georgia, on the 11th of February, 1812. He studied law and came to the bar in 1834. In 1836 he was elected to the Lower House of the Georgia Legislature, and in 1842 to the State Senate. In politics he was an ardent Whig, and in 1843 was elected to Congress, where he remained until 1859. In 1844 he supported HENRY CLAY for the Presidency, although he thought him too lukewarm upon the then great Southern measure of the annexation of Texas, and one of the first speeches MR. STEPHENS made in Congress was in favor of that measure. He was one of the authors of the resolutions for the annexation, which was peculiarly MR. CALHOUN'S measure, and intended by him to secure his election to the Presidency; and as it was necessary at that time for the Southern policy to acknowledge the right of Congress to legislate upon Slavery in the Territories, the Missouri Compromise was distinctly recognized in MR. STEPHENS'S resolutions. In 1847 MR. STEPHENS introduced resolutions upon the Mexican war which became the platform of the Whig party, and by committing it to the Southern policy finally destroyed that party. In 1850 MR. STEPHENS supported the compromises which included JAMES M. MASON'S foolish Fugitive Slave bill. In 1854, when the Southern policy required that Congress should no longer legislate upon Slavery in the Territories, MR. STEPHENS, as Chairman of the Territorial Committee in the House, was the chief supporter of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. He blew hot or cold for "the South" as occasion required. The Whig party disappeared. The Supreme Court declared the Southern policy to be Constitutional; and at the close of the 35th Congress, in 1859, MR. STEPHENS declined to be longer a candidate.

Upon his retirement he spoke, in June, 1859, at Augusta. He reviewed the political movements of the twenty-three years—nearly a quarter of a century—during which he had been in political life, and declared that "we"—meaning "the South"—had gained the victory in every agitation. "There is not now," he said, "a spot of the public territory of the United States over which the national flag floats where slavery is excluded by law of Congress: and the highest tribunal of the land has decided that Congress has no power to pass such a law, nor to grant such power to a Territorial legislature.... Wherever climate and soil suit there

slavery can and will go to the extent of population." He cautiously favored the acquisition of Cuba, and plainly but indirectly advised the reopening of the slave-trade. As for the main question of Southern policy, that of slavery itself, he confessed that "the leading public men of the South, in the early history, were all against it." But he said that it was a question "which they did not, and perhaps could not, thoroughly understand." The most commanding lights of religion and science had now shown that not to sustain human slavery upon religious grounds was "to reverse the decrees of the Almighty." This great truth having been accepted by the American people, and solemnly proclaimed by the Supreme Court, Mr. STEPHENS contended that he might safely cease from his labors. The country would now advance to a still more shining prosperity. But that no one should misunderstand his orthodoxy upon the one cardinal point of devotion to "the South" he said that, as matters stood, he saw "no cause of danger either to the Union or Southern security in it." The former has always been with me, and ought to be with you, and dominate in the latter."

In the Presidential election of 1860 Mr. STEPHENS supported Mr. DOUGLAS and HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON, because he was sure that the Southern policy would be safer under them than with the probable extravagance of BRECKENRIDGE and LANE. Upon the election of Mr. LINCOLN he was openly opposed to secession for reasons which he stated in a speech before the Georgia Legislature at Milledgeville on the 14th of November, 1860, in reply to an appeal of Mr. TOOMBS for secession on the previous evening. This speech was much quoted at the time in the North as an indication of Union feeling. But it was simply an argument against the policy of secession; the right was never denied by Mr. STEPHENS, nor, indeed, is it, that the Milledgeville speech states simply the value to "the South" of a Union which it then orthodoxly upheld. The election of Mr. LINCOLN, Mr. STEPHENS said, did not remove it from Southern control. The Senate and the House were opposed to him. If the new President and his party should attempt to do any thing which Georgia considered to be unconstitutional, let her secede. He was first for his State, and next for the country, and he merely objected to secession as unnecessary so long as the Union remained as it then was, under Southern domination. This was Mr. STEPHENS's "Union" speech upon the eve of the war.

When, as probably he foresaw, the counsel of the immediate secessionists prevailed, Mr. STEPHENS was at once elected Provisional Vice-President of the "Confederate States of America," first, to organize and secure the Georgia party which agreed with him; and second, because there was no doubt of his entire devotion to the cause as against the country. This was on the 9th of February, 1861. On the 21st of March he spoke at Savannah. He repeated in almost the same words the philosophy of the speech at Augusta in 1859. He announced that the "old Union" was based upon liberty and equal rights, which was "a sandy foundation," he added, "Our new government is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth" that slavery is the "natural and moral condition" of the African race. This is "the corner-stone" of the new system. Mr. STEPHENS neither conceded nor repudiated in this speech any of his well-known views. It was entirely harmonious with his whole career.

During the war he was not conspicuous. He seldom presided in the Richmond Senate, and he twice essayed to aid mediation by some kind of negotiation. He probably did not change his opinion that the attempt at secession was a mistake, and events, of course, must only have confirmed his conviction. From May to October of last year Mr. STEPHENS was a state prisoner at Fort Warren. He was then released upon parole, and, returning to Georgia, secured his election as United States Senator. On the 22d of February, 1866, he made a speech to the Legislature recommending acquiescence in the situation, and such legislation as would secure a chance to the freedmen. But still holding to the right of secession, he also believes that every State which has tried to secede and failed is now entitled without delay or condition to resume the exercise of every other right in the Union —a doctrine which grows naturally out of the old Southern view of the government, and which we have considered in our editorial columns.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XVII.

"O HAPPY day!—O glorious and blessed day! —O day for us to celebrate with joyful hearts as long as we live here and throughout all eternity! No room for hesitation now. Many a time you have laughed at your humble speaker—said, 'Don't be too fast, Brother Barker'—hah! was it not right? From the first whisper of the great News I believed it all, every syllable. Shame upon you who held back, who wanted confirmation, as you call it. There was your sin. Men standing high like among us, too—like the lord on whose hand the king leaned that our text— Second Kings, seventh—speaks about. You would despise me, but you can't take from me my faith. You hesitated. You said, Louisville taken? May be so. Cincinnati captured? Perhaps; only there's a good many people living in that town, always to bring more, and the like. But Washington captured? you asked. Don't know about that. You all believed about the second battle of Manassas which went before all this glorious success; you hemmed and hawed about the rest. Only let me have the humble satisfaction of telling you all to witness this day that I believed it all from the first—news and victory of Manassas, capture simultaneously thereafter of Louisville, Cincinnati, Washington —yes, and of Philadelphia and New York City, too, which will soon follow. Is it because I believe in our glorious Davis and Lee and Stonewall Jackson and our gallant army? Not one bit of it. What I believe in is God. From the first I have said, Brethren, here's the only ground to stand on. This whole war is a war for slavery. God teaches plainly in His Word slavery is a divine ordinance. In all the world we are His peculiar people, being the only people on earth who believe in the institution as such. An infidel North, an infidel world against us, but God for us! You have trembled and said, 'Oh, the North is so populous, so rich, so united, so determined—the North is so this, and the North is so that.' All I said is this, Very good, if the North is God and a million infidel more so, what do I care? The God of the Bible is for us. But the whole civilized world is against us. Who cares if all the kings in hell, too? If God be for us, who can be against us? I, all the brethren in our denomination, almost the entire number of every denomination, have said the same here at the South—if you would only believe it when you hear it. There in that ninth verse—We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings; and we hold our peace;' what the lepers said to one another. As I said in taking that text, this being a day of good tidings, I don't intend to hold *my* peace!"

And Brother Barker did not. It was on Sunday morning in his pulpit in Somerville, to his church crowded to its utmost capacity. For a week the news he specifies has been pouring in, increasing in magnitude and being more fully confirmed every mail. Some rejoicings had taken place from its very first arrival; but last night the news was so entirely confirmed that even the most prudent Secessionist in Somerville abandoned any doubts as to its authenticity. Hurrahing until hopeless hoarseness, bonfires, fireworks from cannon down to the feeblest pistol, bells from the big bell of the Brick Church down to the weakest tea-bell in the hands of baby assisted to hold and shake it! Shaking of hands till exhaustion. Somerville has rejoiced before, but Somerville outdoes Somerville this time. Very properly, the news being by far the most glorious ever received.

Around Mr. Ferguson, sitting grimly aloft in his room, Somerville sweeps and roars like a maelstrom, all the country around sucked into the vortex of rejoicing. Like a hunted lion in his brushy lair, the Scotchman broods in defiant storm behind his grizzly beard. His only care is to secure each and every dispatch or other printed fragment in relation to the news as it appears, and before it can be whelmed in the torrent of later and fresher tidings, give it a permanent place in his scrap-book according to its exact date and sequence. It is a very Daniel Lambert of volumes. No easy matter to handle it now, as it lies on a table in the Scotchman's room devoted expressly to it; and it is growing rapidly in these days. Mr. Ferguson has no children, not even a cat, and this is his pet. Mr. Ferguson has no visitors beyond Dr. Warner, Guy Brooks before he left, Mr. Arthur, and one or two more; his business is destroyed, for the present; the collection is at once his only business and recreation.

Yes, on this Sunday morning, while Mr. Arthur is preaching the old, obsolete, utterly uninteresting Gospel to quite a small congregation, both he and they none the brighter from a night from which sleep had been routed by the bells—at the same hour Brother Barker actually outdoes and altogether eclipses the Brother Barker of any previous occasion. No wonder. Is not the North now finally defeated? The war is over, at last Barker very justly remarks in his sermon. Washington being captured, there is no longer any Northern Government existing to fight. With tears in his eyes he confesses in sermons, and in conversation which fills up all the space between sermons, to a feeling even of deepest pity for this misguided and infidel but now utterly wrecked and ruined people. As he refers to it in the pulpit he has broken down, has turned himself to one side to wipe his eyes and blow his nose. Friends must excuse him, he was born among that infatuated people who have so madly rushed upon their ruin; and so, with a hasty swallow or two and a twenty-fifth sip at the tumbler of water beside him, he tucks his wet handkerchief under the edge of the Bible.

"I know your magnanimous souls, dear friends. Even in this hour of your final triumph you pity your fallen foe. In view of their awful condition you all feel to sorrow over them. It was an inscrutable Providence that caused me, no will of my own, to be born there. You will excuse—you know how wicked Jerusalem was, yet you know who wept over it!"

Pardon the hand which records this, but shall not that time be set down as it actually was?

"I have heard from my earliest infancy many, very many sermons; in fact, in the earlier portion of my existence I never heard any thing else," Captain Simmons remarks to a group of friends in the grocery next day, "but I never heard a more brilliant discourse—a more effecting one, parts of it, in my life. My nature revolts from a Yankee, even when a Secessionist, yet I must do Parson Barker justice to say that."

"Hear in your minds, friends, this one thing," reiterates Brother Barker, speaking the almost unanimous sentiment of his denomination South at that hour. "The success of our glorious Confederacy, the destruction of the old United States and the infidel North is the doing of the Almighty. And why? Because he could not be a just God and act otherwise."

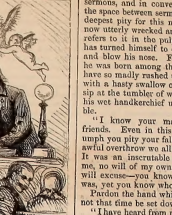
And it is a little singular that the sovereignty of God is the theme, far from the first or the last time, of Mr. Arthur's sermon at the same hour, the grand doctrine, not the same inference. Though he, too, is dreading this morning in secret lest the will of Heaven may be at last as Brother Barker interprets it—dreading it, rebuking himself for any pain at what Heaven decrees, yet oh that acrid, bitter, sickening fear! "Not my will but Thine!" he repeats a thousand times, but oh that it would throb in his very heart as well as on his tongue!

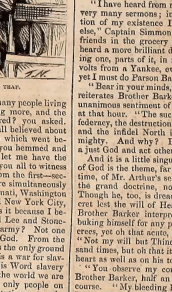
"You observe my condition, friends," says Brother Barker, half an hour later in his discourse. "My bleeding lungs will not permit—I must close. Only I find on the desk a note making request that I will explain a little Scripture before we part. With pleasure will I do so." And that thin, sallow-faced fellow-creature—his dark hair combed back off his forehead and tucked behind his ears, the centre and seat for queer two hours now of that crowded church, enjoys, as he leans forward over his cushion, note in hand, a degree of self-satisfaction intense beyond the ordinary allotment of the rest of us.

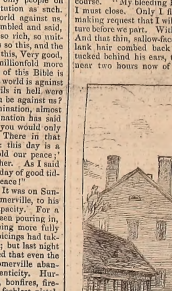
"I find here," he says, "some questions to answer. I have had no time to examine them. Dear is general knowledge of this blessed Book is sufficient. First, 'What does prophesy mean by the stars of heaven?' An easy question to answer," with a smile: "as I have often told you, by the stars of heaven are meant in prophecy governments, particularly the States which once composed this Union. 'Second, Has prophesy a meaning when it speaks of a third part of the stars of heaven?' Whoever wrote this note could hardly have attended the preaching of your most humble. I've explained it often in the Sunday-school. The smallest child there could tell you on the reference to our Confederate States: thirty-three States at the time of Secession; eleven seceded States. Yes, if there be, as I've often explained, any thing certain, positively certain, in Scripture," says the preacher, slowly, "it is that by a third part of the stars of heaven is meant these Confederate States of America. Very good. 'Third, When Scripture speaks of the great Red Dragon what is meant?' Really, friends," says Brother Barker, smiling, "these questions are too simple: I'm wasting your time. By the Dragon is meant, of course, the Devil, the Adversary, Satan. He is called great because of his terrible power over men. He is called red—the great *red* Dragon—to show that he burns like fire with fury, and because he accomplishes his dreadful purposes against men very often by bloodshed and war. A last question: Please say, then, what is meant by Revelation, twelfth chapter, third and fourth verses.' Revelation, twelfth, third—twelfth, third." Brother Barker has his long forefinger on the place in an instant, and reads, without a pause: "'And there appeared another wonder in heaven; and behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads.' All this emblematic," the preacher pauses here to say, "of the devil's terrible power over men; but let us go on: 'And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth—'"

Total silence in the vast audience. Then a perfectly distinct "by George!" from the direction in which Bob Withers is seated, with a tittering among the younger people, first Brother Barker's aspect of sudden and total discomfiture, swelling as the meaning of this most unexpected Scripture breaks upon them according to the explanation yet ringing in their ears! The whole congregation at last catches the joke, and join in. The thing comes upon it so suddenly. The reaction of feeling also. The symptom of a crowd of laughers likewise.

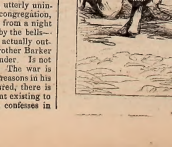
Brother Barker has closed the Bible, very sal-


BROTHER BARKER IN A TRAP.








"YOU BLACK-HEARTED ABOLITIONIST!"

low-lindead, and leans himself over the desk with deprecating hand for some time before he can make himself heard.

"Brethren," he begins, at last, in his most solemn tones, "an enemy hath done—" But the congregation has at this instant a fresh sense of the joke, and go off together in another peal of laughter, as audiences sometimes will, as much at Brother Barker himself, the victim, as at the sacred Scripture.

"An enemy, an enemy hath done this," he says at last, "since before, in my humble belief, in the cause of the South and the God of the South, an enemy attempted to wrest Scripture to his own account the same way. I forestalled him, and told friends he wrested Scripture to his own destruction. You have all heard the fate, the just fate, of the traitor who slid in the double revelation of God on him as a traitor both to his country and to his Bible. Like Uzzah, he laid his hand on the Ark of the Lord, and, like Uzzah, he perished for his sin."

But there is laughter breaking forth yet, here and there, among the most thoughtless. Brother Barker grows more livid, his hair seems blacker, his eyes like those of a serpent, his head projected nearer his audience, his long arm shaking a prophetic finger at them.

"I have spoken of the fate of that miserable man's body," he adds; "but what of his immortal soul gone to the Judgment? I tell you, friends, disloyalty to the Confederacy is a sin against God, a great sin. He will answer a man for that as well as for any other sin. The Power that he are ordained of God; and it goes right on to add: 'Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist shall receive to themselves—Damnation!'"

But it is impossible to describe the force and zest with which the word passes the speaker's lips.

"As to the person who wrote this"—the preacher holds out the offensive sheet at arm's length—"let him look out for himself. He may be here this instant. I tell you, Sir, whoever you are, we have your handwriting. We have your Bible message? Come to this!" wails Brother Barker. "Is it possible there can exist among us men so desperate? Men who can lift a hand to our white Zion? Keep it in the very hour that Heaven has finally crushed it beneath its awful wrath? From whom," continues the preacher after a pause, and with a lower leaning of his body to his audience, as he asks the question, in confidence, of them, "did the writer of this get his Bible message? The Concordance by which this note was got up belongs," shaking the paper almost to pieces in his extended hand as he speaks, "to a minister of the Gospel now living, this moment preaching preaching without one prayer for the Confederacy, in Somerville. And the speaker's silence is more eloquent of meaning than any words could be. Not a grown person here but knows—Miss Nancy Bowles is the only lady who whispers it to her neighbor then—" Parson Arthur.

"I will say this much more"—the preacher has worked himself by this time into a frenzy, the projection of his lean Body, long arms, small head over the desk, with the look of his whole resembling him, even to Tim Lamum, who sits on one side of the pulpit, crowded there by the stress of the occasion, and has the preacher in profile, to an enraged serpent—"this moment our brave boys, your own husbands, brothers, sons, lovers, friends are in prayer there, enduring hunger, cold, intense toil for their country, lying in their hearty's gore, hacked very hinted and shattered by a fiendish foe; pouring out from every vein their rich, warm, Southern blood! And for what? Dear God, the mighty's wish on their and His hellish foes. Yes, pursuing and slaughtering and burning the Louisvilles and Cincinnatis and Washingtons of your defeated tyrants as those other slaveholders and peculiar people of God did the Canaanites. Our dear boys are there this moment slaying such of our cruel foes as come in their reach; and here are we at home, the same foes right among us, people sitting disloyally, insolently down to write such a paper as this"—a deadly shake to it—"while we are exulting in our cross victory. Men right at the President Address dashing the news on the very hearthstones which warm them. I tell you what, friends and fellow-citizens"—and the preacher, lower down over his desk, two-thirds of his body toward his breathless congregation, suits eyes and lips, long arms and convulsive fingers, livid and teeth set, to the words—"you should this hour seize the wretches and crush them like vipers under your feet!" and the stamp with which he dashes his heel upon their shattered heads thrills every heart.

But not without the conscious uprising in his own bosom, ay, and in the bosom of every Christian man there, of a something against all this, not without that, no not without that!

Only human nature, and that nature years, dear reader, as well as his. Our common nature: in this instance diluted in and by the raging of such a whirlwind as never befalls twice a century. Let Him decide the degree of guilt who can!

Reaction, however, being thus established, Brother Barker draws himself together again into the pulpit and takes up his well-worn hymnbook.

"Sixty-eight Psalm, first part, long measure:

"Let God arise in all his might
And put the troops of hell to flight."

Brethren, please sing."

Yes, the case of Mr. Arthur grows a more painful one every day. Many of his members, once his warmest friends, cease to attend church; even those whom he knows most cordially to approve his course are very rare indeed in their attendance there, exceedingly shy of being seen conversing with him, even for an instant, on the street. So many whom he once knew pass him on the streets, refusing to speak to him, that he now takes the initiative in that matter, and never himself first salutes any one of whose friendly feeling he entertains the least doubt. The very children are, in more instances than one, instructed to call after him as he passes along. The week after Brother Barker's sermon Mrs. Warner's little son salutes him as a black-hearted abolitionist. It is on record that the same child receives, for the first time in many months, an exceedingly severe chastisement from Dr. Arthur, followed by a much more severe scourging of the Doctor himself by the tongue of his wife; but who does not see the inspired veil of their family privacy to explain matters?

In fact, Mr. Arthur's apprehension of the correct standard of a layer in Christian society is clearer than it ever was before, with all his readiness. But let only truth be told: with all his bitter ungraciousness in the community, he enjoys a sweeter, more solid peace than ever before.

"It reminds me of the story of the prisoner whose confession was carefully constructed to contract around him every day," he says to Mr. Ferguson, who has just read aloud from his poorly scrawled, carelessly endangling, pen the miscreant ministers yet lingering among us who refuse to pray for the Confederacy, "from the last honest light. Sir.

"They do their utmost to drive you away. Only go, and they will publish you as having deserted the Federal cause. A hypocrite and a spy all the time you were here," added the Scotchman, upon whom quite a number of Yankees have fled, "a Yankee, an old bachelor, and a tough Scot, since Gay Brookes is gone—" fled in a base and cowardly manner to our dastardly foes," is the clear bird it—Mr. Ferguson, whose regard for Mr. Arthur has, since Secession, steadily increased, is glad to, at least, more gentle than he was ever known to be to man before. There is the spirit of John Knox in Mr. Arthur which he can not quench.

"Yes, if you were a man you would leave an odor behind you proving you to have been all along the vilest of wolves in sheep's clothing, just as the story of Judas Iscariote proves a departed visitant to have been the devil." So he comforts his friend.

Henceforth he scarcely ever visited any one. The truth is, he was afraid to leave his collection. Now he lags and creeps about the room, within limits, quite safe in which he keeps his hand-stiles and money, and frequently visits Mr. Arthur in the study of his house. Here the two Americans, Arthur and his minister merely returns the dry Good-morning, and waves the Scotchman to a chair till he gets through. Then Mr. Arthur has been known to pat Robby, when out there, on the head—the first time he has touched a child for many, many years. The whole association is upon the one topic until Mr. Arthur wearies of it, yet he experiences a pleasure in having his grim and gaunt friend near him. It is somehow like the having a rocky barrier for the time between him and the roar and dash of the ocean—for, yet a little while, the most clamorous is the phrase of Secession just now.

"I know dozens of cases in which they have made preachers take the oath, and then they have forloughed them to preach; resign this morning, and before night Simmons and Tim Lamum will be after you," says Mr. Arthur, impatiently.

"None of the interest religious matters among even the best of our people, which I counted on to make up for other things," moans Mr. Arthur. "The Union men flying like rats, or giving up all hope of the changing of the purpose or the power of the General Government. So many who abhorred Secession have gone over to it from a deeper hatred of Abolition. But oh, this spiritual apathy!"

Quite a contrast to the ferrent praying, preaching, singing, conversing, at that fellow Barker's Sunday services and weekly prayer-meetings," says his friend. "Such a perversion of all that is purely the Confederacy. It lives with it, will die with it."

"They ignore, for the present, every Gospel doctrine, so far as urging it is concerned, I fear," replies Mr. Arthur. "God is feared principally as the One who may help the Confederacy to live and invoked, and clung to, mainly as the One who must and shall help the Confederates. It is not so much my duty to preach that the very Saviour now is, because he sanctioned, or, at least, did not expressly condemn, slavery. At least the duty must be better than all this, but this is the outer seeming. And I, perhaps, am as fanatical—only the other way."

"The Almighty," says the Scotchman, reverently, "is simply witholding his gracious Spirit for the present, leaving men, for the time, to the course they will. The Lord is full in that Divine wind which bloweth as it listeth."

"And, the analogy of Nature, will it prove true here?" says Mr. Arthur, sadly, "the strong blowing which seamen know always to follow a calm.

"When His other instrumentalities have got slavery out of the way. Even that man Barker has some blind idea toward the truth. Before this last ridiculous news, they tell me, he had a vast deal to say about some Jonah or other being under deck of the Ship of State—some wedge of gold and Babylonish garment being hidden somewhere in camp which prevented success."

"I fear he refers to Jefferson Davis," left unhung in the land—not to the institution; but who can tell? How often I wish I could catch a glimpse of some man's heart to-day. Do not even know my own!" says Mr. Arthur. "I don't want to speak of myself; but I do feel as if I was actually in jail—by fact in the stocks."

"And midnight upon you; then do as Paul and Silas did, in like case: pray and sing praises to God. The earthquake will come in due time," is the consolation of the Scotchman.

"But so many really good men have gone into this thing—men who hated it at first as much as myself! Some from the influence of others, especially their wives or sons; some because it was to be made in it: some from despair of the success of the Federal government; some because they also feel to regard Slavery as being at last, by its favor, on the side of the South. What pains me most is, that ministers, whose influence is considerable—men older, wiser, sincere devoted than I—men superior to me in every sense, should so be thoroughly personalized and realized by the Confederacy. They look at the head as he walks his study, wherein this conversation takes place, sinks upon his bosom in his deep, deep thought.

The Scotchman sits at the table, apparently turning over the leaves of a Ridgeley's "Body of Divinity," but not omitting, Brother Arthur is far away in Scotland, standing beside a grave wherein he saw laid, years on years ago, a fair young face and form, and traces there before his eyes parts of his memory forever. The plumed Hamlet, the white-bearded Lear, the sweatily chilly young man on the stage are not more the heroes of drama. This grizzly old Scot was not driven apart from men and so deep within himself, more to commune with God to desert and cave, without his tragedy too.

What divine finger touches his heart to-day? Is it Annie's memory? He had never thought of it before, a new purpose, as his eye rests upon his friend, suddenly blossoms upon him, like the sound but dry stick, which is dead all at a new purpose! And like the arrival of the time for the putting forth of buds, it brings a spring and a go with it to the wintry old Scot. A purpose, and a substantial one, too, as we shall yet see.

It strikes him—the change in this once enthusiastic young divine, who came to Somerville to accomplish wonders—that is long ago now. The long gallop of Secession fanaticism, perhaps. It is the plunges the year around into the cold pool. Maybe it is because, in intervals of study, Dr. Arthur rails in Mr. Lloyd's garden so violice and spade. Because, once too reliant on others, circumstances in these days have become in him altogether too perhaps. And it may be for the reason that he has been swimming very long now against a current broad and deep as all the professions of a nation, from without and from within, have wrought together to make him, bodily, mentally, spiritually, a humanist. Maybe he has been a Mr. Arthur, will turn to look upon him as he passes them hereafter, saying to themselves, "There is one who has had a history." But he said one, please God, who has a history before him also.

The Scotchman discovers a tumbler of fresh flowers from off an old volume of Shakspeare on the table; and with the sight and smell of the flowers is taken to a field where he sees on Sunday school and church. Yes, yes, if God will, there shall be a story, yet unlived, as pleasant as any of Watery Kirk. Like Dr. Arthur, he has Shakspeare or one of it: a story of love through years of trial, and, at last, union just the sweetest and more perfect for all that. Not that Miss Fergusson is perfectly confident; he knows too much of this sorrowful world for that. If it is in my power, he says.

But Mr. Arthur is thinking as he walks of that last visit good Mr. Ellis made him the Saturday before the Sunday appearance of the church.

"I do not ask you to take an active part," Mr. Ellis had closed a long entreaty with his pastor by saying, in the humblest manner which In Mr. Barker's temper and manner which I can not approve. But people tell me every day that you wish for the success of Confederacy, and success of the Federals. Assure me this is not so. This is all I ask."

Mr. Ellis had been urging the waning influence and usefulness of his pastor with tears in his eyes; most sincerely is he attached to his pastor and his family. If he possibly could, he would cling to both.

"Being born at the South, it is impossible for me, as for you, not to wish well to that for which what is for the welfare of the South. As to the rest, I can only say, God's will in regard to the South be done. I am a minister of Christ first of South; let us leave it to Him."

And Mr. Ellis can by no means be satisfied with this answer. He would only have told him that he can not regard either Secession or slavery as things for which Heaven is likely to fight.

Dark days these for Mr. Ellis. True, the Confederacy has been most wonderfully victorious of late, but Secession movement is a certainty, of course. But then Henry is off in camp, terribly exposed body and soul. The Confederate cause among Christian men is frightful. And Mr. Ellis, his expenses becoming heavier every day, is making nothing there in his empty store. Strange to say, he has not lost property developing in Mr. Ellis's bosom which surprises men—an altogether peculiar love. Perhaps a tenderness which are most involved in it. He is nervous, sensitive, quick to take offense, petulant exceedingly when bad news is coming. Far from an liberal, however, toward the object as he was at first. He has been so drained, you see, and doubly drained by his pastor's appeals.

"Who knows, Mr. Ferguson," says Mr. Arthur at last, "but Providence may permit the Confederacy to be established—a Christian nation of slaveholders, off by itself from all intermeddling—to show what Christianity within it can effect on slaves? The world may thus get a new idea of the power of religion, and then such may thus be in an admirable training for freedom, if such they are to have at some future period."

"Visionary!" growls the Scotchman. "God works according to laws inherent in the nature of things. We have no Scripture warrant to absolute supernatural miracles to effect what requires a double miracle. Only by a supernatural restraint would the world be held back from such intervening. Only by a supernatural increase of the Christianity at the South will owners do more for and with their slaves than here-tofore. Only by and now that marriage is an ordinance, the relation of parent and child is an ordinance of God, even if slavery is, as well as slavery? Did they assert Christian liberty for the slave? They have had the opportunity; it is gone from them forever. Christianity? It demands the observance of the parental and marital relation in the case of every disciple, white and black, and that is utterly inconsistent with the very existence of slavery. Let a Christian owner try any improvement upon the culture of his slaves; like a dog with a tin kettle to his tail he would be run out of the country, with Abolitionist! fastened to him in no time.

"Well, then," says the discomfited friend, "Heaven must permit the Confederacy to gain its independence, to set up for itself, isolated from all the world, in the Christian pendant to Satan it claims to be Christian, yet on the basis of slavery. The Ruler of all may permit this that said system may work out its own ruin even from all the world by the law of self-destruction inherent in every wrong thing; or that, as a disciplinary one for the nations, Christian nations, he may be the object of His swift and direct vengeance."

"I prefer," grumbles Mr. Ferguson, "to take a plainer, more common-sense view. By Secession the South is at arm's-length from the National Government, and Heaven is glad that Government both will and power to scourge the South out of Secession and slavery, and back into civilization and freedom, as it has not for the nineteenth century. That is the way Providence has worked from creation till now—by means."

But Mr. Arthur's attention is rambling. He has lived all his life at the South; and as he walks up and down there, he sees in the air about the misty instances of oppression, cruelty, corruption, awful sin, which have passed under his own eye as a matter of course. He sees that, as human nature is constituted, the necessary fruits of just such an institution. How many, many times has he, in the past, reasoned with himself for recalling them to mind to a soul. He wouldn not narrate a single instance of them all even to Mr. Ferguson. He almost forbids himself for recalling them to memory. He an Abolitionist, even in thought! Perhaps ten years hence people will be interested to know how they appreciate the horror with which such a man as he shrank them from the thought. He ventures now only this far:

"People say I am not sound, Mr. Ferguson. They are right in a sense. I am very much apart from them. If I could only preach and pray and speak! I am no true Southern man, they say. As if the believing in and urging on the men and the things which have been producing, are stirring, my own native soil, as I know they are, constitutes that! And here I am gagged, cold hand and foot, restricted to the use of my one thing for my country, deaner to me now than ever. Make a gesture even as much as this. Burning daily part of death for even thinking and feeling—"

"Patience, man!" interrupts his cooler friend. "You can at least preach the Gospel."

"Not all of it. Not the many parts of it bearing directly on the times. No. Only verses ing directly on the times. No. Only verses which, from the first, those at church expressly to see if there is a syllable in sermon or prayer upon which they can lay hold. Not the whole of the Bible and previous throw themselves, as if casually, in my way, who spoke in denunciation of slavery and Secession. Not even the whole of it is wise to pray for this spiritual apathy into which we have all fallen! I pray, I strive, I can not move it even to speak to the Lord about it as to a person. I can not even grapple with it in my own bosom. Powerless, absolutely powerless!" and he falls into a chair and covers his face with his hands.

"Only mortified pride," says the Scotchman, with a promptness of a surgeon's knife. "Leaves would see you living needed you. Who knows? You may be in training for future usefulness. And if you are not, you are not the only one, my way! When you have learned your own entire feebleness you may lean upon Heaven enough for it to work in the future."

"I feel at times as if there is no future," rejoins Mr. Arthur, after a silence. "That is as if I had come to the end of my service. No country left me. The very Church of God powerless, or worked as the most powerful of evil forces to defeat and destroy itself. I will tell you what is about all my consolation just now!—drawing a Concordance toward him as he sits at the table.

The Scotchman patiently listening, the young theologian proceeds, with alacrity and unwavering cheerfulness as he takes his glasses more and more past all doubt from Scripture, to prove conclusively that the world will end, in all probability, in a year or so. He rapidly explains from Daniel and Revelation the twelve hundred and sixty years "to doubt on dead point. Now for the exact date following this 1260 years

very universal bishop in 606 A.D. "Can you show me on what ground we are to doubt it?" asks Mr. Arthur, eagerly. "Now add 606—please do it yourself on that slip of paper—to the twelve hundred and sixty."

For the year in which the world is to end? I can calculate without ciphering," says the grizzled Scotchman, with amusement under his beard. "Exactly eighteen hundred and sixty-six."

"But really and in good earnest," pleads his friend, as if for a gift. "You are fond of applying to dulge in idle speculations in private or in public; but it really does look as if it may be the year of the end of all. God in mercy grant it!"

"All stuff, man!" says the callous Scotchman, rising from his seat with a yawn. "You would not say so if you had heard looking of the final success of the Federals, not even if you had heard of any great victory on their part. Nonsense, man! Put that day and that nonsense remember." And Mr. Ferguson, conscious of the flowers on the table, the fair face he sees at Sunday-school, and the youth and energy of his friend, of his own new purpose too, says, emphatically, "For one, I hope not.

"Besides," adds the Scot, in his own room, half an hour later, and with his collection open on its table before him, "it would be the greatest pity," passing his hand fondly over the pasted pages, "the greatest pity in the world for such a collection as this to be burned up incomplete, even if it is by a work of God." And thereupon Mr. Ferguson falls into meditation as to what kind of binding will be good enough for said collection, and which of the Edinburgh publishe illustrates most worthy of it in his death—all which "unnecessary" expenditure is wholly "for only fear is it will not last long enough!" he adds.

TWENTY-FIVE DARK HOURS.

I'd what we calls a ganger, and have so many men under me when we're making a new line o' rail. I passed best part o' my time in the country; but I have worked on the lines in Russia and Spain; but what I'm about to tell you happened in London, where we'd sunk a shaft right down, and then we was running forards and backards.—My shaft being to get rid of your stuff, and sometimes for a steam-engine to be pumping up the water. It's rather dangerous work, and a many men get killed; but then a great deal of it's through carelessness, for lots of our fellows seems as though the whole o' the business was to work backs and arms, and not a precious strong, and nowheres else; but I'd got so used to it that in cutting or tunnel it was all the same to me as how I was busy sinking a shaft, or digging, and sometimes bricklaying a bit, as that I thought worry little about danger when I'd seen as all the while my pipe was well in full blast.

It was just at the end o' the dinner-hour one day, and I was gone down the shaft to have a good look round before we began again, for I'd spent my right-hand man, Sam Carberry, with me. It was a new shaft, thirty foot deep, and the men had to go down, and a windlass and baskets for bringing up stuff and letting down bricks and mortar.

We hadn't turned more than ten minutes some ten or a dozen foot each way, so as you may suppose it was werry fresh—grass, as we calls it, and I wasn't quite satisfied about the shoring up o' one or two, for you know fellows do get so precious careless when once they've got used to danger; and as for some of our big navvies, why they're just like a set of children, and for every thing else but their regular work they're quite as helpless. Tell 'em to fill a lorry, or shift a truck, or wheel a barrer that's got a bit o' smoke; but as to taking care o' themselves—but there, I needn't say no more about that—just look at the great, good-tempered, lollopping fellows, that man can't have it all ways; and if he's got it all in bone and muscle, why 'tain't to be expected as he's going to have all the brains too.

"That's giving a bit there, Sam," I says, a-pointing to one part o' the shaft where the earth was a-bulging and looked loose. "That ain't safe. There'll be a barrer full o' stuff a-top o' somebody's head afore the afternoon's over. Shore up against that is. Take your mell and knock out that lower shore, and we'll put it a couple o' foot higher up. Mind how you do it!" Sam nods his head, for he was a chap as never spoke if he could help it, and then he gets up, while I takes a look or two at the brickwork, to see as to be done by the men as I'd dropped on by the foreman. Then I hears Sam banging away at the bit o' scaffold-pole, and directly after I looks down with a bit loose in my hand, then there was a rattling o' loose gravelly earth as I pops out, and then feels as though my heart was in my mouth, for I shouts out: "That's the worst one!" But in an instant Sam dropped to the bottom, and as he did so it seemed as though some one threw a cannon ball down the hole, and I felt the wind as blow on the chest, and was driven backward and flushed up against the wood scaffolding in the curning. I supposed I was stunned, for I felt nothing more for a bit. Then it seemed as though I was being called, and I corter woke up; but every thing was in a fog pitch and silent as the grave, only feeling heavy and misty and stupid, I shut my eyes again, and felt as if going to sleep, for there didn't seem to be any thing the matter to me, only as if enough something had shut up thought and sense in the dark, and not a wink of light could get in. But there I was in a sort of dreamy, confused state, and lay there perfectly still till a groaning noise roused me, when I thought some one was talking, and so sharp was that flash that my brain seemed scorched, for I knew that was buried alive.

For a few minutes I stood where I first rose up in a half-stooping position, with my head and shoulders touching the poles and boards above me; but a fresh groan made me begin to feel about in the darkness, and try to find out where I was, and how much room I had to move in. But that was soon done, for all the time there was about a yard square, and as far up as I could reach it seemed a couple of yards, while the other way there was the width of the tunnel. I dared not move much, though, for the earth and bricken brickwork kept rolling and crumbling in, so that every moment the space grew less, and a cold sweat came out all over my face, as I thought that I should soon be crushed and covered completely up. Just then, however, another groan sounded close by me, and for the first time I remembered Sam Carberry, and began feeling about in the direction from whence the groan came.

Bricks, bits o' stone, crumbling gravel, the upright earth-supporting poles, and then I met with splinters, and snapped in two and three pieces, with their ragged ends sticking out of the gravel. But I could feel nothing of Sam, and I'd found the board again, as though I had been running, and there was the big drops a-rolling off me, while I drew every breath as I'd been heavy load. I grew wild with terror, and for it seemed as though I shouldn't be able to breathe much longer, and then I must be stifled. It was awful, the feeling of being all alone, and had such effect on me, that I dashed about like a bird in a cage—now here, now there—in mad efforts and struggles to get out. Why, I hadn't thought of swore and tore about, jumping up and plunging my hands into the earth; till at last, panting, and bleeding, and helpless, I sank down and prayed—yes, a child.

Ah! That did me good, and seemed to clear my thoughts, and make me mad with myself to think I had been wasting my strength so for nothing, when perhaps I might have been finding somebody to make my way out; and while I was thinking like this, all at once I started, for there was a groan again close to my head; then, quick as a flash, I got my hand upon a bit of broken board, when *I felt* a groan again, and then, after searching about, found a hand underneath it, and by the feel o' blood, for there was company—I was not alone—and after working off the way now and then, I soon had again like a good 'un till the shovel was at liberty; and while I was hard at work I had no time to think about any thing else.

And now, though I could feel that poor Sam was breathing, he didn't groan; and I began with the shovel to try and set his head free from the earth, but at the first trial I threw down the tool with a horrible cry, as the loose gravel came rattling down, and in another minute the space that I'd made would be completely covered if I had not thrust myself against the earth and kept it back.

If I could only get out, I began thinking I would not have cared; but now that I was forced to keep still and hold up the earth, the thoughts would keep coming thick and fast of my wife and the kids, and were coffins—black cloth coffins with white nails; black coffins with black nails; gilt coffins; workhouse shells; and every other sort of one I'd ever see myself lying stiff and cold. There was one light-grained elm, which looked sometimes quite like a little ripple flight on the top, and another of the same gradually closer, and closer, and closer, till it seemed as though the next moment it would crush me, or drive me through the earth into the next dig-ging; then it would gradually go back further and further till it was quite a speck again. Then there were processions of mourners, and funerals, and tolling by.

Now and then there was a noise of stone falling or a little bit of rolling earth, else all was as still and silent as if there wasn't such a thing as hearing. It was so still that the noise seemed to make me ill, so I began to talk out loud for the sake of having something to hear; and then I listened again, hoping to hear the sounds of pick and shovel, for I knew they would be trying to dig us out, alive or dead.

"That'll be it," I says out aloud; "they'll dig, and dig, and dig, and then they'll get to the end, and they've got all the stuff to get up the shaft, and shore up again as they goe, and I shall be gone mad before they get to me."

Then the horror of death came again, and I leaped up and beat myself about till I was drenched with cold and sweat, and then I sank down, for I felt as my heart throbbing and beating, and, try what I would, I couldn't get enough breath. I tried to thank the Lord for all my past life, and prayed for warm, and that the earth had not settled over it. It was company to be able to touch it so long as he was alive; but I thought of his wife and children, and then shivered as I felt that I should scrape the loose gravel over it, and creep to the far end of the narrow hole. And now I began to think of Sam, and to think about home, and my two girls, and their mother; and there was no comfort there, for I began to wonder what was being said and done after I was gone. Quietly as could be I calculated what my funeral would cost the Odd Fellows, and then about the allowance there'd be made to my pay out o' the Widow and Orphan's Fund, and then I thought how things might have been worse than they was. At last of all, I felt I could pray no more, for I felt the first time since I'd been buried, I was down on my knees with my face to the wall.

I don't know how long I stopped like that, when all at once I fancied I heard a voice speaking, and I started up; but it sounded so more, and as I sat listening I could see again all sorts of things coming and going. Now it was coffins; now strange-looking beasts and things without any particular shape; and as they moved, and coiled, and rolled forward, I kept feeling as though they must touch me; but no, they glided off again, and at last, to keep from thinking, I stripped off coat and waistcoat and, groping about till I got hold of the shovel, I cried out, "God help me!" and began to try and dig a way out.

"Every man for himself!" I half roared, and the curious, stilted sound of my voice frightened me; but I worked on till I had thrown back a few spades-fulls, when I found that I had put it off too long, and that I could do nothing but sink down, panting for air. I couldn't keep off the idea that something was pressing down upon me and trying to force out my breath; at last this idea got to be so strong that I kept thrusting out my hands and trying to push the weight away. I don't know how time went, but at last I was lying, worn out and helpless, on my back, and then I set trying to grub or burrow a way out with my fingers.

All at once I remembered poor Sam, and after a great deal of groping I found the board again, and laid my hand upon his face, but only to snatch it away with a chill running through me, for it was as cold as ice. Then I tried to touch his breast, but soon gave up; for, with the exception of his face, he was completely bedded in the earth, while the board and only saved him at the first moment from instantaneous death.

I crept as far off as I could; for now it seemed that death was very near me, and that my own time must be pretty well run out.

I won't tell you how weak I was again, and how all my past actions came passing past me. Odds! they all were, from boyhood till the present; and I couldn't help groaning as I saw how precious little of good there was among 'em; yet here and there a bright spark among all the blackness. At last I began to think it was all over, for a heavy stupid darkness came over me, and I battled against it with all my might; but it was like—to me, there, in that darkness—as though I was sinking deeper and nearer with heavy shadowy wings; and as I tried to drive it off it went back, but only to come again, till at last it seemed to have got me down, for after groping round and round the place such a many times I seemed to see and know every bit of it as well as if I saw it with my eyes, till it faded away, and all seemed to be gone.

Next thing as I remembers is a dull "thud-thud-thudding" noise, which drove me up in so that I sat holding my head, which ached as though it would split, and trying to recollect once more where I was; and I dare say your mind must have been a bit touched, for I could make nothing out until I had crawled and felt about a few time over, when once more it came back with a flash, and I remember thinking how much better it would have been if I had kept that shovel, for now I knew what the row was, and I seemed hardly to have the hope, which seemed to drive me almost mad. "Could they get to me before I was dead? Could I help them? Would they give up in despair and leave me?

I lay listening to the "thud-thud-thud" till all at once it stopped, and the stillness that succeeded was so awful that I shrieked out, for I thought they had given up and left me. But the dull, thudding noise roused me again, and once more I lay listening and counting the spadefuls that I knew were being flung about as they dug over the roof. Then I rose, and tried to shout in reply, I found I couldn't do more than whisper.

All at once the earth came caving in again, and I was half buried. Weak as I was, it took me long enough to get from it to crawl up and obtain an upright post or two; and I found that I did; for no sooner was I there than the gravel ceased in again, and I heard a shout, saw a flash of light, and then was jammed close into the corner, and must have been suffocated but for the work I'd been doing, and the room that it gave me. But as I sat wedged in I could hear the sound of the shovels and picks, and I knew how men would toil to get out a buried comrade, and I felt feeling quite helpless and resigned, I tried my best to pray for my life, or, if not, for mercy for what I had done wrong.

Ah!

"Ain't no more here," I'd said a minute, it seemed to me in the dark, and I could not speak to you before.

"Must be," said another voice. "Poor chap's under them planks!" And then come that sound of shovels again, and then a loud hurraying, and I felt hands about me, and I knew being carried, and something trickled into my mouth, and voices were buzzing about me more and more, and I began to be able to breathe, and I heard some one say, "He's coming to;" and then one spoke, and then another spoke, and I knew I was being taken up the hill, and was on a stretcher; and I dream, till I heard a loud scream, and felt two arms round me, and knowing that now I was saved I fainted, I tried to say, "Thank God!" but could only think it.

After a bit I managed to speak, but I suppose I said all sorts of wild and disconnected things, for I asked the time, when the voice that revived me so whispered in my ear that it was nearly three.

"And how long have I been?" I got out at last.

"Twenty-five hours!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE practical but very unpoetical use to which the citizens of New York have conformed the first of May has called forth the ire of other cities of all the country. Theseming, blooming month, when bursting buds and singing birds are in universal rejoicing under the "blue canopy fields of ether," is, with us, devoted chiefly to unpacking furniture, and "getting settled." It is really a decoration of the high spring-time; and the poet's words are thereby, in part, falsified:

"The merry May hath pleasant hours, and dreadful are they not."

As if they looked like the leaves, upon a silver tide: The trees are full of crimson buds, the woods are full of birds,

And the yellow cow-ta wands, like a tone with pleasant words."

In many country towns there still exists the pretty custom of Maying. The young folks are roused at daybreak by the ringing of the village bell, or, wanting that, by special call of some sleepless youth. They penetrate the woods, and, upturning the dead, damp leaves, or, perchance, brushing away a lingering layer of snow, discover the hiding-place of the sweet trailing arbutus, that delicate May flower, whose fragrant, pink blossoms are woven into a garland to crown the chosen Queen of May.

The inhabitant of our city who may, for a shilling, any day buy a bunch of spring violets from the little flower-girls on broadway, does not understand the peculiar pleasure of finding the earliest blossom in their native haunts, unless, by chance, they have the memory of their childhood to aid in the recollection.

The culture of flowers is a delightful occupation. In the city, however, where the only opportunity to work in the ground a few feet square, which most likely the landmen monopolize over Monday, a narrow border around the little yard, is the severe allowance. Nevertheless wonders can be accomplished in a little space by skillful management. And if ladies, who, in the country, have the requisite skill and taste, will give a little attention to the matter now they will be repaid by-and-by. It need not be an arduous labor. A gardener will prepare the soil properly in half a day; and, as a lady will prefer the usual promenade for a few days, the time thus gained will enable her easily to accomplish the rest, and, we think, she will not lose her many chosen acquaintances. In selecting seeds and plants the simple, hardy varieties, and those which will bloom through the season, usually give more satisfaction than the more delicate kinds, which require special care. Mignonette, Heliotrope, Verbenas, Monthly Roses, Pinks, etc., can always be depended upon. Chrysanthemums, Pinks, Asters, and similar plants will brighten the beds in autumn. In the Fall months a judicious selection one may have bouquets from her own garden all through the season. In the Old Country, none but for their share of the work and of the flowers. Give Harry and Lucy this day bed of their own, and let them how to drop in the seeds. If you will provide a little wa they will soon learn to distinguish the weeds, of course they will pull up like plants too, their happiness will be complete.

Women, all the world over, love flowers: and there is no gift to them more delicate and appropriate than a bouquet of fresh flowers. It is not, therefore, strange to generally understood that gentlemen often have an equally keen enjoyment of them; nor that it is an equally generous impulse for a lady to place flowers upon the dining table, or by the breakfast plate of husband or brother, for their special gratification. We have seen gentlemen who particularly enjoy a bouquet for breakfast; and, doubtless, others would be equally pleased to have it in warm weather comes on. It might answer instead of a fresh dessert dish.

The Central Park is putting on its fresh spring dress. The "season" will open—weather permitting—on the first Saturday afternoon of May, by a review. The smoking pagods has been repaired and replanted—a great variety of rustic seats have been added; and, indeed, throughout the Park much has been done to change the winter to increase its beauty and render it attractive. The improvements are now in progress in the upper section, which has hitherto been in a comparatively unfinished condition.

When "The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" is incorporated by the next Legislature, it may become possible to pass through Broadway and not meet the disgusting sight of a horse tortured by being overloaded or prostrate, struggling horses. At present it is seldom possible.

The following singular statistics of matrimonial life in Paris are reported:

During the past twelve months 8644 wives have fled the unhappy roof of their husbands. The unfortunate wives of husbands who have done likewise there are 6407; of married couples who have passed one afternoon in the Seine are 7119; of those who have agreed to live apart, 5801; of females and children who have been abandoned, 3111; of happy couples, 49; of mutually indifferent, 61,430.

If this Parisian statistic is liable to anything like accuracy more extensively than at present, some remedies should be carefully sought for the epidemic. We need no plenty of them. Let us see. Here is a recipe for keeping a husband and making him good-natured:

"Keep his dinner hot in prime condition at the requisite degree of stiffness; never let him know the want of a broken; give him the choicest cuts from the tenderest meat, and a sparkling cup of coffee for his breakfast; keep sparkling before and behind you every day in the week; never scorn him with the blunders and extravagance of Bridget; meet his every want and wish with a cheerful, pleasant face, well-combed hair, and a welcome kiss; have ready a comfortable chair, with a cheerful fire, and a pleasant chair, with comfortable gown and slippers; be merry, and tell him news received from abroad; have a clean, well-made bed in a cozy chamber."

Very good. Now—well—verily, our moral cook-book does not contain a single recipe for making and keeping a good wife. That is strange. The inference is plain. Either wives are born so, or else no one female ever took the pains to study the subject. But doubtless there are about accepting their children to the dangers of the street, and many mothers will be glad to know that a good chocolate factory in the Rue Richelieu. He had an immense number of guests, although he was not a fashionable manners drove many away from him. He was about sixty years old, and leaves a wife and children who inherit his fortune.

Somebody—we are unable to give the authority—reports the following as children's "sensitives," each one of which is a suggestive enough for a text:

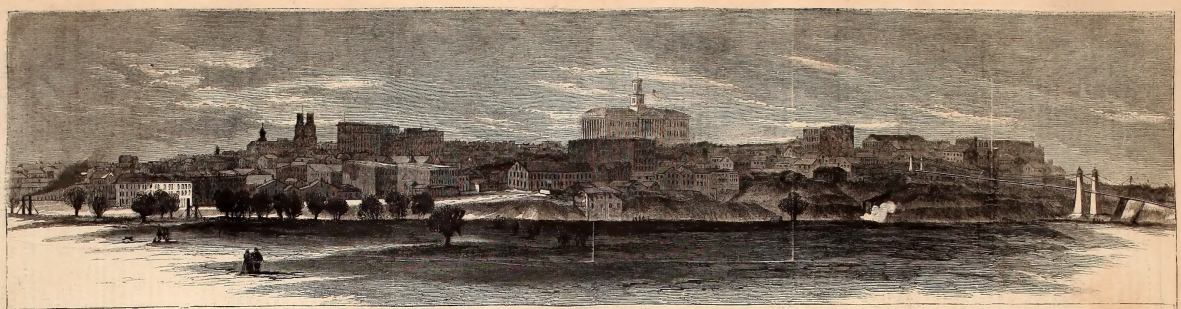
Wonder why mamma keeps Bridget at home from church to-day, and does not go herself, and has to stay at home to build my rabbit-house on Sunday?

Wonder if my mamma thinks it's proper that pretty cats with the yellow blue's head on the top, and then nobody can be sure of the top of the mountain? Wonder, I must a how-happy just as well as be wanted a cane?

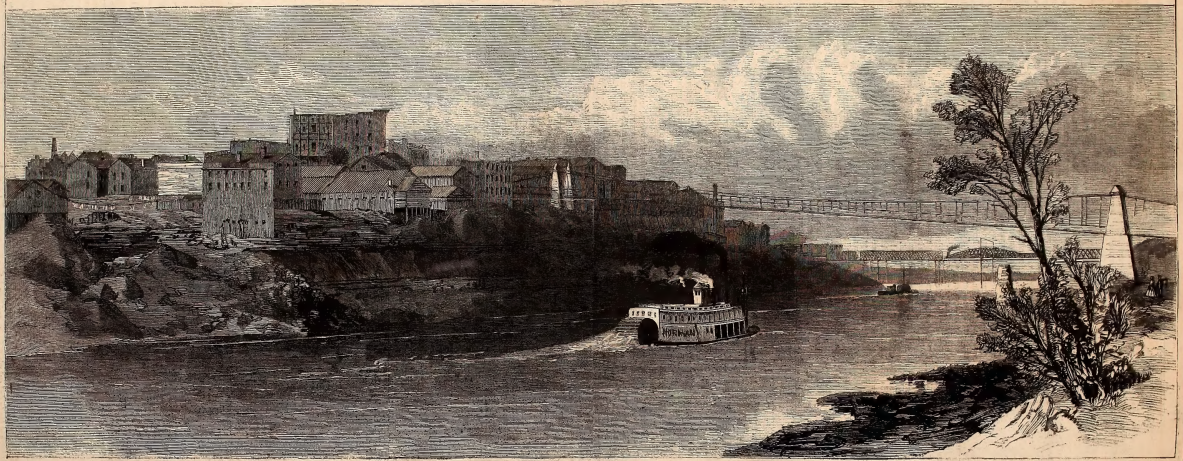
Wonder what the cat thinks of the many stories to visitors about his killing the master's rabbit when he went to school, and about his running away from the school-mistress when she was going to whip him, and then shut me up all day in a dark room because I cried once to be at ment as he was?

Wonder what made papa say that wicked word when Betsy upset the ink all over his papers, and then slapped my ears because I said the same thing when my kite-string broke?

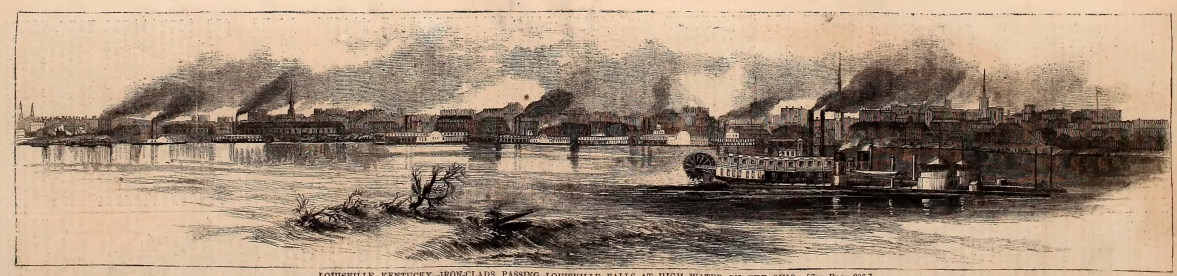
Wonder if my mamma told Bridget the other day to say that she was out at home when Tommy Day's mother called, that the pots ne to bed without my supper every time I tell a lie?



NASHVILLE, FROM EDGEFIELD.



NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FROM THE OPPOSITE BANK OF THE CUMBERLAND.—[SEE PAGE 286.]



LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY—IRON-CLADS PASSING LOUISVILLE FALLS AT HIGH WATER ON THE OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 286.]



CITY OF MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, AFTER THE WAR.—[SEE PAGE 286.]

THE PASSION OF MARTIN HOLDFAST.

THERE were ten of us; but four brothers and five sisters had died ere I reached manhood. So, too, had my father and mother. I was left quite alone in the old house—half manor-house, half farm-house—before I was five-and-twenty.

I know not on God's earth a more abandoned and desolate spot than that on which the original Holdfast had chosen to establish his house. Along the northeastern seaboard of Hertshire runs a long range of sandy hillocks. They are as deserted as the desert. A few coarse burrows in their sides, and when spring returns the shy curlew lays her eggs among the heath. Beyond the sandy ramparts and the sea was a silice of navigable country, perhaps a mile in breadth. This narrow strip runs from the mouth of the Blackwater a dozen miles to the north. The population is thin and scattered. There are some half-dozen farm-houses; the cottages of a few fishermen under the lee of the Lion's Crag (which forms and protects a miniature harbor) Mavrell Park, upon a bend of the Blackwater; and in its east neighborhood the Heuks. And the Heugks is the farm manor-house of which I have spoken, where the Holdfasts had lived and died, and where I—Martin Holdfast—was born. The gaunt old house had once been gay enough; but its cheerfulness had died out as the haunted years went by.

I had been brought up in a gloomy creed. Hell was to me a tremendous reality before I had cut my first teeth. I was taught in the nursery that God was a terrible tyrant, who delighted in fire, vengeance and in shedding blood. As I grew up the schemes was explained to me with amazing distinctness. We had built down for us at school in the form of question and answer; and even to-day I can call to mind the whole backboard, every printed and wicked riddles teacher and pupil—the pupil being ten years old—puzzled themselves daily with our feelings of indignation, horror, and astonishment:

Other lads could repeat this lesson without appearing to attach any weight to the words; but I could not. I was tormented by this vision which the gloomy logic of a theologian had conjured up—this vision of a God who was a jealous God! a God not for eternal torment. I reflected, and I rebelled. To hold to such a faith would, I felt, drive me into the direct unbelief. I was now over who God might be; but I was determined, at all hazards, to deny that he looked with cruel complacency upon the agony of his victims. On this ground I might find rest for the sole of my foot—for a time at least.

But black-and-red Hudson, our parsons, did not owe here. He was a Calvinist. Blackstock was at the dinner-table very much like other men—that he placed a respectable rubber, and was particular about his port. Yet when he mounted the pulpit he told us that the world and the things of the world were accursed; that our bodies were the servants of Satan; that when he rose from prayer from the wrath to come, but from all that seemed to make life beautiful and desirable—the lusts of the flesh, as he called them. Mr. Blacker was by nature sectarial, and I believe that, more or less, he practised what he preached. But my wife revelled against the doctrine.

I had been designed for "the ministry;" but my tender heart and I have parted by a vast gulf of unbelief, and they let me go. And then, gun in hand, I wandered across desolate moorlands or by the sleighing sea, day after day, and left the theologians to carry on their windy war. The old place was very lonely by this time; but when a man is hardly in body and soul, having the open air, his gun, his horses, his dogs; when he is five-and-twenty years old and six feet two in his stockings, he has no right to be permanently unhappy.

Nor was I—only I felt that the color of the life which I had inherited was somewhat gray. It wanted color-relief, I suppose. I was painfully happy in the excitement of the chase; but our rustic merrymakings were not lively. Philis had soft, pensive eyes (as we have); but then her hands were red and lumpy, and the old farmer's views about the weather were as dull as a sermon by Dr. Hackshack. The fishers' life did not lack adventure; how could it, when their field of battle was all glory and the sea? But hand, though good fellows in the main, they were sadly prosy: and their stories-talk had a flavor of Blastem which was not subtle.

There was one house, indeed, which was not utterly hard and prosaic and unlovely, like the rest. An air of romance and of romance I thought that lingered any where about—blew through Mavrell Park. But Mavrell Park was empty, and had been empty for many seasons.

The chief approach to the Park is distant about a mile from the gaunt old house that I have been describing. The Mavrell Mansion looks down upon the Blackwater—here half sea, half river. Twice a day

> The salt-sea water passes by,
> And makes a silence in the hills.

Of the present Mavrells I knew little or nothing. I knew indeed that the old Park—the hall proper, not at Mavrell Park, but at some princely palace in a remote Highland county, had recently died. I knew that he had, per force, left the little and the bulk of his estates to a son whom he had driven from the castle, because he (the son) had unfilially persisted in attending the parish church of a Sunday when he was needed to make the fourth at a rubber. I knew that he had left Mavrell Park to a distant cousin—a plain Henry Mavrell, who had long held a high diplomatic post at a Continental Court. More than this I did not know, and my ignorance was shared by all my neighbors.

Opposite the point where at low-water the Blackwater joins the sea, a cove or embankment has been formed. The land lies low, and, until this dyke was raised, had been frequently flooded. I sat here, one bright afternoon about the end of the middle of the month of February. The tide was full, and washed the pebbles on the other side of the dyke. It was a true February day—cold, cheerless, inhospitable. The evening shadows were already gathering to the sky while I sat and watched the duck as they flew up and down the bends of the river, and an old seal which thrust its bullet-head occasionally above water to squint at the salmon-nets. Angus, the taciturn, had apparently neglected to tell them that it was the dejections of this wily old rascal. He declared, with tears in his eyes, that it had made his life a burden for years, and that a little cod of large size must be had caught this year, and once or twice, when entangled among the nets, it had viciously smashed them. Angus and I, however, did not keep knocking his distance just now, but a bright-eyed vigilant northern diver was sailing within shot. He had come up with the tide from the long, polished bar afternoon meal, was looking about him before going off to sea. I had raised my gun, half-minded to give him the benefit of a charge, when the sound of skates on the frozen canal at my back—chrill in the frosty stillness—caught my ear, and I turned round.

Artemis and her train! one of her nymphs at least. She was not, in the world, likely, indolent ease of an accomplished skater—blazing through the keen February air—her cheeks rosy with the cold and the freshness of her lively feet. She came on, who, I knew not; I knew only that a lovely apparition had rushed swiftly out of the February gloom and had disappeared as quickly. Color enough for you, my pre-Raphaelite masters! A dark purple jacket, a skirt of the same color, only a shade lighter, and a cap of the same—possibly a coat; a wide-awake, covered with the skin of some strange animal—a leopard or panther—with a black cock's feather for its single relief. She—she. I could not tell whether her face was pretty or the reverse; but I felt at least that she was supremely graceful, that she was possessed of the very eyes, lute abandon, that each supple limb was soft and pliant and obedient to the lightest behest of the soul.

She had passed me, I think, and had not noticed me at first. "How beautiful!" she whispered to herself, as she looked across the embankment. A white plume of smoke rose from the Sandshills, making them all golden, and lighted up for a passing moment the sea-fires. "How beautiful!" she said then suddenly, with a little cry of pain, "Ah! my foot!"

She stooped to undo her skate, and then she saw me. She took me, perhaps, for a poacher or vagrant, for she gave a sharp, hurried glance backward along the dyke, but her pain, or the fear, lasted but a moment. "I am afraid I must trouble you," she said, turning her eyes full upon me, "I must ask you to help me."

"Holdfast," I answered, for her voice interrupted.

She smiled; then I saw rightly how beautiful she was. Her smile lighted up her face as the sun rises lights up the sea.

"I am so glad. You are our neighbor, you know—or rather, you don't know. Could you undo my skate? It hurts my ankle. I am May Mavrell."

She held out her foot—a small, clean-cut, shapely foot, cased in a matchless little boot. A few inches of coarse stocking light and white were visible above the boot; for her petticoat, without being exactly scrimp, was obviously a very serviceable article, and by no means calculated to restrict the free use of the limbs. I loosened her skate, and she thanked me with many composure.

"I have had John, our fat coachman, to whom care I was made over. The ice must have given way with him. But, though it gets dark at midnight here, I can not find my way home."

I explained to her as well as I could that there was a short-cut across the heats to Mavrell, and offering to show her the way. She hesitated, advised her to quit the ice and her skates. She did so at once—with perfect docility, and without a shadow of coquetry. I was speaking to her—to a stranger. That February walk through the gathering gloom decided the course of my life. Her manner was frank and unreserved. She talked rapidly—at least, words came rapidly to her, and she flung them from her with a careless ripples of talk, dashing over into a spray of mockery. Yet her gray eyes dreamt as freely as they mocked; they were soft, and, on the left hand, though not vivid voluptuous pensiveness. In her eyes, indolent yet restless; in the gliding and swimming grace of her gait; in her whole bearing, I recognized a large easy goodness and transient flashes of fierceness, one had glimpses of a nature that might perhaps have erected away a weaker or a meaner.

We met Mr. Mavrell at the Park gate, anxious about his daughter. She introduced me at once. "This is Mr. Holdfast, the new curate at the Heughs"—for she had learned all about me already —"he has been so good as to bring me home when I had lost my way." His manner was simple and courteous, and as I left he promised to call for me on an early day, and hoped that we might meet often, now that we knew each other. Holdfasts and the Mavrells must have known each other of old."

I did not go home at once. I slowly retraced my steps to the dyke, and sat there for some time slowly. Yet I seemed to tread on air. A sudden rosy rapture had entered into my life. The old land-marks were transfigured; I hardly recognized them. I had taken a first deep draught of the wine of Love. The wind, as it blew off the sea, and a sea of silver light quivered and pulsed as it rose, kissed I saw her face only—the pure ample brows; the full lips, red and curled; the great gray, thoughtful eyes; with their long lashes; heard only the quick, bird-like twitter of her laugh; felt only the pressure of her hand, when I helped her to mount her horse.

I struggled from the first in a blind, ineffectual way against the fascination of this girl. But she took me captive as a snake takes captive a bird. Before many days had passed I gave up the contest, and passively submitted to be carried whithersoever my good or evil fate might lead me.

"Do you know, papa," she said, one day, while we were seated together in the afternoon twilight, "that I sometimes fancy I have got no soul?"

"You have got a temper, at least, my dear," said her father, blandly.

But she turned away from him with a little impatient shrug, and addressed herself to me.

"That church of yours is quite to my taste; Dr. Hackaback is such a ridiculous old dear! We must have him here, papa. Mr. Holdfast likes him as much as we do. And the sisters Peterson! I could study their bonnets forever. In Dr. Hackaback a good man, Mr. Holdfast?" she continued, with an air of innocent inquiry.

I supposed that he was very much like his neighbors.

"Then I must get him to be my confessor. I have no end of iniquities to confess. But he must choose between me and the Misses Peterson. I am sure that their opinions are evangelical—such bonnets as they now know I belong to the Broad Church, Mr. Holdfast."

"I fancy Mr. Holdfast is not much interested in your theological experiments, May dear. She is very tenacious, Mr. Holdfast, is May. Ten days ago she wanted to be a nun, and asked me for ever so much to buy a veil."

"Don't tell tales, papa. You know it was a Brussels one I wanted. But I belong permanently to the Broad Church."

"Your friends of the Broad Church," said Mr. Mavrell, "make things pleasant, at least."

"And what pleasanter things to be pleased?" May retorted. "I am a coward at heart, and the dreadful stories these Evangelical people tell, and the way they swear at one, frighten me out of my wits."

May certainly liked things to be pleasant. I think she was naturally of a brave spirit; but she feared pain as a dog does a thunderstorm. She wrapped herself in soft furs; she made herself a warm nest; she strove in every way to shut out from her the ugly things of this world—misery, sickness, disease, sin, death. And thus they became more terrible to her imagination, for they are things that require to be met face to face, and that grow in full of menace to the half-averted eye. She lived in the senses; and, like all who do so habitually, she had become timid and easily scared in the presence of the supernatural.

It was on these scampers across the sand-hills I brought her to the old church-yard of the district. On a bright green margin of turf that overhangs the sea, beneath the shadow of a ruined church and mountain ponies easily made their way, half a decen old head-stones, telling how Alexander Davidson, Elspa Ross, Donald Mac Ian, had died in the odor of sanctity, and "a broken chancel with a broken cross," whose venerable Culdees had worshiped God in their fashion—such was the place. Railed off from the common earth, but rank with coarse grass and nettles, was the burial-ground of the Mavrells. Generation for many years by, as we know, the late head of the house had chosen another resting-place. Peering through the railings, we could read the "Sybil Mavrell" had been laid there a century before.

"She was my great-grandmother." said May, after a long pause.

Then we turned our horses, and rode silently along the bushless downs.

She had left her high spirits during our ride, but now she spoke not a word. Then turning upon me she said, almost fiercely,

"Why, why have you me there? It makes me shudder to think that we must come to that. How I hate death! We are to make only to be put away in such places, to rot under those loathsome mounds! Martin, this is cruel of you."

I would have excused myself, but she would not listen.

"Let us gallop along the shore," she said; "the wet sand will not hurt the horses' hoofs so much. Come, God, there is life in me yet a while!"

She urged her pony with bridle and whip, and we galloped for some distance, side by side. Soon the roses came back to her cheek; her eye flashed as the pace grew fleeter; she blood danced merrily in her veins.

"I beg your pardon, Martin"—she called me Martin now, as if I was a cousin or a servant—"but that was very foolish of me. Life is so sweet, and then it is all so dark and dreary outside. Let us banish these evil fancies, and say good-by to the King of Horrors."

We had come to the fishers' village, and I dismounted for a moment to tighten a girth. As we paused, a sweet voice rose from a group of women who were seated on low three-legged stools in front of the cottages, baiting the lines for to-morrow's fishing. The words were many, I think, were these:

THE FISHER LAD.

Fisle, the lass with the golden curls,
Sings like the linnet or thrush in the squirrels
All night-long she sleeps in her nest,
And dreams of the fisher-boy out in the West.

All night-long! His voice is the last
And hours a song as he lies afloat—
A song about Fisle, the golden curls,
That blooms on the cliff where the night-wind blows.

The dun duck dives, and the roving bark
Flies, all night-long, from the land to the land;
And, heaving the herring-nets over the side,
Night-long the fisher-boy talks with the tide.

Under his feet the herring are streaming;
Over his head the stars are dreaming;
And he sits in his boat as it rocks in the light,
And watches and waits for the morning light.

The wind is soft, and the sea is still,
But never a mermaid whispers to him;
And the fisher-boy sighs for her softest gain,
But she won't beguile him out of his boat.

At break of day from the sandy bay
He draws his nets, and he sails away—
Over the foam let gipsies roam,
But Love is best on the sea at home!

May listened with delight. "It is Maggie Bastan, the cripple," I whispered.

"What a musical voice! I must get the air and the words. Let us speak to them. You know them, I suppose?"

We rode forward, and they greeted us with natural courtesy. May took possession of one of the three-legged stools, and sitting down beside the crippled child, fondled and caressed her. The child gazed admiringly upon the glorious beauty of the face, and was easily induced to repeat the simple air. May had a retentive memory, and in a wonderfully short space had made the air and the words her own. Then with a compassionate caress to the child, and a kindly greeting to the older women, she mounted again, and we rode home.

In the evening we criticised the new books, and tiring of this May went to the piano. "What do you think of Handel, papa?" she inquired, as she sang the little air—which she had got from the fisher-girl. Her voice was sweet as heaven; I was, perhaps, a little one-sided in my judgment as to any other voice save one. Then, again, she discoursed sad, sad music, and anon dashed into the riot of a wild Bacchanalian waltz.

"You recollect how they danced it at Paris, papa? Ah, that was the wildest, most picturesque thing imaginable. Do you know the step, Mr. Holdfast?"

"No, I don't dance."

"I can teach you it in a minute; like all these national dances, it looks intricate, but is in reality marvelously easy—so, this is the step."

And then bringing her feet out of her ample skirts—clean-cut, serviceable, matchless little feet —she showed me how it was done.

"You are not so clumsy as I expected. Now, give me your hand, and put the other round my waist. So-o-o. Oh, you ungrateful boy, you have torn my dress!" she exclaimed, with a little shriek of affected dismay, as she jumped from my arm.

As I walked home that night I understood how men and women had died for love. I had caught glimpses of a passionate rapture which might kill *Ultra-limpha pedrina*. I had had in my arms one who she had leaned against my heart, her hair had fanned my cheek. I did not sleep all night; I was sick with love. With love which was, as the Athenian poet said, none escape, neither mortal man nor the Undying Ones.

As I walked home I was provokingly fickle. Sunny showers and rain-touched sunbeams chased each other the livelong day. The spring was born amidst blustering and frequent tears.

On one of these days we were surprised by sudden storm. We were not far from the Heughs at the time when the rain began, and we took refuge in one of the gaunt old house. Somehow it did not look gaunt and desolate with the rain-clouds driving across the roof—it looked gauntest also on the 21st of June, of summer days. Ere we reached the door we were drenched to the skin, for the water came down in torrents. It was one of those storms which the heaven abandons itself to the luxury of tears, and grieves without restraint.

For the first time my mistress stood beneath my roof-tree, her gay plumes sadly draggled. Servants, however, there were none, save Philis, a cipher, and she took Miss Marvell under her wing. In a little while May returned, so disguised that I hardly knew her. But the little sparrow I adored. She had donned an old-fashioned silk dress, that had been intended originally for a much larger woman, had her dainty little feet and ankles clad from below an enormous hood that my grandmother or my great-grandmother had worn.

"I am the ghost of your grandmother come to rebuke you for your sins," said May. "My beloved grandchild," she continued, with charming gravity, "I have reflected from the next world, where I am comparatively comfortable, solely on your account. Evil communications corrupt good manners, and I do not like the company you keep. These English people at the Park are undermining your principles. Already you have believed the fearful stories which Dr. Hackaback told us. And you walked in the fields last Sabbath; next Sabbath you will steal the spoons; then you will take to drinking and gambling; then you will run away with a lady—then you will soure when Dr. Hackaback is preaching. Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory is departed!" She stood the perfect representative of the children drew the cloak round her face, and groaned over the backslidings of the house.

Her dramatic power was perfect. She would have made a great actress.

"That queer old duck, Goody," she continued, in her own person, "is a perfect treasure. She allowed me to ransack your grandmother's wardrobe. I hope you like the result," and she made me a comely courtesy, such as old Mrs. Dolman Holdfast may have made about the beginning of the last century.

I admitted that it did credit to her taste.

"I've a great mind to keep it for our theatricals in summer, and become me, I think. Martin, what a lovely face!"

As she spoke she pointed to a picture on the wall in a bright, gilt frame, which all the cavities that make life sweet were written.

"My mother's portrait."

"Your mother!" she said, in an altered tone. "It is a face one might trust forever. Martin, you are happier than I. You had a mother; I never knew mine. Perhaps—" She paused again.

A softer mood than I had ever known in her succeeded. I looked away, for there was a trouble in her voice. I looked away; but I understood how I must have fallen at her feet and kissed the hem of her robe. I never loved her so wildly, so passionately, either before or after, as I did at that moment. Her eyes, traveling round slowly and dreamily, rested on me; she recovered herself directly; her self-possession came back, and her softer mood was coming—told her of the words that quivered upon my lips.

A keen, defiant light came into her face. It said as plainly as words: "No, I shall not and can not hear you. I do not love you. Speak a word and I leave you forever." But aloud she only said, coldly, "I think the carriage must have come."

I resolved that I should go no more to the Park. It was clear, lure me on as she might at times, that she did not love me. And I—this poisonous joy which had crept into my blood was eating up my life. But I would not die! I would go for a week, gun in hand, I tramped over the sand-hills, returning at night weary and fagged and wretched.

At the end of the week came a note from May:

"Dear Mr. Holdfast,—I have been in bed a week, not an hotter. Kate Saville comes next month, and we must begin our rehearsals. But I can not make up my mind what play to choose. Will you come and help me to-day? Pray do. You know my aims at stage.

"M. S. M."

Of course I did not go: of course you would not have gone? Perhaps not: if you and I were wiser than Solomon and older than Methuselah. Otherwise I think I know what road we would take and where it would end us.

I had resolved to keep myself well in hand, but my passion was visible in my face. I think that ever Mr. Marcell must have noticed it; for after dinner, as we sat for a moment over the wine, he led the conversation to his daughter. He probably knew more of her experiences than I did, and goodnaturedly desired to warn me.

"She is a clever little witch, is May, but as untamable as a fox. It is a pity she is such a tremendous coquette—only all women are coquettes. Fill your glass, Mr. Holdfast; I got that wine from Nethermill."

He held up his own against the light as he continued:

"I think a taste for sound old claret is about the soundest taste we can cultivate. And it is a duty to single out natural enjoyments for the sorts of life are easily exhausted. The horizon grows gray; enjoyment flags; the senses fail us. We close up all the small but pleasant holes to enter that they are so few. And when they come, the supreme rewards of success are poor and valueless. Your mistress's kiss does not burn as it used to burn; the truth is, she bores you. You don't relish the wit and the critics as of yore; your stomach is not what it was, and you envy me (I——) old jokes. My good Sir, a woman is only—a woman; and when you once get behind the scenes you learn how you have been imposed upon, and swear never again to find a world of romance in a sheet of pasteboard and a pot of paint."

He filled his glass and passed meditatively.

"You know Clavering by name—an obstinate old ass; he made a terrible mess in life. Well, Clavering once said a good thing—by mistake. At a dinner of the mess of our time at Cambridge he got rather drunker than he had ever been, and made a delightful malapropism: 'Some of them are happily dead; others, alas! are married.' Our shout of laughter must have been terrific; and when he found that he had transposed the words he insisted on putting them right, amidst still noisier shouts. But I think the first edition was the best. Well, the true one, and had I been Clavering I would have stuck to it."

This was the philosophy that ushered me into the drawing-room, where the witch sat dreaming in the fire-light.

A witch indeed, as you would have confessed had you heard her sing that night to an arch, saucy air, half-passionate, half-mocking, that suited the words I will not repeat.

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed, amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily fare,
And yet he calls me of my rest:
Ah! wouldst will you?

And if I sleep, he
With pretty slights
And makes his pillow of my knee.
The livelong night.
Strike I the lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays, if I but sing;
He feeds me every lovely hour
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Ah! wouldst will you?

Rosalind can mock a little at love even while she complains, but I had taken the disease in its worst shape, and was past jesting. A physician would we physic Love!—would have said from the beginning that my malady was mortal.

Our thankful projects, however, kept us in the mean time constantly employed. But although we ransacked the literary we could not agree upon a piece. This play was too warm, that was too cold: we could not muster performers for one, nor properties for another.

"I wish we had a poet among us," said May; "only poets are such dull people to have in a country-house. I know a poet once. I was left to amuse him, and he nearly bored me to death. He told me that he had lost his heart to a particular friend of mine, but I didn't believe him. He had written so many rubbishing poems about the affections, that he had no heart left to lose. Do you recollect the song he wrote for me papa, and which you said had stolen from Master Lovelace? It went somehow thus, I think:

With jests and tears and smiles,
And fitful wilful wiles,
The May her groom beguiles:
But nay May keeps the grove
Of-true love in her face.

Around the May's hawthorn hedge,
And by the water edge,
The murmur of the sedge
But nay May's sweeter far
Than hawthorn hedges are.

The thrush repeats her lay,
And the sad nightingale
With passion floods the vale;
But nay May's whisper thrills
My soul among the hills.

The kisses of the May
Are scattered every day
On all who come this way;
But nay May's lips are kept
Like choicest violets.

And so the foolish fellow ran on, with much more on the same key. But he might help us now, could we lay hands on him. Do you recollect what he was called, papa?"

But Mr. Marcell had entirely forgotten.

"If we could sell advertise for him, I suppose; so we must do without him, and take one of these two. Which is it to be?"

The first was a little gay French vaudeville—artless as the best art is, but exquisitely graceful and petulant. There was absolutely nothing in the story, but the people in it talked about nothing in the most charming way. The hero and his mistress made desperate love; but they clearly didn't care a copper for each other, and their passion ran off in epigrams. "My beautiful lady," said the lover on his knees at last (he went down quite leisurely), "My beautiful lady, have pity on me." And the lady answered, "No, I have no pity. *Je suis là belle dame sans merci.*" And so the play ended.

No, that would not do. Miss Partridge (that it was overlike the play she had on hand; so we chose the other. It was Goethe's *Egmont.*

Kate Saville had not yet appeared, and Miss Marcell and I read the great play together. There was something in it—in Clara's unreflective rapture, in Egmont's heroic recklessness—that fascinated her imagination.

I was but a sorry Egmont, I fear—so poor a performer that Miss Marcell would have dismissed the part out of my hand, and swore (as ladies swear) that she would be the Count herself. And then, snuffing herself in more overalet or shall I say put at hand, she would show me with adorable petulance how it was done; how Egmont, bending over his mistress, had undone the cloak, and disclosed the jeweled collar of the Golden Fleece. "But this is not *Hy Egmont.*"

I would never that I lived through it all. I was like a man in strong fever, now on fire, anon my teeth chattering with cold. I felt as if I could not in agony, and then wish had poisoned my blood. As she bent over me that night, as I felt her breath touch my cheek, I was as helpless and as fiercely miserable as Othello. I knew that my senses were deserting me: this potent enchantress had changed me into wax and stone. I felt as if I could organize, and I fled affrighted from her spells. What if I should smother her in my blind rage, as the Moor smothered his bride? I saw her dead in the black pools of water on which the moonlight lay, I swore that, come what might, I should not go to her again.

I kept my word. I did not occasionally, like Faust. But Fate was stronger than my will. I was to see her once more beside the sea.

She had been unwell, and she came up to me with a beautiful flush on her face.

"Kate Saville has come," she said, "and we are ready for a rehearsal. Where have you been for ever so long?" Then, without waiting for my answer, "I hope you are perfect in your Egmont?"

"I do not mean to be Egmont," I answered, gloomily.

"You are not going to desert us, surely?"

"I shall not act."

"Mr. Holdfast, this is too bad. Kate will be inconsolable."

But I would not. She never asked my reason; she knew by instinct what I meant. She should have gone then; but she still waited.

"Will nothing bring you?" Come up to-night. Kate shall give you a song, her voice is superb; and I—I will give you a supper. Mr. Holdfast added, while a lovely one crossed her eyes and lighted up her mouth.

"Temptress!" I muttered, eying her almost savagely.

"My dear Martin," she said all at once, quite seriously, "I am afraid that you would funer than you took me for a witch. I suppose the best that you expect is to see me ride away on a broomstick;" and she affected to pout like a spoiled child that has been crossed.

But I looked her full in the face (for I had ceased to fear her—I was reckless and desperate), and I saw that her eyes did not defy me.

Then came the end.

I took hold of her hand as we stood together and clasped it in mine. She was not offended; she did not resist, I fancied there was an answering pressure. Her touch kindled all the blood in my body into a blaze. I turned and looked her full in the face. The spell fell off the rapturous moment and checks, which were pale with fear or passion or love, but it still lingered in her eyes, and I felt that her eyes answered. I stepped down and kissed her on the lips. I was mad with love, and her lips did not resist. For a moment they clung to mine, or seemed to. Then her head fell upon the cushion she could not have foregone that kiss. Then the softness died out of her eyes; her face grew cold and hard and cruel; she curled herself out of my arms, and retreating swiftly and stealthily, gained a little knoll, from which she turned and faced me. Her eyes were full of menace and crouched a little, as if with angry shame; at the very moment I thought of a panther-cat in act to spring.

"Sir!" she said, flashing out magnificently, "have you forgotten that you are a boor?"

The reaction was overwhelming and bitter pride, yet, turning suddenly, she bowed her face into her hands and sobbed convulsively. Her being shook beneath the storm. It was a summer shower; it was a convulsion of nature. I was by her side in a moment: my arm was round her waist, and she was tugging at the strings of her bat. "Loose them!" she said; "they are choking me." She sat down on the bank, but for many minutes could not control her hysterical sobs. Her whole nature was moved—perhaps it needed such a convulsion to teach her that she had a heart.

"May," I asked, penitently, "what have I done?"

"Martin, you have humbled me bitterly. It is my fault; I know that I led you on. I have been false, light, unmaidenly."

"You are the delight of my eyes," I murmured, passionately.

"No, no!" she replied, piteously; "do not speak so. You can not be so sorely hurt; it would make me miserable to think that you were hurt."

"Hurt!" I exclaimed; "it is a hurt I shall carry with me to the grave—gladly." Then such a look of pained entreaty crossed her face that I stopped abruptly. For a moment there was silence; but she did not speak.

"May," I whispered, "you know how I love you; can not you love me a little?"

"No," she said, steadily, through her sobs; "I have no love in my heart. I am too hard to love. I do not love you." I turned very pale; and her eyes sought mine pitifully. "Martin, how have I deserved you? You must have known how cold my heart was. Why you have been so blind?"

"May—May!—might you not learn to love me?"

"It is impossible," she said. Her tears were dried, and she had gathered herself up to go. Her face was hardening again. Her mood had changed —as I presently knew. I felt the chill coming. "It is impossible. It can not be."

Yet I persevered; what will not a man do for dear life when he is drowning? "Do not shut hope out from me," I said.

"It is best to speak plainly at once," she replied —and her voice had recovered its clear, musical, mocking ring; "I can not give you my love, for among other reasons—it is pledged to another. Lord Audley——"

"Audley!" I echoed, mechanically.

"Yes, Audley—the House of Commons man. Audley is not betrothed;" and then added, God knows with what bitterness, "My lord, my lover, my hero, my Egmont."

"Are you in earnest?" I said, sneedily, yet with unnatural calmness—for I was dazed by her cruel beauty—"Are you in earnest, or a tiger-cub?"

Then I turned upon my heel and left her where she stood. She did not call me back; yet I listen sometimes for the sound. It is fancy only that I hear her say "Martin" softly amidst a low burst of weeping. I never saw her again.

* * * * *

I never saw her again. My heart was still hard against her when I heard one say, "She is dead." Even in death I could forgive her. Had she not burned up my heart? Had she not lured me to the very gates of hell? Had she not left me with a blight, black and withering, about me? But one day (when my fever was over—for I had been stricken by the plague of which she died) I remembered her tenderness, and, along the shore till I reached the church-yard among the sand-hills. A new name, I noticed, was carved upon the wall. Another "May Sybil Marcell" had been "laid out" of the sunshine under where the rank nettles grow. Then—remembering who had last stood by my side in the church-yard—that April evening—my heart forgave her, and all my fierce love turned into tender pity. She might have been fickle and treacherous; but at least she had had my whole heart, and she had been to me what no other woman could be again.

And it may be I'd say sometimes to myself, as the old bitterness returns for a moment) that I am her debtor. She taught me in a few days the love on which old men, even in their fourscore years, have sometimes failed to learn. It takes long to eradicate a love that grew out of the heart; many a bitter dismissal, many a sharp disillusion to make a man utterly happy and apathetic. But I took my dose at a draught, and since that hour am cured.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ILLEGAL DRILL.—Those young men were discovered in a neighboring field illegally drilling a sale. They were removed to the police-station.

THIS COMES PAT.—Why can't the Irish perform the play of *Hamlet*?—Because they always make Aphelia of the heroine.

"I say, boy, how far do these rocks run into the sea?" asked a gentleman of a ragged, coaly-headed fisherman's son on the east coast of Scotland. "They dinna rin awa, Sir, they bide still there."

Old Tom Cat, then set defunct! Catsleep ended thy days. Thy cat-head is broken. No more will you catenate Thanksgiving and Christmas. Thy catcalls will no more

be heard. The catastrophe was in the category of thy life. No catalogue will bear thee to the catacombs. Cat-birds will ring around no more for thee. Nor cat-fish. They will rejoice in thy death. The catastrophe that bound thee for time like a brazen fetter. The cataclysm will be shed on thy tomb. Thou hast been the "Catline" of thy circle. Thy loud wail will no doveny caterpillar. Thy catarrh will be taken off then. Thy cat-harpings are silenced. Thy catacombs will be scraped in thy memory. Thy catacombs will be hushed forever. Thou hast gone down to the kitchen of eternity. Thou hast stopped thy last catafrom rip. Thou art erased from the catalogue of cadavers. Thy catechist will be closed. Cats-foe will grieve on thy grave, and catch up catenulatable. And catenulatable. And catenulatable. Now rip-rap over thy resting place for ought we care. Adieu, old Tom Cat—last adieu!

A Connecticut deacon was asked what a very poor and feeble pair of oxen to a very large load of wood. A neighbor asked him as he expected to get the large a load to market with so poor a team. The deacon replied that he expected to have some assistance from Divine Providence. His neighbor asked him whether it would not be as well to dispense entirely with the oxen and let Providence draw the whole load.

A pair of lovers, fleeing from stern and cruel parents, were married in the cars near St. Louis the other day. The bride scrawled to the conductor to send his daughter home, but he telegraphed back: "I never return a *fair* on this road."



THE BARBER OF BALLEN.

The barber of Ballen was five feet high,
His wife measured five feet ten;
She wasn't a Vienna in figure or face,
And he was the monkey of men.

The fair lady's temper had evil repute,
Her short husband was pitied by all;
Her tongue, like a pendulum, constantly swung,
And her language was rounded and full.

A young friar came off the dame to confess,
But whether she told him the truth,
The author would like to know is strange:
While the friar kept his counsel—nine youth.

One morning at breakfast the chocolate was hot,
And the fair lady's temper not cool;
The barber complained of caloric, but she
Cried her hand with a shrewd-ish scowl.

"Pray taste it, my love, and see what I say
It is quite truth, on your Pope's word you'll
I know 'tis as cool as the air on the bridge,"
So she tasted to show her humanity.

Chocolate once heated remains very hot
For a very long period of time—
So the fair lady found to her resultant regret,
While it served but her temper to prime.

The lady her stalwart arm raises on high
To hurl at her little lord's head.
The fluid that peppered her petulant tongue—
When an accident happened instead.

That instant the friar appears at the door,
Intending their breakfast to share.
When splash goes the chocolate all over his face,
And spreads in the route of his hair.

LEGAL NOTE.—When a gentleman has taken so much that he has not the ability to stand, he may consider himself limited to in-ability, and can apply to Chancery to set up his switch for him.

What prevents the running river running away?—Why, it's tide up.

What's the difference between a butcher and a cornet?—One cuts the corns, and the other cures the cuts.

What's the difference between an incendiary and an engineer?—One "banks" the fires, and the other fires the banks.

Misery loves company, and so does a marriageable young lady.

A gentleman at the opera, the other night, in sounding his praises of a new opera-dancer told him he had just purchased, said, "Why, bless your soul, it brings the ladies on the opposite side of the house so near that I can smell the musk on their pocket-handkerchiefs, and hear the beating of their dear little hearts."

The youth who cut open the bellows to see where the wind came from is now trying his hand at fattening greybounds.

ECHOES.

What must be done to conduct a newspaper right?—Write.

What is necessary to a farmer to assist him?—Spades.

What would give a blind man the greatest delight?—Light.

What is the best place of sound sleep?—In a justice of the peace's—Peace.

Who commit the greatest abominations?—Nations.

What is the greatest terrifier?—Fire.

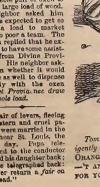
What's the difference between a bootblack and a shavenear?—One blacks the boots, and the other boots the blacks.

"I have lost my appetite," said a gigantic fellow, who was an eminent performer on the trombone, to a friend. "Never mind, dear friend," he poor man let friend it, for it would ruin him in a week."

A French waiter, in describing the trading powers of the genuine Yankee said: "If he was cast away on a terrible island, he'd get up the next morning and go around selling umbrellas to the inhabitants."

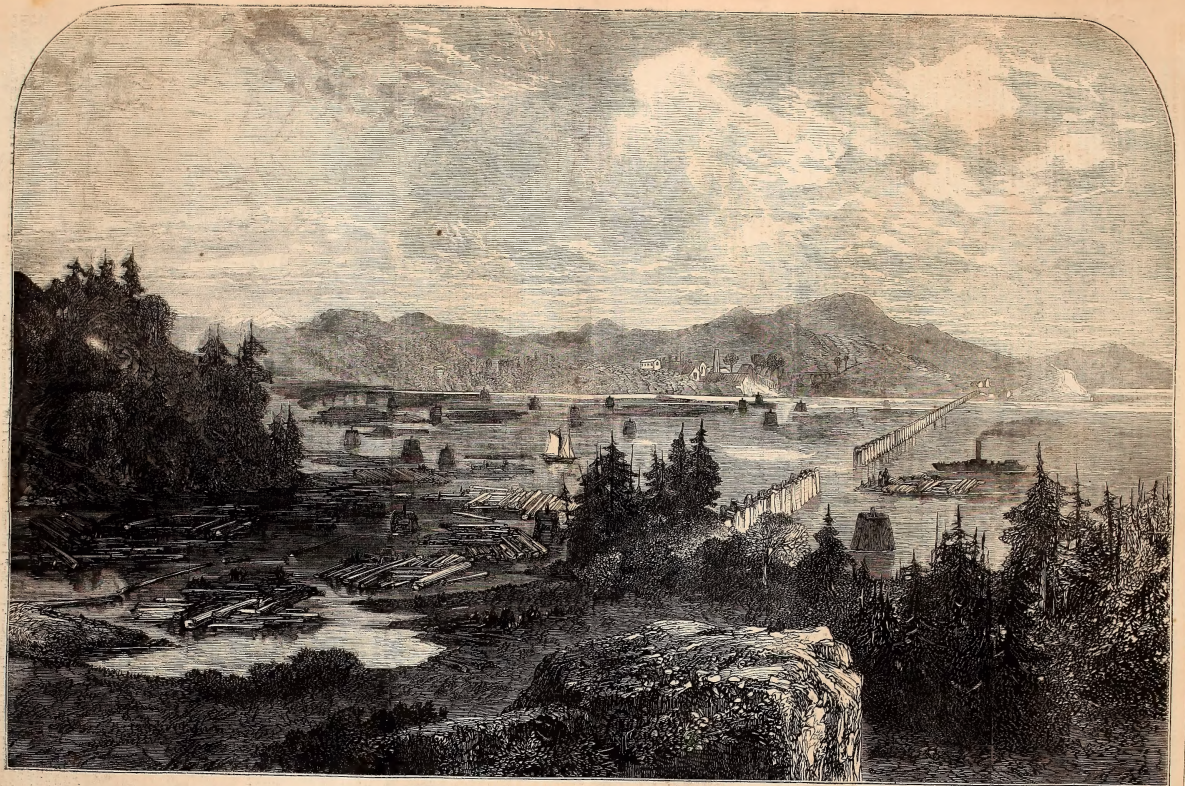
An old sportsman, who, at the age of eighty-three, was met by a friend riding very fast, was asked what he was in such a hurry for. "Why, Sir," replied the sexton, "I am riding after my eighty-fourth year."

A Western "local" acknowledges the gift of "two bouquets, a bunch of hollyhocks, a large pillin as de girls' faces within their local night-cap." That man is too imaginative to be kept on private "beets."

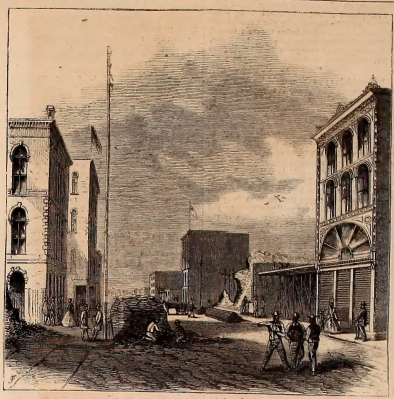


SELF-SACRIFICE!

Tom (to his little Cousin Reginald, who only came this Term, and whom he delights sometimes to take care of). "Hello, Reggy! what a' you got there? An orange? Why the most beastly unwholesome thing you can! —I'm not safe, give 's hold and let 's Squeeze the Nasty Juice out for you!"



TIMBER-BOOMS ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK.—[SEE PAGE 286.]



REBUILDING THE BURNT DISTRICT IN RICHMOND, VA.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 286.]

JAMES STEPHENS.

JAMES STEPHENS, founder and chief of the Irish Fenian Brotherhood, was born in the county of Kilkenny, in Ireland, in 1823.

He was a civil engineer, and was little known at the time O'BRIEN, JOHN MITCHEL, and a few other tried patriots formed the party of Young Ireland, and, after the famine of 1847–8, made an appeal to insurrection. A large number of enthusiastic young men responded to this appeal. At their head STEPHENS placed himself, determined to share the perils braved by O'BRIEN.

The arrest of O'BRIEN put an end to the movement, and STEPHENS found refuge in France, where he joined O'MAHONY, who had also fled thither, and who is now at the head of the American order of Fenians.

After a stay of some years in Paris STEPHENS returned to Ireland, and organized a secret society of vast proportions, which is to-day known as the Fenian Brotherhood. It is perhaps not generally known that STEPHENS is the sole author of Fenianism; that he alone understands all the secrets of the Brotherhood; and that three times already he has crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of organizing and developing, with the aid of his friend JOHN O'MAHONY, the Fenian Brotherhood in this country.

STEPHENS, as is well known, was arrested, and a short time afterward escaped from Richmond Bridewell, where he was imprisoned, in Dublin. The story of his escape would no doubt be interesting, but all we know of the matter is, that very little which has been told is exactly true.

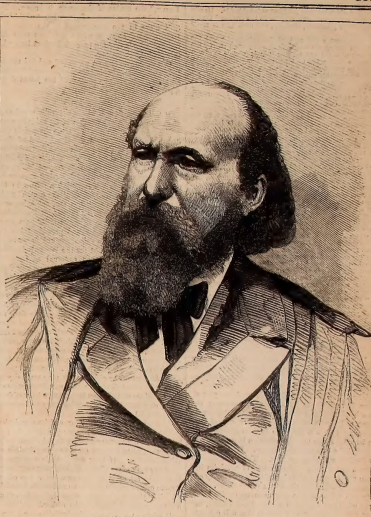
The celebrated Fenian chief has been for some time in Paris. He has determined to leave France for this country; but not to stay here, it being his intention soon to return to Europe.

EXPLOSION AT ASPINWALL.

THE last Pacific steamer from Panama, the *Arizona*, brings the news of a terrible catastrophe at Aspinwall caused by the explosion of seventy cases of nitro-glycerine, which formed part of the freight of the British steamer *European* at that port. The upper works of this steamer were all blown into fragments, and the lives of about fifty persons were destroyed by the first explosion. Two subsequent explosions took place, adding still further to the loss of life, the last one resulting in the total destruction and sinking of the *European*, which had been towed out into the harbor. This event took place on the morning of April 3, just as nearly all the local freight had been delivered. The Panama *Star and Herald* gives the following account:

"The wharf at which the vessel was discharging, and which was some 400 feet long, was literally torn to pieces, the superstructure was completely demolished to within a hundred feet of the freight-house, and hardly a plank remained in the entire length of the structure that was not wrenched from its fastenings. Immediately in front of where the vessel lay a gap was cut through the wharf—piles, planking, etc., all disappearing. The ship and wharf both caught fire, and the latter was saved from entire destruction only by the exertions of several citizens, who got the fire-engine to work, and after a few hours extinguished the flames, regardless of the risk they incurred from another explosion of the burning ship. The Panama Railroad Company's splendid freight-house is left a pile of ruins. The force of the air caused by the concussion seems to have raised the roof—which was composed of iron and slate—upward, a few feet, thrown weight bringing it down with immense force into the building, and carrying with it both the end walls, leaving the house excepting a few side walls, which appear but little, if at all injured, a mass of ruins. It would be difficult to imagine a more complete wreck than that presented by the freight-house and wharf.

"Scarcely a building in the place escaped without more or less damage, those of a substantial nature suffering most; nearly all the brick and stone buildings were badly injured, but the freight-house is the only one we have



JAMES STEPHENS, THE FENIAN CHIEF.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY CADAR, PARIS.]



EXPLOSION AT ASPINWALL—RUINS OF THE PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY'S FREIGHT-HOUSE.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. MARTINEZ, ASPINWALL.]



EXPLOSION AT ASPINWALL—THE WHARF AND THE "EUROPEAN" ON FIRE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION BY J. MARTINEZ, ASPINWALL.]

sword of which has been rendered unbalustrable. Hardly a whole window of glass remains in the city, and the destruction of glassware, crockery, and such like is really wonderful.

"The most awful part of the catastrophe was the dreadful loss of life and suffering attending it. Of the number killed and missing it is impossible to give a correct estimate, but from present data the number may safely be put down at fifty, and is, we fear, more likely to prove over than under that number. Of the ill-fated steamship we owner of the *Bluegown* I have been killed and 12 are missing. The ship was engaged on the coast and 12 are missing. The ship was engaged on the coast and 12 are missing. The ship was engaged on the coast

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Extraordinary Opportunity.

GREAT ONE-PRICE SALE OF

Solid Gold Jewelry, Rich Silverware, Watches, Diamonds, Rings, Pianos, &c.,

Including no Brass or so-called Plated Jewelry.

EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED GOLD.

$2,500,000 Worth

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TWO DOLLARS EACH,

WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE, AND NOT TO BE PAID FOR UNTIL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO GET.

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES,

ALL TO BE SOLD FOR

Two Dollars Each.

5 Superior Grand Piano-Fortes.....$800 to 1200
50 Solid Silver Lever Hunting Watches.....$40 to 100
150 Medium, the best makers.....$10 to 30
175 Fine Sewing Machines.....$60 to 125
100 Rosewood Musical Boxes, 32 airs.....$75 to 250
75 Mahogany Musical Boxes, 24 airs.....$50 to 200
85 Diamond Rings.....$20 to 250
50 Gold Hunting Cased Watches.....$75 to 200
50 Gold Ladies' enamelled Watches.....$60 to 200
50 Silver Hunting-cased Watches.....$25 to 100
1,000 Silver open-faced Watches.....$20 to 50
250 Silver Hunting Cases, separate.....$10 to 30
500 Silver Levers and Lepines.....$30 to 250
500 Silver Tea Sets—complete.....$60 to 200
2,000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains.....$18 to 50
3,000 Gold Lockets, Crosses, &c.....$10 to 50
2,000 Gold Ghatelain and Guard Chains.....$18 to 50
2,000 Gold Bracelets, and Revolving Brooches.....$10 to 50
2,000 Gold Brooches, Lava and Coral.....$ to 15
2,000 Gold Ear-Drops, Jet, Lava, Coral and Jane.....$ to 15
2,000 Gold Ear-Drops, Jet, Lava, Coral, Mosaic and Enamelled Mosaic.....$ to 40
5,000 Gold California Diamond Breast-Pins.....6 to 25
3,000 Gold Solitaire Studs, Buttons and Studs.....12 to 25
3,000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, &c.....6 to 15
3,000 Gold Lockets, double glass.....10 to 25
10,000 Gold Lockets, for Miniatures.....6 to 10
2,000 Gold Bath Pins, Crosses, &c.....6 to 10
2,000 Plain Gold Rings.....6 to 10
2,000 Gold Chased or engraved Rings.....6 to 25
2,000 Gold Shield and Signet Rings.....8 to 25
10,000 Gold Cameo and Enamelled Rings.....6 to 25
20,000 Pearl and fancy stone Gold Rings.....8 to 25
7,500 Gold Pencil and Jewelry Cases.....6 to 10
10,000 Sets of Ladies' Gold Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Onyx, Enamelled, & other stone.....15 to 50
10,000 Gold Pens, with Silver Holders.....6 to 12
5,000 Gold Pens, with Gold Holders.....10 to 20
10,000 Gold Pens, Holders, and Velvet Cases.....10 to 25
8,000 Silver Gold-mounted and Copp—all styles.....8 to 20
5,000 Silver Castors and Wine-Holders.....15 to 50
5,000 Silver Cake and Cake Baskets.....10 to 25
1,500 Silver Card Cases.....15 to 25
2,000 Silver Egg-Stands.....10 to 25
2,000 Silver Ice-Pitchers.....20 to 50
2,000 Silver Cake, Pie, and Fruit Knives.....8 to 25
20,000 Dozen Silver Tea-Spoons.....8 to 25
10,000 Dozen Silver Table-Spoons.....15 to 40
10,000 Dozen Silver Forks and Knives.....15 to 40
1,000 Silver Wine Ladles.....12 to 25
5,000 Sets Silver Napkin-Rings.....8 to 25
10,000 Engravings in Gold Frames.....6 to 25
5,000 Engravings in Gilt Frames.....8 to 25
5,000 Fine Oil Paintings.....15 to 100
6,000 Pearl Handled Knives—3 blades.....6 to 10
2,000 Ivory and Pearl Back-Combs.....10 to 25
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15,000 Photograph Albums—all styles.....6 to 30

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25 for $10, with a Gold Double Locket, worth..... 12 00
100 for $15, with a fine Silver Watch, worth..... 25 00
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In all cases, upon receipt of the money, the premiums as above, will be sent with the envelopes.

From the Press.

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SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES.

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100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$150 00
100 Gold Watches	75 00
300 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00
500 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	15 00
1000 Revolving Castors	$15 00 to 18 00
1000 Revolving Cups	$7 00 to 10 00
5000 Oval and Chased Gold Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00
5000 Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains	5 00 to 10 00
5000 Ladies' California Diamond Rings	3 00 to 8 00
5000 Ruby, Opal and Sing Lapis Rings	3 00 to 6 00
10000 Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders	4 00 to 8 00
10000 Gold Pens, Gold-Mounted Holders	$4 00 to 6 00
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00
5000 Tea, Coffee, & Table Spoons, per doz.	$5 00 to 8 00
5000 Dessert and Table Forks, per doz.	14 00 to 24 00
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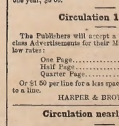


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Certificates are prepared, describing each book and naming the gift that will accompany it, with its value. These certificates are placed in sealed envelopes, and well mixed, and sent, regardless of choice, one to each purchaser. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you are to have, and then it will be at your option to send us One Dollar and take the article or not. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; eleven for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10; and 100 for $15.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—NO. 489.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

THE illustrations on this page and on page 292 are thus described in the following notes by our "Special," A. R. W.:

"WILD-CATS AT NASHVILLE.

"At a restaurant known as STEDMAN'S there was, among other animals, a magnificent pair of wild-cats, just caught in the neighborhood of Nashville, and awfully savage, the male showing his temper, if teased, by immediately attacking the female, who would then, standing up on her hind feet, deliver battle with heavy blows from her talloned paws.

LEVEE AT CINCINNATI.

"When I reached the 'Queen City' it was in a great ferment. FIFE'S Opera-house and other buildings had burned down the night before, and the magnificent city engines were playing upon the ruins.

"The good people of Cincinnati look upon their city as 'some pumpkins' in a business point of view, and point to their levee as an illustration. I should imagine that the levee does nearly as much business as six New York piers. At about 'starting time' there is a great confusion of bells, whistles, and Calliopes.

"THE CALLIOPE.

"Attracted by one of the latter, I went aboard to see how the thing was done. The reader will see how from the sketch I have made. Certainly it was the best iron-clad music I had heard; and, strange to say, the whistles were in tolerable tune.

"At 12 the next noon I went aboard the *General Anderson*, a Louisville boat, and bade adieu to the Queen City, which presented more of a picture than when I entered it. The tall tower of the Catholic church loomed up against the smoky atmosphere and indistinct outline of hills beyond the city, while springing out over the river the new suspension-bridge to Covington hung pendent from its massive towers. Swiftly slipping down the river, swollen and muddy, past the weather-beaten shanties, gas-houses, and shapeless coal-barges, and then on past



WILD-CATS IN NASHVILLE.

the plateau on which Cincinnati stands, the bluffs rapidly close in upon the river, on the right hand presenting slopes devoted to the culture of orchards and the vine. This bank for some distance presents the appearance of suburbs, with buildings picturesque but, as usual, unpainted, and with roads leading up over the tree-crowned heights.

"Having heard much about the superior beauty of Western ladies, I had gone about Cincinnati with an artist's eye for the study of that interesting subject. I recollect how some Western people jeered at a picture in *Harper's Weekly* entitled "Types of Female Beauty." It was an amusing commentary on their remarks to find that a certain vendor of a quack nostrum advertised as a beautifier of the fair sex had transferred one of the heads from that engraving to his show-bill, as a specimen of the glorious results to be attained from the use of his manufacture.

"RELIGIOUS SERVICE ON THE 'RUTH.'

"The *Ruth*, one of the finest river boats, went down the Mississippi from Cairo with your artist, a full complement of passengers, and, it was said, 2600 tons of freight. As among this transient population there were twelve ministers on their way to the General Conference of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church in New Orleans we had service on the Sabbath in the gorgeous cabin of the steamer. The President was prayed for, but Congress was ignored. The amens to the name of JOHNSON were many and emphatic. The congregation was attentive, among the most devout being some gamblers. At the close of the service a subscription was proposed for the benefit of the Methodist Church in Fredericksburg, Virginia, destroyed by the war. To this I noticed that two Jews contributed, anxious, I suppose, to stand well with their Southern brethren of the Gentile persuasion. As far the ministers they exhibited feelings of bitterness toward the North quite unworthy of their profession. One of them, shortly after the service, I heard relating an interview with the HARPERS in New York, in which he had openly avowed to one of that firm his regret that they should be obliged to purchase their publications. Mr. HARPER, he said, asked him if he was not one of those who objected to the education of the negro. His answer was that, on the contrary, they of the South wished to instruct that race to save them from being robbed by the North, as the white people of the South had been. This was received as happily by the others as though a fine point had been made.

"I could not but be aware of the curious social atmosphere which pervaded this company of travelers, composed of Southern and Northern people with a sprinkling of Jews and foreigners. Outward politeness was every where visible, but there was not one atom of cordiality between the different sections. The Southern people mixed with the others, but they showed more of curiosity and nervous desire to hear their sentiments than of friendly feeling toward their countrymen. They are very inconsistent. Professing the greatest desire to let by-gones be by-gones, they will yet tell you in the next breath, and without any apparent idea of the contradiction, that the hatred which the North has earned of the South can not be wiped away, and that the two sections are wider apart than ever.

"At the boat left Cairo the colored crew took



THE LEVEE AT CINCINNATI, OHIO.

their places on a pile of corn sacks at the bow, and, waving a flag, sang, as is usual with them on leaving port. They were a fine body of stalwart Kentuckians and Virginians, and had been hard at work the day and night previous getting in the cargo. The tone was monotonous, and the doggerel rhymeless, and devoted to suggestions to the Captain to come down with a treat of "brandy-wine." A big come down with a treat of "brandy-wine." A big of whisky fixed them, however, and they were soon spread about on the piles of cargo."

In addition to the illustrations of the South already alluded to, we give on page 296 a view of Shockhoe Creek Valley, Richmond, Virginia, of which a description is given on page 292; also on page 297 a graphic sketch by Mr. FORBES of a cotton team in North Carolina. Not the least interesting of our pictorial pictures is that on page 300, of the Negro Celebration in Washington, of which a description is there given.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1866.

THE CONGRESSIONAL PLAN OF REORGANIZATION.

THE propositions of the Reconstruction Committee will strike every thoughtful citizen as perfectly reasonable. They seem to us to justify the hope of the most truly intelligent and patriotic persons that Congress would propose no policy upon which the whole Union party of the country, including the President, might not agree. Some concessions of opinion were inevitable upon all sides. Those who held with Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS that there should be perpetual confiscation, or with Mr. SUMNER that impartial suffrage should be immediately established throughout the country, or with the President that no further conditions whatever were necessary, must have seen that the opinion of the country did not support them, and that all must meet upon some firm and reasonable middle ground such as the Committee now offers.

The objection to what is called the President's policy is plain and conclusive. It is that, by allowing the late rebel States to resume their full relations in the Union immediately, and without further provision, those States would have only gained political power by the act of the rebellion. This gain arises from the fact that every colored man, as a slave, counted as three-fifths of a man in the basis of representation; but as a freeman he counts as a whole man. In a State like South Carolina, therefore, where the colored population is half or even more than half of the whole, and where they have by the Constitution the same right of suffrage as the white race, the political power of a voter has practically twice the power of a voter in a State like Connecticut. This is an absurdity and injustice so conspicuous as to command instant application.

On the other hand, the objection to the imposition of equal suffrage by the National Government as a precedent condition of full restoration of full rights in the Union is practical and twofold. In the first place, it is hardly to be presumed that the States which prohibit equal suffrage, or limit it to a colored skin altogether, would insist upon its adoption by the suspended States; and, in the second place, such a proposition would have been very widely regarded as a radical blow at the most sacred of State rights, and a consummation of centralization. Moreover, there are many of the most faithful and liberty-loving Union men, who are the steady advocates of equal suffrage, and who, under the circumstances, do not doubt the entire competency of Congress to require this or any other condition which might seem to it necessary, but who doubt the wisdom of this method, and question the expediency of such a requirement, and who could not therefore heartily sustain it.

But we see no good reason for supposing that all reasonable and patriotic men should not sincerely agree upon the propositions presented. They have reference exclusively to national relations. They do not interfere in the State concerns, except in defense of national rights. They declare simply, in the first place, that no State shall abridge the privileges of citizens of the United States. Such a proposition is of the irresistible argument. Every citizen of this country should be equally a citizen every where in it; this is plain, and therefore all his civil rights as a citizen of the United States should be sacred wherever the national flag floats. Can the President, with all his warm convictions of the sanctity of States, object to so obviously just a provision?

In the second place, whenever the elective franchise shall be denied to any portion of the male citizens of a State who are of age, except for crime or participation in the rebellion, the basis of representation shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizen shall bear to the whole number of male citizens not less than twenty-one years of age. In other words, if South Carolina shall choose to disfranchise 100,000 of her citizens because of their color, or New York shall choose to do the same thing because of want of property, then each of those States shall suffer in the national representation just in that proportion. Such a provision stimulates every State to enlarge the suffrage, and to extend education in order to make the suffrage safe. It is strictly harmonious with the principle expressed with to base representation upon the number of voters.

In the third place, the Committee recommend that until the 4th of July, 1870, four years hence, all persons who voluntarily adhered to the rebellion shall be excluded from voting at national elections. This article we understand to be meant to embody the President's desire that "treason shall be made odious," and that in the great work of reorganization the late rebel leaders shall "take back seats." In his frequent and vehement expression of that desire the President unquestionably spoke for the loyal country, and his sentiments are still further incorporated in the proposed bill to render certain of those leaders ineligible to office under the government of the United States. This third proposition is that one which seems to us likely to occasion most difference of opinion. That it is in strict accordance with Presidential views is probable; that it is true, but it is a point of doubtful policy, not essential to the general plan, and, it seems to us, might be safely omitted.

The fourth proposition is a matter of course, that neither the United States nor any State shall assume to pay any debt incurred in aid of the rebellion, or for any claim for the emancipation of any slave, and Congress is authorized to enforce the provisions of this article.

These are the propositions of the Committee, which are now generously and unanimously by the Union vote in Congress, because they are perfectly just and moderate, and because they do not claim to reap more than has been sown. They imply neither a revolution in the ultimate result of the war as recognized by the general conviction of the loyal country, and as has already been officially declared by President JOHNSON. They contain nothing vindictive, and if the Government of the United States has any right whatever to do any thing whatever to prevent the late States from again gaining political power by their rebellion, it may challenge the whole world and its late domestic enemies to show any reasonable objection to what, or ungenerous in the settlement it proposes. We believe that the vast body of the Union party of the country which carried the war successfully to the end, and which has consistently elected LINCOLN and JOHNSON, will most cordially sustain this policy of reorganization and gladly appeal to the country to ratify it. And however anxious the Administration may be to see loyal men from the late disturbed States admitted to Congress, we shall be very slow to believe that it will decline to submit any question to a plan which does not conflict with any of his known opinions, and which secures the admission of loyal members to Congress with the hearty desire and congratulation of the whole loyal country.

That the proposed settlement of the Committee should be thus unanimously agreed upon by those who have persistently declared that Congress is a bloody, factious, revolutionary body is natural. These objectors have counted upon perpetuating the disunion and destroying the Union party by fomenting every real or asserted difference between them. But there is the amplest evidence in the proposition. Here is the plain proof that Congress seeks only the speediest reorganization of the Union upon the most temperate and reasonable conditions. For we judge that there will be little delay in ratifying the report; and then, so great and unprecedented is the occasion, we trust that the Legislatures of the States will be immediately summoned in special session to act upon the proposed amendment, that Congress and the country and the world may know the will of the people of the United States upon this most vital point of national policy.

THE CHOLERA AND THE QUARANTINE.

FOR more than a year the arrival of the cholera at the port of New York has been expected. The memory of its former horrors was very vivid. The certainty of its terrible ravages when it should appear was indisputable. So great was the apprehension and the desire that the city should be protected by every means that a Board of Health of extraordinary powers, not, however, including those of a Quarantine, had been created. There was a health officer specially charged with the sanitary defense of the port from foreign ships. There had been a body of Quarantine Commissioners for two years, whose duty was to find a suitable site for the Quarantine buildings. Every precaution had apparently been taken, when, on the 9th of April, the emigrant ship *England*, with 1200 passengers, arrived at Halifax. The cholera was raging on board, and there had been fifty deaths upon the passage. The pestilence was plainly at hand, and the efficiency of our New York preparations would doubtless be soon proved. And so it chanced; for on the afternoon of the 18th the emigrant ship *Virginia*, with 1043 passengers, arrived in the Narrows, after having had upon it upwards of thirty-eight deaths by cholera upon the passage, and the disease still raging.

It then appeared that the sole preparation in this port consisted of the hospital ship *Falcon*, which was ready for service! As soon as possible, by putting on board a crowd of laborers, she was made ready, and on the 21st the sick were removed from the *Virginia*. As soon as possible, also, another ship, the *Illinois*, was prepared, and the well passengers were received upon her. If the fact were not tragical it would be unspeakably ludicrous. The chief port of the Western continent, after a year's warning, was wholly unprepared to deal directly and adequately with the approach of a fearful pestilence. The probabilities were that it would come, as it did come, in an emigrant ship. It was known that such ships are crowded, often with more than a thousand passengers. The most extensive hospital accommodations were the most pressing necessity, and they were not ready. The difficulties may have been many, but there are cases in which difficulties must not be pleaded, and this was one of them. Somewhere, somehow the State of New York should have been ready for the event, and it was not ready.

We say the State, because the Health officer, in his explanatory letter, says that the Legislature up to the time of its adjournment had left the Quarantine Commissioners without any money. They had not funds even to erect hospitals on Staten Island, or Long Island, or Coney Island—the only New York shores of the bay; and New Jersey had refused them a foothold upon her territory. On the day that the *England* arrived at Halifax the Commissioners had telegraphed to the Secretary of the Navy asking for vessels. Two days afterward two were offered, but they proved unsuitable; and then vigorous measures were adopted to fit the *Falcon* for immediate service. But this explanation is unsatisfactory. The *Atlanta* was here last November. The cholera was very sure to come early in the spring. There were no hospital accommodations but the ship *Falcon*. It was clear that more could be none upon the shores of the bay. Whose fault was it that the *Falcon* was not ready even on the 15th of April? Whose fault was it that no other ships were asked for until the 9th of April? If the Legislature perilously postponed the necessary appropriations, why was no statement made to the public that the imminent danger of the situation might have been known and proper pressure brought to bear upon the Legislature? The *Virginia* and *England* are now both in port. *After* the former arrived the Quarantine Commissioners asked the authorities at Washington for the temporary use of the *Illinois*, but omitting to say that it should be devoted to military and similar public purposes. The Commissioners appeal, therefore, to the Board of Health to allow them some point of land on the shore of the Board for the accommodation of quarantined passengers, declaring that the floating accommodations are insufficient.

The state of the case, then, is this: There are some 2000 persons detained in Quarantine. The sole hospital is the old ship *Falcon*, which accommodates not more than a hundred patients, to which, as we write, the *Saratoga* and *Portsmouth* are added. The shelter of well passengers is the steamship *Illinois*. There is a large quantity of hospitals on the adjacent land, and the Commissioners say that the floating accommodations are insufficient. Other infected ships are daily expected, and we have no other information. Meanwhile the Board of Health have asked for the use of the military hospitals at Fort Schuyler upon Throg's Neck, at the point of Long Island Sound. It is idle to assert that this dilemma arises from the destruction of the hospitals upon Staten Island; for that part of the island upon which they stood is now virtually a thickly-settled portion of the city of New York, and no effectual quarantine was possible there as long as there was a fever in the neighborhood proved. It is not to the acts of a population which had no other remedy against a mortal disease planted among them, but to the avarice and the selfishness of politicians and merchants that the absence of a suitable quarantine is to be ascribed.

The history of the New York Quarantine is briefly this: In 1758 the first hospital and offices were placed by the Colonial Legislature upon Bedloe's Island. In 1796 they were removed to Governor's Island, where they remained until the yellow-fever in 1799. The next year the Quarantine was established upon Staten Island, against the remonstrances of the inhabitants, a large of whom were destroyed by the yellow-fever from the hospital in the very first year of their erection. From that time onward the population continually protested, until, in 1848—when there were a hundred and eighty persons attacked by infectious diseases from the Quarantine—the outrage became so undeniable that, upon careful inquiry, a Committee of the Legislature recommended its immediate removal. In 1849 an act was passed for that purpose, and for the establishment of hospitals at Sandy Hook. Certain shipping interests in New York thwarted the operation of the act, and nothing further was done until 1856. In that year the Staten Island and Long Island shores were desolated by the yellow-fever, and the Legislature, in March, 1857, again ordered the removal of the Quarantine station. The Commissioners under the act applied to the Legislature of New Jersey to obtain Sandy Hook, and were again defeated by the same shipping interest, by the remonstrances of the Health Officer, the Board of Underwriters of New York, and the Commissioners of Emigration. Meanwhile the population became to prevent constant communication between the hospital-grounds and the other side of the wall, the seat of a dense population, mainly of a class which could not remove. The helplessness, suffering, and mortality of the inhabitants were such that the Board of Health of the town declared the establishment an intolerable nuisance, and called upon the citizens of the country to abate it without delay; and on the evenings of the 1st and 2d of September, 1858, without the least injury to the patients, who were carefully removed and protected, the buildings were burned to the ground by the people of the neighborhood. One man was accidentally shot by an employé of the institution, but the destruction was so little indicative of a riotous spirit that the property-holders in the vicinity considered that their property was enhanced in value fifty per cent. by the removal.

It is nearly eight years since the buildings were destroyed, and it is only during the session of the Legislature just ended that an act was passed to erect new hospitals upon the west bank of the Kill von Kull. The question of this act is not thwarted as all the others have been, New York may possibly be ready for the next pestilence. But for the present she is shamefully unprepared: and during the sweltering and the strict isolation of the ships have checked the progress of the disease for a time, the crowding of the passengers who may be subject to quarantine is already assured. The Health Officer says, "The roughness of the bay, from the high winds, makes it very unpleasant for all, and many are quite sick-sick." The present Quarantine arrangements are a disgrace to New York.

On page 302 the reader will find a descriptive Map of the Bay and the position of the ships.

MR. SEWARD'S DIPLOMACY.

MR. SEWARD'S letter of February 12, to the French Minister, the MARQUIS DE MONTHOLON, is a clear statement of the case, and replies with courtesy but with firmness the exact position of the United States in the Mexican complication. It has settled the question. France will leave Mexico without the appearance of compulsion, while the honor and peace of the United States are maintained. This is another of the signal services of Mr. SEWARD to his country, which will be gratefully remembered in extenuation of many harsh words privately spoken, and of much apparent alienation of sympathy from the cause to which he has given his life long ago. The policy he has pursued in the French difficulty is surely preferable to the Captain Bobadil method, which unfortunately urged upon him in some quarters—a method of managing such questions which does not tend to keep the peace of the world.

The United States, according to Mr. SEWARD, do not question the right of France to settle her accounts with other nations in any manner which pleases her. If Mexico refuses to pay debts justly owing to French subjects, upon such subjects are maltreated in Mexico, it is certainly competent for an independent Power like France to demand of Mexico satisfaction. The right, on the other hand, does the United States Government deny that any form of government voluntarily adopted by the citizens of Mexico must be respected. But the war in Mexico has become one of political intervention, which, in the judgment of this Government, menaces the interests of the United States; and which is no satisfactory evidence that the people of Mexico have established an empire, nor is such evidence possible while the French army remains.

As for the Monroe doctrine, upon which the French foreign Minister and others so loudly deplore, Mr. SEWARD bravely says that it is not to be denied that that doctrine has constantly and even wisely endured in the attempts to lay sure foundations of broad Republican liberty; and no foreign State can rightfully interfere in such trials, and, on the ground of a desire to correct them, deprive the people of their natural right of domestic self-government. The United States, therefore, must continue to recognize the Republic of Mexico, with which they have always maintained relations, and can not know the Austrian Archduke MAXIMILIAN as a Mexican Emperor.

The alternative is not stated, but it is plain. If the republic, our ally, should ask for aid in expelling an invader, it would be for us to consult our interests, which, as the wise and prudent ruler of France must see, would lead us to ——! The French Minister of Foreign Affairs, in his response replies that the withdrawal of the French troops will begin in November.

At the same time, hearing that Austrian re-

crults, under the countenance of the Austrian Government, were to replace the Frenchmen, Mr. SEWARD writes a brief dispatch to Mr. MOTLEY, our Minister at Vienna, asking him to request a friendly and just statement of the position Austria intends to assume in Mexico, and to announce, in as equally friendly and just spirit, that hostilities in Mexico carried on by Austrian subjects with the consent of their Government will be considered war waged by Austria against the Mexican republic, of which the United States could not engage to remain silent or neutral spectators. Such friendly and just conduct on all sides will doubtless induce Austria, deserted by France and threatened by Prussia, not to sanction such hostilities. The Emperor MAXIMILIAN will then be about ready to take passage for home, and Mexico will resume, unmolested, her staggering journey toward national existence.

Less staggering than Mr. SEWARD's and a different temperament would have managed these matters differently. But his ability and adroitness in the Trent affair, and his tranquil tenacity in this French complication, rank him with the most accomplished diplomatists. It was a fashion some years ago to deride him as a doctrinaire; but it would be easy to find greater common-sense in the management of difficult affairs than Mr. SEWARD has shown in these transactions, and we regret all the more that he seems inclined to treat our domestic questions in a tone or petulant persiflage.

ON TAX-GATHERING.

THE public revenue from taxes, direct and indirect, during each of the fiscal years 1865-6 and 1866-7, is officially estimated at $525,000,000—say $16 50 per head of the total population of the United States—being 33 per cent more than is paid by the population of Great Britain and Ireland, and about 100 per cent. more than is paid by the people of France. It is clear that when JEFFERSON BRICK, in the next Fourth of July oration, refers to the "worn-out despotisms" of the Old World, it will be but prudent to omit the usual sarcastic allusion to "tax-ridden people."

Heavy as the taxes are, however, they are and will continue to be cheerfully paid, so generally is it understood that the money thus raised is incurred for a proper purpose, and that the national credit must be preserved at whatever cost.

But there can be no question of the inefficiency of rendering the present onerous tax system needlessly odious by unjust, inquisitorial, and insulting practices in the collection of taxes. Common sense indicates that the tax-gatherer, while doing his best to protect the Government's interest, should not go out of his way either to outrage the feelings or to injure the interests of the people from whom he collects taxes. It is not quite certain that our present tax-gatherers altogether realize that principle.

There can be no question, for instance, but the publication of the income-tax return last year was a gross outrage. It was a shameful invasion of the privacies of business. It may have served to bring to shame some rogues who had concealed their income for the purpose of cheating the Government. But for the sake of this barren revenge how many honest men were humiliated by the public parade of their misfortunes! A merchant's credit rests upon the proportion borne by his gains to his losses. To compel him to publish the results of his business each year is a method of despotism unparalleled in Russia, Turkey, or Morocco. Yet this is what our tax-gatherers did last year, apparently with the approval of the authorities at Washington. The outrage was regarded with amazement in England, where, with becoming delicacy, the collector keeps his returns as inviolable secrets. Can the Americans put pay taxes?" said a good English friend, on reading the income-tax returns as published in our papers; "the Americans will endure without a murmur invasions of private rights which would plunge England into revolution."

Nor was the form and principle of the income-tax returns last year less objectionable. On the back of the return were a number of questions which will be readily remembered. The gist of these questions was: "Are you not a confirmed liar? and have you not perjured yourself in the within return?" Now is there any common sense in thus gratuitously insulting tax-payers? If the original return be false the signer will not stickle at repeating on the outside the falsehood he has already stated in the inside. If the original return be true, the signer will justly feel indignant at being repeatedly charged with roguery. In general these income-tax returns must be matters of honor. No investigation, however inquisitorial, will enable the officers of Government to detect the false statements rendered by a rogue. Why suggest the idea of fraud? In actual business every one has learned by experience that the surest way to get cheated is to assume that you are going to be cheated, and to take all possible and offensive precautions. Revenue officers should remember this, and bear being also in mind that their calls on the public are of their nature unwelcome, should not render them doubly so by useless and irritating hints at knavery.

Last year, when the income-tax returns were made, a ruling of the Revenue Commissioner required a man to pay income-tax on all profits he had made, and did not allow him to deduct his losses from his gains. Thus, if a man had made $10,000 in teas and sugars, and had afterward bought ships and lost $20,000, the income-tax gatherers insisted on the tax on the $10,000 without regard to the loss of $20,000. No man, it seems, cared to resist so iniquitous and absurd a decision, and many men who had really no income at all paid the full tax nevertheless. A recent ruling of the Commissioner partially corrects this injustice. This year taxpayers will be allowed to deduct from profits all losses from their business gains. But they will not be allowed to deduct losses from fixed investments in stocks and bonds or real estate. Thus, if a man, in 1865, owned real estate which yielded him $10,000 a year, and at the same time lost by dealings in real estate or merchandise $25,000 that, in reality, he had in that year no income whatever—he will still be required to pay income-tax on $10,000. Whether such a decision as this can be maintained in the courts may be doubted. There can be no question whatever but that the practical effects of such decisions is to arouse animosity against a revenue system so harshly administered.

Judge SHALLEY has lately rendered a decision which is of much importance. Heretofore assessors, after accepting certain returns submitting them to collectors who conducted the money specified therein, have been in the habit of using detectives to examine the books of the parties who had made the returns with a view of detecting frauds. Judge SHALLEY has decided that, when an assessor has accepted a return, he can not afterward reject it. This, it seems to be common sense. If an assessor has reason to suspect the truth of a return made to him he has it open to him to call for evidence, and before transmitting it to the collector, make his inquiries and examinations. But after he has accepted it, he has no right to transmit it to the latter with a charge of a specific charge of perjury against its author. It is impossible to exaggerate the practical evils of the present system of detectives. JONES, let us say, is a distiller, and has been making returns to the department regularly ever since returns were required. They have always been received, transmitted to the collector, and by him presented for payment and paid. Now appears on the scene ROBINSON, who has been employed, a detective, and desires to examine JONES's books for the last five years to see whether he has not understated his operations. Every one who is engaged in business will understand the SMITHS and BROWNS, who are competitors of JONES in the same trade, could afford to give $10,000 to know exactly JONES's business standing, how much whisky he has made, to whom he has sold it, and at what prices. All this information the detective ROBINSON naturally acquires by virtue of his office. The $10,000 which competitor supplied with detectives of such tried virtue that it can be sure ROBINSON will not sell his information to them, would be, we more than think, still accept a *douceur* from JONES for keeping his eyes shut during the examination of the books!

It is very important indeed that Government should not be harassed in the collection of the revenue. But—strange as it may seem to the Revenue officers—there are things more important even than this. These is, that citizens of the United States shall not be subjected to a government of spies and informers. The privacy of the bookkeeper is not more essential to the individual liberty than privacy of his ledger to a merchant. Government must not venture to violate the one or the other. If it does so, it does it at its peril. The Government of the European Continent have no denounce as despotic—no more dare send detectives to inspect the books of a Paris merchant, under the guise of examining the books of a rascal the revenue, than it dare bombard New York without a declaration of war; and we are not, after all, very much more long-suffering than the French.

Revenue officials, and Congress—which will have this matter of the taxes before it at the time these lines are in print—must steadfastly remember that the country is now cooling down from the enthusiasm which existed during the war. While the war lasted, every objection urged against the acts of Government was tantamount to aid and comfort to the enemy, and loyal men bore and forbore, rather than aggravate the public embarrassments of the Administration. That season has passed away. Neither the existence of the nation nor the success of our arms are now in question. People have leisure to think of their private concerns. They can afford to demur to any official proceeding which they deem unjust, without compromising their character as loyal men. Congress must therefore beware of assuming that, because the acts of the Revenue officials met with acquiescence during the war, they will not be considered by the people as oppressive. Government and the revenue are very important things. But, as Mr. LINCOLN well said, "The ship is made for the carrying and preservation of the cargo." The people have some rights as well as the Government. And while Congress will but do its duty in securing a proper revenue for Government, it should not forget that it had better leave Government without any revenue whatever than secure that revenue at the cost of the private rights and liberties of the people of the United States.

"ALL RIGHT, AGAIN.—DE SAUTE."

DE SAUTE is still "all right." He is the most miraculous "toiler of the sea." DE SAUTE will never say die. He is already preparing for his next attempt. May his lines lie in pleasanter places!

The stowing of the new cable in the tanks of the *Great Eastern* began three weeks ago. At the end of June the steamer will sail and the experiment begin again. Meanwhile the engineers of the Company and other scientific men agree in the conviction that it will be very easy to recover the cable which is now lying at the bottom of the sea, and complete it into an electrically perfect telegraphic line between Valentia and Newfoundland. These gentlemen are further of opinion that the *Great Eastern* can lay a cable in any weather; that her paying-out machinery worked perfectly, and can be trusted to lay the cable across the Atlantic; and that with a steam-engine attached to the paying-out machinery the cable could be recovered however far it might have touched the bottom and be repaired at once. They affirm that the cable of 1865, although capable of bearing a strain of seven tons, did not sustain one of more than fourteen hundred weight in the laying in the deepest water; and that four nautical miles of that cable were recovered from a depth of more than two miles, and that the insulation of the gutta percha covering was not in the least affected by the depth of water or the strain of recovery. On the contrary, it is proved that the insulation of the cable improves by its submersion in the cold, deep water; while the wire of 1865 was a hundred times better insulated when made in 1858, which were then considered perfect and are still working. It is supposed that the length of the line between Valentia and Heart's Content will be about 1900 miles, and that eight words a minute can be transmitted. The intention of the Company, as we understand, is to lay one new cable, to recover and complete that of last year. For this purpose $730 miles of wire will be shipped, which, in all but a slight difference of weight in air and water, will be exactly like the last.

Last year 1200 miles of cable were laid from Valentia westward, and this, according to the authorities, is now lying in perfect electric condition in the very place in which a submarine cable can be kept, and ready to do its work as soon as it is finished to Newfoundland, which is 1900 miles distant from the west end of the wire. A system of recovery of the cable has been carefully matured, and every body considered a repetition of DE SAUTE's cheerful opinion, "all right." Certainly it deserves to be; and the undaunted energy of the managers is the best reason for supposing that a work which is now so near success will not be abandoned. may succeed at this third trial.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

THE question is often asked of physicians, Is such or such an article healthy? The idea being that some articles are always readily digested, while some others are, as a matter of course, somewhat of difficult digestion, and therefore occasion to all more or less of trouble. The questioner usually, however, has no fixed principle of discerning whether kinds of food may be deemed injurious, as should be done if conscience is to dictate here as well as in other matters. The question should be, Is the food wholesally the unhealthy articles, giving a large preponderance to those which are healthy. But the idea of such a proportion of food into two classes is wholly unfounded. The question as to a suitable diet is not so classified one. What may be readily digested by one is not by another, and positively therefore, disgust in the stomach. The latter is an ordinarily large if not a large range of diet than the sedentary man, because with his greater general vigor there is commonly greater vigor of digestion. What, then, shall be the test? The test is expressed, with most persons, in some occasional turmoil in the process of digestion, and to them it is, therefore, an unhealthy food. Cucumbers are often condemned unsparingly, but by many they are easily digested; and if so, the refreshment they afford is certainly beneficial. We have known even invalids to be really very much benefited by them from this cause. The effect was so marked in the case of one of them that he said that she was always better in the season of cucumbers than at any other period. We sometimes meet with some singular idiosyncrasy in regard to food. We knew a lady who could eat rich cake with impunity, and yet plain bread would make her sick.

Though milk is a full combination of all the elements of necessary food, it should be depended upon as the only food in no other period than infancy. We should not, then, as every body, the indications of nature. Teeth are made for use, and are supplied at the right time. Therefore as soon as the child has a sufficient number to serve well in cutting and grinding there is a call for solid food. The change should be made gradually, and not be inaugurated in full till the milk in the mouth is completed. The most common error is to make the change too early; for it is obvious that when there are only a few small teeth there is not an apparatus adequate to the proper mastication of the solid food that is often at this period made a part of the diet.

Sugar is an important article of diet, as indicated by its liberal use by all in nature. Its wisdom, therefore, of some restrictions that are sometimes put upon its use in the diet of children is doubtful, though there is no question that the excess of it at irregular times between meals is very injurious. But while we use it literally, we should avoid using it in such a manner as to beget a dislike for articles of food in which it is not present.

Fruits are to be regarded as prominent as they should be as a portion of our daily food, especially in the summer season. Observe that we say as daily food. For the occasional free use of them, with long intervals of abstinence from their use, is apt to produce derangement of the digestive organs.

Some are very restrictive in their diet, especially in relation to fruits, when such diseases as dysentery and cholera are prevalent. This is an error; for the best diet as a prophylactic is that which nature dictates as the most suitable to the digestive organs under ordinary circumstances. And experience has shown, where what nature offers as the regular use of ripe, well-conditioned fruit is really a good preventative against irritation of those organs as it will when such diseases are present as when they are not.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 25:

In the Senate, the bill for the admission of Colorado passed over the veto.

In the House, Mr. Morrill reported a bill, which was passed, levying 30 per cent. ad valorem on all imported live stock.

April 26:

In the House, the bill for the relief of carpenters was passed.

April 27:

In the Senate, the bill for the relief of certain naval contractors was passed.

In the House, the Northern Pacific Railroad bill was defeated, the vote standing 74 yeas to 74 nays—a tie—and so lost.

April 30:

In the House, the River and Harbor Improvement Bill was passed.

REPORT OF THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

This Report recommends the following amendments:

1. A Resolution to amend the Constitution, so that

2. Only those States shall have the privileges and immunities of United States citizens.

3. Representation shall be based on the population, excluding Indians not taxed. But whenever in any State the elective franchise shall be denied to any portion of its male citizens not less than twenty-one years of age, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation in such State shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens not less than twenty-one years of age.

3. Until the 4th day of July, 1870, all persons who voluntarily adhered to the late insurrection, giving aid and comfort, shall be excluded from the right to vote for Representatives in Congress, and for Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.

4. Neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation already incurred, or which may hereafter be incurred, in aid of the insurrection or war against the United States, or any claim for the emancipation of any slave; but all such debts, &c.

5. The Congress shall have power to enforce by proper legislation the provisions of these articles.

6. A bill to provide for the restoration of the late rebel States to their full political rights, declaring

1. That whenever the above recited amendment shall have been ratified by the Constitutional Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, and any State, lately in insurrection shall have ratified the same, and shall have remained for a period of not less than five years thereafter, the Senators and Representatives from such State, duly elected and qualified, may, after that time, being taken the required oaths of office, be admitted into Congress.

2. That when any State lately in insurrection shall have ratified the said amendment as aforesaid, no person or any part of the direct tax, under the act of Aug. 5, 1861, which may remain due and unpaid in such State, shall be assumed and paid by such State, and the payment thereof into the National Treasury may be enforced by the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, may be withheld from any moneys due from such State to any person or persons who may have been in the service of the United States.

3. Heads of Departments of the United States, officers of the Army and Navy of the United States, officers of the same educated in the Military or Naval Academy of the United States, members of the Congress of the United States, and members of either House of the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, shall be given aid or comfort to the late rebellion.

4. Those who acted as officers of the Confederate States of America, so called, above the grade of Colonel in the army, or Master in the navy, shall be excluded from the enjoyment of the so-called Confederate States, save at the mercy of the Executive.

5. Those who have treated officers or soldiers or sailors of the United States, or the United States, during the late war, otherwise than lawfully as prisoners of war.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Metropolitan Board of Excise organized April 30. The Board voted to establish five grades of licenses, one, at $200 a year, to authorize the sale of wines, and spirituous liquors; and the other four, at $100 each, granting liberty to sell all kinds of drinks.

Judge Hunter, of the Memphis Criminal Court, has decided that the Civil Rights Bill, recently passed, is unconstitutional, and ordered persons in the custody of Sheriff Dubois, in contempt of the United States Authorities, to be released. Congress, and therefore void. The negroes of Memphis may now open as many liquor saloons as they want.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The preparations on board the *Great Eastern* for receiving the new Atlantic Cable have been completed, and the stowing away of the cable in its tanks commenced on April 1. At the end of June, the beginning of July the *Great Eastern* will commence laying the cable.

The Emperor of Austria has consented to make the Danube Canal, from Vienna to the Black Sea, a free waterway.

In Sicily, April 20, the Garibaldi festival was celebrated in the Chamber of Deputies, at Palermo, by a grand banquet.

It appears now as if Greece would be no German war. Denmark will probably not disturb the alliance of the minor States.



THE "CALLIOPE."—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



1. Newark.—2. Jersey City and Hoboken.—3. New York City.—4. Brooklyn.—5. N. Y. Bay.—6. Quarantine Station.—7. The Narrows.—8. Fort Hamilton.—9. Coney Island.—10. Staten Island.—11. Quarantine, Lower Bay.—12. Keyport, New Jersey.—13. The Highlands.—14. Sandy Hook.

MAP OF NEW YORK BAY.—[SEE PAGE 290.]

SHOCKOE CREEK VALLEY.

IT is not overrating the city of Richmond to say that, in point of diversity of scenery, in and around her, and for picturesque beauty, she stands unrivaled by any city of her size in the United States, and but few in the world. Situated, like Rome, upon her seven hills (Shockoe, French Garden, Union, Gamble, Oregon, Church, and Navy) wherever the traveler moves he is met by some fresh *coup d'œil* totally dissimilar to any thing he had seen before, and altogether destructive of that unpleasant monotony which is experienced in all large, flat cities, laid out in regular squares with mathematical precision.

One of the most interesting of the many views is the one which we present elsewhere, from a sketch by MR. J. R. HAMILTON. It is taken from the eminence on which the Medical College stands, and immediately adjoining the famed residence of JEFFERSON DAVIS, the garden-front of which is seen on the bold promontory to the left of the picture. The hill on the opposite side of the valley is called Union Hill, and was, during the war, one vast encampment, when its side dotted with tents must have presented a most animated appearance. On the crest of the hill, at the extreme right, is seen Howard's Grove—a cluster of beautiful pine trees —which was used as a camp and a hospital during the war, and is now occupied by the freedm a.

In the centre of the valley runs the great Central Railroad, leading to Gordonsville, and thence by the Orange Railroad to Alexandria and Washington. The varied fortunes of this great artery during the war are too well-known for recapitulation. In the distance is seen the great work-shops and engine-stores belonging to the Company.

Shockoe Creek, which gives its name to the val-



ON THE MISSISSIPPI—RELIGIOUS SERVICES ON BOARD THE "RUTH."—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

ley as well as the hill upon which the residence of the late Confederate President is situated, is a self-willed and pugnacious little stream that is either in good or bad humor as it chooses. During the summer months it meanders through the valley, a peaceful, inoffensive little stream, barely sufficient to turn the old-fashioned mill which is shown toward the right of the picture, and little children gambol about its cool waters; but when winter sets in, and the floods come on, Shockoe Creek has often been the source not only of consternation but serious damage to various parts of the town. On its way to join the James River it passes under Franklin, Main, and Cary streets, and in flood-time creates havoc in the lower portions of these streets. Last winter it became so furious as to demolish several houses in the valley, inundated the cellars of Franklin and Main streets, and visited the old market, sweeping off butter, eggs, vegetables, and even the contents of the butchers' stalls that were not suspended high enough above its depredations.

Along the crest of Union Hill runs the Mechanicsville Road, parallel with it. It was along this road that, in 1862, LEE marched his army to encounter MCCLELLAN upon the occasion of the ever-memorable seven days' fight. Upon that occasion the whole population of Richmond, men, women, and children, turned out upon the eminences from which our sketch is taken to mark the movement of the troops; and the flight of bursting shells in that famous encounter was distinctly visible to the spectators.

Shockoe Valley is also the locality for public executions, a quarter of a mile out on the extreme left of the picture—being called "Execution Valley." It is rarely that public executions occur in Richmond during peace.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

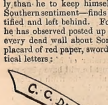
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Or late Mr. Neely—a beef-contractor now, and getting rich much more rapidly than when he taught school; no man striving more desperately than he to keep himself in the very van of Southern sentiment—finds himself suddenly mystified and left behind. For several weeks now he has observed myself up from time to time on every dead wall about Somerville a mysterious placard of red paper, sword-shaped, bearing mystical letters:



Turning whithersoever he goes to keep Mr. Neely out of some unknown Paradise, blazes this awful portent, until the contractor for beef can stand it no longer. He has questioned others in vain. Why had he not thought of it before? Tim Lamum!

Even after he found Tim, in the bar-room of Staples's Hotel, industriously engaged—Tim is a commissary agent these days, by deputy his sole business by day being to smoke, with poker added at night—it is some time before Mr. Neely can get through with Burnside's repulse on the Rappahannock. This is the last news; and to Mr. Neely fighting it over again with terrific slaughter Tim only puffs a languid assent. In fact, the war has become a bore to the ex-provost marshal; for *that* bubble of blood has burst before this, at least until another and more popular one can be blown. The Yankees being so invariably and utterly routed in every fight, the independence of the Confederacy being beyond all question, very tired indeed is Tim of the whole subject.

And now, when Mr. Neely at last arrives at his point, and desires admission to whatever secret society lies behind the mystic sword, this Dragon of the Hesperides has that one fatal question to ask:

"Where were you born, Mr. Neely?" though he already knows perfectly well; and on Mr. Neely's reply assures the applicant that his admission is therefore an impossibility, and walks off.

That matter of birth—it clings to Mr. Neely as to Œdipus during his career. So little born out of wedlock, no offspring of one who dies by the hand of the hangman, so unfortunate. Yes; if his mother had been a harlot instead of a brothel, if his father had been a criminal whose last dying speech and confession had been published in all the papers, Mr. Neely could have concealed the blot and shame upon his name in some distant region, and lived and died respected and in peace. But his New England birth! The "damned spot" will not "out," nor can it be concealed. New England training will not permit him to tell a point-blank lie in the matter, even if he did not know from bitter experience that a certain Yankeeism clings to him in spite of unceasing and long-continued exertion, an ointment of his right hand, which bewrayeth itself on what he can. Cruel misfortune! and he so little to blame for it, too! Was it he or his parents who sinned, that he should have been born in Connecticut? He would not have insisted on South Carolina, if that were too great a boon; if he could only have been born on the northernmost edge of Maryland, or the southernmost possible coast of Florida! Better have first seen the light even in the most desperate county in Arkansas.

In the name of Reason and St. Logic what is it constitutes one a Southern man? What the very essence and marrow of the thing so much more desirable to Mr. Neely than was the being a Roman citizen of old? Surely, Mr. Neely reasoned, it must be in the actually owning a negro. Yet, while many a man who enjoyed the enviable blessing of being Southern born, either could not or would not own a slave, Mr. Neely both could and would and did. The first moment it was in his power, with money ruinously made and hoarded for that one end, Mr. Neely bought a negro. Not a negro man; Mr. Neely was not actuated by any such vile view owning of the article to venture that at first. He bought a negro woman, of the jettest black he could get for the money.

Language fails to describe Mr. Neely's feelings on that eventful night when his woman Cicely, paid for and delivered, was made herself at home in the kitchen of his residence, while he sat in his room and thought it all over. He went back to the happy hour he came into possession of his deceased father's huge silver watch, had it actually ticking in his distended fob, his own watch. He recalled the day he put the first horse he ever bought in the stable, and stood without in the snow listening to it munching its hay; his own animal, hoof and hide, from the tips of its ears to the end of its tail; his own quadruped, to ride, harness, plow, swap, sell, exactly as he pleased. But here was something far superior to all that. A woman, a living, breathing, speaking, working woman. There was the "help" at his old home, Keziah, but she could drop her work, place her arms akimbo, and give Mr. Neely's mother just as good as she got—could, and on the occasion of a final spat did, hurry her things in her trunk, slam to the lid, snap her fingers in the face of the Neely household, and depart, leaving them cookless and in the middle of a heavy washing. But here was a Keziah, only of another shade of complexion, who could cook, wash, iron, ay, plow and hoe, and his own, own property. His own woman to keep or to hire, to sell or to swap—from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot as much his own article as was his watch or his horse. And then, all her children as they might come into the world his also!

That night hundred dollars had bought him more gratification than he had ever dreamed it lay in the power of money to purchase; it gave a value to money which it never had even to Mr. Neely's eyes. Mr. Neely sat up late thinking it over, not unconscious of how much elevated he was thereby above any of his old acquaintances still resident in his old village. He would like to be there—they knowing of his purchase—if it was only for a few days to enjoy it. He woke a dozen times that night with the thought. He even went out once or twice during the night to the door of the kitchen to make sure she was there, heard her deep breathing within, and returned satisfied. You who own merely homes, lands, bank stock, railway scrip, and the like, wait till you own a human being before you can claim to understand the pleasure of property. *Only* we the South got so used to it!

With Mr. Neely there was at first the fleshed eagerness of a school-boy with a stolen watermelon; the sense, too, of having achieved a kind of moral impossibility, which added to the excitement of the purchase.

But these weeks, up to and after the date of the sword on the walls, roll by very slowly indeed, very wearily, too, with the burden of heavy hearts. A vast and increasing difference between Union men and all others. Business, ruined with the Union people, was never more thriving with good Secessionists. Hardly one of these last in Somerville but has an office, a contract, an agency—something or other which pays. If Tim Lamum has bought one fine horse in the last year he has bought twenty, the best to be had in all the land. Captain Simmons also. Hitherto it was with utmost difficulty; was able to pay his board bill at Staples's; in fact, Joe Staples, his hair standing a thousand ways with indignation, exhalter on him, has been loud in comment upon the Captain's delinquency, fearless of consequences. During the last few months, however, the Captain has "settled up like a gentleman," as Staples himself proclaims; has bought several new negroes, drives a splendid pair of blacks—not, of course, of the last-mentioned race—and is now habitually drunk, and therefore habitually the most Chesterfieldian in his intercourse with others of any man in Somerville. Bob Withers expresses only the experience of many thousands like him the South over.

"As for me, gentlemen, what's the use denying the thing among friends? Secession has put me on, by George! *my* legs for one?" Only a Yankeeism is Bob; yet in some mystic manner he has got capital from some source, with which, ceasing from drinking even for the time, in the eagerness of a new excitement, he has speculated in flour, salt, and whisky, until, if we may credit his statement, he is "Rich, by George! You can always count on returns trading in the actual necessaries of life, gentlemen. Yes, rich; you'd better believe so. Don't pretend to say how long it will be before Tim Lamum there wins it all from me at poker; but until that or some other providence happens to relieve me of it, for the first time in my life, by George! rich, yes, Sir, rich!"

There is Smithers, the postmaster, as ordinary a little sandy-haired man as you have in all your circle of acquaintance. A strange article wherewith to fill a post-office is sugar; yet Smithers has several rows of hogsheads thereof and thereto. Seven cents a pound Smithers sells it at? No, paid it. It is forty-five cents a pound wholesale, fifty cents a pound retail, he sells it at. Smithers's interests are—negroes. In fact, he is always in the market for a woman to do the housework. An unfortunate man he invariably is in his perpetual purchases of the same. As fast almost as he can buy them do they run away—owing to Mrs. Smithers, whom even Mrs. Warner has described as being "one of those women who will not have a moment's rest herself, nor let a soul on the place have it either, day or night. Deliver me from such creatures!" unconscious that that respected lady is as much like herself in that as is a pin to a needle, a thorn to a splinter.

If Smithers has one woman "lying out" he has half a dozen. And where is the use of having the dogs to trail them? You have to pay more than the woman is worth to catch her. And when she is caught and whipped, Smithers doing it with his stout, Mrs. Smithers finds her tongue, the first thing Mrs. Smithers finds when she wakes of a morning is the kitchen hearthstone cold, and Polly, Molly, Cynthy, Aggy, whatever it is, gone again. And thus does Smithers's sugar dissolve away.

Look at Joe Staples. Happy day for Staples when he laid aside shears and goose, leaped from his counter, rallied to himself the other eight parts of manhood, and went to keeping tavern! With money—gold it was—lent him by Mr. Ferguson, he provisioned his house so thoroughly when prices were low, and changes so enormously now when prices are high, that he too is getting rich. Since he has straightened his crossed legs he has actually grown inches in height, feet in circumference, beyond all sub-measurement in the estimation of his household and himself. His very hair is more electric than ever with increased life at its roots.

As to little Joe Staples—the forward, dissipated, little offspring—under the new hotel régime, "he has money in great rolls, you'll bet," is the touching plaint of elder boys to their parents; "he buys game-chickens, candy, cigars, and a new pony whenever he wants to!" He is not quite nine yet, but already disdains the hotel gong on the arrival of glorious news. Generally he is the first, after Bill Perkins has announced it, at the Brick Church, holding on with the grip of a cray-fish to the knot on the end of the rope, rising high above the heads the air at each semicircular sweep of the great bell.

And there is good Mr. Ellis. Four daughters has Mr. Ellis, and two sons. Henry, his eldest, is back home now, a hero from the repulse on the Rappahannock, but a cripple for life with a shot through the hip, and dreadfully emaciated by months in the hospital. Charley Ellis, his brother of twelve, no longer an attendant on Sunday-school or at church—it being impossible to go to Mr. Arthur's church any longer, since he will not pray for the Confederacy—shows terrible evidence thereof in mourning, is, in fact, a distress to his father. A care-worn, haggard, stooping man now, from whom collectors of the perpetual subscription-lists for war purposes shrink most when they are abroad—as, for one such object or other they always are; because they know how Mr. Ellis shrinks from them. He really can not, will not! The money is misappropriated, or the object does not exactly fit his way of thinking. More intensely, bitterly, even fanatically Secession than ever before; yet Mr. Ellis is getting the reputation, justly or not, of being the most penurious man in Somerville. In fair shabbier attire than he ever wore in other days Mr. Ellis, from talking at street corners all the rest of the time, is frantic to disprove, all unfavorable, and to magnify all favorable news. On Sundays also, discussing Burnside and Lee with lying Sam Peters, Tim Lamum, Dr. Peel, Captain Simmons, and the rest, while the bells are ringing, and afterward too. As to that, the


THE MYSTERIOUS PLACARD.


MAKING CAPS.

Union people in Somerville are also thrown together these many months now in new combinations. Society, thoroughly broken up from its foundations, is crystallizing into totally new forms.

Mr. Neely is flourishing as a beef-contractor in war times should. Possessing Confederate money in great shocks, he has bought quite a snug tract of wooded land near Somerville, and sells wood off it by the hundred cords. True, it is land belonging to Guy Brooks, Esq., but to bridge, as is well known now, a chasm such as the Federal service, his property has been confiscated and sold.

It is true in horses, lands, sugar, or even—which he declares in the *Star* to be the best of all investments—negroes, that Lamum, the eloquent, has a tender mercy. Cotton is his weakness. Report whispers into your ear that he has hundreds of bales safely to his account in some place over the water—but reports are the same thing of most of the Secession leaders; it may all be false. With Government teams an immense deal of cotton is certainly going to the nearest ports, the Government stores coming back on blockade-runners being singularly disproportionate. In fact, a cry of swindling and corruption and favoritism is already begun, which swells every day; only among the people, however, and the press has long since ceased to have their hands.

Dr. Ginnis's big, pompous, spending his money—on all sorts of Medical Boards these days—in improving his place in Somerville, asserts that Dr. Peel, who has half a dozen contracts, has made half a million—but who can say?

"Even an infidel," reasons Mrs. Warner to her husband, "can see the Almighty's hand on our side by the way He is blessing us. Every mail brings news of glorious victories, and scarce a Secessionist is killed—I mean those who took a leading hand—but is coming money. As to those miserable, God-forsaken Union people—look at them! I say, only look at them!"

Well, yes. As a general rule these last have sacrificed to their pipedreams, to their perverse principles, more than they could afford in a way of popularity, common respect even, but of business also. But their infatuation, their obstinate convictions, their concern in the boom, seem destroying their victims; and, like cancers, are incurable—only the more deep-seated as the days roll by and disease develops itself. Their love for what they still persist in calling their country glows still unquenched, unquenchable.

You who live outside the South during the war, reading all varieties of papers, speaking exactly what you happened to think and feel, imagine, if you can, yourself to have been placed as these were. You were no more accustomed all your life hitherto to freedom than were these. Your conviction upon the whole matter could not clearer than were those of these men; only, living within the disease itself they knew more of its misery than you could. To them it is as if rebellion is devastating their own soil. Think of yourself as, under like circumstances, not daring to speak your deepest and dearest sentiments at your own table and fireside lest your very children should, by their unguarded lips betray you to death. Imagine yourself doomed every day of your life to hear read aloud from the papers and spoken by every tongue that which you knew to be lies; forced to see the commonest of common sense hourly trodden under foot; compelled continually to see the approved things subversive of all morality, powerless to help yourself; obliged to hear positions assumed by the mean and vulgar, whom by Christian ministers and in churches on the Sabbath —positions assumed, sentiments advanced, plans proposed, which, in common with every principle in Christianity outside the malaria of Secession, you knew to be exactly that which Christianity was given to overthrow—principles which you knew, as well as you could know any thing, to be of the devil, fathered upon a holy God! All this, and you required to sit under it all like a statue!

The next time, dear reader, your home news, glad or sorry, which causes all your heart to beat for joy, oblige me by trying yourself the experiment of wearing thereupon and therefore the saddest of countenances, as if for death in the most disastrous. On the next occasion you hear pious much rings a death-knell to your fondest hopes, be so kind as to assume the demeanor of one who has just heard what he most desired. Or, say for the lot of Union people at the South all the war through. Or, say, for your husband, off from you in the Confederate ranks, enduring all the privations of a soldier's life, fighting, in spite of yourself and himself, in a cause you abhor; fighting against all of succor that is coming dutifully toward you! But you can not imagine it as we felt it.

"Never was my poor faith in God so strong as it is now!" exclaims Mrs. Sorel says to Mrs. Arthur in these days of the repulse of Burnside. "Because I feel that nothing but his special grace could support me as I am sustained. Only my boy—my Frank—but the other day standing beside me, with his dead father's eyes and hair and very voice, father's strong nature begging to beam upon his forehead—my pride, beside Robby—my sole hope on earth—that he should be standing all those hours in the Virginia, and for what?" And the tear which trickles down her cheek as she bends lower down over her sewing is, alas! but one of the drops as abundant as rain which, from the same cause, fall over the whole South.

Because Frank Sorel has been trained to be true to his name in all his dealings with his mother, as with every one else, and writes, accordingly, as truthfully as he would have spoken, had he been at home. Letters filled, as all truthful letters from Confederate armies must be, of care, with tales of nakedness, hunger, loathsome food, exhausting marches, cold, and wet; letters telling of filth, vermin, disease, death by hundreds, like that among infected sheep; letters after battles in which valor the most desperate avails as nothing against artillery, and persistence even after frequent defeat, and telling of all the after-horrors of wounded, dying, dead; letters at least hinting at the gambling, hideous profanity, and incontinences, before which even white-headed Christians give way, even Chaplains not rarely go down; letters written on a blanket spread on the ground, on saddle flaps, all blotted and blurred. If Mr. Ferguson, now, could only have made up a library of volumes of the war letters!

"And we have Davis's assertion that the war may last for years," says Mr. Arthur.

"Even if it is over, the Confederacy secure, our young men have still to be soldiers, partly to watch the North, partly to stand perpetual guard over the negroes, their property, which more in need of being guarded than ever. May Heaven deliver Frank and Robby here from such a country! The ruin of our glorious land, and all this for—slavery." How evident that Mr. Arthur is becoming a fanatic!

"Pardon me, Mr. Arthur," says Mrs. Sorel, gravely, "but we will not speak on that subject. You know all my feelings and principles on the matter. If our peculiar institutions are displeasing to Heaven, it will do away with them in its own time and way. I would not raise a finger in the matter. Meanwhile, to talk upon the subject—pardon me—is disagreeable to me. You know I am a Southern Christian, and we have been so basely abused by the Abolitionists! I am too old to change my views, too old even to think of changing my subject."

Not the only Union heart in the South which at that day shrank from all investigation on that point. Not the only Union eye away when the bandages come to be unwrapped from an ulcer or a wound long neglected. We are so constituted, some of us, that we faint, sicken, faint—we can not do it. We prefer to let the bandages stay, and hope for the best. Put on the bandages, and let the ulcer, and, for Heaven's sake, let us say no more about it.

Mrs. Bowles is whitening in her hair these days as well as Mrs. Sorel, with double odyssebewilderment. Things were so perfectly settled in her younger days there in South Carolina. If Mr. Neely was a Union man, Mrs. Bowles was; it was a satisfaction to her every waking hour of her life; she escaped as much as she can out of the present which so stuns her into that blessed past.

"Dear Mrs. Sorel, pardon me while with me, for I will not, I should do. There is such a difference between the two opinions; they are in such conflict one of them must be victorious over the other before I can speak. Is it right, is it right one? Won't you tell me something? Is it Alice who says it, seated on a stool at Mrs. Sorel's feet, at the hostess's own request. Her friend sews and muses with bowed head, muses almost unconsciously, and answers Alice in a voice that the little girl she was it seems but yesterday.

"You know you have always been another mother to me. You used to advise me in all my little troubles, and always advised me right," Amanda Allen, "and you will do it without doubt. I think upon these terrible things?"

"Do you think upon them at all, Alice," says Mrs. Sorel, "my little women. Let the men think and vote and fight."

"In so awful a state of things even we ought to know at which is right and which is wrong," begins Alice.

"It is a theological affair in part; why not leave it, then, to men?" says Mrs. Sorel, with something of the smile of other days as she looks her fair visitor in the eyes upturned to hers. Alice drops her head the less for that, drops the long lashes over her eyes, but answers none the less promptly:

"A minister has already advised me on the subject—that Mr. Barker. You know mamma has not attended Mr. Arthur's church for some time. Mr. Barker is doing good taste to make her a pastoral visit in consequence. But you know mamma, good Secessionist as she is, she has a horror now the less for some ministers. Dr. Peel, Dr. Ginnis—especially for Mr. Barker, almost as much aversion as for the Abolitionist preachers. I am not to suppose I am to be excused. He did not understand it in the least, and left behind, with his compliments for mamma, his last sermon!"

"Well?"

"Oh, I actually read it through!" says Alice. He preached it on one of his visits to the capital of the State, and it was published, as the Prefece informs us, at the request of the Governor and all the other officials there."

"And what is it all about? Colonel Juggins always quotes from Mr. Barker's sermons as fast as they are published, as the highest authority of the kind, but I'm ashamed to say," adds Mrs. Sorel, "that I have never read one of them yet!"

"All about the Institution. It is like what I have read about the clergy of Charleston, saying that kings rule the people by Divine right. They proved from Scripture that despotism is not of man at all, but of God, and to be obedience. All who believe in and fight for despotism are God's peculiar people. All who oppose kings are infidels. The combination of preachers for slavery so earnestly reminds me of the Holy Alliance of Europe. Am I wrong, Annty?"

"I have been trained from my birth, my dear," says Mrs. Sorel, gravely, "to believe that the Bible does not countenance slavery. It is true I have never read but on one side. I may add, that I have at times had some painful doubts on account of some of the things which seem inseparable from slavery, yet you know there is no institution but is liable to be abused. Two things settled my mind: the Abolitionists are a bad, violent, blaspheming people—avowed infidels many of them, running into a thousand sects and errors. With such a people God can not be. And, then, what to do with the blacks if they were freed?" But we won't talk about it, dear; there is nothing I dislike more. God will do what is right."

"Only this, Annty—it does look so much as if men in authority, and nothing else in the Bible were using the preachers as a convenient set of tools to establish their own purposes. And I could not think," adds Alice, after a long pause, "if the Church in the South—God's own Church—should turn out to be the chiefest instrument in doing a great wrong—"

"My darling Alice," interrupts Mrs. Sorel, nervously, and placing her hand upon the lips of her young guest, "you must not read Abolition papers, you must not read Abolition books, you must not read Abolition sermons. I am an old woman now. You young people belong, for what I know, to a new order of things; but you must let us old people keep to the old ways. Have you about Robby's fight with Charley Ellis? I would like you to see how he has grown; but he has gone fishing with Mr. Arthur and some one in his world like Mr. Arthur. And you actually did this transferring yourself—take off your collar, dear, that I may see it—and you did not shed one tear other think of the terrible prices? Mr. Arthur insists on not having any sugar in his coffee. He thinks it a luxury. Ten pounds of sugar are actually bought up the last fifty pounds in Somerville for me. But just to think: wood ten dollars a cord, and Mr. Arthur objects! Such a bit of flour. Molasses four dollars, beef fifty cents, fifteen dollars for the coarsest shoes."

"And you are not to trust your own independent I am; pretty good for a first attempt, are they not?" and Alice, holding aside her skirts, puts forth the tiniest of little feet.

"And Alice, dear, your mother did have fo sell Charles?" Mrs. Sorel asks in the lowest of tones, gently as a mother could.

Ah, how the bright young face at her knee clouds!

"I will tell you. Aunt Sorel. Ma says it is because Charles has been so insolent of late, and she has no one to control him; but we were comfortable, and could do very well. Ma could with her to let me sell my piano instead; she would not let me even speak of it. And such trouble we had with Charles's wife over since! but what could we do? And, then, she may revenge herself on us."

"Revenge herself on a child?"

"Revenge herself on a child? Why, you know, Annty, that Mr. Warner has been so troubled as makes Mr. Barker's sermons Mrs. Sorel. Mr. Barker's sermons Mrs. Sorel. Mr. Barker's sermons Mrs. Sorel.

frank, and honest voice, "'t a servant of servants shall be—" By George! Simmons, hold the candle nearer, can't you! "Blessed be—One half inch more, Simmons, and you would have set the beard on fire. If I was too drunk to stand, by George!" adds Noah, with aspirit, by, "I'll lie down." And Ham rein away at last, the curse being endless and overwhelming, in deplorable plight.

Next Abolition, with a voice and gestures singularly like those of Brother Barker, in spite of beard and mask, reads the negro-psalm, and therefore him in another part of the room a lengthy lecture, embracing the rest of the Biblical argument for Slavery, closing with a severe animadversion that the South, in obeying the Divine command in this matter, was therefore God's peculiar people, those nations who do not do the same are under the wrath of Heaven. Shall we relate how George Washington, risen from his grave in the person of Dr. Lieber, appeared in bag-wig, knee-buckles, and portentous voice—the immemorable wrongs of the North and the rights of the South? Nor shall we longer abstain from referring to a sarcastic Eulogy upon the Union delivered by the Evil One himself, to personify whom the only alterations I can think of Thinks it necessary to make in himself are a tail and a pair of horns. After which the novice is instructed in all the commercials and pips, and learns also that the mystic C. C. stand for Children of Calhoun, and also for Curse of Canaan, and the red sword to be passed on to the next to point North—but that needs no explanation.

Next follows the arrangement of certain mongrel matters relating to the whites—the number of soldiers, in which the sums specified bear ludicrous proportion to the grandeur of their distribution.

"Children of Calhoun. Business," says Dr. Peel at last.

Whereupon, to the astonishment of Henry Ellis, the lights are put out and the conclave left in perfect darkness, during which the ministers membership are evidently employed in changing their seats.

"Business!" says the Glorious Calhoun Peel at last.

"Glorious Calhoun!" A voice from the darkness.

"At my post!" replies that individual.

"Silas Jewet, conscript, sought for. Fled!" says the voice.

"Isaac Smith, over conscript age, but disloyal. Warned to leave. Fled!" says another voice from the darkness, which Henry Ellis has heard before from the lips of Joe Staples.

"Glorious Calhoun!" from the far end of the room.

"At my post!"

"Hol Robbins, known as Catfish Robbins, exempt on account of sickness. Sickness, in the speaker adds, in a lower tone for the information of his near neighbors. But, after this, name after name is called out, now from one side and now from the other side of the darkness, with comment like the above. Then there is called one name more which makes most sensation of all.

"Parson Arthur!"

"Make charge!" from the presiding officer.

"Opposed to Secession from the first, and persists in his crime. Silent but influential for the Union."

"Business proposed!" from the Glorious Calhoun.

"I move he be regularly warned to leave:" the speaker carefully disguises his voice, but is loud and deeped. Whereupon rises a hubub over the whole hall, some urging with violence, some opposing the suggestion. One voice has at last claimed the mastery; it seems certain in the darkness as if its owner had mounted upon his seat.

"I tell you, fellows, you'd better not; by George, no! No man can regret the parson's course more'n I do; but that man has buried too many of our dead, nursed too many of our sick, warned too many of our couples for that! I ain't a Christian, but I know one when I see one, and parson Arthur is one. Parson Arthur is no favorable to the Confederacy, I know, but you all know he is a Christian, a Christian gentleman. Can't afford it, fellows; and, by George, we won't!"

"One word more, gentlemen"—another voice from the darkness—"I'm Henry Ellis, you all know that by my crutches, there!" and a double knock is heard upon the floor. "You all know I have been fighting for the South in Virginia. Well, for one, the man that disturbs Mr. Arthur, unless he breaks some law, has me to disturb too. I won't more!"

A vote is taken. According to the Ritual of the C. C. on any thing moved for the benefit of the Curse the vote is taken by the ayes and nays, and North instead of nay. On this occasion a voice in the darkness, evidently the original proposer of the motion to rid Somerville of Mr. Arthur—a thing often before done by the C. C. in the case of other obnoxious persons—and which is headed and individuals in a clime exceedingly unlike Somerville and very far above it, or in still another place not so grand as Somerville though below it—on this occasion, we say, the original voice votes South, with an emphasis which makes up for its being the only vote to that effect. Most of the C. C. do not vote at all; but enough vote North, and with emphasis of their own, too, to decide the question for Mr. Arthur's further stay in Somerville. Let it be distinctly recorded here that we do not assert the learned vote to have been cast not by the Patriarch Abraham; for the sake of sweet St. Lucy let the matter at least remain in doubt.

This matter being disposed of:

"Glorious Calhoun!" from the darkness, which, like that of Egypt, is both intense and swarming with angry spirits.

"At my post!"

"Mr. Ferguson." We all know Joe Staples's voice.

"Make charge."

"Against the revolution from the first. Bitterly against it still. Won't touch Confederate money. Won't give the least belief to any good news. Always says it's a trick."

Joe Staples, who is deeply in debt to Mr. Ferguson, has never probably read Sallust, and imitates unconsciously those of whom that historian records that they joined the conspiracy of Catiline to get rid of their indebtedness. Not Staples only, but many Secessionists in all the South and from the outset, and a little before, than those owing heavily, especially to Northern creditors. But—

"He ridicules all the good news," adds another voice.

"And pastes it all in a big book," contributes a third from the darkness.

"And won't give one single cent toward the war," adds a fourth.

"A cross-grained old Abolitionist, heart and soul against us!" cries still another.

"Business proposed!" from the chair as soon as the Glorious Calhoun can make himself heard.

"Frighten out of his boots!"

"And outright, that's enough."

"Those in favor will say South!" Overwhelming vote.

"Those opposed will say North!"

"North"—only one voice, Henry Ellis. "One word, men," he adds. "You all know I have fought, will fight as long as I can pull a trigger for the South; but only on the open field, and where I can see. I resign." And the speaker is hobbling on his crutches toward the door as well as he can guess at it.

"Children of Calhoun," says Dr. Peel promptly.

"At our posts!" from the members, evidently part of the Ritual.

"Because, not fighting for the South in the field, we must work for it at home!" In full chorus, after Dr. Peel.

"Well, it's a sort of work I won't do for one. And I tell you, gentlemen, just this. I find here among all your anathemas a touch of ferocity, a kind of devilish bitterness there isn't the least spark of in the army, and you know whether I fight or not. I'm not the man one, your secrets are safe with me, but I am gone;" and a stumble and slam announces that the speaker has managed to find the door and leave—those nearest the door not unconscious that several seem to be leaving with him.

It is a singular fact that since that night the C. C., notwithstanding the immense amount of work yet to be done, and the appalling outlooks dawning upon the country, has steadily always to extinction. In vain Brother Barker especially exerts himself; by far his powerful appeals, but without effect. He has brought always from outside, such an alteration as admits him and Mr. Neely and others of Northern birth. It may be in no way violence of these hastens its end. Even the dullest Secessionist knows that Union men have been initiated, at least men who were always the same treachery upon these.

"For one, gentlemen, I am firmly persuaded," said Captain Simmons, "that the Union men there was not a Yankee Secessionist in all the South, whoever he was, and whatever he said or did as editor, private, general, President, minister, citizen, or what not, but went into Secession, and acted as he did during it with the full though secret determination of bringing it to a bloody end and overthrow Slavery. In fact, gentlemen," continued Captain Simmons, with a firm grasp upon the door of the porch in front of Simpkins's, "one peculiarly dignified because particularly drunk: "I have become fully satisfied that Slavery never will get up and down again by Yankees, South and North, expressly to procure the destruction of Slavery and the triumph of Abolition. Now, gentlemen, gentlemen, every soul of them. Their bended eyes salute the skies, their lifted knees the ground, as they pray that the horrors of war was among the deepest sentiments instilled into me by parents now saints in heaven, where one thing has convinced my mind, gentlemen," adds the Captain, with a wave of his left hand, "being a Secessionist myself, and that I am none the less free to say it, that the Yankees are what they claim to be—the smartest people on this planet. None the less dear to my soul loathe them; to the last degree are they offensive to me."

Whether any of said Yankees who afterward claimed any thing of all this for themselves individually spake truth or not who can say? Oh that we could but read the heart! Alas! he who pens these lines can not read his own. Enough for us that He who has the final settlement of all things can.

"Secret and Special Committee of Three will meet here to-morrow night at twelve. Be vigilant, Children of Calhoun, much and great work remains to be done." This from the chair, after the candles have been again lighted.

"Any business, you?" The editor, Lamum, who is thus addressed, sitting in his place under that flag, is silent.

"England, what from you?" Jem Budd, gunsmith, seated opposite France, under the Cross of St. George, is compelled, by the painful facts of the case, to remain silent.

"Ourselves," says Dr. Peel, with enthusiasm, rising from his seat broad and jeweled as midnight, "your flag, Ourselves!"

"Rappahannock!" prompt and loud from the whole C. C.

A fervent prayer from Brother Barker—in closing, as there had been one from the same source in opening, and, with certain mystical signs gone through, the C. C. is no more. A Federal is being first spread before the door, each of the C. C. in passing on tramples it under foot, stamping and grinding it into the dust and spitting upon it in a manner in strict conformity with the Ritual and the feelings of—some of them. Only let it here be recorded that the fealty of discipline in some men, and during some epochs, is vigorous beyond all estimation.

"Oh yes, do what you please to old Ferguson!" is heard in the noise of departure. "We are at war, by George! We've got into this mess, and all we've got to do is fight out of it as well we can. But not Parson Arthur, by George! not the parson—"

SIR RALPH'S HERIOT.

A LANCASHIRE TRADITION.

In the "good old times"—that far-off pet of which so many people talk and read about with pleasure, but which, by the way, if any, would like to return—Ashton was the seat of the Ashtons, or Assheton, family. A Sir John Assheton, in the fifth year of the Sixth Henry, became possessed of the Manor of Assheton on payment of one penny annually. This worthy knight is said to have built the old church, and to have been the first to introduce seats for the common people. With a gallantry which adds fresh lustre to his spurs, the number of these seats was limited to those given to the women—the tenants' wives and daughters.

Sir John was succeeded by his son Sir Ralph, who seems to have been the ne-plus-ultra of the Black Knight. It is supposed that the annual ceremony observed at Ashton on Easter Monday, of "Killing Heriot Ox," simply commemorates the popular odium in which Sir Ralph was held; this custom bearing a close resemblance to the "Guy Fawkes" proceedings in Somerset shire, the.

Sir Ralph was feared and hated by his tenantry. He was permitted, by royal letters patent, to execute supreme jurisdiction, and he misused his trust. One of the most oppressive forms of taxation, originating in the feudal age, but perpetuated, he inherited, was the custom of *heriotage*. This was neither more nor less than a fine for dying. A certain class were subject to it, among the best of the manor on the property of the deceased tenant, and it fell with great severity on widows in humble circumstances. Now the law of the land-widows and the landlord stepped in to take away best part of the scanty store the dead man had scraped together.

There was, about this time, a poor widow near Ashton. Her husband had held his little farm under Sir Ralph Ashton, one of the most rapacious landlords of his day. The character borne by Sir Ralph was worthy of the old doggerel which set forth public opinion with regard to him—

"Oh, there's Sir Ralph Ashton,
And for thy bitter passion,
He's sure to die on one of the Tower,
And from Sir Ralph of Ashton!"

He spared neither age nor sex; he had no pity for the sick or the dying; he showed no mercy to the widow and the orphan; wherever he shadow fell trouble came; wherever his voice was heard, weeping and lamentation were the result. When Sir Ralph heard that his tenant was dead, he sent an imperative order, commanding that the heriot should be paid immediately. The widow was therefore waiting with which she could satisfy his claim except one cow, and the cow was the chief sustenance of her family. She had also four children to feed—some of them an infant not many weeks old, the eldest an idiot boy, harmless, but useless, strong and active, and therefore valuable to the farm. His poor but tenderly beloved of his mother, was to her more trouble than all the rest.

It was a sad day on which the widow's home presented on the Christmas morning of 1681. Sharp, coldweather—weather unusually severe, the country in the midst of snow, and the sun, as it rose, only streams bound in icy fetters; the bleak wind sweeping and moaning through the trees and over the hills, as if it were chanting a Lenten dirge rather than singing a Yule carol. Cold outside the miserable home of the widow, and cold within. Besides the sad her children had taken a little milk and eaten a little porridge, and they sat huddled together over a few sticks of fire on the hearth.

Suddenly the door, which had been closed, was flung open, and Sir Ralph Ashton looked in—tall, squarely built man, with sinewy limbs, and a great quantity of dark hair on head, and lips, and cheeks, and chin. His eyes glowed like fire, and there was a scowl on his face that betokened a storm.

Harsh, hard, fierce, and cruel were his words. He had himself come to claim his own, and he would have it; the heriot was his, the cow was his, none should dispute with him of his rights. If it was not in his bond. Leniency, delay! nothing was said of either in his fearful charter. Charity, for the sake of Him whose feast they kept that day! Sir Ralph laughed his own harsh laugh, and said he had no time for feeling. So a couple of fellows, who had accompanied Sir Ralph, drove out the poor beast from the shed, and the knight, with a threat of expelling the family from their miserable hut, turned to depart. It was the idiot who stopped him.

"Beest thou our liege lord?"

"Ay, fool; what bust thy pert tongue to say to that?"

"The liege lord will die, mother—will die!"

"Hush, boy, hush!" said the widow.

"Nay, let the boy speak out. What of it, boy —what if I should die?"

"Then thy liege lord will claim heriot."

"And who says he be?"

"Old Hornie—Beelzebub!"

"And what heriot should I pay to him?" roared the knight, half angry, half amused.

"Thy soul."

"And thy body shall smart for it, imbecile!"

"Oh, he pity his body—he's daft!" and the widow threw herself before the knight, who roughly spurned her with his foot.

"Enough of this. All of you shall suffer for this. There, no whimpering." He strode away across the snow, and never once looked back.

* * *

There were strange doings that night at Ashton Hall. It was rough weather—snowing hard and freezing hard. The entertainment was held numerous, for when the lord of Ashton dispensed his good cheer woe to those tenants who slighted his hospitality! A huge fire was kindled in the broad hearth, but it gave forth no bright and cheerful light; it sputtered, and could not be made to blaze. The air was raw and cold, and the usual sound to have lost its flavor, and the Christmas plants looked shriveled on the walls. The guests spoke in low whispers, and affected little rather than engage in any merry-making sports; the minstrels, in their little oaken gallery, rubbed their benumbed hands, and played on. There was no dancing; there were mummers in quaint devices of all sorts, hobby-horses, and what not; but there was no mirth.

About six in the afternoon Sir Ralph came into the hall and found every thing equally dull and gloomy, and his indignation broke out in a storm of reproach. Was his beauty to be churlishly received? In his own hinds? Had he not slain the Saint, and Dragon, Miller, and Jack the Woodman, and Hobbe o' the Leghes, come there to a feast or a funeral? Were blindworms, and hedgehogs, and lizards, and toads served for these gentry? Was not the Christmas-pie large enough or good enough for their tastes? By his halidome he should go hard but he would teach them better manners!

While the angry knight was thus addressing his guests—and no one could equal Sir Ralph in the art of the mummers, a little fellow, clad in black, with a mask having horns, and, besides, a long tail with which he constantly crept and glided, and, while stealing unperceived behind the angry host, seized him by his cloak, and prayed him on the instant to come with him to a dark alley where life been so humiliated. Every face about him turned white at the spectacle. He regained his feet in an instant, and with a curse on a stout oaken cudgel, dealt about him with no weak hand. The guests flew before him in dismay, and were scared when he found the hall in the greatest confusion. Some fell, some escaped into the open air; but the black mummer neither fell nor fled. He was, or seemed, proof to be, every where at once. He was safely in a corner one moment, and Sir Ralph was making sure of him, when out and in the long gallery, dodging, diving and weaving between the knight's legs, perhaps upsetting him, perhaps, for an instant, leaping on his back—here, there, every where, appeared the black mummer, his shrill laughter.

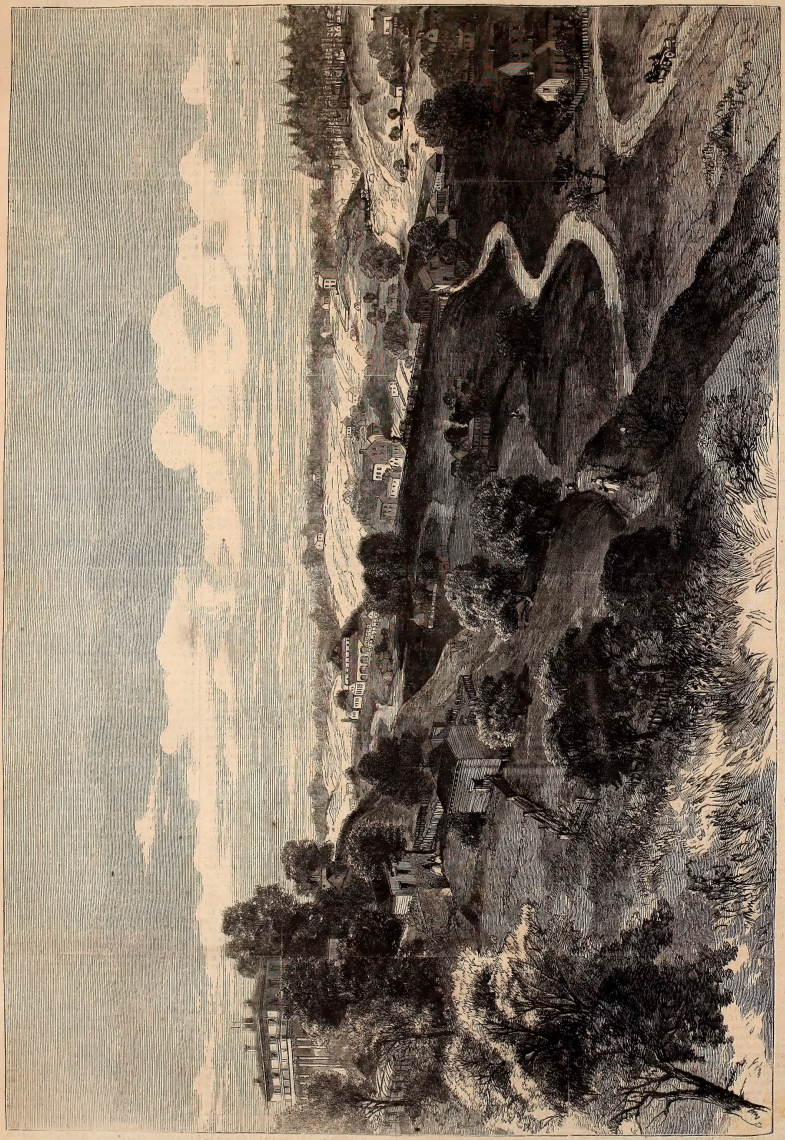
At last no more than a dozen of the guests remained, with the exception of those who were badly hurt and lay groaning on the floor. Sir Ralph paused to take breath and look about him. The black mummer, with his legs hanging over the front, sat the black mummer, swaying his body to and fro, and laughing as if the whole of this extraordinary affair he had ever seen in his life.

"Pull down the rogue!" called out Sir Ralph. "Cut him down!" Some of the guests drew. By the Rood, he shall pay for his sport!" The figure leaped from the gallery, and stood face to face with Sir Ralph. The knight called for his sword, and took a stout blow, but the knave avoided it. Again Sir Ralph strove to strike, with the same result. Then, with a fearful voice, heard distinctly by all, the black figure cried:

"The heriot! the heriot! Sir Ralph, I came to tell you that the heriot would take his heriot at Easter." And with these words and a diabolical laugh the figure vanished.

Sir Ralph Ashton quitted the hall. He was troubled. Hurriedly he sent for his priest. What passed between them is not known, but the priest returned to his vicar's house returned to her; in the course of the day assistance was sent to her from Sir Ralph's almonry. He was charitable, but he was also free to his religious duties. He forbade any allusion to what had occurred on Christmas night; but as the year advanced he noticed to change in their respects: he became weak, the rigorous fast of Lent told on him, and at Easter he died.

Such is the popular tradition of the Black Knight of Ashton. It is related by various authorities with different embellishments, and is confidently believed by many supernatural, and occasionally the reverse. Who was the strange visitor—the black mummer, with his quaint antics and dreadful message? The Evil One, say some; a "Boggart" full of mischief, say others; only a few incline to the opinion which to us appears the most probable—namely, that the mummer was no other than the idiot boy—witless enough, but not so "daft" as to be incapable of the benevolent conception of such a ingenious trick—mad enough, doubtless, but with method in his madness.



VIEW OF SHOCKOE CREEK VALLEY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—SECURED BY J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 293.]



COTTON TEAM IN NORTH CAROLINA.—[DRAWN BY EDWIN FORBES.]

A STRAY LETTER.

SWEET CCC, I really meant to write,
In answer to your last,
A week ago this very night;
Dear me, how time has passed!
You see I've been so busy, love—
And now you know the reason
Of my neglect—from morn till night
Preparing for the season.

Mamma and I together shopped
For one whole week and more,
And all that we were stopped,
But went from store to store
All through Broadway, both up and down,
On either side the street;
And oh, such patterns! I declare
None ever were so sweet.

We bought, dear me! now let me see,
Twelve dresses for Mamma;
And for myself just twenty-three—
You should hear Papa
Go on about the bills, he talked
Like one bereft of reason,
As if we both could live without
Our wardrobes for the season.

Oh dear! the men are heartless quite;
I fear my heart will break.
To think, sweet CCC, I lay last night
One whole long hour awake—
For oh, to hear Pa talk such stuff,
And prophecy distresses;
I vow I haven't half enough
With fifty different dresses!

I feel so tired, so very tired
With working hard all day,
I fear I sha'n't make out to write
The half I've got to say.
I never saw, gracious! no,
I leave that to Miss Prink—
But then it is such weary work
To have to sit and think.

To think what buttons, white or brown,
For that, and that,
What sort of trimming will look best,
What flowers for your hat.
And then to-day I've wound four skeins,
And one of them was double,
While all required the nicest pains,
And gave me so much trouble!

And oh, the trying on, it's worse
Than all the rest beside!
This neck is high, this waist too short,
This sleeve a trifle wide.
I'm like a martyr at the stake,
Alas! it's no use sighing;
I'd rather sit all day and make
Than be forever trying.

To think a whole week has gone by
Since I received a call,
For we're so busy, Ma and I,
We don't receive at all.
I'm almost dying, too, to know
About my friends the Chases,
What good-for-nothings, we met, at least,
In fifty different places.

Of satins, silks, delaines, barege,
My brain is always teeming,
Of tarltons, poplins, muslins, tulle
I am forever dreaming;
In visions through the night I see
All round me cherub faces,
With wings of gauze, look out and smile
From clouds composed of laces.

The clock's at twelve, my ormolu,
Its silvery stroke I hear;
And now, sweet CCC, I'll say adieu,
Kisses, dear, kisses, dear.
Ma chère amie, I've nothing more
Particular to tell,
So for the present *au revoir*,
From yours sincerely—BELLE.

OUR MAY-DAY FESTIVAL.

I.

DECIDEDLY, I had the blues.

If I knew a nicer word I would use it; but there is no other word that will express the exact state of the case. It includes *ennui* in the direct degree, with a superaddition of mild hysterics. But every body knows what the word means.

I stood by a window in the reception-room (our house is an English basement, with the front-door on a level with the sidewalk), looking out upon the west street. It was the first of May, and the skies were dark and gloomy, and the trees drip, drip, dripping in the most lugubrious and dismal whimpsy way. The broad and polished panes were cold and damp, and I wrote words on their humid surface—such words as were coming through my mind at the moment—and my own name, "Sabine Brainard," and that of another person, "Orville Clark"—the last the oftenest. But even his name did not dissipate my wretched feelings.

"Oh dear!" I cried, turning away from the window, and going to a table whose marble surface bore a vase of brilliant hot-house flowers, that gave me a fragrance before as I bent over them—"how I do wish I lived in the country!

"In the country, dear?" said my mother, who had just come to look at the flowers; "sighing for the country on such a rainy day?"

"I don't believe it rains in the country," I said, pettishly, as I hid my face among roses and azaleas and lemon blooms; "it wouldn't rain in the country on May-day, I'm sure. And Clara Clark writes in her letter such a glowing account of the festivities that are to be held to-day in the grove near their house. They are going to have a Queen of the May, and a May-pole, with songs and garlands and fresh outdoor flowers—not such dainty, delicate blooms as these, which die almost while one breathes their incense."

"You are out of spirits, dear. You danced too much last night. Get an interesting book, and forget the rain for a little while. There will be parties soon, no doubt."

"No one will call on such a day," said I, "and I don't want to see them if they do. And I have been reading all the morning besides, and I am tired of books. I am tired of every thing. I am tired of life; there!"

With this I actually burst into tears, and went back to the window to gaze into the gloomy street —a proceeding not calculated to work a speedy cure of my distress—*similia similibus curantur* to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Oh, foolish child!" said mother, caressingly, putting her arm about my waist.

"I know it is foolish," said I, "but how can I help it? I wish I could, with all my heart. I would rather have a toothache."

At this juncture a smile suddenly drove the gloom out of my face, though the tears still stood in my eyes, and I nodded cheerfully to a young man who entered at the gate and touched his hat to us under his umbrella.

"There is Orville Clark!" I exclaimed, "and he saw me crying! What will he think?"

"Oh, yes, dear!" ejaculated Orville, in his gay fashion, as he entered the room. "What's the matter, Sabine? You look quite interesting, but not very happy. What is it?"

"Did you see me cry?" I asked, most superfluously, and a little ashamed.

"I did; and when that sunny smile sent its light over your face, while your eyes still sparkled with tears, what do you suppose I thought of?"

"A great baby, I suppose."

"Oh, *méchanceté!* No! Sunshine breaking over a meadow after an April shower, while the pearly drops still glittered on the blades of grass."

"One might know you were a poet," said I.

"Say rather might know I was afflicted on a farm. But you forget to tell me what the matter was. Or mustn't I know?"

"Oh, nothing is the matter, except that horrid malady they call the blues. And I was sighing for the country too. I got a letter from Clara this morning, giving a glowing picture of a May-day festival in the grove at Beverley; and when I thought of the pleasures of that scene, and contrasted it with this dismal, foggy, dull day, it made me feel as if—as if—and besides, I was lonesome, and it is real good of you, Orville, to come in on such a horrid day."

"You're super good," said he, in his odd way, "the strangest combination of woman and little girl I ever knew—beg pardon for saying so—and the sweetest. I came on business, too."

"But you were not at Mrs. Delmon's last night; and I thought you had gone home on a visit so as to be at the country May-day in the woods."

"I had another engagement last night. But as to going *a-Maying*, my errand this morning is to ask you to go to a May-day festival this afternoon."

"Oh, where?" I cried, in delight.

"That's a mystery. I can tell nothing further than that the party is to meet at three o'clock at Beaujour's; but whither to proceed is the mysterious point. In fact the thing is a surprise, and there's something very odd about it every way. The invitations are the greatest curiosity of the season; and not only that, they were delivered in a most unprecedented style. Colonel Frank Rothsay goes galloping about the city in the rain with the notes, on that black horse of his, and every one that old blue-ever-coat that has got I don't know how many bullet-holes in it.

While speaking he handed me the note of invitation. It was written in a graceful, delicate hand—evidently a lady's—and read as follows:

"Mr. Orville Clark is hereby requested to absent himself with a lady companion and two or more well-stored picnic baskets, and to conveyance at Beaujour's restaurant, Broadway, at three o'clock, P. M. to-day, prepared to participate in a glorious May-day festival.

"Ladies are requested to wear plain, serviceable attire. Our motto to-day is, Down with Dignity—and Dresses!

"We are ever such an odd thing?" said I.

"What can it mean?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," said Orville. "Both say handed it to me on the street, and bade me read and accept on the spot; and I did as I was bid. 'Full baskets, remember!' he sang out, as he rode off. 'And never mind the rain.'"

"Whatever it is," said mother, "it is sure to be genteel, with Colonel Rothsay delivering the invitations in person."

"You will go, Sabine?" asked Orville.

"Yes."

"And don't take your blues along," said he.

I laughed. "I think they are gone already," said I.

"Not to Beaujour's, I hope!" he exclaimed, in pretended dismay.

II.

EVERY body knows Beaujour's Assembly Rooms —where that graceful Monsieur teaches the young idea how to behave. The dancing-master was not present in person on the occasion I am telling about, however. He had surrendered his rooms into other hands.

You should have seen the curiosity painted on every face in the gathering of wealth and fashion which had responded to the invitation at Beaujour's that afternoon about 3 o'clock. The *crème de la crème* of our best society was represented there; such a lady or gentleman every-where, and one that was not the representative of very considerable wealth. Despite the injunction to plain attire, there was a certain agreeable display of toilet and display, that showed how completely mystified all were—how determined not to be caught in the trap of that odd invitation billet, if it were a trap. Most of these May-day merry-makers had a lurking suspicion that there was a good deal more in the affair than those billets promised. And indeed there was; but how little they dreamed *what!*

Colonel Frank Rothsay and his tall and beautiful sister Blanche—a prominent belle—acted as hosts on the occasion, and received us with the heartiest cordiality, and an absence of ceremony that prompted every thing delightful. They, at least, were dressed with the greatest plainness. In response to the numerous and eager inquiries launched at them by the guests, they vouchsafed no better response than "Wait and see."

As for the "well-stored picnic baskets," Orville declared that no country picnic ever saw such a collection since picnics were. Huge hampers came up the stairs on the backs of servants, and disappeared into the long dancing-hall, where no one was allowed to peep on any pretext. Not till the company had all arrived, and the carriages had been dismissed with injunctions to call at six, were the doors thrown open. Then the throng was admitted to the hall.

Though the little ante-rooms had seemed so crowded, there was but a small party after all when they had joined into the hall—only about a score, all told. We found a long, rude table, improvised of boards and carpenters' "horses" (I think they call them), but covered with the finest and whitest cloths. At one end of the hall the baskets of provisions were gathered.

"Now, then, ladies and gentlemen," sang out Colonel Rothsay, rapping the table to procure silence, "our fun is before us. We have this table set with our own hands, after the orthodox custom of May-day merry-makings in the country. Our guests will arrive at 6 o'clock, and by that time all must be ready. So to work!"

There was a buzz of surprise and wonderment in the room.

"What *does* it mean?" I asked Orville.

"Blessed if I know," was his answer.

But when Colonel Rothsay coolly proceeded to take off the coat, and fell to unpacking one of the biggest hampers, while his sister, pinning back her skirts and tucking up her sleeves, received the contents from his hands and began to arrange them on the long table, we all followed suit, with a deal of laughter and merriment.

Such a splendid "spread" (as Orville said) as that table presented after an hour's labor on the part of these amateur workers! There was every thing to tempt the appetite, and the greatest profusion of it too. Whole roast turkeys, chickens, and games; profusion of buttered biscuits and rolls; bureens of raw oysters; vases of celery; cakes and sweetmeats without stint. And, besides, there were vases filled with the choicest hot-house flowers, standing at intervals along the table, and loading the air with their perfume. I confess I was proud of the share I had had in producing this elegant collation.

By five o'clock the work was all done; and meantime the arrival of footsteps in the ante-rooms told that our mysterious guests were gathering. Blanche Rothsay was out there receiving them; but there was no communication allowed. The door was locked and the key in Colonel Rothsay's pocket, so that no curious eyes should solve the mystery in advance. Curiosity was on the *qui vive* now more than ever.

"Well, we are all ready, I believe," said the Colonel, at last. "Allow me now to station you at proper points along the table. You are to serve as waiters for this occasion only; and while I thank you all very much for your confidence in my discretion, and your obedience to my will thus far, I will add that the moment approaches when your self-command, and the generosity of spirit are to be put to the strongest test."

So, when we had all been placed behind chairs at proper intervals, the door was thrown open, and in came the guests, escorted by Blanche Rothsay, her black eyes sparkling with animation.

You should have seen the eyes of this astonished company of genteel table-waiters as there came filing into the room a decorous procession of women and children in gala attire, themselves in large-eyed at the sight before them as were their entertainers; for this roguish Frank Rothsay had kept them all in the dark as to the precise nature of the entertainment to which they were invited. Colonel Rothsay, acting as head-waiter, superintended the arrangement of the guests, at a hundred in number, and then once more he addressed us.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "you are standing in the presence of widows and children of men who have fallen in the rebellion. They have accepted my invitation, extended in your behalf, to partake of this May-day feast. I confess that my own breast swells with pride and emotion, as I look upon these faces, and feel that all who sit here have known what it is to give their dearest country. They have not shed their blood in battle, but they have given those who were dearer to them than life, and I look upon them as no less heroic than those brave men who shouldered their muskets and went out to face the foe. I am proud of my relation to these ladies present, and I know that all your hearts will beat in unison with mine."

A brisk pattering of applauding palms from the table-waiters greeted this little speech; and then the Colonel, addressing the guests, added,

"And now, my friends, to serve you."

They were a little timid at first, and accepted the good things pressed upon them half shrinkingly, yet with a grateful moisture in their eyes. But there was no resisting the genial influence of the hour; the timidity all wore off, and the poor creatures ate of the bounty spread before them with our souls glad.

It was a scene I never shall forget as long as I live; and more than once I found the tears welling into my foolish eyes—but not such tears as those petulant drops that Orville Clark bohold in the morning, and of which I now felt heartily ashamed.

When the guests had finished their repast, Colonel Rothsay had another speech to make;

"What remains of the dinner," said he—"and there is an abundance left, I am glad to see—is to be given to our friends, to take home with them. For my part, I have resolved to add to the gift dishes, baskets, and all. But I presume some of you—not knowing the nature of the occasion—have sent dishes, silverware, and so forth, that may possess a family value. I would request that all such be set apart, and the rest be distributed among our friends. We can not give them too much; and the more we give the better we shall feel to-morrow, and the pleasanter this merry-making will be to remember for long as we live."

"Mr. Head-waiter," said Orville Clark, "I propose that we carry the thing a little further. Here is a fine dollar bill—the price of a ball ticket—which I offer as the bottom of a pile, to be covered by the gentlemen present."

He put it on a plate, and passed it around. It was speedily covered. Charley Nash (you know what a beau he is in society—just imagine) thought he had a soul above a value—but he is immensely wealthy) put a hundred-dollar bill on the pile; and, on all, over three hundred dollars were raised.

"Can't we give any thing?" said I to Orville.

"Certainly," said he, "whatever you like."

So I put my diamond ring on the top of bills. Several of the other ladies followed the example, amidst a great deal of laughter; and I do believe our jewelry mounted up to more than the gentlemen's money.

On the way home, that happy May-night, Orville whispered, as he took my hand in his:

"Your diamond is gone, Sabine. Will you let me give you another?"

The words might have meant little in themselves, but the look and tone which sent them deep down into my happy heart thrilled me with joy, and I murmured "Yes."

"And are your bad spirits quite exorcised?" he added.

"Quite," said I. "And never in my life have I known so happy a May-day as this has been."

I shall be twenty next December, and we are to be married then.

TOO LATE.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

AY, I saw her, we have met—
Married eyes how sweet they be!
Are you glad, my heart?
Then you might have been with me?
Silence! make no more ado!—
Did she think I should forget?
Matters not, though I knew,
Margaret, Margaret!

Once those eyes, full sweet, full shy,
Told a certain thing to mine;
What they told me I put by,
Oh, no careless of the sign.
Such an easy thing to take
And I did not want it then;
Fool! I wish my heart would break
Scorn is mad on hearts of men.

Scorn of self is bitter work,
Each of us has felt it now,
Bluest skies she counted mirk,
Salt-betrayed of eyes and brow;
As for me, I went up hill
And a better man drew nigh,
Fain to earn, with long essay,
What the winner's hand threw by.

Matters not in deserts old
What was born, and waxed, and yearned,
Yea to what its meaning told,
I am come—its deeps are learned—
Come, but there is naught to say—
Look-keeper eyes with mine have met.
Silence! oh, I had my day,
Margaret, Margaret!

A DAY'S SHOOTING IN MAY.

MR. B. FRANKLIN BERJARVIS is a young man and a job printer—somewhere in Pearl Street, if I am not misinformed. He recently married a wife, as all young men and job printers ought to do if they can; and for some months past has "kept house" in Williamsburg. His mother lives with him. Now it happened to a certain third cousin of Mr. Berjarvis's mother that in his old age he took a notion to be married, and, in a style befitting his wealth, in the village of ——, in a neighboring State. Mr. Berjarvis's mother, wishing to attend her cousin's wedding, invited Mr. Berjarvis to go to the funeral at ——, since she did not feel able to go herself. Mr. B. complied with the request. It was the middle of May-week, and a jaunt countryward by no means a disagreeable thing to endure.

On the funeral who should Mr. Berjarvis behold but his long-time acquaintance and fellow-citizen, Mr. Wooster Booksmith? Mr. Booksmith is chief accountant in the well-known wholesale cloth-house of Overhill and Hammond, northeast corner of Duane and Church streets. Besides being a skilful one and Church streets. Besides being a skilful one Mr. Booksmith is an enthusiastic disciple of Audubon. Natural history is his pet hobby, and has been from boyhood. He has a fine collection of birds pinioned tastily in glass cases at his house in Williamsburg, together with several zoological specimens in an inanimate stuffed condition, and boasting such labels as "Arctonyx Ludovicianus: Prairie Dog"—"Strix flammeu: Barn Owl"—"Procyon Lotor: Raccoon"—&c., &c. Berjarvis had often been over Booksmith's little museum, and took quite a neighborly interest in it.

As soon as opportunity permitted the friends came together and exchanged salutations.

"Why, Berjarvis!"

"What, Booksmith!"

"What you doing here, old fellow?"

"Why, the old gentleman was a third cousin of my mother's. She wanted me to come, and I came."

"Precisely my case—only the relationship is on my wife's side; and as she was so anxious I should show respect for her grand-uncle, of course I couldn't resist—especially as the country is so delightful to visit just now, eh?"

"Just so. Exactly. Found any new bugs?"

"Not yet, though I've come across a rather interesting specimen of the familiar cutrus bovis, which I'll show you after the funeral. But I mean to go out on an excursion in the woods and fields to-morrow. Will you go along?"

"All right. I want to do a little shooting now I'm out here."

"Shooting? Pooh!"

But so the engagement was made.

The next day our friends hired a horse and buggy at a livery stable in the village and started for the green regions.

"You haven't any gun?" said Bookmith.

"Oh, no; I wouldn't be just the fellow to bring your gun along when you come to a funeral, you know. Besides, I haven't got any gun to bring. The fact is, I am not much of a sportsman anyhow. But I brought my revolver. It's in my coat-pocket. And then there's Carlo, you know."

"What's Carlo?"

"Why, my dog. Don't you know Carlo? There he is, running along by the fence. I don't know what breed he is—"

"Not a pure breed, I should say," broke in Bookmith, anxious to air his erudition; "a cross, recrossed indefinitely, I should say. Part fox, part spaniel, cana extrarius; by his nose, more of a bulldog; by his tail, a Siberian. Remarkably fine tail that."

"It is a handsome tail," said Berjarvis, gratified at this testimony from science, and gazing with a new interest on the fine bushy tail which curled high and gracefully, over Carlo's back. "A decidedly handsome tail. I bought him particularly on account of his tail. Mrs. Berjarvis says it's a perfect poem of a tail—and she knows what poetry is. But that's neither here nor there. As I was saying, the dog's breed is a matter of question; but there is something about him that seems to me to indicate reserved power in the way of pedigree. I don't know how runs along, always putting his nose to something or other and sniffing it. If that isn't an indication of a blooded dog what is?"

"But see here, Berjarvis," said Bookmith, who has a great horror of fire-arms," are you sure that pistol is entirely safe? You say you're not used to shooting."

"Well, I guess I can handle a revolver," said Berjarvis, a trifle indignant. "I am not wholly an ignoramus with regard to the hunt, Bookmith. I have shot off a pistol fifty times. I have also shot off one in a shooting-gallery once or twice, and I call myself a good marksman, though I say it that shouldn't. I seldom miss the bull's eye, I assure you. When I say I am not entirely at home, man, I mean I am not familiar with game, and in fact never did say thing in the woods in my life. But that is only for want of practice. Can you shoot?"

"No, I never shoot."

"Well, now," said Berjarvis drew from a cavernous receptacle in the side of his coat a huge navy revolver, "what's—"

"Good Heavens! What a monster!" cried Bookmith.

"Just the thing to hunt with," said Berjarvis, calmly. "Why, that pistol carries a ball that would knock over a grizzly bear. It would nearly shoot a monkey's head right off his shoulders."

Mr. Bookmith looked at the formidable weapon with great apparent respect; but he was manifestly relieved when Berjarvis put it back with his handkerchief.

They rode on for some time, conversing on various topics born of the hour and the scene—its verdant fields, its sparkling brooks, its wooded hills, its broad, pure, balmy atmosphere. They passed bright orchards which slanted them with delicious blossom-color; smiled over rustic homesteads; at last drew up at a quiet-looking red farm-house, back of which, half a mile across the fields, was a promising stretch of wild woodland.

A farmer in a flannel shirt, and with his pantaloons tucked into his boot-legs, came to the gate to see what the strangers wanted.

"Good-mornin'," said the farmer.

"Morning, Sir," said Berjarvis, who being fluent of speech took upon himself the office of spokesman as his patient sight. "We want to leave our horse in your care, if you please, and then we will go over into those woods yonder. You will give the horse something to eat if he needs it—does a horse need any thing at this time of day, Bookmith?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Well, you know what he needs, friend" (to the farmer). "We'll pay you for your trouble when we return from the woods."

"Goin' into the woods?" said the farmer man, with a look of profound curiosity. "Goin' shootin'?"

"Why, you see," said Berjarvis, good-naturedly, while he winked at Bookmith, "my friend here is a naturalist. He is a disciple of Agassiz, and he is going out to search for bugs and things, and I am going to see what I can find in the way of game."

"Oh, you're a disciple of raound, eh? Where's your gun?"

"I brought along nothing but my pistol," explained Bookmith. "We are from New York, and only out for a day's shooting."

"And your friend's a natural, is he?" said the farmer, looking with compassionate eye on Bookmith. "Poor feller! Now he looks as if he knowed as much as you or me. Hunts for bugs, eh? Does he eat 'em, or what does he do with 'em?"

"Oh, ha! ha! ha! You misunderstand me, my friend. Not a natural—a naturalist. Quite a different thing, I assure you. He collects bugs in a scientific way, and sticks them on pins in glass cases for preservation."

"Oh, that's it! Wa'al, I'll 'tend to your hoss for ye. I s'pose you won't be back right off, and I'll give him a bite about noon-time."

"Yes, do. And see here, Bookmith, hadn't we better come back and dine here?—that is, provided our friend won't object to turning his house into a hotel to that extent." And the courteous printer looked inquiringly at his farmer.

"That's all right," said the honest yeoman, "I'll have th' old woman cook a couple o' chicken for ye."

"Prime!" said Berjarvis, smacking his lips in anticipation of the glorious appetite he should bring to them that hour. "Now, then, though, what game have you in these woods? You see I'm not much used to this section. Most of my shooting has been done in York State."

York city, he would have said, had he deemed it important to be precise.

"Wa'al, I don' know's there's much of any thin' worth shutin' now 'round here, 'thout it is squirrels."

"Squirrels vulgaris," interjected Bookmith, tired of holding his tongue.

"Wa'al, that's for you to say," said the farmer, scratching the crown of his head and guessing the rest. "Gray squirrels is to'bl eatin'."

Berjarvis whistled to his dog.

"Is that your dog?" said the farmer.

"Yes."

"Proper fine fait he's got, hain't he?"

"Yes, a good tail—and a good eye, eh?"

"Wa'al, I don' know much 'bout dogs anyhow," said the non-committal farmer. "But his tail is a purty."

With this the farmer drove off with the horse.

The sportsmen got over a fence and started for the woods, accompanied by Carlo, frisky and given to smelling at all sorts of objects.

"I tell you what it is," said his proud owner, "if there's a gray squirrel in these woods that dog will unearth him."

Bookmith was musing deeply, and he did not take any response beyond the comfortability of a gray squirrel's needing to be unearthed.

"See here, Berjarvis," said he, gravely, "do you think it the least right to shoot gray squirrels in May?"

"Why not?" said the other.

"Why, don't you know they are attending to their little families about this time? Their young are taken care of and fed by the parents till they are four or five weeks old, and I should think it a pity to can't be more than a few days old by this time, I should say. I'd like would you feel to know that you had shot the father or mother of a little interesting little family of squirrels unable to provide for themselves?"

"Oh, if you put it on humanitarian grounds," argued Berjarvis, "I don't know as it would be right to shoot at any time of the year—or, in fact, any thing else. But I'm not so soft as that comes to. I wouldn't shoot a harmless little bird, as I know of, during the time of incubation; but a squirrel is different. And seems to me I've heard that squirrels suck birds' eggs, and kill the little birds. Who wouldn't shoot such a marauding villain?"

"The gray squirrel, Berjarvis—sciurus nigratorius—lives entirely on nuts. You've no excuse at all for shooting at the harmless little fellow."

"Oh, don't preach, Bookmith! Don't spoil a fellow's fun. Here it's the end of the hunter's voice to shot at any thing anyhow. Don't you run bugs and butterflies through with pins like a butcher? What's the moral?"

"That is different, Berjarvis," was the calm reply. "We may do that in the interest of science which would be wrong to do out of mere sport."

"Ha! what's that?" cried Berjarvis, excitedly, drawing and cocking his big revolver.

They had reached the edge of the beech eye of the sportsman had detected a little striped fellow running along the rail fence, cheeping like a juvenile chicken. At the sound of the hunter's voice it shot out of sight like a flash.

"That was a ground squirrel—tamias striatus—commonly called a chipmunk. Ah, I wouldn't shoot a chipmunk, I hope? It isn't a squirrel proper anyhow. Its food is not good to eat, and it is as harmless as a dove—you, I'm sure, would not shoot you, Berjarvis, don't shoot a chipmunk."

"Oh, bother! Now, Bookmith, you go to catching bugs if you want to, and leave me and Carlo to our sport (But where is the dog? Carlo! Carlo! Ah, there he goes!) Now you stick to your bugs—there's a good fellow!"

"Hist!" uttered Bookmith, eagerly, laying his hand on his friend's arm; "there's a beautiful specimen—a—a dove—yes, and Bookmith pointed his finger at a gay-colored little bird that sat on a limb at no great distance. "Fetch him down for me," he whispered, hurriedly. "I want that fellow."

Berjarvis, all excitement, blazed away.

Nothing came of it.

"Ah, you missed him!" sighed Bookmith. "A beautiful tanager as I ever saw—tanagra cyanescens, I think. He would have mounted beautifully."

"Now look at that!" cried Berjarvis. "Just look at it! It's no harm to shoot a pretty little bird when you want to stuff it and put it away for some thing and set him on a wire! There's your consistency! I'm glad I didn't hit him. I'm ashamed for having shot at him. If I had hit him the bullet would have knocked him into raw hash! *There* goes a squirrel!"

"Crack! went the pistol.

The sportsmen rushed forward. No squirrel to be seen.

"You don't seem to ever hit any thing!" said Bookmith, reproachfully.

"There goes another!" cried Berjarvis again.

"The wood's full of 'em! See him?—running along on that fence log!"

It was running along, rather slowly for a squirrel, on a log which formed the basis of a rail fence in the wood.

Crack!

Another rush forward, and simultaneously Carlo set up a most agonizing "Ki-yi! ki-yi!" but the eager sportsman had no ear for the dog, whatever his momentary distress. Bookmith struck a fallen tree and went over it sprawling.

"Don't I ever hit any thing?" cried Berjarvis, triumphantly, grabbing through the fence at the furry something he had "brought down." "Don't I? What do you say to—"

He stopped short, staring at his trophy.

"What's the matter?" asked Bookmith, coming up limping.

"Carlo! Carlo!" cried the dog's master, without replying to his friend, "come here, poor fellow! *Come here!*"

Carlo was a dolorously unhappy dog at that point in his history. He was suffering untold agonies. He had been running along behind that fence log, and his acute sight apprehending a bonne up above the log, had been shot at as it ran. Now there was a bleeding stump where the beautiful tail had been; the tail itself was in Mr. Berjarvis's murderous hand.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bookmith, "you *did* hit it this time!"

"Don't laugh, Bookmith," said Berjarvis, almost with tears in his eyes, as he patted his poor dog's head, though the pain was not at that end.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" moaned the laughter-consumed Bookmith, "how can I help it? It was such a perfect case of a tail!"

"Hush up, will you?"

"And that pistol would knock a monkey's head off!"

"Bookmith, I'll tell you what it is, I've had enough of this," said Berjarvis, starting up angrily; "I'm going home!"

This sobered the book-keeper instanter.

"Oh, pooh!" said he. "Don't get mad, Berjarvis. Here, Carlo! Where's my trophies?"

"Hang your trophies! You've got as many as I have. I say I'm going," and he suited the action to the word.

There was no help for it. The naturalist followed the disciple of Nimrod back to the farmhouse.

"You're back quick," said the farmer. "Shute any thing? Why, 'tastin' wonder I where's your hoss?"

"Never mind the tail," said Berjarvis, bitterly. "Fetch up the horse."

"Why, you hain't goin' off 'thout yr' dinner, be ye? It's a-cookin' now. Don't ye smell it?"

The delicious savor of roast fowl from the kitchen did indeed assail the nostrils of the sportsmen, and even in his distress Berjarvis wavered visibly.

"Come, my friend, friends," said the farmer, assuming the office now of host, consoler, and friend, "you better set by and have a good dinner, and give the hoss time to assemble' too to soothe him. Ain't I hain't fodered y'r hoss yit either. An' I've got some fust-rate salve I'll put on the dog's accident, an' he'll be well 'gain' arter a little rest. An' then, arter dinner, if you say so, we'll all go over the hill yonder to one of the sassiest trout-creeks in these parts. Ain't it, Josiah?" (to his wife), "ain't I all hate, but fishin's tip-top."

"Trout!" ejaculated Berjarvis, beaming delightedly on Bookmith.

"Splendid!" cried the book-keeper.

So they went into the house and rested their heated frames in the cool, pleasantly cool little "front room" while dinner was made ready. Carlo was cared for with gentle art, and when the trio sallied forth, out after dinner the dog trotted contentedly, albeit soberly, behind them. The farm-house contained many of the requisite tackle, it being, in fact, a frequent resort of anglers from the neighboring village; and though our friends were but indifferent sharers of the cod they succeeded very much to their own satisfaction. With theofarmer's aid they took back a fine string of brook-trout on their return home at night.

I do not know how Mr. Berjarvis accounted to Mrs. B. for the loss of Carlo's tail, but I sincerely trust he told her the truth, like a brave man.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

REAL ESTATE.—Puns is such a thorough testimonial that it is not to be wondered at rather prefer a watery grave than be preserved in spirits.

A COVERT MEANING.—What is the difference between a hotel and a lawyer? Why, one is the latter case you come to the cover before the meat, in the former to the meet before the cover.

A bachelor, up Penn Street, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, picked up a thimble. He stood a while, meditating on the probable history of the owner, when he pressed it to his lips, saying: "Oh, that it were the fair cheek of the fair fair!" At a window, Bridget, a fat, colored lady looked out of an upper-story window, and said: "Bore, you please throw out dat fimble of mine in de entry: I jist saw drapt it."

When is a sailor most like a thief?—When he takes a mean view of things.

A minister having preached the same discourse to his people three times, one of his constant hearers said to him after hearing it the second time, that he was not improving having had three several readings, I move that it now be passed.

ORIGINAL DEFINITION FOR A KISS.—Report at headquarters.

An Irishman being in church where the collection appeared to be unusually short, on his horse, on its being handed to him, whispered in the carrier's ear that he was not naturalized and could not vote.

"William, my son, how can you be so muddy your dress so?"

Willie stopped a moment, then looking his father in the eye, very solemnly replied:

"Father, what am I made o'?"

"Dust, boy, dust. Just thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

"Then I guess I'm dust, how can I help being muddy when its rains on me?"

The first man that "struck ile"—Noah.

A little keen, bright-eyed girl of four years, on a visit one evening, was being helped to the knee of a gentleman friend, and on being told by her mother that she was too large a baby to be thus treated, almost tore distress, accompanying her words with an emphatic gesture, "Virgie, you're three years old on de lap, and you wouldn't call them babies, would you?"

"Your whickers are unprofessional," said a client to his legal adviser. "Why so?" "Because as a lawyer can never be too barefaced."



A "JOURNEY BULL" CAPTURED BY A FENIAN.

At a recent examination of children at Swansea, England, the question was asked, why the children of Israel made a golden calf and worshiped it after they had been forbidden such flattery by Moses? A precocious little fellow promptly answered, "Because they had not enough gold to make a bull with." The laughter which followed put a stop to the examination for that day.

A NEW INVENTION.—The latest invention is a "palpitating bosom" for the ladies, which is set in motion by a concealed spring when an extra display of "emotion" is required.

An orator in appealing to the "bone and sinew," said: "My friends, I am proud to see around me the hardy yeomanry of the land, for I love the agricultural interests of the country; and well may I love them, for—(pointing for I was born a farmer; the happiest days of my youth were spent in the peaceful occupation of a son of the soil. In fact, to speak figuratively, I may say I was born between two rows of corn!" A pumpkin, by accident, released an inebriated chap, just in front of the stage.

TEN RULING PASSIONS.—A great financial reformer is so devoted to figures that when he has nothing else to do he eats up his eyes.

A railway accident lately occurred, caused by the axis of a leader giving way, derailing the train several hours. A lady inquired of a gentleman, who was not to be delayed, by gravely replied, "Madam, it was occasioned by the axis being broken." A serious consequence—the sudden breaking of a tender attachment."

When are soldiers like blacksmiths?—When they are drilling and firing.

A gentleman, talking to another on the subject of marriage, made the following observation: "I first saw my wife in a storm; carried her to a hut to keep her sorted her in a storm; married her in a storm; lived in a storm all her life; but, thank Heaven, I hurled her in pleasant weather."

Why is the James River like a bag of linger beer?—Because it flows into the Dutch Gap.

"Are them all Bibles?" asked a countryman the other day in the registrar's office, pointing to the big volumes of wills upon the shelves. "No, Sir," answered one of the clerks, "those are *testaments*."

SCARCITY OF WATER.—It is said that in New South Wales an old maid is a much rarer animal than a black swan. It is asserted that the fair emigrant from England receive offers of marriage through speaking-trumpets before they land from the ship; and the scarcity the proposal she signifies it by holding up the finger on which she expects the wedding-ring to be placed.

At what time should an innkeeper visit an inn found *ivy*?—when he wants a *bar-maid*.

A clergyman, being deposed from his ministry for holding *Universalist principles, the Sheriff sold one of a hundred views there issue.*" This alarming speech being reported, he was seized with a laughing fit and died, when he explained himself by saying his meaning was, that "*he intended to practice Physic.*"

Frontier cape girls will differ. One of them lately broke her neck in trying to escape being kissed, and a great many of them are ready to break their necks to get kissed.

"William," said a teacher to one of his pupils, "can you tell me what makes the wind blow?" "Yes, sir." "Don't know, Sir," replied William, "cept it be that it's 'cos it makes every thing else blow."

A HOUSEKEEPER'S MAXIMS.

Never say die until you have had your silk turned into satin.

Good wine needs no bush, but home-made Champagne does need the genuine article.

Don't count your chickens before they're hatched; and never calculate as possible having them in your breakfast cups.

Half a loaf is better than no bread, and half a stale loaf will go further than new bread.

THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION—Stephen.

Why is a doll like *jelly*?—Because it is made with eyes in glaze.

A man who was boasting that there never was any rope or cord he could not break or bend, with any thing else, in which he could not tie a double bow knot, was answered to get down by being requested to tie a knot in a *cord of wood*.

A Michigander, who was arrested for stealing a goose, was found in the bird blasing at the American flag, and arrested it for treason.

"Now whickers are unprofessional," said a client to his legal adviser. "Why so?" "Because a lawyer can never be too barefaced."

"Pat, what's the matter with your eye?" "Faith, Mick, I can't." "Well, then, it's because of the scarcity of the raw commodity."

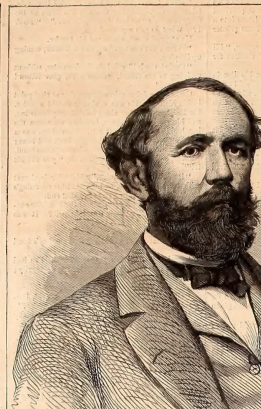
When is a blow from a lady welcome?—When she strikes you agreeably.

HENRY A. SMYTHE, ESQ.

HENRY A. SMYTHE, Esq., who has recently been appointed by the President as Collector of the port of New York, was born in Hobart, Delaware County, in this State, in 1817, and is now in the fiftieth year of his age. His father, one of the earliest settlers in that section of the country, was a popular and able lawyer, and his maternal grandfather was the HON. ANTHONY MARVINE, also a distinguished lawyer, and who for some time represented the Delaware district in Congress.

At an early age MR. SMYTHE, after receiving a good academic education, came to this city, commencing his business life as clerk in one of our large jobbing and importing houses. This house having been burned out in 1839, Mr. SMYTHE became connected with a large importing house, in which he subsequently became a partner. After remaining here about SIX years he joined the domestic commission house of F. SKINNER & Co., of Boston, to whom, soon after, he suggested the propriety of opening a branch house in this city. The success of this enterprise was so striking that many of the merchants of Boston formed similar connections with New York. He remained in this firm until 1857, when he established the large and extensive house of SMYTHE, STRAGUE, & COGGIN. Mr. SMYTHE, in this new position, as heretofore, was the managing man of the firm, the business of which was most profitably and successfully carried on, even through all the great commercial excitement and revulsions of the period from 1857 to 1864. During the latter year he retired from the partnership, and was immediately elected President of the Central National Bank—an institution which was brought into existence mainly through his efforts, and he still remains at its head. The ability with which he engineered the affairs of the bank is the strongest evidence that could be given of MR. SMYTHE'S business tact and energy of character, as well as his executive ability, which constitute the very qualifications requisite for the Collector of the port of New York.

Honorable in his own actions and dealings, it is expected that MR. SMYTHE will exact the same standard from his subordinates in the Custom-house. Socially, he is of a genial and benevolent disposition. Fortunately he is not known as a politician. His political bearings are rather conservative, and he is understood to be a supporter of President JOHNSON. This, however, has not prevented his receiving the support of all parties in his claim to the position to which the President has appointed him. It is but rarely that our Collectors have ever been chosen from among merchants, but those few who have been thus chosen were, without doubt, the most popular and efficient ones we have had. Certainly there is room for reformation in the New York Custom-house; and the man best calculated to bring this about is not a politician, but one such as we believe MR. SMYTHE to be—a man eminent for business tact and rigid integrity.



HENRY A. SMYTHE, ESQ.

THE NEGRO CELEBRATION IN WASHINGTON.

THE occasion of the celebration, which took place April 19, was the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

Two regiments of colored troops and various colored civic associations, with many other colored citizens, assembled in front of the Executive Mansion, making a dense mass of colored faces, relieved here and there by a few white ones. After the firing of cannon and the playing of several martial airs three cheers were given for the President of the United States, who, having been escorted to a prominent position, addressed the assemblage.

The President, after thanking his colored friends for the compliment they were paying him in presenting themselves before him on the day of their celebration, reminded them that their truest friends were not those who had selected them "as a hobby and a pretense by which they could be successful in obtaining and maintaining power." He claimed to have himself contributed more than any other man in procuring the Constitutional ratification of their emancipation. He had done this not to gain power, but to establish freedom—a cause for which he had perilled his all. He concluded as follows:

"Then let me mingle with you in celebration of the day which commenced your freedom. I do it in sincerity and truth, and trust in God the blessings which have been conferred may be enjoyed and appreciated by you, and that you may give them a proper direction. There is something for all to do. You have high and solemn duties to perform, and you ought to remember that freedom is not a new idea. It must be reduced to practical reality. Men in being free must deny themselves many things which seem to be embraced in the idea of universal freedom. It is with you to give evidence to the world and the people of the United States whether you are going to appreciate this great boon as it should be, and that you are worthy of being freemen. Then let me thank you with sincerity for the compliment you have paid me by passing through here to-day, and paying your respects to me. I repeat again, the time will come when you will know who have been your best friends, and who have been your friends from mercenary considerations. Accept my thanks."

Very many of the audience approached and shook hands with the President.

The procession then re-formed and took up the line of march along Pennsylvania Avenue. In passing the Capitol cheer after cheer rent the air in compliment to their legislative friends. There were probably 4000 or 5000 colored men in the procession, while 10,000 of the same race were interested spectators, manifesting their joy and gladness by waving their hats and handkerchiefs and cheering lustily the passing procession. The celebration was closed with religious services and the delivery of addresses in Franklin Square in the presence of a vast multitude. The stand on the south side of the Square was calculated to seat a large number of persons, and was handsomely decorated, a large national flag being displayed on either side, and one hanging in festoon at the front corners, with one in front on which was a message of President LINCOLN as follows:

"Fellow-citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives: The act entitled 'An act for the release of certain persons held to service in the District of Columbia' has this day been approved and signed. A. LINCOLN.

"April 16, 1862."

Over the top of this stand was the inscription:

"LINCOLN, the Liberator of millions: his great work is done, and he sleeps in peace in the great prairies of the West. We are loyal to God and to our country. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

Also:

"We have received our civil rights. Give us the right of suffrage, and the work is done."

The audience were then addressed by the REV. HIGHLAND GARNETT (colored), Senator TRUMBULL, and the HON. HENRY WILSON.



CELEBRATION OF THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA BY THE COLORED PEOPLE, IN WASHINGTON, APRIL 19, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY F. DIELMAN.]


GEORGIA
CONSTITUTION


MAP OF
GEORGIA
TENNESSEE
N CAROLINA
S CAROLINA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
FLORIDA
ALABAMA
LONGITUDE WEST FROM GREENWICH
LONGITUDE WEST FROM WASHINGTON
SCALE OF MILES
FANNIN
UNION
RABUN
TOWNS
HABERSHAM
LUMPKIN
WHITE
DAWSON
PICKENS
FORSYTH
FRANKLIN
HALL
GILMER
CHATTOOGA
GORDON
CASS
CHEROKEE
FLOYD
MURRAY
WHITFIELD
PAULDING
COBB
CANTON
ELBERT
JACKSON
GWINNETT
CLARKE
OGLETHORPE
MADISON
WALTON
WILKES
LINCOLN
TALIAFERRO
HARALSON
DOUGLAS
CAMPBELL
CARROLL
HEARD
TROUP
MERIWETHER
COWETA
FAYETTE
CLAYTON
HENRY
SPALDING
PIKE
BUTTS
MONROE
JASPER
PUTNAM
GREENE
WARREN
MORGAN
COLUMBIA
RICHMOND
AUGUSTA
HANCOCK
WASHINGTON
JEFFERSON
BURKE
JONES
BALDWIN
WILKINSON
TWIGGS
HANCOCK
LAURENS
EMANUEL
BULLOCH
SCREVEN
JENKINS
HARRIS
TALBOT
CRAWFORD
MACON
HOUSTON
PULASKI
DODGE
TELFAIR
WHEELER
IRWIN
TURNER
WORTH
DOUGHERTY
LEE
SUMTER
STEWART
WEBSTER
RANDOLPH
TERRELL
CALHOUN
BAKER
MILLER
DECATUR
SEMINOLE
THOMAS
BROOKS
LOWNDES
COLQUITT
BERRIEN
CLINCH
ECHOLS
LANIER
APPLING
TATTNALL
LIBERTY
MCINTOSH
GLYNN
CAMDEN
WAYNE
CHARLTON
PIERCE
WARE
CLINCH
ECHOLS
LANIER
APPLING
TATTNALL
EFFINGHAM
CHATHAM
SAVANNAH
BRYAN
TALLAHASSEE
ALBANY
COLUMBUS
MACON
AUGUSTA
SAVANNAH
BRUNSWICK
FERNANDINA

GEORGIA.

GEORGIA lies between 30° 23' and 35° 00' north latitude, and extends from 81° 00' to 85° 45' west longitude from Greenwich. Mean annual temperature varies from 61° to 70° Fahr. Area 58,000 square miles, of which, in 1860, 9,062,758 acres were in improved farms, and 18,587,732 acres unimproved farms, valued together at $157,072,893; and the value of farming implements and machinery was $6,844,397.

The population of the State in 1860 was 1,057,286, of which 591,588 were white, 3500 free colored, and 462,198 were slaves. The following table shows the white, free colored, slave, and aggregate population of each county, and also the number of bales of cotton of 400 pounds each produced:

COUNTIES.	White.	Free Colored.	Slave. Black.	Slave. Mulatto.	Aggregate.	Cotton Crop, 1859, Bales of 400 lbs. each.
Appling	3,446	7	1,257	1,260	4,710	1,000
Baker	2,403	3,422	66	4,988	7,891	2,000
Baldwin	6,860	102	4,113	2,973	9,978	3,000
Banks	3,610	11	960	138	4,707	600
Bartow	5,449	41	1,437	1,478	6,927	1,000
Berrien	2,469	41	3,845	946	6,301	2,000
Bibb	9,459	1,000	5,000	4,000	14,459	4,000
Brooks	3,997	1	2,917	67	6,915	400
Bryan	2,603	1	2,317	1,187	5,058	1,000
Bullock	6,012	100	11,338	604	17,188	5,000
Burke	7,000	1,000	11,000	4,000	18,000	5,000
Butts	3,174	3	2,566	125	5,868	1,000
Camden	1,439	1	1,259	1,000	2,699	1,000
Campbell	6,000	3	1,850	1,784	9,643	4,000
Carroll	10,116	3	3,911	1,291	15,321	4,000
Cass	4,437	3	3,611	1,178	9,407	3,000
Catoosa	4,000	3	1,000	1,000	6,003	1,000
Chattahoochee	2,000	5	2,423	2,325	6,753	2,000
Chatham	7,000	4	1,000	1,000	9,004	1,000
Chattooga	3,000	1	1,000	1,000	5,002	1,000
Cherokee	10,511	45	1,925	1,786	14,267	3,000
Clarke	5,000	1	1,000	1,000	7,001	1,000
Clay	2,000	1	2,025	2,000	6,026	2,000
Clayton	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Clinch	1,000	5	600	41	2,646	600
Cobb	10,416	1	3,000	2,000	15,417	4,000
Coffee	1,000	1	1,000	1,000	3,001	1,000
Colquitt	2,000	1	2,000	2,000	6,001	2,000
Columbia	5,000	1	1,000	1,000	7,001	1,000
Coffee	1,000	1	1,000	1,000	3,001	1,000
Coweta	7,000	1	1,000	1,000	9,001	1,000
Crawford	4,000	1	1,000	1,000	6,001	1,000
Dade	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Dawson	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Decatur	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
De Kalb	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Dooly	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Dougherty	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Early	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Echols	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Effingham	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Elbert	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Emanuel	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Fannin	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Fayette	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Floyd	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Forsyth	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Franklin	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Fulton	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Gilmer	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Glascock	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Glynn	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Gordon	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Greene	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Gwinnett	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Habersham	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Hall	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Hancock	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Haralson	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Hart	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Harris	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Heard	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Henry	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Houston	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Irwin	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Jackson	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Jasper	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Jefferson	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Johnson	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Jones	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Laurens	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Lee	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Liberty	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Lincoln	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Lowndes	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Lumpkin	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Macon	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Madison	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Marion	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
McDonough	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Meriwether	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Miller	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Milton	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Mitchell	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Monroe	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Montgomery	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Morgan	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Murray	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Muscogee	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Newton	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Oglethorpe	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Paulding	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Pickens	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Pierce	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Pike	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Polk	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Pulaski	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Putnam	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Quitman	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Rabun	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Randolph	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Richmond	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Schley	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Screven	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Spalding	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Stewart	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Sumter	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Talbot	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Taliaferro	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Tattnall	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Taylor	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Telfair	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Terrell	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Thomas	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Towns	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Troup	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Twiggs	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Union	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Upson	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Walker	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Walton	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Ware	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Warren	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Washington	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Wayne	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Webster	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
White	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Whitfield	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Wilkes	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Wilkinson	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Worth	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000

The population of the State in 1860 was 1,057,286, of which 591,588 were white, 3500 free colored, and 462,198 were slaves. The following table shows the white, free colored, slave, and aggregate population of each county, and also the number of bales of cotton of 400 pounds each produced:

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Clarke	5,000	1	1,000	1,000	7,001	1,000
Clay	2,000	1	2,025	2,000	6,026	2,000
Clayton	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Clinch	1,000	5	600	41	2,646	600
Cobb	10,416	1	3,000	2,000	15,417	4,000
Coffee	1,000	1	1,000	1,000	3,001	1,000
Colquitt	2,000	1	2,000	2,000	6,001	2,000
Columbia	5,000	1	1,000	1,000	7,001	1,000
Coffee	1,000	1	1,000	1,000	3,001	1,000
Coweta	7,000	1	1,000	1,000	9,001	1,000
Crawford	4,000	1	1,000	1,000	6,001	1,000
Dade	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Dawson	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Decatur	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
De Kalb	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Dooly	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Dougherty	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Early	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Echols	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Effingham	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Elbert	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Emanuel	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Fannin	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Fayette	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Floyd	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Forsyth	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Franklin	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Fulton	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Gilmer	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Glascock	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Glynn	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Gordon	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Greene	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Gwinnett	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Habersham	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Hall	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Hancock	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Haralson	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Hart	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Harris	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Heard	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Henry	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Houston	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Irwin	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Jackson	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Jasper	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Jefferson	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Johnson	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Jones	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Laurens	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Lee	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Liberty	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Lincoln	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Lowndes	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Lumpkin	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Macon	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Madison	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Marion	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
McDonough	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Meriwether	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Miller	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Milton	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Mitchell	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Monroe	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Montgomery	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Morgan	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Murray	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Muscogee	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Newton	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Oglethorpe	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Paulding	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Pickens	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Pierce	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Pike	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Polk	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Pulaski	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Putnam	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Quitman	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Rabun	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Randolph	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Richmond	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Schley	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Screven	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Spalding	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Stewart	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Sumter	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Talbot	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Taliaferro	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Tattnall	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Taylor	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Telfair	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Terrell	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Thomas	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Towns	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Troup	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Twiggs	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Union	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Upson	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Walker	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Walton	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Ware	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Warren	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Washington	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Wayne	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Webster	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
White	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Whitfield	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Wilkes	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Wilkinson	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Worth	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000

Appling	3,446	7	1,257	1,260	4,710	1,000
Baker	2,403	3,422	66	4,988	7,891	2,000
Baldwin	6,860	102	4,113	2,973	9,978	3,000
Banks	3,610	11	960	138	4,707	600
Bartow	5,449	41	1,437	1,478	6,927	1,000
Berrien	2,469	41	3,845	946	6,301	2,000
Bibb	9,459	1,000	5,000	4,000	14,459	4,000
Brooks	3,997	1	2,917	67	6,915	400
Bryan	2,603	1	2,317	1,187	5,058	1,000
Bullock	6,012	100	11,338	604	17,188	5,000
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Butts	3,174	3	2,566	125	5,868	1,000
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Dade	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Dawson	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Decatur	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
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Dooly	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Dougherty	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Early	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Echols	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Effingham	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
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Franklin	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
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Hart	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
Harris	2,000	1	1,000	1,000	4,001	1,000
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Will cure the Itch in 48 hours; also cures Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Chilblains, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents. By sending 60 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass., it will be forwarded free by mail.
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FRENCH POCKET TIME-KEEPER,
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THE UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT
WILL POSITIVELY BE GIVEN AT
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ONLY FOUR WEEKS TO TIME OF DRAWING.
No Postponement.
125,000 Valuable Prizes, worth $492,575 25, will be presented to Ticket-Holders, including $100,000 in Greenbacks.
Over 250,000
TICKETS ARE ALREADY SOLD,
AND WITH THE HELP OF OUR
Five Thousand Agents
(Located in nearly every Town and City of Importance throughout the Country) we have
No Doubt Every Ticket will be Sold before the Day Designated.
Local and General Agents will please make a note of the above facts, and "govern themselves accordingly." They can easily see the necessity of making returns promptly each week.
Parties ordering their Tickets by mail should send along their orders immediately. If the Tickets are all sold the money will be returned.
The drawing will take place after the concert, on the stage of the Opera-House, where 10,000 persons can witness it. A Committee will be appointed by the audience to superintend the same. All purchasers and agents will be supplied with correct lists of drawing as soon as published. Parties holding tickets will retain them until after the drawing, and if their number appears in the list of drawn numbers, they will forward their ticket immediately, with full directions as to the shipping of goods or moneys. Tickets are for sale at the principal Hotels, Book and Music Stores in the city, and at our Office, 135 Dearborn Street; price $1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp for return postage.
Good and reliable Agents wanted in every city, town, and village in the United States, to whom great inducements are offered. References required.
Special Terms, or Club Rates.
Any party procuring a club of five or more names for tickets, and forwarding us the money for the same, will be allowed the following commission, viz.:

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In every case send the name and post-office address of each separate subscriber.
Money, by draft, post-office order, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk.
All communications should be addressed to WIGGINS, BRADFORD & CO.,
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The proprietors will devote to the Lincoln and Douglas Monument Fund $1000, also there will be $1000 reserved from the person drawing the $50,000 prize, for the same purpose.
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N. B. Editors of country papers are authorized to act as our agents, and they will be allowed full commission on all tickets ordered whether for themselves or other parties who may order through them.
Proposals for inserting this advertisement are requested.

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$10,000 IN GREENBACKS.
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$575 Gifts in 1000 Tickets.
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These extensive warerooms afford ample facilities for the display of our immense stock, consisting of an elegant variety of Fashionable Rich, Medium, and Plain Furniture, Suited to all Popular Prices. ☞ Purchasers are invited to inspect the largest and handsomest stock in the country. No. 656 BROADWAY, New York City.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

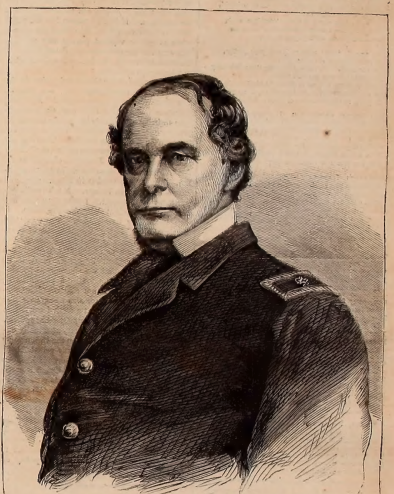
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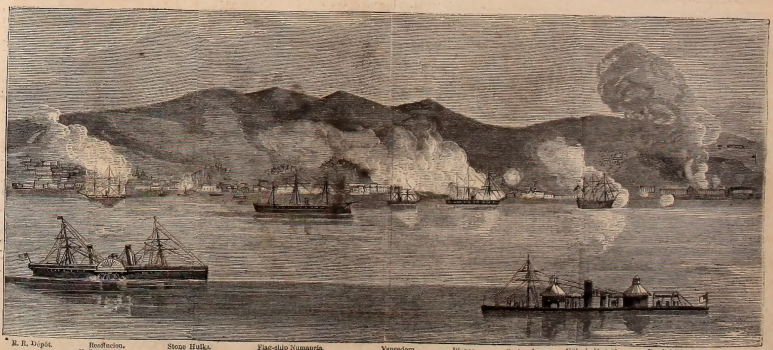
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MAJOR-GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK, U. S. MINISTER TO CHILI.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE A. BARNARD, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—[SEE PAGE 309.]



COMMODORE JOHN RODGERS, U.S.N.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 309.]



BOMBARDMENT OF VALPARAISO BY THE SPANISH FLEET, MARCH 31, 1866.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. NAVAL SQUADRON OFF VALPARAISO.
[SEE PAGE 309.]

"The Three Little Spades."

UNDER the above title will be commenced in the next issue of the *Weekly* a new serial story by Miss WARNER, author of "THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD." The idea upon which this story is constructed is a novel one, and it can not fail to interest many of our readers—and we know there are many such—as are interested in nature as developed in children and flowers. The story is more especially addressed to young people; but the gracefulness and piquancy of the style, the dramatic interest of the narrative, and the plain and pictures of rural life given in the pages, will make it attractive to all. It is a work unsurpassed by any of this very popular writer's previous efforts in literature. The story will be continued for several weeks, and will form the most delightful summer reading.

MAY'S ADDRESS TO THE COTHAMITES.

COME away to the country!—away! away!
My carpet is spread on the lea!
The trees are in fashion and the air is perfume,
All nature rejoices in me.
The birds in the bowers are telling the hours
Since I have arrived with my lap full of flowers
To scatter ere dawn of day.

Come, Merchant! your carriage is waiting—
Nay, sigh not, 'tis no time to grieve!
Health is better to hold than your silver and gold,
And a super effect to leave.
Your lady's pale cheek it shall bloom in a week,
Not a bosom so sere as the balm-breathing air
Which floats on the surges of May.

Come away! Leave your exile and your parties,
Your concerts and operas gay!
Hear the brooks and rills sing charming close into song—
'Tis Nature's own music, free!
No Ethnic can sing like your bright ripples skip—
All taste them but dash that red cup from your lip
If you'd relish the nectar of May.

Come, Lawyer! we need you. The weasel
Has foreclosed his mortgage on rabbit;
He founds the bag claim of his right to all game—
Cap. 9. Sec. 3. Statutes. Gridelin—
Or perhaps you'll define the estate of the vine,
Gain a rule to show cause why its tendrils should climb
O'er the arbors in frolicsome May.

Come away! Leave your tolling and mulling,
And, Shop-keeper, shut up your store:
You have got a fair wife, buy a long lease of life,
And what can a prince wish for more?
If you'll take a short drive from your overgrown hive
You shall note how the bees in their brisk business thrive,
For 'tis the busy spring trading in May.

Come, Doctor! I've cured half your patients,
Your practice must speedily fail;
Then into your phaeton, and drive like a hill-fox
With tresses of good bounds at his tail.
Leave word for the sick to come out pretty quick,
For you have a fine disease in your hospital to kick
If he scents but the sweet breath of May.

Come away from your college, gale Student,
And learn many lessons more true:
Leave Homer and look into Nature's bright book—
I'll open its pages for you.
Your Wyatt's a rake, but his works you may take,
It was toying with me that he stole half you see
From the theme of blossoming May.

Come, Parson! your sermons are mouldy,
Your sheep do fresh pasturage need;
They have lived through the fall-ripe Sherlock and Hall,
And Scott was, in winter, their feed.
If you'll meet me at night, when the moon's shining bright,
You shall hear the old trees holding forth to the breeze,
And eloquence study in May.

Come away to the country!—away! away!
My carpet is spread on the lea;
The trees are in bloom and the air is perfume,
All nature rejoices in me.
The birds in the bowers are telling the hours
Since I have arrived with my lap full of flowers
To scatter ere dawn of day.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1866.

REMOVALS FROM OFFICE.

WE should be very sorry to believe that the President intended to remove honest and capable men from office because they did not agree in all points with his view of the true policy of reorganization. It would be so flagrant an illustration of the perils of Executive patronage to which we recently alluded, that it would be the plainest duty of the Senate to interpose even the Constitutional impeaching. The removal from office of a member of the Union party, who voted for LINCOLN and JOHNSON in 1864, and of the same political faith now as then, and who has industriously and faithfully done his official duty, because he differs with the President, for instance, upon the conditions which should determine the admission of the late rebel States to Congress, is a blow at every Union man in the country. It is a frank announcement that agreement with the Executive upon theoretical points is the tenure of office. It is the organization of a vast service army of office-holders, and subordinates the whole official service of the country to the will of one man.

In the partisan view such a course is the paralysis of the party which elected the President. It is turning the guns of official patronage upon the Union camp. It is requiring that the Union party shall accept and adopt the theories of the President as its platform, when he and the whole country see that upon some important points, as in the case of the Civil Rights Bill, the great body of the party differ from his theory. Even Mr. RAYMOND, the only Union representative from a former free State who voted for the veto, and upon a constitutional ground, says: "The adoption of some such measure as the Civil Rights Bill was unquestionably desired by the great body of the Union party throughout the country." Yet the President was very distinctly opposed to it, in principle as well as in form. Are his views upon that subject, then, to be regarded as the platform of the party, and is agreement with them the test of fidelity?

Mr. RAYMOND is regarded as one of the chiefs among "the President's friends." He says in the letter to his constituents, from which we have quoted, that he knows the President regards himself as a member of the Union party, and that he has a right to act on his own judgment in all matters of public policy. Unquestionably; but Mr. RAYMOND also says, that agreement to such measures as the Civil Rights Bill has never made any portion of the Union platform, and that freedom of individual judgment upon it will be undoubtedly exercised. Certainly; but if the measures adopted by the almost unanimous voice of Union representatives in Congress, elected at the same time with the President, are not to be regarded as the platform, and may be questioned or opposed within the party, it is very evident that the opinions of the President can not be considered the platform. If Mr. RAYMOND has the party right to differ with the Congress upon a vital point of policy without paying any penalty, why may not the postmaster at Jerusalem Four Corners differ with the Union President without losing his place?

The question of the situation is, what do the loyal people of the country wish? not, what do the President or Congress wish? Mr. LINCOLN and JOHNSON has frankly said, and we are very glad to believe, that his object, like that of his predecessor, is not to impose his own view but to ascertain the national will, and that this can be done by putting men who differ out of office. Such a course makes a body of obsequious office-holders, but it does not make public opinion. Mr. TYLER tried the same country, and LOUIS PHILIPPE in France. Mr. TYLER's experiment is historical. LOUIS PHILIPPE had the most docile National Assembly ever had. It was beautifully harmonious. He was "the best of kings," France was the best of countries. The time was the best of times. But his whole system ended at a crash like a mummy. President JOHNSON, even if he wished to do it—and we sincerely hope that he does not—can not make public opinion. Mr. TYLER tried to reorganize nor coerce public opinion. It is a serious error also to suppose that the public mind will reject a settled conviction because it is vehemently denounced as a delusion. The cry of "mad dog" is pretty effectually exploded for the present. When the Union party saved the country it was called Abolitionist. That was not very dreadful. Now while the same tried and true Union spirit is securing the country in peace it is called Radical. That is still less appalling. The party organization may, indeed, be paralyzed by a certain use of the executive patronage. But experience shows that a President prospers by ruining his party. We believe that nobody knows this better than President JOHNSON; and therefore we hope that it is a mistake to suppose that he has adopted the policy of which we have spoken.

A STALE SOPHISM

IT is amusing to observe the triumphant air with which certain papers ask the question whether, if the United States fought to prevent some of the States from seceding, and were successful, those States are still in the Union and, if so, whether they have not the same rights in the Union that all other States have?

The best answer to this not very profound or conclusive question is a reverent appeal. If the rebel States did not succeed in seceding were they not as much in the Union when the attempt failed as they are now; and, if so, by what right were they subsequently denied for them without their consent; by what right are certain qualified voters of those States disqualified by the United States constitution, and by what right were those States compelled to accept the emancipation amendment before resuming their representation in Congress? If the failure to secede did not restore the rights of the rebel States to the Union, why does the President say to the Texas delegation that he hopes the State will soon be restored to its "normal condition in the Federal Government," but that to this end much would depend upon the people of the State in demonstrating their loyalty to the Government? Unless all this means that Texas, being prevented from seceding, is therefore at once and without further consideration or condition to resume an equal share in the National Government?

The truth is, that the rebel States did not succeed in making themselves independent of the Union; but if the rebellion did not disturb the relation of those States to the Union, all that the President has done is unconstitutional and not binding. If it did disturb that relation, the particular condition which the Government has exact for the same purpose of national security is equally constitutional. The denunciation of Congress upon constitutional grounds for requiring the assent of those States to an amendment equalizing representation is equally a denunciation of the President for demanding their assent to the amendment abolishing slavery, or to the repudiation of the rebel debt, or to the revocation of the acts of secession.

The question of these conditions is wholly one of expediency, and not of constitutional right or authority. And can there be any thing inexpedient in requiring that a voter who was lately a rebel shall not have twice as much power in the Government as a voter who has been always loyal?

NEUTRALITY.

IF the United States intend to regulate the wars of nations according to American ideas of justice and propriety, or by the judgments of American statesmen, that policy should be announced and understood. But while we acknowledge neutral obligations even in wars that seem to us unjust, we must in honor be governed by them, and we must insist that our military and naval chieftains shall respect them. If those gentlemen are to decide both upon the justice of the claims of other nations and upon the propriety of the belligerent measures they may adopt, we shall at once become implicated in every contest.

In the war between Spain and Chili the United States have taken a position of neutrality. It may be a wicked war, ourselves, unjust, horrible. We have resolved to be neutral. Commodore ROGERS says that he was sent out under the strictest injunctions of neutrality. Indeed, to resolute and radical injunctions in this war that, as the special and urgent instance of the Secretary of State, a ship owned by American merchants—the *Metaro*—is detained, and not only refused, upon the mere suspicion that somehow, somewhere, she may be of some service to Chili. Yet there is evidently very general regret that Commodore ROGERS did not violate his orders and contravene the policy of the Government by giving battle to the Spanish fleet. Now if we do not choose that Spain shall attack Chili, why does not Congress say so? No single act of an unjust war can be so horrible as the war itself, and if we may forcibly withstand any act we may forcibly oppose the war. It is a very cheap virtue which assents to the war and protests against any usual measure of war; for we can not see that the bombardment of Valparaiso, unannounced and before, and succeeding but two or three deaths which might have been easily avoided, was a peculiarly barbarous act of warfare.

Of course, a sudden and unadvised bombardment, imperiling women, children, neutrals, and non-combatants, is ferocious and inexcusable. But suppose that war with Chili, the war being of necessity naval, and Valparaiso being the most vulnerable point of Chili, was it against the law of war to strike at the city in the only practicable manner, after four days' warning for the removal of non-combatants, neutrals, and neutral property? That the city was not bombarded for days before, and was only bombarded after four days' warning, we have fault was that? That there was no Chilean fleet at hand is also true. But is Spain bound to attack only where an attack may be successfully resisted, or to wait until forts are erected or fleets built? Bombardment is a fair act of war. Valparaiso is the chief Chilean city and the most exposed. Does not the bombardment of Valparaiso a peril which Chili should have considered before going to war? Is it and that war was made upon her, and that she is the innocent and aggrieved party? That may be, but the United States have not chosen to take her side, and if our naval and military commanders wish to undertake the adjustment of other powers, let them begin with somebody of their own size; with England, for instance, or Russia, or France. Or if the republics of America choose to form a league of offense and defense, let it be done. But while we are still warm with the denunciation of a false neutrality in our own war, let us at least have the decency not to blame our Generals in command here for respecting our plainest neutral obligations.

EARL RUSSELL AND MR. BANCROFT.

LORD RUSSELL has made a sad mistake. His speeches and letters during our late war were perfectly familiar upon both sides of the Atlantic; his phrase that the United States' Government was fighting for empire has become historic; that he habitually spoke of us as "the late Union" and "the late United States" was undeniable, and yet when Mr. BANCROFT spoke of him as making haste to send word of our agony to the other courts of Europe, LORD RUSSELL asks Mr. ADAMS to convey to Mr. BANCROFT a plain denial of the truth of his assertions, and to refer him to facts of a totally different character.

LORD RUSSELL should have remembered that Mr. BANCROFT is trained to consult authorities, and to make no statement without the verification. Upon the occasion in question he was a historian reciting history, and in the preparation of his discourse he followed his constant method of study and composition—saying nothing for which he could not produce the proof. He therefore responds to LORD RUSSELL'S letter in a brief, nervous, and trenchant letter which utterly refutes it. The question between them is simply whether the tone of LORD RUSSELL'S speeches and dispatches indicated a conviction that the Union was practically dissolved, and the few and local opposition of LORD RUSSELL'S words, which Mr. BANCROFT makes, were conclusive of the offensive assumption which Mr. BANCROFT asserted in his oration. It is a repentance that Earl RUSSELL should have denied the question. It was permitted him to doubt our probable success, since there were many of our own countrymen who shared his incredibility. But why repeal against his own words so freshly spoken and so familiarly remembered?

We have heard of other conspicuous Englishmen making the same mistake, although in a less public manner. Mr. GLADSTONE, for instance, was very doubtful of our success in the late war. He reasoned as a scholar and an observer. No nation hitherto, in his judgment, could have subdued so formidable a rebellion, and he doubted even if Great Britain under the same circumstances could succeed. So he exclaimed in a moment of excitement, not as exactly hostile to us but without any very warm sympathy, "JEFFERSON DAVIS has created a nation!" Mr. GLADSTONE was mistaken; and but summer he privately undertook to explain his position to some friends of the United States, and even sought to show that our ultimate triumph while manner he had been peculiarly friendly to the Union. But when he finished his good-humored explanation one of the hearers exclaimed merrily, in the rhyme of HORACE BURLOW,

"If a man kin when pervishens is riz so,
Kin his own words, 'tis a mercy he is so!"

YET, to one passage in Earl RUSSELL'S unfortunate letter every honorable American will heartily assent. It is his expression of a wish that in time of peace the people of Great Britain and of the United States should keep up "sentiments of irritation and hostility founded on a mistaken apprehension of facts, and tending to lay the foundation of permanent misunderstanding and ill-will." So it had in itself we shall all say Amen. But if it be intended as a rebuke to Mr. BANCROFT it can not be received. Certainly the gentlemanly and generously vituperated by the British papers for his vile ill-manners in denouncing England in a discourse which the English Minister was invited to hear. They expressed at the time our opinion of the perfect propriety of Mr. BANCROFT'S conduct. But his own view should be be given in his own words:

"I was appointed by the American Congress of the life and character of ABRAHAM LINCOLN it was my unavoidable duty to refer to the conduct of the British Government to which our country looked for the administration of justice. I was wounded his feelings, or exercised his judgment, or kindled his festivity.

"I was asked to address the two Houses of our Congress, and those only. When I learned that the British Minister at Washington was likely to be one of my hearers. I requested Mr. STORY to advise him not to be present; and through another friend I made the same particular message, which he received and perfectly understood."

WE are glad that LORD RUSSELL has furnished Mr. BANCROFT this opportunity of explaining a matter which has been curiously misunderstood and vehemently misrepresented.

THE ROSS ROBBERY.

BEFORE the final adjustment of the losses growing out of the KETCHUM frauds, Wall Street has again been startled by a development of rascality even more ingenious than that of EDWARD B. KETCHUM, though involving and involving a smaller amount of money. JOHN ROSS, a speculator in gold and in stocks, has robbed the street of $300,000 or more in gold and in currency, and has successfully escaped with his booty.

But little is known of the man's antecedents. He seems to have had for many years intimate acquaintances. He had been an operator in Wall Street for some years, and, until their failure, was a customer of KETCHUM, SON, & CO. Whether he learned the trade at the feet of EDWARD B. KETCHUM is matter of conjecture. When the house of KETCHUM exploded ROSS transferred his account to D. CHAMBERLAIN & CO., and opened through them to some extent.

His chief speculations, however, were made without the intervention of a broker. Wall Street is no confiding a business, and brokers are so simple a race of men, that any one who hires an office and hangs out a sign can immediately set his checks afloat for thousands of dollars. The people deal with him as unreservedly as if the mere possession of an office and a sign were certain guarantees of probity and capital. In the gold-room and at the stock board Ross bought and sold with the oldest and wealthiest man in the street. He had an office in Exchange Place, and a bank account at the Union and another at the Continental Bank, so that he was prepared to receive his own stocks and gold. He must have made some money, for on many occasions prior to

his explosion he gave genuine checks, genuinely certified, for both.

Money, however, came too slowly to this ardent chevalier of fortune. A short cut to wealth was what he coveted. And on a little reflection he discovered not one, but two. A slight examination of various railroad bonds enabled him to discover a bond which was not disfigured by tawdry pictorial embellishments, but which, plain and unadorned, was capable of exact imitation by any printer. Such a security he found in the 8 per cent. bonds of the Michigan Central Railroad. To his friends DAVID GROESBECK & Co., he gave orders for the purchase for his account of $20,000 of these bonds. They bought them and duly delivered them to Ross. This supplied with genuine originals, Ross proceeded, probably with the aid of accomplices as yet undiscovered, to manufacture spurious bonds. Disposing of his genuine bonds through another broker, he took $20,000 of the forged bonds to GROESBECK & CO., and borrowed $19,000 thereon, the house naturally supposing that these were the very bonds they had bought for him. Another and a larger parcel Ross took to the Union Bank and borrowed money on. It is likely that he disposed of more forged bonds elsewhere, but if so the victims have as yet made no sign. The Michigan Central bonds are so plain that any printer can imitate them to a nicety, and it is remarkable that they have not been counterfeited before.

One royal road to fortune being thus discovered and exploited, the other was next explored. A bank check is said to be "certified" when the pay-teller writes his name across it. This constitutes an acceptance on the part of the bank, and renders the check as good as the bank-note of the accepting bank. It occurred to JOHN ROSS that it was no very difficult matter to counterfeit the acceptance of the paying-teller of his bank. He tried it, and after some practice succeeded perfectly. His counterfeit certifications of his own checks on the Union and Continental banks, he succeeded in obtaining from GROESBECK & CO., BLACK & STEARNS, and others, at least $150,000 in gold, with which he took his leave for parts unknown.

It may be remarked that of all the banks in the city there are none whose certification is more difficult to counterfeit than that of the Union and Continental banks. The Union Bank uses a stamp of peculiar shape, and the signature of MR. GERMOND, the paying-teller, is a miracle of caligraphy. Not less remarkable and difficult of imitation is the autograph of the paying-teller of the Continental Bank, which is in a peculiar blue ink, and utterly inscrutable to persons who have not seen it before. The signatures of the paying-tellers of other great banks—the Bank of Commerce, the Bank of the State of New York, and the Bank of the Commonwealth, for instance—are so plain that any school-boy could imitate them perfectly after a few hours' practice. In practicing his rogueries on the Union and Continental banks, JOHN ROSS evidently "*spoilt the Egyptians*," as French brilliard players say. He could have accomplished his purpose much more easily had he forged certifications on the Bank of the State or the Bank of Commerce.

The KETCHUM affair caught bankers that they must not lend money to any one—however high in station or credit—without a careful inspection of his collaterals. The ROSS affair should awaken Wall Street, and especially the banks, to the painful looseness of their manner of doing business. A new rule should be adopted with regard to the certification of checks. No mere signature—easily counterfeited—should alone constitute certification. A private stamp, constantly changed, and of which the secret were only known to the banks, should be added. If this precaution be not adopted JOHN ROSS will have many imitators, and their frauds will far excel his in magnitude. With his boldness and skill it is amazing that he contented himself with $300,000, and did not take a million.

As to forgeries of bonds and stocks, there is nothing to be said except that dealers in such securities should not receive them from parties whom they do not personally know. There is no security in our market that can not be successfully counterfeited. Even Michigan Central bonds were certainly very easy to copy. But there is skill enough among the rogues who now abound in this country to forge bonds of a much more elaborate appearance. We know that the larger descriptions of the national currency have already been counterfeited with such exactness that even the Department has been puzzled to detect the counterfeit from the genuine bill. Yet these notes are said to be in the highest style of the art—covered with intricate scroll-work, and indorsed with an elaborate picture by the hand of the first engravers in the country. What if the knaves who counterfeited these notes turned their attention to Five-Twenty bonds or Seven-Thirty notes? The only possible security for a banker or broker is to refuse absolutely to receive bonds or stocks from parties whom he does not know. Even this security would fail in some cases, as a rogue might, by following the example of ROSS and hiring an office in Wall Street, establish in the course of a year character enough to enable him to circulate counterfeit Bonds. But it would be an improvement on the present loose practice.

We are a little curious to see how the chase of ROSS will end. The LORD robbery and the Madison Avenue robbery have bred queer notions in many people's heads as to the proper functions and the rewards of the great detective police. In the former case the thief, or one of the thieves, is understood to have proposed a negotiation with the police, by which, on condition of his absolute release, his share of the booty was to be divided between himself and the detectives. We have not heard of any prosecution arising out of this affair, though the law against the compounding of felonies is clear enough. If ROSS should turn up, and if he should propose to pay the detective the reward offered for his apprehension—$5000, and to restore half his booty on condition of retaining the other half—would the offer be accepted? And if it were, what would be the effect on the minds of the thieving community?

REFORM IN ENGLAND.

THE Government Reform Bill of MR. GLADSTONE has passed the British House of Commons by a meagre majority of five votes. Its fate in the House of LORDS seems, therefore, almost inevitable; and in that event the Ministry will probably resign or appeal to the country.

In the former case it would be impossible to expect public contentment with a Tory administration; while a Liberal ministry would undoubtedly bring in a still more stringent bill. In the latter case the extraordinary spectacle would be presented of a small minority of the able adult population of the country deciding whether any addition to their number should be made from the vast majority. The peaceful solution of such a question would be a most striking and instructive event, for it would show how deeply seated is the reverence for order and law in the general British mind. It would also show an astonishing progress in that direction since the Reform Bill was passed in 1832.

The Reform question in England is not one of an enlarged voting list only, it involves the very character of the Government. As it now exists the British government is a class of classes. The practical point of moderate Reformers is to secure the balance between the aristocracy, the wealth, and the middle class of the country. The fear of the Tories is that the whole political power will fall into the hands of the working-class, which includes the great bulk of the population. The practical point of BRIGHT, therefore, as really aiming at the structure of the Government itself.

But the inevitable tendency of all constitutional governments should teach wise men in England that, as political power will be more and more extended, the true national policy is not closer restriction, but freedom to make the extension safe. Education and intelligence are the final security of national welfare; for they see not only the righteousness but the policy and interest of justice, which is the sole enduring corner-stone of peace. Meanwhile there was never a better time for electoral agitation in England. JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN BRIGHT, JOHN STUART MILL, THOMAS HUGHES, WILLIAM E. FORSTER, and MR. GROSEMITH are sincere and able leaders. They all sit in Parliament, and they thoroughly understand the necessity of the reform.

A "WELL-CONSIDERED OPINION."

THE popular political comedian, MR. JOHN VAN BUREN, is reported to have said, the other evening, in one of his most successful acts of mockery, that he was glad to see that the Republican Party was committed by the Administration of President LINCOLN to the policy of the present Administration; and gave it as his well-considered opinion that CONGRESS had no more to do with the restoration of the States to the Union than they had to do with the construction of the new court-house in the city of New York."

This was not original with MR. VAN BUREN, but it is sufficiently answered by the truth, which is simply as follows. On the 9th day of the 11th of April, 1865, MR. LINCOLN made his last public speech from a window of the WHITE HOUSE. In the course of it he said:

"In the annual Message of December, 1863, and the accompanying Proclamation I presented a plan of reconstruction, as the phrase goes, which, if adopted by any State, should be acceptable to and sustained by the Executive Government of the nation. I distinctly stated that this was not the only plan which might possibly be acceptable; and I also distinctly protested that *the Executive should not be considered as committed to any thing more should be admitted to seats in Congress from such States.*"

He proceeded to say that he had submitted the plan "to the then Cabinet," and that it was distinctly approved by every member, although one suggested "that I should omit the protest against my right to power in regard to the admission of members of Congress."

The exact point upon which President JOHNSON differs with Congress is the one which President LINCOLN expressly declared was the exclusive concern of Congress. Yet the excellent jester, MR. VAN BUREN, assures us that the friends of MR. LINCOLN are committed to the support of MR. JOHNSON in his difference! Of course MR. JOHN VAN BUREN is peculiarly qualified to speak for the friends of MR. LINCOLN; and of course, as he gave us, at Pooghkeepsin, the "well-considered opinion" and "well-considered opinion" that MR. JOHNSON was a violator of the Constitution, he must be believed when he gives us the "well-considered opinion" at Brooklyn that MR. JOHNSON is the Saviour of the Constitution.

Jordan is a very hard road to travel, MR. VAN BUREN!

THE UNITED STATES AND RUSSIA.

MR. STEVENS's resolution of congratulation of the Emperor of Russia upon his escape from attempted assassination will probably excite more attention in Europe than it does here. For it is another illustration of the friendly alliance between the two vast Western and Eastern powers which was so conspicuous during the late war, and which is naturally a spectacle of profound interest to other nations.

The attempt to assassinate the Emperor was made by a man who considers himself injured by the emancipation of the serfs. But when he was confronted with his intended victim, who mildly asked him, "How have I ever injured you?" he had nothing to reply. It would have been among the most remarkable coincidences of history if the chiefs of the two great nations which have recently abolished slavery and emancipated serfs should each have fallen by a hand inspired by the brutal spirit of the foe they had overthrown. And certainly, as one has escaped, it is peculiarly becoming in the countrymen of the other to offer their hearty congratulations.

THE VASSAR COLLEGE.

THE Vassar Female College at Poughkeepsie, New York, is now fully organized, and established in its noble building. The number of students is already three hundred and fifty, and President RAYMOND thinks that seven hundred is speedily apparent. There is naturally the warmest feeling toward MR. VASSAR, the founder of the College, and on his late birthday, when he drove out to visit the institution, he was surprised by a most festive and friendly reception from the whole fair body of scholars. They greeted him with the grateful song of welcome. Afterward there were congratulatory speeches and songs in the chapel, from which the company repaired to the dining-hall, where a tasteful and modest collation was prepared. This was all the work of the young ladies of the College; and it was a very graceful and appropriate tribute to a man who, like MR. COOPER and MR. PEABODY, has chosen to devote a large private fortune to a noble public service.

HEALTH AND BUILDING-FOOD.

THE different varieties of food are divided by LIEBIG, in reference to their nutrition, into two classes—substances which are used for maintaining the heat of the body, and those which supply the material for building up the tissues.

The former class, which includes substances such as starch, sugar, and oily substances—are found on analysis to be composed of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen; while the latter—the gluten of grains, the fibrin of meat, the casein of milk, etc.—are composed of these with the addition of nitrogen. These latter are therefore called *nitrogenous* food, and the former *carbonaceous*, from the quantity of carbon they contain. The heat of the body is supposed to be produced by an actual, though unseen, combustion going on every where; that is, by a union of oxygen with carbon, forming carbonic acid, and with hydrogen, forming water—just as in what we ordinarily call combustion. The carbonic acid is accordingly exhaled in part from the air and tear, or waste, of the system, and in part from the food. As the oxygen, which, as in ordinary fires and lamps, feeds the combustion, is introduced into the blood in respiration, the heat-making food is called by LIEBIG *respiratory* food.

The vitality of the blood is supplied by some elements and physiologists; but without entering into any discussion of them, we would simply say that there is good reason for the belief that what is called carbonaceous food is used to some extent, though not entirely, for producing heat. The evidence of this is found in the fact that in regard to fatty substances than those which are starchy and sugary.

We have some practical illustrations of the distinction between the two kinds of food, which are of an interesting and instructive character.

In the Greenland Esquimaux not only food, in the forms of fat and train-oil, in large quantities, simply because the abstraction of heat from the body in that severe climate requires an amount of heat, and therefore an abundance of heat-food, or fuel for the fire. Accordingly ample provision is made by the Creator for their wants in this respect, for the animals from which they get their chief nutriment—as bears, seals, and whales—are full of fat or oil, while there is but little of this substance in the animals that furnish meat to the dwellers in Southern climes.

When there is a deficiency or a suspension of the supply of respiratory food, the fat which has been deposited in the system is burned up, as we may say, to furnish the requisite heat. This is seen in the case of some hibernating animals, as the woodchuck and the bear. When they come out of their torpid state in the spring they are lean, though they were very fat when they went into it. So also in sickness, the fat previously accumulated in the body furnishes fuel for the maintenance of its heat, in place of the respiratory food, the supply of which is now more or less cut off.

The common popular idea is, that the use of food is simply to furnish material for growth and repair; while really a large proportion of it is only fuel to keep the body warm. And there are many facts which show the importance of supplying this fuel-food in due quantity. Such facts as the beneficial influence of cod-liver oil in consumption and other diseases have led to the more general consideration of the relation of oily food to health. Without adopting the extreme views which have been advanced by some on this subject, we think it to be well settled that the abstinence from fatty substances, so common with many, predisposes them to those diseases which originate primarily in a low state of the system, as scrofula and consumption. The habit of eating only the lean part of meat is positively injurious, unless a sufficiency of oily food be taken in some other form—as butter or milk, which contains this substance in combination with others. Persons who commit this error of diet are apt to have a flabby and blanched skin, and cold hands and feet, with an irregular and fastidious appetite.

Infants are sometimes made the victims of this error by a confirmed dislike to a fashionable diet. Barley-water, rice-water, arrow-root, etc., can never take the place of milk; for, to say nothing of other important elements in milk, there is in it none of the butter which is so essential a part of the milk, that beautiful natural emulsion, which contains all the elements of nutrition, even to the iron for the blood and the salts of lime for the bones.

Laboring men require more nitrogenous food than those who lead sedentary life, for they have to burn more repair necessary, and therefore more need of material for it. For this reason men that live almost entirely on articles as potatoes and rice or plantains, which have comparatively little of the nitrogenous element in them, can not do or endure as much as those who have a generous diet of meat and vegetables in their diet. So, also, a horse that is not well fed will be in good condition from hay and potatoes, but if he is worked he will lose flesh unless grain be made a part of his food.

There is a happy articles of diet a mixture of the two kinds of food. This is true of milk and of the grains that are used in making bread. Even in the potato of most kinds there is some fatty matter with the muscular fibres. And men instinctively follow out the indications of nature in this respect. Thus the Irishman and the Italian fix potatoes for use for the oasis that is in it, or cabbage, which is one of the vegetables that is rich in nitrogen. The Irish dish of potatoes and fish, as boiled potatoes, cabbage, and pork, seasoned with salt and pepper. JOHNSTON says of this: "Take a pot-boiled potato-eater and feed him on this fish, and he will become not only stronger and more active, but he will cease to feel hungry. This is the refreshment of labor which God he lives upon." So the Italian eats cheese with his macaroni; and the Spaniard onion, a highly-nitrogenous vegetable, with his bread. Rice is commonly eaten with cabbage or beans, butter with bread, and oil with salad.

LITERARY.

THE interior spirit of the rebellion was never so appallingly revealed as in the book of "INSIDE," now publishing in this paper. In reading the smooth testimony of witnesses before the Reconstruction Committee like General LEE and Governor HAMILTON STEPHENS, who state their belief in State sovereignty as perfectly sincere, we are apt to forget what very honest people in the North and South and East and West should remember—that the plea of State sovereignty was urged to protect and defend the social and industrial institution of slavery. That is the eternal disgrace of the rebellion. Had State sovereignty been invoked as a remedy against oppression, as an assertion of the rights of man, as a defense of civilization and humanity, however mistaken as a policy the Northern people would have appeared it would have commanded the respect which attends all earnest efforts for the improvement of man. But the infamy of the object blasted the whole act. And the passions which slavery had fostered wreaked themselves remorselessly, not upon the slaves, who had been subject to them in the slave States, who were born and bred in presence of the system, and who were not troubled by it, but upon those who had fled to their country. The fate of such men was tragical. They were hung, drowned, burned, tortured, exiled; and the horrors indicated in the forgetfulness of "INSIDE" published recently are confirmed by every witness of the interior of the rebellion whom we have seen or heard, and are personally known to the author of this story. It is not desirable, in the interests of peace and national reconstruction, that these facts should be forgotten. They were the natural and inevitable fruit of the huge wrong which was more the enemy of the region in which it existed than of the rest of the country. If that region says that it was itself the best judge of the matter, the unanswerable reply is that a wrong is a wrong, if it be judged by opinions of its rightfulness, but by its results; and they are curiously blind who do not see that there can be no security or safety to the happiness and prosperity of any community as a system which generated the frightful atrocities of which Union men in the rebel States during the war were the victims.

"MISS Marjoribanks," a delightful novel by MRS. OLIPHANT, is just issued by the HARPERS. Those who have followed it in its serial publication are unanimous in their praise of the interest of the story and the skill of its development; and surely no one who has read "KATIE STEWART" will doubt the fascinating power of the author.



"MUSTERED OUT" COLORED VOLUNTEERS AT LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.—[SEE PAGE 318.]

BOMBARDMENT OF VALPARAISO.

THE long-threatened bombardment of Valparaiso by the Spanish fleet took place on the 31st of March. After the suicide of Admiral FAREJA Captain MENDEZ NUNEZ had become Acting Admiral, commanding the Spanish fleet. On the 27th of March NUNEZ gave four days' notice of the bombardment. Every diplomatic representative of foreign powers at Valparaiso entered a strong protest against the unprecedented outrage, in which the rights of neutrals were directly involved. NUNEZ in his notification of the bombardment based his action upon the refusal of Chili to grant redress for the grievances suffered by Spain, and upon the fact that he had been unable to come to blows with the allied fleet. General KILPATRICK, our Minister to Chili, and Commodore JOHN RODGERS, commanding the United States Pacific Squadron, united in efforts to bring about an amicable negotiation between the contending powers. This might have been effected but for the fact that NUNEZ insisted upon Chili's first saluting the Spanish flag, which Chili persistently refused.

At the instance of General KILPATRICK Commodore RODGERS entered into an arrangement with the British Admiral DENMAN to prevent the bombardment by force. The French Government had but a single ship, vessel, the *Egeria*, off Valparaiso, and could not, therefore, offer any very material assistance in a conflict with the Spanish fleet. The attitude taken by Commodore RODGERS and Admiral DENMAN, he said, "is not less than thirty seconds and with a less than thirty minutes' warning" the mast-heads of the Spanish iron-clad *Numancia* above the water, hesitated to enter upon the conflict unsupported.

Commodore RODGERS gives the following official account of the bombardment:

"This morning at nine o'clock the Spanish Admiral opened upon the town with shot and shell, directing his fire principally upon the public buildings and churches. After a continuous bombardment of two hours and fifty minutes the firing ceased, and the Spanish Admiral withdrew his vessels.

"Four of the stone buildings connected with the Custom-house were entirely destroyed, with their contents. Other adjoining buildings used for the same purpose were very much damaged. The value of merchandise destroyed in these was vaguely estimated at some twenty-two millions of dollars. The Intendencia, or Governor's residence, the Bolsa, or Exchange, and the railroad buildings were damaged to a considerable extent. Naturally and inevitably parts of the city which the Spanish Admiral declared he did not intend to injure received some of the missiles. Several blocks of private buildings were destroyed by fire, and stores and convents and hospitals were not exempt from injury. Few lives were lost—not more than eight or ten."

The Spanish fleet consisted in all of six vessels—the *Numancia* (iron-clad), the *Resolucion*, the *Villa de Madrid*, the *Blanca*, *Vencedora*, *Paquete de Mallo*, and the *Berenguela*. Only four of these participated in the bombardment.

Our correspondent, writing from Valparaiso, gives the following account of the assault:

"The squadron having taken a position near the city, at 9 A.M. they opened an effective fire on the beautiful houses, Custom-house, Intendencia, Post-office, Naval Academy, railroad buildings, barracks and all other public property. The bombardment continued until meridian without cessation. At 11 the hospital was destroyed on the southern portion of the city were enveloped in flames, the dense smoke from which arose and settled over the defenseless city like a pall. Although the fire was directed toward public property alone, the shot and shell in many cases injured private buildings to a very great extent. The fire in the southern portion of the city consumed many large wholesale warehouses and private residences. The flames spread rapidly, and for a time defied all the efforts of the Fire Department to check them, assisted by a large number of sailors from both the American and English men-of-war in the harbor. The conflagration continued until Sunday afternoon. The total amount of loss is estimated at not less than $50,000,000. The fire was not confined from the shore, but the Chilean fleet boasted defiantly on the brow of the hill overlooking the harbor, and for a long time attracted the fire of the *Villa de Madrid*, a first-class 60-gun frigate; shot and shell fairly rained about the flag-staff, but still the tri-color and 'lone star' could be seen amidst the smoke and dust caused by the explosion of the shell. At about 11.30 a portion of a shell wounded the staff, causing it to lean over a little, but the bullseye and stays supported it through the fire. The flag-ship *Numancia* (iron-clad), of 4,834 tons and 1,200 horse-power, the largest in the squadron, but kept underway in front of the city, directing by signals the movements of the different vessels. The fire from the frigate *Blanca* and the corvette *Vencedora* was observed to have been particularly effective, doing vital damage to the Custom-house and the Intendencia, which buildings, together with those in the immediate vicinity, were riddled with shot and shell. It is estimated that at the least 1,000 projectiles were thrown into the doomed city.

"Such was the bombardment of Valparaiso, which was witnessed with absorbing interest by the American and English squadrons in the harbor, and by the wretched inhabitants of the city from the hills overlooking the town."

The report of the Committee appointed at a meeting of British subjects, held at Valparaiso March 28, includes among others the three following significant resolutions:

"That Rear-Admiral DENMAN'S plea of want of sufficient force to oppose the Spaniards is humiliating to his country's own and unavailable, considering that the co-operation of a powerful United States squadron was pressed upon him by its commanders, and that this meeting cannot express in sufficiently strong terms its indignation that such an atrocity as the bombardment of a defenseless town with a population of 80,000 inhabitants should be permitted in the presence of a British squadron.

"That it is a matter of regret that between the British Charge d'Affaires and this community there has long existed an estrangement which has rendered him unfit to represent its interests, and that in the present emergency the disadvantages accruing therefrom have been more sensibly felt by his passive submission to the abuse of the Spanish squadron, while other neutrals have been placed in much more favorable positions through the exertions of their representatives.

"That a deputation be appointed to wait upon the United States Minister, General KILPATRICK, and upon Commodore RODGERS, and express to them, on behalf of this meeting, its high appreciation of their energetic endeavors to prevent, by co-operation with the British force, the bombardment of this city, deeply regretting that those endeavors had not been more successful."

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



MR. FERGUSON AVERSE AT HIS WINDOW.

CHAPTER XIX.

It is not long after the adjournment of the C. C. that Mr. Ferguson, seated in his room reading the well-worn little Bible which, while yet a youth, he brought over, a genuine fragment of Scotland, with him, preparatory to going to bed, hears a noise as of the gathering of a crowd beneath his windows.

It is the upper room of a large stone building which he had built, by far the most substantial edifice in Somerville, to rent as a store. And it had brought Mr. Ferguson in a good rent until Secession closed it up, as it had closed up almost the whole legitimate business of the South. "The temporary inconvenience," Colonel Rob Roberts remarks in his public and private speeches, "which precedes independence and unparalleled prosperity" and he bowails it is," adds the Colonel, coming down upon the stand with clenched fist, "either a fool or a Union man and a traitor!"

Very true, of course; yet it *will* sadden one. To say nothing of the vast tracts devastated by actual war, the appearance of the country far from such scenes is mournful. Fields, as you ride along, with broken-down fences, and acres wholly given up to sunflowers and cockleburs, or making but faint fight against them. Nor did you ever before see white girls so young carrying water, or boys so very small driving oxen, or mules, not African, cutting wood and hoeing. The decolation loom in the little towns through which you pass. The homes are there still, but in painful need of glass and palings and paint. The shops are all still there, but almost all shut up—no sound from within of hammer, plane, or saw. Nor have the offices emigrated; they are all there still, with their rusty signs of lawyer or doctor; but the lawyer, generally speaking, is colonel now, speculator, or quartermaster; while the doctor is killing more rapidly than before in the ranks, or practicing wholesale surgery in the distant hospitals. And the stores remain, but mostly shut up, their enterprising proprietors gone into battle, or, most likely, into cotton. The shut-up doors and windows of the town may, like the closed mouths and eyes of those in a swoon, be only temporary; but it looks, all the circulation stopped, very much like death. And that there is not in every village at least one shop, store, grocery, gathering-point of some sort left, wherein customers together the whole town's population on the errand of the stage, to get the papers and to hear the much more diversified and thrilling news brought by the passengers. An hour is spent by the neighbors so assembled in anticipating what the stage will, and should, and "has to" bring in; then it drives up; then two hours, after it has gone, in discussing what it actually does supply them. Blessings on these, the mass, the more virtuous and industrious portion of the people, the country, in fact, yes, Heaven abundantly bless these, even though it be in ways they dream not of! But upon the leaders—editors, military magnates, political preachers most of all—upon these rest the justice of Almighty wrath.

But Mr. Ferguson. He listens a while to the noise growing louder beneath his windows, then kneels for his evening devotions, perhaps longer perhaps longer upon his knees than usual. Rising at last, he listens and considers. All the doors and windows of the building, for fire-proof purposes, are coated with sheet-iron and securely fastened. The truth is, Mr. Ferguson has long calculated the possibility of an attack, and is not unprepared. He glances at his iron safe—yes, his scrap-book, to say nothing of other valuables, is secured there, and the Scotchman deliberately hides the key in a crevice to which he has called the attention of Mr. Arthur long before. As the noise below increases into groans and yells he coolly produces from their hidingplaces and lays upon the table, cleared of every thing for the purpose, two of Sharp's rifles, a pair of revolvers, a claymore brought from Scotland; the two Derringers he secures about his person, with the handles ready to his hand.

"Twelve and twelve," he says aloud of the provision on the table for his coming guests, "are twenty-four; two in my pockets, twenty-six; claymore at least one to that—say thirty in all." And so he rubs the hearth, takes his seat, and listens. Yes, it is the night of the C. C. he remembers that. But then it may prove a false alarm.

He listens. Yells, oaths, blows upon the door, cries for ladders and axes. Not the C. C. only; there is a Camp of Instruction some dozen miles from town, and stray soldiers therefrom drop in to take a home-spun practice for actual war.

"Oh, nobody's going to kill the man; only going to give him a good scare," is the remark made to Dr. Warner, who plucking himself out of the coils of his wife wound about him in nightgown and hysterics, has come down to see what is afoot, and that gracious is tossed off from the crowd like a straw; and while he catches desperately at the attention of this and that individual, mistaking a stump speech in defense of his friend, the tumult increases until he is fairly drowned and washed away.

"Now, then, what do you want?" hails the Scotchman, who has raised a sash, opened the leaf of a shutter, and looked out.

No one pressing necessities of the mob thus appealed to are various.

"A hundred dollars for the soldiers!"

"In gold, old boy, mind!"

"And holler hurrah for Jeff Davis!"

"And down with old Lincoln!"

"Promise you will leave in twelve hours."

"And never come back." It is Joe Staples, this last; it will be several thousand clear gain to him if the Scotchman complies or is killed. And thereupon follows a perfect storm of suggestions from the many-headed. The Scotchman waits patiently till he can be heard.

"Men!" he begins, at last.

"Stand firm, men!" shouts a powerful voice from over the way; and it is followed almost instantly after by the awful blasphemies of Dr. Peel, in the centre of the crowd, upon the man who said it.

"Men!" continues the besieged, "you are half of you deranged, the other half drunk. On that account I don't want to kill you. Do what you please. Only put my life in danger, however, and I will kill some of you. Howl away!"

And the Scotchman draws in his head, closes and fastens the shutter, lowers the sash. Not an instant too soon, for the missiles rattle upon it like hail.



DR. PEEL AND JUM.

Considering within himself, the Scotchman drags a large desk so as to fortify himself in a corner commanding windows and door, upon which he disposes in easy reach his weapons, having first carefully examined the caps of his fire-arms and unsheathed his claymore.

"Yes, I mean not forget it," he says, relapsing for a moment into a dialect the very burr of which has almost worn from his tongue; and taking the key from its crevice over the mantle, he unlocks the safe, takes out a written paper, notes and signs it, with a line under in explanation.

"It's not as regular as a mon can wish, but it's the best a mon can do. Ah, yes!" and he lugs out his ponderous collection, writes a rapid bulletin of matters up to date of siege, pastes it from his musilage apparatus at hand with dexterity of long practice in its place in the volume, and replaces it and the paper in the safe, relocks it, puts the key in its place, and is comfortable once more.

"What fules men are about their Wills," he says as he takes his place behind his shutter, "and I as great as any," he growls.

Meanwhile the uproar without is enough to appall the stoutest heart. If yells and curses could have beaten down walls it would have been all over" with Mr. Ferguson. That next?

Towering on the horse-block in front of the store, Dr. Peel, with terrific profanity, announces to the C. C. present that, having mendidly accomplished their project of frightening the old scamp, the next thing is to adjourn in quest of drinks.

But Alonzo Wright, being already supplied on that point, most strenuously objects, his thirst is now for blood. "Our own boys far away to-night," he shouts from the horse-block, "fighting for us, pouring out their blood in rivers. And here in this house is an insolent old scoundrel worse than the worst of Yankees. It is time to make example of these Union men, sneaking scoundrels, traitors, abolitionists," and a deal more to the same effect. Furious curses, ardent appeals, passionate entreaties—there is splendid eloquence in the raving of the man, and the audience are in the mood to appreciate it. In fact Joe Staples is making a free thing of it at the bar of his hotel near by, *is* even pressing his liquors upon all who come in perpetual relays from the crowd and back again. The ex-tailor sees a chance of his making the happiest hit of his life; he even dispatches a negro with a demijohn down to the crowd.

"Axes, men, axes, and our cry to-night is Rappahannock!" And the speaker springs from his rostrum among an excited crowd of excited spirits. Some little time is spent in obtaining axes, those near by having unaccountably been mislaid. Next, it is slow work trying to get the iron sheeting off the stout doors, especially in the rush of the crowd, each thinking he can do it

better than the other, Dr. Peel as active among them as Alonzo Wright.

Meanwhile Mr. Ferguson within ponders his course: "Had I not better fire on them from above? If they get those doors down they'll be upon me in such numbers—wait on the Lord till the last moment before you take to your pistols. God forgive me, I have been too cross with these poor demented bodies all along! Too close in business matters, mon. Not meet to be partaker of the inheritance of the saints too— It is good, it is continued to murmur to himself, 'doth to hope and'—arranging the weapons to his hand as—"quail for the salvation of the Lord. Forgive my contempt for these fules, Lord, but Thou seest they are such fules."

The door is fast and heavy on the door. Stop! They must have given up the axes, and are now using a ram of timber. The Scotchmen has known of too many similar atrocities, has dozens of them in printed form and written in his Scrap-book, not to know, specially since he has heard Alonzo Wright among the crowd, that his own death is about as much a speedy certainty as any thing human can be. The doom fatuity as any thing human can be. The doom tainty as any thing human can be. The doom is near, the low eyes, the bonny smile—it seems nearer, clearer to Mr. Ferguson than for many a long year now. Hearen! But unfortunately he can not think of heaven without a grim remembrance of the Secession of angels therefrom, and the fate of such superior Secessionists, too, and the fate of such superior Secessionists, too, and the fate of such angel Secessionists, too, that Up the one great gulf should swallow us all up completely these days.

But the bolts? What can they be ringing the bolts so for? That begins to be an inquiry among the excited mob, passing a little to listen and ask.

First: the determination upon the sky, dark shadows beginning to fall from the houses that way across the street. First: fire! And falling upon the excited before Mr. Ferguson's doors, as when the sun shines on the hearth-stone, the greater glow extinguishes the less. First: fire! fire! fire! Alonzo Wright, disabled some time ago by an accidental blow upon the shoulder from the axe of Dr. Peel in the intense ecstasy of the last night, after cursing for a time the rapidly-diminishing crowd, is compelled to limp after it. In little more time than it has taken for a record of the assault on Mr. Ferguson has begun and ended.

"Dr. Ginnis's! Dr. Ginnis's!" is the cry into which that of fire has now subsided.

"Dr. Ginnis?" Then, as we too hurry on to the spot, one word about him; it can soon be said, before we go some more than a square. Low of stature, stout of frame, red of face, puffy of breath, loud of tongue, excitable of temperament, "a character from the start," of course. From the outset it is with pain that Dr. Ginnis tears himself from the knot at the street-corner to visit a patient. He is hardly in the sick chamber before the topic is introduced. As soon as possible the compliments and the prescription to the patient are got through with as an altogether secondary matter, that the Doctor may get to European intervention on the South, the corruptions of cotton, the Scripturality of slavery, the religious apostasy and hastening downfall of the North, the untold blessings Secession is to bring from its cornucopia upon our glorious Confederacy, and all the last great Confederate victory too, reason ever again with all its canons in the ears of the stunned patient. The Doctor is enthusiastic, as even his political friends allow. Secession has taken possession of every globule of his blood, fold of his brain, holds as a rider does the reins every fiber and tendon of the Doctor's gladiatorial frame. A big bubble, Dr. Ginnis, oscillating wonderfully when the wind blows as it often does, glittering in the sunshine of good news. He is big. Still good to see and hear of.

"Glory be to God!" he shouts, clapping his hands together, snatching his hat from his head, and forcefully and waving it with enthusiasm. Then off like a shot, a large one, from the Postoffice to spread the tidings wherever wonderful news arrives, as does almost every mail.

"Have you heard the news?" he cries to people on foot across the street, on horseback, in carriages, wherever he sees as he goes, never waiting till he can get near enough to see whether they be acquaintances or not. "Gloriana surrenders! Lee loses cut to pieces again! fifty thousand killed!" Not apt to be up early as a general thing himself, up now for Dr. Ginnis when the time comes to get in before day. "Wake up, all of you!" he shouts at the doors of the houses as he returns home with the great intelligence. "Wake up!" banging tremendously on the gates and doors. "Great news! Lonsville captured! Lincolnnot captured! Washington City in ashes! Hurrah! Wake up! Glory be to God!" And the Doctor hurries on to stir up the rest, making great billows of joy like, literally *waves*.

"Twenty-seven regiments bayoneted where they stood; cut down and cut to pieces; the carnage tremendous!" And Dr. Ginnis in an hour a liar way of drawing his coat-sleeves up his arms, turning down the cuffs of his exposed shirt-sleeves, as he says it, and moving his mouths and eyes as he was about taking part therein himself, unctuous to behold. Being a member of Brother Barker's church, no one, not even Sam Peters nor Brother Barker himself, more fervent in prayer than Dr. Ginnis—only he begins too violently, and in fifteen minutes into hoarseness, and ends in wheeze. There is this slight inconsistency in Dr. Ginnis as the very outset of Secession, in indignant denial of the possibility of war resulting from the same, he had loudly and frequently promised contemptuously to drink every drop of blood that might be shed.

"If you will turn to Psalm fifty-fifth, fifteen, you will see that David said exactly the same thing, 'Let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell,'" remarks Brother Barker when informed that Dr. Ginnis had been distinctly heard to say "Damn him!" in reference to Butler in New Orleans. "You will hardly deny that David was a holy man. And these are most extraordinary times. We can not judge men by the rules of ordinary times; it would be foolish as well as useless to do so," reasons the divine. Nor was he the only professed Christian who used the same reasoning in reference to the intemperate but pious language of many of the church, even chaplains in the army, on rejoicings over victories. In fact, it was said of Beecher, Cuyler, and of many others like him, that, not content with supplicating yellow-fever and death in every form, as well as what is called sin, for the infidel foe, he and others had prayed for something that sounded marvelously like an eternal damnation of the same foe. Let us say one word about the day clear recollections of what passed during the great delirium say, was this actually to or not to be?

Turning a corner on our hurried way from Mr. Ferguson's we find it is Dr. Ginnis's house that is on fire. Upon the whole, the handsomest two-story residence in Somerville, handsomely furnished, the Doctor has not occupied it more than a year. And the Doctor is reported as never the most glorious news had ever moved him before. Consequently the wheeze is upon him already, and the Doctor's hands now near the fast-consuming remnant of his home, stunned, silent, in utter collapse. The Doctor is not a bad or unjust man, but that he is as much affected by bad news as by good, the elation produced by the last being fully counter-acted by the depression produced by the first—according to the inexorable law of mechanics whereby action and reaction are equal. Dr. Ginnis is one of those good Secessionists rather like falling in with Dr. Ginnis when good news is afoot—we couldn't avoid doing right by him, because he elevates every nook and corner of Somerville—we would rather not fall in with him when the news is bad. In this last case, Dr. Peel, in justice, we are not apt to, however, as he stays pretty closely at home then, if possible.

But Dr. Ginnis is not alone in the fire at all. Dr. Peel has arrived on the spot among the first, and has been hard at work from the moment he arrived. Dr. Peel, Dr. Ginnis's partner in the man, has come to be the life and soul of Somerville long before this; no public dinner, no soul-stirring to mercies of any kind, but in the war day distinguished personage or personage going to become distinguished, no ball or tableaux, no entertainment of any kind, Dr. Peel is not the grand carrier-on as well as the originator. We have come even to accept the essences, jewsharps, broadsides, and tunes of Dr. Peel as in consideration of his undoubted patriotism and his nicely liberality of feeling and of funds. It is long to be generally understood that Dr. Peel and Anne Wright are engaged to be married, and Alonzo Wright has risen a hundredfold in public estimation since he has taken up the cudgels in behalf of his rival, gentle, and doubly lovable in appearance from her contrast to magnificent and ponderous Dr. Peel, as he bears down the arm or stands by him in the dance in public assemblies.

And Dr. Peel sustains his well-earned reputation for public spirit and energy now at the fire. He has rushed a dozen times into the house, and returned bearing something valuable in his arms, beyond the strength of other men. Tearing off weather-boarding to get at the flames; on the top of the stable engaged in the same, by turns, there, here where; men running hither and thither like children at his command; his has gone in the confusion of the fire to get out a life to the more element, no man there refuses to feel him to be the hero of the hour, Agamemnon, king of men. But Dr. Peel does his work miracles. When morning breaks it is upon the chimneys only and a few charred timbers, and a bed of ashes, the whole of the house is a once living home, from which life and flesh are gone. All that is left is for Dr. Peel to start a subscription list, before the ashes are cold, and for breakfast, in Dr. Ginnis's behalf, heading it with a handsome amount, and canvassing the more unassuming amounts for him.

In his heavy loss Dr. Ginnis accepts the assistance with gratitude, but adds to Dr. Peel: "A thousand dollars, Peel, is all I can give just now, sir; but if you could only help me to prove it was the work of an incendiary, even if we did not know whom, and I could get damages—just to know that certainly would be a great satisfaction to me."

He does not say it, but to have it known that his house had been selected out of all others in Somerville as that of the most prominent patriot there for destruction, would have gone far to console the Doctor.

"That was my full belief at first," says Dr. Peel, with oaths, "when I found the pipe I showed you lying near the stable among the straw. Some careless old negro woman. If I was you I would not trouble myself, sir, and I was to know that any negro of mine had lost me so splendid a property—" And the friend describes, with awful passivity, the vengeance he would inflict.

And Mr. Ferguson? Is it full compensation to him for the insults of the night that it has, at least, yielded him one of the most interesting pages for his collection. With more than the neatness, precision, and ink, and black stock with which he keeps his own land and other accounts does he enter this bulletin for posterity, date, events, results in full.

The second day after the fire Dr. Peel rides out to see Alonzo Wright. No man could make a handsomer apology for having accidentally lamed his friend's shoulder, which is badly hurt.

"I was opposed to going on at first, you will remember, General Wright. I only wanted to frighten the old scamp. But I got excited by your eloquence, and by the sound of a stone. When I got hold of that axe I was in such a desperate hurry, too, to get at the fellow—"

"Let us say no more about it," interrupts Mr. Wright. "I am sorry for that man Ginnis, of course, but I am very glad the fire happened just as it did. When I am drunk I am a perfect fool, rather a devil incarnate. If any thing had happened to that brave old man I could never have forgiven myself. What an old Trojan he is! I will make a point to speak to him the next time I see him in the street. It was the same with Mr. Arthur. I made myself a perfect blackguard with him once—you may have heard of it—and he got up to the place and we were. I went in next day and apologized. I've told Anne here nobody tics the knot if she ever marries her but I. She says no one but an Abolitionist, or Union man, which is the same thing. True as steel he is, for all he is so quiet. But let us talk about Burnside, any thing. I made a fool of myself that night in Somerville, am ashamed of it, and have made Anne a half promise never to go to the places any more." This, with a good many strong expressions between, from Mr. Wright sober, a person bearing a resemblance to Mr. Wright drunk.

So Dr. Peel, taking another cup of the coffee —"the genuine article, Doctor; no rye, barley, corn, sweet-potatoes, or other trash in it"—and Miss Anne's making and another slice of Miss Anne's sponge-cake—only blondes like Anne can ever make the sponge-cake; brunettes succeed in pound, preserves, and the like, not in sponge—Dr. Peel, we say, changes the topic to the highly interesting one of speedy success. At which point, Colonel Juggins having ridden over to trade certain oxen with Mr. Wright, Dr. Peel left to be entertained by Miss Anne.

Petite Anne! A canary-bird is small, we know, never so small as when in contrast with the eagle. Blushes are coming and going on Anne's cheeks only as fresh and fresh roses succeed in pound, preserves, and the like, not in sponge—Dr. Peel, we say, changes the topic to the highly interesting one of speedy success. At which point, Colonel Juggins having ridden over to trade certain oxen with Mr. Wright, Dr. Peel left to be entertained by Miss Anne.

Petite Anne! A canary-bird is small, we know, never so small as when in contrast with the eagle. Blushes are coming and going on Anne's cheeks only as fresh and fresh roses succeed each other, like Virgil's playful shepherds. There was a history of epithets, passing even that of the Abbé Delille. Every individual substantive was as regularly followed by its attendant adjective, as the round lady of the last century by her chaperoning page. In this pompous diction a man became a mortal, a horse a courser, the moon was styled pale Luna. By these rules every maiden was never called so, but invariably "the authors of my being;" a dream was a vision, a glass a crystal vase, a kiss a sweet, a sun a radiant orb, and a tempest a whirlwind: all of which, no doubt, tended to produce a style of exceeding sublimity and beauty.

Pierre Corneille was a charming writer for the feet ten in height, thirty-eight years old, with foxy hair, a high color, and small, cunning gray eyes. He was accustomed to having straight fun, cut up the body into pieces, and then, in order to conceal his crime, set fire to the house, wherein his base children perished. Such an accumulation of horrors had shed quite a romantic halo round their perpetrator. Ladies of rank and fashion flocked to the jail to hear him sing; and his singing was in a wonderful request, as soon as it became known that Madame Cesarine Langelot, the lioness of the district, possessed a copy of the words of his whole ballad, placed between a ballad by a professor of rhetoric and a problem by the engineer-in-chief of the department; neither gentleman, to say the truth, being much flattered by such close juxtaposition with the interesting pet-prisoner. When Pierre Corneille, with a towering brow and air of solid cunning, was placed in the dock, the names of twelve jurors were drawn by lot, and the president demanded of the counsel on either side whether they wished to exercise their right of challenge. Both declined doing so, every objection that could be made seeming null; but the attorney-general added, that he would require the drawing of a supplementary juror. In the urn, and on the paper, appeared the name of Major Vernor. At the sound a slight murmur was heard among the spectators, while Mlle. Lucienne Lagarde and Lagarde's only pupil glance, which seemed to say: "Will not you challenge him?" But neither of them did so; an officer conducted Major Vernor to the appointed place, and amidst profound silence the indictment was read. Major Vernor had lived in the town during the last two years, and no one knew any thing against him, yet none could tell when, or where, or whom he had served. He seemed to have neither family nor friends; and when any of the townspeople were invited to sound him on the subject, he always replied in a manner by no means calculated to encourage confidence: "Do I reside here? Is about how matter appears?" he would say. "Your shabby old town suits me well enough as a residence, but if you don't think I have a right to live in it, I shall be most happy to convince you of the fact at daybreak to-morrow with gun, sword, or pistol." Major Vernor was evidently the man to make good his word; the few persons who had entered his lodgings reported that his bedroom resembled an armory, so ready was it provided with all sorts of offensive weapons. Notwithstanding this he seemed a very respectable sort of man, regular in his habits, punctual in his payments, and, as the phrase is, an excellent cigars, sent him, he used to say, by a friend in Havana. He was a tall, very thin, hard man, always dressed in black; his mustaches curled to a point; and he invariably wore his hat cocked over his right eye. He sometimes passed the greatest part of his public reading-rooms of the town, but he never played at any game, or conversed with the company, remaining perfectly silent unless addressed in the direct manner, when he would answer briefly, but in a sarcastic tone, when he felt his cigar, twisted his mustaches, and with a stiff, silent bow took his departure. It sometimes happened that one of the company, bolder than the others, said, "Good-night, major!" Then the major would stop, fix his gray eye on the speaker, and reply, "Good-night, monsieur!" but in so rude and angry a tone that the words sounded more like a malediction than a polite salutation. It was generally said that whoever thus ventured to address the major, was, during the remainder of the evening, the victim of some strange

"Me an' Orange think so too, on'y we is out of tobacco. A few dollars for our women-folks, how coins of gold from his purse. "You may have that over and above, and welcome. The rest any day it is safe for you. You and Orange can't be too careful, remember, Jem. You know how to get it to me if you hear any thing. When I need you boys I'll let you know."

But what could have struck an eves-dropper in all this interview most was the singular bearing of those two very different villains to each other. It can not be expected of us to describe, but it was very singular—very singular indeed.

A STRANGE STORY.

When the criminal, Pierre Granger, escorted by four gens d'armes, was placed in the dock of the court of assize, there was a general murmur in the crowd which had assembled from every quarter to be present at his trial.

Pierre Granger was not an ordinary culprit—not one of those poor wretches whom the court, as a matter of form, furnishes with an advocate, judges in the presence of a heedless audience, and sends to oblivion in the convict prisons of the State. He had figured at Angrif in the columns of the newspapers; and while M. Lipervier the prosecutor his defense, M. Loursagan, the attorney-general, was to conduct the prosecution. Now, at the time of which I write, these two men stood at the head of their profession. Whenever it was known that they were to be ranged against each other in any cause, crowds immediately flocked to enjoy their eloquent sentences, sonorous periods, and phrases as round and as polished as so many billiard-balls, or was a perfect art of torpedo figures, a delicious confusion of periphrases and metaphors. All the figures of rhetoric were dulled before the abstract antithesis, and sported, jested, and struggled with each other, like Virgil's playful shepherds. There was a luxury of epithets, passing even that of the Abbé Delille. Every individual substantive was as regularly followed by its attendant adjective, as the round lady of the last century by her chaperoning page. In this pompous diction a man became a mortal, a horse a courser, the moon was styled pale Luna. By these rules every maiden was never called so, but invariably "the authors of my being;" a dream was a vision, a glass a crystal vase, a kiss a sweet, a sun a radiant orb, and a tempest a whirlwind: all of which, no doubt, tended to produce a style of exceeding sublimity and beauty.

Pierre Granger was a charming writer for the feet ten in height, thirty-eight years old, with foxy hair, a high color, and small, cunning gray eyes. He was accustomed to having straight fun, cut up the body into pieces, and then, in order to conceal his crime, set fire to the house, wherein his base children perished. Such an accumulation of horrors had shed quite a romantic halo round their perpetrator. Ladies of rank and fashion flocked to the jail to hear him sing; and his singing was in a wonderful request, as soon as it became known that Madame Cesarine Langelot, the lioness of the district, possessed a copy of the words of his whole ballad, placed between a ballad by a professor of rhetoric and a problem by the engineer-in-chief of the department; neither gentleman, to say the truth, being much flattered by such close juxtaposition with the interesting pet-prisoner. When Pierre Granger, with a towering brow and air of solid cunning, was placed in the dock, the names of twelve jurors were drawn by lot, and the president demanded of the counsel on either side whether they wished to exercise their right of challenge. Both declined doing so, every objection that could be made seeming null; but the attorney-general added, that he would require the drawing of a supplementary juror. In the urn, and on the paper, appeared the name of Major Vernor. At the sound a slight murmur was heard among the spectators, while Mlle. Lucienne Lagarde and Lagarde's only pupil glance, which seemed to say: "Will not you challenge him?" But neither of them did so; an officer conducted Major Vernor to the appointed place, and amidst profound silence the indictment was read. Major Vernor had lived in the town during the last two years, and no one knew any thing against him, yet none could tell when, or where, or whom he had served. He seemed to have neither family nor friends; and when any of the townspeople were invited to sound him on the subject, he always replied in a manner by no means calculated to encourage confidence: "Do I reside here? Is about how matter appears?" he would say. "Your shabby old town suits me well enough as a residence, but if you don't think I have a right to live in it, I shall be most happy to convince you of the fact at daybreak to-morrow with gun, sword, or pistol." Major Vernor was evidently the man to make good his word; the few persons who had entered his lodgings reported that his bedroom resembled an armory, so ready was it provided with all sorts of offensive weapons. Notwithstanding this he seemed a very respectable sort of man, regular in his habits, punctual in his payments, and, as the phrase is, an excellent cigars, sent him, he used to say, by a friend in Havana. He was a tall, very thin, hard man, always dressed in black; his mustaches curled to a point; and he invariably wore his hat cocked over his right eye. He sometimes passed the greatest part of his public reading-rooms of the town, but he never played at any game, or conversed with the company, remaining perfectly silent unless addressed in the direct manner, when he would answer briefly, but in a sarcastic tone, when he felt his cigar, twisted his mustaches, and with a stiff, silent bow took his departure. It sometimes happened that one of the company, bolder than the others, said, "Good-night, major!" Then the major would stop, fix his gray eye on the speaker, and reply, "Good-night, monsieur!" but in so rude and angry a tone that the words sounded more like a malediction than a polite salutation. It was generally said that whoever thus ventured to address the major, was, during the remainder of the evening, the victim of some strange

fill-buck. He regularly lost at play, was sure to knock his elbow through a handsome lamp or vase, or in some way to get entangled in a misadventure. So firmly were the good townsfolk persuaded that the major possessed an evil eye that their common expression, when any one met with a misfortune, was: "He must have said 'good-night' to the major."

This mysterious character dined every day at the ordinary of the Crown Hotel, and although habitually silent, seemed usually contented with the fare. One day, however, after having eaten some bread soup, he cast his eye along the table, frowned, and calling the host, said: "How comes it that the dinner to-day is entirely meagre?"

"Monsieur no doubt forgets that this is Good Friday."

"Send me up two mutton-chops."

"Impossible, major—there is not an ounce of meat to be had at any butcher's in the town."

"Let me have some fowl."

"That is not to be had either."

"What a set of fools!" exclaimed the major, striking his clenched hand on the table with such force that the bottles reeled and rocked just as if all the wine in the bottles had got into their heads. Then he called the waiter, and said, "Baptiste, go to my lodging, and bring me the inlaid carbine which hangs over my pillow."

The poor host trembled, and grew very pale when Baptiste returned with a double-barrelled gun, beautifully inlaid with silver. The major then examined the locks, put on fresh caps, cocked both barrels, and walked out, followed at a respectful distance by the guests and inmates of the house. Not far off stood an old ivy-mantled church, whose angular projections were haunted by many ravens. Two large ones were out of a harvest just as the major came up and took aim for a double shot. Down tumbled both the unlucky birds at his feet.

"*Sacré bleu!*" said he, picking them up. "I'm peculiarly sold—they're quite lean."

He returned to the hotel, and, according to his expression, "quieted" his ill-humored body was dressed in a savory stew, and the other simply roasted. Of both dishes he partook so heartily that not a vestige of either remained, and he declared that he had never eaten more relishing food. From that day the major became an object of amazement to some, of terror to others, of curiosity to all. Whenever he appeared on the public promenade every one avoided him; at the theatre his box was generally occupied by himself alone; and each old woman that met him in the street invariably stopped to cross herself. Major Vernor was never known to enter a church, or accept an invitation; at first he used to receive a good many of these, and the gentlemen finally ceased him to light his pipe.

Such, then, was the thirteenth juror drawn in the cause of Pierre Grenger, and it may easily be understood with the audience were moved at hearing the name of Major Vernor. The paper of accusation, notwithstanding drawn up by the storyey-general with a force and particularity of description which horrified the ladies present, was read amidst profound silence broken only by the snoring of the prisoner, who had coolly settled himself to sleep. The gens d'armes tried to rouse him from his slumber, but they merely succeeded in making him now and then fluff open his dull, brutish eyes. When the clerk had ceased to read, Pierre Granger was with difficulty thoroughly awakened, and the president proceeded to question him. The interrogatory fully revealed, in all its horror, the thoroughly stupid foolishness of the wretch. He had killed his wife, he said, because they couldn't agree; he had set his house on fire because it was a cold night, and he wanted to make a good blaze to warm himself; as to his children, they were dirty, squalling little things—no loss to him or to any one else. He would be ashamed to pursue all the details of this disgusting trial. M. Louraugain and M. Léperrier both made marvellously eloquent speeches, but the latter deserved peculiar credit, having very little of a cause to sustain. Although he well knew that his client was as thorough a scoundrel as ever breathed, and that his conviction would be a blessing to society, yet he pleaded his cause with all a lawyer's conscientiousness. When he got to the provision he made for the absence from his eyes of tears, the last and most precious, I imagine, which he carefully reserved for an especially solemn occasion—just as some families preserve a few bottles of fine old wine to be drunk at the marriage of a daughter or the coming of age of a son. At length the case closed, and the president was going to rise up; but as the heat in court was excessive, and every one present stood in need of refreshment, leave was given for the jury to retire for half an hour and the hall was cleared for the same space of time, in order that it might undergo a thorough ventilation. During this interval, while twelve of the jurors were cooling themselves with ices and sherbet, the thirteenth lighted a cigar, and, reclining in an arm-chair, smoked away with the gravity of a Turk.

"What a capital cigar!" sighed one of the jurors, as he watched, with an envious eye, the confident little clouds escaping from the smoker's lips.

"Would you like to try one?" asked the major, politely offering his cigar-case.

"If it would not trespass too much on your kindness."

"By no means. You are heartily welcome." The juror took a cigar, and lighted it at that of his obliging neighbor. "Well, how do you like it?" asked the major.

"Delicious! It has an uncommonly pleasant aroma. From whence are you supplied?"

"From Havana." Several gentlemen now approached, casting longing eyes at Major Vernor's cigar-case.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am really grieved that I have not a single cigar left to offer you, having just given the last to our worthy friend. To-morrow, however, I hope to have a fresh supply, and shall then ask you to do me the honor of accepting some."

At that moment an official came in to announce that the court had resumed its sitting: the jury hastened to their box, and the president began his charge. Scarcely had he commenced, however, when the juror who had smoked the cigar rose, and in a trembling voice begged permission to retire, as he felt very ill. Indeed, while in the act of speaking, he fell backward, and lay senseless on the floor. The president, of course, directed that he should be carefully conveyed to his home, and desired Major Vernor to take his place. Six strokes sounded from the old clock of the town-hall as the jury retired to deliberate on their verdict in the case of Pierre Granger. Eleven gentlemen exclaimed with one voice that the wretched assassin's guilt was perfectly clear, and that they could not hesitate for a moment as to their decision. Major Vernor, however, stood up, closed his back against the door, and regarding his colleagues with a peculiarly sinister expression, said, slowly—

"I shall acquit Pierre Granger, and you shall all do the same."

"Sir," replied the foreman, in a severe tone, "you are answerable to your colleagues for your own actions, but I do not see what right you have to offer us a gratuitous insult."

"Am I then so unfortunate as to offend you?" asked the major, meekly.

"Certainly, in supposing us capable of breaking the solemn oath which we have taken to do impartial justice. I am a man of honor—"

"Bah!" interrupted the major; "are you quite sure of that?"

A general murmur of indignation arose.

"Do you know, Sir, that such a question is a harsh insult?"

"You are quite mistaken," said Major Vernor. "What I said was drawn forth by a feeling of the solemn responsibility which rests on us all. Before I can resolve to make a dead body of a living, moving being, I must feel satisfied that both you and I are less guilty than Pierre Granger, who, after all, is not so certain."

An ominous silence ensued. The major's words seemed to strike home to every breast, and at length one of the jurors said, "You seem, Sir, to regard the question from a philosophical point of view."

"Just so, Monsieur."

"You know me, then?" said the juror, in a trembling voice.

"Not very intimately, my dear Sir, but just sufficiently to appreciate your fondness for discounting bills at what your enemies might call usurious interest. I think it is about two years ago that you an honest poor man, the father of a large family, blew out his brains, in despair, at being refused by you a short renewal, and then went and implored on his knees."

Without replying M. Cerneau retired to the farthest corner of the room and wiped off the large drops of sweat which started from his brow.

"What does this mean?" inquired another juror impatiently. "Have we come hither to act a scene from the 'Memoirs of the Devil?'"

"Sir, you know this well," replied the major; "but may I advise you, Monsieur de Bardine, to calm your nerves?"

"Sir, you are impertinent, and I shall certainly do myself the pleasure to chastise you."

"As how?"

"With my sword. I shall do you the honor to meet you to-morrow."

"An honor which, being a man of sense, I must beg to decline. You shall not fight a duel against Monsieur de Bardine; you murder them. Have you forgotten your duel with Monsieur de Lilly, which took place in the Bois de Boulogne at sunrise? While he was off his guard you treacherously struck him through the heart. The prospect of a similar catastrophe is certainly by no means inviting."

With an instinctive movement M. de Bardine's neighbors drew off.

"I shall call you with virtuous indignation," sneered the major. "It especially becomes you, Monsieur Darien—"

"Major," cried another juror, "you're a villain!"

"Pardon me, my dear Monsieur Calfat, let us call things by their proper names. You, Sir, are accustomed, I believe, to be the man who himself set fire to his house six months after having insured it at treble its value in order to obtain by the conflagration enough to pay the money without making sufficient inquiry."

A stifled groan escaped from M. Calfat's lips as he covered his face with his hands.

"Who are you that you thus dare to constitute yourself our judge?" asked another, looking fiercely at Vernor.

"Who am I, Monsieur Feron? Simply one who can appreciate your motives for voting with the other court-cards in your hand, and making the dice turn up as you please."

M. Feron gave an involuntary start, and thence-forward held his peace. The scene, aided by the darkness of approaching night, had now assumed a terrific grandeur. The voice of the major, the glaring ears of eleven pale, trembling men, with a cold metallic distinctness, as if each word inflicted a blow.

"Monsieur Vernor," said Monsieur Bardine, hissing laugh. "Well, my honorable colleagues," he exclaimed, "does this poor Pierre Granger still appear to you unworthy of compassion? Do you grant you he has committed a fault, and a fault which you would not have committed for his place. He has not had the good fortune in snaking his turtsuits with a show of virtue—that was his real crime. Now if, after having killed his wife, he had paid handsomely for masses to be said for her repose—if he had purchased a burial-ground, and caused to be raised to her memory a beautiful square column, with a monument, with a flowery epitaph on it in gold letters—why, then we should all have shed tears of sympathy, and pronounced Pierre Granger the most tender husband. Don't you agree with me, Monsieur Norbec?"

M. Norbec started as if he had received an electric shock. "It is false!" he murmured. "I did not poison Eliza; she died of pulmonary consumption."

"True," said the major; "you remind me of a circumstance which I had nearly forgotten. Madame Norbec, who possessed a large fortune in her own right, died without issue five months after she had made you her sole legatee."

Then the major arose slowly. They were now in total darkness. Suddenly came the sharp click of a pistol, and the obscurity was for a moment brightened by a flash, but there was no report—the weapon had missed fire. The major burst into a long and loud fit of laughter. "Charming! delightful! Ah, my dear Sir, I'm exclaimed to the foreman, "you were the only honest man of the party; and see how, to oblige me, you have made an attempt on my person! I promote you as an honorable level with Pierre Granger!" Then, having rung the bell, he called for candles, and when they were brought, he said, turning to them, "I suppose you don't want to sleep here; let us make haste and finish our business.

Ten minutes afterward the foreman handed in the issue paper—a verdict of Not Guilty—and Pierre Granger was discharged amidst the hisses and execrations of the crowd, which indeed were prevented only by a strong military force from assaulting both judge and jury. Major Vernor coolly walked up to the dock, and, amidst the cries under that of Pierre Granger, went out with him through a side-door.

From that hour neither the one nor the other was ever seen again in Chalons. Some days after there was a terrible thunder-storm; the ripe harvest was beaten down by hailstones as large as pigeons' eggs, and a flash of lightning striking the steeple of the old ivy-covered church tore down its gilded cross.

This strange story was related to me one day last year by a convict in the infirmary of the prison of Toulon. I have given the recitals from his lips, and as I was leaving the building the sergeant who accompanied me said, "So, Sir, you have been listening to the wonderful ridiculousness of Number 19,788?"

"What do you mean? This history—"

"Is false and ridiculous, I could say. Number 19,788 is an atrocious criminal, who was sent to the galleys for life, and who during the last few months has been undergoing the most severe punishment. His monomania consists chiefly in telling stories to prove that all judges and jurors are rogues and villains. He was formerly a lawyer, by a most respectable and upright jury, of having robbed and tried to murder Major Vernor. He is now about to be placed in a lunatic asylum, and then you will probably be the last visitor who will hear his curious inventions."

"And who is Major Vernor?"

"A brave and gallant officer, who has lived at Toulon beloved and respected during the last twelve years. You will probably see him to-day, sitting at his Honor's table, after the table-d'hôte dinner at the Crown Hotel."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"PSHAW!" exclaimed Mr. Browne, contemptuously, as he flung an open letter on the hotel-table magazine. "I can't find a decent story here. Now, what are all these?"

Mrs. Browne came and sat down on the arm of her husband's chair, and her legs lord was reclining. "Those? Why, these are crochet patterns?"

"And what, pray, is crochet?" inquired Mr. Browne, "that is a pin-cushion—and there," turning over a leaf, "is another pattern, such a bother to be made don't know where to begin! I am going to get materials to borrow and commence one for the toilet-table in our spare room."

"Ah!" responded the gentleman, reflectively. "Do you happen to know how many yards of crochet-lace you have made for the spare-room since we were married?"

"Well, you know that pretty white satin one baby spoiled with chocolate."

"Curious plaything," murmured Mr. B.

"And that somewhere—under or on the pink silk one; and I began a cushion out of black velvet, but I gave it away, and I've got the beautiful crimson—"

"Where are you going, Mr. Browne?"

"Only to my writing-desk," replied that gentleman, who was already on his feet.

"Dear me, how abrupt!" ejaculated the lady, taking up her crochet-cotton and pattern, and resuming what she had tossed upon the table. Pretty soon, however, tired of the silence, she softly stole to the writing-desk, and peeping over Mr. Browne's shoulder, said, "May I see what you are writing?"

"Why, my dear, I am writing for you. Or stay, I will read it to you." And placing her on a very comfortable seat, he commenced reading:

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE PIN-CUSHION.

Although for centuries the pin-cushion has been a denizen of human habitations, and has therefore had room given to prolific in the very centre of civilization, its physiology and habits have been little noticed by naturalists. It is even the place to be assigned to it in the order of animated nature has been a matter of dispute.

Some naturalists class it with the hedge-hog, porcupine, and allied animals, on account of the fine sharp points with which instead of shedding loose spines on the approach of man, it bristles itself. Others, however, have been led to this conclusion by observing that it frequented human habitations, and chose chambers and parlors in preference for stable, and in consequence is an insect, and to class it with the spider and cockroach.

Cuvier, however, who was the first to dissect the creature, and observe with care its anatomical structure and habits, has given the latest and most correct information respecting the pin-cushion a place in the order Rodentia, or gnawing animals, between the rat and the (he says) coney.

The pin-cushion is a creature of which it may be said its habits, like its form, are subject to great variety in different climes. Individuals of the species are found in every part of the world, and in all. All, however, so far as observed, have a soft, homogeneous body, covered with short, close hair, which in such a form, tough skin, in which are set, more or less thickly, a great number of pins, some of which serve, probably, as its principal but not organs of nutrition with the world, as it has no instinctive fear of fire or locomotion. It has eyes however, of a peculiarly brilliant hue, which are placed in the centre of the head, seeking the society of the gas-fitter, and is therefore, in the opinion of many, a decidedly

Intelligent animal. It is also very fond of the company of man, though it decidedly prefers that of women. It delights in the vicinity of writing-tables, or watching, or to make its nest in fashionable bonnets, or to take up its abode in any spot sacred to the memory of departed friends. Its favorite resort is the work-basket. In fact it is a domestic animal, and is rarely found in a wild state.

Its habits are in the temperate regions, and prefers cities and large towns. It has been found in the tropics, but neither Parry nor Kane make any mention of having found it in the frozen North. It is most prolific, and attains the greatest size in hotels, barbers' shops, pawn-brokers' shops, and similar places. Though notable for a wandering disposition, it is rare to find two of these habits frequented together.

The pin-cushion frequently enjoys long life. The simplicity of its internal structure preserves it from many of the ailments to which the nobler animals are subject. It is most liable to perish through severe abrasion or diminution of the external skin, to which it is exceedingly exposed. When these occur immediate aid should be conducted, as nature appears to possess no restorative power, by means of proper applications the wounded pin-cushion may be preserved, and one being taken, it will usually pass a long, contented life, partaking at last through simple old age alone.

"Dear me! Mr. Browne," exclaimed the lady as that gentleman came to a pause, "what an amount of nonsense you can write about nothing."

"Nothing! Why, I am sure I thought I had been writing about this wise animal. But if you object to calling it nothing I have no objection. Only I am hungry—I am sure that was the last—and that was before I had read my second point in the pin-cushion."

And they went down to tea.

If Mr. Browne's brain had been less prolific we should have had room to give our lady-readers some descriptions of "*new styles for pin-cushions.*" As it is we can only say that they can scarcely fail of finding a paragraph headed "*New styles for pin-cushion*" if they open any popular periodical (*for ladies*).

It is certainly to be hoped that the following statement, which we find in the papers, is a mistake:

"Within a month after the opening of the New York Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary, 1,000 patients had been made by worthy parents for the admission of their daughters, who had contracted habits of intemperance from the use of the usual and approved fashionable parties."

May-day in New York develops character. Selfishness and meanness are displayed on the one hand as generosity and nobleness. Some people have a way of taking a petty revenge on the house they are leaving or else it is merely a thrash-minded way to carry out a practical joke. Either of

On the second day of May a gentleman of this city went to call on a friend who had been boarding in Twenty-third Street. On reaching the house he was informed that being able to find the bell-handle. Concluding he was mistaken in the house, he looked for the door-plate—it was gone. The next thing he met on entering was a large number of the house that also had been removed. A further search revealed the same name on the inside door and the door-knob was missing. A slight push opened the door, revealing that the bell was also missing from the casing. Convinced by the surroundings of the identity of the house the gentleman stepped into the vestibule; and seeing through the transparent glass panel of the door a small boy, he resorted to the successful expedient of tapping on the glass. The boy answered shortly after, and from him the friend was not an occupant of this luckless, luckless house, since the probability was very strong that he, too, during the night, would mean had carried off his boarder *pro forc.*

How many full-grown Americans know how to *eat* properly? The lawyer who stuck up on his office-door, "Gone to dinner; back in ten minutes," might as well have added, "Will be absent for half an hour." And the man who is trying to digest it over his papers; at forty-five I shall be a dyspeptic, a broken-down wreck of a man—but, in the mean time, I am very much at your service." There is also a great deal to be said about the manner in which the dinner is served up and eaten. In a well-ordered household all should be considered, as nature appears to possess no restorative power, by means of proper applications the wounded pin-cushion may be preserved, and one being taken, it will usually pass a long, contented life, partaking at last through simple old age alone.

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THE BOMBARDMENT OF VALPARAISO, CHILI, BY THE SPANISH FLEET UNDER ADMIRAL



DEZ NUNEZ, March 31, 1866.—Sketched by an Attache of the Chilean Embassy.—[See Page 309.]

MR. THOMPSON'S UMBRELLA.

"AUGUSTA, I wish you would practice Chopin's march. Mr. Thompson likes music."

Oh, how sick I was of hearing about Mr. Thompson! My poor aunt—she meant it very kindly, of course, but she little knew how she made me hate those single gentlemen whom she so wished me to please. I was an orphan, and had forty pounds a year, and my aunt's annuity died with her; so I suppose her anxiety to see me married was both commendable and natural, but to me it was dreadful. Moreover, perhaps because I was a proud girl, and perhaps, too, because I was a foolish one, the mere fact of a man, young or middle-aged—for only the old and wedded were excluded—coming to the house on my account, made him detestable in my eyes. I should not wonder if that were not the reason why I pleased none. I was said to be pretty—I may say that now, alas! it is so long ago—but plainer girls, with no greater advantages than I had, went off at a premium in the marriage market, and I found myself Augusta Raymond, unasked and unsought for. I did not care, not I. I only lamented that aunt would worry both those unfortunate gentlemen and me with vain efforts to make them a mire me, and make me like them. She was my best friend, however, and I loved her dearly. So I sat me down to the piano and played Chopin's march, and practiced for the benefit of the devoted Mr. Thompson, who was to come this evening, and who little knew, poor fellow! he had been invited to spend a week with us for the express purpose of falling in love with his second cousin's niece. I had not seen him since I was a child. He was a young man then, tall, dark, and grave, and already on the road to prosperity. He was a rich man now—at least rich for such a poor girl as I was, but he was Mr. Thompson, and I hated him; besides, he must be old, quite old.

I thought of all these things while I was playing, and then I forget them, for the divine music bore me away, and music was a passion to me.

We lived in the country, and a small but beautiful garden inclosed my aunt's cottage. It was a low one, with broad rooms; a little dark, perhaps, yet strangely pleasant. At least they seemed so to me. I dearly liked the room in which I now sat playing. It was our best room, but it was also our sitting-room. A central table was strewn with books, some of which were dear old friends, and others were pleasant and new acquaintances. Flower-stands, work-baskets, and delightful chairs, chairs made to rest or dream in, added to the attractions of this apartment. I enjoyed it very much as I played; but then, to be sure, the windows were all open, and every one gave me a glimpse of the green garden with its beds of blue sky above its budding trees, and the sweet scent of the mignonnette came in with every breath of air. Where are you now, pleasant room and green garden? The ruthless hand of man has laid you waste, and my eyes can see you no more. Is there no home for lost places, no dream-like like the Indian's hunting-ground, where the things that have once been may enjoy a shadowy existence? Are you really gone, or gone with me, save when you come back every time a woman, whose hair is turning gray, hears that grand mournful march and wishes your pleasant homeliness would seem so little akin?

"My dear! Mr. Thompson!" said my aunt's voice, as I closed the instrument. I turned round and saw him—tall, dark, grave, very little altered, and not at all old. We had expected him for dinner, and he had come for luncheon: I thought the mistake arose. As he opened the garden gate he met my aunt. They heard me playing, and stood by one of the windows to listen. When I ceased they entered the room, and it was then that, as I said, I saw him.

I did not like it at the time, but I knew it later; I liked him from that very moment. And not sure that every girl would have liked Mr. Thompson. He was decidedly good-looking, and he was both shrewd and pleasant; but he had a quaint and abrupt manner, which was apt to startle strangers. And it well, however. I liked that eccentricity which never took him too far, and that slight want of polish which gave flavor to every thing he did. I liked all, excepting his umbrella. That I detested. It was large, solid, massive, and dreadfully obtrusive. He had it in his hand on that bright, warm day, and hung on our acquaintance lasted, I never saw Mr. Thompson without it. Later, when our intimacy had progressed, I taxed him with this, "Yes," he said, good-humoredly, "I confess it is my hobby. My earliest recollection as a boy was to possess an umbrella, and my greatest happiness as a man is to go about with one."

Of course we did not speak about his umbrella on the first morning we spent together. Mr. Thompson praised my music, and, looking me full in the face, told me I played divinely. He said it without preamble, and I saw he meant it. My aunt was delighted, and I felt pleased; but somehow or other I also felt that Mr. Thompson treated me like a little girl; and so he did—not merely then, but ever afterward. Tiresome man! I had thought him old before I saw him, and I could not make him think me old now that he saw me.

Mr. Thompson did not stay a week with us, but a month. Oh, that happy month, with its long, long days and delicious evenings, and music and sweet converse! shall I ever forget it? If the wakening was bitter, let me remember that the dream was very sweet.

Mr. Thompson was to leave us next morning, and we were in the garden together. I was, for this time how I felt toward him, and, kind though he was, I dobbled if he cared much for me. And when he said, "Augusta, I have something to say to you," my heart began to beat. He used to call me Augusta now and then, having known me as a child; but never had he said it so kindly as this evening.

Ah, well! I suppose many women have to go through the bitterness which came to me then. Mr. Thompson had met my cousin Jessie at Mrs. Gray's, proposed to her, and been accepted. From the moment he mentioned Jessie's name I knew my fate.

Without seeking it, I suppose, she had ever stood between me and every good. She had taken the friendship of my best friend, the liking of my nearest relative—I was not really my aunt's niece, only her late husband's—and now she had deliberately stalked in the love of the only man I had ever cared for. Surely she was to blame in that, but oh, how hard, how very hard, it seemed to me! The nightingale sang in the trees above us, pure brilliant stars burned in the sky, the garden was full of fragrance, and Mr. Thompson went on pouring Jessie's praises in my ear. She was so handsome, so bright, so genial, and so delightfully innocent. And then no wonder he was told we all this rest! And what do you suppose he told me all this for? Why, because he wanted me to go and live with them. My aunt's health had been failing of late, and he was aware that I thought of leaving her; and now he wanted me to be sure of a home. I burst into tears.

"My dear, good child," he cried, warmly, "if I were not going away, I would not have grieved you so. You have, I know, a true, warm heart. Your dear aunt may live for years; only, if she should not, Jessie and I—"

"Pray don't!" I interrupted. I could not bear it. The more he praised me, the harder he was, the more I wept and felt miserable. At length, at my request, he left me. I grew calmer after a while, and went in.

"Do play Chopin's march for us, my dear," said my aunt. Poor dear aunt! she wanted me to fascinate him to the last. I played to my most Jessie, whom she disliked so, had been beforehand with me there.

I played it again. It was the knell of all my hopes. A gray twilight filled the room, and they could not see the tears which flowed down my cheeks. I played what they said, and I believe I did. Something from myself was in the music that evening, and that something was very sorrowful. Mr. Thompson came to the piano when I had done. The servant brought in the lights and a letter for my aunt. While she was reading it, he said, gayly:

"You will think over it."

"Pray don't," I entreated.

"But you do not know how much I like you," he insisted; "and then you will do my little beedles Jessie good—poor child darling! Besides, I have not put my request on something."

This crowned all. I guessed his meaning; he had a younger brother for whom he meant me. He had all his said so this evening in the garden. "I would do John, who was rather light, all the good in his world." I could not bear it. I rose and went up to aunt.

"What news, aunty?" I asked.

"News, indeed!" she cried, amazed. "There's Jessie going to marry my cousin, Mr. Norris, old enough to be her father. I wonder what he will do with the little flirt!"

There was a pause.

Mr. Thompson came forward. I did not dare to look at him.

"What Jessie is that?" he asked. "Surely not Miss Raymond's cousin?"

"Yes; the same. Do you know her?"

"I have seen her at Mrs. Gray's."

He spoke very calmly. I suppose he did not believe it. I pitied him; from my heart I pitied him.

"Perhaps it is not true, aunt?" I said.

"Not true! why she writes it to me herself—there's her letter."

I looked at him now. He was pale as death, but very firm. Neither troubled look nor quivering lip gave token of the emotion he must feel. Something now called my aunt out of the room.

"Augusta, may I look at it?" he asked, glancing toward the letter, which my aunt had handed to me.

I could not refuse him. I gave him the letter. He read it through with the coldness of stone, then looking for his umbrella, which he would always keep in a corner of the sitting-room, he said, very calmly:

"I think I shall go and take a walk."

And he went out, and we saw him no more till the next morning, just before he left.

My aunt was disappointed to find that Mr. Thompson had not proposed to me after all, and I was glad to be heard to express the coldness of my heart. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessness; mine had been at the best but a reflected light. I was liked because I was Jessie's friend.

She became Mrs. Norris soon after this. She was married from my aunt's house out of regard to Mr. Norris, who was related to her, and who disliked Miss Grey. "That busy-body" he called her, and I am afraid she was a busy-body. Jessie was very bright, and pretty, and engaging, but I teased me unmercifully about Mr. Thompson. She was sure, she said, he had made love to me, and looked at me and Jessie alternately when she spoke. But I betrayed neither his secret nor mine; and though she vexed me when she quizzed him to Mr. Norris, especially about his umbrella, I did keep silent.

"I am sure he will be married with his umbrella under his arm," she said, the evening before her own wedding. "Don't you think so?"

I did not answer her; I went out into the garden and wondered how she had changed me. Alas! I might have wondered how, without seeking it, he had charmed me.

Jessie's marriage was a blow to my aunt. She had always thought I should go off first. She was also cruelly disappointed by Mr. Thompson's indifference, and perhaps by my own. Jessie's party of my altered looks. I believe I got pale and thin just then. And I was always playing Chopin's march.

"My dear," said my aunt to me one evening, "is not that very mournful?"

"I like it, aunt," I replied; but I resolved to play it no more.

Mr. Thompson had called, "she said, with a sigh. "I wonder he did not propose to you," she added, abruptly.

I was mute.

"I wish I had never asked him here," she resumed; "I can not help thinking—"

"Don't, pray don't!" I interrupted.

She did not insist, but she made me go and sit by her. She caressed me, she coaxed me, and little by little she drew my secret from me.

"My poor darling," she said, when I had confessed all, "he may value you yet."

"No, aunt; he never will. But pray do not trouble about me. I mean to get over it, and I will."

I spoke resolutely, and my aunt praised me.

"You have always been the best of girls," she said, tenderly, "and I am glad you have had confidence in me. I shall not seem to have been blind this year; but now I will take you to the sea-side. You must have a change, my poor darling!"

She kissed me. I never knew how calm and happy I felt in that gray room, sitting by my dear aunt's side and looking at the starry sky. The nightingale was singing again as on that sad evening when I had felt so broken-hearted; tears rose to my eyes when I remembered it, and his last kindness, and my foolish cherished hopes; but the bitterness was gone from my sorrow.

"You must have a change," said my aunt again.

Alas! the change came with the morning. My aunt was late for breakfast. I went up to her room and found her calmly sleeping. But oh! too calm, too deathlike, for gentle slumbers. The kind eyes which had rested on me in love were closed, the voice which had ever spoken in praise and endearment was silenced for ever and ever.

I suppose it was not Jessie's fault that her husband was not a gentleman; but I found it very hard. Poor dear aunt, she always did mean to make a will in my favor, and she never did. Mr. Norris inherited the property I was told. He gave me the piano which had been bought for me a few other articles of no great value, and all my aunt's wardrobe. He kept her jewels. I left him one fine, and the furniture, for which, as he said truly enough, I had no use. Moreover, he allowed me to remain in the cottage till Lady-day; though perhaps, as he could not live in two houses at a time, and must pay the rent whether he lived in it or not, his was not a favor after all. And, to forgive me, I fear I was very sinful during the dark days that followed. I had some friends who did, or rather who said the best; but there was one who never came near me, who gave me no token of his existence, who had no kind word for me, who let me struggle through my hard trial, and who never offered a helping hand. He might at least have written, have consoled with me in my sorrow, but he did not. And he was in the neighborhood. He was often at Mr. Norris's house. Jessie herself told me so. True, he had business to transact with Mr. Norris, but he could have found time to do it?

He did it, and he did more. Mr. Norris was thrown off his horse one morning and brought home dead. Jessie became a widow, and a poor one, said the world. She had been not a rich man after all, and he left many debts. I only went to see her once. I found her cold, callous, and defiant under her misfortunes. I could have gone again if Mr. Thompson had not been Mr. Norris's executor. He had business to settle with the widow, and I could only suppose that Jessie could not bear to see them together. It was very wrong and very useless, but it was so. Mrs. Gray often came to see me. I think she comforted me much. She gave me a world of wearisome advice, and told me much that I would rather not have heard. What was it to me that Jessie's parents kept him so often and so late with Jessie? They were both free; and if he chose to forgive her and marry her, and if she chose to marry a poor man for money—I say it again—what was it to me?

And yet I suppose it was something after all; for when Mrs. Gray came one afternoon in February, I felt the loneliest being on this wide earth. She had harped again on that hateful string—that Mr. Thompson would be very smitten with Miss Norris.

"And what do you think, my dear?" she added; "he thought you were gone. He seemed quite surprised when I told him I had seen you on Sunday. 'What, is she not gone?' he asked—'gone to London?' 'No, indeed! What should she go to London for?' 'Why, I understood that, but from something he said, I saw he thought you were engaged to be married. 'I wish she were, poor dear!' I replied: 'for she is so young and so lonely and lovely.' I have no doubt he thinks so too, and so it is to prevent Mr. Norris from being lonely that he goes to see him so often. That is the reason, I suppose; besides, it had been snowing, and the gray sky and white garden and silent air had something both lone and dreary to it. I was not quite alone then. Early in the winter I had taken in a poor half-starved stray dog, and, though he was but a shaggy, pitiful-looking thing, he made a pet of him. He had laid by his vagrant habits willingly enough, and he now lay sleeping on the rug at my feet. Poor Carlo! I thought of the money, and thought not of the future. Yet how long could I keep him? —and if I cast him away who would have him? Mrs. Gray advised me very strongly to recommend him—nothing but his old honest heart, and who would care for that? "Poor Carlo—poor old Carlo!" I thought; and, perhaps because my heart was rather full just then, tears rose to my eyes as I thought of the kind friend by before him. I believe I thought of something else too. I remember a vision I saw in the burning coals; how it came there Heaven knows. I saw them both, as no doubt they often were, bending over accounts which they read together, then looking up and exchanging looks and words which to me could mean nothing. I wonder why I came back to images which tortured me—but it was so. I do not know how long Mrs. Gray had been gone when Carlo gave a joyful bark; the gate-bell rang; I saw a tall dark form pass across the window, and my little maid opened the door, saying:

"Mr. Thompson, ma'am."

I rose. He came in, with his umbrella as usual, and Carlo went up to him and wagged a friendly welcome. I could not say one word. I was dreadfully agitated. I felt quite sure he had come to tell me that he meant to marry Jessie, and to ask me to go and stay with them, or something of the kind. Perhaps she could have brought him. Or perhaps, as Jessie had, no doubt, told him that I was gone, he had, on learning the truth, felt ashamed of his long neglect, and had come to make some sort of excuse. He made none; but he asked how I was, took a chair, looked rather hard at me, and, without waiting for my answer, found I was not very well.

"No, I am not ill, you know," I replied, a little carelessly. "I trust you are well, Mr. Thompson."

He said he was very well, and he looked at the fire. For a while we were both silent. I spoke first. My remark was scarcely a gracious one.

"I heard you were so much engaged that I scarcely expected to see you," I said.

I was vexed with myself as soon as I had said it. He might think I was annoyed at his long absence, and, surely, I was not? But he took my implied reproach very well. He answered that he had been engaged—that he had been ought to be—but that every thing was over now. Mrs. Norris, he added, had left this morning. My heart gave a great throb; but I was silent.

"She left in no very contented mood, I believe," he resumed. "The balance in her favor was low enough when she reckoned. Mrs. Norris was something like a hundred a year. This and a few jewels constitute the net profit she derives from her husband's death. These reproaches are not to be repeated often, you see. The capital of youth and beauty has but a time—a brief one; it is apt to wear out, and Jessie seems caught in the act here. Mrs. Norris, not having found it so, is disappointed. I suppose it is natural; but you know *I* can afford to be generous."

I supposed not; but how all that cold, hard talk pained me.

"You have a fancy," he resumed, "that this kind lady expected some other ending to our accounts. This is not very flattering to my vanity, unless, indeed, as showing my marketable value; is it, now?"

I would not answer that question. His tone, his manner vexed me. Suddenly he raised his eyes to mine.

"Did such a rumor reach you?" he asked.

"Yes; many times. My aunt told me at home. I believe I stammered something, but I do not know what.

"Then you have heard it," he said, looking scarcely pleased; "the world is very kind. And you believed it, too! I had hoped you knew me better."

He rose hastily, and I felt that he spoke coldly, which was not dead yet, and I bade him speak.

Was I asleep or dreaming? Mr. Thompson spoke of my aunt, but he did not say how he loved her position, and expressed the strongest wish to take care of me.

"But," he added, with some hesitation, "I can do so but in one fashion—as your husband. Will you overlook all those peculiarities in my temper, which I fear you have seen, and take what there is of true and good in me? Can you, will you, do this?"

I looked at me in doubt. Ah! this was one of my bitterest moments. He cared so little for me that he had never seen, never suspected, how much I loved him, that he expected me to take him so. I clasped my hands and twisted them nervously; I could not speak at once.

"Do you, Mr. Thompson," I said, at last, "and you—"

"Well, what about me! Do you mean, can I, too, do this?"

"Yes; can you do it?"

"Why, surely—else I had never proposed it."

He knit rather at the doubt my question implied, and he looked at me as he smiled. Both look and smile exasperated me.

"Mr. Thompson," I said, excitedly, "I have not deserved this. Carlo, come here."

My poor shaggy Carlo came forward, wagging his tail. I put my hand on his head, and looked up at me wistfully and fondly, as only dogs can look when they vainly seek to read the meaning of a human face.

"He was an outcast," I said, looking at Mr. Thompson; "he was starving; he came to this house, I took him, and he saved me. I had a fresh pity on him—I gave him a mat to lie on and a crust to eat. He loves me for it; but, Mr. Thompson, I am not a dog, and I will not be taken up from your beast's level—I can take care of myself."

Mr. Thompson threw himself back in his chair, and uttered a surveyed whistle as I made this free commentary upon his proposal.

"Well, well," he said, recovering slowly, "I am convinced that you should not care for me, but I did not expect you would take it so."

"And how could I take it?" I cried. "You give me—I need not pity. Ah, Mr. Thompson, if I were not the poor, forlorn girl I am, would you feel or speak so? You think I do not know much girls are wooed and won? If you cared an atom for me, would you dare to come to me with such language?"

"What language?"

"What did you mean by taking care of me?"

"I said, Yes, I would. I wish to take care of you—true, fond, loving care; nothing shall make me uneasy it."

He spoke gently, and a manly glow rose to his face; but I would not give in, and I said, angrily, that I did not want to be taken care of.

"Do let us drop these unlucky words," he entreated; "and do tell me whether you will marry

me—Yes or No. Let it be, if you like, that I want you to take care of me. I am much older than you are, you know."

I don't know what possessed me. I said "No." Oh! how I would have liked to recall the word, but it was spoken, and he rose with a clouded and disappointed face. He lingered a little, and asked me why it was No and not Yes? I said we could not be happy together. He bowed gravely and left me. I thought he was hurt, for he did not add a word. No assurance of friendship, of good-will, not even hope that I would relent or change my mind, passed his lips. The door closed upon him. I heard the garden gate fall to, and I felt in a sort of stupor. It was over. What madness had made me banish him? Every day took him away further from me—never—never again should we meet. Perhaps he would write. He left me then, if I could have spoken the truth. Ah! if I could have said to him:

"I can not be happy with you because I love, and you do not! because my love and your pity would suffer all day long if I were your wife; because it is easier to do without you than to have you on these terms." If I could have said all this, would our meeting have ended thus? It was too late to think of that now, but it was not too late to suffer. I leaned my face in the pillow of the couch on which I was sitting, and cried and sobbed as if my heart would break.

Poor Carlo's cold nose thrust in the hand which hung down by my side in the folds of my dress roused me. I looked up and saw Mr. Thompson. He was very red, and seemed flurried.

"I have forgotten my umbrella," he said, a little nervously.

Yes, there it was, in the corner, that horrible umbrella of his! But instead of going to look for it he suddenly came and sat down on the couch by me. I do not know how I looked, but I felt ready to die with shame. He took my hand and kissed it.

"My dear Miss Raymond," he said, persuasively, "why should we not be happy together? I can not bear to give you up, indeed I can not."

I looked at him in doubt.

"Then do you really like me?" I asked.

"Do I like you? Why, what else have I been saying all along?"

"You said you wanted to take care of me."

"Oh, if you are only sorry to be—" he began, resignedly. But we did not go back to that; we went back to nothing, for a miserable girl suddenly became the happiest of women. Still I was not quite satisfied.

"You would not have come back if it had not been for that horrible umbrella of yours," I said, with a little jealousy.

"Very true," he replied, with his peculiar smile; "but I did come back, and I glanced in through the window first, and saw you hiding your face on that cushion, and Carlo looking at you as if he thought it strange you should be so forlorn; and so I came in for my umbrella; and, to tell you the truth, I had forgotten it on purpose."

Perhaps he only said it to please me; but as I looked in his face I did not think so then; and, though years have passed over us both, I do not think so now.

SEED-SOWING.

I.

MR. LINKLETTER perceived in Amelia—a dawning lady of sixteen—a growing interest when questions of love and matrimony were under discussion. Mr. Linkletter had loved and lost. Not being lost in the beautiful way that leaves a sweet and tender pain behind, but loved and lost in a bitterly practical and unsentimental way. I should put it plainer if I said that, life being viewed as a vast gamblingtable and matrimony a lottery, he had staked his love—and had won. He had suffered, as a rule, profoundly; and his experience he knew to be worth more than untold gold, if its lessons would but be turned to the young and fervent-hearted. Little Amelia was one such. Mr. Linkletter was thrown frequently into her society, and, wishing to sow good seed and not bear, he had striven to keep her esteem by listening with every indication of interest to her callow prattle about beaux and the sort of thing. He found his opportunity to speak words of warning and wisdom to Amelia.

One day, discovering that she believed to him with high sentimental interest, he suffered himself to talk at such length as this:

"You think you love, do you, Amelia? Perhaps you do. I can't tell. But let me whisper this secret to you: girls of your age do not often love profoundly, nor quite wisely concerning their own hearts. How should a little lass whose mind is immature—wholly in the formation state still—be able to tell the difference between a girlish fancy and the time will wear away, and that true love which sinks deep into the soul, and knows no change nor death till the grave covers the heart in which it lies buried. It would not be fair to expect that of her. Love is a thing that can not die. It is nonsense for any one to say that a person, having once been conscious to love, that love changes, that it cools or deadens, that the lover becomes tired of his sweet-heart. Impossible! 'Love once is to love forever.'"

"This kind of love, Amelia, does not often take up its dwelling-place in the heart of a girl of sixteen or a boy of eighteen. Not but that it may and can, but that it hardly ever does. When it does there is something rarely exceptional about it. If I were to say what I thought was the most sad of which the impulses of the heart may be relied on as a safe index, I should place it somewhere beyond the age of twenty-five, for either sex. For men, perhaps later. Men's minds usually do not mature in the direction of the emotions so early as women's do. When a man or woman seriously 'falls in love' (as folks say) at the age of twenty-six or seven, or upward, it is pretty sure to be a true passion, which can not be destroyed. If it is a false one it will pass away speedily. But to really love at that age, and to marry, is to be happy."

Feeling himself getting into deep waters, Mr. Linkletter paused.

"Are people always happy who marry when they are twenty-six or seven?" asked Amelia, with charming simplicity.

"There!" said Mr. Linkletter, "I wanted just such a question, Amelia, to help me out. No; don't let any such absurdity as that get before your eyes, and blind them to the truth. We are talking—"

Mr. Linkletter perhaps forgot that he was himself doing the talking.

"We are talking, you must bear in mind, about *love*. Now the world is full of people who don't marry for love, and don't pretend to. They marry for wealth, or for convenience, or for pride; some marry for hate. That *these* marriages are unhappy is to be expected, and is nothing to the fair. But when people marry, as they suppose, for *love*, they certainly ought to be happy. Now here's the thing in a nutshell. If it is true, they usually will be happy—they must be (and I positively assert that a true and noble love can never die). All eighteen they are fascinated by judging in this matter; at say twenty-six or seven they are capable, if they ever are. So if a girl of sixteen thinks she loves, there is no certainty that she does love—she is terribly liable to be mistaken about it. But if a woman of twenty-five thinks she loves, it is pretty certain to be so. I have known fifty cases of marriages for love (so supposed) at eighteen, and they all proved ill-assorted and miserable ones. Now for the end and result of this sermon, Amelia," Mr. Linkletter smiled, "is this—that marriages contracted between persons who would be sure of proving unhappy. You are young; the opposite sex is peculiarly attractive to you; your heart feels the need to love, and requires only its victim, as the poets say, for an object to cling to, is quite as likely to cling to the wrong object as to the right one. Then step to think how many more than a hundred young men you see it is barely possible the one exists in whom your heart will find that perfect, ideal love that will rise to you through life, isn't there a grave danger that you, in your determination to love *somebody*, will love—or seem to love—the *wrong one*? Now fancy for an instant that you are married to one of these youths at the age of seventeen; a few years—say, a few months—away from you is that your love will be the same? Is time it dies; you may find some 'surcease of sorrow' in the new and different love you give to your child—but you feel that that is not the true love which you bear your husband. This is mournful, but, alas, how many go through life, and, if they find you may know nothing worse than the mere 'dreariness of emptiness' herein! But suppose the worst happens—suppose, when you become one by, and you are twenty-seven, you chance to meet the man you *should* have married—what then? Ah, that is the terrible thing! But what help is there for you now? It is too late!—too late! You are bound about by other ties, which must not and can not be broken! You look back on your past life, and see wherein you erred, and that you must bear the consequences of your error through life. You can do nothing—nothing, for Heaven to help you carry your weary load."

Mr. Linkletter bowed his head on his hand, thinking I know not what thoughts. Pray God they spring from his silence that he was done, stole out of the room. He heard the door close behind her, and raised his head but to see. So add the further word he would have said: bidding the young girl beware of becoming bewitched by the mere senses, and of fading the step into the night some day and was beyond all setting right.

However, he believed he had sown good seed; and he lighted a cigar and went to his office.

II.

I HAVE a love-scene to describe. Gather round me, young ladies. It is *bona fide*.

Scene, a pretty parlor. Time, evening. Window—curtains down. Gas—lighted.

A young man of perhaps twenty-one was kneeling at the feet of a beautiful girl with warm brown eyes and flowing curls.

That a young man of respectable parentage should kneel on the floor at the feet of a young lady of equally respectable parentage, in the midst of a civilized community, in the State of New York and in the year 1862, is an absurdity, I freely admit. But in that strangely positive girl Charley Christie find himself on the evening in question, and Kate M'Call looked down upon him not unkindly while he so accounted.

"Kate," said the young man, "won't you say yes? You must say one or the other to-night, and you know that you have pronounced the simple word that fatal word before."

"Oh, Charley, how can I?" said little Miss, seventeen to a day, and very impressible. "What would father and mother say?"

"They would refuse, I suppose. I'm sure they would. Your father likes me. Do say yes!"

Poor Kate was in a quandary. It was a trying position for a girl of her romantic nature, to sit there and witness such a handsome fellow as Charley Christie, with such sweet whiskers, kneeling at her feet with his earnest, up-looking eyes, and begging her to "say yes."

All that "yes" meant, being said, was that she would marry Charley the next day, privately.

"Oh dear, I am afraid, Charley!"

"You love me, Kate?"

"Yes, indeed, I think I do. But I should be so afraid, when I go home to Penville again, and had to tell father and mother what I had been doing. I—I think I had better not."

"You refuse me, Kate?" said the young man, in deep distress.

"No—not exactly. But yes—you must let me have time to think of it a little."

"You're not going to tell any one?"

"Oh, no, Charley!"

"Then when will you give me an answer?"

"Why, you are so sudden, Charley. Give me till day after to-morrow."

"So long as that, Kate?"

"That is not so very long. I will give you an answer day after to-morrow."

Having said so much, Kate felt a great relief, and this helped her in sticking to her point.

So Charley got off his knees without having heard her "say yes," thus violating his own terms.

Kate was at this time visiting her grandparents in this city. Young Christie, as an old acquaintance in Penville, had been permitted to escort her about to places of amusement, and a week of unimportant evenings in her company had brought the youth to his present pass.

The next day Kate went to a tea-party given at Amelia Marsfield's, and there she met that queer old fellow, Mr. Linklatter—a man past thirty-five, but not a bad-looking gentleman!

Mr. Linklatter was pleased with Kate's ingenuous face and soft eyes, and talked with her a good deal. Kate thought he was much wiser in that character, if any, I never asked him; nor whether he had any opportunities that he ought not to have neglected. Kate was fifteen.

While he sat talking with Kate in the parlor after tea he was suddenly hailed across the room by Mrs. Gossop, a pretty widow of twenty-five, with the exclamation:

"Mr. Linklatter, what is this heresy? Amelia says you think she is not in love the other day that no one could love till they were twenty-six or seven years old."

"Me?" said Mr. Linklatter, blushing deeply at finding his private seed-sowing thus being converted into a spectacle for a roomful of ladies. "Why, I did not say that. What would be an absurdity."

"Why yes you did, Mr. Linklatter!" cried Amelia, turning on him with a look of much astonishment.

But Mr. Linklatter shook his head. Alas, he would have been glad to hold his tongue, but they would not let him.

"Then what did you say?" asked Amelia, a little piqued.

"Yes, what did you say, Mr. Linklatter?" put in Mrs. Gossop.

"I said—I—I—that is—"

"Don't mind. Why did he stammer so?—and blush so? He asked himself why, and got no answer from himself.

"I said—I—that is to say: It is one thing to sit in a rocking-chair twiddling your watch-key, and calmly and deliberately uttering sentiments which you judge for the private and especial behoof of a single young lady auditor in whom you feel a kindly interest; and it is another thing to have a chorus of female voices pounce upon a withdrawn sort of a cross-question of, 'What did you say?' Say it again, Sir. Repeat your words, Sir. Let us know what all this means.'"

"Amelia," said Mr. Linklatter, gravely, endeavoring to recover his calmness, "do you soberly say that I said no one under this one could love till they were twenty-six or seven years old? Is *that* what I said?"

"Yes," said Amelia, who innocently believed herself to be stating the gist of Mr. Linklatter's whole argument; "I know you said so, Mr. Linklatter, for I heard you, and I don't forget so easily."

"It is impossible I should have uttered such an absurdity, child," said Mr. Linklatter, a little warmer—stumbling over what he was; "why not say twenty-six years and three months? A statement of that kind is absurd."

Amelia was confounded, but obstinate.

Mr. Linklatter grew more cool.

"I will try and tell you what I did say, ladies," said he, finally, "if—I advanced, in general terms, the principle that love, as between the sexes, was a sentiment that could not well exist in persons who were breed. A girl of eighteen or a young man of twenty is not likely to be capable of judging wisely concerning that which is to be a question of strong hold upon his or her heart; and although it *may* be a true love, the probabilities are a hundred to one that it is not the love which will endure forever, and bless the life of the pair. I said, that at twenty-five or upward, one is not likely to be mistaken in the matter; that at the younger age one is very likely to be. Marriages contracted at so early an age prove almost always unhappy. Such marriages are, as a general rule, in a sort of panics—are often born of the moment—and two foolish children may bind themselves in a weak, blind hope, and succeed only in tying all the rest of their lives. I deem it the most dreadful danger (6 which our young people are exposed, the facility with which private marriages are performed in this State. The clergyman who will thus marry two big babies ought to be thrashed; but there are in this city plenty of clergymen who will do it."

Mr. Linklatter, having thus strayed a little aside from his proper theme, suddenly made a faint effort to return to it, and concluded:

"As a general principle, the child that walks into a pond will be drowned; and, as a general principle, the child under twenty who ventures the untried waters of matrimony will be sorry they had not waited till old enough to swim."

Here Mr. Linklatter paused in a miserable state of dissatisfaction with himself.

And as he went to his room that night he muttered to himself:

"I am almost resolved to register an oath, like the man in the farce, that I will never undertake to do a difficult thing in a service again. The fate of that hasty little Amelia getting no more good than that out of my sermon the other day! I am dumpled to have made bad sowing a humbug."

Don't, Linklatter, my friend. That would be rash and false.

Let me whisper to you that brown-eyed Kate M'Call took into her heart the seeds you dropped while in the parlor, as a flower drinks the dew it needed that very hour. She left the house that night wiser and stronger than she entered it—all through you.

Charley Christie, if he had waited on his knees for Kate's "I Yes," would have staid in that position till this day. For Kate said "No."

Inside of six months Charley Christie found another flame, and Kate M'Call was as nothing to him. She is still at home in Penville—still under twenty-five—still beautiful, and growing more loveable every year. Who marries her for love his heart will be made glad.

And some fell upon a rock; and as soon as it was sprung up it withered away, because it lacked moisture.

"And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprang up with it and choked it.

"And other fell on good ground."

There is always good ground somewhere. Let us not weary, Linklatter.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GUARDED ACCOUNT OF IT.—A man asked the cause of his father's death, answered that, "while he was addressing a large religious assemblage of people, who were listening to his remarks with the deepest interest, a portion of the platform on which he was standing gave way beneath him, whereby he was precipitated several feet with such violence as to break his neck." His father was *hung*.

Who were the original bog-trotters?—The *Erslans*.

CURE FOR A COLD (A.D. 1430.

Take your fete in hot water,
As high as your thighes:
Wrappe your head up in flannelle,
As love as your eyes:
Take a quart of runnell gruelle,
When in bedde, as a doe;
With a number four dippe
Well talowe your nose.

A MAN, seeing an undertaker carrying a very small coffin, exclaimed, "Ah, a sinner underground." "It is possible," that that coffin can be intended for any living creature?"

A LAY FOR MAY.

"May I come?" said the month. "Oh, say!"
"May you?" was the reply. "You may."
For you come politely,
Deftly, and sprightly;
Not roughly
Or gruffly;
Not assenting your right,
Nor doubting your might;
Not with raging and rise,
But with breezes and quiet;
Not with a mute, and a shall, and a will,
But pleasantly, orderly, neat, and still.
Crowing permission with 'Stay?'
So, May, you may come and stay."

WHY is England the richest country in the world?—Because it has a Dead more on its coast than any other country.

A reporter, in describing a meeting of a total abstinence society, said that it had been a most tremendous and profitable session, and retired from the hall full of the best of spirits.

WHY is the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland beneficial to the Fenians?—Because it quickens their apprehension.

WHAT kind of money is every where legally tender?—Matri-mony.

"IF a family quite fill their carriage why are they not the happiest people in the world?" asked Tom. "Oh, mates, I 'spects it is 'cause day's got de seat full (decelful). Yah! yah!"

IT is only a curious grammarian who would inquire too strictly concerning your relatives and antecedents.

WHAT man is keener than a razor?—A sharper.

WARNING TO MEDDLERS.—Meddling with others somebless brings us into scrapes, and travelers one of the elders of a certain church used to say, "and, worse." A young fellow entered the church and took his seat, keeping his hat on. The elder, noticing it, requested him to take it off. His request not being complied with, he spoke to the young man a second time, and seeing he still refused, the elder gently lifted the hat off, when, to his chagrin, out rolled a pack of dice, which the young man had taken from one accustomed with decorum. "Man," quietly said the youth, "see what you have done!"

CHANGE OF NAME.—In consequence of the successful cunning displayed by the Head Centre in eluding the police, we believe that the title of a well-known spot in Dublin is to be changed: instead of "Stephen's Green" it is henceforth to be known as "Stephen's say thing but green."

DIET AND REGIMEN.—Those who live on sponge cake must often eat humble pie.

WHY are the arrows of Cupid like a man in an egg-bed? Because they are all in a quiver.

A prodigy reading in a paper that a distinguished opera singer had "a voice of two registers," expressed his opinion that she must be a thing with great lungs.

Most cowboy ken write poor sense, says Josh Billings, but there ain't but few that kan write good nonsense—and he'd rather see an edukated man spell incorrect after it is writ.

"NOW children," asked a school inspector, "who loves all men?" A little girl, set free from Latin and evidently not well up in the Catechism, answered quickly: "All women!"

A German surgeon in Paris was recently bereaved of his wife by death. His friends assembled to condole with him, and found him engaged in dissecting her body!

The ancient Scandinavians called their poets *Scalds*; the modern Scotch poet is *Burns*: poetic fire is all burns.

A CAUTION TO SEA-GOERERS AND OYSTERERS.—If a man is to do as he is done by, he may well be excused for scolding when he is raked.

Ladies look most "killing" when they are ready for dancing.

A WORTHLESS BOND.—A ragabond.

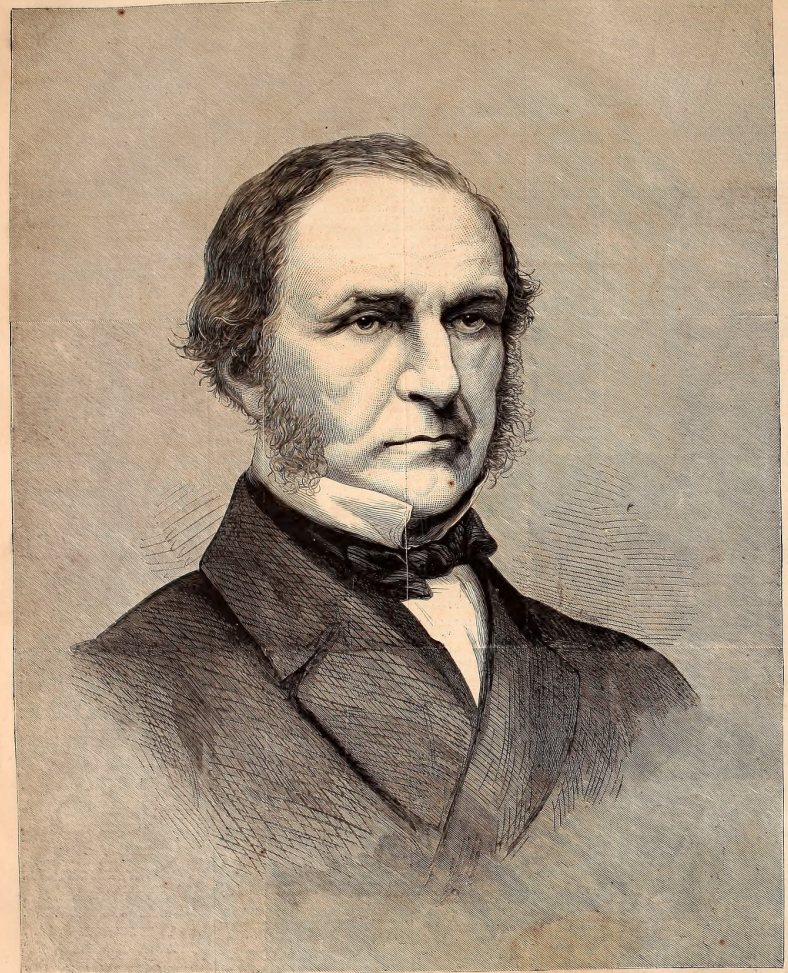
AFFECTIONATE TERMS.—Every thing is about as dear as it can be.

WHY, if you paint a man's portrait, may you be described as engaging in the shoe?—Because you make his foot your features.

"IT is not most only that is so enormously dear," said a careful housewife; "but I can not obtain flour for pudding for less than double the usual price, and they do not make eggs half so large as they used to be."

DO you want to know the man against whom you have the most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face.

"RAISING CAIN"—The planters down South.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M.P.

GLADSTONE.

Upon the death of Lord PALMERSTON it became evident that the duties of leader in the English House of Commons must devolve upon Mr. GLADSTONE, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Many misgivings were felt as to his fitness for so responsible a position. There was no question, of course there could be none, as to his ability; but it was doubted whether he possessed the necessary discretion, tact, and command of temper—qualities which had been so characteristic of his predecessor. Mr. GLADSTONE has thus far been fully equal to the occasion, and for judgment and prudence, as well as for pre-eminent ability, he stands to-day the first of English statesmen.

The Right Honorable WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, the fourth son of the late Sir JOHN GLADSTONE, Bart., was born at Liverpool, December 29, 1809. He graduated at Oxford in 1831. Shortly after his election as member of Parliament for Newark, in 1832, Sir ROBERT PEEL appointed him to a junior Lordship of the Treasury, and two months later to the post of Under-Secretary for Colonial Affairs. Together with his ministerial leader GLADSTONE soon retired from office and remained in the Opposition until PEEL's return to power in 1841. He was then sworn a member of the Privy Council, having accepted the Vice-Presidency of the Board of Trade. In this position it became his duty to explain and defend in the Lower House the commercial policy of the Government. The revision of the British tariff in 1842 was almost entirely the result of his energy and industry. In 1847 he was chosen the colleague of Sir ROBERT HARRY INGLIS as member for the University of Oxford. He could not unite thoroughly with the High Church and Tory party, and he refused to accept office under the short-lived ministry of the Earl of DERBY in 1852. He was, however, returned that year by the University of Oxford, though not without a sharp contest. His influence more than that of any other man contributed to the early dissolution of the DERBY administration and the succession of the Earl of ABERDEEN. Under the latter he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord PALMERSTON took the Government in 1855, and in a few weeks Mr. GLADSTONE resigned on account of a difference with the ministry in regard to the conduct of the Crimean war. He still continued to give the PALMERSTON ministry his support, and in June, 1859, he resumed the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, which office he has since retained. In the late elections he failed to be returned to Parliament by the University of Oxford, and now sits as a member for Lancashire.

As an author Mr. GLADSTONE is chiefly known by two works—that on Church and State and his work on the Homeric Poems. The former was the subject of one of Lord MACAULAY's critical essays in the *Edinburgh Review*.

As a statesman Mr. GLADSTONE strictly belongs to no party. He is as conservative as he is liberal. Without the popularity of JOHN BRIGHT among the British masses, he yet inspires general confidence in all classes of society. In his late acute work upon England LOUIS BLANC says, that the peculiarity of GLADSTONE's mind, which gives him often a hesitating tone in speech and a real reluctance in action, is his exquisite sense of justice, which shows him how much is to be said upon both sides of a question.

A FEARFUL CRASH.

IN Hartford, Connecticut, there occurred on the morning of May 2 a singular accident, which we illustrate in the accompanying engraving. The Hartford *Courant* of May 5 thus describes the affair:

About 2 o'clock Wednesday morning the north wall of the building known as the City Bindery, near the corner of Trumbull and Pearl streets, fell with a loud crash which startled many of the inhabitants of that vicinity from their slumbers as though it had been an earthquake. The earth had been removed to such an extent to make room for the new building about to be erected by CASE, LOCKWOOD, & CO., that the heavy rains of Tuesday probably started the foundation—hence the accident. The upper story was occupied by CASE, LOCKWOOD, & CO. for bindery purposes, the stories below by O. D. CASE & CO., and others. Owing to the lateness of the hour we were unable to ascertain the extent of the damage done, but the loss will amount to thousands of dollars. It is fearful to think what might have been, had the accident occurred a few hours later, as there are upward of two hundred males and females employed in the building. It seems a providential escape for them.

We mentioned briefly Wednesday morning the fall of the north wall of the City Bindery building on Trumbull Street. In digging a cellar for a new building to be erected by CASE, LOCKWOOD, & CO., on the site of the old jail, workmen went so close to the bindery and under its wall that the violent rain of Tuesday night washed away the remaining foundation, and the wall tumbled with a tremendous crash. A party will running east and west through the building saved the south half from destruction.

The south wall of this structure is standing, and it is said that some of the employés of the establishment who came across the Park yesterday morning entered the building before discovering that any thing had happened. The total loss can not, of course, be exactly settled upon; it will amount probably to over fifty thousand dollars.

O. D. CASE & CO., publishers, conducted their business in the third floor. They had 2000 volumes of GREELEY'S "American Conflict," Vol. I., all ready for delivery; 1500 volumes of JUDGE HENRY MAYER'S "Four Years in Secession;" a quantity of MITCHELL'S Outline Maps. Their loss can not at present be known.

CASE, LOCKWOOD, & CO., in the two upper stories and attic, had 5000 volumes of "Anecdotes of the Rebellion," a part ready for delivery to the Hartford Publishing Company, besides a quantity in various stages of forwardness; selling price $4 a volume.—These will not be a total loss. They also had 15,000 volumes of GREELEY'S "Conflict" in the bindery works for O. D. CASE & CO., selling price $4 to $7 a volume. They were also getting out a quantity of Cottage Bibles, and forty different school-books, on a contract for 30,000, in part already delivered, prices ranging from 75 cents to $3 a volume.



FALL OF THE CITY BINDERY OF O. D. CASE & CO., HARTFORD, CT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY PRESCOTT, HARTFORD, CT.]

BURNING OF CHURCHES IN PETERSBURG.

IN Petersburg, Virginia, where there is said to be, generally, on the part of the citizens, a good feeling toward the freedmen, there is yet enough left of the old barbarism of slavery to incite to the wanton destruction of churches for no other reason than that they are frequented by colored people.

At about 2 A.M. on the morning of May 1 flames were discovered issuing from the Sunday-school of the Union Street (colored) Methodist Church. This room was a separate building, standing a few feet distant from the main body of the Church. Upon the alarm being given the firemen quickly repaired to the spot and succeeded in saving the church, but the school-room was entirely destroyed.

About two hours after this conflagration the alarm was again sounded, and the new African Baptist Church on Harrison Street was found to be on fire, which, notwithstanding the earnest endeavors of the fire department, burned to the ground, the flames having gained a great headway before being discovered.

During the progress of these fires attempts were made to burn two other African churches, the old African on Harrison Street, now used as a school-room, and the Gillfield, quite a handsome edifice on Gill Street. The destruction of these buildings has inflicted a wanton and undeserved injury upon the colored people.

The Petersburg *Daily Index*, commenting on these fires, says:

If the guilty parties imagined that they would find the faintest shadow of approval of their villainy in the sympathy of this community, they have been woefully deceived. In no part of Virginia, or of the South, does a better feeling exist between the whites and blacks. With exceptions too trifling for mention, the demeanor of the colored people in Petersburg has been all that could be desired, and the commendation of their general conduct has been unstinted. But if they had been as riotous as they have been order-



FIRES AT PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA—RUINS OF THE COLORED BAPTIST CHURCH ON HARRISON STREET.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY LAZELLE & M'MULLEN, PETERSBURG, VA.]

by, if they had been as troublesome as they have been if well behaved, such a method of retaliation as this, if it were so designed, would meet the unqualified reproach of our people.

If such things are possible where so good a feeling exists toward the colored people, what treatment may they the latter expect in quarters where it is known that they are the objects of intense and unrelenting hatred?

"MUSTERED OUT" COLORED VOLUNTEERS.

"STANDING before the office of Colonel PAGE, Quarter-master," says our artist, from whose sketch we have engraved the picture on page 308, "the scene which I have sketched was very interesting, occasioned by the meeting of 'mustered out' colored troops with their wives and friends at Little Rock, Arkansas. Just in from Duvall's Bluff, where they had been stationed, their landing created a fury among the resident colored females, many of whom, I am afraid, were disappointed in not meeting those whom they expected. Others rushed into the arms of their husbands with an outburst of uncontrollable affection. Ceremonious introductions between comrades and wives displayed a degree of politeness quite commendatory to all the parties concerned. Children are about with bundles of blankets or knapsacks for their papas, or begged the privilege of carrying a gun for some able warrior, and all in all it was a good humor with the exception of those who missed the faces of their husbands or brothers."

THE BILLS.

HEAR the Tradesmen with their bills—
Scrivened bills!
What a world of misery their very look instills!
Here they bother, bother, bother,
All the day and half the night!
As first one and then another
At our well-rings, to smother
Our pecunious delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Dun-ic rhyme
To the tick which erst they promised, but which now their presents blow sublime.
Bills, bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills—
With the wrangling and the tangling of their bills!

* * * * *

Read the contents of the bills—
Itemed bills!
What a world of bankrupt thoughts in every entry bills!
On our sleepless couch at night,
How in silver will affright
At the melancholy menace we can't shun!
For every boy that brings
The abominable things
Is a dun.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that conspire to heap ill—
Every one—
And who gaining, gaining, gaining—
A mercury crew—
Feel a glory in so draining
From our pockets every sou—
They are Grocers, they are Bakers,
They are Tailors, Mantua-makers,
They are Jews;
And their vile Collector runs;
And he duns, duns, duns,
For payment of the bills!
And his merry bonum thrills
With the pain's' of the bills!
And he bozzes and he swills;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Bacchanal rhyme
To the payin' of the bills—
Of the bills:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of drunken rhyme,
To the robbing of the bills—
Of the bills, bills, bills—
To the fobbing of the bills;
Giving very little time
As he drills, drills, drills
In a harpy Dun-ic rhyme
For the payment of the bills—
Of the bills, bills, bills—
No delayment of the bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills—
Of the owing and outgoing of the bills.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 1.—

In the House, Mr. Eliot offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Select Committee on Freedmen to inquire into the expediency of making an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars for the immediate relief of the destitute white population and freedmen in various portions of the South.—The President's Bureau Appropriation Bill was passed.—The bill to amend the act of July 4, 1864, to encourage immigration was passed. The purpose of the amendment is to prevent the sale or transfer of convicts, and to avert the progress of disease consequent upon the overcrowding of vessels, inadequate accommodations, etc.

May 2.—

In the Senate, Mr. Dixon offered an amendment for the proposition of the Committee of Fifteen. It declares that when any of the late rebellious States shall comply with, and not only in word, but in attitude of loyalty, but represented by men capable of assuming to constitutional tests, it shall be admitted to the right of representation.—The Post-office Appropriation bill next being taken up, Mr. Thurman briefly sanctioned, rectifying the payment of salaries to those postmasters whose nominations have been confirmed by the Senate, was adopted: year 19, nays 11.

May 3.—

In the Senate, Mr. Chandler, from the Conference Committee on the Telegraphic Telegraph bill, made a report, which was agreed to. The bill now awaits the signature of the President.

In the House, the bill to admit Colorado was passed—92 to 58.

May 4:

In the House, the bill to revive the grade of General in the United States army was taken up, and, after speeches in its favor by Messrs. Deming and Raymond, was passed —116 to 14.

May 7:

In the Senate, the motion to reconsider the vote on Mr. Trumbull's amendment to the Post-office bill was taken up at 1 o'clock, and after debate was carried—yeas 25, nays 19.

In the House, the Internal Revenue bill was elaborately discussed by Messrs. Morrill and Raymond.

RECONSTRUCTION.

It is reported on good authority that President Johnson met his Cabinet on the 80th of April, to consult with the members on the report submitted by the Committee of Fifteen. It is said that, with a single exception, all the members declared themselves entirely satisfied with it. Secretary Seward was not present. The President was asked if he would veto the bill, and he replied in the negative, and declared himself against all conditions whatever. The exception was represented to be that the Southern States, in the shape of amendments to the Constitution, by the proper action of the Legislatures, should have it under the Constitution no State could be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate. The President says he can conscientiously ought to be at once admitted into the respective States, as he proposed, and the Union restored. He was for a rigid adherence to the Constitution as it is, and, as the Constitution had provided no amendment to meet a terrible rebellion, he thought that the Government could be restored without a resort to new legislation. He said, in general terms, that if the organic law is to be changed at all, it should be done when all the States had and can people can participate in the alteration.

THE CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

It appears from the records of the Treasury Department that, while the escape and capture of the President of the rebellion were the chief events which occupied the attention of the country, the Government Wilson says that Lieutenant-Colonels Hardwick and Pritchard were assisting in civil and military affairs and activity with which they conducted the pursuit, and that it is to their energy and skill more than to any other person that they were ignorant of the report of the time of the capture. Colonel Pritchard says he was at the time of the capture, and distinguish the uniform. He was also that he could not have been in the dress of a woman. In the course of his narrative, Colonel Pritchard says that the camp was accosted by Davis from among the prisoners, who asked if I was the officer in command; and upon my answering him that I was, he inquired what I was to call him, he replied that I might call him what it was—I replied that I should call him Davis. I would call him Davis; and upon a moment's hesitation he said that was the name. Then he called his children by their with true royal dignity, and exclaimed: 'I suppose you consider it a great feather in your cap to capture women and children; but it is theft and Vandalism!'" Nothing is said in the narrative about his being disguised.

OUR FINANCIAL CONDITION.

The last of May public debt statement from the Treasury Department shows a reduction in the gross debt of $15,505,875 since April 1; the funded gold-bearing debt of 1867 increased $6,000,000; the gold-bearing 5-20 legal tenders decrease $7,000,000; the deposits in the Treasury, including $9,000,000 of gold, amount to about $54,000, while the cash on hand to pay them off amounts to $137,000,000, of which $76,000,000 is gold. The amount of this gold belonging absolutely to the Treasury is $61,000,000, the amount belonging to the certificate holders. The whole reduction since last summer, when the war debt reached its maximum, is $400,000,000.

GENERAL SHERIDAN BEFORE THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

We make the following abstract from the evidence submitted by General Sheridan to the Reconstruction Committee containing his department:

Q.—What are now the feelings of those who took part in the rebellion, as manifested within your limits toward the General Government? *A.*—I believe they accept the situation, and have an earnest desire for the restoration of perfect Union, but exhibit, at the same time, an unmistakable desire for glorification.

Q.—What has been the effect of the unstinted exercise of the pardoning power upon such persons? *A.*—It has given them more friendly or otherwise toward the Federal Government? *A.*—I have noticed no particular change in sentiment on account of the clemency of the Executive.

Q.—What would be the effect of withdrawing, upon the State organization, if the people were left without control to act for themselves? *A.*—I believe they would quarrel among themselves, and that the sensible and substantial people would regret the absence of the military force.

Q.—Are the offices of the State now in the hands of loyal or disloyal men? *A.*—A very large number of the offices of the State are in the hands of returned Union-Confederate soldiers and other active participants in the rebellion; I am unable to say what their actual sentiments are in reference to the General Government, but think their outspoken sentiments good to some extent. I have not the best policy in order to hold the office: I have seen those high in authority in a translation state for the same reason.

Q.—What are regarded as the chief recommendations for offices, and what sort of persons would be elected without any outside influence? *A.*—The inclination to glorify rebellion gives those who were active participants in it the preference of election by the people or appointment by those in power.

Q.—What would be the condition of the loyal men if they were left without any protection by the Federal Government? *A.*—My impression is that the power they would feel unsafe, and many of them leave the country.

Q.—Your opinion is to be governed by the constitutions of a military force in your department, and your views of the duties of the Freedmen's Bureau? *A.*—I maintain a military force in my division for the following reasons: The Freedmen's Bureau is necessary to protect the people, and to give an actual and moral support to the Freedmen's Bureau in the work out his social system. I also believe its presence necessary to prevent quarreling among the white people themselves.

Q.—What is your opinion as to the necessity and expediency of the Freedmen's Bureau? *A.*—The Freedmen's Bureau gives that security to the freedman which arises from his having some one to look after and watch his interests. A change might be made by appointing an Inspector-General of Freedmen, with subordinates, whose distinct Inspectors, under charge of the Department Commander, which would be much more economical; but it would be imposing duties on the military which I do not recommend, as I think it should be kept entirely separate to do with civil affairs.

Q.—What would be the condition and fate of the freedman if left without protection under the exclusive control of the State governments? *A.*—The freedman would be a great deal of trouble. A large number of the people would be in need field for some time. Many of the freedmen who would not; and a war of races to some extent would probably be the result.

Q.—State fully your opinion as to the capacity of the colored people, as a class, for self-support? *A.*—I believe can they exercise the rights of freemen? Are they willing and seeking to work without compulsion, receiving a kind treatment and fair wages; and state what in your judgment is the best course to pursue in reference to these people? *A.*—The colored race, like all other races, have different degrees of intelligence and capacity. In New Orleans, where colored people are better treated than in any other portion of the United States, there is an excellent colored society, and a very high degree of refinement exists in it. Many of them have left the city and into the State of Louisiana, and find the colored man about as ignorant as it is possible for any human being to be. The freedmen, so far as I am informed, have a great desire to learn; I am not any whether they learn rapidly or not. I believe they are willing to work, because their necessities compel them to do so; in this they are like all other races; I never have known a white or a black man to say he was perfectly satisfied with his lot in life. I believe that the best thing that Congress or States can do is to legislate as little as possible in reference to the colored man beyond giving him security in his person and property. His social status will be worked out by the logic of the necessity for his labor. It is the only labor to be obtained in the South for some time to come.

Q.—These make such suggestions as occur to your mind as to the most judicious and efficient remedies for the evils that exist in your Department, growing out of the late rebellion? *A.*—The feeling and sentiment of those within the limits of my command is good, perhaps, as could be expected, still not satisfactory. The people of Louisiana are very poor, and to the rest of my State although many escape exist upon, perhaps, the majority of the plantations in the State for debts contracted since the war. In many instances the plantations will fall into the hands of Northern people, who will require a certain time, which, for a very distant period, control Louisiana, even in sentiment. Having this opportunity to speak, as it is not certifying that a spirit of bitterness and discord should exist. I believe that a majority of the people are truly loyal to the General Government, and, in fact, earnestly desire to be restored to the full rights and privileges of our other States. Still, sufficient time has not yet elapsed to efface the recollection of their having been in rebellion, and measures are limited means—the charging of being conquered, and to submerge the feeling of disloyalty and animosity. The restrictions. This latter idea and its consequence prevails to so great an extent that I am of the opinion that the military in Louisiana for some time as necessary for the security of the Freedmen and loyal men. Florida is not poor from old debts and havoc of war like Louisiana; and the tone and sentiment of the people is very fair, and a great desire is manifested to be restored to a perfect union. Texas is somewhat similar to that of the rebellion. Among the best people there is a very good feeling toward the General Government, and a desire for restoration; there, however, which this sentiment does not control, and which can not be controlled by the military. The sentiment also in this State will not change from the influence of Northern emigration and capital, as in the State of Louisiana. It is essential that the military in considerable force be maintained in the Department of Texas.

NEWS ITEMS.

Antolos Probst has made a full confession to his priest of all the murders he has been being family, committing with Cornelius Carey, the hired boy. He had no accomplice in his flight to the Pacific coast, and would have confessed to all the murders before, but he feared that if he did so he would be executed by the mob.

The demand for petroleum in Europe alone for the year 1866 is estimated at 80,000,000 gallons. The consumption in 1865 was 40,000,000 gallons; against 10,000,000 in 1862. In 1864 was 40,000,000 gallons; against 10,000,000 in 1862. There is also a brisk demand for it in every country in the world that has not the natural value of artificial light and of machinery.

The Georgia Scotia Legislature has voted $2000 to the widow of Dr. Slayton, who died by cholera while employed in attending on the sufferers from that scourge.

A serious riot occurred at Memphis, Tennessee, on the 1st inst., between a band of defeated and negro soldiers, growing out of an attempt of the police officers to arrest a white man whom the negroes undertook to protect. Six policemen was killed and three wounded. Thirty houses, occupied by negroes, were burned, and all the school-houses used in Memphis were pulled down or burned, and about twenty negroes were killed.

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Mr. Frederick, the murderer of General M'Cook, was released on parole at Huntsville, Alabama, a few days since. Gurley is still under the sentence of death, as set upon the duties of his office.

The Governor of Georgia, Georgia, have forbidden the freedmen from strewing flowers on the graves of the Confederate soldiers. The colored people assembled recently at one of their school-houses near the cemetery, for the above purpose, and proceeded with flowers, wreaths, and banners. Their teachers, white and black, accompanied them, and they marched to spend their offerings upon the graves of the nation's dead. The procession was met at the gate of the cemetery by the Mayor of the city and a strong force of police, and despite the entreaties of the teachers and friends of the poor negroes, was strewing refused admission.

The Methodist Episcopal Church (South), now in Conference at the Capital, has changed its name to Episcopal Methodist. This has been done to make a Union with the Methodist Episcopal Church impossible.

The ladies of Columbus, Mississippi, recently decorated the graves of the Confederate dead in the cemetery of that city. They also paid the same mark of respect to the graves of soldiers of the United States buried near by. This act elicits the approval of the press of that city, which claims that the slanderous charge ever has been made to the disunited heroes of opposite sides.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis was permitted to visit her husband at Fortress Monroe last week.

The Texas Constitutional Convention up by the late Convention, will be submitted to the people on the fourth Monday in June. It formally abolishes slavery, and places the freedmen on an equality with white before the law.

The corner-stone of the monument to be erected over the graves of the Confederate dead will be laid at some time during the month of May or June; and the Trustees have made the matter of invitation to President Johnson, Seward, Secretary of State, to be the center of the occasion.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Reform Bill has passed the British House of Commons by a majority of five votes.

The German quarrel has not advanced either toward a peaceful or a pronounced hostile issue. If Count Bismarck is passionate upon war, he will not be strongly supported either at home or by the minor States. A meeting of the princes of the Middle and Southern districts of Berlin was held at Berlin April 18, when the following resolution, supported by several of the Princes of the Confederation, was adopted: "That a war for the annexation of the Duchies was unjustifiable, and that Prussia should be held responsible as Count Bismarck to ground the interests of Germany and to ward off danger. Italy's friendly Government promising the confidence of the people would be strong enough to solve this question without bloodshed and also that of a reform of the Federal Constitution." Popular meetings have been held at Dijon and Nancy, at which the making of the opposition to the war was expressed.

Austria will not hold with the stronger position at present. The Austrian reply to the dispatch of Earl Russell, urging the maintenance of peace, says: "Austria is formally bound to uphold the rights of the inhabitants of the Duchies, and she would not without serious surrender to the dominion of Prussia. The Duchies should be united under an independent sovereign, and she will in the population respected. The decision of the majority of the Diet April 30, should be considered as binding. The Austrian and Prussian armies ought to withdraw from the Duchies, and the contingent under the federal contingent of the Federal Diet. Three months after the withdrawal of the Austrian and Prussian troops the people would choose their own form of government. Austria accepts Russia's proposition to which the people may agree, even should it be in favor of annexation to Prussia."

In France the election of a deputy to the Corps Legislatif for the department of the Bas-Rhin has resulted in the return of M. Frederic Baudrimont, the Government candidate, by 19,000 votes. M. Laboulaye, the Opposition candidate, obtained 9,000 votes.

We have a report of a great victory of the Chinese Imperialists over the rebels in the northern city Shou-tsang-Tsaupins are said to have been slaughtered or taken prisoners.

The wife of Thomas Carlyle recently died very suddenly while taking a carriage ride in Hyde Park.

M. Rouher's book on the Apostles has just been published. In this will not probably read that of his "Lettres" "Il est mieux de s'attaquer au bon Dieu qu'à ses saints."

BURNETT'S COCOAINE kills dandruff, dresses the hair perfectly, and imparts softness and glossy. There are worthless imitations of which the public should beware.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, Proprietors.

We clip the following from the Chicago Evening Journal of April 28th:

A WORD ABOUT GIFT CONCERTS.—When hundreds are investing in gift concerts every day, and thousands of others are intending to do so, a word about their respective claims may be of some importance. We advise all our readers to govern themselves by the following facts.

1st. The National Gift Concert is the only one owned and controlled by a party of responsible business reputation and ability. Martin O'Brien, the proprietor, carries on a large patronage wholesale and retail business apart from this enterprise and of ten times more value. Indeed, this concert is owned by him merely to advertise his regular business, and not as a means of making money. In this account he is placed in a position to insure that the proprietors of other concerts must retain for their profits.

2d. Mr. O'Brien is the only party who is vitally interested in making a success of the scheme, and therefore the fair and honest. His success in using it for an advertising medium, and indeed, his entire future business depend upon making his concert satisfactory to every ticket-holder.

His past experience as a merchant fits him in the best manner for the future. Of the thousands of customers already served by him, there are few who have not heard a word of dissatisfaction. In every instance the prizes were ready for delivery before the drawing, and were sent to any and all delivered as fast as called for. And he is the only one who has never postponed the time of drawing.

3d. Mr. O'Brien is the only proprietor of the gift concerts who gives a full list of his prizes completely numbered, and who gives a full and satisfactory explanation of the manner in which the prizes will be drawn and delivered. This he does in a neatly-bound book, which, besides this, contains many valuable statistics, and is sent *free of charge with every ticket.*

4th. Mr. O'Brien's concerts offers better inducements than any other concert or gift enterprise in existence.

It gives a larger number of prizes in proportion than any other.

It is the only one whose small prizes are not made up of cheap jewelry or other worthless articles.

It is the only one that gives its patrons besides the privilege of exchanging their prizes for other goods.

It is the only one that is conducted and sustained by the citizens of Chicago.

5th. If you are not satisfied of these facts, and that O'Brien's is the place to buy tickets, we would suggest that you call on some friend, or to any other citizen, public merchant, banker, or editor in Chicago, with instructions to invest in the most reliable one, without naming any. In ninety-nine cases in a hundred they will buy at O'Brien's.

5th. There is no danger of losing money in sending by mail. Address plainly, M. O'BRIEN, 123 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, and receive tickets and book by return mail.

Read the advertisement on the last page.

Remember the drawing takes place May 31st, and the tickets are nearly all sold already.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

I. H. WALRAVEN,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
Lace Curtains,
WINDOW SHADES,
CURTAIN MATERIALS,
AND
HOUSE-FURNISHING LINENS.
NEW MARBLE BUILDING,
No. 686 Broadway, New York.

THE PUBLISHER:
BETSEY JANE WARD,
HER BOOK OF GOAKS.
Every reader of the works of A. Ward (Showman) must surely get this companion volume. It is one of the richest specimens of comic literature extant—fully equal, many think, to the writings of A. Ward himself. The orders are pouring in for it. Remember, first come first served. Colored Illustrations 1 vol., 12mo. Elegantly bound in cloth. Price $1.50. Sold by booksellers, and will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price, by JAMES O'KANE, Publisher, 128 Nassau Street, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,
Have Just Published:
GILBERT RUGGE,
A NOVEL.
By THE AUTHOR OF "A FIRST FRIENDSHIP."
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WITH THE COMPOUND CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT OF VALUABLE MEDICINAL ROOTS AND HERBS.

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WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D.,

Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, formerly Assistant Physician in the Blackwell's Island Hospitals, late Medical Inspector of the New York State Volunteer Depots, under Governor Edwin D. Morgan.

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HAS PRODUCED A REVOLUTION IN MEDICINE.

What may seem almost incredible is that many diseases hitherto considered hopelessly incurable are frequently cured in a few days or weeks; and we cheerfully invite the investigations of the liberal-minded and scientific to cases which have no parallel at the present day.

During the past five years we have contended with obstacles, and overcome opposition, as heretofore, as were ever encountered by any reformer.

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Some say, "Your cures are too quick," while others doubt their permanence, and think that diseases can only be cured by the long, tedious, expensive, old method.

This is our reply: In health the body, like a well-balanced scale, is in a state of Equilibrium. But when, from any cause, down goes one side of the scale, we have the effect of disease. What is requisite is to restore the normal balance of the scale.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Is a positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, and for all Chronicdiary) Diseases transmitted from Parent to Child.

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It is so universally admitted that Constitution Life Syrup is the most effective means of restoration in the various forms of Paralysis, that we need not reiterate that it is emphatically the Great Life-giving Power.

DYSPEPSIA.

Indigestion, Weight at stomach, Flatulence, Liver Complaint, Loss of Appetite, Bad Breath, Constipation, Biliousness.

SCROFULA.

Sirsima, King's Evil, Glandular Swellings, Rheumatism, Ulceration, Salt Rheum.

This taint (hereditary and acquired), filling life with untold misery, is by all usual medical remedies, incurable.

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CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Purges the system entirely from all the evil effects of Mercury, removing the bad Breath, and curing the Weak Joints and Rheumatic Pains which the use of Calomel is sure to produce. It harduces Spongy Gums, and secures the Teeth as firmly as ever.

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Eradicates, rost and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, like

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And all other affections of this kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

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Either of the Nose, Throat, Tongue, Spine, Forehead, or Scalp, no remedy has ever proved its equal.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 491.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE MEMPHIS RIOTS.

THERE was in Memphis, on the first two days of May, an excitement unequaled since the close of the war. The origin of the disturbance between the whites and negroes of that city was highly discreditable to the colored soldiers, and the riotous proceedings which followed were a disgrace to civilization. For the riot the lower class of white citizens were as responsible as were the soldiers of the Third United States Colored Infantry for the original difficulty. This regiment, whose reputation has been a bad one, had been mustered out, since which they had frequented whisky-shops in the southern part of the city, and had been guilty of excesses and disorderly conduct. On the evening of May 1 some drunken members of the regiment were on South Street, talking noisily, when in an insolent manner they were ordered by two policemen to cease their noise and disperse. Words ensued, followed by blows, throwing of missiles, and firing of revolvers.

To understand what followed it must be remembered that the police force of Memphis is composed mostly of Irishmen, whose violent prejudice against negroes was so shamefully displayed in the New York riots of 1863. The *Times* correspondent thus described the riot:

Word was sent to police head-quarters, and the whole force at once proceeded to the scene of the fray, being joined on the way thither by armed and excited citizens. Meanwhile the firing had brought other negroes to the spot, some armed with clubs and some with revolvers, so that by the time the police force came up the two parties were about equal in number. The negroes held the original position, and, upon the approach of the police, showing no determination to abandon it, were fired upon by the police and citizens who accompanied them. This fire was returned, and for a while both parties busied themselves in discharging their revolvers as rapidly as possible. Meanwhile word was sent to General Swayzeas, who promptly dispatched to the scene of action a company of Regulars (whites), where the negroes were quickly dispersed and driven in every direction.

During the evening the wildest and most exaggerated reports were spread throughout the city. Every communication of the incidences of the fight told a different story, and the highest excitement prevailed. Each rumor placed a worse aspect upon the affair than the preceding one, and only served to develop the pent-up prejudices against the negro. Soon after dark this excitement and prejudice found vent. Large numbers of armed citizens repaired to the scene of the fight and commenced firing upon every negro who made himself visible. One negro upon South Street, a quiet, inoffensive laborer, was shot down almost in front of his own cabin, and after life was extinct his body was fired into, cut and beat in a most horrible manner. In all parts of the city, wherever they could be seen, negroes were fired upon by policemen as well as citizens. They were shot while driving hacks, and quietly walking in the streets about their business. The police seemed to make it their special business to shoot every negro they could see, no matter where he was or what he was doing. The result was that by 9 o'clock the colored population were in close hunting with wild alarm. How many negroes were killed during the night it is impossible to ascertain, as firing was constantly heard during the earlier hours in all parts of the city. It is estimated that from 15 to 20 were killed. So far as I have been able to learn, not a white man was fired upon by a negro during the whole night.

After the fight of Tuesday evening the negro soldiers and most of the colored population residing in the vicinity of the fight fled to the fort for security. They were perfectly quiet—in fact, were terribly frightened for their own safety. At eight early hour yesterday morning every thing



SCENES IN MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, DURING THE RIOT—BURNING A FREEDMEN'S SCHOOL-HOUSE.
[SKETCHED BY A. R. W.]



SCENES IN MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, DURING THE RIOT—SHOOTING DOWN NEGROES ON THE MORNING OF MAY 2, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. W.]

in the neighborhood of the late fight was quiet and peaceable. Few, indeed, were the persons to be seen in the vicinity. The boldest of even those killed the evening before lay unburied where they fell, to some caste horribly mutilated and disfigured. Before the hour of 9 citizens, armed with revolvers, sticks, and muskets, with a squad of policemen, regulated the firing upon every they reached the place they encountered firing upon every negro in sight. It was said that negroes had shot two white men who were grimly passing along in that vicinity in the morning, but this was doubtless one of those wild and unfounded rumors called out by the excitement and offended rumors called out by the unjust prejudices elements of the occasion. Certain it is that the greater part of the unrepentant rebels against the Government of the bullets were fired, and could thus be the communication reliable source. Immediately upon the first firing, the negroes fring by the negroes, and by the rapidity with which the city that the fight had been renewed, and a large force of citizens and police, with a number of United States fire-guns, and ordered to the field of battle. By 10 o'clock, a large force, collected in the vicinity, who dealt out destruction to every colored man who came in their way. Several negro women and children were shot, in several instances from eight to ten bullets hitting them. As far as I can see, there were no armed negroes in the whole neighborhood, and I have the testimony of many respectable men, citizens and gentlemen to the same effect. The negro soldiers, and many not soldiers, stood trembling in the rear, with their side-arms unbuckled, and beyond even the range of shot-guns of those who were engaged in shooting down the crowd. Of a helpless men, women, and children. The arrival of a company of rangers upon the ground restored quiet, and the citizens and police gradually retired. How many negroes were killed in this vicinity during the morning will not known. The amount, however, was considerable. During the entire day they were shot down as they met the party in the city. But one white man was killed in the entire day, and he was shot by another white man for the single reason that he stood talking with an old negro acquaintance. Such familiarity could not be tolerated. A negro, after carefully inquiry, failed to find a single instance where a white man was shot at during the 3d that he was a negro.

Soon after dark the red glare of fire shot up in the southern part of the town, then the flames burst into the eastern part, and then they rolled up in the northern portion of the city. Seventy-eight houses, occupied by negroes, every school-house for colored children, and even the building of worship for the freedmen were given to the devouring element. Lincoln Chapel, costing $12,000, was one of the what the negroes had generously destroyed, being the church of the city—a large edifice, lately occupied by the corner of Main and Overton streets, and capable of seating the five-dozen rebel army into a heap of blackened and charred ruins. And while the fire rolled on and up, drunkenness and rapine were unrestrained and approved. At this writing no estimate of the damage caused by the fire can be made, so great is the confusion and excitement.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1866.

THE TRIAL OF THE GOVERNMENT.

It seems to us they greatly mistake the temper of the loyal majority of the American people who suppose that because there are differences among them upon certain points of policy, they will, therefore, from sheer impatience, grow careless of securing the victory they have won. If the correspondent of the London *Times* reply, even the President himself makes the mistake of considering the loyal majority as aiming merely at a party advantage and not at public welfare. He forgets that he could be as easily accused of holding his course merely with a design to secure his own re-election. Indeed the freedom with which the President assails the motives of those who decline to receive his views as the perfection of statesmanship is one of the unpleasantest episodes of his interesting tune.

The truth is, that, with the utmost magnanimity and a cordial desire of restoring the Union to its normal condition, there is no conceivable number of faithful Union men in the country who believe that the late rebel States should be restored to their national relations without further conditions. Those who hold that they should be, are the late rebels, their Copperhead allies, and a very few who have hitherto acted with the Union party, and of whom Senator COWAN, of Pennsylvania, is a representative. These all believe with ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, that as Congress did not consent to Secession or to calling States lost it consequently right to resume all their relations with the Union at their pleasure. There is no middle ground between this preposterous proposition and the position of the faithful citizens who sustained the war and elected Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. JOHNSON. As Mr. JOHN L. THOMAS, Jun., of Maryland, said, in his manly and admirable speech of the 21st of April, the late rebels "are either to be consulted as to what conditions will best please them, or we are to impose such guarantees as Congress in its wisdom may deem best for the public good."

In determining these guarantees there is no limit to the authority of the Government for its own discretion. The rebel forces have surrendered, but the Government has not laid down its arms, and General SHERIDAN assures us that it will be long before they can be safely relinquished. The right to defend its own existence against armed assailants, which is inherent in the Constitution and in the nature of things, emanent itself authorized the Government to wage war against the rebels, and the authority to maintain its security by exacting guarantees of defeated rebels is a necessary part of the same inherent right. There was no express verbal provision of the Constitution for emancipation or for any other measure of war, nor for the appointment of Provisional Governors by the President. But the power of the Government is not limited by its enemies. Its rightful action is not subject to their discretion. Because they lay down their arms, they can not compel the Government to connive at its own subversion. The Union is restored, and the rights of the States are resumed, not when ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and the Copperheads say so, but when the loyal people of the United States in Congress assembled are content to declare it.

That declaration should be made only after the most careful investigation and reflection. It is not surprising that the late insurgents should desire to soothe with angry passions. It was to be expected that Union men would still be hated and maltreated. It is natural that men like HENRY A. WISE should continue to rave and swear at the Union which, although they have so long plotted and acclaimed. It is not strange that conspicuous rebels should be unanimously elected to the highest local offices, and that men whose hands are still trembling with the effort to overthrow the Government should demand with pronounce those who have maintained it at the most costly sacrifice as enemies of the Constitution. It was above all to be expected that the freedmen, whose fidelity to the Union has been proved, should be the victims of those whose war for slavery has ended in emancipation.

All these things are natural phenomena of the situation. There was no thoughtful man who did not anticipate them, and only the foolish are disappointed now that they are so overwhelmingly apparent. But these phenomena are contemplated without anger as without surprise. They serve to admonish us all that the conditions imposed upon the rebels in a spirit may resume their national relations must be determined with great sagacity and prudence. Great risks are of course to be taken. That is the inevitable law of the situation. "Bring us back!" sneered LOUIS WIGFALL in the dark days of 1860, when the Senate chamber, to which his constituents had sent a secession, rang with the contemptuous fury of secession: "When you undertake that, and have accomplished it, you may be like the man who purchased the elephant—you will find it rather difficult to decide what you will do with the animal." None of us supposed that the end of the war would solve all problems. The question to be decided would plainly then be the one which we are now reaching, whether, the attempt of forcible secession having failed, and the rebel States having accepted their relations upon prescribed conditions, the controlling majority of the American people would still maintain the Government of the Union was for the constitutional forms, or permit it to be subverted.

We have now, therefore, to decide under what conditions that form of political experiment shall be tried. Sooner or later the normal condition of the country must be restored, and there is no conceivable method of doing it the strain and friction of the trial that will follow can be avoided. Certain conditions we may see at once would be useless. General disfranchisement, for instance, would postpone the experiment. Holding the suspended States as conquered provinces, also, prolongs and complicates, but does not obviate the peril. Only rational solution of the problem is to confide the experiment of a popular government to its principle in such a way that it shall have a fair trial. Whether it will fail or not is for human nature which is responsible. If the lawfully-expressed will of the people of the United States is that this Union shall end and the Government be lost, there is no further alternative or appeal. But to ascertain this will, to satisfy the conditions of the trial, the whole ground must be occupied. It will not do to follow JAMES M. MASON's advice to Virginia, and hang or shoot every man who votes in a certain way, or CLINGMAN's promise that the North Carolina Union men should be hunted by "the swift attention of Vigilance Committees."

The risk that we undertook when we fought to defend the Government and save the Union was not, if we succeeded, to govern half of the country as a subjugated province or colony without consent of the governed, nominally, but it was to trust the Union to the people of the Union, some of whom hated it and had fought against it, and would still oppose it and vote against it, and delay in the trial the better; for delay endangers a just decision by breeding impatience among loyal citizens anxious to renew their old relations with the States lately in arms. The important element of the experiment was thus evident. It was the late slave population. The war had made them freemen and citizens. If the old order of the national system were restored, and they were not consulted, and the Government were embarressed or ruined by an alliance of Republicans and Copperheads, the experiment of a popular government would be as far from satisfactory solution as ever. It can be satisfactorily tried only by an equality of electoral rights over the whole population. The experiment is not satisfactorily tried evidently if 631,000 citizens, as in North Carolina, are invested with political power to the exclusion of 331,000 who have the same qualifications except color; or if, as in Virginia, 719,000 have 490,000; or, as in Alabama, 596,000 may exclude 437,000; or, in Georgia, 591,000 may exclude 465,000; or, in Louisiana, 357,000 may exclude 350,000; or, in Mississippi, 353,000 may exclude 436,000; or, in South Carolina, 291,000 may exclude 411,000.

Under the circumstances of the case, as we have defined them, this electoral equality may be secured either directly or indirectly. Congress may, as a measure of national security, determine that it shall vote, either by express specification or by sanctioning the provisions of a State Constitution, and guarding against its unfair operation. This is obviously a measure of exceptional measure. In the normal operation of our system the regulation of suffrage is left to the States, and it would be touched by the National Government in this instance for the the same reason that property in slaves was touched —for the public safety. The right of a State unquestionably elected to the highest local offices, and that men whose hands are still trembling with the effort to overthrow the Government should demand

Of the remainder of the debt—say $1,100,000,000 (exclusive of greenbacks)—about half, $550,000,000, is in the shape of Five-Twenty Bonds, which are redeemable next year. It is not settled whether they are redeemable in gold or greenbacks. Mr. Chase unofficially assured holders that they were payable in gold. It is not known, however, that the Government will do more than it is obliged to do, and as the law is not explicit, it is as well to assume that they will be paid in paper. A further sum of $62,000,000 in debt certificates is also redeemable within the year; $130,000,000 of deposit certificates; and about one-third of the outstanding compound-interest notes—say $60,000,000. Thus, in all, assuming that the new consol prove a success, and be negotiable at par, within twelve months, it is in the power of the Secretary to fund therein $772,000,000 of the public debt. Should Mr. M'Culloch share Mr. Chase's views, and consider the Five-Twenties payable in gold, the aggregate would be reduced to $252,000,000. In 1867–8 and 1868–9 the balance of the compound-interest notes—$130,000,000—might be funded. In 1869 and 1870 the last Five-Twenties—$171,000,000—would mature, and might be disposed of. In 1872 and '73 the Five-Twenties created by the conversion of Seven-Thirties would mature, and might be paid off or converted. And, lastly, in 1874 the Ten-Forties might be exchanged.

Clearly, then, the consolidation of the public debt into a 5 per cent. consol is going to be a slow business under the most favorable circumstances.

But what if a 5 per cent. loan could not be negotiated at par? What if the design of the bill was to prevent any successful negotiation by the Secretary? These are questions of moment. It was Senator Sherman who defeated the Secretary's plan for the contraction of the currency and the gradual absorption of the greenbacks with a view to resumption. It is the same Senator Sherman who now restricts the funding powers of the Department to a 5 per cent. loan at par, well knowing that to be only 5 per cents. in existence are selling at 93¾, after having been for a year between 90 and 92. Certainly, if a 5 per cent. loan could not be negotiated at par, the debt certificates and deposits on call would have to be renewed, the compound-interest notes would not be distributed, no effort would be made to pay the old Five-Twenties next year, and a plethora of money would prevail at the monetary centres, which would make the fortune of the speculators who are said to have influential friends in the House and the Senate at Washington.

Senator Sherman's bill seeks to enlist public favor for the new 5 per cents. by exempting them from taxation. Has any one reflected upon the practical effects of such an exemption? Supposing the bill passed and the bonds were negotiated, what would be the result? Why, simply that the capitalists and rich men of the country would be exempt from taxes, while poor men paid them. How long would such an inequality be endured? Among the causes of the French Revolution De Tocqueville enumerates, first, the exemption of the nobles from taxation, and adds that subsequent French governments, taught by experience, have carefully avoided this error. And this is the policy which Senator Sherman now recommends us to adopt!

A SUPERFLUOUS JURY.

It is very authoritatively announced that the Government of the United States is about submitting the decision of the justice of the late war to twelve chance men in Richmond, Virginia. For what purpose this is to be done is not clear. If the twelve men decide that the Government had no right to wage war, what then? If they declare that it was justified, what then? Will any body's opinion be changed? In the former case, will those of us who supported the war regret our conduct, or feel that we convicted the murder of the heroes by whom all true hearts forever honor? In the latter case, will those who opposed the war acknowledge their prolonged and miserable mistake? The sole question which can engage the consideration of the twelve men is, whether secession is a right reserved to the States by the Constitution? But can that question be more absolutely and finally decided than it has been by the sword?

The plea of Jefferson Davis precedes the question of treason. He would willingly agree that treason should be punished. But he would contend that he has not committed treason. Treason against the United States, says the Constitution, "shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." But this is true only or a citizen of the United States. Davis argues that he was not a citizen. He contends that his sovereign State had withdrawn and had thereby released him from allegiance to the United States. Therefore, while he would not deny that he levied war, he would insist that he did so not as a citizen of the United States but of a political community with which the United States were at war. Consequently he is an alien enemy, not a traitor.

Suppose, however, that the twelve men decide that this plea is of no avail; that a State is not sovereign, and can not withdraw from the Union, and that the allegiance of every citizen is due to the national authority; yet, we ask again, what have they decided which the whole country has not already decided by the most tremendous ordeal? This decision certainly gains nothing in weight or solemnity by the approval of the twelve men. Mr. Alexander H. Stephens and his friends do not change their opinion. Certainly loyal men do not change theirs. In the eloquent words of the first Jefferson Davis does not become a criminal, even though hung upon a gallows; in the judgment of the last, he is not a hero on a patriot though he go untouched. Upon what points, then, and to what purpose, are the twelve men summoned to decide?

It is to determine whether there is such a crime as treason? But the Constitution defines it, and there is no question. Is it to decide whether Davis is guilty or innocent? But that question is already settled by the refusal of the country to admit the plea under which he levied war. Is it to make treason and traitor odious? But that work has been done by convicting and hanging Jefferson Davis when General Humphreys, of Mississippi, who is guilty of exactly the same offense, is elected Governor of Mississippi and Senator Alexander—all of whom are equally guilty with Davis—and who is pardoned by the President that he may exercise his office? The question of treason in the person of Davis hanging upon the gibbet is entirely destroyed in the person of Humphreys sitting in the Governor's chair.

But suppose the twelve men decide, or agree that Davis is not guilty of treason. Is it worth while for the Government of the United States to have gone through such a long ordeal by humiliating position? If the jury be packed the trial is a farce. If it be free, there is the chance and the probability of this humiliation. Now, is there any political advantage to be gained by the trial which can authorize the Government to take such a chance as this? If the accused be convicted he is not disgraced. His offense is political. The dominant can persuade men to regard political offenses as crimes. Does any man suppose that if convicted Davis would be disgraced? How long would be an error as huge as to try him. Today he is a baffled conspirator, and practically the deadest of dead men. Hang him and he becomes a living power in politics, and an eternal remorse to the country. Every reader of history condemns Charles I. until he mounts the scaffold. Do we not all pity him? Did his father's scaffold frighten or deter James II.? We have subdued this vast rebellion by force of arms. The blood it shed has been avenged upon the same field by blood. An argument, its objects, and the characters of those who caused and controlled it, are committed to the tenacious logic of history and the conscience of mankind. Our present duty is not to hang those whom we did not shoot, but to secure ourselves by political measures against political perils.

Of course we speak of Davis merely as a political offender. If he be guilty of complicity with the horrible plot against Andersonville and Salisbury and Belle Isle, or with the crowning crime of the assassination, humanity itself calls for his punishment. The evidence of this latter charge is at the hands of the Judiciary Committee of the House. Before the Richmond trial we hope that Committee will give the country a plain statement of the grounds upon which the President offered a reward for Davis's arrest as a conspirator in the assassination plot.

HOW TO ESCAPE THE CHOLERA.

The cholera first appeared in this country over thirty years ago, and such a vast mass of facts has been gathered that every reasonable inquirer and the doctors have not fully settled upon the means of preventing its incursion and diffusion. But it is forgotten that in the world it takes a long time to settle even the most simple points in any new subject that comes up. And besides, there is, after all, more ascertained by medical men about what the cholera than is commonly supposed; but this is very much kept out of view by the excitement that prevails in relation to the few points that are in dispute.

The world, professional and non-professional, is at work from most different points. The question, whether the cholera is contagious? and every doctor is piled with it by patient and friend and stranger. And you may as well bother a man about a contagionist, or you will give no satisfaction to the questioner or dispatch that introduces the subject. He comes from a narrow view of the facts. One who has a certain set of facts come under his observation, decides that the disease spreads by contagion; while another, from another set of facts, comes to an opposite decision. This is all wrong. What there are numerous facts, and many of them apparently inconsistent, they must be extensively compared and sifted in order to reach correct conclusions. Taking this body of facts as observed by the whole history of the disease, it is clear that its ordinary propagation is by some cause, as yet vet wholly unknown, which does not emanate from the sick, and that it is only now and then contagious. For, not to go into any discussion of this point, while there are occasional facts that show that cholera is communicated from one person to another, it very commonly overleaps the strictest quarantines and sanitary cordons, and often fails to follow the best lines of communication.

Far be it from us to say that all quarantine regulations are to be discarded. Some are necessary. And yet some which are resorted to are useless, others still are absolutely injurious, multiplying the victims of the disease; and none are to be relied upon as certain preventives of its introduction. Reliance, indulged by some, of sealing up this whole country against the cholera by a universal quarantine is preposterous.

So much for quarantine measures. But there are other measures about which there is no dispute, and they are of immense importance in limiting the ravages of cholera if not in preventing its introduction. And yet the whole source is far from being properly appreciated by the community at large.

Promoting cleanliness is one, and we use this expression in its broadest sense. You must have a clean skin, clean clothes, clean air, clean houses, yards, and streets. No filth must be covered up with an outside show of cleanliness. Dirt in cellars, in corners, may do the mischief. A musty carpet, charged with the accumulating filth of months of thriftlessness, may procure the cholera for a family. After all, this interior uncleanliness has more to do with the origination of the disease than what is outside. Bad as are the emanations from decaying vegetable and animal substances, they are nothing like the fetid gases, miasmas and other diseases as those from personal filth, within and without, but especially within, where, pent up from the free air, they act with all their force.

Much is said about disinfectants; but, useful as they are, their use does take the place of cleanliness. We say, then, both to communities and to individuals, *Clean up, clean up*; and when you have done so, keep clean, for cholera is likely to come again; and, if not, there are other diseases, as typhus fever and cholera infantum, constantly, and therefore less strikingly, destructive of life, of which filth is a chief cause.

New York and Philadelphia once presented a decided contrast in the effect of the influence of cleansing measures. Philadelphia adopted them thoroughly, and has but 700 deaths from cholera; while New York, neglecting them, had 3000 deaths.

There is no fact more prominently brought out by the whole history of cholera than that intemperance in drinking is one of the principal causes of its diffusion. It acts in two ways: directly, by predisposing the individual to an attack, a large proportion of the deaths being from the intemperate; and, indirectly, by promoting the uncleanness, poor and irregular living, and crowding together of families. In this way, it could shut up the drinking places we should effectually cut off one of the chief sources—nay, the chiefest source—of the nuisances which so largely generate cholera and various other fatal diseases.

Intemperance in eating predisposes to the disease. But as also does a diet too restricted in quantity or variety. A poor diet will enfeeble the system, and thus render it liable to an attack. A diet restricted in variety does not meet the wants of the system, and so fails to fortify it properly against disease. Those who desire to have such a diet as a rational moderate liver would adopt in ordinary times. Good fresh vegetables and ripe fruits should be used as usual, as a part of the *daily* diet, and not irregularly.

No reliance should be placed upon vaunted prophylactics—that is, things supposed to ward off the disease. Intoxicating drinks are often taken for this purpose, and they are really among the most likely means of bringing on an attack. Good habits of living, the cheerful performance of duty, and a calm trust in Providence, are the best prophylactics. These are the habitual preservatives of the physicians who fearlessly stand at their post in the midst of the pestilence, and very seldom does one of their number fall a victim to it.

LEFT-HAND WRITING.

The specimens of left-hand writing by disabled soldiers, of which we have formerly spoken, were lately exhibited in Washington, and excited very general interest and admiration. Speaker Colfax, General Banks, General Howard, the representative left-handed soldier, with other noted men, made interesting and eloquent speeches, and it was resolved that the collection should be sent out for exhibition at the Great Fair in Paris. Meanwhile those left-handed letters which we have not contributed are invited to send specimens of their writing for reference and preservation to William Oland Bourne, Jun., *New York Soldiers' Friend*, who has devoted himself with untiring energy to this patriotic and illustrative work.

LITERARY.

Fifty pages of this Number we begin the publication of a short story-book by Henry called "The Little Spades," by Miss Warner, author of "The Wide, Wide World."

With the Number for June, 1866, *Harper's Magazine* begins its thirty-third volume. It is the one hundred and twenty-third number of the whole series at this popular periodical, whose hold upon the public does not appear to relax. The circulation is very large, and has increased by twenty thousand copies since the first of the year. The June Number opens with a paper by General Sherman upon his "Personal Recollections of the War." The author is a Virginian, and was a steady Unionist throughout the struggle. His peculiar position, his shrewd humor and observation, and his artistic skill both with pen and pencil make this article, which is one of a series, very entertaining and valuable. A brief paper upon "Gladstone as Leader of the Commons" is a vivid and picturesque sketch, and is the best portrait of the English statesman who now excites such interest and admiration. "The Fall of Richmond" describes that event from the inside. It is written by a resident of that city whose heart sank with Lee's retreating army. The other articles make an excellent variety, and we see no sign of senility in *Harper's Magazine*.

An "Index to the daily *Times* for 1865" is a very useful work, and is the model of an index. We believe it is the first instance of the kind, and a single exception. The book contains twenty thousand references to the events mentioned during that period, each specifying the date, and column of the paper in which it is to be found. It is handsomely printed, and bound in 8vo form, and contains 182 double-column pages. The index applies to other papers as well as the *Times*, the daily news for all the papers being essentially the same.

A modest, anonymous novel, "Ormond: a Tale of Slave Life in Kansas," is published by John Bradburn. Although its date is to appear as interest is vivid, while the novelty of its scenery and incidents, and the skill with which the tale is unfolded, give it a peculiar charm. The evident familiarity of the author with the details of Kansan life under the Border Ruffian régime is remarkable, but imparts a fine local coloring to the events of his story. The plot reveals the essential inhumanity of Slavery, even in its fine forms or the most favorable that is ever, which it is most useful to study in the passionless perspective of centuries. The merit of this modest book is likely to be overlooked, but we heartily commend it to our readers.

"Across the Continent" is the title of the book of Mr. Samuel Bowles, editor of the Springfield *Republican*, recording his observations during his journey with Schuyler Colfax. The key for the most graphic and shrewd report upon the journey over the plains, the Mormon Question, the Pacific Railroad, and Territorial Matters that we have, while the quick and humorous eye, the true and tender heart, and the picturesque and nimble hand of the author, give it a various interest which can not fail to send the book every where over the country. Mr. Bowles is as American and a Yankee in every heart-throb, and the good sense which is manifest through the whole work gives the greatest value to all his opinions upon the immediate and interesting questions he touches.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 8:

In the House, debate was opened on the joint resolution reported by the Reconstruction Committee proposing a Constitutional Amendment.—In the evening the Tax bill was taken up, and after a brief discussion, imposing a tax of five cents per pound on cotton, was adopted.

May 9:

In the Senate, the House resolution appointing a Committee to attend the funeral of Hon. Reverdy Johnson, passed.—A bill to incorporate the National Theological Institute of the Reformed Church was reported. The object of the Institute is the education of colored men for the Christian ministry.

May 10:

In the Senate, the Post-office Appropriation bill was taken up, the pending question being on Mr. Trumbull's amendment, providing that no compensation be paid to any Assistant Postmaster until his appointment shall be confirmed by the Senate, unless commissioned to fill a vacancy occasioned by death, resignation, or expiration of office during the recess of the Senate. The Senate was addressed by Mr. Howard and Mr. Doolittle, by Office Reorganization, and the amendment was disagreed to—June 16, 9 to 37. The bill was then passed.

In the House, the joint resolution to amend the Constitution was passed, including the Disfranchisement clause, 128 to 37.

NEWS ITEMS.

The body of Preston King, late Collector of the Port, May 13, will be removed from Greenwood to Brewerton last, by jumping off a Hoboken ferry-boat into the river, was discovered at 5 A. M. May 14, drifting in through the gap of the Atlantic docks, by Officer Keating.

On the 10th of May Jefferson Davis was indicted for treason by the Grand Jury of the United States District Court now in session at Norfolk, and the trial of the prisoner, it is supposed, will take place in June.

James Stephens, the Fenian Chief, arrived from Liverpool in New York. His arrival was confirmed by the resignation of O'Mahony.

The appointment of Collector Smythe for the Port of New York was confirmed by the Senate May 11.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Russell administration has concluded not to resign, but deemed it prudent to make some concession to the spirit manifested in opposition, in the matter of the proposed Redistribution of Seats. The latter measure will be taken up in the Session of 1867, when it will be framed in Committee.

The Washington correspondent of the London *Times* gives that paper an interesting account of an interview which he had recently with President Johnson.

The German war question was still vexed, and in fact more threatening than at any previous time. Neither Prussia nor Austria would yield to the demands, and neither would either Power consent to disarm. The war spirit was at fever-heat in both. Ten it was known that Prussia had given a gentle hint that the time to strike for Venetia had not yet arrived, and Austria's Emperor then was talked of, for the settlement of the question now so angrily debated.

Since the advent of warm weather the cholera has broken out at the coast towns of Holland and the frontier of Brittany, between the French ports of Brest and St. Nazaire. All vessels from infected ports are now making a few victims in the Dutch Provinces of Luxemburg and in the French Department of Moselle, and the grave question has been what direction the epidemic would be likely to take when in the Northwest. It has now been said from Luxemburg the disease has crossed the Rhine into Holland, and that it has reached Rotterdam, the nearest town to the coast.

Cholera has appeared among the German emigrants awaiting embarkation for America in Liverpool. The Germans were to have gone on board the Steamship *Helvetia* (same line as the *England* and *Virginia*) for New York, but the disease manifesting itself on board almost compelled the other her departure from Liverpool, and two deaths occurred on the same evening. Consequently she came back to Liverpool. The National Steam Navigation Company has decided to stop further emigration by their ships, and the British Government ordered a strict examination of all German emigrants before their embarkation.



EDWIN M. STANTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON. D. C.]

EDWIN M. STANTON.

IT has been usual with some of the admirers of the Secretary of War to compare him with CARNOT, the war minister of the French revolution. The analogy may hold good in respect of the enthusiasm, energy, zeal, and inflexible honesty evinced by each in the performance of public duty; but the burdens which our war imposed upon MR. STANTON far exceeded in their magnitude and complication that most of those that were borne by the celebrated Frenchman.

MR. STANTON came into office on the 20th of JANUARY, 1862, a month before the decisive and cheering victory of Fort Donelson. Though never identified with the party by which MR. LINCOLN was elected, his appointment was urgently recommended by both MR. SEWARD and MR. CHASE, as well as by MR. CAMERON, whose retirement caused the vacancy which he was to fill. He had always been a thorough-going Democrat of the JACKSON school; but these Republican leaders well knew the earnestness of devotion to the Union, and the extraordinary power he had manifested during the disastrous closing days of MR. BUCHANAN'S administration. In those days of gloom and anxiety he was Attorney-General, while Mr. HOLT was Secretary of War, and Mr. DIX Secretary of the Treasury; and it was chiefly to him, and to these patriotic associates of his, that we owe the preservation of the Government from total shipwreck before the 4th of March, 1861, so that the helm of power could be put into the hands of Mr. LINCOLN. The services which Mr. STANTON then rendered were known especially to Mr. SEWARD, with whom, as the designated Secretary of State of the new Executive, he was in constant communication. It was also felt to be desirable to give a prominent part in the work of the Administration to some representative man of the War Democrats who were then nobly sustaining MR. LINCOLN in his efforts to vindicate the national integrity; and accordingly, when MR. CAMERON left the WAR Department, MR. STANTON took charge of it.

At the time when MR. LINCOLN appointed him to this office these two remarkable men, who were destined to an intimacy which history will never cease to remember, had not seen each other. The first meeting between them was when MR. STANTON went to the White House to receive his commission. We believe, also, that the first notice which the new Secretary received of his intended appointment was but the day before the nomination was sent to the Senate, when he was informed of it just as he was about to rise for the argument of a cause in the Supreme Court. The relations thus commenced between the President and the Secretary of War always remained exceedingly cordial; or, rather, they constantly became warmer and more confidential, down to the last fatal day which ended MR. LINCOLN'S earthly career. While he was rarely seen at the offices of the other executive departments, at the War Office he was not merely a frequent, but a constant visitor. His tall form, wrapped in his familiar gray shawl, was usually to be seen making its way along the back alley that leads there from the White House, at from 9 to 10 o'clock in the morning, or about 4 in the afternoon; and persons who were admitted to see the Secretary on important business in his private room at those hours would sometimes find the President stretched upon the sofa there, as if the discussion between him and the Secretary had not yet been concluded. Indeed, the tie between them seemed to be quite as much that of private affection as of official duty; and when the catastrophe occurred which robed the nation in mourning, all will remember how admirably the confidence of the deceased statesman in his friend and adviser was justified by the latter. For a brief time, in that awful crisis, the whole Government seemed to rest upon the shoulders of the Secretary of War; and the country will not soon forget the manner in which the momentous trust was discharged.

MR. STANTON is a native of Ohio, whither his parents emigrated from Culpepper County, Virginia. He was born at Steubenville in 1815; studied at Kenyon College in 1833, remaining there barely a year; served as a bookseller's clerk at Columbus

at the same time that he was studying his future profession; was admitted to the bar in 1836, and began the practice of the law in Harrison County. He soon gained an extensive reputation for ability in the argument of abstruse questions of law, as well as for success with juries. The memory of some of his more remarkable efforts, especially in the latter department of his profession, is still fresh in all that part of Ohio and the neighboring region of Western Virginia. He also became known as an active member of the Democratic party, of which Senators ALLEN and TAPPAN were then leaders in Ohio: and took the political contests which then prevailed he cast himself with all the fire and passion of his powerful nature. In 1846 he removed to Pittsburg, where, in 1857, he transferred his residence to Washington, where his professional occupations, especially in patent cases, soon became as constant as we presume they were profitable. Of his history in connection with the War Department it is not necessary that we should speak in these columns. The people know it already.

MR. STANTON is about five feet eight inches in height, and is a person of broad shoulders and heavy frame. His features are rather round and full, his hair very dark, though thin, and his complexion sallow. These peculiarities, combined with his intense and penetrating dark brown eyes, and his heavy beard, sprinkled freely with gray, give somewhat of an Oriental air to his general appearance. Though his ordinary expression is thoughtful, absorbed, and stern, his smile is gentle and winning as a woman's.

One of the most striking facts about MR. STANTON is his indifference to the usual means of popularity. Though during the past four years no man has been criticised so vehemently as he, he has not once undertaken to defend himself, either by his own hand or that of any friend. The facts urged against him might be either wholly fictitious or wholly misrepresented: he has treated them with the same silent neglect, as if confident that the future would do him justice, or careless of all wrong provided he himself felt that he was right. This habit seems to have been adopted by him before his advent to public office. His arguments in important legal controversies he has taken no pains to preserve. In one of these, which related to the right of the Suspension Bridge Company at Wheeling to construct their bridge across the Ohio River, his plea is spoken of by those who had the luck to hear it as a most impressive performance, but we have not succeeded in procuring a printed copy of it.

MR. STANTON has been twice married. His present wife was MISS ELLEN DICKINSON, of Pittsburg. He has four children: a son of some twenty-five years by his first marriage; and one son and two daughters, all yet little children, by the second.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XX.

THERE is a certain manner—the nautical name for which the writer has clean forgotten, though he assures the reader he once knew it—by which a vessel is advanced upon its way when steam or tide or wind fail it. Its anchor, with a stout cable attached, is carried forward in one of the ship's boats and hooked on to some rock or iceberg ahead, the other end of the hawser being fastened to the capstan on board. With many a heave-ho the crew then ply their strength, as in a slow whirlwind, around the capstan until they and their vessel are drawn to the anchor. The anchor is then again borne forward, and so the operation continued as long as may be necessary.

And in the same way we will bear the anchor of this our bark ahead, and grapple it with this first day of March, 1865, and endeavor to—yes, warp, that is the word—warp ourselves to the that point; for, though all the world else moves, Somerville has seemed sorely to lack, so far as advance is concerned, of steam and tide—not of wind, only it has been perpetually shifting.

Great events have befallen since Dr. Ginnis's house was burned—many of them.

Vicksburg. The Somerville *Star* had acknowledged, after the fall of New Orleans, that the Mississippi River, Port Pillow and Memphis having fallen, was open along its whole length to Federal navigation. Only a few days after its article in proof that this, so far from being an advantage, would be, like the capture of New Orleans, a positive disadvantage to the Federals, Vicksburg and Port Hudson are known to have suddenly arrested the navigation of the river, at which, with singular inconsistency, the *Star* greatly rejoices. Then follows the long story—oh, how long and weary in the slow telling!—of the assault upon Vicksburg and the repulse. The episodical capture of Arkansas Post, though Somerville has accounts for each after that event of the escape on their way up the river, and their march across Tennessee to join Bragg, of the prisoners there taken. Next comes the wearisome digging of the famous canal, and its failure, proving that hydraulics and hydrography are greatly neglected parts of civil engineering as taught at West Point. Great rejoicing in Somerville over that. Then comes Grant's desperate march around and regular investment of Vicksburg, at which also Somerville greatly rejoices.

"With Johnston in front of him, and Pemberton in his rear cutting off his escape to the



A SMALL SETBACK.

river, we regard the annihilation or capture of Grant's entire army as a positive certainty," says the Somerville *Star* for weeks. "As to starving out Vicksburg, we happen to know it to be victualed for a two years' siege."

Then follow tidings of the fall of Vicksburg. This is treated with scorn. For weeks after, it is amazing how many gentlemen arrive, not in Somerville, but in its immediate neighborhood, who "are sure to have left Vicksburg on the tenth or fifteenth of July, the place not having fallen then, nor having the least intention so to do."

Even when Vicksburg and Port Hudson are known to be captured—"We see only cause of congratulation in it," says the Somerville *Star*. "First, because of the tremendous loss—one hundred and fifty thousand is the lowest estimate—of the Federals in capturing those points; second, because it will occupy a large part of their army to garrison those places; third, in that guerrilla bands will as effectually prevent the navigation of the river as before!"

Yes, there is the engine fact. We Secessionists may attach infinite importance to an Object, may wait in most intense anxiety to know the result in regard to it, deny the existence of it indignantly for weeks after it has fallen, yet the instant it is known to be undoubtedly gone we cease to more for it, never we should ever have interested ourself so much in New Orleans, Vicksburg and Port Hudson, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Savannah, Mobile, whatever the object is in its turn; can even see now, are astonished we did not see it before, that the loss of each such place is on every account rather an advantage than a disadvantage to us. Not merely in words only or in editorials—to some degree actually in heart it is so! No doubt there is, with the occurrence of each disaster to the Confederate arms, a secret undermining going on in the understanding and heart of each even of the most rabid Secessionists, but it is unacknowledged at this period even to themselves. In exactly the same way, Dr. Ginnis, swelling and bursting to-day with some wonderful news of Foreign Intervention, Confederate Victory, and the like, abandons it to-morrow when it is known to be false, not only without much regret, but scarcely remembering even that he ever heard, much less believed, in any thing of the kind.

"But who," says MR. Ferguson, "can reason in regard to lunacy, or analyze infatuation? There is something even awful in it," he adds; "a supernatural folly at which I shudder, as at the direct doing of Jehovah."

At which point MR. Arthur corrects his friend by drawing distinction between the positive and the permissive providence of Heaven—a distinction lost upon the Scotchman, who quotes the case of Pharaoh and the children of Israel to a frightful degree in these days.

But even while we are scouting the lying rumors of the fall of Vicksburg all Somerville is electrified by tidings of the glorious victories of General Lee in Pennsylvania. The bells can not ring enough after the conversion of the Pennsylvania militia and the capture of forty thousand prisoners at Gettysburg. Brother Barker has been entrapped by false news so often by this time that he is far from being as credulous as of yore, yet, "Do you imagine General Lee would have crossed the Potomac if he did not know what he was about? Believe it; yes, brethren, with all my soul!" For who can resist, if it was only the big bell of his own church, to which little Joe Staples clings, with brief relays for refreshment, for hours at a time? And so, when he can be sure the bell stop long enough for him to be heard in special prayer, as on Sabbath, Brother Barker leaves all doubt in regard to his patriotism far behind.

It was a singular coincidence that Orange, plowing in his master's field, and Jem at work with his axe in the woods near Somerville, both paused from their labors at the first sound of the bells with about the same exclamation upon their lips.

"Dar's bad news for me!"

They, and, of their colored friends, not they alone, had made about the same remark once or twice before at the sound of distant explosions, taking them to be cannon for victory. These reports, however, had turned out to be only the blowing up—quite a common incident—accidentally, of powder-mills and all therein—no mistake about the bells, however.

Not that, returning to MR. Barker, his has been an altogether unruffled course. Like other eminent confessors in all ages he has had his troublous hits. Many, among the best of his church, have long ceased to attend thereat. There is MRS. Juggins.

"No, Brother Barker, I can't do it. It was bad enough to see you, a preacher of the Gospel of peace, marchin' along, as I see you that day in Somerville, with a gun on your shoulder, member of a company, practicing, too, with them, as a mark, I'm told! But for a disciple of the blessed Jesus to preach and pray as you do is more'n I can stand. Not only it is nothin' but politics, politics all the time with you in the pulpit and out of it—no Gospel; but, then, you're fiercer than Staples or Lamum, actually bloodthirsty an' bitter. God, He knows I love my country. I gave Tom for it, didn't I? Please God, I hope the Yankees may be whipped back where they come from. If they ain't, it won't be for want o' prayin' for it here South!"

All the Union people have ceased to come to church long ago, and to support the ministry," begins her spiritual leader.

"Can't help it, Brother," says MRS. Juggins, firmly; "the Colonel and I is getting old; since Tom was killed, too, I've seen things different. The Confederacy gaining its independence is a great thing, I dare say; but religion here, the reachin' a better world after this, is a better thing still. Dare say you have no idea how you've stopped preachin' and prayin' any thing but the Confederacy. And look at it. The Sabbath-school there in Somerville is broken up, they tell me. Except on some grand political occasion, they say you've only a handful to hear you. Then 'you know better'n I how many of the very pillars of our church, ministers even, some of them, has taken to drinkin', cursin', and swearin', swindling, and all manner of wickedness. As to sinners, they are further off than ever; and who's to blame?"

Yes, Brother Barker has a hard time of it as well as MR. Arthur. Somehow his salary is very slow in being paid, what little is promised, the reliance he placed upon his Secessionist admixture in this matter being exceedingly mistaken; ready enough they are to crowd his church on every political occasion to hear, and to inflame and inflate by their presence the violence of, sermon and prayers for the South.

"If the Almighty does not give victory to General Lee in this his march upon our wicked foes, the very angels of heaven will be ready to revolt," he had remarked one Sabbath morning in a sermon. Who could say more than that? Yet the subscription paper circulated the very day after on his behalf was far from as successful as it should have been. "We all greatly admire, esteem, approve Brother Barker's course—no man in all Somerville more patriotic and useful than he—yet the war has cut our means down so, and we have really so very many calls every week connected with the war, that we can not say at this moment what we can give, Brother; we will think upon it, however, and let you know."

"No, Sir, you must excuse me," Captain Simmons remarked when applied to. "True, I was early instructed to worship it in the sanctuary, and I could at this moment repeat to you, sing to you to its own tune, the hymn 'Away, away, away, away, away to Sabbath-school.' True, I do drop in to hear the parson when he gives us a red-hot sermon, prayers, and all the trimmings, on the times. But I can not disguise the fact that he is a—Yankee. My soul revolts at a Yankee and—you must excuse me."

There was the shameful way, also, in which Brother Barker was treated on his last visit to the Pines. The president is exceedingly averse to speaking of it, but it seems a camp of soldiers stationed there have varied their monotonous routine of slaughtering such fat beeves, and stealing such poultry and honey as they can lay hands upon, by insulting, hustling, throwing clods at Brother Barker on his last appointment. Not on Union principles at all—from sheer contempt of a religion which has ceased to save them in reference to things spiritual in its superhuman exertions to instruct and excite them in reference to the Confederacy.

Very slowly, indeed, the truth comes out in regard to the Gettysburg affair. Somerville has placed all its hopes on a long succession of heroes, dropping them in turn as easily as it has done great cities; for the time, even General Lee has shattered on the earth from the upward. The ebb and flow of feeling during these days among Secessionists and Union people—the one close being in the trough exactly as the instant the other is on the crest of the sea—who can describe!

Neither can be described the intense eagerness of MR. Arthur, Dr. Warner, MR. Ferguson, and all other Union people—it is amazing how many of them are left in Somerville still—for Federal papers. Colonel Guy Brooks, not a written line from him since he left, consents to get papers to friends in Somerville. Isaac Smith, painter, too, little he cared for literature of any sort, still less his big and butter-making wife; now the seal with which Isaac Smith, from within the Federal lines, pours in letters and papers upon his wife is wonderful. MRS. Smith's little parlor sees, and sees very often too, visitors it never dreamed of before. Let fat MRS. Smith get a package as large as your hand at night—and her mails almost invariably arrived at that period—before noon to-morrow she had a dozen applications from friends to know the news. And a



"DIDN'T I TELL YOU SO?"

great deal of news Isaac Smith managed to smuggle in; only, alas! Isaac, from long use perhaps of his brush, gave so much—so little proving to be true. For, let the truthful record be made, we Union people in Somerville are almost as credulous in regard to the news we wish to be true as are the Secessionists—not quite, but almost.

But, ah, the eagerness with which we clutch a paper from the North! We get it as a great favor, to be read as rapidly as possible, to be returned exactly at such an hour to such a place. We button it up in our breast-pocket, and hurry home. We must not be seen with it on the streets. Arrived at home, we arrest all the household work, turn the children ignominiously out of the room with terrible threats in case they come in again, which, by-the-by, they are sure to do a dozen times during the reading of precious paragraphs which can not be postponed a moment; and so we carefully unfold and read the precious paper aloud to wife or sister, in a nothing of all the Union people in the neighborhood cautiously summoned in to hear. The editorials, dispatches, items, advertisements of hair oil, and the like—with greedy hunger we let no morsel or crumb of the paper escape us. In spite of all the effort we made, a dozen readers to one have had the document before us, as dozens will, eagerly wondering why we can not remember that others want the paper as well as ourselves and get through with it after us. In consequence of this, the paper is painfully illegible at the fold; we have, in the course of the most interesting articles, to stop and puzzle around the chasms, often to take a flying leap over them and proceed. The little scraps of patriotic poetry, here and there, we often memorize even. And so the paper circulates till it is read, literally, to shreds.

There was Everett's speech at the Dedication at Gettysburg. Could the orator have imagined the zest with which his words there spoken would have been read from soiled and worn-out sheets by thousands at the South his soul would have turned with a greater enthusiasm than any weakened in him by the audience then visible to his eye. Who of us forgets the keen enjoyment with which we read our first fairy tales in childhood's sweet hour—not so keen, so delicious that gratification as the reading, during the war, of all thoroughly American matter coming in to us parched with thirst, from abroad. The circulation through Somerville of one good paper of the kind did all the Union people—for of no individual thereof read it, every soul did or had it repeated to him—evident good for weeks to come. Perhaps the full measure of the allowance—with food doled out to the wrecked at sea—increased its value, months often elapsing between the rations. Let us keep secret the absolute faith even Mr. Ferguson placed in the least assertions of a Northern paper, his belief heroin as absolute as sweeping as his unbelief in reference to the Somerville *Star* and all its kind. And, as men build a mural tablet into the wall of a house to mark with due solemnity, permit the insertion here of its profound truth, that in very much every sense of the word human nature at the Union and the South is exactly the same; with superficial differences we are at last One people.

The fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson and the victory at Gettysburg send the Union people of Somerville quite up upon the crest of the ever-rolling sea, and—Mr. Ellis, Dr. Ginnis, lower all of all—the Secessionists down into the trough thereof for months to come.

"I tell you, ma'am," Dr. Peel says to the editor of the Somerville *Star*, toiling away cold, pale, steady as ever in his business of lying by power-press, more consistent in falsehood than even Bill Perkins brings in his budget—"I tell you, mam, one screw loose in the machinery of the Confederate Government is the way the Post-office is managed. What avails all you say in your paper so long as there as a perpetual stream of private letters coming in to the contrary? Federal papers, too, these Union people are constantly getting them; letters, also, from friends in the Federal lines—such things I question them, so to speak, to hold out. If a few more of them could be hanged—!"

But the remedy has been so thoroughly tried—not actually in Somerville, as yet, but all around it. There was Mrs. Isaac Smith's brother, John Jones. Who did not know him? Gray-headed with fifty years of farming—farming with his own hard hands alone these days, his boys now in the Confederate service—he owning no negroes.

"You see, Mr. Arthur," Mrs. Isaac Smith says to that individual, who hurries to see her—is she not a member of his church?—on hearing of the catastrophe, "you know John was in Union sentiment, he tried to help its being known, but he couldn't. Not that he said any thing. He made a point to stay close at home—never opened his lips. But he was my brother, you know, and my husband being gone that was enough. Every once in a while he'd come over from his place—fifteen miles, you know, it is from here—to bring me a little butter, or cheese, or wheat, you know, happened he could get, ever since Jim Boldin waylaid and shot down his own brother-in-law, Mr. Tanner—they do say Mrs. Tanner, his sister, she is a bitter secessionist, actually put her brother Jim up to it—ever since Tanner was found lying dead in the road with a ball through his head for being a Union man. John has been careful as a man could be. Letters from Isaac! How *could* John get letters from Isaac? As God hears me, Mr. John never saw one that I didn't show him. But you've heard the story. I have no heart to tell it, hardened as I'm getting to almost any tales. A party of a dozen of them broke into his house at midnight: said to his daughters, poor things! screaming around, they only wanted to take him to Somerville to be conscripted. Sarah, the eldest, knew better; she clung to him till they tore her off, some of them holding her to the wall while they tied John's hands. As they was dragging him out, Sarah she begged and screeched only to be let give him—her gray-headed old father—one last kiss; they wouldn't let her do even that, the man holding her saying such things——

"Can you make yourself believe, Sir, that such a thing can be true in this Christian land?" says Mrs. Smith, pausing, quite, quite exhausted with weeping till not a tear is left, emotion itself worn out from exercise so intense.

"Sarah Jones," she says, "I don't know how could tell you herself. They dragged that unoffending old man—lived fifteen years in the neighborhood—out of his house, mounted on their horses, and rode off at full speed, holding the end of the rope. Of course when he couldn't run he was dragged. Sarah tracked the way clear by the bits of his clothes on the brush till she lost the trail over the rocks. No one but her, and those not twelve years old, near night she finds her father at last. They had hung him by the neck from a blackjack. God knows whether he was beaten by them before he died, because they did not know how to tie the rope so as to strangle, but he was warm yet when she came upon him. He had been hanged by the left armpit and agony full fifteen hours. Sarah she had never thought to bring a knife—just think if you can of that poor child—but she got working there——"

But here there is loud crying from the next room of the little house—Sarah has been weakened from her slumber of exhaustion by her aunt, who has forgotten in her excitement that her niece is asleep there.

"We must get used to it, mam; like things in all varieties of hellish barbarity are taking in all varieties of hellish barbarity are taking place every day," says Mr. Ferguson, to whom Mr. Arthur has been telling the story. "The National Government will see to it—not help National Government. Why was purpose the Almighty is leaving us to ourselves."

"But to me the strongest part of the infatuation of these men around us," says Mr. Arthur, walking the floor of Mr. Ferguson's room like a caged leopard, "is that they are so blind to sin literally exactly where Dr. Warner and you and I and all other Union men of Somerville—and I know of more and more of them every day—usually stand. Do you suppose Mr. Ellis, Captain Simmons, Bob Withers, Ginnis, the Lathrops—the very leaders of society—not as an individual at the North, in the Federal army, in the Cabinet at Washington—not Lincoln himself more thoroughly, utterly damned?"

"Sh-sh-sh, man, not so loud!" says cautious Mr. Ferguson.

"And expect me actually to pray for the success——"

"We must beware of becoming too excited. It is very easy to exaggerate the wickedness of the Gospel when thereof, for ceasing to have main reference to things spiritual, and becoming far too much occupied with things political. This world, Wonder if I am not doing the very same thing? he thinks. If they are too excited for what they call their country's cause, is it not the cause of sin mine? True, theirs is a wicked rebellion; my interest is in my country, in which is involved civilization, freedom, the whole question. And all he can conclude is to set more vigorous watch upon his heart, out of which are all intemperate deeds, words, thoughts, the issues and springs of life. For grace to do which he prays there and then. Only there is the same sense of exhaustion in prayer that there is in reading the Scripture and in preaching. Leading the life of a pariah with most in Somerville every day, all little encouragement—every emotion in such perpetual and intense play—thought, forever on the strain—inefficiency of actual labor to give relief—feeling——

And Alice? If she was a thousand miles away now! God forbid—she is not. Alice, in fact, is not, like the Princess of Fairy Tale, alive to her lover in all her charms, yet inclosed beyond any thing but mere sight in Secessionville. Not that

Oh yes, we, of course, the writer knows all that fully as well as the reader; but Mr. Arthur, though he ought to have known better, does not. It is the easiest thing in the world for you to say how you would have gone boldly to her side as a man. Very easy, too, for Alice herself, had a perfectly frank and full conversation with herself, and, if necessary, with her mother. You have their consent to go. You have only to write, hoping, fearing so long. Very well; better despise him for cowardice in the matter than that he should run any gross risk, or should despoil himself for telling a falsehood in the matter. "If I was Alexander I would do so and so," said Napoleon. "And so would I were I Hephæstion," replied Alexander. You have, dear reader, first to be Mr. Arthur, defects and all, and then to be exactly in his place, with rather peculiar position, before you can decide how he should have acted.

"We so-called Union people here in Somerville are like—By-se I do not mean to include you, Miss Alice," says Mr. Arthur to her one day, "are like the Israelites of old encamped at Mrs. Bowles's, and finds that lady away from home assisting down-town in the preparations for a supper to behalf the 8th cold soldiers—the proceeds somehow never reaching them in its transit through so very many hands—very little at least—and that paper-money into which the specie paid in has become singularly transmuted. We dare not stop to ask whether, before calling at Mrs. Bowles's, Mr. Arthur knew or not of that lady's absence. How could he? Was not that lady's absence, unconsciously asked Miss Alice if her mother was at home?

"Mrs. Bowles people in and around Somerville," he repeats, having corrected himself from daring to class his fair friend among them, "are like the children of Israel——"

"In parity of purpose or in degree of persecution?" asks Alice, looking up—what beautiful eyes! making the question—from her sewing. Is ever woman lovelier? demands Mr. Arthur of himself, warming himself in her presence after long and chilling among winds and frosts and icebergs without.

"It was of their kindly feeling toward each other that I spoke," he says. "Not a day I do not hear of some charitable and generous deed. You have long heard of old Mr. Adams——"

"Yes, the struggling, feeble-seeds, smokehouses, grain-bins, poultry-yard seem to have ceased to be his own this last year. He gives away as freely as he breathes. People send their wagons, and help themselves as a matter of course. Provided, you know——"

"The equivalent is promptly dilolyal—to the Confederacy I mean," says Alice with, did ever woman have so sweet a smile since Eve was created? says Mr. Arthur to himself. "Oh, yes," she continues, "Mr. Neely was telling me of it when he was here last night; no, it was when he was here last week. He tells me his Union people are more like one family dwelling over town in different houses—what belongs to one belongs to all. It happened that Mrs. Isaac Smith's son this morning, and I noticed no less than three wagons unloading sacks of something—pigs, turkeys, chickens, I suppose—every thing, and met two immense ox teams going in that direction with wood as I came away."

Like one family! More loving with each other than the members of families generally are. Those of the Union people in Somerville who did not know each other's names or residence had long now become well acquainted. Long before this had old quarrels between such of them as had been of any consequence ceased. The distinction of occupation, denomination, property between these say longer. Treated with contempt, or with scowls, by all Secessionists, Union people can not even pass each other on the street without stopping to shake hands. On the most frivolous pretexts, or none at all, they are visiting each other, specially when "disastrous news" is afloat, all the day. The very children of Union people confidently expect now, when they pass him on the street, as much of a smile as Mr. Ferguson ever manages to bring into his face. As to that, more than once or twice has sober little Robby Sorel come home laden with gifts from men he has met in town of whom he only knows that they asked his name.

And how Mr. Arthur cherishes, hidden among his sermons, letters of encouragement, anonymous, honestly signed, drop-letters from persons in Somerville, long letters from strangers in distant parts, all to the same purpose, while the writers venture decided opinions in reference to current events in guarded language, and with no sign on the part of the writers after very much thought, and as original and remarkable discoveries as Mr. Arthur ever made. The plain country people that take Mr. Arthur cautiously to one side when they meet him, and break to him their little troubles and misunderstandings, their views, or ride out, introduce themselves, and spend the night at Mrs. Sorel's so as to be the much deeper in his devotion to the Union and his execration for the Confederacy from within a hundred wrappings, like a precious jewel in a casket of velvet—soft. And the delight, too, mingled with fears that he may not be prudent as he should be, of the new friend who has lately come to Mrs. Bowles's, exactly the same opinions, so very decided and clear.

Not plain people, obscure and quiet only.

"Parson Arthur, I want to know, I want to say a word to you," says Bob Withers, whom Mr. Arthur meets face to face on horseback in a very constricted part of Somerville looking as if the church compliles, but with very cold manner, for, like almost every man of his class in Somerville, Bob Withers has no use for Mr. Arthur in public; Mr. Arthur, therefore, is doubly shy of him. But Bob's open, cordial face is irresistible.

"I've wanted to see you for a long time. But in strict confidence, by George! mind—in strict confidence, Parson. You look pale and worn, and no wonder Somerville looking as if you didn't have a friend there. I wanted to tell you it's a mistake—you've plenty, only we don't like to say it, by George! Now you've got it. You just out, Parson; that's what you've got to do, hold out! I ain't a professor myself, as you well know, Parson, and I'm not even at all what I'd ever thought it could be. Worse? The lying, swindling, shirking, stealing, murdering, unsexual scoundrels! Oh, you're right, by George! You only hold out—that's what I say, hold out! And if you think I don't know as well as you that this whole thing is hurrying, like every other spree, slam bang to eternal smash, you are just, by George! mistaken. Yes, Sir-ree!"

And Mr. Arthur does not see his way clear to refuse the double eagle Bob Withers presses upon him, having with him a token of regard when they part at last. As to that, no one can write a letter or speak a word, "in confidence," to Mr. Sir," without doing something of the same kind. Though Brother Barker even would have been almost satisfied with the confidence with which Bob Withers and Mr. Arthur pass each other on the street the very next day.

In fact Bob Withers is very far from being the only prominent Secessionist of whom Mr. Arthur could have told some singular things if he had wished. Why do we say why? when done last autumn by Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Gettysburg?

Even the grand old Major seems to look more benignantly than of old from his frame, this spring morning of eighteen hundred and sixty-four, upon Mr. Arthur having himself in the society of the Major's daughter. Very dignified and reserved indeed the visitor intended to be from his friend's, very unexpectedly, that he must be entertained by the daughter instead of the mother. It was, after all formal inquiries in reference to Belledge Boys, at whose name both color simultaneously; after being fully informed in reference to Mrs. Bowles's health, whom he always leaves to have some prayer, thinner, more nervous than ever from what he has casually heard and seen of her: after Alice has volunteered to speak of the interest he is intending to keep, after all this and a little old music too, that Mr. Arthur, slipping from sheet to sheet of music, finds himself in a variety of topics by the reference to the kindliness among Union people.

He ventures, Mrs. Sorel and Robby being mentioned, to tell how the latter is advancing in his studies. Nor can he resist the inclination by this time to tell how Robby has contributed for about the hundredth time on his last errand into Somerville by Joe Staples. But Mr. Arthur restrains from mentioning the word Yankee, free negro, Abolitionist, traitor, and a good deal worse with which Robby was assailed. That he had every right to do so, and that he had long ago become accustomed to, though it took a long time before Robby could endure being cursed as an Abolitionist, and being somewhat separated into him as far worse than any other epithet in the world—the quintessence of all abuse. But when Joe Staples had called Robby the bastard child of Robby's pony, and would not let the child pass till he had been sufficiently cursed, nothing might left for it, Robby, in a frenzy, flew at him to his fate, and pitched in, demure little fellow as he was, with his neat jeans suit and sun hat freely off, in a scrubbing of Staples's, intensified Staples Senior's hatred for the Union people, and Mr. Ellis's contempt for Alice Cherry that night at table against ever associating with a boy so desperately depraved as Robby Sorel.

"And she to set herself off from every body, and pretend to be so very strict with her child herself, you a Bible class teacher in the best room. "You hear what I say, children? If ever I know of your associating yourselves with them——" Mr. Ellis, and so on.

"Do you know," says Alice, at last, "that Mrs. Warner and Mr. Ellis, and the others who have suffered from the strictness of Robby, offended that you never have called even to see them since they withdrew?"

"And really you have urged me so often to do so, too," adds her visitor, reflecting her smile. "Would you have me do so, Alice—*Miss* Alice?"

What a beautiful color there is in the cheek of her hair, in the plain collar around her neck, in the flow of her calico dress—one she has had now four years if he only knows it—in her rising grace, a heavenly sweetness! After so long, long a period, too, of anxiety, disappointment, alienation from a hundred friends, to find once he exaggerated her, idealized, apotheosized—just as we must not trust what is said of Italy by travelers from one long year's end until in crossing the Alps. So rapidly and thoroughly has this lover thawed, beyond all his resolves when he left Alice to her own devices, her not even shaking hands with her on his first coming. Five minutes more, and, having lost all resolve to the contrary as it had never been, Mr. Arthur will have learned his fate. A discourse infinitely more impassioned and eloquent than he has ever delivered from the Belledge pulpit already borns on his lips, when—the big bell of Brother Barker's church first, then, clamorage in on the three places in a moment one by one, every bell in Somerville! Really and truly it was the great, hidden, unacknowledged movement, from the recent Federal victories, which had thrown these two thus so close together. At the first blow made by Joe Staples—yet stiff from his fight—but a variety to the scene—upon the big bell, these two are far asunder. His fault, his, not hers!

And here are Mrs. Bowles and Mr. Neely. Great news, glorious news! From the States west of the Mississippi this time. Banks is repulsed at Marksville; Sherman's wagons, fifty cannon, innumerable prisoners, all the gun-boats and transports; not the least doubt but the next mail will bring accounts of the capture or destruction of the last vestige of the Federal forces.

Slight, pallid, enthusiastic Mrs. Bowles! She strives, in the fullness of her joy, to be quiet from habitual refinement, but fairly radiates with excitement. And Mr. Neely, somewhat fat, physically as well as pecuniarly, upon his contractorship, he is rosy as morning, rubbing his

hands, pulling down his waistcoat, jubilant in every curl of his hair, in every motion of his body, for he can not sit still! If any thing was needed to brim his cup it was meeting Mr. Arthur in just that parlor on just that occasion. Even the old Major overhead beams upon them in grander proportions, struggling in his frame to speak.

And just at this juncture it is that Brother Barker makes that fatal mistake of his. The Somerville *Star* is full of the news. Tim Lamum and Hon. Wilcox shake hands over Sumter and during three months before from something rising out of poker. Dr. Peel has read the dispatches aloud in a dozen crowds, with running oaths of confirmation. Even Bill Perkins, fallen back into a mere stage-driver on account of Confederate distress, he has been bringing up Jeup, with vague sense on the part of the people that he is somehow to blame for them, is treated till he can not stand. Dr. Ginnis, indeed, from two shabbiest collapse, in five minutes, by the news, to his fullest former proportion, is up and down every street, in and out of every store in the place, slapping his hands together, drawing back his sleeves, wheezing but irrepressible, gesticulating though he can not speak.

There is Mrs. Warner; from some sudden whirl, given by the Confederate disasters, she has been prophesying defeat and ruin to the South for weeks on weeks now. Not a bit less vituperative. She spites her small-talk as regretfully as ever, denouncing the swindling, stealing, lying officials of the Confederacy, their cowardice and inaction! She does not say with, "We are whipped—whipped, I tell you!" but even adds, "And I'm glad of it, because I hope the Northern mills and shops will be so miserable fellows floating about with their stripes and ambulances and things, when they ought to be off in the front, as they call it, fighting." All of which falls incessant upon Dr. Warner, who droops his head and rates it, conscious of being in some general way guilty of a little self. Even if he is balder these days, what he loses in hair he makes up in flesh—a shortbreathed man, but used to the small air, after all. The instant Dr. Warner could tell his wife this last news, before he had got it half out of his lips, his wife had snapped her forefinger and thumb, and thrust the former within half an inch of his nose.

"Didn't I tell you so, Dr. Warner? I want you to tell me that this instant! Didn't I tell you so? Didn't I tell you, over and over again, over again, we would whip them yet? Always croaking!—telling me about your Gettysburgs and Vicksburgs! I will see sick of you, sir! And you a pious man—at least, pretend to be, and doubt that God is a just Being! Wanted me to beg of Brother Barker!"

Which brings us back to the fatal mistake made by that clergyman when the news comes of Barker's decline.

"I hope so, I hope so!" he says, having hold of Mr. Ellis's hand, with peculiarly mournful intonation of the word "hope;" "but I am afraid. We have been so often deceived—I myself, on one occasion—by mere idle rumors. You, as a Christian, will understand me when I say that on the hand of Satan, the Father of Lies, often put forth these days. For some inscrutable purpose, always against the best and holiest of causes, but," adds Brother Barker, with a sorrowful shake of his head, "we are not ignorant of his devices. I hope so, Brother Ellis, but I fear—I fear not."

Even Mr. Ferguson, pasting the dispatches as they come into his Scrap-book—with great enthusiasm of purchase of his beard, though insincerest apprehension is tugging at its roots—even Mr. Ferguson might have admired the sorrowful, not to say morose, disbelief in the glorious tidings by Brother Barker, as he shakes them away, with boding head and sorrowful hand, through the crowds upon the streets.

Long ago, like all his class, his chiefest associations have been, especially on the street, with striped officials and brass-buttoned heroes. He may be talking with Sam Peters about his bad fall from his horse, awfully exaggerated by Sam; or with Smithers, also a member of his church, about Mrs. Smithers's last vocalistic runaway of a cook; even with Mrs. Warner, who regularly attends his church now, and always breaks Mr. Arthur's course in conversation with her as pastor—whoever it is with whom he is speaking, let Brother Barker but catch sight of a military man passing, or over the street, and, with a hurried excuse, he is off to speak to the son of Mars, or to get an introduction—oftener to introduce himself, if unacquainted.

But when this news of our glorious victory over Banks in Louisiana arrives, Brother Barker fails to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

"I hope so, Captain Simmons—ho-pe so," he says, sadly, as realizing the universal joy, the joy, gently deprecating it, with open hand, as a father among his thoughtless children—"but I fear me—ah-r me!"

And this illustrates just what Mr. Neely so bitterly bewails—the deep-seated, utterly incurable want of faith in even the most loyal men going of Northern-born Secessionists on the part of Southern-born men.

"Gentlemen, you see that person who has just left us," says Captain Simmons, full of solemn joy, and something else, over the news, his left arm around a friendly post; "Rev. [the] Mr. [the] Barker, resi-resident clergy-clergyman of this commun-munity. Did you ob—[he]—observe the statement he impartly-imparted to me [the]? We having ful-fullest dispatches of a glori-glorious achev-y-achievement, he, the [the] individual, doubts it, gently-gentlemen, *doubts* it!" (Intense scorn.) "But do you comfy-comfy-comfy-ure the reason? A Southern! I ady-admit he toils hard [the] to hide it—very hard. It *will* come out. Not a Yankee in [the] the whole Confedy-Confederacy this day [the] but is a double traitor—traity-traitor to his own sick-sack-section, and a traitor to [the] us. My earliest inf-infancy was, I may say, sat-sit-saturated with reverence for the cloth. But that Yankee, Bub-Barker, I revolt from. To those of his birth I apply the language of the—the hymn: 'Touch not, taste not, handle not!'"

It is reasonable, therefore, to wonder at the frantic effort made by Brother Barker to right himself, when, on the morrow, the most touching felicitations because of the overflowing flesh. The great overseas in West Baton Rouge have been abandoned, and the people of the parish, and of Iberville and Point Coupée, driven by the Yankees from their homes, many of them to perish miserably. The accumulating waters from these overseas have left a sea-like lake in the neighboring bayous and bodies so that a large portion of the Acadian, or Teche country, is flooded, and the people have fled to the highlands. And now, in the midst of all this astounding disaster, come rumors of the fall of Shreveport, on the Missouri, the Arkansas, Red, and all the other tributaries of the mighty river, the Mississippi, threatening to wash every whatever little of dry land is left to us."

WASHINGTON MARKET.

It is a city which boasts the best markets of the world as regards the excellence of the commodities offered for sale in them it is shameful that these markets should be, of all others, the most filthy in their surroundings and the meanest in their structure.

For the present necessities of the city their situation is unfortunate, but they are not sufficiently central; they were built over a century ago, when they were probably very conveniently located, but now they are in the extreme eastern quarters of the city, where they are least needed. They are difficult of access, also, on account of the crowded streets. They are in the midst of a dense central population of the island large, clean, and tastefully-constructed markets, such as shall be an ornament to the city instead of being, as now they are, reckoned an nuisances?

Of our large markets Washington Market, of which we give an illustration on page 332, is the oldest. Its first charter dates from 1686—a century before the establishment of our republic, and long before the birth of the illustrious patriot from whom it was afterward named.

SPRING.

SWEET Spring has come, and once again,
Or hill and plain,
She weaves her mantle fair and green,
In brightest shades of emerald sheen,
With pinks and crocuses between;
And lays it down
Where late the white and chilly snow,
So loth to go,
Lead'st off and left with her brown.

Sweet Spring has come, she wakes again;
For hark! a strain
Of woodland melody she rings;
The air is stir'd with glancing wings,
With crystal pipes and twitterings,
From conscious birds
While Jamblin' runneth on the mead,
With velvet tread,
Skip in and out among the herds.

Sweet Spring has come; we through the shade
Of bower and glade
Can trace her footsteps in the dark,
By silver glints from larchen bark,
And purpling bud-lights on the stark
And leafless trees;
Or by the gleams from sunlit streams,
Whose dancing beams
The gentle ferns mistake for vows.

Sweet Spring has come, and in my heart
Its passions start
Joy's babbling rivulets gayly sing,
Like silver chimes that sweetly ring,
And new-plumed hopes take lighter wing,
And tempt new flights
E'en star-bright eyes and rose lips fair
Spring blooming there,
And promise autumn wealth of love.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE pedestrians of New York city make no special claim to say "right of way" in the streets. But it is necessary to cross these streets frequently; but carts, and cartage never deign to regard those who humbly go on foot. It is Mr. Roberts' expect say without intention. If, by means of dodging behind one vehicle, and *before* another, and running clear of a third a vehicle, they succeed in crossing without being crushed, they are simply thankful, and never for an instant cherish the idea that they have a right to be in the street at all.

Moreover, our citizens have uncomplainingly and generously submitted to a portion of the city taxation which are generally supposed to be for the special use of pedestrians. Crosswalks, flagged sidewalks, and innumerable miniature banns for various merchandise, have long been patiently tolerated. Such by rule has it been with our fellow-citizens until the majority of second-class merchants could not display a pair of boots without one of slaughtered animals, artistically arranged over barrels of pickled pork, and bags of potatoes. The corner *grocery* sign extends far and wide in the shape of boxes of hard soap, casks of dried apples, and buckets of lard and pease; while one's hand is not unfrequently entangled in the meshings of hoop skirts and brilliant-colored flannel and delain which waringly announce that dry-goods "*are sold here*" for "*less than cost.*" But New Yorkers bow their heads submissively, beat a retreat if necessary, or pass on.

There is, however, a limit beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. Some of our sidewalks appear to be exclusively used for lumber-rooms and packing places; and heretofore the public has been in such a supineness. Pass down Beekman Street, for example, or you can find an equally good *Pi* specimen in many other directions if you prefer. Boxes, barrels, casks, and bales of goods literally *cover* the sidewalk. Bundles of rags, and newspapers, and packages of every conceivable kind of merchandise are *stored*, apparently, on the flag-stones. A man weighing a hundred and twenty, or a woman with the smallest possible crinoline, would be *imperiled* by the attempt to squeeze through, to say nothing of garments soiled and rent. But perhaps this is some extraordinary emergency, a mere temporary state of things. There is a people of hours later, the blockade continues. Come back again to-morrow—next week, next month, and next ensuing in the same condition.

Really it does not seem as though it would be unreasonable to mildly suggest that a small passage way be reserved on the sidewalk for those who do not *invariably* ride in cars or carriages.

The May Anniversaries appear to have been carried on with unusual spirit and interest this year. The mass of Germans, who, in the greatest measure in the English, many days which adorned last week; and which enticed many to wander from their usual haunts, "to spend an hour at home." Among the many meetings of interest, the Anniversary of the Institution of the Deaf and Dumb, that of the Institution for the Blind, and the "Howard Mission and Home for Little Wanderers" were especially attractive. Ten thousand persons were convicted in the latter Society, several gentlemen giving one thousand each. At the session of the American Geographical Society, at this thousand five hundred dollars were donated, at the instance of Gerrard Hosack, for the purpose of establishing a church in Washington, where the "truth" should be "outspoken" and "proclaimed aloud."

Of course, during this coming season, all cases of colic, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, dysentery, and of every kindred disease, will be vigorously met by administering masses as tenancies of genuine Asiatic cholera. Let those who can think be sensible, and avoid alike the two extremes—*indifference and fear.*

Something like the following is said to be an everyday scene:

"Omnibus crowded. Enter two young la— of the female persuasion. Gentleman, rising to one of Y. L.'s, "Take this seat, Miss?" "No, sir, I thank you." "Sure, ma, katy? No, No, you take it, Mary dear." No, I, sir, no, Mary, you better stand; you're used to it." "No, no; I can just as well stand." No, I, "You had better sit down, Mary." Skirts rustling, feet entangled, door half-way open, and wind blowing in the dust. "No, I, You'll take it, Mary, dear." "No, indeed, I can very well stand, Mary dear." Bustles skirts, spends down, feet rub and tangle, gentleman rises and says he will just allow into hat of young gentlemen on the other, and—seated. Gentleman who surrendered his seat having been utterly ignored in this conversation, vows, as he hangs on the conductor's strap, he will never rise again, not for a princess."

The Parisian correspondent of one of our daily journals states that a French manufacturer has completed for the Duke of Wellington a watch of novel and peculiar construction, for the which was constructed that the Duke himself, who is well known to be of an inquisitive temper, and can not rest satisfied with an hour in any matter without feeling an irresistible inclination to look at his watch. This being very inquisitive the Duke devised an ingenious plan to accustom himself to hear without seeing—namely, the wiser for it. The watch manufactured for him is a silent repeater. It is provided with a spring, upon touching which a small hammer issues from the case and strikes an hour in the palm of the hand. Should the next hour be due, the Duke will merely need to strip his hand carelessly into his pocket, touch the spring, and he is immediately informed of the time of day. The only difficulty will be that all the papers will publish a description of the trinket, and the Duke had it somewhat disappointed to get his hand in his pocket without having his secret discovered.

The death of Mrs. Carlyle took place under very peculiar circumstances. She was taking her usual afternoon drive in Hyde Park, when her little favorite dog, which was running on the side of the carriage, jumped over by a carriage. She was greatly alarmed, though the dog was not seriously hurt. She lifted the dog into the carriage and the man drove off. The dog made every sign of direction from his mistress, as was usual, he stopped the carriage and alighted from her, as he thought, in a fit, and drove to St. George's Hospital, which was near at hand. When there it was discovered that the poor lady had been dead some little time. Mrs. Carlyle's health had been for several months feeble, but not in a state to excite anxiety or alarm. She descended lately into the dwelling of "the once well-known Dr. Welsh, of Haddington, and, with glad heart, dreamt of her own, the inherited mark of the force and penetration of her father's intellect. She was worthy to be the life companion of Thomas Carlyle."

The *Cleveland Herald* gives an account of a singular case of suspended animation—a trance of twenty-four hours in duration. A young female, recently married, was taken suddenly ill at his place of business, and in two days was, to all appearance, dead. Arrangements were about to be made for the interment, when the young wife insisted that the funeral be postponed; and she remained in the room with the supposed corpse. During the time that he could not be cead. She became convinced that she perceived the body move. Her friends were then summoned to her room and tried to divert her mind from the sorrowful scene. Two long hours were spent in conversation, the friends urging that the husband was, possibly by the flickering light. Then, suddenly, another slight movement was perceived by all, and the husband was followed may be imagined. The husband and wife are now living, well and happy.

In a series of interesting experiments, lately made, a woman's tongue has been found capable of moving one thousand nine hundred and twenty words in one minute. Think of that, ye who argue that woman is inferior to man! Profane a specimen of the masculine gender who can accomplish such a feat in whatever, in a minute.

The following characteristic anecdote of Dr. Franklin is not so *sure* as it is good:

During the last residence of Dr. Franklin in Paris he was once invited to a party of the nobility, by whom the Doctor was idolized and worshipped. One lady remarked that the Bible was devoid of all literary pain and Franklin, overhearing it, then appealed to him for opinion. He replied that he was hardly prepared on the spur of the moment to say, but he had more than once merits of a new book of rare excellency whatever: and as requested he left it with a few of the beauty characters they had pressed to take attention to themes to compare with it. The next evening it unlike pleasure, and he, with that old volume the merits of

Dr. Franklin, in his turn, politely read them a portion of it, and was eager to hear the rare and sincere manner he of his rare book. It was a very pocket, and with a gripped hand, as old book from his pocket.

Of utterance read to the admiring listeners pe—

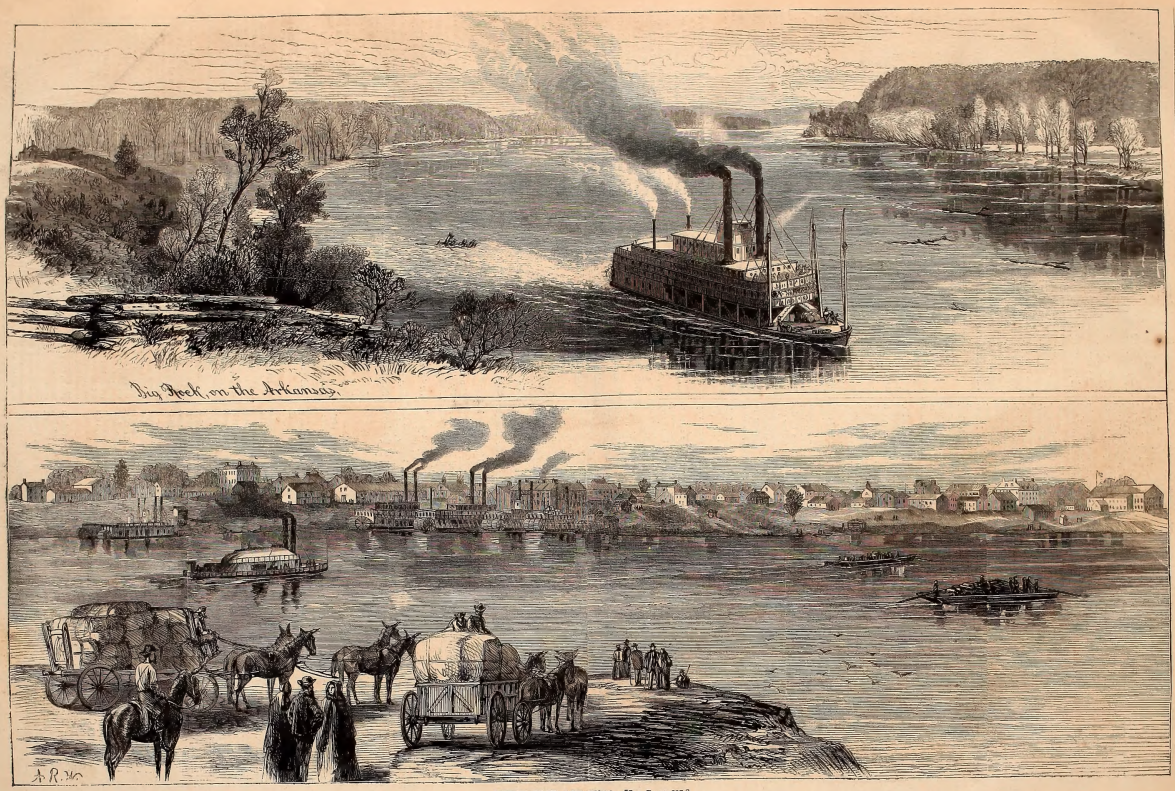
The poem had they had ever heard or read.

Encored it the boy said one.

"That is primary," said another.

"That is," exclaimed the third, "was the unavailing hope of his age. They all wished to know the name of the most beautiful work that was a specimen of its contents.

"Most beautiful, indeed!" said the Doctor, opening his book, "certainly, gentlemen," and the book passage. It is no other than the Bible, which you have read from your infancy, and often, than your good-for-nothing Bible, and I have read you the prayer of the prophet Habakkuk."



LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.—[SEE PAGE 327.]



CREVASSE ON CHIM'S PLANTATION, WEST BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

CLARA'S TEMPER.

I WANTED new carpets in the parlors, and my Uncle Andrew declared they were unnecessary. Now that was not so; for only *I* knew how they had been turned and coaxed and even mended. And why, seeing that every one knew my uncle was rich, should the best rooms of the house look shabby? It was bad enough to live down-town where no one else did; to have the busy law-office *so* tie first-floor; and to pass long days seeing no one but the clerks and the cat, as I had done often and often since I kept house for Uncle Andrew, without being ashamed to ask any one in besides. We lived well enough, goodness knew, and might save, if that were an object, out of spiced dishes and hot ragouts and costly wines. And it was fit dictates of uncle, perfectly preposterous. We had had a wordy war about it, and I sat trifling with my tea-cup, while my uncle was pacing up and down the room, puncning down upon me now and then with one of those perfectly rounded sentences which always aggravated me so when I was in a passion; and we were enjoying ourselves as two such hottempered people would be apt to do, when Barbara's voice arose above the din, crying:

"Here's a gentleman been knocking for half an hour. I do suppose, and couldn't make himself heard for the lawyer."

And in the midst of the sudden silence a tall figure passed her and came into the room, but, to my relief, with that gentlemanly air, equally removed from the servile bend of an inferior and the flourish of the dancing-master, which so plainly marks the upstart gentleman. I felt my hot face flush anew with shame at the very thought of being seen so red with anger. And what had I been saying? I could not remember. All sorts of passionate things for this cool, calm, quiet man to hear. I beat over the teacups, wishing I could quietly sink through the floor as I often did when my angry feelings came to an end, and I saw what a fury they had made of me.

Meanwhile gentleman was talking to uncle.

"Mr. Andrew, I believe?" he said.

My uncle bowed. The gentleman handed him a card.

"Aha!" cried my uncle, growing genial at once. "Mr. Rushton—glad to see you, Sir. I have been expecting you. Take a seat, Sir, take a seat. We have not yet finished breakfast. Pray join us."

"Thank you, I have breakfasted," replied the stranger.

"No matter," said my uncle; "an extra cup of tea or coffee hurts no man. Barbara, a cup and plate. We are no more sociable. I don't know whether you are a sociable man, Sir, but *I* am. Now, Clara. My niece, Sir."

I saw in the glass between the windows a very meek and very pale face indeed. I was a monster, and I heard a voice to match—not in the least like a virago voice of half an hour before—inquire whether Mr. Rushton would take cream and sugar.

I was naturally far from bashful, but that day I could scarcely bring to me look at our guest, and I listened to the conversation without joining in it by a word. Indeed, there was not much opportunity for me to speak. The talk was all of law matters. Of the case of *X versus X*, in which my uncle was engaged for the plaintiff. Of the numerous letters on which he most depended for evidence, written in such a peculiar, illomantic style as almost to defy translation, yet every word of great importance. Of the assistance Mr. Rushton's perfect knowledge of French would be. I gathered the fact that this young gentleman was about to be employed by my uncle in some capacity—whether as clerk or secretary I hardly knew—and that, it being necessary that he should be always in close communication with my uncle, he was to remain, for a while at least, under our roof.

"Yes! I'll see him room put in order, Clara," said my uncle, curtly; "and now, Sir, shall we adjourn to the office?"

Then they arose, and, looking on the floor, I saw the shadow there make a bow; bowed in return, and was alone. Never, never, never, so long as I lived, should I see one find me in a temper such as That I vowed. Yet it was an hour before I was angry as ever with that provoking Barbara, who insisted that I alone must needed see everything, and that, if it did, she couldn't do it baking day.

"I didn't mean to," I said to myself, as I bathed my eyes with cold water; "but an angel could not live with testy Uncle and salky Barbara without quarreling. It was not my fault, but theirs."

Then I began to darn the worst place in the carpet.

It was a good while before I could look the stranger in the face, but then I saw that he had a cool olive skin, calm dark eyes, a mouth as sweet as it was firm, and the broad forehead of a thinker. Perhaps his face was regularly beautiful—I hardly know; but it had the effect of beauty, and he had youth and health and strength, and was wonderfully graceful. Soon I'd have given half the world to know what he thought of me. He was polite, stationed in a gentleman would naturally be to the only lady inmate of the house; but, perhaps, after all, he remembered the little vixen he had first seen. I tried to be calm and quiet, to seem as uncle when he scolded me with decorous respect—but that thought haunted me. I had never thought so much of a man's opinion in my life.

On Sundays we went to church together. I learned by that that he had an exquisite voice, for I used to hold my breath to listen to his singing. At last I ventured to ask him to sing for me at home. I never shall forget the song he sang, but there are many ways of singing. I have heard it from another, and scarcely listened. That same night I sang for him. He said not one word of praise—only bowed a thank you; but, as he turned my music, I saw his heart beat under the soft gray vest he wore. Mine was beating, too, like a mad thing.

Well, after that I was not so much afraid of him, and it came to long talks in the parlor and long walks by moonlight. He never said one tender word. He never took my hand. He never looked at me more earnestly than one friend might look at another; but I felt, in spite of that, that he cared something for me, and I—*I loved him*. I used to think sometimes with shame that I had given my heart unsought; that it was unmaidenly to care so very much for one who had not asked me yet to care for him at all; but how could I help it? All my feelings were strong; I could not walk by the decorous rule and line so many women liked; and in the sight of Heaven I could not be wrong in admiring what was admirable, in loving purity and truth and noble manhood! So I kept my secret, but did not strive to alter it. And at last? At dusk one autumn day we walked in the shady Square, under some old trees.

The nurse-maids had gone home with their little charges, and the file of workmen with tin-cans had tramped through it into the street. The fountain tinkled and splashed but its little basin. The leaves got out of their sickly evening perfume. A bit of crescent moon came faintly into the sky; and in all the Square, besides ourselves, only a sleeping beggar stretched upon a bench. No one to watch—no one to listen; and then I heard all I longed to hear. I had never thought that gentleman could love so—that that silence could cover up such a sweet wealth of tenderness.

We were home arm in arm, and then under the blue heavens the moon saw no woman happier than I.

Ah me! If you had told me then what I should do I would have looked you in the face and believed a man would willingly cut the rope that held him from dropping into some awful chasm as that I should part myself from him.

For weeks and months I kept my temper. For half a year I was too happy to be angry. We were to be married in May. Uncle Andrew declared he'd little change save a trip to some country place, for we were still to live with my uncle in the old house. Mr. Rush—I called him Edwin from now—was not demonstrative; but I knew he loved me, and that was enough.

Enough until one day I heard Ruth Baker say to my cousin Grace:

"Heaven send me a different husband from the one Clara is to have! Who would think he was fond of her?"

"It's only his way," said Grace.

"I'd teach him another," said Ruth.

That set me thinking. It was not pleasant to be spoken of in this wise. No good ever comes of listening. I began by trying to love Edwin into making pretty speeches and doing silly things. At last I strove to pique him into more manifestation of his love. I knew perfectly well, that it should not content me! that to be really fell, and flirted, before his very face, with a young coxcomb of his acquaintance. I was, for whom I absolutely felt a detestation.

The little puppy had taken it into his small brain to admire me. He was pleased and flattered. He looked and encouraged with a word. At last, angry that he should take it all so coolly, I let the little middy steal a kiss from my lips where he could see me.

That evening, when the rest were gone, I felt a hand touch my arm.

It was Edwin Rushton's. I looked up.

"I want to speak to you, Clara," he said; and before I had answered he had drawn me on to talk, in one might a willful child, on my impropriety. "It is not right," he said; "and people will make you worse of it. I am sorry to speak to you."

Not a jealous word. My uncle might have spoken much the same. "He can not love me," I thought, and my cheeks burned with shame.

"Who made you my judges and master?" I asked.

"Yourself," said he, "when you accepted me."

"More silly I!" I cried. "Sir, I will not care to hinder others from having what you don't want yourself!"

"What do you mean?" asked he.

"Frank would give his right hand for a kiss from me," said I; "and you hardly know whether I am living or dead. I believe I'll like being in fetters to be tied to such an uckle."

"You are letting your temper carry you away," said he.

"My temper, Sir?"

"Yes," said he; "it is your one great fault. I see that what I first saw you. There, there."

He tried to soothe me, as though I had been delirious. I believe I seemed so to him.

I forgot every thing in my anger.

"I wish you had never seen me," said I.

"You will be sorry to have said that."

"I say it from my heart."

His face grew white.

"There is more in this than I thought," said he.

"Perhaps you love Frank Hearne better than you love me?"

I saw the chance of making him jealous. I saw nothing else in my rage.

"Perhaps I do," I said. "We can't help our choice."

He drew a great breath, and arose, standing before me like a statue.

"I will not let your pledge to me stand between you and your young lover," he said. "God forgive you, and make you happy! Good-by! You are as free as you ever were."

And I was alone. Alone, stretching out my hands toward the closed door, and calling on my darling to return. He did not hear me. He never came.

"Temper! temper! temper!" shouted my uncle when I met him at the breakfast-table next morning. "Ah, you will suffer for your folly this time. He was the noblest fellow God ever made, and you've lost him. I'm sorry for you, Clara," he said, he 'it is not temper. She loves Frank Hearne; she told me so." By Jove, if that puppy enters my door I'll kick him!"

"Is he gone?" I asked, with my head in my hands.

"Gone forever," said my uncle; and I lost all consciousness the next moment, and lay, happily forgetful of my woes, in a deep swoon.

Gone forever! Ah, yes; the days passed and he came not. The lonely evenings counted themselves away. My life was over; my joy past. I wanted to die; but I was young, and still lived. I shut myself up from every one, and knew they said of me that I had been jilted. What did I care now? At first I used to hope he would return. I knew soon that such a hope was folly. No angry mood had made him leave me. He believed me false. Oh, the pain in his face, the anguish in his voice at that last moment! I never should forget it. As sune are sad to accuse themselves for their sins, so I punished myself by recalling that look, that tone daily and hourly.

The spring which seems to have seen us wed was gone. Autumn came, and winter. At Christmas-tide I sat in my own room reading. It was long past twelve. Barbara was in her attic, my uncle in his chamber below, but I could not sleep. The evergreen Barbara had twined about the gas fixtures and placed over the mirror seemed to mock me with its holiday look. What was he doing tonight, my Edwin—my own dear love? I lifted the curtain and looked out. All the street was white with snow, frozen snow, that crisped and sparkled in the starlight. Opposite a dark figure paced slowly—a watchman, I suppose; but my fancy, always possibly by a vague rumor of Edwin's presence in the place, made the outline seem his. Oh, if he should be there! I—I, his own all folly! I dropped the curtain, and sat down before the fire a while. Then I took my white dress from its nook—the dress in which I had been married—and folded it and unfolded it, and caressed it, saying such words to it that you would have thought me mad. Let while I did so I fell into a kind of dream. It hardly seemed as much like sleep as stupor.

I was startled from it by a blaze of light. The dress had fallen from my lap into the grate. It was all ablaze, flaring up toward the bed-clothes. In an instant there was a fire-alarm, and the blaze went whirling up the paper on the wall, and the window curtains, long and light and floating. I rushed to the door. Alas! my genius had impelled me to lock it and withdraw the key. I could not find it. I searched in vain. I screamed. I prayed. Neither aunt nor Heaven seemed to hear me. I stood in a very furnace of flame. Walls and door and ceiling were all blazing.

They rose a great fire in the street now. I heard the policemen's clubs, the tolling of the fire-bell. Why did no one come to save me? Help, help!

The flames were licking up the floor, climbing, twining, swirling through the ceiling. Barbara would be burned to death, my dear uncle would perish, and I—I had done it, I!

The flames had driven me into a little corner. They were darting their fiery tongues at myself. I could not see the door—it was a wall of flame. The window was a seething furnace.

"God receive my soul!" I prayed. And then I heard a crash. Something came dashing through the door into the flames. A voice cried:

"Clara! where are you?"

And I felt Edwin's arms about me once more, and was borne through the red whirlpool out into the open air. I had been saved, but he left me there. After I knew my uncle had caught me to his breast I saw him no more. One moment of hope had I felt. It was gone forever. It had never been.

Ah, that was a woeful night! The dear old house was gone, with all its belongings, and the brain and nerves of my uncle were shaken. He took to his bed in the new lodgings we found, and never arose from it. In two months we buried him, and I was alone in the world.

A great heiress; for it proved that Uncle Andrew had been far richer than I guessed. But oh, no princess and no heiress ever poured wretcher might pity me! I had not heard one word of Edwin Rushton since the night of the fire.

But days came after, as I sat at work in my black dress, Barbara came in weeping.

"What is the matter?" I asked, for she plainly wanted me to question her.

"I've seen poor Mr. Rushton," said she. "It makes my heart bleed. He that was so strong and bold, feeling for him as I do now that! You'd cry too, Miss."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Didn't you know?" she said. "Why, Miss, you, of all people! I heard it from his landlady. The night he saved you he went home feeling his way up the stairs. She was frightened, and asked him what had happened. 'I've been through a fire,' said he, 'and I fear my wife was one of those I can see only a red blaze.' It didn't pass off, Miss—he's blind!"

"Oh, no, no!" I sobbed. "Oh no!"

"It's true; more the pity," she said, and was going from the room. I stopped her.

"Where did you leave him?" I asked.

"In the Square," said she. "He goes there every night. A boy leads him, and he sits alone near the fountain. I'm sorry I pity him, poor dear! —waiting until he comes again to fetch him."

Every evening! I had no rest until the next. Then I put on my plainest cloak and went over to the Square. All quiet in the dusk, as it had been on that long-gone night when he asked me to be his. Little groups of the children gone home; the troop of toil-freed laborers passed by. I stood by the fountain and looked at him.

He stood beside it, his soft hat drawn low over those darkened eyes; his hands playing with the loose chain that kept intruders from the fountain's brink. I remembered standing in that very spot. I knew it by the weeping willow drooping over it, and the cleft head of the post hard by—only a little cleft, a wee, slight rent have made it, but I remembered feeling it with my finger as he spoke to me.

I looked at him, my love, my life. He who had exercised so much for me, and was bold enough for any thing.

I went closer. I touched him. He started. "It is only Clara," I said; and he trembled all over for an instant.

Then he said: "I can not see you, but I know your hand. I should have known it if you had not spoken."

And I knew he loved me still.

"Edwin!" I said, "Edwin!" it was the hand of your promised wife once. It is long since you have held it; will you take it now?"

"Give it to me," he said; and our palms touched once more.

Then we stood silent, close together.

"I have been the cause of great ill to you," I said. "Do you hate me for it?"

"You forget," he said; "it was not *I* who ceased to love."

I clung to him. "Did you believe me?" I sobbed.

"Oh, Edwin, I super cared always for your Hearne. I flirted with him because I thought you indifferent. My evil temper conquered me, and I uttered falsehood. I loved only you. I never shall love any other."

"On your soul?" said he.

"On my soul!"

"I shall be happier for knowing it," he said. "It was hard to think you false. Oh would I were not blind!"

"If you were not," I said, my heart choking me, "I could not speak as I do now. If you love me still, and, oh, *I think* you do! can you forgive me, and you seem to, take me to your heart again, your promised wife. If not, let me go to hide my shame, for I have been over-bold, and die of my remorse."

He caught me in his arms. I felt his great heart beat.

"It is worth sight—it is worth life!" he said, and kissed me. Then I led him home, through the still streets.

We were married in a quiet little church. Only Barbara was with me, and I wore my black dress. I shed some tears, but I was very happy, so was he. So in the years to come we have lived together.

And still the future held a great joy for me. Years after, when there were young children at our fireside and I was their mother, my husband's sight returned to him. When the surgeon told me he could see, my first thought was great thankfulness. My next? But I have already told you. Will he know the girl he won in the faded woman?" But when I stood before him, tremulous and fearful, little was what he said, though the roses of my cheeks and the gold of my hair were quite gone, I knew:

"My love, how sweet a woman you have grown! There is no angry temper in your face now any more than in your voice." And he kissed me like a bridegroom, and I thanked Heaven.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS WARNER,
Author of "The Wide, Wide World."

CHAPTER I.

"PAPA, please," said little Primrose, "what smells so sweet?"

Her father sat by the table, untying a large brown package; and from it came a strange, fresh, wild sort of perfume; but sweet, as Primrose said, and very pleasant.

"What smells so sweet?" Mr. May answered, cutting the last stubborn knot with his pen-knife. "Why, my little girl, fancy it is some of my sweet seeds." And selecting a small paper-bag from the heap which now lay spread out before him, Mr. May held it close to the little girl's nose as she stood at his side. Primrose took a long whiff with great delight.

"Oh, papa, how good!"

"Good, is it?" said Mr. May, laughing. "Prim, you ought to be a seedsman!"

"No, papa," said she; "I wish I had a garden."

"So as to plant such sweet things as celery seed?" said her father. "Prim, this is not a flower."

"Well, papa," said the impetuous Lilian, flinging down her book on the widow-seat, and coming to the table with a bound, "there *are* flowers, you know, and we have plant 'em! Oh, papa, won't you give us a garden?"

"If you please, papa!" said another little voice, now drawn near, "there is room enough, and we should like so much! Only I should prefer to have our gardens separate, because I should wish to keep mine in order."

"There spoke my methodical Clover!" said Mr. May, with another laugh, as his orderly, astute, shabby little daughter came and stood beside her behind Primrose, who had not spoken again, but whose dark eyes watched her father with intense interest.

"One would like a garden to keep in order, and the other to run wild in; and the third—What does my little Prim want of a garden?" he said, handing down to kiss her.

"I should like it so much, papa?"

"Prim would nestle there just like a little bird," said her tall brother Sam.

"Papa," cried Lilian, "will you give us three gardens? I am sure there is room enough."

"Yes, Lily should be allowed to grow weeds entirely on her own account," said Jack.

"What do you think you'll know it," said Lily, with great good-humor. "Will you, papa?"

"I find one garden pretty expensive now," said Mr. May; "what should I do with three more?"

"Oh, they wouldn't cost any thing—our gardens," said Lily.

"A very excellent sort of gardens yours will be then," said her father. "Where do you propose to get your seeds and plants?"

"Why, just a little," answered Lily.

"Perhaps we could get wild flowers, papa," said Clover, thoughtfully. "And I've got one package of seeds already, that Maria Jarvis gave me. He mignonnette."

"And then just the ground is so pretty, papa!" urged little Primrose.

"Think so?" said Mr. May. "I must confess I like to see the ground well covered. But who'll dig it up, to begin with?"

"Why, Robin," said Lily.

"Robin has a great deal to do."

"I guess Sam would," said Primrose. "He's never to busy, you know, papa, to do any thing."

It was very ridiculous, of course, but—tall fellow as he was—Sam's eyes actually flushed with pleasure at this compliment from his little sister.

"And will Sam take care of the gardens all summer after they are dug up and planted?" said Mr. May, lifting Primrose upon his knee.

"Oh no, papa! that's what we want to do."

"Well," said her father, "upon three conditions I will give you each a garden: First of all, mamma must approve. Next, each one is to choose her own seeds and plants, to suit her own taste. And, lastly, each must keep her own garden in order, after the first heavy digging is done. She must sow the seeds, and plant the plants, and dispute possession with the weeds—all herself. Now, what does mamma say?"

"I say yes with all my heart!" answered Mrs. May. "But I too shall make conditions—or, at least, one: In each garden, no matter how full it may be, there must be no corner set apart for patience, perseverance, brotherly-kindness, and such sweet herbs; and each shall be well hedged in with the Golden Rule."

"Well, children, now you know the conditions, what do you say?" said their father.

"I like the conditions very much, papa," said Clover.

"They are easy enough," said Lily.

"Mamma," said Primrose, quitting her father and going to lean her elbows on her mother's lap, "what is the hedge for."

"To fence out little mischief-makers as pride and selfishness and envy; for if they get in they will root up every sweet flower there. And no other hedge is low enough and close enough to keep them out."

"But, mamma," said Primrose, her little mouth dimpling into a smile of full intelligence, "who'll want the herbs?"

"We shall see," said her mother, answering the smile. "I should not wonder if I came down to the gardens myself for a sprig now and then."

"Well, papa," said Lillie, "we agree. But where are the seeds and plants which we must choose to come from?"

"I suppose from my pocket," said Mr. May. "Most things seem to come from there nowadays. See! here are three greenbacks—a dollar apiece for each of you. How far will that go? Far enough, I think, for little novices."

"Oh, papa!" said Clover, "a dollar apiece is a great deal. Are there seeds so expensive?"

"All depends upon the sort," said Mr. May, with a shrug of his shoulders. "They cost from five cents a paper to fifty cents a seed, according to circumstance."

"Fifty cents a seed!" said Lily. "I guess I sha'n't buy *that* sort. Spend all my money for two seeds, truly!"

"Papa, did you mean me to spend a whole dollar too?" said Primrose, eying the greenback in her hand as a toy quite beyond belief.

"You are to spend the whole of it. And you will find it as far as it will go possible."

"A dollar will buy twenty packets of the five cent kind—only think!" said Lily. "Papa, will Robin find me seeds?"

"No, no; you are to have nothing to do with Robin. I will furnish the tools. Now, what next?"

"How are we to choose our seeds, papa?" said Clover.

"Oh, to be sure! Here is Mr. Vick's Catalogue," said her father, taking it out from his pocket-case, "full of names and descriptions and prices. You can study this at your leisure, and when you have made your choice I will send an order for the seeds."

Prim's eyes glistened as her father fluttered over the leaves of the Catalogue. What pictures of flowers were there!

"How splendid!" said Lily, talking it from his hand, and pausing over a bunch of petunias.

"Papa," said Clover, "I feel too rich!"

"Rich?" said Mr. May, laughing—"you will feel as poor as possible when you have studied that Catalogue, my child, an hour. I foresee an endless call for donations. In fact, you will be such poverty-stricken damsels, with your one dollar apiece, that I think we'll have better take up a collection at once before matters go any further. Mamma, what will you give?"

"Some strong calico frocks, and thick shoes and gloves," replied Mrs. May, promptly.

"A most needful contribution! But tending rather to the comfort of the gardeners than the beauty of the garden."

"Oh, I will give the gardens each a rose-bush," said Mrs. May.

"Ah, that is good! Sam, what say you?"

"A cutting of geranium, Sir, for each; with leave for tying up the flowers, and strong sticks and labels. Also, the help of a knife and hammer and nails when wanted."

"All very excellent and necessary," said his father.

"I will furnish advice," said Jack, "in any quantity, and upon the most liberal terms. Also, as Sam says, a well-grown plant of Canada thistle for each garden—just to promote the growth of mamma's sweet herbs."

"If I wouldn't promote the growth of mamma's hedge," said Lily. "If you'll furnish advice, Jack, we'll take it, and thank you too."

"For me," said Mr. May, "I will provide the tools. And Jack, under the circumstances, that is all I will engage to do."

"Do you mean that you will give us tools, papa?" said Lily, with falling eyes.

"A little spade and watering-pot, papa?" said Primrose.

"You will see," said her father. "If I tell you all beforehand the package will not be so interesting wh n it comes."

"Can we wait?" said Lily, gleefully. "We've enough to think of for one day. Come, Clover, let's go make our list."

"But I think I can not make mine to-night, Lily," said Clover, as she came to the window. "I don't know yet where my garden is to be."

"That makes no difference," said Lily. "Just look at these pinks! Did you ever see any thing so grand?"

"Why, it makes a great deal of difference," said Clover, eying the pinks with loving looks. "I can't tell what I shall want. I may have to plant out something, you know; and that would require tall things. Or there may be rocks. Oh, Lily, I'm happy! Let's begin to-night."

"These gardens will be a study," said Mr. May to his wife. "Clover, what do you know about 'planting out yet?'"

Clover turned back, blushing a little.

"Not much, papa. But I heard you and Mr. Jarvis talking one day, and I learned something in a book."

"That's right," said her father; "listen, and then apply your knowledge. But go and make your list, my child; and then it can be modified here and there if need be. You will find it a longer business than you think. And I'll see where the gardens shall be to-morrow."

So the three children curled themselves up on the sofa, by the window-seat, and the work began. Mr. May and the boys went off, and their mother sat silent by the table, her gentle face bent over her work.

CHAPTER II.

The children of whom I told you in my first chapter had been (so far) brought up in the city. Brick walls, and noisy streets, and town sights and sounds, were all they knew best; and it was no wonder that Primrose pronounced the celery seed "sweet," if only by way of comparison, and quite forgivable that Lily thought "Job" a pretty word and the dusty pavement on the other; a wisteria, rambling drearily over a brown stone front in the vain search after something pleasant—all these they had seen again and again. But these are exiles, singing but half their sweet song in a strange land; and every child knows the difference between their captive beauty and the free, sonny grace of a truant dandelion, that every one of these things are so new to them that it displays the *oldest* fashions in Fifth Avenue. Highly respectable little dandelion!—nobody ever liked you in all your life.

A year from this time of which I write Mr. May had bought a country place, and with the beginning of winter his family had all removed thither, to make it their home. It was not at all a remarkable place, unless for being at once large, old-fashioned, and comfortable; and the fence for fourty years from that time. The house stood back from the road, with a short, smooth slope of grass between and a straight gravel fence for fronting any line. This fence turned up the slope quite near the house on one side; but on the other, where was the door of entrance, it ran down in a long curve in a wider sweep than in front, and the fence stood off at a respectful distance. Behind the house was a large garden and a well-stocked fruit-orchard. Robin was busy with his pruning-knife and hot beds, and preparations of all kinds. For it was now just at the end of winter, and there were days when the very breath of spring was abroad; and the light on the bare trees looked soft and kindly, and adventurous blades of grass peeped out in sheltered places.

The front-door of the house being, after all, a side door, the front room was unbroken except by a large bow-window belonging to the family sitting-room; and as the first floor of the house was but a single story above the ground, this bow-window was something like a glazed porch, having its own low step without, and within a broad window-seat all round. And here, every winter, under tight with double sashes, it became the favorite resort of the children. Here they and their mother lived during the very afternoon of which I speak, hardly knowing whether they were most delighted or at their wit's end; for of all distracting things connected in a well-known way, illustrated Catalogue of flowers! Such a bewildering confusion of red and blue and purple and white and yellow and striped and spotted! Seasons dazzling your very eyes; such "blazes of brilliance" that you seem to see; such "every sort" perfumes that you can almost taste. The colored leaves, the stately growers, the trailing creepers, the vines that mount up like Jack's bean-stalk, enchanted ladders to your head. People go into raptures over lace and jewels and old china. Well, well, those have their place; but it is not the place of riches, after all. And they are not heart's-ease—they can never be balm.

"Now, first," said Lily—"oh me, whatever shall we do with these hard names!"

"They are not so hard when you have looked at them a little," said Clover. "I wish Jarvis knows more—many. So—about that first one's easy enough —alsonia.'"

"How shall we begin?" said Lily, "shall you take the first part of the Catalogue, and I the second, and Primrose the third? or shall we divide by flowers? Alonzo for me, and Amaranthus my aged—spectrum for Prim? Such names!"

"But that wouldn't be choosing," said Clover.

"No, it wouldn't," said Lily; "and we've got to choose. Well, shall we agree that we won't ever take the same?"

"But that would not be *choosing*, either," said Clover.

"Then we'll just have to begin and see more about it," said Lily. "I don't want any of all three first four—do you?"

"I want alsonia," said Primrose. "It's sweet."

"Write it down then," said Lily; "but if you take all the sweet flowers, I guess you'll have enough. And that's no little—only six inches high. But I'll tell you what I will have, and that's snap-dragon—never mind the other name. Look, Clover, here's a picture of it; and you see they say it's 'exceedingly brilliant.' Oh, I should think so, indeed!—'scarlet and yellow with white throat,' and 'crimson with white throat;' and 'magnificently striped,' and all sorts. Which would you take? there's a blood-red one."

"I should like blue-see, down at the bottom," said Clover; "best and brightest varieties mixed."

"Why how splendid!" said Lily; "and only ten cents for four sorts!"

While Lily was writing down snap-dragon, Clover peeped over the leaf and quietly headed her own list with sweet-sultan.

"What's that?" said Lily. "Oh, I don't believe you'll like that. It's just some common little white thing."

"But see these!" said Clover; "amaranthus, with red and yellow and green foliage. I must have that. And here's a useful for back-grounds."

"What are back-grounds?" said Lily. "I love lies blooding—what a funny name! Prim, don't you want any thing on this page?"

"I'll see what there is first," said Primrose, latching her little brows on all the other pages, I mean. "Because I got—colored. I think I want every thing; and you know I can't have that."

"Oh, but a dollar will go a great deal," said Lily! "Just look at those asters! I must have them."

"So must I, some of them," said Clover. "And there are ever so many kinds. Which one will you take?"

"This first one—perfection," said Lily. "There can't be any thing much better than that."

"I'll take the 'chrysanthemum—dowered,'" said Clover. "I like the name, somehow."

"Well, I guess I'll have this little one—'pyramidal bouquet,'" said Primrose. "Because I like bouquets."

Prim's garden will be all six inches high," said Lily, laughing.

"They say balsams are beautiful," said Clover, writing the name down on her list. "And they must have good culture; you see they must be 'transplanted and thinned, and pinched out.' That's just what I shall like. I think I can take pains enough."

"Then you'd better take some cockscombs," said Lily—"recommended to all who will give their plants good care. Why, I mean to do that, too, of course; but I don't like the name, they say."

"Oh! oh!" cried Primrose—"just look at these dianthus flowers over the leaf!"

"Dianthus!" said Lily—"what's dianthus? Why, they are perfectly splendid!"

"They are pinks," said Clover; "I'm sure so down here. I never saw any thing so beautiful in all my life!"

"No, I believe you never did," said Lily; "and there they are over the leaf. Let's go all through and look at the pictures the first thing. There's something—I don't know what—and annuals—and petunias. Mamma's Catalogue is perfectly fascinating!"

Mamma laughed a little at that. "How do the dollars hold out, Lily?" she asked.

"Oh! I don't know," said Lily—"well, I guess. You see, mamma, we are looking through just to put down a few of the most striking ones first, and then we can add to the lists afterward."

"How many of the striking ones' does each list contain at present?" said Mrs. May, looking very much amused.

"We haven't counted yet, mamma. Now, there's something I should like—a 'double green-centred sunflower,' from five to eight feet high."

"That sounds imposing, indeed," said Mrs. May.

"Don't you like sunflowers, mamma?—the name's pretty. What do they look like?"

"Something between, going to her side, "what flower do you love best?"

"I am quite fond of primroses !" said Mrs. May, taking the little face between her hands and giving it a kiss.

"And you'd like some more?" said Primrose, laughing.

"Very much!"

"Well, there's plenty of 'em in Mr. Vick's Catalogue," said Primrose, gleefully, going back to her seat. "And I'll write 'em right down."

"But, Lily," said Clover, presently, looking up from her list, "I guess the reason—how far *will* a dollar go? It will never buy all these in the world!" said Clover, showing a slip of paper well covered with figures.

"Oh! I guess it will," said Lily; "a dollar's a great deal. Let's count up and see. But I haven't gotten down—I mean over mind; we can turn over the leaves again. There's snap-dragon one—I mean ten; and aster fifteen; how comes that, I wonder?—fifteen cents a paper—; and pinks, ten more, makes thirty-five; and my sunflower is forty-five; and pansy, sixty-five; and my double petunias—how much? Now for all never do!—double portulaca, *fifty!* Why, I must have five dollars' worth on my list, at this rate."

"I've got three dollars' worth on mine," said Clover, laying it down with a blank face. The children looked at each other, then broke into a laugh.

"Prim was wise," said Lily; "she waited. Well, we've just got to begin over again, that's all."

"Yes," said Clover, "we begun all wrong. I ought to have had more sense. The way is to put down only what we can afford, and then add more if we have it to spare. Here, Prim"; and then over came the price after each one. Let's take new slips of paper, and make a nice list this time."

"Well," said Lily, and she wrote at the top of her paper—"Flower seeds that I *must* have."

"Now don't let us talk," said Clover, "but just go over the Catalogue quietly and *think*." And again the enticing pages were turned over, leaf by leaf.

"Well, this passes all my philosophy," said Lily, when she had again added up her list. "It seems that I *must* have at least two dollars' worth!"

"That's just what I've got, too," said Clover "Papa might well say it would be a long piece of work."

"Mamma," said Primrose, once more quitting the bow-window for her mother's side, "im't it funny?"

"And are you in difficulties, too?" said her mother.

"I've not made my list yet, mamma, I got so confused between what Pat they want and what I want. I think I'll wait till they have all done with the Catalogue, and then I can take it."

"That will be likely to be very soon," said Lily. "What *can* I strike out! Mamma, did you ever see this bartonia—very showy, with yellow flowers and gray branches?"

"Yes, I have seen it."

"Is it pretty?"

"It is very showy."

"Which is the prettiest, that or pansies?"

"Oh, pansies, if I am to be judge! They are showy and lovely too."

"How nice!" said Lily; "that's just what I'd like to be. I'll mark pansies with my red pencil, as a settled thing. But they're terribly expensive."

"It often costs a good deal to be showy and lovely," said Mrs. May, with a smile.

"I must have my hyacinth bean," said Clover, "but that don't cost a great deal; and I must have some stocks, though they do. Mamma, are zinnias handsome?"

"Very handsome."

"I may want those, they look useful," said Clover, with her face full of plans and back-grounds.

"And I must have petunias," said Lily. "Mamma, my book is a perfect whirl."

"Then if I were you," said her mother, "I would put my body in a whirl, and then Lily will be a good run out of doors. You will not know her from blue if you sit puzzling there any longer."

"I guess that's true," said Lily, with a laugh. "I'm as tired as can be."

And the children went for their hoods and cloaks and then off into the snow; little Primrose giving a lingering look at the Catalogue where it lay on the window-seat. Her list was but just begun.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—"Well, I'm blowed!"

JOURNALISM.—A new Roman Catholic satirical paper will, it is rumored, shortly appear in England. It is to be called *The Scourge*, and will blow up the Houses of Parliament once a week.

An Irish peasant being asked why he permitted his pig to take up its quarters with his family, made an answer abounding with satirical naiveté: "Why not? Doesn't the place afford every convenience for a pig's comfort?"

The entire assets of a recent bankrupt were nice children. The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

What business ought Tom Thumb to go into? Grocer any one?

THE CHEAPEST WAY WITH THE LAWYERS.—Keep one's own counsel.

Why is Queen Victoria, just about now, like a deaf lady? —Because her Erin *hearings* is in the air.

A dentist of our acquaintance says that it is much easier to take the *forceps* of a woman's *tooth* than off her *tongue*.

How many peas are there in a pint?—One p.

LATEST FROM ABROAD.—What foreign town has the dirtiest street?—Mem-ins.

ACCIDENT WITH MACHINERY.—"I've got a new machine," said a sudden peddler, "for picking stones out of the road. Yes, I tell you, it's a beetle bit the dandiest thing you ever did see. You have to fix it to the end of a horse, and turn a crank, and the fish flies rite down your throat, and the bones rite under the ground. Well, there was a country gen-tleman got hold of it the other day, and he turned the crank the wrong way; and I tell you, he broke the machine down his throat was awful. Why, it stuck that fisher so full of bones that he couldn't get his mouth off for a whole week."

The following is an Irishman's description of making a rancus: "Take a long hole, and pour brass or iron all round it."

One of Gough's stories was a neat hit at those dilatory people who are always behind time. Some one said to a man who was late, "I see that your watch has three-handed pupils." "Three-handed: that's rather uncommon!" "Yes, the uncommon ones—two hands like other people—and a *little behind-hand!*"

A Missouri paper announced a short time since that the "wife-crop in Gasconade County promises a full harvest." The next week the editor came out with an "erratum—for wife read wine."

A Scotchman asked an Irishman, "Why were half-farthings called in England?" His answer was, "To give Scotchmen an opportunity of subscribing to charitable institutions."

Why is a mad bull an animal of a convivial disposition? Because he offers a *horn* to every one he meets.

An irascible gentleman lately fought a duel with his intimate friend. Being sorely assorted that he was born without a shirt to his back!

The following purports to be a model medical puff:

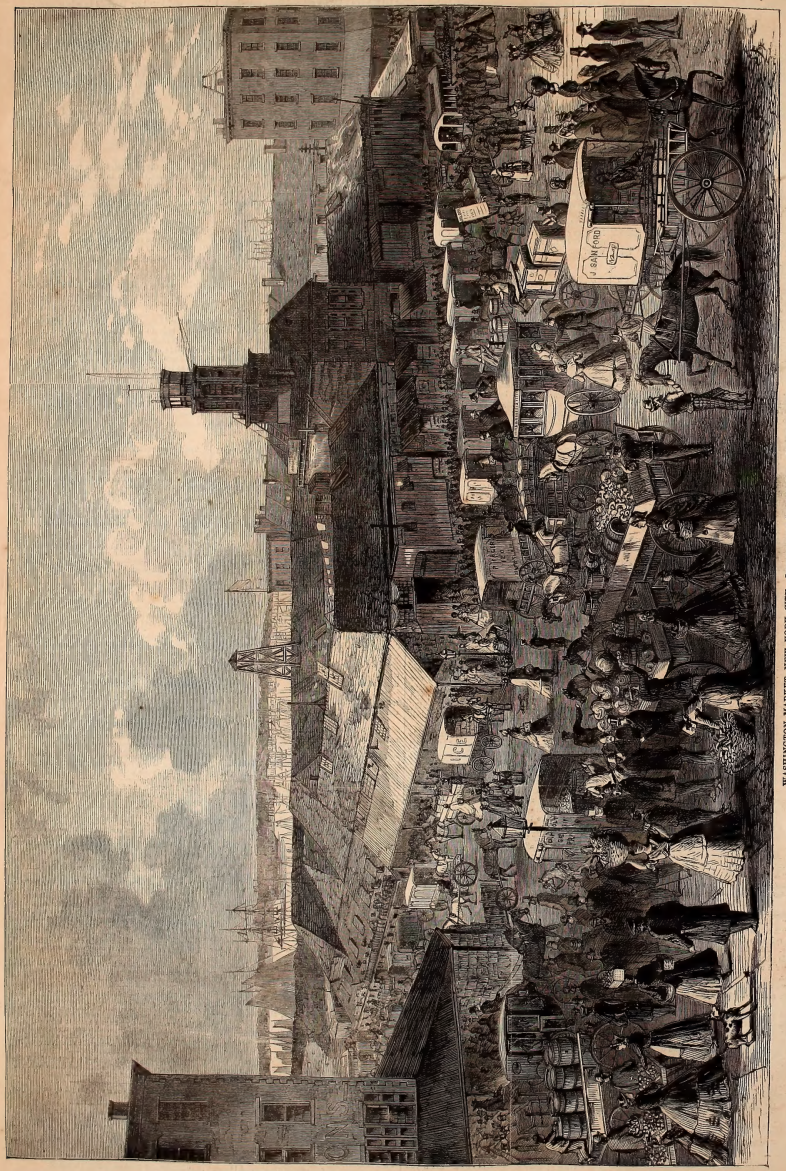
"DEAR DOCTOR,—I shall be one hundred and seventy-five years old next October, to-day my doctor moved. I have been an invalid, unable to step across the street with a lever. But a year ago I heard of the Granicular Syrup. I bought a bottle, smelt the cork, and found myself a baby. I have now run twelve miles and a half an hour, and throw thirteen consecutive without stopping."

There are great fears entertained in England that if the cable dispatches continue to be abbreviated that the "times are out of joint" will be realized.

The fellow who sat down on a pin got up on the spur of the moment.

A deceased chief justice once addressed a jury in the following model speech: "Gentlemen of the jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible; the witness incredible; and the plaintiffs and defendants are both such bad characters that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

"Bellow" call a great many people to church.



WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHED BY SOLOMON FOX.—[SEE PAGE 327.]



"SPRING-TIME."

THE BLACKSMITH'S WIFE.

BY AUGUSTUS COMSTOCK.

She has a figure trim and neat,
And full of health and life,
With nimble hands and nimble feet,
The blacksmith's little wife.

Her hair is dark, her eyes are blue,
And though her cheek is browned,
An anchorite would smile to view
A face so smooth and round.

All day she labors like the bee,
The blacksmith's little wife,
While round her play her children three,
Bright-haired and full of life.

And all day long, her cheery song
Comes through the cottage door,
While tap, tap, tap, her gaiters rap
The neatly sanded floor.

Her swarthy husband, from the town,
Comes home when day is dim;
For kisses he must stoop 'way down,
Or she climb up to him.

He's just the man that women crave
To shield them from "the wrong,"
For he's as kind as he is brave,
As brave as he is strong.

"You're tired out with work," she sighs;
"You lead a weary life."
"No, no," quoth he, "'tis Paradise,
With such a little wife."

The gleeful fire with ardent rays
Peeps slyly from the hearth,
The tea-pot blushes in the blaze,
The kettle shakes with mirth.

The sleek "grimalkin" purs and mews,
The dog whines at the door,
The pattering of little shoes
Is heard along the floor.

About the smith his children play
When evening's meal is through,
They love to see his pipe of clay
Send forth its clouds of blue.

They clamber on his shoulders broad,
They clamber on his knee,
While wife looks on with smile and nod:
And all are full of glee.

I'd sooner be this blacksmith bold,
With such a little wife,
Than have the wealth of yellow gold
That gilds an aimless life.

THE ISLAND GIRL.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

After leaving the port of Valparaiso we cruised for several months in different parts of the Pacific, capturing three large sperm whales and a "California gray." The latter was a curious-looking fish, about twenty feet in length, with a long, funnel-shaped head, crooked flukes, and a thin, tapering body, spotted like that of a leopard. We lost a whole tub of line, and one of our best boats was stoven, before we succeeded in killing "Monsieur Gray;" but he rewarded us for our trouble in the end—yielding us forty barrels of good clear oil. By this time the few casks of fresh water procured at Valparaiso were nearly empty; so, as soon as we



"THE BLACKSMITH'S WIFE."



"THE ISLAND GIRL."

had stowed our oil we shaped our course for the Navigator Islands to obtain a fresh supply. Our vessel was the bark *St. Mary*, of New Bedford, commanded by Captain Buncle—a tall, raw-boned native of Sag Harbor, who could fling a lance to the distance of twenty fathoms without missing his aim. He was a thorough whalesman and sailor, equally good and collected whether battling with the mighty leviathan of the deep or the shrieking typhoon; a large-hearted, genial man, too, well calculated to win the love and esteem of his officers and crew.

All hands were delighted with the prospect of a run ashore. The vast watery wilderness of ocean, unrelieved by rock or even a floating blade of grass, must eventually fatigue the eyes of poor Jack, how deep soever may be his appreciation of Old Neptune; and though his fancy may occasionally weave pictures of rocks, valleys, and even trees among the clouds in the horizon, yet there are not substantial enough to satisfy his longings for a sight of *terra firma*.

As our little bark stood bravely upon our shore-ward course we spent our leisure hours in washing and "patching up" our well-worn garments, so as to look respectable when we should reach our island port—for a sailor likes to appear well, even in the eyes of a savage. A couple of clothes-lines forward, extending across and above the deck from the bow to the weather shrouds, now presented a spectacle which was both amusing and picturesque. On these lines were great patches upon the sails, shows, trousers of various sizes and colors, Guernsey frocks, woolen stockings, and clean but molecularly-looking shirts were these—all tossing about in the wind, with arms and legs kicking and striking at each other, as if they were quarrelling because one garment stood a chance of getting dry before the other.

One morning, however, the cry of "Land O!" rattled suddenly from our three mast-heads, and put an end to our "washing and drying." We doused such of our garments as were fit to be worn, and hung up those that were not in the fore-hold. Then leaning over the bulwarks, we gratefully inhaled the sweet fragrance of flowers and spices wafted from the shores of beautiful Savaii, the island we were approaching. As our little bark bounded onward through the curling waves our watchful gaze was presently rewarded with tall, sloping hills, covered with cloud-like masses of green verdure, slender cocoa-nut trees lining a white, curving beach, and the huts of the natives, with the smoke ascending from them, seen through openings in the shrubbery in the fruit-trees and clambering vines.

We let go our anchor a quarter of a mile from the beach and shook hands with a number of natives who had come off in their canoes loaded with yams, cocoa-nuts, bananas, and bread-fruit, which they were anxious to exchange for tobacco, articles of clothing, etc. Also some of them were furled to wear as blazers to trade with the islanders. From one of these—a gigantic fellow whose only garment was a piece of tappa (cloth manufactured from the bark of the mulberry tree) fastened around his waist, and which reached to his knees—I purchased a hundred ripe yellow bananas for a shirt, which I had carefully washed in a whale's tooth. There was something touching in the simple, child-like pleasure evinced by the stalwart savage at such a mere trifle. His eyes sparkled, his whole countenance glowed with delight as he turned the little piece of ivory round and round between his thumb and forefinger. He examined it on all sides, then chuckled and commenced to dance about the deck, clapping his hands. Finally he eyed a tree standing to and fro along the lee gangway, blowing the whistle with all his might, and returned in a serious gaze of his delight-beaming countenance of proud exultation. From this man my attention was at length drawn to a pretty, interesting little girl of seven or eight years, who was seated upon the knight-heads crying and sobbing as if her heart would break. She wore a long skin robe of faded tappa, confined just beneath the arm-pits, and around her forehead a pretty wreath of flowers, from beneath which her long black hair streamed in wild masses. On her lap were some dozen mountain or *mauee apples*, strung together by means of a piece of twine formed of cocoa-nut husk.

"What ails you, my child?" I inquired, advancing and touching her on the shoulder; "why do you cry?"

She wiped her eyes as if comforted by my sympathy, and in broken English informed me that she had just succeeded in selling one of her strings. The crew, attracted by more palatable fruits, had paid no attention to her unripe merchandise. She feared she would have to go back to her home, where she had sent her to the ship in one of the canoes, without any food or clothing; and this old mother, who, according to the child's description, was a perfect fury—would then beat her with sticks, and afterward shut her up in a dark hole in the mountains.

I immediately purchased the apples, giving her in exchange half a dozen hands of tobacco and a small silk scarf. Her father I fastened about her waist, stern, told her that it made her look very pretty, and expressed the hope that her mother would not take it away from her. She clapped her hands and laughed with childish glee; then threw her arms about my neck, calling me her dear "feiong" (friend), and declaring in her half-wild, half-timid manner, that she would never go back to her wicked mother, but would stay with me and let me be her father.

Before I could reply an angry screech, something like that of an owl, pierced my ear, and turning, I beheld an old, fierce-looking hag, whose gaunt figure was enveloped in a ragged piece of cotton cloth. She held in one hand a knotted, formidable-looking stick, and in the other a long wooden wasp from a shriveled apple.

"Hi! hi! I'll run from mother, eh?" she screamed, seizing my little companion by the shoulder. "Glad me come aboard—give much beat; beat so no walk for long time!"

And lifting the stick she would have carried out her threat, had I not prevented her. The tobacco which her little daughter now slipped into her hand elicited a screech of satisfaction, and grinning with delight, she thrust the stick into an old belt around her waist, and proceeded to fill her pipe. She then lighted it and began to smoke with the utmost composure, offering all the natives to leave the ship. My little girl was obliged to go with her mother. After they with their canoes had been entered the canoe, and as it glided away from the vessel she looked back now and then, waving "farewell" to me with the pretty scarf. I stood watching her until the canoe with its occupants disappeared around a headland; and even then her large, melancholy eyes haunted my mind.

When our watch was sent ashore the next day with a raft of casks, I filled my pockets of my shirt with presents for the natives, and sprang among the group of natives about the banks of the lake from which we were to procure our water.

Children of both sexes were there, running hither and thither, or rolling over the green turf like tumble-bugs. Many were provided with long wooden spears, which they darted at the little fish gliding beneath the ripples near the beach. The girls were very pretty, but I was not impressed by either of them as I had been by the child with the mountain apples.

After we had obtained our water and stowed it I visited the island with several companions, but was still unable to find my little friend; and I felt a presentiment that I should never see her again.

One foggy morning about a week after my last ramble over the island we got up our anchors and stood out to sea. I had just taken my station at the helm when the cry of "Look out!" rang with that wheel!" was shrieked by the mate, who stood upon the knight-heads, forward.

I had the wheel quickly, but even as I did so I heard a snapping, crackling sound, followed by a plaintive wail that pierced my ears like a knife. The moment the sound reached me I was hauled aback and a boat was lowered—for the bark, I soon learned, had run over a canoe, capsized it, and that the unfortunate occupants had been flung through my mind, and with breathless anxiety I awaited the return of the boat. It was not long coming. The men in the boat found the occupants of the canoe, but had picked up fragments of the frail vessel, to one of which, caught by a projecting nail, hung the silk scarf which I had given to the island girl.

The poor child, leaving her wicked mother, had put off in the canoe before I could overtake her, and might intercept it and be taken aboard to join "her friend;" but the thick fog had prevented her from seeing the bark in time to escape her melancholy fate.

SECOND LETTER.

"NICE, old fellow, tell me what's the row? There's been thinking enough about it to fill sixty of things; tell me—and" I got up and put my hand on his shoulder. "Poor old boy! what is it?"

Oh! leave me alone, Harry—there's the matter; only I'm a fool. Well, if you must know, read that! I shall be all right soon; only I got that into—confound it—the left eye. I'm not much know I'm an ass!"

I took the letter he held out, and he twisted up his head and tried to whistle "I'm afloat;" but it was a failure, and he added, in a lower tone:

"One can't pull up a ten years' litany of that sort, Jack, without shaking the helm a bit. Thank you for making me let the cat out; I'm all the better for it. Good-night!"

"Here, my dear—more sorry than I could say—for him. He was the oldest friend I had got. We used to sleep in the same bunk at Winchester, and had rowed in the same boats at Oxford, and I could not bear to see him so cut up. I could have done almost any thing for him, but there was only one thing which you must be sure of, that, unless a letter from my daughter Minnie, who is much distressed at being obliged to give you pain,

"Believe me, yours sincerely,

"T. DARLEY."

I could not bring myself to read Minnie's letter, so I folded Mr. Darley's up again, and gave them back.

"Poor old Nick! I'm very sorry for you. I have a notion you really cared for her, didn't you, night, old boy?" and I squeezed his hand, feeling half a hypocrite all the time, and lay down to think till I should sleep.

I think that any one who is rash enough to attempt to describe even an ordinarily pretty girl is sure to make a failure. I am not going to say more of Minnie Darley is, that she was slight and very pretty indeed. Possibly some critics might object that her lips were perhaps too full, and that, after that her delicately-chiseled features were, at times, almost so colorless as to be almost more suggestive of marble than soft flesh and blood; but as a moment a blush or a smile could warm the beautiful statue into a charming English girl; and any one must have been much more than ordinarily fastidious not who could watch her, flushed and animated, in the momentary pause in a valse or galop, without acknowledging that—artistically speaking at least—she was lovely.

I really was very sorry for my friend Nick, for I knew how I should have felt had a letter, I had only known her six months; he, poor fellow! had loved her for ten years. It had been, according to his own account, his one idea since he was a boy at school, and he was inconsolable now, and seemed quite unable to rouse himself to any thing. I had the greatest difficulty in stirring him up enough to start for Switzerland; and if it had not been for my promise to my uncle that I would be promised to escort as far as Geneva, I am not at all sure that either of us would have left England at all. When we did start he was not a lively companion, and for the first whole day traveled with his hat resting on his nose, without speaking a word.

Fortunately our passage over the Channel was a very rough one, and Nick, who was never an overgood sailor, was compelled, against his will, for a time to turn his thoughts away to other more immediate troubles.

There is nothing, as every one knows, like time and change of scene to take the edge off any sorrow; and nothing, perhaps, helps their effects more than another sorrow intervening. His shocking seasickness was one, and a awful black chasm yawning between him and his rejection; and when we landed at Boulogne his spirits had risen in a way that surprised us all. We lovely weather, luxurious fruit, and amusing company. My mother and sister, who both liked him, and had heard his story, all that kindness could suggest to cheer him up, and by the time we reached Geneva, after a leisurely journey, he was quite himself again, merry and sarcastic, the life of the party; and his confidences to me had been dropped for at least a week.

We had arranged—at his suggestion, I believe—to go with the ladies of our party as far as Chavronix, a solitary village, standing in its own pine wood and inn-yard, on an isolated marble rock, a little way up the mountains between Bex and Aigle to the east of the Lake of Geneva. Here we found we were to stay for a few days, and then Nick joined us, and by the time we reached Geneva, after a leisurely journey, he was quite himself again, merry and sarcastic, the life of the party; and his confidences to me had been dropped for at least a week.

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On a table of soft moss close by some rough wooden seats we found some wine and fruit awaiting us, and sat there chatting and telling our adventures till it was time to go in. "There are some letters for some of you, Fanny dear, on the drawing-room chimney-piece," said Mrs. Grey, when we had all met for tea; "I forgot them when we came in." Fanny was on the instant, and danced back into the room with a disappointed

"Not one for me; what a shame! Mrs. Holmes," two for you, mamma, and—Mr. Darley, such two for you, mamma, and—Mr. Darley, such a fat one for you, sir. Mr. Barnard; I'm sure it must have got another one in it." Nick took it, blushed crimson, and put it in his pocket. It was from Mr. Darley.

Supper, as every thing else must, came to an end at last; but the evening grew chilly, and we sat on the terrace, and, after that, something else, which kept us with the rest of the party, and it was not till we were alone in the little bedroom we were to share for the night that Nick could venture to open his letter.

I don't know which was most eager. I looked over with him and read:

"DARVEIN LODGE, August 10, 1865.

"MY DEAR NICHOLAS.—If you believed how painful it was to me to be obliged to send you the inclosure to my last letter, you will not, I am sure, doubt that I give me the greatest pleasure to forward that which accompanies this. Sound thoughts, they were we feel. I hope you will not quarrel with the truth of the saying in your own words, 'I think you had better come here and see for your return. There will be several business matters to arrange. I may probably, by then, be able to say what allowance I shall be able to let you have. You must be reminded that your profession is the law.

"I hope Mrs. Darley may be able to persuade your mother to meet you here. I remain, my dear Nicholas,

"Yours very truly,

"T. DARLEY."

Nick stared at me. "Well, old boy, I congratulate you," I said, with a sickly sensation in the throat that was more bigger than before; "I wish to goodness I could not; but I must—so I do."

Slowly and deliberately he read through the letter, getting redder and redder every moment, till all of a sudden he threw it down into the middle of the room and began to walk in a towering rage. "Second thoughts, indeed! and mayn't I have second thoughts too, I should like to know? A likely thing that I'm going to be kicked and then whistled for again, like a dog."

"Second thoughts, con—" He stopped short and was quiet for a moment, and then said in a lower tone. "Jack, I've been an ass! The fact of the matter is, I don't care a snap for Minnie Darley; and I love you and your sister Fanny a thousand times more than I can say. No, stop; don't say any thing yet, and don't go staring as if you had never read Roman and Greek, but listen to me. I'm a person as Rosaline; but just listen quietly to me. I shall go right home to my chambers, and stick to the law and read like fury. I've doubled three times before, and I'll try how I can work. I'll stick to it, and I will. I was thinking the whole matter over last night. I guessed you were right in every way, so I said up and went to bed. Darley to tell him I was very sorry for his daughter and all that; but that I'm blowed if I will have her. I don't care a hang for that, of course, but I was firm and civil, and I'll send the letter first thing to-morrow morning. I wonder what the post goes? Have you got any stamps, by-the-by?"

I never was so taken aback in my life, and had literally a difficulty in catching my breath. There was a vague feeling of relief with it all. Minnie MIGHT get over it, and who could tell what might not happen then? but the complications before us were appalling.

"Let me see HER letter." It was at my feet. I picked it up, tore it open, and looked for her signature, and read:

"Dear Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"SMITH and SMITH."

I suppose I opened my eyes wider, if possible, than they were before, for, in a second, Nick had snatched the letter out of my hands. It was a lawyer's letter, announcing the sudden death of old General Barnard, soon after he had executed a will which revoked a former one, necessitating his money to build and endow two monasteries and a convent, and left all his property to Nick on his attaining the age of twenty-five.

Mr. Darley was named executor and trustee, with full powers to do as he thought best with the estate until Nick should come into possession. A dozen times, at least, we must have read it through. Nick at last broke the silence. "I say, *second thoughts*, if a'n't out of sight *before to old Darley*."

I seized hold of his hand and shook it so that his arm was stiff for three days after, and was only saved by that he was disfigured by having it prematurely lengthened.

I have not much more to tell, and what there is is best told in few words.

Nick left us the next day but one, but before he went he spoke to Fanny (by accident, he says) alone on the gazebo.

What happened there I am sure I don't know! All I know is that I was sitting on a camp-stool in the whole, it was as well, for Nick in the mean time turned tweety-five, and was able to accept an invitation to stand as Conservative candidate for Helston. When the appointed day—Fanny's birthday —came, I was in full uniform, and had rung myself in as sector of Barnard.

I am not a good hand at describing a wedding, and am grossly ignorant of the difference between a train and a petticoat; but Emma and Edith Grey were two of our bridesmaids, and as Nick and Fanny were going to the East, and did not want Chavronix for the honey-moon, Mrs. Grey lent it me.

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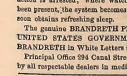
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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

BY MISS WARNER,
Author of "The Wide, Wide World."

CHAPTER III.

"WELL, young ones," said Mr. May, next morning at breakfast, "what of the lists? Are they made up?"

"Not finished, papa," said Clover.

"Papa," said Lily, "it's *terribly* hard work!"

Mr. May laughed.

"I thought so," he said. "And so you have all been bankrupt half a dozen times? Well, I have chosen three places for the gardens. My part of the work was easy."

"Oh! papa," said Lily, "whereabouts is mine?"

"Why, that is as you all agree," said Mr. May. "I promised to provide the places, but you must do the dividing yourselves. The first is down by the fence, just in front of the bow-window. The second lies close at the foot of the window itself."

"Papa," said Clover, "may the one who has the place by the fence let her flowers run on it?"

"The one by the fence may do what she likes with the fence, except pull it down. In like manner the one by the window may do any thing with that except break it. The third place lies down at the foot of the slope to the west; toward the side fence but not by it. This is rather the largest of the three."

"Oh, I should like to have the largest!" said Lily.

"Till the weeds come," said her father. "My dear, have you thought about the weeds?"

"Oh! I don't mean to let 'em come —so I needn't think about 'em," said Lily. "But Clover's the oldest, she ought to choose first."

"I don't care about choosing," said Clover, "I dare say I can make something of either place."

"Well, then, I shall take the large place down at the foot of the slope," said Lily. "I can't bear to be crowded."

"Now, Prim," said Clover, "you must choose next."

"By what rule of preference?" said Mr. May, who was watching the progress of affairs with a good deal of interest.

"She is the smallest, papa—it might make more difference to her."

"May I really choose?" said Primrose; "I don't think it's fair."

"Why yes it is, if I with it," said Clover.

"Well, then," said Prim, with gleeful pleasure in her very tone, "I choose the place under the window. Because mamma can look at me when I'm at work; and I might be lonely down there by the fence."

"I am sure mamma will approve that arrangement," said Mr. May, as they left the table. "Clover," he said, softly, bending down with his arm round her, "are you quite content?"

"I? Oh yes, papa! I shouldn't enjoy any thing, you know, if Lily and Prim were not pleased. And besides, don't you think, papa, 'said Clover, drawing him off to the window, "that my fence will be an advantage, and give me nice facilities?"

Mr. May laughed; but there was great tenderness in his eyes as he stooped and kissed the honest, sensible little face, and went away.

"Yes," he said, "you'll find 'facilities' enough, and turn them all into felicities!"

Clover stood still, looking out at her fence.

"Oh, Sam!" said Lily, "will you dig our gardens this morning?"

"Certainly not," said Sam, without hesitation.

"Oh, why not? I thought you would do any thing!"

"I will not, chiefly because it is impossible," said Sam. "The ground is frozen as hard as a rock."

"Why, is it?" said Lily—"frozen? That's very strange."

"On the contrary, it is just what happens every year about this time."

"But when will it melt?" said Lily.

"Melt!" cried Jack; "the ground melt! Ha, ha! that's a good one!"

"Well, I don't see what you're laughing at," said Lily. "Other frozen things melt."

"Yes," said Sam, "other frozen things melt, but the ground *knows*."

"And as soon as the ground thaws will you dig up our gardens, Sam?" said little Prim.

"If I live and am well, you may depend upon it. As soon as the ground will work, I will."

"What do you mean by the ground's working?" said Clover, turning round from the window.

"Why, just now it is frozen hard, you know; and when it first begins to thaw it is very wet—more like mud than earth; and it is impossible to dig it well and break up the lumps, and make it fine and smooth. Indeed you can hardly dig it at all. But when the water drains off a little, and the warm sun has shone upon it for a while, the earth gets dry and crumbly, and *then* it will work. So shall I. You'll find those three gardens dug when you first get up some morning. I've no doubt."

"How interesting it is!" said Clover.

"But, Sam," said little Primrose, "please don't dig my garden when we're asleep, because I want to see you do it."

"Why, it's not much to see, is it?" said Lily. "Just dig it up, that's all, isn't it?"

"Just dig it up, just right," said Sam; "and put on just what is wanted, and make it just smooth afterward."

"What do you put on, Sam?" said Clover.

"Manure of some kind. I must ask papa what kind this soil needs."

"Is it hard to dig it just right?" said Primrose.

"I hope it won't be, after the frost is out," said her brother. "I'll do my best to get it in nice order for your plants and seeds."

"We haven't got any plants," said Lily, "we shall have only seeds. Except mamma's rosebush."

"Oh!" said Sam, who was turning over the Catalogue, "you've taken care of that, have you?"

"Taken care of it?" said Lily; "why we haven't got money to buy plants."

"Plants come from seeds."

"But, Sam," said Lily, "how can we sow our seeds till we get the ground to sow 'em in?"

"It does sound difficult," said Sam. "Are these lists made out?"

"Mine is," said Lily.

"Mine isn't," said Primrose.

"I can finish mine very soon," said Clover, "now I know where my garden's to be."

"Let's look over yours first, then, Lily, if that is ready," said Sam.

"Oh, I'd like to have you, very much," said Lily. "I guess you'll think it's beautiful. You know papa told us to choose; but then each of us had such different reasons for choosing that I don't believe we've got one thing alike. You see I took (generally, I mean) the flowers with easy names—I got so bothered with names half a yard long. And Prim wanted all the sweet things; and Clover," said Lily, with a laugh, "wanted all the *useful* things. *Useful* flowers; it's such a funny idea!"

Sam looked comically down at his Catalogue.

"The three lists, then," he said, "may be divided into Sweet, Useful, and Easy-Useless."

"Well you may laugh," said Lily, "but you'll see what a grand list I've got, if it *is* easy-useless. I didn't want flowers that were *too* much trouble, Sam; and I'd rather have something that I can call snap-dragon at once, and not be always saying 'the tall, blue thing,' or 'the little pink thing,' because I can't remember its name."

"Very judicious and proper," said Sam, opening the Catalogue. "I conclude, then, that snap-dragon heads the Easy-Useless list."

"Yes, it does," said Lily; "this one down here; 'best and brightest varieties mixed.' That was the one Clover advised me to take."

"Useful advice at any rate," said Sam. "What comes next? Alonsoa warscewiczii?"

"*No* indeed," said Lily.

"This one, perhaps, then—amblyolepis setigera."

"I should think people would be ashamed to give flowers such names," said Lily. "Little innocent things that can't help themselves. No, this is the next—aster: the penny-dowered perfection, mixed colors. Then comes calendula—that's a sort of marigold, you see—and then comes. That looks so beautiful that I had to take it. And the 'mixed varieties' are only five cents."

"That *sounds* useful," said Sam.

"How about this great cockscomb?"

"I don't like the looks of it much," said Lily. "I shan't take it. But here's a pretty thing, Sam —this little dwarf convolvulus—convolvulus *minor*. You see convolvulus major is morning-glory, but I've taken the minor. Ten cents—and all sorts of colors. And one must have some little things, I suppose. Then now come the pinks—just *look* at them! I've taken one, and Primrose another, and Clover another."

"You could not have made a better choice," said Sam.

"Then I've got this hollyhock," said Lily—"'showy and double.' I hope you like that? And oh! Sam, what do you think about sunflowers?—just see, 'perfectly double,' and 'from five to eight feet high.'"

"I never saw one so tall," said Sam, waiving the more difficult question of his thoughts.

"Well, I'll see," said Lily; "I couldn't quite make up my mind. But flax—I must have that—'brilliant crimson,' and flowers all summer. I didn't know flax was so beautiful."

"This is not the common kind," said Sam.

"I wanted some pansies, but I couldn't have every thing," said Lily, turning over the leaves rather fast, as if to hide from her sight all the unattainable beauties; "and of course I couldn't give up these petunias. There—just look! But they are terribly expensive—twenty cents; and that just takes all the rest of my money! Now, Sam, what do you think? isn't it a good list?"

"Very good," said Sam, "and not difficult."

"There's all sorts of peas and



"THE LITTLE QUEEN OF THE WOODS."—[FROM A PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.]

beans over here," said Lily; "but I thought they sounded common. And there's something else, beginning with a Z, that looks handsome: but the name's ugly. And one can't have every thing."

"Sam, where did you learn so much about flowers?" said Mrs. May from her table.

"At Thornbrake, mamma, while I was at school. Mr. Austin's place was close by, and I did a great deal of work and play too in his gardens."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1866.

MAKING TREASON ODIOUS.

THE President has directed that RAPHAEL SEMMES, the late commander of the late *Alabama*, shall go, while he remains unpardoned, hold or exercise the function of Probate Judge, to which office he had just been elected in Mobile. This is an indication of caution and prudence which will be commended by every good citizen.

When Mr. JOHNSON became President he made many speeches to many deputations, and the refrain of every speech was that treason must be made odious. No sentiment he ever uttered was more approved. It was not because he was undestood to mean that there must be universal vengeance. No sensible man wished that there should be a general hanging and confiscation and outlawry. No one who knew the kind human nature imagined that the pence which had been won could be secured by a vindictive policy. Treason was to be made odious by honoring patriotism. The Government was to favor those who had been faithful to it during the long, dark day of rebellion. Such a policy was founded in common sense. It was intelligible to the dullest mind. Why, then, has it been so often disregarded?

We are not of those who say or believe that the President wishes to put the Government into the hands of its enemies. It is sheer folly to insist that he is anxious to welcome redhanded rebels into Congress. A man is not proved a traitor because his views appear to be short-sighted and perilous. Some of the how estest men in the world have done the most mischief, and all that they were not bad men. That the President should wish to see the Union restored to its normal condition during his Administration is most natural and laudable; but it is necessary to suspect the motives of such a desire. We disagree, indeed, with many of his views, and the temper in which he often discusses public affairs in his hyphe speeches is most lamentable. His disposition to make assent to his theories the test of patriotic fidelity is, of course, simply pernicious, and the systematic attempt upon his part, which we do not anticipate, but which is clamorously urged upon him, to prostitute the vast patronage of office to the promotion of his own purposes, however honestly those purposes may be entertained, we trust will be Constitutionally opposed to the utmost. But we believe he heartily deplores the unpromising state of feeling in large portions of the late rebel section, and while he is inclined to attribute it to the slay of Congress to admit loyal representatives from that section, he probably entirely forgets how much of the unsatisfactory condition of the late insurgent States is due to departures from the policy of making treason odious.

When the Union men of those States who have undergone every kind of outrage, who have been fined, mobbed, imprisoned, and have seen their Union neighbors hunted and tortured and hung for their fidelity to the Government, see a man like General HUMPHREYS, of Mississippi, a conspicuous, leading traitor hastily pardoned by the President that he may become Governor; when they see Mr. MCCRDLE, of New Orleans, another chief traitor, pardoned that he may become Mayor; when they see members of the Cabinet deliberately annulling the law of the land in order to appoint late rebels to national offices, while the most noted and tried Union men in the insurgent States ask in vain for such recognition of their fidelity, how can such a policy help bitterly feeling the contemptuous scorn with which the triumphant rebels regard them? How can they help asking why they might not as well have been rebels? How can they help the conviction that the policy of the Executive is conciliation of rebels and not recognition of Union men, or would asking with intense incredulity whether this is the way in which treason is to be made odious?

On the other hand, what is more natural than that the late rebels who, as the President solemnly declared last year, were to be made odious, seeing exactly what the Union men see, should denounce Congress precisely as they used to denounce "the North," should heap every insulting superlative upon the most loyal men in the country, should vociferously declare their "rights," and begin vehemently to expound the Constitution which for four years they have trampled under foot? What is more natural than that these men whose treason, the President taught us, was to make them odious, should persecute with savage ferocity the most unfortunate and defenseless of all Union men in the South, the freedmen, attack their teachers and assassinate the officers of the Bureau, when they see that the Executive is plainly hostile to the Freedmen's Bureau, is reluctant to secure their civil rights, and fiercely denounces as traitors their especial friends? What is more natural than that these men who were to be made odious should make it odious to have been a Union man, and as Mr. BOUTWELL says in Tennessee, should "assume a superiority over the loyal men of this State, impudent, defiant, and determined to ostracize, decapitate, and put the brand of infamy upon loyal men, and by legislation to render treason commendable and loyalty a crime." What wonder that the late rebel Mayor of Mobile, at a banquet of rebels, toasts together ANDREW JOHNSON and JEFFERSON DAVIS, while JOHN MINOR BOTTS whose fidelity to the Union will not be questioned, declares that he has abandoned President JOHNSON'S plan?

What is the explanation of this extraordinary state of affairs? A year ago, amidst the total ruin of the rebellion and exhaustion of the rebel section, and with the hearty sympathy and support of every loyal man in the land, Mr. JOHNSON became President. Where, while all the people said Amen, that treason must be made odious. Now, when a year has passed, it is loyalty that is odious and treason in the disaffected section, and the vast body of loyal citizens gaze at the President in wonder. Is this situation to be explained by the delay of Congress to admit Union representatives from unorganized States, or by the fact that the Executive has not succeeded in making treason odious in those States?

If from the moment he became President Mr. JOHNSON, while he reasonably pardoned and annestied the late rebels, had strenuously supported in every way the loyal white men of the rebel States, if he had shown the most unflinching determination that every right of the freedmen should be respected, and had made it very manifest to the people of the Government by its official preference of those who had defended it and believed in it under terrible trials, then, whatever the disposition of Congress upon questions of method might have been, his policy would have been as approved and resistless as that of Mr. LINCOLN. As it is, the Union men of the late rebel States are either silenced as before and during the war, or else with Mr. BOTTS they mean to try for their rights independently of the Government.

The sad and stringent testimony of Mr. BOTTS and of Ex-Governor HOLDEN of North Carolina, neither of them "Radicals," supported by the constant stream of private letters and of the frankest statements of Southern Union men, that should the military force be withdrawn they could not maintain a life at all tolerable, the incessant assaults upon the freedmen's schools and teachers—the testimony of General GRANT and of General SHERIDAN that the military force must be maintained for a long time yet in the late disaffected States—the ferocity of the late rebel press, and the undoubted fact, as Governor HOLDEN says, that the true Unionists are dejected, cowed, proscribed, under the ban socially, pecuniarly, and politically," should certainly induce the President to consider whether the term may not be some better explanation of the situation than the radicalism of Congress. A little radicalism is perhaps natural and even justifiable under the circumstances. And we have no doubt that if the Executive should unswervingly insist upon making treason odious, not by hanging or imprisoning or confiscating, nor by treating every man who was in arms as if he were a murderer, but by that firm preference of tried fidelity which is perfectly intelligible to every body, the morbid, vindictive tone of tone in the late rebel section would abate, the painful and prolonged rupture in the great Union party would begin to heal, and a reasonable and truly "restored Union" would become much more promising.

EQUALIZING REPRESENTATION.

At a late political meeting in Philadelphia Senator COWAN, of Pennsylvania, is reported to have declared that he was opposed to any amendment of the Constitution at this time. The importance of any opinion of his now will be due entirely to the public impression that he speaks for the President. But that does not so upon this subject we can not believe. For in that he stands entirely alone. Why Senator COWAN, that the loyal people of this country intend that the late rebel States shall have gained political power by their rebellion? Are the States which conquered against the Union not only to have caused the countless sacrifices of life, the enormous debt of the country, and the universal disturbance of all commercial and social relations, but also to have increased their weight in the National Government? Yet such will be the result if no amendment is made to the Constitution equalizing representation.

Mr. OWEN, in his admirable letter, shows that in the eleven States lately in insurrection the population is in the proportion of three-fifths white to two-fifths colored. If the three-fifths, to which belongs the dangerous element in those States, exclude the two-fifths from voting, and the Constitution remains unchanged, *every three white voters* in those States will have as much political power in Congress and in all Presidential elections as *every five white voters* in the other States. Is it for this result that Shiloh was fought and the fiery battles of the Wilderness? Is it for this that SHERMAN marched to the sea, that our brothers were tortured to idiocy and death at Andersonville and Belle Isle, and that untold thousands of Union men were buried in unknown graves? Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS tells us that the opinions of those who led the rebellion are unchanged. Do we, then, propose to give them an unjust advantage in the political arena to which the debate is now adjourned? Senator COWAN says yes. We trust he may live long to repent of that in the country. The citizens who have been the soldiers and sailors, and their brethren and friends, answer the question.

The eleven late insurrectionary States are entitled under the present apportionment, reckoning the whole population white and colored as it stands, to *fifty-eight* representatives; under a purely white basis they would be entitled to *forty-two*. Even then they would have an unchanged representation in the Senate, and unchanged in the Presidential election the white voters of those States would have an advantage over the white voters of the other States. This is not intended by the election of President directly by the people.

The question is simple. Shall we, by leaving the Constitution unamended upon this point, give to the chief insurrectionary States that so long as their white population which supported the rebellion chooses to disfranchise the colored population which was loyal, every white voter shall have more than twice and a third as much political power in the Government as the white voter of the States that did not rebel? This is the question which should be put to the country unembarrassed by any other proposition. This is the amendment suggested by the Committee of Congress, which we hope will be acted from the four years' disfranchisement of those who adhered to the rebellion and then offered to the Legislatures of the States. The result, we imagine, will be that Senator COWAN and other loyal people can be magnanimous without folly, and conciliatory without forgetting common sense and justice.

THE ENGLISH REFORM BILL.

THE next step in Mr. GLADSTONE'S Reform bill, it appears, is the redistribution of seats —or, as we call it, the reapportionment of representatives. This is the proportion between the representation and the population in different parts of the British islands has always been excessively unfair. It has arisen from the ancient borough and county rights and privileges which it was the object of the "Municipal Reform" bill of the year 1835 to regulate. Parliament was composed of members elected by counties, by boroughs, by a certain number of cities, and by the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. The counties, towns and boroughs the right of voting was anciently conferred by the gracious will of the King; but in a town where there was a corporation it was that, and not the people, who was privileged to vote.

In 1790 the city of London had 500,000 inhabitants and four representatives; while the county of Middlesex, with a population of 175,000, had 44 representatives. In the same year 375 voters, scattered among 30 boroughs, sent 60 members to Parliament. The member for Tiverton was elected by 14 voters; the member for Tavistock by 10. The borough of Old Sarum is historical. Old Sarum is the synonym of a rotten borough. This was a deserted spot of half a dozen old houses and a dozen inhabitants, and was entitled to two representatives, who were generally nominated either by the owner or the holder of the proprietor of the place. LOUIS BLANC tells us also of another borough which was under water, but which continued to be represented. The proprietor of the place stepped into a boat with three others, and the election took place at sea. But in the debates of 1831 the Lord Advocate mentioned a case where the constituency was composed, in addition to the sheriff and the registering officer, of one person who met, called himself to order, took the chair, nominated, seconded the nomination, voted for himself, and declared himself unanimously elected.

In Middlesex, in 1844, it appeared that the voters were 1 in 115, in Lancashire 1 in 80, and in West Surrey 1 in 26. Tavistock, which in 1790 sent one member for 10 voters, now elects two members by 340 voters. Honiton has 283 electors and two members; Totnes 250 and two members; Thetford 217 and two members. Mr. ROBERT LOWE is one of the most active and forcible opponents of the GLADSTONE Reform bill. He represents Calne, and is elected by 175 voters, a majority of whom, or 88 voters, would counterbalance the votes of 11,396 electors in the northern division of the West Riding of Yorkshire. Mr. LAWSON, Attorney-General for Ireland, represents a constituency of 86 electors. His seat would be secured by 44 votes, and his vote is of course equal in the House to that of either of the members for Cork, whose constituency numbers 16,572.

These extraordinary inequalities are natural in a system of government of classes and not of the people, and they explain the origin of the condition of England. The perception of the inadequacy and injustice of the representation brought the country into the state of civil war in 1831 and '2; but such is the political progress even in England, that the year 1867 will probably see a man who believes in universal intelligent suffrage Prime Minister.

NATIONAL BANK SCANDALS.

THE pending investigation of the affairs of the Merchants' National Bank at Washington reveals facts which, though scandalous enough to shock any outside observer, were not unexpected by those who have made themselves familiar with the working of the National Bank system. It not only appears that the heaviest deposits of public money in the Washington bank were made after its insolvency was established, but it further appears that a considerable portion of that very money was used in stock operations in Wall Street. A correspondent, who took pains to get control of the bank, used its money in Wall Street and lost it, and, to make good their losses, contrived to induce Government agents (we use studies to mention names) to give them more money to speculate still further. It is the old story of JEREMIE or KERCHEVAL.

The scandal will pass over and be forgotten in the usual nine days were the Merchants' National Bank a solitary specimen of its kind. But it is only one of two or three score institutions which have been fattening on the public money. Over twenty-four millions of public money were, at the date of the last Treasury return, deposited for safe keeping in National Banks. The amount must now be reduced to less than twenty-three millions and a half by the failure of the Merchants' Bank. All this money is dealt with the National Banks free of interest; though, simultaneously, the Treasury Department is paying 4 and 5 per cent. interest on $26,000,000 of Government deposits which it does not need. A smart financier can thus make money very easily. All that is requisite is to get his bank appointed a Government depository, which is readily done. A little further exertion secures him a deposit of half a million. If he does not choose to take trouble or to run risks, he leaves this money in the Sub-Treasury in New York or Philadelphia, and lends it to Government at 4 per cent. Thus our obliging Secretary actually pays a premium of interest for the use of his own money, and our smart National Banker makes $20,000 a year without risk or labor. This may be very grand in theory, but in practice it strikes us that financiering of this order is not the way to restore a sound currency or to promote economy.

There are points of view in which the National Bank system commends approval. It is an improvement on the old State system, which involved such wide variations in the values of the currencies of different States, and created the door for so many frauds. No one would now desire to abolish it, and go back to the old plan. In the main it is a success. But it can not be denied that the system, as at present administered, is susceptible of improvement. The public will not much longer pay taxes at the rate of 8 to per cent. in order the purpose of enabling National Banks to realize 12 per cent. on their capital—as they do by drawing 6 per cent on the bonds deposited with the Controller of the currency, and 6 more by using the currency issued to them on the deposit of said bonds. Sooner or later, Congress will see that bonds deposited as security will absorb the bulk of the interest they bear; and no sound objection will be urged against the measure. Nor is there any justification for the present Government deposits. Every such be safely kept. Apart from the risk which money now—quite needlessly, there is something demoralizing in placing at the gratuitous disposal of speculative bankers large sums of money which may not be called for in months, and by the use of which, with good luck, fortunes may be realized.

It is notorious in Wall Street that the bulk of the "fancy stocks," which have been lately inflated in that meridian, are "carried" with money loaned by National Banks—in good part, indirectly, money supplied by the Government. The money of the Merchant's National Bank at Washington was lost, it is said, in Chicago and North Western, and one or two fancy coal stocks. It had previously been used to corner Michigan Southern—so 'tis said. Who can say how the other $23,500,000 of Government money in the National Banks is being employed? Is this the money which is inflating Canton, and Quicksilver, and Mariposa, and Pittsburg, and Fort Wayne, and the other lively "fiancies" of the street? Or is it em-

ployed in carrying gold—with a view to put up the premium and depreciate the national currency? If Mr. M'CULLOCH is willing to lend his own money to National Banks without interest, while at the same time he borrows money of the same banks at four per cent., there would be no inconsistency in his selling gold to keep down the premium, and at the same time furnishing buyers of gold with currency (free of interest) to carry the precious metal and so defeat his object.

History incessantly repeats itself. Thirty-two or three years ago Government deposited its money with State banks, which used it to foster speculation, and the result was the crash of 1837 and heavy losses of Government money. We seem to be trending in the old path. If Government continues to employ the National Banks as depositories of the public money, in disregard of the established Sub-Treasuries, the amount in the keeping of these institutions will soon swell from $83,500,000 to double that amount. The Sub-Treasurers have no interest in increasing their deposits; the National Banks have every reason to desire theirs increased. And at Washington the latter appear to have more friends than the former. Mr. M'CULLOCH is understood to have interfered with the War Department last week to prevent the summary withdrawal of paymasters' funds from the National Banks; and the Controller of the Currency has written a letter to say that in his opinion National Bank notes are quite as good as greenbacks. If Congress does not interfere, the current of thing points very clearly to increased deposits in the National Banks, a vast speculation based on such deposits, and another 1837 not very far off to view. It is for Congress and the tax-payers to say whether this risk shall be incurred.

THE LATE RIOT AT MEMPHIS.

A PRIVATE letter to us from Memphis, written just before the late riot by a careful and impartial observer who is by no means of a "Radical," is an interesting revelation of the state of society in that city, and explains the late shameful scenes there. Our correspondent is speaking of the Freedmen's Bureau, and says:

"The Provost Marshal of the Bureau attends every morning at the Union-house to watch over in which the colored men are concerned. This is quite necessary, the civil authorities of the city being mostly Irish, and lookingly violent to the negro. Two or three cases of outrageous misconduct come under my notice. The Major is a full-blooded Irishman, and will not allow any abuse of the same nationality. Brutal muscle and all kinds of misdeeds are uncommon.

"In Memphis one of the ordinances is, that a stranger not a storekeeper can only sell through the agency of commissioners appointed for that purpose. The police are constantly on the watch for infringements of this ordinance. Now upon the steamer Arkansas a boat I traveled on, there was a large number of boxes full of poultry going to New Orleans. A well-dressed man came on board and addressing a colored porter, asked if they were for sale. He was told that the man who owned them was in at dinner. Without further words he carried off the porter to prison. When the man was missed, and the explanation had been had become of him, he sent another colored man to the station with a message that it was altogether a mistake. This man was likewise detained in durance vile. The clerk of the boat went next, but without satisfaction. So the captain went, up, and learning that his men were to be held for trial for breaking a city ordinance. He asked that the court sit and decide the matter. This was at once refused. He next requested to see the law. This fresh piggo pulled out a dog's-eared old order-book, and pointing to a page, remarked, 'There, damn it, is a copy of the law.' The captain would not have his men, and even offered his boat as security for their appearance, without avail. He then bethought him of the bravura, through which the men were released, the captain having fifty dollars with the officer as a guarantee to produce the men if wanted at a future time. The court was now in session, but was the informer present? Everything and saying he would be damned if he was going to lose his men. Under such laws about a hundred negroes are at present held."

It is not surprising that in such a city upon the slightest pretense the police force and the rabble should engage in a bloody form of the unhappy class of the population. We gave last week the details of the sad scenes of the first days of May. The animus of this terrible riot is evident. It was that hatred of the white race which is made more malignant in the late Slave States by the fact of its unswerving loyalty during the war. That the returning colored soldiers were quarrelsome and noisy and sullen as drunken white soldiers are under similar circumstances is undoubtedly true. But no conduct of white soldiers would have occasioned so prolonged and murderous a persecution. The Memphis *Avalanche*, which was a furious advocate of the rebellion, and is now, of course an equally furious opponent of "the Radicals," gravely states that in this wanton massacre of negroes and burning of their houses "Radical feelings was indulging a partial satisfaction." In precisely the same spirit when the foreign rabble of New York hung and shot and burned the inoffensive negroes in the summer of 1863, the New York *World*, and other papers in sympathy with the rebellion, spoke of the loathsome crimes of a mad mob as a movement of "the people."

Both these shameful riots sprang from the inhuman prejudice against the colored population which is carefully fostered and inflamed by the Democratic party. We appeal to every intelligent man whether it is a fact that that population is generally or notoriously lawless or criminal or malignant. We appeal to our history to declare whether for the last eighty years they have been more sinning or sinned against in this country. And we appeal to Yankee common-sense to decide whether a party whose sole policy is contemptuous injustice toward a seventh part of the population is not a party radically dangerous to the peace and welfare of the country.

General STONEMAN'S letters upon the riots to the people of Memphis are manly and decided. They show that the peace will now be maintained if he has force sufficient. General FISK, of the Freedmen's Bureau, and a Committee of Congress are engaged in investigating the circumstances of the disturbance. Those who ask why this is left to Congress forget that Memphis is still under the National care.

A SIGN IN VIRGINIA.

THE Virginia Union Convention is one of the most cheerful signs of the times. It is an indication of the self-respect and confidence of the large number of the South, who although compelled to silence during the war still nourished the true faith. For a year they have been as silent as before, apparently waiting to see the salvation of the country which their cause had won. But at last they begin to see that they must save themselves, and Mr. CLEMENTS, of Portsmouth, touched the mainspring of their final success when he said that the true policy of the Union men in the South should be to avail themselves of the negro element. This is indeed obvious, because the more than the colored population composes a solid body of the staunchest Unionists. We confess, however, that we had not expected this inevitable and decisive position to be so quickly taken, and the fact that it has been is proof of the earnestness of those who plant themselves upon it. We call it inevitable, because the colored race must support given to impartial suffrage by the most intelligent class of citizens in the country, and its sure final triumph, it was impossible that, as political influences now stand, it could be overmastered again in the rebel States, this immense resource of strength should be disregarded.

It is a significant fact that the political Convention has declared itself for impartial suffrage more plainly and forcibly than the late assemblage at Alexandria. It was in that city that the first advance of the Union sentiment was made against the external lines of the late rebellion, and it is there that the first blow of a Southern State is given to the political system which rebellion. When the platform of this Convention becomes the policy of the late rebel States the cornerstone of an enduring peace will be laid.

The Convention, which called Union Republican party of Virginia, and took measures for the appointment of State and county committees. The platform adopted for impartial qualified suffrage as a requisite of a republican form of government, and as a means of maintaining the policy of the President and of Congress. It holds itself under honorable position of the people which is denied a voice in the elections will be denied just protection for property and person. The only true instruction to sure which does not provide against the assertion of the doctrine of secession; that treason should be made odious; that it is the evident intention of the late rebels to try to secure by votes what they could not obtain by bayonets; that intelligence is essential to a truly safe republican government; that the system of education should therefore be secured by a system of free schools; and, finally, the Convention appointed a committee to wait upon the President and Congress to present their sympathy and their approval of its action.

Here, then, is a movement to which the most captious can find no objection. The unswerving devotee of State rights can not carp at the peaceful and lawful action of a body of unquestionably loyal citizens; and the most ardent believer in the right of the nation to secure the Union by any just political condition may well prefer to see that result attained by spontaneous local action. The Convention is but another illustration of the vital character of the question of equal suffrage. It will be agitated every where in the country until it triumphs, and until it does triumph we shall be subject to the gravest political excitements.

RELATION OF EXERCISE TO HEALTH.

THE necessity of exercise for the maintenance of health is a very hackneyed theme, and yet few really understand *how* it promotes health, and some even of those who have written about it would be puzzled in trying to furnish an explanation. With the view of presenting the real nature of the subject, there are consequently many errors afloat which are practically injurious. Hence the necessity for looking at the matter more carefully than is commonly done.

What effects do exercise actually produce in the system? Its most palpable effect is increased activity in the circulation—the heart beats faster and stronger, pumping the blood more rapidly into the arteries; and the capillaries, or hair-like, extreme vessels, are every where fuller of blood than usual, which is shown externally to the eye in the reddening of the skin. The lungs are crowded with blood, and hence the breathing is rapid to provide sufficient air to aerate the surplus blood passing through. With the reddened face there is a reddened brain, for the strongly-pumping heart forces more blood than usual upward into this organ. And so of other organs.

What comes of all this? What should come from increasing the supply of blood to muscles and from stimulated action? Good development, building of bone to a full pattern, and strong building. It is not, observe, what is put into the system that may come from mere relaxation, with a plentiful supply of material. The struggle is firm as well as large.

You see this result in the muscles themselves. Look at the bulging muscles of iron strength in the arm of the blacksmith, contrasted with the muscles in the arm of a sedentary man. So also the sailor has the muscles of the arms more developed than those of the lower extremities, because he uses them so much more; while, on the contrary, the muscles of the lower limbs of the dancer and the athletic runner are extraordinarily developed.

But while the enlarging and strengthening effect of exercise is manifested most decidedly in the muscles, it is, as you have seen from what we have already said, by no means confined to them. There is not an organ of the body that is not affected. This is recognized in relation to the stomach, for it is commonly said that exercise increases the power of digestion. But it is equally true of the lungs, for they are strengthened by exercise, and the exercise that makes the blood course through their minute vessels, distending them fully, will similarly affect those organs. So, too, with the brain can do its work better if the blood be exercised. It is a very general principle, then, to say that the thinker in taking exercise is not merely resting his brain, and strengthening his system at large, but he is directly storing up power in the brain itself.

We have thus far spoken of growth or building; but after the full development is reached exercise is needed to keep up the good condition. If it be omitted there will be either shrinkage or bulk without vigor. We have mentioned to think of adults as being fully developed; but there are glaring facts which prove that many of them are far from it—either they have not been fully developed, or if they have, there has been a decided loss from long intermission of the requisite exercise. We refer to the measurements of the chest, the increase of bulk, especially in the capacity of the chest, after a course of gymnastic exercises.

But there is something beyond mere development in the results of exercise. The nervous power, or vital force, or whatever it may be called, has for one of its functions the purification of arterial blood, and therefore the better this and the more briskly the circulation the sounder will be the general activity of the various organs.

Another thing still is to be taken into the account. All the waste matter in the body is carried to the skin of the active and the thin and flabby skin of the sedentary. We especially refer to the immense amount of waste which the skin of every man performs. One of these is excretion. In the insensible perspiration—the breathing of the skin, as it was called formerly—for instance, there pass off constantly much of the refuse of the system. For the purpose of effecting this there is a vast system of vessels in the skin. Mr. E. Wilson, with the aid of a microscope, counted 3528 tubes in a square inch on the palm of the hand. Now, as in general there are in the whole skin about 7,000,000 of these tubes, and the total amount of tubing is 48,600 yards, or 28 miles. Professor Draper has also, likewise, discussed an occasional washing out to remove obstructions, and this can only be done by the free, sensible perspiration produced by brisk exercise. Outside bathing will not alone accomplish this—it may remove obstructions from the outlets of the tubes, but can not clear out those themselves; and this can be done by water forced through them from the inside—that is, by the flow of the perspiration. It would hardly be said that these tubes are not to be cleared, the refuse which should pass through them, retained in the system, will surely impair the health and produce positive disease.

You see from what we have said that gentle exercise alone can not answer the purposes alluded to. There must be violent action with a strong exertion, such as will make the heart pump the blood forcibly into all the organs, and will cause a good flow to the perspiration. Hence the regular and proper walk of the formal processions so commonly seen issuing from boarding-schools does but little good. Merely developing and flexibility are the certain results of such shortcomings in the obedience of nature's laws.

The limits of exercise, and the relative values of its various forms and modes, will be considered hereafter.

"THE LITTLE QUEEN OF THE WOODS."

THE charming picture on our first page is reproduced from a painting by J. G. BROWN, of this city. The painting is one of those pleasant works of art which have given Mr. BROWN a well-deserved popularity. We have placed this engraving in industrious juxtaposition with MISS WARNER'S delightful story of "The Three Little Spades," because there seemed to be a peculiar fitness in setting "The Little Queen of the Woods" in the midst of a chapter about flowers.

LITERARY.

THE first volume of LOSSING'S "Pictorial History of the Civil War," published by GEORGE W. CHILDS, is now ready for sale. It is a large and handsome volume of 600 pages, copiously illustrated, and it tells with unflagging interest and fidelity the story of the rebellion from the meeting of the Charleston Convention in 1860 to the disastrous battle of Bull Run. It is written in a lucid and animated style, warmed with the most earnest, patriotic feeling. In the author's judgment the rebellion was a crime against the country, against liberty and civilization; but his fervid condemnation of the leaders in the dark conspiracy does not confuse his faculty as a faithful chronicler. Mr. LOSSING is familiarly with the country and with our history acquired in the preparation of his "Pictorial History of the Revolution;" and of the War of 1812, and his practiced skill as a writer and designer, have been of great value to him in compiling this history. He is now visiting every point of interest during the war; and when his journey is completed he will have traveled about twenty thousand miles for the purposes of his work. He hopes to be completed in three volumes. The author's candor and sincerity, his careful and extensive research, and his untiring industry and patience give a peculiar claim to his Chronicle of the War.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 15:

In the Senate, Mr. Sherman reported a bill to reduce the rate of interest on the national debt, and for funding the same. The joint resolution to prevent the introduction of cholera into the United States was then taken up, and, after receiving some amendments, was passed. A message was received from the President, returning, without his signature, the bill for the admission of Colorado.

In the House, the Senate amendments to the Army Appropriation bill were concurred in.—The bill on the Organization of the Territories was passed by a vote of 95 to 43. The ninth section prohibits the denial of suffrage on account of color or race of any citizen.

May 17:

In the Senate, the Diplomatic Appropriation bill was passed.—The West Point Academy bill was then considered.—The President nominated, and the Senate confirmed, the appointment either to West Point or the Naval Academy of any person who has served in the rebel army or navy. The bill was passed.

May 18:

In the House, a resolution was adopted, without debate, declaring Mr. Delano entitled to his seat as Representative from the Thirteenth District of Ohio.

BURNING OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

On the night of May 21 a fire broke out in a restaurant connected with the Academy of Music, and before it was soon laid in ruins. The New York University Medical College, the Academy of Music, the Cooper Institute, Fifteenth Street and across Third Avenue. The loss is estimated by millions of dollars.

NEWS ITEMS.

Ex-Governor John Letcher, of Virginia, in a recent letter, says that he has taken no part in politics, and has not cast a political vote since 1861. He says that he is personally ruined, and is not engaged in any profession. He says in conclusion: "The only service I can render to the people of the country is by my example, in showing a proper respect for the laws of the land, and a faithful obedience to them."

Captain Ap Catesby Jones, who left the United States Navy for that of the rebels, and commanded the iron-clad *Virginia*, has been appointed Chief of Ordnance of the Brazilian Navy.

The farmers in Upper Georgia and North Alabama are planting largely of corn fields, and planting corn instead. Not more than one-fourth of the crop was planted in this region.

Mr. *Forry* has been nominated United States Senator from Connecticut to take the place of Vice-President Foster.

The testimony taken by the Reconstruction Committee is in print. It makes a volume of 785 pages of document size.

On the 15th of July, 1865, the date on which the last organization of colored troops was mustered in there were in the service of the United States 120 regiments of infantry, 12 of heavy artillery, 16 companies of light artillery, and 7 regiments of cavalry—in all as follows:

Infantry	98,893
Heavy Artillery	10,770
Light Artillery	1,611
Cavalry	7,146
Total	118,176

FOREIGN NEWS

THE financial panic in England was increasing. Failures have occurred involving eighteen millions of pounds sterling. Among the houses closed is that of Sir Morton Peto & Co. The Bank of England rate of discount was suspended, and interest has advanced to the rate of 10 per cent.

The news from Germany exhibits no improvement. Count BISMARCK declares that there will be no peace measures unless she at once disarms. Saxony, on the other hand, has made the most humiliating concessions on the ground that she may be called upon by the Federal Diet to provide a contingent for the war. Hanover has refused to disband, and is reserving the Austrian rate of the 26th ult., and that she will not disband, assuming the necessary attitude in the direction of Italy as a menace. Just as an arrangement seemed to have been come to for the peaceful settlement and mobilization of the armaments of Austria and Prussia the latter suddenly broke off the negotiations, ordered the Vienna and on the frontiers against an attack from Italy. Both Austria and Prussia have issued the final mobilization orders, and denies that Italy had increased her armaments. Austria demands that Italy shall disband, but on promises not to take the offensive against Italy, and that, in the event of the disbanding of the Italian forces, the Italy does not meditate an offensive movement against her, and will immediately reduce her army in Venetia to a peace footing. The Italian Government has obtained the unanimous consent of the Chambers to declare the raising the army on a war footing, and for providing by royal decrees and by extraordinary measures for the funds deemed necessary for the defense of the country.

Austria has an army of 640,000 men, Prussia one of 367,500 men. At the latest advices Prussia had demanded the disarming of the Austrian frontier, Austria refused on "every score." Italy was most energetic in her war preparations. Rewards had multiplied her army. Prussia was about to take the same step, and Russia was reported as ready to take a position for action. An appeal had been made to assassinate Count Bismarck in Berlin.

The Italian fleet, under the command of Admiral Naplon, on its way to bombard the city of Cattaro, Pura, was met by the Austrian fleet in the harbor of Lissa, the two fleets clashed, and Naples himself wounded. The Pilo de Angelo and two vessels were sunk. The Austrians claim in the fight that they were obliged to withdraw to San Lorenzo, and they were afterward followed by the Austrian fleet and the rest of the fleet, more or less damaged. The fight lasted five hours. Sixty Russians are reported killed and one hundred and twenty wounded. Some Galvez, the Secretary of War, was killed. The loss of the Spaniards is not known; but it is supposed to have been heavy.

The fortunate peasant, now a noble, who saved the life of the Czar, at the risk of his own, continues to rise in important personages in Russia. His title will not be a possession for life. He is to receive a grant in addition to his birthright already amounting to 40,000, and, subject to his fate for his new position, the Emperor has requested General Todleben to superintend his education.

THE FIRE IN SALEM

WE give on this page an illustration of the recent fire in Salem, in which Lynde block and building in its rear were destroyed. The fire broke out on the night of May 14, in a shed in the rear of the East India Marine Hall building. The locality was one extremely difficult to operate in, and the flames were much advanced when the steamers and engines were brought to bear upon them.

In a short time the stable and Gymnasium building were enveloped in flames, the fire creeping through the roof immediately, and defying the thorough drenching of water which fell upon the outside, but which was unable to penetrate to where it was most needed. The roof finally fell in with a crash.

The East India Marine Hall building was at one time in great danger, the eastern coving being on fire its entire length, and the flames penetrating the roof. A pipe was finally put into the building, which was thus saved from destruction. As it was, the building was considerably damaged by water, though the celebrated collection of curiosities was saved without much injury, though with considerable displacement.

The whole of Lynde block was soon in flames, commencing at the southern end. The total loss of property can not be less than from $75,000 to $100,000.—The wooden buildings were not of great value. The Lynde block and the brick block on Liberty Street were the most valuable of the buildings destroyed.



THE FIRE AT SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS—DESTRUCTION OF LYNDE BLOCK.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. THYNG.]

RECEPTION OF THE FENIAN CHIEF.

ON the 15th of May Mr. JAMES STEPHENS, the Fenian Chief, was honored by his brave brethren with a grand reception at Jones's Wood. There was a crushing turn-out, and notwithstanding that admission-tickets cost fifty cents ahead, there was an immense audience gathered together to hear what the old veteran from across the sea had to say for himself and—for them. About fifteen thousand Fenians are supposed to have been present.

"At half past one," says the *Herald*, "the carriage which had been sent down to the Metropolitan for the Central Organizer appeared before the main gate to the wood, bearing its illustrious freight. The several bands, which had been dispersed many times during the morning by the appearance of swiftmoving barouches, struck up 'Hail to the Chief' with commendable vigor. Mr. STEPHENS was driven rapidly down the Mall to headquarters between long lines of shouting and cheering Fenians, male and female, young and old, lifting his hat often from his bald head and bowing his pale face to the delighted multitude."

We have not space to give Mr. STEPHENS's ad-



OFFICE OF THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

[SEE PAGE 336.]

dress in full. He began with the history of his own connection with the Fenian cause:

"Toward the close of December, 1857," he said, "a young Irishman called at my residence in Dublin, bringing me letters from Colonel O'MAHONY and from the late Colonel MICHAEL DOHENY. He had also an oral communication to make himself; but all was to the effect that an organization had been started in America, of which Colonel DOHENY was appointed the chief, and I was requested to commence an organization and to direct it in Ireland. . . . On my return to Ireland, after seven years' exile, the first thing I did was to travel through the country in every direction to derive a thorough knowledge of the people, and to see what could be done. I devoted a whole year to that, during which time I traveled three thousand miles on foot." He acknowledged that the Fenian movement was a conspiracy. He recounted the discouragements he had met in this country and at home, and also particularly to the opposition of the clergy. "We have," he said, "generally translated upon our friends the duty of giving obedience and submitting in all devotion to their clergy in their spiritual character, but that the most venal corporal character they were simply to look upon them as citizens. Without that training you never could have a force in Ireland upon whom you could rely." He earnestly urged upon his brethren the necessity of union in their efforts. He said the organization in Ireland toward the close of last year numbered two hundred thousand men, and of that force fifty thousand were thoroughly drilled, with a large proportion of men who had seen war and smelt powder on the battle-field — a large proportion of veterans, short: fifty thousand were partly drilled men, and the other hundred thousand quite undrilled. All that the Fenians wanted was war material and money.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XXI.

IT came upon Somerville at last. Came the very week of the Sabbath upon which Brother Barker had ordained, with the angels in heaven, over the repulse of Banks on Red River. Came at the very time the Secession element of Somerville was glittering upon the very crest, the Union element gloaming in the lowest trough of the ever-rolling sea. Came to Somerville as comes upon the pit of his stomach to a pugilist an unexpected blow when he has just warded off another from his eye. So occupied were we all in Somerville with the doings of this week that we had completely forgotten about ourselves. It was like that ball in Brussels of which Lord Byron has made such extensive tickets: while carriage bell went merrier than did Somerville, when, like the roar of the coming Waterloo, dimming, dilating eyes, paling lips, and ashen cheeks at said ball, comes the rumor of an advance of the Federals upon the town.

How the rumor first reached the place who can tell? Rumor at times seems to be, indeed, the living goddess the Romans made it, and to move with lightning rapidity in and by itself without the intervention of any means whatever. It was exactly at nine o'clock Evening that Dr. Warner threw Mrs. Warner into strong hysterics by the announcement that the Federals were coming. When that lady ventured to steal forth after a night spent in hiding her silver and the children of her negro woman, lest the mother should run away, her jewelry and other valuables refreshing herself occasionally by abuse of alternately the Confederates and the Federals, her husband being most to blame of all, the first object she beheld was the Federal flag flying from the roof of the Court-house, near which Dr. Warner had his home.

We have the authority of Sir Walter Scott that the bugle blast of Roderick Dhu possessed the double power both of causing the instantaneous appearance and the as instantaneous disappearance of bodies of men. Whatever marvel blew the blast in this case, the appearing of the Federal force was not more sudden than was the disappearance of the male Secessionists of the servile. For reasons which will appear in the sequel, we abstain from saying any thing more in reference to this raid than the actual fact of its having taken place just at that time in Somerville compels us to record. Closed stores, upon the walls of which the enemy have posted bills informing the citizens that, so long as they are themselves quiet, the invaders will scrupulously avoid molesting any other than Government property; deserted streets, every individual peeping from behind doors and through the slats of shutters with curiosity swallowing up all other feeling; the marching hither and thither of blue-coated cavalry; the sound of martial music — a dream come and gone before we know it.

That Friday night Mr. Arthur was in the very act of kneeling with Mrs. Sorel's household at family worship when fis hailoo makes it necessary for Robby to go down to the front gate to quiet the dogs and find out what is wanted. He is gone so long that Mr. Arthur himself goes out. He meets Robby returning, and only hears some one shout, "Tell them exactly what I told you!" as the one mounting gallops off in the darkness. Repeating his message on the way back, Robby repeats it yet again when he gets into the house, a most remarkable message it is.

"Colonel Brooks says, 'Be prudent, don't commit yourselves!'"

"Colonel Brooks?" asks Mrs. Sorel — "Colonel Brooks, Brooks?"

"Nothing else?" asks Mr. Arthur, bewilderment giving place to the sudden joy.

"As soon as I could get old Cuff to stop barking I asked, 'Who's there?'" says Robby, soberly, but not without some vague sense of new importance. "'One of the men—'

"'There were two, then?'" asks his mother.

"Yes, ma, on horseback, two—Dr. Peel and Mr. Brooks. Colonel Brooks says, 'Be prudent, don't commit yourselves!' That is exactly what Mr. Brooks said. 'Is that you, Robby?' he asked, when I first got to the gate— 'Is that you, Robby?' so eagerly. Humph," adds Robby, "I think I ought to know Mr. Brooks's voice. Didn't I used to see him every day? Wasn't he my Sunday-school teacher? Colonel Brooks says, 'Be prudent, don't commit yourselves!' And then they galloped off."

"But how do you know the other was Dr. Peel?" asked Mr. Arthur, while Mrs. Sorel had sunk again in her arm-chair, as if unable to stand.

"Oh, I knew that before I got to the gate. He was cursing old Cuff, you know," adds Robby.

"Oh, I know Dr. Peel. I've heard him cursing and swearing on thousand times. Colonel Brooks says, 'Be prudent, don't commit yourselves!'" Robby repeats the words as he had before done quite other words, verses and the like, from Mr. Brooks's lips in the Sabbath-school.

"I really and sincerely think you had better go," says Mrs. Sorel, suddenly, to Mr. Arthur, after half an hour of whispering and consultation.

Mr. Arthur lifts his eyes in mute inquiry, though he sees at a glance that placid Mrs. Sorel has been reading his thoughts.

"By the Federals you know I shall be respected," she says, rapidly but quietly; "if any of the Federals should endeavor to insult me, it would be none the better, all the worse, if you were here. Go, Mr. Arthur, go!"

"I can not think of leaving you. None but you and Robby," begins that individual. "The negroes—"

"They would not harm their old mistress. No—Mrs. Sorel is safer without you," she adds, with a smile.

"I can not think of going. I will not leave you exposed," says Mr. Arthur, throwing on the table his hat, which he has, most unconsciously, put from the hall, and has had in his hand all this time. And he takes his seat, and draws Robby to his accustomed place between his knees.

"Mr. Arthur," says Mrs. Sorel, very erect in her chair—as thoroughly from South Carolina at the moment as Mrs. Bowles ever was—"I am mistress in my own house—No, I don't mean that. I am old enough to be your mother. I will do as you say. I would to Frank if he were here. I command you to go!"

Even as he gallops along through the darkness toward Somerville Brother Barker means him; but he gallops on, leaving the casuistry of the case to be settled when he has more time.

A busy time he has when he reaches town. He had met more than one vehicle on the road thither; he now hears the roll of wheels, the galloping of horses in every direction; slamming doors, running feet, sawing, hammering, glancing lights in the windows, lanterns in almost every stable. Few voices heard, but an exceedingly busy time.

Not until he has alighted at Mrs. Bowles's gate does he ask himself how he is to arrange matters with that lady—what he is to say. The front-door is open, a light streams from it, and, as he opens the gate for us, the beams fall full upon the face of Brother Barker, of all men in the world. And very much excited indeed is Brother Barker.

"Ah! Brother Arthur," he says, in an agitated manner, seizing upon, rather than sheer force of general habit—shaking the hand of the other in the long, and altogether indescribable manner peculiar to Brother Barker after a warm meeting in church or arbor. It is the first time he has even spoken to Brother Arthur for years past. Generally he has avoided him on the street, or, when compelled to pass him, it has been with a nod greatly colder than no recognition; the republican—moral, religious, intellectual, every way—the repulsion between these two men being really greater than that between any other two men in Somerville.

"Your horse, I believe, Brother Arthur?" pointing to the animal from which Mr. Arthur had just alighted with his left hand, while he retains his friend's hand, still shaking it, in his right.

It is Mr. Arthur's horse.

"Would you be so kind? Some unprincipled person has stolen my animal from the stable within the last hour. The fact is—I presume you may know—it is believed the Federal—I would not wound your feelings for the world, Brother Arthur'—another shake of the hand—"but I have reason to think that I may be singled out"—greatly agitated.

"What can *I* do for you, Sir?" asks Mr. Arthur, to close the interview, endeavoring in vain to extricate his hand.

With many hurried words Brother Barker at last sets and obtains Mr. Arthur's horse, and rides off, and faster than its owner had come. The fact is, just before, Brother Barker and Bob Withers had been thrown together at Stephen's hotel, in the universal jumble of the confusion and hurry.

"Oh, is this you, Mr. Barker? You here yet?" Mr. Withers has found time, in the rush, to stop and ask of that gentleman, with astonishment, even terror, depicted on his face. "Why, my dear Sir—by George! You here still? Don't you know they have sworn to hang you? You must have heard of it; it is you they are coming to Somerville after. Colonel Brooks commands the force. It was you, you know—don't you, by George!—who had his brother Paul hung. From your own steeple they'll hang you, man!" But here the two are separated in the confusion, and for several days after Brother Barker has disappeared, with multitudes of others, from the streets of Somerville.

Mr. Arthur finds himself in Mrs. Bowles's parlor, and in company with that lady and her daughter, before he has at all arranged what to say. He had not supposed Mrs. Bowles could be as cold and stately as she now bears herself, frail as a shadow, the silvered hair so smoothly arranged under the neat cap, the refined face as sorrowful yet as stern as Antigone. Mr. Arthur has a second idea, in the hurry of the moment, that so far from being in undress Mrs. Bowles has on her very best attire, dressed even with unusual care. With coldest politeness she barely endures Mr. Arthur. Alice sits with drooping eyes after the first salutations. No wonder he can not read her thoughts, she is far from knowing them herself.

"Will you pardon my intrusion?" he asks, without taking a seat. "I happen to be in Somerville to-night, and come to beg, if altogether convenient, that I may be permitted to sleep in the front office to-night."

"If you desire to sleep there, not being able to go out to Mrs. Sorel's," begins Mrs. Bowles, with coldest dignity, and as ungraciously as she can force herself to be.

"A gentleman has just borrowed and ridden off my horse," Mr. Arthur remarks, Hannibal like, his ships burned behind him, that having been not the least motive with him in permitting Brother Barker to take his horse—not without a mounting color in his face, and conscious of the appealing eyes of Alice upon him.

"We do not need your protection, Mr. Arthur, nor do we desire it—Alice, my servants, and myself," Mrs. Bowles proceeds to observe in her coldest and most measured manner. "Were there no one else, Rutledge Bowles being absent, Mr. Neely has kindly sent word that, as soon as he has secured his negroes and other property, he will endeavor to call. I think that was the substance of his note, Alice, my dear?"

"Mrs. Sorel and myself thought—"

"I am aware that the enemy which has desolated other parts of our country is expected," continues Mrs. Bowles, still more measuredly.

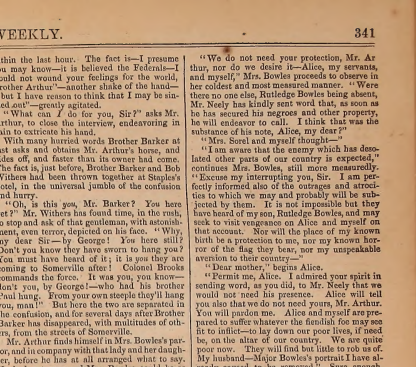
"Excuse my interrupting you, Sir. I am perfectly informed also of the outrages and atrocities to which we may and probably will be subjected by them. It is not impossible but they have heard of my son, Rutledge Bowles, and may seek to visit vengeance on Alice and myself on that account. Nor will the place of my known birth be a protection to me, nor my known horror of the flag they bear, nor my unspeakable aversion to their country—"

"Dear mother," begins Alice.

"Permit me, Alice. I answered your spirit in sending word, as you did, to Mr. Neely that we would not need his presence. Alice will tell you also that we do not need yours, Mr. Arthur. You will pardon me. Alice and myself are prepared to suffice whatever the fiendish foe may see fit to inflict—to lay down our proud heads, if need be, on the altar of our country. We are quite poor now. They will find but little to rob us of. My husband—Major Bowles's portrait I have already caused to be removed." Sure enough, their visitor, who had missed something, he could not tell what, from the room from the time he entered, glances over the mantle, and sees only a blank upon where lately the grand old Major used to sit enthroned.

"You must permit me to add, Sir," continues Mrs. Bowles, dignified as ever, but recalled by her own words, "that of all the gentlemen in this community you are the last I would look to for protection. Passive as you have been, to use no harsher phrase, in this struggle for the land of your own birth, withholding even your prayers for its success, associating exclusively with, and encouraging to your utmost, those in our midst who are traitors to their country, vipers upon its hearth—Alice, you will permit me to speak in my own house—you, Sir, are the last man in the world to whom I would wish, above all, whom I would have Alice my daughter to look to for protection. Though he has been at one time even insolent, I would prefer me—the boy Charles, who was once my servant, as a protector. That you are here now, instead of at Mrs. Sorel's, is the result, I presume, of secret communication with the enemy. Besides"—all in a quiver from head to foot, her hand wandering about her throat—

"You must permit me, Madam," interrupts



THE HANDKERCHIEF AND THE FIST.

Mr. Arthur, quite conscious of Alice's eyes in mute entreaty, not without color in his cheeks, but never speaking in sick chamber or to dying friend in gentler tones, "to withdraw my request. I should not have intruded. I will do so no more. I trust you will one day do me more justice."

With a bow to the ladies in leaving, carefully avoiding Alice's face with his eyes, yet reaching more nearness to them none the less than ever before in his life, the visitor is gone. And Alice, though she never looks out at the window during the rite of the late night, is perfectly aware, amidst all the noise of wheels and hoofs and feet, that Mr. Arthur is keeping watch and ward about them.

"I have ever esteemed Mr. Arthur a gentleman: I have often wished Butler's fellow could have known him; but that he should have pursued the course he has amazes me. Mrs. Sorel, you believe in hereditary vice. And I am told that Mr. Brooks is actually a Colonel in the Federal forces. It can be nothing," said Mrs. Brooks to her hand to her head, "but insanity, raving insanity. Either they are deranged"—her hand wandering about her brow—"or I am," added she, with the use of the strongest metaphor in her knowledge. "As I have told you a thousand times, Alice, my dear, I wish you to have no further acquaintance with this Mr. Arthur. You have known him for years, but I wish you always to class him in your mind with Butler Arnold—remember, dear."

But Alice is thinking, by some strange coincidence, of the night of the insurrection—how they threw up together on the front porch in all night waiting for what did not, like millions of other things expected in Somerville, take place at last.

And so the night wears away, neither mother nor daughter caring to lie down. Mrs. Brooks, poor lady! in her old, the same instant blaming herself severely for having spoken so to Mr. Arthur, and regretting that she has not been even more bitter to him; wondering that persons like Mrs. Sorel and her late visitor—so good and calm and lofty-minded—can calm and firm and gentle now—wondering, wondering! And Alice, too, so silent and quiet.

And so it comes back with a start to the fact that the Federals are coming, and that she must meet them with the dignity and quiet scorn which becomes South Carolina when Yankees are in question.

And Alice? Conscious all along of Mr. Arthur keeping watch round the place; now glowing with her mother in heroic resolve; now mourning that it is such things as Secession and Slavery that make the heroic about; imagining to herself one Great Republic rending these twin curses out of its bosom, and lifting itself free, strong, and noble henceforth! But it is we, the South, who are being whipped, subjugated. And so she wanders about in the same bramble, now with welcome thorns, tearing in thought now to the right, now to the left, as upon tufts of turf in a morass, upon the intermediate spot—a type of the matter, but with firmer foot, in straighter course than before, not unconscious of broadening light ahead.

Had it come to pass, Colonel Brooks himself Mrs. Sorel would have been less surprised than she was with Brother Barker, not two hours after Mr. Arthur's leaving, presents himself before her, after most violent protestations on the part of all Huff at the front gate and along the walk—even Cuff scenting trouble abroad to-night, and vigilant accordingly.

"Ah, Sorel!" said he as has her hand in his before she can believe her eyes—"hope you are well? And the family too? And this is your little boy, Rocky, I believe?" Retaining Mrs. Sorel's hand with his right, he takes Bobby's with his left, and so establishes double rapport with the household.

"What a fine little fellow—sober as a judge! The truth is"—another shake of both the hands in his own—"Sorel, Brother Arthur in town, and have returned his horse for him. Please have him put up; and it would be well to tell your servants, you, girl!—not to let the boy give him too much corn. Mr. Arthur rode him rather violently." Another shake of the hand for both and releasing them. Then the visitor, placing his hat upon the table, takes a seat, and adds: "From long experience, Sister Sorel, I have never yet failed to find a horse when too warm. All are well, you say? Pleased to learn it. Excuse you a moment?—certainly."

For it is Mrs. Sorel's fine thought to have Robby out of the room, and impress upon his youthful mind the two things: First, not to mention the strange message given him, nor to allude to it in any way.

"You, girl, do you think I don't know?" says Robby, with as much indignation as is consistent with respect.

"Yes, girl, to the next injunction—to be polite to their new visitor, and to keep silence generally. "But the best way is for me to go to bed. Which, with a kiss to his mother, he forthwith does.

Immediately on her re-entering the room, her emotions, singularly like those of Mrs. Brooks with her visitor, Brother Barker informs her where he met and left Mr. Arthur—for whom, it seems, there was a sad tone of voice, the more comer has an affection rather more than merely fraternal. And so, with briefest possible allusion to the expected raid, Mr. Barker requests and obtains a bed—Mr. Arthur's—for the night.

"In case any armed men should visit the house during the night"—he lingers behind with his candle to say to his hostess, who has hardly opened her lips—"I know you will not mention the fact of my being concealed here. As a minister of the Gospel, Sister Sorel, an humble preacher of peace, I desire to hold myself utterly aloof from all scenes of violence and strife. My life is in your hands, my sister; but I am not a Sisera, I am pleased to say, nor even as a murderous Jael."

Nor does the sudden guest, over "the dish of butter and milk," furnished him by his harmless Jael next morning—the night having passed without event, save the uninterrupted barking of Cuff, assisted by all the other dogs on the place, at the perpetual passing of travellers—have any thing to say except to dwell upon the horrors of war in general, the absolute inconsistency of the same with Christianity in particular, and, finally, the sunken as by long illness, to say nothing of sallowness of visage, show how little sleep he has found that night. Mr. Arthur! Alice. How, however, we were all of us wide awake that night in Somerville.

Robby, with lips visibly sealed, places the Bible upon the table after breakfast is over, from force of invariable habit; the decent servants gather in at sound of it. Mrs. Sorel reads, and requests their guest to take Mr. Arthur's place, and lead in worship.

"We are most singing, if you please," says Brother Barker, after reading the first Scripture which comes up: "my voice is somewhat out of tune, my throat hoarse. And having prayed for every possible blessing upon that particular household, with general supplication for the whole country, Mr. Barker hastens through that exercise.

"If it is not too great a favor, Sister Sorel: if you will give your servants some charge to keep silence: if you will allow me to occupy Brother Arthur's room, I should be grateful—and it to be his by the books then—I will be obliged." And the guest disappears within that room, the curtain of which he has arranged with a view to appears again at the sound of a galloping along the road.

"Sister Sorel," he says, bending, with ashy face, over that silent lady as she sits at the table washing up the cups and saucers, "I have reason to know that they are the Federals, and have now the foe may be on my track. I am—am" —the galloping outside louder and louder—"not a soldier, I am"—with a look of unspeakable pain and sallowest of faces—"a poor, humble preacher of the blessed Gospel of peace. My life is in your hands, my blood will be upon your head."

"Mr. Barker, go to Mr. Arthur's room and remain there. Any thing as old woman may be able to do for you I will do. You have no cause of apprehension."

And in his room Brother Barker, on tiptoe, trying to read, trying to pray, tucking the curtain so as to conceal himself from any one passing, listening, trembling, enduring such agonies of fear as want him like a madhouse.

Mrs. Warner, peeping forth that morning, finds the Federals in quiet possession of Somerville. Not a shop-window remains unbroken, but Mrs. Warner has said, a very great number of times, that she only wished the Yankee mudsills would break in, that she might break it; and the throat that she might cut it; one heart that she "might wish to see bleeding." Mrs. Warner, in short, is carving at table as she speaks, into their heart to the hilt. Touchstone's complete destruction in words, as for Dr. Syntax, sometimes recurred upon the knots in the string of his bag; Romish anathema in full, so far as her knowledge of the language furnished her with terms, but that intellect with the thoughts, her imagination with the possibilities, her heart with the zeal, has Mrs. Warner long ago overcome the Federals upon the Federals. No Mrs. Partington has ever swept away the Atlantic more vigorously, in anticipation, than her Mrs. Warner has swept, in what is actually over her threshold the mop fails her wearied hand. She has so exhausted herself before their arrival that she has no reserve for any thing, except curiosity, now they have actually come. Probably this is the reason why she does not burn her house over their heads, as she said she would do. She has ample opportunity of shooting at them from her windows, she has almost whom she would, yet she merely peeps at them instead.

Friday night they take possession. All Saturday and Sunday all seem in possession of the one male Secessionist visible. Union men quiet as mice. Guy Brooks need have sent no messenge to that effect.

The stores are all closed. Somerville has long ago learned to do that when even Confederate soldiers are in the streets, much more when over again have squads, half-naked, two-thirds starved, four-fourths desperate, helped themselves to what they will. Somerville has learned what they wanted, a good deal more than they could consume. It shocked us terribly at first, but Mr. Ellis and the rest of us have become used to it. Only three days before the raid of Colonel Fuller. That was speaking of it to Colonel Ret Roberts in his own house, and his family from his duties in Richmond.

"Colonel Roberts," said Mr. Ellis to that distinguished Senator, "has my store been sacked by ruffian soldiers?"

"And my house—probably will be a dozen times again," said the Colonel, very coolly indeed. If Colonel Ret Roberts was a splendid blackguard, a brilliant bully, a fascinating, high-spirited, thoroughly plain-spoken scoundrel before the schooling of the last few years, tell us, oh whatever of gay humor, of sarcastic voice, the mere cynosure is the Muse of History, what Colonel Ret Roberts is now!

"And my house" says Mr. Ellis; "look at it, Sir. I pay two and a half per cent. on my sales every three months; one per cent. more for soldiers' tax; five per cent. on all real estate; eight per cent. on all the wool, tobacco, cotton I had on hand in '63; ten per cent. on profit on sales. Let me see! Yes, I am taxed as a retail merchant, taxed over again as a wholesale merchant. And all this while my Corporation, County, State taxes are at least one hundred per cent. heavier than they were before the war."

"Certainly. But you may rest sure the taxes now are nothing to what they will be next year," says Colonel Ret Roberts, as coolly as if stating a desirable fact, with a sort of pleasure even.

"But have you nothing encouraging to tell us?" asks Mr. Ellis, nervously. "Your opportunities at Richmond—"

"I know nothing but what you read in the papers," remarks the Senator, elaborately paring his finger-nails, "save what we heard me from the stump, Sir. If you people at home will sustain the currency, the South will succeed. If you do not, Sir, the South will fail, as well as I whether they will sustain it. We are in this thing; all of us, as a family. We can win. Hold on, Lamum!" to that editor, who is passing, and the distinguished Senator is gone.

An excellent Unionist organized, contempt Colonel Ret Roberts had for the people before Secession; his contempt now is so great that it is not to be expressed. He is elected for years to the Confederate Senate, entirely beyond the favor of the people. They stand so astounded at his cool impudence in public and private that he has left again for Richmond before they have time to recover themselves.

And Sabbath dawns upon Somerville still in Federal occupation, the quietness of death upon the population peeping from behind doors and curtains upon the long, cavalry passing and repassing. After full conference with friends, a Federal chaplain descrating Brother Barker's pulpit, and Sabbath beside his own in Somerville open that day, Mr. Arthur fills his own pulpit, his sermon being exactly the same as they would have had it there been no raid. Quite a large congregation too, to Mr. Arthur's surprise; almost all ladies. Mr. Ferguson sings as usual, and leads in manner as if were he were confined to the Crimea and like distant regions. And the Federal officers and men, upon the ladies cause to say, were quiet, orderly.

"Nothing remarkable at last, every thing extremely well," Mrs. Warner, at church for the first time in many months, remarks, as she and the Doctor walk home. And, beside a little knot of the men who have tamely permitted the Yankees to come here, Mrs. Warner is strikingly silent to-day.

"If the Colonel Brooks was not coming to church I wouldn't have gone, I can tell you. Have you seen him yet, Dr. Warner? Mighty shy you Union men are of your Federal friends, and they of you! As if I don't know the reason why. You all had better be, I will you; if our men are not more miserable cowards than they are I—there's plenty of women left in Somerville to watch you. Did you notice that Mrs. Isaac Smith, at church, at whose husband has gone over to the Yankees? I watched at her heels, and she never looked at a Federal, but presply to look at these Federal wretches, looking wistfully at them—expected to see her husband among them, I suppose. As I live, there he is this moment going into that Jem Budd—even 'Ria could tell what *that* is for!"

It was true. Mrs. Isaac Smith had never made a visit since her husband fled. She has only a general invitation made her years before to the house of Jem Budd's poor, down-trodden wife; yet there she is this moment, in Sunday finery long laid aside, entering the door in question. Mrs. Warner's eye-glance is all at a glance. Jem Budd's little one-story house is right on the most public street in Somerville; its front porch is so public that it may be the town to see all that can be seen of the Federal troops.

Besides, Jem Budd and Jem Budd's harmless little wife have always been to the one side of the great question which rends Somerville asunder but also to the other. Secessionists say of Jem: "Poor fellow! he is a queer sort of fellow, but he is all right at heart. He doesn't talk much, but he has said this, that, and the other exceedingly severe things about slavery, and especially about the Union people. And then Alfred Morgan, Mrs. Budd's brother, who left for the war as a private, and who is now in a good Secessionist, in dangerous and efficient service for the Confederacy in the North. Jem doesn't say much of it, but he has shown letters from Alf to that effect. Oh, Jem is all right!"

"You can't change a man's nature," Union people say to each other of Jem Budd. "Of course it's his interest to keep well with the faithful; it's the only way to hold his detail to fix shoes and stay at home. But he is all Know-Jem, Jem can't help *that*. But we all know Jem. He's told me in confidence a thousand times a most detailed account of Secession." There are severe disadvantages in Jem's course. Neither party were thoroughly cordial with him. Besides, for Jem's money these women were weapons, and he can not refuse to give when called on to assist Union families suffering for the necessaries of life in the absence of their husbands. For more impossible to refuse his mite when called on to assist every other week, to contribute to some war purpose or other. He has to pay for his position, but he holds it and his tongue accordingly.

"I took a lunch just before coming to church, ma'am; please excuse me. But you know my house is out of the way, and I am dying to see the Federals. If you have no objection," Mrs. Isaac Smith says to little pale Mrs. Budd, who lives in her own house as closely as a snail, and keeps no servant, and who, a good deal astonished at the apparition of stout Mrs. Smith, whom she has not seen for so long, invites her from the parlor in to dinner.

It is all very well when, dinner over, Jem Budd smoking his pipe in one corner of the fireplace for the convenience of spitting, Mrs. Budd opposite him in her easy-chair, Mrs. Isaac Smith filling with her nerfy portion the chasm between, the three fall into a quiet, confidential chat. At least Mrs. Isaac Smith, greatly freshened up by the blue shirts she has seen at church, talks, and the others listen.

First, she tells all she has seen and heard at church, for Mr. and Mrs. Budd have not entered any church for years now; Jem Budd, a member of Brother Barker's church, too. Next, Mrs. Isaac Smith, by natural transition, speaks of Mr. Arthur; to all of which, Jem Budd, on one side, saying "Exactly" when Mrs. S. appeals to him; pale Mrs. Budd, on the other side, says, when she is appealed to, "Just so, ma'am." By natural transition, too, Brother Barker is next on the carpet. Mrs. Isaac Smith never warms as she recounts some of that divine's violent remarks in and out of the pulpit. To this, also, Mr. Budd, when directly appealed to in his sentiments, says "Precisely," and Mrs. Budd, "Just so you say, ma'am." Then Mrs. Isaac Smith asks in general terms after Mrs. Budd's absent brother. She has heard what a bitter Secessionist he has become, how actively and warmly he work for the Confederacy he is at the North. So she asks after him as under a sort of protest. At the North means nothing, and well, we have heard from, is all Jem and his wife can inform her on that point.

After every thing, day and night, flowing in one channel, her husband who is away, Mrs. S. tells for the ten thousandth time that Isaac would never have left if it wasn't for being forcing him into the army. Isaac has his faults—who of us has not? Isaac is a peaceful man—didn't want to fight on either side if he could help it. But Isaac could not fight for what he believed to be a wicked—rebellion; Mrs. S. rather hesitates between bringing in this last—and, no. Jem Budd only replies, "As you say, ma'am," while her husband merely puffs another cloud of smoke, and adds, to the total eyes of Mrs. Isaac directed to him, "Exactly so."

Like other large bodies broad Mrs. Smith is not easily aggregated; but once started, momentum being in proportion to weight, it is very hard for her to stop.

"Of course you have heard of how they murdered my brother John Jennings?" she asks of Mrs. Budd.

"Goodness gracious, what's that?" she adds in the same breath.

"That! What?" asks Jem, nervously, while poor Mrs. Budd is several degrees paler than before.

"Has! must have been mistaken, of course, thought I heard somebody under the floor. But I am so nervous!" says Mrs. Smith.

"Thought you heard somebody under the floor!" and Mr. Budd exclaims this in singularly loud tones, as if addressed to some one at a distance, and resumes his pipe.

"Your brother, ma'am? there are so many murdered, you know, one can not remember exactly," says little Mrs. Budd, quickly, quick-ened a good deal by the overflowing warmth of her visitor by this time. Mr. Budd smokes with inquiring calm. And so Mrs. Smith enters on the murder, describes it minutely, tells the destitute condition of the family left—all with such a tender eloquence that Mrs. Budd and Jem Budd is affected. So much so that when Mrs. Smith says at last, suddenly, "You know John Jennings well, Mrs. Budd; you must, for he only told you the truth; now what *do* you think of a cause which permits, even justifies such a thing as that?" Mrs. Budd removes the pipe from his mouth and begins:

"So sure as there is a God in heaven, ma'am—"

"Jem! I—I hear!" interrupts a voice from the other side with a cry, and holding up a warning hand.

And well it is for Mr. Budd. Though his wife does not know it, there is a tap upon the door, and in walks—of all persons in the world —Mrs. Smithers!

Mrs. Smithers! We write the word reluctantly, knowing how hopeless it is to portray her upon the page. Let us see what one surviving that she was a very tall, a very long and red in the face, a very violent female in temper and language will do. Mrs. Smithers, before she knows all six of them, as desperadoes who have long ago killed their men. Mrs. Smithers is said to be a good shot with rifle and pistol shot-gun, revolver. The way Mrs. Smithers is known, with her own boys' hands, to swindle the erring men women, has weakened even Mrs. Warner's reprobation. Her nearest neighbors are exceeding respectful to, and shy of, Mrs. Smithers, not knowing what instant chickens from their yard into her garden, or a quarrel between her children and theirs, may bring her down upon them with such deadly weapon, or more deadly tongue. As to her having hurled, in a paroxysm of rage, that negro babe which would keep crying so much upon her every-second floor, down the hill back of the house, we reject that story of course, knowing, as we all do, that such testimony is no evidence.

But we knew we could convey no adequate idea of Mrs. Smithers to the postmaster's wife, when we began. Mr. Jem Budd had such an idea, however, and the instant she entered the room he uttered a word. "Where" none the less arrested from being altogether internal. Publicly, meeting them on the street, had Mrs. Smithers treated one and another of the subjects now in one Union man of her previous acquaintance. The Union ladies, met by her casually in stores and at funerals, she had not ventured to herself with refusing to speak to, but had looked at them in a way which had sent more than one of them from shopping and visiting home and to bed. Being of a fighting stock, Mrs. Smithers was true to the breed—even her brothers, with many an oath, admitted that.

As Mrs. Smithers entered, offensively ignored the existence of Mrs. Isaac Smith, and took the hand and the seat which poor, pale little Mrs.

Budd offered her, Mr. Budd saluted her and withdrew; remembered in the hall the feeble state of his wife's health and returned; really could not risk it, when back in the parlor, and entered; fear, with half-way out of his front gate, that his wife might faint, perhaps die, and so return again. He has an inspiration, he will effect a diversion.

"Bad news I hear this morning," he begins, after the usual salutations are over—Mrs. Isaac Smith will not. Mrs. Budd can not speak, nothing left for him. As the husband will be, to the head of the household, the only chance is to keep the conversation in his own hand till out of the visitors' hall-depart—any subject on earth rather than of the Federals just arrived.

"What news is that, Mr. Budd?" asks Mrs. Smithers, vivaciously. "It's a lie," in the corners of her eyes and upon the tip of her tongue.

And having mentioned it simply that, being repressed in his mind, it came first in the hurry of being compelled to say something instantly, Mr. Jem Budd narrates the fact of the suicide of the Liberal Judge of a Southern State. For had Mr. Ferguson been so interested in the occupation of Somerville as not, that very day, to have entered the same in his Scrap-book. Had he not foretold it?

"Drunk or crazy," is the verdict of Mrs. Smithers, refusing to know it is only that.

Jem Budd, toiling more vigorously for another topic than he ever does upon gun-lock or barrel-stumbles upon the one of the refugees. Tells how they are pouring into the region about Somerville; how poor they are, how sorry-looking as well as that they ever abandoned their old homes; thinks it a great shame people should receive them coldly.

"Serve them right. Why didn't they stay where they were and fight the Yankees?" is Mrs. Smithers' opinion, who gives only half attention to her host, casting about in her mind how best and soonest to assault Mrs. Isaac Smith.

"Have you noticed, Mr. Budd," asks Mrs. Isaac Smith, advancing her skirmishers, "how all the papers agree about the swindling going on by Government officials? Every single paper! Charges made by judges, findings by grand juries and by little juries, every body but it, universal corruption and swindling. From the highest to the lowest, all the officials at it, by the papers say." Because the lady speaker has heard rumor of the remarks made in reference to herself by the tigress at her side—infinitely more than that, the very epithets—the wish of Mrs. Smithers has come to her ears, to hang that red-headed painter, Smith, abolitionist and traitor, with her own hands. For the least shrewd linger in the mind of any of Mrs. Smithers's circle of friends but she would to just that thing if she had but the chance.

"I know noticed it, ma'am," says sorely-perplexed Mr. Budd, "but have thought"—with special reference to Mrs. Smithers—"our people ought not to publish such things at this time."

"I suppose you notice, Mrs. Budd, how sick even the Yankees are, from their own papers, with that vile Lincoln! All we have to do is to keep whipping them till his term is out; they'll be too glad to make peace with us then, if they don't have a revolution among themselves before that," says Mrs. Smithers.

Mr. and Mrs. Budd retaining their seats on opposite corners of the fire-place, the two visitors between them, Mrs. Isaac Smith being next to Mrs. Budd, Mrs. Smithers to Mr. Budd; Mrs. Smith having addressed her remarks in reference to the refugees across Mrs. Smithers to Mr. Budd, in contempt of that lady, Mrs. Smithers addresses, of course, her conversation across portly Mrs. Smith, and in utter ignorance of the existence of Mrs. Budd. Conversation *will* become platted together in this way, even in ordinary times and under friendly auspices all round; how it is hard at times for the troubles thus engaged to keep their threads of talk untangled. It is peculiarly difficult to-day in Jem Budd's parlor.

"As you say, ma'am," pale little Mrs. Budd replies, across Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Smithers.

"But isn't it strange, Mr. Budd, people won't take Confederate money? It's the most marketable trash, no better than brown paper!" says Mrs. Smith, across Mrs. Smithers.

"—and they actually force the miserable people to take their greenbacks at the point of the bayonet!" continues Mrs. Smithers to Mrs. Budd, heating with indignation at Mr. Budd's bare "I suppose, ma'am," in reply to her interlocutor, disregarding the "So I've heard, ma'am," which she gets from hers.

"—and actually believe what I hear every day of how poor people are getting among us. A good many can't send their children to Sabbath-school, day-school either, for want of clothes. Can't even put their foot out of their own yard themselves. What a terrible condition we are—"

"—universal infidelity there now, ma'am," from Mrs. Smithers, drowns Mr. Budd's "Tis, indeed!"

"—that, of course, is worse. Backsliding? Worse than that, Mr. Budd! Open gambling, drinking, swearing, stealing, and worse. The preachers themselves—"

"—because the Union people among us know the awful times which are coming. I'm told, Mr. Budd, the people driven off are sworn to kill every—" from Mrs. Isaac Smith, while the "As you say, ma'am," from Mr. Budd and the "I fear so, indeed," from Mrs. Budd are made no account of by either belligerent as the strife grows hotter.

"—even to the last drop of our blood, ma'am, and if the war should last ten thousand—"

"—and it was kept up only by the women, and especially the Secession preachers at home. The army is sick enough of it, you may be sure. Why, Mr. Budd, I go a letter, I mean a person told me—"

"—for of all things in this world, ma'am, a traitor to one's own soil they were born on, and a she-traitor is a thing I do—"

"—always so, Mr. Budd," Yankee Secessionists are the meanest, just as Yankee masters and mistresses are the hardest upon their poor negroes."

The conversation becomes more tangled as it becomes more personal.

Mr. Budd has first hold of the pipe between his teeth, long since gone out, and only repeats his "Precisely so, Exactly, ma'am," from memory. Mrs. Budd, poor, pale, little rabbit of Mrs. Budd, with firm hold upon the arms of her easy-chair, fascinated by Mrs. Smithers's terrible eye, has not even learn what she has escaped being asays than if she was dead, only is conscious of a steady rattle of words, and gasps her affirmatives at regular intervals.

But the conversation becomes more closely welded together as it heats.

"Quarter!"

"Beast Butler."

"Wretched Republican."

"Despicable Gorilla."

"Who wouldn't get fat as a beef, ma'am, when one is rid of a drunken husband?"

"Sir, Mr. Budd, will endure murderers."

"Used to lie dead drunk, ma'am."

"Has swindled with sugar speculations unfil—"

"Abolitionist, who ought to be—"

"Actually whipped her, Mr. Budd, until the bones—"

Mr. Budd closes his teeth harder on his pipestem, Mrs. Budd clutches her cold fists at the ears of her chair, the catastrophe *must* be near—

A long clear bugle blast out of doors! Mr. Jem Budd starts to his feet.

"The Federal cavalry, ladies!" and hurries out of his front-door, in a manner washing with extended arms his negro servants before him upon the front porch, leaving Mrs. Budd utterly exhausted in her easy-chair behind. And if the company had not made up their minds and been in so great haste in leaving the room they would have heard a distinct sound from beneath the floor upon which they were. For there has been a mouse or a bat. It did not sound like hog or dog. Perhaps a parrot had made his hole there, for it sounded exactly like the words "God! Thank God!" What makes it strangest of all is, that Mrs. Budd, the instant she is alone, is on her knees on the floor, with white cheeks, says in low, sharp tones, "For God's sake, Alf, be quiet," her lips almost touching the carpet.

The Federal cavalry coming up the street at a slow walk, and so very many, apparently, rough, bearded, powerful men, that Jem, returning in the future of a military manner than such Confederate soldiers as we have seen. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Smithers stand, side by side, upon the elevated porch, both thrilling with deepest feeling, but of quite a different nature. Guy Democrat—erect, with more pride than in appearance than ever—rides slowly and at the head of the column. As he approaches, his eye catches that of Mrs. Isaac Smith. So far he has carefully avoided speaking to any of the Union people, for the best of reasons. There is something in her broad, handsome face, genuine so wistful in her eyes, that he forgets himself, and salutes her. Just a scarce-perceptible lift of the forefinger of the gauntleted hand to the cap.

It is the drop too much. Bless you! Mrs. Isaac Smith has been in the School of Prudence all these years since Isaac left, for nothing. She had resolved to be prudent before she left home; she had left Mrs. Smithers over and over again. "Oh, I'll be careful, Sarah, you never fear." She had even practised in every prayer, kneeling by her bed that morning, after she had put on her best bonnet and all, that she might be prudent. But Mrs. Smithers in the regiment with Mrs. Smithers has "overheat" her, as she afterward explains the matter. As Colonel Brooks touches his cap, Mrs. Smithers, from the parlor, snatches from prostrate Mrs. Budd her handkerchief—she had left her own, to avoid the temptation, at home—and, standing beside Mrs. Smithers, waves it to the Federals, continues waving it vehemently!—the tears running copiously down her handsome cheeks.

But if she waves her handkerchief at the Federals, Mrs. Smithers, advancing to the extreme edge of the porch, shakes her fist at them; a long arm has tall, red, hard-featured Mrs. Smithers, and a fist that has knocked many a negro child over, as well as one, for that matter. Handkerchief and fist so energetically flourished, side by side, send a peal of laughter down the column—even Guy Brooks finds it right.

But Mrs. Smith has not farewell to her wits. "They've murdered Hal Robbins, Mr. Brooks; they've hung John Jennings! you knew him, Mr. Brooks—old John Jennings, my own brother! Ge' God's curse on them! won't they sway above us!" she cries, with the cry of anguish peculiar to a woman beside, say, a drowning child. Handkerchief hard at work.

"Tut-tratior! Tut-traitor! Tut-traitor!" screams Mrs. Smithers, with the yell of fun peculiar to a furious female in her fiercest fury; fist shaken almost to dislocation.

"May God bless you!" cries Mrs. Isaac Smith, her entire soul as well as body in each separate word.

"May the devil—" But the rest of Mrs. Smithers's wish, though in the highest and shrillest of screams, is drowned in the cheer for Mrs. Smith, which rings once again, again, down the column, every man of whom by this time enters into the spirit of the thing.

It is full half an hour after both their lady visitors are gone that Jem and his wife can realize it all.

"That it should have taken place of all the houses in Somerville at my house!" said Jem Budd to himself over and over and over again; "and when I've worked so *hard* ever since the thing began to keep well with both sides. It is too bad!"

Mrs. Budd has long since gone to bed seriously ill.

"But I don't blame her a bit, not one bit either," adds Jem just as often, strictly to himself over the pillow-case, "and even then to be sure no one is by, though it is midnight, and Jem is in his own chamber. His reference is to Mrs. Isaac Smith.

He then falls upon his knees, although not, it would seem, for devotional purposes. With his face to the floor he says,

"Had plenty of supper, Alf?"

"Plenty, Jem," from below. It must be a parrot.

"Good-night, old fellow! Fun, wasn't it?"

"Guess it was. Good-night!" from below again.

"Remind me, Mr. Smithers, to take my Derringer with me to-morrow. I go out," says Mr. Smithers to her husband that night in conclusion. "If ever I meet that woman I'll spit in her round face and shoot her, as sure as my name is Araminty. If she says a word to that, I'll put a bullet just as deep into her old carcass as the Yankees put into my brother's."

"Needn't talk to me, Sarah Jennings, child. I didn't intend it when I went to church this morning. Intended to go out. And, what is more, I don't care one single cent. Let them hang me if they want to, like they hung your Hal. It's in my power, God knows. I'm tired of my life any way, Jane gone so long. Humph, but only let *her* try it! But oh, won't we settle it when these people of the old flag is here again for good! Not that I want their life; may the Lord forgive me, no!"

As to Mr. Ferguson, when, on Monday morning, he tugs out the Scrap-book from its hidden rest in the iron safe, to the bullet's arrival of the day before on the previous Friday night he has to add their leaving during Sunday night. It is a week or two before he can obtain an accurate statement of the number of negroes and Confederate stores they have taken away with them. One thing he knows, a full and silent drawing the whole raid as the Sphinx at midnight—no one can touch him for it; not a word, gesture, look, to the end of their days.

But it seemed strange to Robby, riding a week after upon his pony past Staples's Hotel, to hear the way in which Dr. Peck, absent on pressing business from Somerville a fortnight now, curses the Federals, and Guy Brooks especially. Yet Robby only saw the latter face to face still more sober silence, and rides about his errand, earnestly hoping he may not have to engage in another fight for a long time.

And so Somerville gets past *that* point in its history.

ROME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Anyone the many caprices of the fickle goddess of Fashion is worth remarking that she did not sometimes, by chance, light upon some vagary, by which she commended herself to the best taste of the most refined minds and hitherto, even more than to her especial votaries—the ladies. The fact is that "Queen of creation" have learned by dear experience that "the fashion doth not become them" more than the man," Shakspeare has it; but they regard the latter word as a term of endearment." It will therefore undoubtedly be a prospective comfort to those much-abused gentlemen to learn that they will shortly appear to be the sudden desire of the leaders of Fashion in Paris to adopt the greatest variety in all things appertaining to their toilets. Many members of aristocratic circles regret that they have spent such fabulous sums of money on the most extravagant fashions which were popular during the past winter, and with repentance cause the wise ones to cast aside their costly attire, and to dress elegantly without any large outlay. How long-lived this revolution may be is uncertain, but it is said that a very striking change appears in the toilets of those ladies whose dress is certain to be a subject of comment wherever they appear. Thus, at a certain princess, who, in Paris, goes by the name of the Charming Queen of Fashion, the parlor suddenly, the simplest toilet, such as a very plain untrimmed muhair or poplin jacket and skirt, the latter looped up over either a blue or mauve silk petticoat. Velvet has been below the rank of princesses are permitted to adopt a like simple style is not stated.

It may infer that this is derived from the fact that at the present season preference is given to white, either for home or ball dresses; and that these white dresses are to be trimmed with "elegant simplicity." Beyond this—a sympathies with the Federal cause—all that is known as to the fashion—there has come across the writer no positive proof that the "simple style" has reached as yet. Of the ball dresses, it is said that the most walking-dresses are made of grey-colored silks, and are embroidered with steel. Some dresses are composed of red and brown beads, and upon cerise silk as favorite color just now they are brilliant enough. Another toilet consists of a white silk dress with stripes, the sole ornaments on the skirt being silver buttons of open filigree work, and round the corsage a handsome silk fringe, with silver hanging buttons at the top of it, and a silver tassel at every point of the fringe. The sleeves are open at the back from the elbow, dotted over with blue or pink flowers, trimmed all up the skirt with rows of fringe quipure over colored ribbon put on in transverse folds, and terminated in the length of the pieces. The corsage imitated with a band and ornaments to quipure, fringe, and buttons. A white tulle dress beneath *sounds* round the lower half of the skirt; a low cash-bodice, made of straw-colored silk—the cost was vandyked, and the vandykes slashed together again with straw satin pipings; a deep flounce of point d'Angleterre was sewn all round the cost; a narrow *bouillonnée* of white tulle replaced the berthe round the shoulders. The head-dress was composed of straw-colored silk and tulle.

It is also announced that the latest new Parisian bonnet is to be shape not unlike the Spanish mantilla used in some of the comic operas; in other words, Don Quixote's helmet, stuck squarely on the top of the wearer's head, like the cover of a dinner-pot. It is fastened to its place by means of ribbons about as wide as your two hands, and tied under the chin, forming a gigantic bow, rather larger than the bow of a moderate-sized *Zizling*-tailor. There is, by way of variety, the inverted-breakfastaire style, trimmed with every thing and any thing, and two strings to hold it on; the round-shouldered-headdress style, either with or without the little round button at the top; the fancy-work basket style; the table-mat style—oval, and oblong, all trimmed and bedizened with glass, or straw, or lace, or birds, or feathers, or flowers; or all three put together.

Finally, it is reported that the fashionable women in Paris are actually now wearing crinolines the springs of which are made of pure gold and silver, have now taken a fancy to have their heads plated with the same precious metals.

New York ladies may be able to discover the "great simplicity" which threatens Paris in some of the above fashions.

The managers of the "New York Young Men's Christian Association"—earnest and accomplished young men, whose time and money have been freely given for the benefit of those less favored than—are endeavoring to increase their means for the purpose of erecting a building in which will be provided, to offer special attractions to the young men of this city. Their design includes a Lecture Room, Reading Room, Circulating and Reference Libraries, Conversation Rooms, a Gymnasium, and other means of recreation and amusement. Such a house could not fail to become a general place of resort. For its erection and endowment they ask the sum of $150,000. There are thousands of young men in our midst fatherless, and in the true sense of the word homeless, who are thrown upon their own resources for employment and for the enjoyment of their leisure time. Money could not be better employed than in providing attractive rooms and buildings, and recreation, books, newspapers, magazines, etc., might be freely enjoyed by that large class, who only need a little sympathy and friendly guidance to make them a more truly congenial to them than are the haunts of vice and dissipation.

The Woodland Cemetery referred to in the item we gave our readers a few weeks ago concerning Philip Empey is in Cambridge, Washington County, New York. The removal of Empey's remains to that cemetery was made by order of the Troy Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which recently held its session at Cambridge.

The third Choral Festival, which took place at Irving Hall on last Saturday afternoon, attracted a large and appreciative audience. The choir of one hundred voices, forming when in any of the finest boy-sopranos in America, produce a charming effect. The pure, fresh, young voices appear to have something refined about them. Haydn's chorus, "Then round about the starry throne," was unfortunately not given well. The "Gloria" sung by three soprano without accompaniment, as well as the aria, solo, by Master Tooker, were exceedingly fine. Mendelssohn's "Hymn" was very peculiarly beautiful. So also was the solo by Master Grandin, from Handel's "Messiah." Many other selections were finely rendered, and the descriptive lecture on Cathedrals added to the interest of the entertainment.

If such choral festivals could be frequently repeated, as that not only mere musical amateurs could attend, but that the representatives of the Public and Parish and Sunday Schools, and also the children who are under their training, would give a favorable impetus to the musical taste of our city. Many valuable ideas would thereby be gained which might be applied with great advantage in the cultivation of children's voices.

May in the farmer's hope-time—how he casts the seed into the fruitful earth, and with the full confidence of the autumn harvest. He may sing with a glad heart the following lines, which, like the sky, are of no uniform origin. For a London journal gives a description of a venerable relic of antiquity in the shape of an earthen pitcher or sovereign's drinking cup. And also the curious enthemastic representations of farming implements which adorned it in the following manner:

"Let the wealthy and great
Roll in splendor and state,
I envy them not, I declare,
I eat my own lamb,
My own chicken and ham;
I thrar my own fleece and I wear it.
I've a cot beside Lovers, I have riches,
I have fruits, I have flowers.
The sky is my tent where I recline
So jolly boys, now,
Here's to the good plow.
Long life and success to the farmer!"

Mr. George Peabody, of Danvers, Massachusetts, his native town, and to the city of Baltimore, amount to the sum of $250,000, while his donations for the benefit of the poor of London will up to the magnificent sum of $850,000 sterling. It is no small satisfaction that it is to the American in England is indebted for the greatest boon ever given to the poor of London.

A new style of announcing marriages seems to be coming into vogue. It is one we may be informed by the following quotation from a North Carolina paper:

"By Dr. J. A. Mitchell, on Wednesday evening, February 28, 1866, in Catawba County, North Carolina, at the house of Mr. Jacob Hollar, Mr. Calvin Hollar to Miss Lizzie Milligan, *after a short but most delicious courting.*"

The writer says, emphatically perhaps—we leave the reader to judge—that

"The world buds every year,
Buds as fair as ever were,
But the blossom falls off soon
And the withered leaf comes again."

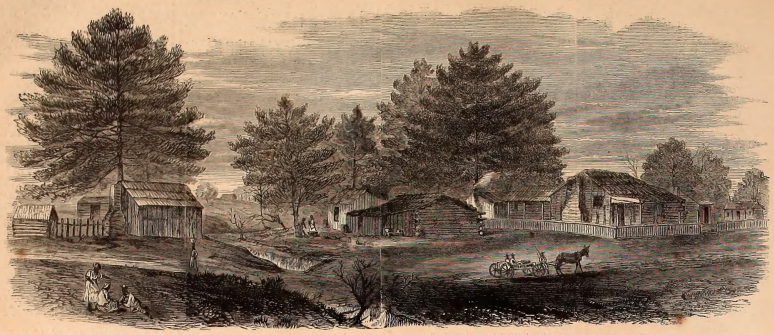
If the term "Asses" be used generically in this case, we must admit that the exception of Mr. Peabody, and, *especially* it may be true, since a poet of undoubted authority says of woman:

"—a woman's second passion e'er can charm;
She loves, and loves forever."

But certain it is that neither of these statement is not the case with Mrs. or else the "heart" of a Michigan farmer, who recently lost his wife, had never *budded*. It seems that his wife died on a Saturday night, and that he could not fancy being left alone in the world, and immediately decided to follow her. Hitching up his horses, he went in his servant-girl and gone to a neighboring village to buy garments for the dead. While there he met the widow, and determined to his home the same night with his second wife, as that, by actual count, he was not a widower more than a few hours. The marriage ceremony took at the next day in deep black, and was one of the principal ornaments of the wedding party.

The pastor of a fashionable church pathetically says: "Two-thirds of the members of my church are honorary members. They don't come to prayer-meetings; they don't attend Sunday-school; they don't add to the life of the church; they are the passengers on the gospel ship; they bear no burdens; add no strength; their names are on the books; they are honorary members."

It was rather a curious compliment which Voltaire paid to Mademoiselle de Lervy, when he said of her to a friend: "She was so beautiful that I raised my long, thin body and stood before her like a point of admiration."



BLISSVILLE, LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.—[SEE PAGE 346.]



"DROWNED OUT"—A SKETCH ON THE ARKANSAS.—[SEE PAGE 346.]



CHURCH AT GRAND LAKE, ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 346.]



ARSENAL GROUNDS AT LITTLE ROCK—BAND OF THE NINETEENTH INFANTRY.—[SEE PAGE 346.]



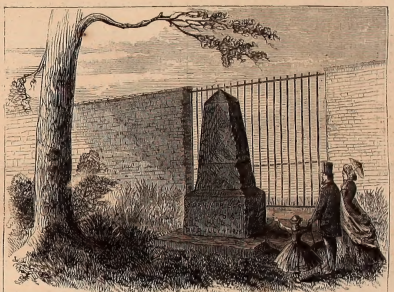
MONTICELLO, THE HOME OF JEFFERSON, NEAR CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

OUR ARTIST IN VIRGINIA.

MR. THEO. R. DAVIS, who accompanies General STEEDMAN in his Southern tour, sends us three sketches, from which we have engraved the illustrations on this page.

Lynchburg is situated on the south bank of James River, 191 miles west of Richmond. It is built on the hill-side, and the view from the river is quite picturesque, and would be more so but for the crowding together of the houses. In 1759 this place was a little settlement containing only five houses. It is now the great tobacco city of the Union. It was incorporated in 1805. The city suffered comparatively little from the war. Labor is in great demand; the freedmen are industrious, and the feeling of the whites toward them is in general kindly and sensible. The city of Lynchburg was not occupied until after the capture of Richmond.

Monticello, the home of JEFFERSON, near Charlottesville, is located on the crest of a mountain, the view from which is so quietly beautiful that JEFFERSON called it the "Heavenly Mount." He made this retreat his resting-place after the fatigues of public life. The mansion is fast going to decay; portions of it are in an extremely dilapidated condition. The present occupant charges visitors twenty cents for admission to the premises. The people of Charlottesville certainly can not be held responsible for the ruinous aspect of the home of the "Father of Democracy;" "for," says our artist, "we have not during our journeyings seen a more respectable and industrious community."



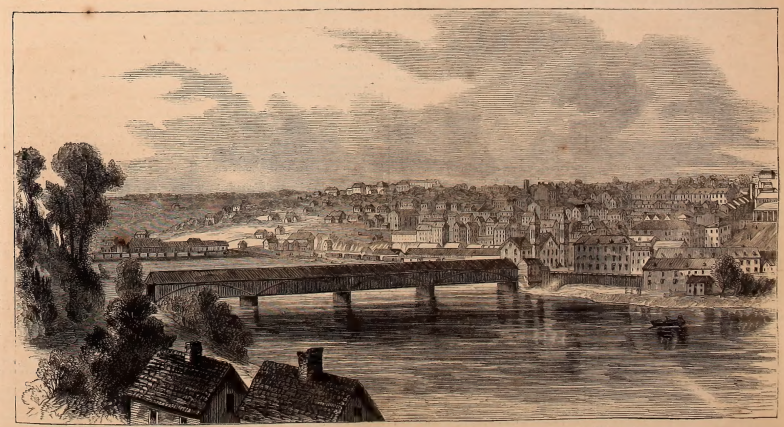
JEFFERSON'S TOMB, NEAR CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

The slab of JEFFERSON'S tomb is of granite, and is the second one which has been erected, relic-hunters having carried away the first monument chip by chip. They have made some progress in the destruction of the present one. The inclosure is as little cared for as the mansion. Judging from appearances, a few years more will make the ruin of both complete.

SOUTHERN PICTURES.

"THERE is a large class of white men in the South," says our artist, Mr. A. R. W., "who do not work if they can avoid it, and Memphis is well represented in this respect; it is this class that the colored men seem to imitate rather than the industrious. How they live is a mystery. Not a little stealing is done, I suppose, for I have seen white men lurking among the negro huts and purchasing cotton stolen in small quantities from the levees. In some way they manage to pay the rent of their lots, which is often exorbitant. For a piece of land not fifteen feet square as much as ten dollars a month is asked and paid, not in situations, be it remembered, where land is valuable for any present purpose. All do not pay in this proportion, however, and there are not wanting generous people who have procured land and cut it up in small parcels at a reasonable rent.

"The colored people do not care to go out on the plantations, since by draying and working on the levee for 40 cents an hour they can make out a living; and so long as they support themselves it is



GENERAL STEEDMAN'S TOUR—THE CITY OF LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

supposed to be no one's business how much or how little they earn.

"FREEDMEN'S BUREAU, MEMPHIS.

"In this room, containing an army desk and some rude chairs, and principally decorated with hand-bills conveying the information 'that intelligence, or labor brokers—*White or Black*—entering this building, will be accommodated with 60 days imprisonment,' contracts are signed between the colored men and planters hiring them, and the thousand and one appeals, differences, and complained incident to the present relations of labor, heard and arbitrated, as far as my limited observation went, with strict justice and with no indication of that partial leaning toward the negro which I have heard the Bureau accused of. General ROWLEY, who superintends the department, shows a right clear head in his decisions, which unprejudiced people must admire, singularly in contrast to the injustice meted out sometimes by the civil courts of Memphis. The scene sketched represents a group of negroes and the contractor who had hired them discussing a breach of contract on the part of the latter, who had sold the plantation they were hired to till after the fact had done considerable work upon it, and had then proposed to turn them over to another plantation. The negroes demanded their pay, and the annulment of the contract, on the reasonable grounds that such an arrangement was not included in it nor contemplated by them when it was signed. The white man, the planter—I believe—had the recommendation of the Marshal, agreed to cancel the document. The cases which come before the Bureau are of very various kinds, and are often exceedingly trivial. Some of the negroes have applied to General ROWLEY for permission to carry pistols for personal protection, but he could only tell them that it was unlawful and a privilege out of his power to give, but that while the practice of carrying weapons is universal among the whites they were as much entitled as any to their possession. While I was at the office a negro boy came in who had been hired through its agency by a man some twelve miles from the river, in Arkansas. This boy had run away, his escape, and was applying for protection. According to his statement he had used an oath—not in anger—to another laborer. For this the master had beaten him with a pistol and a heavy stick about the head, inflicting a severe wound, then tying him up had set the dogs upon him, the latter still showing abundant evidence of the sharpness of their teeth. To be sure there was no counter-statement, but the boy gave his testimony clearly and apparently with truthfulness. A planter was there to complain of one of his hands, whom he wanted punished for answering him back by 'What! instead of 'Sir?' At one office I saw a negro whose complaint was against another who was a 'cutting him out' in a love-affair.

"A characteristic case was being fought through by General ROWLEY. JOHN HERRON is a mean specimen, who, among other slaves, owned before the war one HARRY HERRON, some nine miles from Memphis. JOHN HERRON'S estate was within the Union lines. JOHN H. personally found it healthy to reside outside that limit, and made a separate will. PRINCE to work the plantation on shares. PRINCE ran the farm well, fed his master's family through the blockade for two or three years; and when JOHN HERRON got into quiet possession again of his place he repudiated PRINCE'S claims, on the ground that a slave could be no party to a contract under the State laws of Tennessee. It was decided by the Freedmen's Bureau that PRINCE'S claim was just. JOHN appealed to General FISK, who endorsed the decision, and again to General HOWARD, who referred the decision to be enforced. The current this JOHN H. filed an injunction in the Supreme Court, which, I believe, decided against the Freedmen's Bureau. This is a test case of the powers of the Bureau, and it is not likely to give it up yet. The courts of Tennessee are sure to back up the white man against the slave in any case, but there are higher tribunals. The most enlightened men of the South are the officers of the army. As a rule, they are more liberal in their behavior to strangers, and certainly accept the situation with a better grace and more manly bearing than the vindictive non-combatants.

"The negroes know this well, and the consequence is that when General FORREST can get labor to work his lands while the citizen lands of lazy, unimproved planters have to go without. I met a gentleman on the Arkansas who had owned 250 slaves, had served in the war, and now accepted the situation. Instead of sitting gloomily down with the idea that negroes were of no use as freemen, and the country necessarily gone to ruin, he determined to decide the question for himself. He told me that it was doing well: he had already on his place 75 men at work, and when I met him he had engaged 40 more, of a regiment mustered out at Duvall's Bluff; not, it must be added, without opposition from the officers of the regiment, some of whom tried to dissuade the men from contracting with him. This plantation was an excellent one, a place as a negro intending to work could probably find. What better tasks were done then the men could do as they pleased. There was a teacher for them, a good fiddler or two, and every prospect for a jolly Fourth of July, and I have no doubt that this gentleman will make money. Who knows but the negroes, although they may not be induced to work the long hours that were required before freedom, may, on the other hand, quicken their step and learn to do much in shorter time? The old system was to blow the horn so early on the plantation that, by the cotton picking season, the hands would be all out, after cooking and eating breakfast, by the first appearance of light, ready in the rows to commence the work of picking while the dew was so heavy as to drench them from the laden branches almost at once. The first picking would be so wet as to require exposure on the staggings till noon, about which time the sun's heat would dry the clothing of the pickers. This was not a healthy practice for the fall of the year. Dinner, ready cooked, would be brought out in the fields and hurried over. Work was continued as late as 8 o'clock, when the hands would be dismissed for supper. This was a shilling system, and required all the overseer's watchfulness; but the result was an immense profit to the planter.

"Even with the present prospect of remuneration the inducements to plant cotton are great. Eighty hands, it is stated, can easily grow and pick 1000 bales of cotton. These are paid on an average 16 dollars a month and rations, which, at the present prices of cotton, would realize a handsome fortune in one year. Good cotton land will raise 1 bale to the acre, in some places 1½ bales. The introduction of improved agricultural machinery will, in great measure, make up for the low price of labor in the South, for the implements of farming in this section appear to have been modeled upon the primitive efforts of our forefather Adam.

"DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

"After the delay usual with steamboat men, in the category of whose virtues that of punctuality is a heretic, our boat left the wharf at the foot of Main at Memphis, and once more among wasted and deserted plantations we continued down the Mississippi. Hardly a plantation could be seen where there were any signs of life, and so on to the White River, which is a deep and narrow channel well adapted for steamboat purposes, as it scarcely varies in hundreds of miles and always has plenty of water. There was so much at this time that all the country adjacent was overflowed, and bank was visible among the trees except at places, few and far between, where the everlasting forest of cypress, gum, and cotton-wood, with its undergrowth of cane, gave way to a bluff.

"On the Mississippi are very few plantations in working order this year; the water in many places has overflowed, and the banks of the river are generally very low, and, in fact, the whole region is in even worse: there are not so many dismantled plantations and burned houses, but the back-water of the Mississippi has done its destructive work in a very slow to quit the fields. On the Mississippi it is not expected that the crop will amount to much; in the interior of the State it will probably about one acre out of four is the amount in cultivation.

"In Arkansas, judging from what I could see, something like half the land is under cultivation. The negroes there appear to be getting along amicably with the planters. The Little Rock *Dispatch*, which they are generally supposed to read, is moderate, while at the same time the employers show a disposition to pay good prices, and also to feed and treat them well. This is the sunny side of the picture, but away from the highways of travel in Arkansas it is not all *couleur de rose*. Here is a story of another kind: Some distance from Pine Bluffs, on the Arkansas River, lived a planter whose negroes did not know that they were free, but, on the contrary, had been taught to believe that the North was whipped, and slavery tighter than ever. A runner, however, reached them, and they determined to run for it, not daring to tell their master that they were free. They were all domiciled in a new house the master had built, with no other entrance than through his dwelling. That he locked securely at night, so that they were as good as prisoners. Nevertheless, however, they managed to get out, and to the number of 14, leaving many helpless ones behind, the late slaves started for the river, having provided themselves with means of money—the secret of whose hiding-place one of them knew—and appropriated $150, putting the rest back. A boat came along and they took passage for Memphis, charging them $5 each for passage, but finding them verdant and in possession of more cash, made another charge of $5 each for bed and board before they let them ashore. The woman who gave this narrative had $100 of money, her father's saving in Confederate currency, and she declared that the Yankees were victorious till the Memphis shopkeepers laughed at her money. The rest of the 14 that got away had hired out to a planter for 8? a month and rations.

"One curious thing about freedom is the manner in which it mixes up the relationships of classes of these people. Some of them, owing to the little idea effected by their masters, find themselves with two or three wives and families, and others had husbands sometimes claim one wife. Indeed, they are not just beginning to understand the real obligation of matrimony.

"North Alabama appears to keep up its reputation as a distinguished section. The people are poor and do not work, and the country is poor, and the people, being mostly worked-out soil. The intellectual condition of the white and blacks in this country is about on a par; and very little improvement is likely to take place in the negro till the white race are educated to a higher development.

"CHURCH AT CRAWFORD'S.

"On a Sabbath morning our boat touched at the landing-place of Grand Lake, on the Mississippi. There was the only church that had been thus far. It was located away from any considerable town, and how the inhabitants can reach it at this stage of the river without boats is a mystery. Near the church were many burnt chimneys, the remains of buildings destroyed in the war. Ruins of this sort were quite frequent all along the river.

"BLISSVILLE, ARKANSAS.

"Once on one side of the dilapidated capitol in Little Rock is a collection of log-huts and shanties known by the euphonious name of Blissville. As it is chiefly devoted to the colored population the name is significant. To this picturesque retreat in the very centre of the city Arkansas sends her unused colored soldiers betook themselves, their wives, families, or sweet-hearts having already secured habitations there, where they could seek out of doors and live inside in the highest style with the liberal allowance of room usually afforded by coffins.

"ARSENAL GROUNDS AT LITTLE ROCK.

"These grounds are described as having been very beautiful before the war. At present they show evidences of abuse, having been used as a camping-ground by the Confederate soldiers during their occupation of Little Rock. The band of the Nineteenth Regulars playing here of an evening renders the grounds an attractive resort, and as the trees and flowers put on their summer dress they will become quite pretty once more. The arsenal itself is the prominent building, while beyond it, behind the summer house, is the house of the commandant."

On page 345 a description is given of Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS'S sketches of Carrollburg, Monticello, and the tomb of JEFFERSON.

A HOPELESS CASE.

I.

DOCTOR THATCHER paced the room anxiously. He was perturbed. He longed for the return of his adopted son. He scarcely knew why, but he also dreaded it. He took up a book; he could not read. Gradually as he sat before the fire, he fell into a restless doze. The sound of a door opening and the door-chain rattling awoke him. He rose and took the lamp into the hall. There was his nephew, John Harkness, fevered, and evidently with drinking. His face was flushed, his hat was crushed, his coat torn.

"Why, Jack," said the Doctor, reproachfully, "you've tired yourself in your rounds, and then taken too much wine. You shouldn't let those farmers tempt you. I used to find it hard."

"There, that'll do," said Harkness, sullenly. "I'm a man, and can take care. I drank because I lost at cards I told you, and your cursed stinginess never leaves me a shilling to try my luck with. I'll be hard up to-morrow. I'm over head and ears in debt, and money I'll have. If Aunt Fanny won't stump up, you must. I'll get money somehow, and pay it back. You owe for keeping me without a penny. No. I won't go to bed—go to bed yourself. I want brandy. Give me brandy!"

Then, with a volley of oaths, Harkness threw himself on a sofa, and fell, in a few seconds, into a drunken sleep.

The old Doctor stood over him, half paralyzed with sorrow and surprise. Could the rumors then be true?

"No," he thought to himself; "no, I will not believe it. This is a mere youthful folly. The poor boy has been led away by some of those farmers, who delight in showing the hospitality unless they make their guests drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning! I shall lock him in my room, that the servants may not see him, and I will come myself and let him out, and then lecture him well. Poor boy!"

In the morning, when Dr. Thatcher unlocked the door of the room where Harkness had slept, he found the window open and the room empty. His old servant James informed him that Mr. John had come and ordered the gig at six o'clock, and started upon his journey.

"Poor boy!" said the Doctor, "he was too ashamed to meet me. Daren't face me after the unaccustomed liberty. Well, perhaps it is best so, too, without his breakfast, dear boy! Won't dare to see his Aunt Fanny to-day, I'll be bound. Of course he must come down to-morrow, perhaps to-night, at close. I must call at the bank and draw a check for him. Ha! I was bad enough at his age."

An hour or two after, the old Doctor rode westerly Doctor driving at a sober pace toward the bank.

"There goes Old Murder!" cried the pert chemist's assistant to a customer, who was talking to him at the door of the shop in the High Street.

"Yes. There goes old four miles an hour! Did you hear of that young Harkness, and how he carried on last night at the billiard-room? Swore he'd been cheated, got noisy drunk, and fought three of the men there with the but-end of a billiard cue. Oh, he's going the whole hog, he is! How he flashes his money, to be sure."

"Well, Jack," said the manager of the bank, as the Doctor alighted from his chaise, "what can we do for you?"

"I want a bank check, Miller, for one hundred and fifty pounds, cashed, and I want to look at my book."

"Certainly. Edward, get Dr. Thatcher's book from the parlor."

"I am going to the post-office, and will call in a minute or two. Pshaw! how cold it is. Seen my son to-day?"

"I drove by, Doctor, about half an hour ago, down Church Street."

"Always at work. That's the way. Early bird picks up the worm."

Thought the looked ill, Sir. Works too hard."

"Yes, it is a dog of a life, ours. One gets old before one has leisure to enjoy what one has earned."

The manager smiled deprecatingly, as much as to say, "Old people will have their joke."

The Doctor came to the post-office.

"Any letters, Mrs. Johnson?"

"Yes, Doctor. There's one for you."

"Hand it out."

The Doctor sat in the chaise and read it. It was from a hospital, the consumption hospital, to which he annually subscribed twenty pounds. The secretary wrote to tell him that two years' subscriptions were due.

"Stuff about due!" growled the Doctor. "Sent Jack to pay it into their bank a month ago. He never forgets anything."

"Here is your book," said the manager, handing the small parchment-covered book to the Doctor as he entered the bank. The former was scooping up a salmon-colored bag of sovereigns.

"No, it is not entered," said the Doctor, in a startled way. "Did not my boy Jack pay in seventy pounds the end of last month for Drummond's? Surely? The last check he paid in. I've not sent twice to you for any thing."

"No, Dr. Thatcher, but he called last week for the hundred pounds for you."

"The hundred pounds?"

"Yes, didn't he, Edward?"

"Oh, yes, Sir, and the week before for the fifty pounds."

"For the fifty pounds?" the Doctor stammered.

"Let me see the checks, Mr. Miller." The Doctor spoke quite calmly, but his voice trembled. "Will you allow me to sit down for a moment in your back parlor till this gentleman has gone? There has been some mistake about a subscription; a quiet minute or so will set it right."

"Certainly, Sir. Edward, show Dr. Thatcher in and get him a chair. Here, Sir, are the checks. Edward, put on a bit of coal, the fire's low."

The Doctor, as the door closed behind the manager, looked closely at the checks, turned the signatures up and down; then he rested his head on his hands and burst into tears. The signatures were forgeries.

"I see it all," he murmured. "Oh, that unhappy boy! and this, I fear, is not the worst. O Almighty, my son, my son!"

"There's something up," said the clerk to the manager, as he took a hasty peep over the green curtain of the glass door. "Why, good gracious, Mr. Miller, the Doctor's fainted!"

II.

"GOOD-MORNING, Mr. Miller," said the Doctor, when he had recovered, and retaken his seat once more in the chaise; "there is no blunder, after all. I see where the mistake lay. I have taken all the checks up to yesterday. Continue the draft. Young Jack, he kind enough to turn the chaise. Thank you."

The Spartan boy kept the wolf hid till it gnawed into his heart. The Doctor had a secret whose teeth were sharper than even the wolf. For a half hour he had suffered the pangs of death itself.

He drove straight to his sister's. Miss Thatcher's, whose neat little cottage was about a quarter of a mile from the town, and near the old parish church. Miss Thatcher was a maiden lady, Miss Paget ran out, looking very pale and anxious.

"Well, Letty, how's Aunt Fanny?"

"Very, very ill, dear uncle. No appetite, very weak, no sleep."

"That won't do; and has Jack been?"

"Jack has been here every morning, only larger doses; but I'm sure—I'm sure it does not agree with her. Do give your advice, uncle."

Dr. Thatcher, old Jack, only two days ago, never to interfere with his patients; but this once I will. Send some one, Letty, to take the mare round to the stables."

Mrs. Thatcher, the Doctor's sister, was sitting up in bed, propped with pillows. Her handsome features were disordered by illness; her cheeks were sunken, her eyes pale and anxious.

"Well, Fanny, and how is it with you?"

"Bad, bad, bad: perpetual pain, nausea, no sleep, no appetite."

The Doctor's face changed, a ghastly pallor came upon his lips.

"Let me see the medicine, Letty."

Miss Paget brought it. The Doctor looked at it eagerly and hastily. That mixture must be had flung the bottle on the fire. A dew of nervous exertion broke out upon his forehead.

"Uncle?"

"Brother?"

The patient's mouth too powerful for you in this weak state. Jack is a clever fellow, but he does not know your constitution as I do. You must have, however, pain but by telling him you have not taken his stuff, so I will send you a mixture that resembles it in color, but less violent. This was too much for you, and I'm glad that he was right, but he has not taken into account your age, Fanny."

"I could not take it yesterday, and Jack was very angry."

"You take the medicine I shall send you when I return directly it comes; take it every two hours as I have directed you. Now, come, lie back, Fanny; you are very weak."

The pale worn face turned toward him and smiled on him; the head sank back on the pillow, and the weary eyelids closed.

"I can not shake off this stupor, John. Good-by, old boy. Come to-morrow, Jack."

The Doctor signed to Letty to leave the room. When she had done so, and the door closed, he sat down by his sister's bedside, and prayed aloud and thoughtful; in that silence, broken only by the tick of the watch at the bed-head, and the deep breathing of the sufferer, he fell on his knees, and prayed for help and guidance from the Giver of all good.

Then he took out his repeater and waited till the minute-hand reached the half hour. It was three o'clock that had struck when Letty closed the door. Then he took his sister's hand and woke her.

"What, John, are you here still?" How good of you! I thought I was alone. I feel better now. It was that dreadful medicine, I'm sure."

"Fanny," said the Doctor, with all a woman's tenderness, "when you made your will in the summer, you told me you left all your money to Jack on his marriage with Letty. Now, I want you to do me a favor."

"I left it all to dear Jack; I told him so. What kindness can I show you, brother, a poor, dying old woman like myself?"

"After the will this evening, and leave me the money during my lifetime. It will be a check on Jack, if he grows extravagant, you see."

"Oh, he won't, dear boy! Yet, as you will, John. You have always some kind and good object in view, I'm sure."

"I will bring a lawyer and witness in half an hour. It might ruin even a well-intentioned lad, and make him idle. Later in life it will perhaps come better."

In the room below the Doctor found Letty, anxious and apprehensive of some evil, but she scarcely knew what.

"Oh, uncle, uncle!" she said, in tears, "auntie is not in danger, is she? Oh, do say she is not in danger!"

"By God's help, Letty, she will be out of danger in a few hours. It is well I came. Letty, you love me, and you love my son Jack?"

"I do! I do! you know how I do, dearly, uncle."

"If you love us both you will then do as I tell

zen, and not deviate a single iota, for much depends on what I am now going to say. But first let your man George ride quick into town and get this prescription made up."

What the Doctor's instructions were must not at present be revealed.

III.

Twenty hours later the Doctor was in his surgery, examining a drawer of dangerous drugs that was generally kept locked. He had just closed it, and was musing with his head on his desk and his head on his hand, when there came a step behind him. He looked round; it was John.

"John," he said, and he said no more. But there was an infinite depth of reproachful sadness in that one word.

"Dear Doctor," said his adopted son, "I deeply regret the events of last night. I was tempted to stay at a farmer's harvest-home, and I talked more ale (stuff!) than I drank debt and wanting money. It was all wandering. Forget it all—it meant nothing. It was foolish, wrong of me. I'm sorry for it."

"Let it to the last time, Jack," said the Doctor; "it is harder to come up hill one step than to go down twenty. Do not break my heart by becoming a bad man. By-the-by, have you sent Aunt Fanny the medicine, and how is she?"

"Oh, pulling through all right. She's as tough as nails."

"What prescription are you using?"

"This," and John Harkness held up a bottle of simple tonic drops. "The old lady vents strength. Oh, she shall be fine—only get stronger!"

The Doctor sighed, and said, "The tonic is right. At that moment the surgery door opened, and an old farmer walked himself.

"Why, Farmer Whitehead, how are you?"

"Ailing, Doctor, thank ye, with the flinny. Un contrairy thing to say, and is my misses."

"Ah, I thought Jack here had been attending you for months; you are down in our books. How is this, Jack?"

The young man's color rose. "It is a mistake of mine. I am regular duffer for memory: it was Johnson at Woodcot I meant. I'll put it all right."

"Just see to Farmer Whitehead then, now. Give him a dicachium or preparacuanha to keep the pores open. I'll go and dress for dinner."

Stepped in lies," the Doctor muttered, as he shut the surgery door behind him. "I'd cut this serpent, and now he stings me; but still no one shall know his shame, for I may still, by God's help, save him from sin, and have him time and opportunities for repentance. Heaven have mercy upon him! Yes, still—still I may save the boy by *one* level stroke."

Dinner was over. The Doctor had been cheerful, as usual, and had made no further reference to the unhappy events of the night before. John Harkness had grown boisterous and social as ever, seeing the Doctor satisfied with so brief an apology.

"Jack," said the Doctor, warming to the conversation, "go and get a bottle of that thirty-two port: I feel to-day as if I wanted a specially good bottle."

John Harkness went, and returned in a few minutes with his bottle, carrying it carefully, with the chalk mark uppermost.

"That's right, Jack. Don't tilt like the country butler, who, when his master said, 'John, have you shaken that wine?' replied, 'No, zur; but I will,' and then shook it up like a draught. Ha, ha, ha! I'll decant it. I like doing it."

The Doctor rose to decant the wine, standing at the buffet to do it facing a mirror, and with his back to the room where the young man had again silently seated himself. In the round shining surface of the mirror the room was repeated in sharp clear miniature. The bottle was still gurgling out its crimson stores into the broad silver wine-strainer, when the Doctor, casting his eyes upon the mirror, observed John draw swiftly from his breast-pocket a little flat black vial and pour a dozen drops of some thick fluid into the half-full glass which stood beside his uncle's plate.

He took no notice of what he had seen, nor did he look round, but merely said:

"John, I'm sorry to trouble you, but we shall want some brown sherry; there is hardly enough for to-day. Just before we sit down to the real business of the evening."

The moment John Harkness left the room the Doctor, with the quickness of youth, spilt the wine, recognized the taste of laudanum, threw open the door leading into the surgery, drained the wine down a sink, then shut the door, and refilled the glass to exactly the same height.

Here is the sherry, governor. Come, take your wine."

The Doctor tossed it off.

"I feel sleepy," he said—"strangely sleepy."

"Oh, it is the weather. Go into that green chair and have a ten minutes' nap."

The Doctor did so. In a moment or two he fell back, assuming the consummate skill of the external symptoms of deep sleep. A deep apoplectic snoring breathing convinced the Doctor's adopted that the laudanum had taken effect.

A moment that hardened man stood watching the sleeper by him, falling on his knees, he slipped from the old Doctor's finger his massive seal-key

The instant he turned to run to a cabinet where the Doctor's case-book was kept, the old man's stern eyes opened upon him with the swiftest curiosity; but the old man did not move a limb nor a muscle, remaining fixed like a figure of stone.

"He's safe," said the coarse, unfeeling voice; "and now for the case-book, to fix it against him if any thing goes wrong."

As he said this the lost man opened the case-book and made an entry. He then locked the book, replaced it in the cabinet, and slipped the key-ring once more on the Doctor's finger. Then he rose and rang the bell softly. The old servant came to the door.

"The governor's taken rather too much wine," he said, blowing out the candles; "awake him about twelve and tell him I'm gone to bed. You say I'm out, if you dare; and mind and have the trap ready to-morrow at half-past nine. I'm to be at Mrs. Thatcher's."

When the door closed upon the hopeless profligate, the Doctor rose and wrung his hands.

"Lost, lost!" he said; "but I will hide his shame. He shall have time still to repent. I can not—can not forget how I once loved him."

Shortly the Doctor was roused to that task of self-devotion—stern as a soldier chosen for a forlorn hope. "To-morrow," he said, "I will confront him, and try for the last hard heart."

When the servant came at twelve the Doctor pretended to awake. "Joe," he said, "get my chaise ready to-morrow at a quarter to nine, mind, to the moment. Where's Mr. John?"

"Gone to bed, Sir, and—asleep."

"He makes beasts all liars like himself," said the old man, as he slammed his bedroom door.

IV.

"How is your mistress?" said the young doctor, as, driving fast through Crossford the next morning, he suddenly espied Mrs. Thatcher's servant standing at the post-office window.

The old coachman shook his head.

"Very bad, Sir; sinking fast."

John Harkness looked very coolly, but lashed his horse and drove fiercely off in the direction of the sick woman's house.

"It all goes well," he said, half aloud. "I had half a mind to stop the thing yesterday when I saw her; but these fellows press so with their bills, and the governor was so cantankerous. I really must press it on. It's no crime. What is it? Only sending an old woman two or three days sooner to the heaven she is always whining for. But she was fond of me, and it's rather a shame; but what can a fellow do that's so badgered?"

So reasoned the fallen man, steeped in the sophistries which sin uses as narcotics to stupefy its victims.

Arrived at the door he threw down the reins tossed back the apron, and leaped out. He was excited and trembling, but not with fear. He was ready found time to take. All at once, as he passed his fingers in a vain way through his whiskers and shook his head as he looked at the road rolls, he glanced upward at the windows. To his surprise, but by no means violent regret, he saw that the blinds were all down.

"By the Lord Harry!" he muttered, "if the old cat hasn't already kicked the bucket! Vogue la galère, then! Now for the two hundred pounds' legacy, and a white cambric handkerchief!"

He pulled at the bell softly. In a moment or two the door was opened by a servant, whose eyes were red with crying. At the same instant Miss Paget stepped from a room opening into the hall. She had a handkerchief to her face.

"Oh, John, John," she sobbed; "my dear, dear aunt."

Then she's really gone," said Harkness, with well-feigned regret. "Here, Letty, come into the back parlor and tell me about it. Why, I didn't think the old lady was going so soon."

"Not there, John, not there," said Letty, as she stood before the door.

"I'll go up and see her at once."

"No, no, John, you must not. Not yet."

"Why, what all this fuss about, Letty?" said Harkness, angrily. "One would think no one had ever died before. Of course it's a bad job, and we're very sorry for it; but it must be, must be. It is as bad as crying over spilt milk."

"Oh, John, you never spoke like this before! You never spoke like this to me, John. John, you do not really love me!" And she burst into a passionate and almost hysterical weeping.

"Nonsense, nonsense, Letty, you know I do. We can marry now, now she's left me her money. I've got rather into a mess, and I want cash. It'll be a great blessing who lies up stairs, and my step-dad of governor, who kept me so long from marrying and being happy. We will marry in a month, we two now. Let who will say nay. By George! if there isn't the bureau where she used to keep her papers. I'll have a look at them. Mind, I'm not to have in having a look at it. Where are the keys, Letty? Go and get them from her room. She's no use, I suppose, for them now. Mind, I'm sure to use. Empress, Empress, she'd not even let me touch it. Where are the keys, Letty? Go and get them from her room. She's no use, I suppose, for them now. Mind, I'm sure to use. Empress, Empress, she'd not even let me touch it. I can not get the keys. Wait. Have you no love for the dead?"

"Stuff and nonsense. I want no whining sentiments. I thought you were a girl of more pluck and sense. Get away from that bureau. I'll soon have it open. It's all right, I know. Mind, I'm sure this morning. Things haven't gone smooth with me lately at all. Get away."

He pulled the little girl from the desk, and, thrusting in the blade of a large knife, wrenched open the front of the bureau. A roll of bank-notes fell to the ground as it rent up the door opened, and the old Doctor stood before him. There were tears in his eyes as he looked sorrowfully at his adopted son.

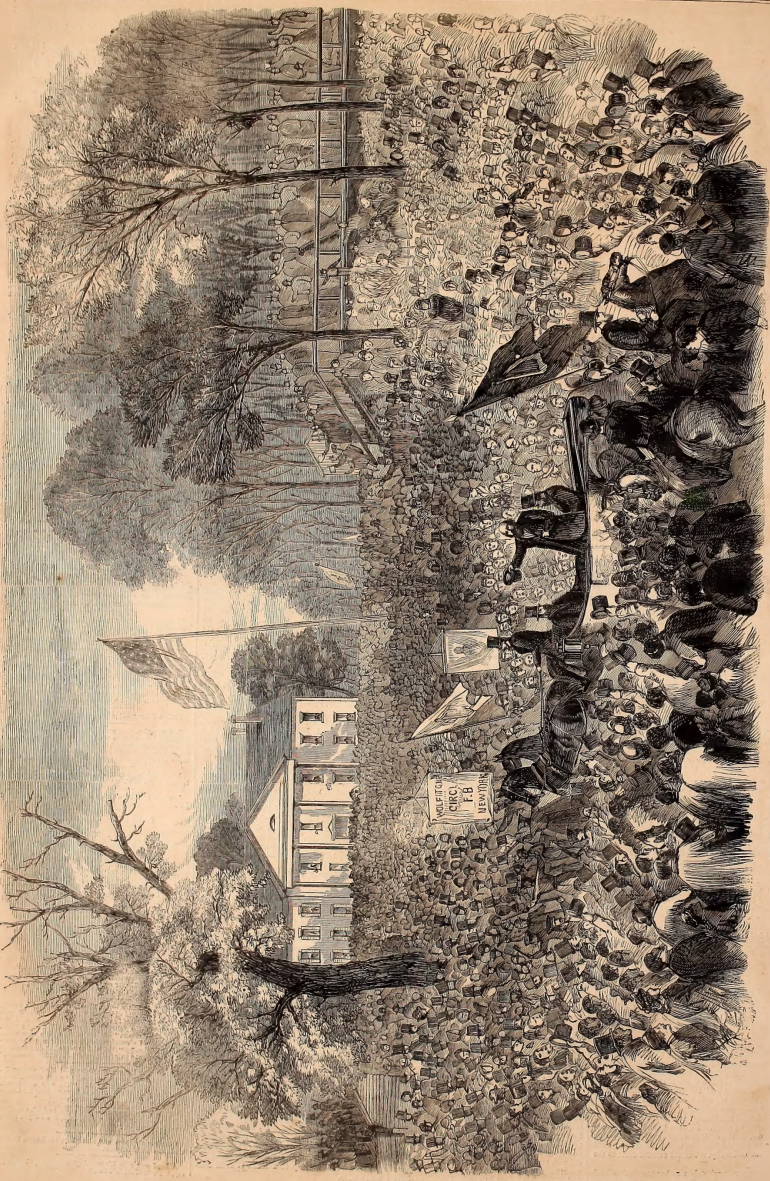
"Oh, Lord, no, Sir. Dead six years since. Why, Sir, you seem to remember the people well?"

The stranger rested his head on his hand and thought for a moment; then he said:

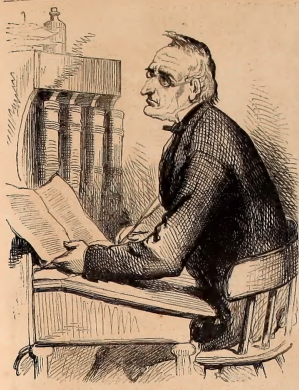
"And Miss Paget, Mrs. Thatcher's niece—is she living—married—anything?"

"Living—yes, Sir. Lock, Sir; why, there is her carriage standing at the bank-door opposite. Here comes the coachman. Shall I open the door?"

"No



GRAND RECEPTION OF JAMES STEPHENS, THE FENIAN CHIEF, AT JONES'S WOOD, APRIL 15, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 340.]



THE MONEY-MAKER.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY.

THE Parisian modistes have certainly produced a fair stock of novelties in the way of chapeaux for the present season, the most remarkable of which are the chapeaux Lamballe, Watteau, Bergère, Benoiton, and Printanier. The favorite materials of which these are made are tulle and fancy straw; but sometimes they are formed entirely of clusters of flowers, such as clematis and lilies of the valley, or vine leaves of different shades of color, with here and there a few small green or purple grapes arranged closely together. In the front there is occasionally a band of colored ribbon on a ruche of blonde, the strings of the chapeau being, of course, of the same color. When the chapeau is of tulle this is frequently goffered, and the crown is encircled with a wreath of flowers, hyacinths, moss-roses, passion-flowers, heart's-ease, forget-me-nots, or lilies of the valley, the ends of which hang down on either side, or, joined together, fall over the breast. The strings are for the most part of white ribbon, with frequently a second pair of strings of tulle; but strings of mauve, pale blue, or green, or other light color ribbon harmonizing with the tints of the wreaths are also worn. The chapeaux of fancy straw are trimmed with similar wreaths to those just described, and occasionally have the ribbon of the strings passed over the crown. A favorite trimming for these chapeaux is a cluster of ears of wheat or barley on either side, with a chaine Benoiton of straw passementerie falling down in front. The strings in this case would be of straw-color ribbon with, perhaps, a second pair of strings of muslin, crape, or tulle of the same color. Most of the chapeaux have glass drops suspended round the brim; the more elegant tulle bonnets being ornamented in a similar manner with pearl beads.

For robes several novelties in the way of foulards have made their appearance; for instance, the foulard Patti, with a border formed of musical notes; the foulard *glaieuse*, ornamented with ears of wheat knotted together; the foulard pastel, with small bouquets of flowers on a pearl or rose, gray or white



THE MONEY-SPENDERS.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1866.—CHAPEAUX AND COIFFURES.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1866.

ground; the foulard Oriental, with a double palm-leaf upon a rich colored or black or white ground; and the foulard Imperial, ornamented with wreaths of flowers.

There are two kinds of jupons now in vogue—the jupon à traine and the jupon écourté; the former is terminated with a deep flounce bordered with gimp, surmounted by an entre-deux, composed of small squares of gimp; the latter is ornamented with an entre-deux of gimp or embroidery, and a narrow piping.

Sunshades when made of dark-colored silk are invariably lined with white: the handles are mostly large, and are occasionally formed of a series of links resembling a somewhat heavy-looking chain. In place of a handle, some sunshades are armed with a formidable-looking spike, the use or purpose of which is certainly a mystery.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

HEADDRESS AND COIFFURES.

Fig. 1. Chapeau of puffed tulle, formed like the shell of a snail, with a cache of blonde in the form. Strings of pink ribbon.

Fig. 2. *Coiffure de Bal*, composed of an antique band of rose velvet studded with cameos, which are interlaced with chains of small pearls, that fall down below the chignon.

Fig. 3. *Coiffure for a Bride*.—Wreath of Orange blossoms, the two ends of which are crossed at the back of the head, and fall down on each side of the chignon.

Fig. 4. Catalane in tulle blonde, trimmed with a roche of blonde and flowers, with a double bouquet, likewise formed of blonde and flowers, falling down in front.

Fig. 5. Chapeau of gaffered tulle, trimmed with leaves of green velvet, which, formed into a chain, fall down over the bavant. Strings of green ribbon and white tulle.

COSTUMES.

Fig. 1. *Morning Jacket* of crimson velvet, bordered with a rouleau of gold passementerie. Body and sleeves foulard, without any trimming.

Fig. 2. *Carriage Dress*.—Tunic of green taffeta, open in front in the shape of a heart, and behind on a line with the waist, ornamented with a buttoned and looped rouleau. Sleeve of Chantilly lace. Robe of striped green foulard, with wide rouleau on the front, and bordered at the bottom with marchant, like the tunic. Chapeau Lamballe of Tuscan straw, trimmed with velvet and the straps of green ribbon.

Fig. 3. *Indoor Dress*.—Robe of coarse blue taffeta. At each side are two wide stripes of the same material, but of a darker shade of color, connected by a passementerie. Corsage-vest of the same color as the robe, and trimmed with a similar passementerie, with chain balls, and without sleeves. Bournous in an under corsage, which, with the sleeves, is white muslin. Small top sleeves. The sleeves are trimmed with a roche of ribbon matching the robe, and bordered with Valenciennes lace. Trimming of plain ribbon. In the hair is a simple bandalette of ribbon of the same color as the robe.

Fig. 4. *Evening Dress*.—Bournous de printemps of fine silk and net, striped with gold and silver tissue. The robe is of straw-color foulard, with stripes of a darker shade. The coiffure is composed of a cluster of ears of roses at the top of the head, which are connected by chains of pearls to an enamel plaque fixed in the chignon.

PHILOSOPHY IN THE CLOUDS.

THE other day we, in common with our quill-compelling brotherhood, received a polite invitation from Dr. Solomon Andrews to inspect an invention of his yclept, "THE AERIAN; OR, FLYING SHIP." Accompanying this invitation was a request that we should answer sundry rather intricate questions, as to the whole problem of aerial navigation should now be considered satisfactorily solved; whether there were any immediate probability that all railway and steamship companies would wind up, pay dividend and close their offices; whether henceforth all transportation of passengers and freight must of necessity be effected by the agency of the Aerian, and other machines of similar construction, thus "revolutionizing the commerce of nations;" and other equally mystical interrogatories, coming within the province rather of clairvoyance than of journalism.

The "flying ship's" magnificent volume is "bound in boards" at the corner of Green and Houston streets, a locality ill adapted for the success of heavenward experiments, inasmuch as the physical and moral character of that region has a decidedly downward tendency, and is "of the earth, earthy," to the utmost conceivable degree. Although the majority of the inhabitants are said to "live by air," or, more elegantly, to "become elevated"—in a metaphorical sense, of course—than occasionally, but few of them are likely to call upon Smith to verify the place of their bodily residence, as in the traditional case of the one man who went to heaven from Chicago.

On entering the lofty inclosure at which our readers may have wonderingly gazed from the University Place cars, we found ourself in the presence of three members of the press, of an enthusiastic individual evidently deputed to instill ecstasy into the minds of the said (and other) members of the press, and of—The Aerian!

The principal point of dissimilarity between this and other balloons (and the feature whereon the inventor bases his theory) is its peculiar shape. Instead of the "gaseous" pegs-top" pattern being followed, the Aerian reminds one forcibly, by its form and color, of a Brobdingnagian lemon suspended in air, its greatest diameter being horizontal. To a strap, which encircles its larger circumference and is controlled by a complicated congeries of cords and pulleys, a broad elliptical depression, or groove, may be made in its upper surface, for the double purpose of giving a line of direction to the atmospheric resistance (on an upside-down *wingdale* stick, so to speak), and also of regulating the capacity of the balloon to compensate for the expansion and contraction of its gaseous contents at different altitudes. Depending from this juiceless lemon is a wicker car, somewhat in shape, occupies the centre of this car, and from the "conwain's seat" two "tiller-ropes" lead to a conical three-cornered rudder, tacked at one of its angles to the after-end of the balloon. So much for the general appearance of the "Flying Ship." Now as to its *modus operandi*.

We were cordially and courteously greeted by the enthusiastic individual above alluded to, who, to our inquiry concerning the motive power to be employed, responded in substance as follows:

"The principle of gravitation, Sir, is what the Doctor mainly relies on for his motive power. You see, the buoyancy of the balloon imparts to it a tendency to ascend in a vertical direction; but by inclining the axis of the Aerian at a slight angle to the horizon, this upward motion is converted into one of progression. If you throw a piece of slate into the water it does not sink in a direct line, but descends with a zigzag motion; and just so the pressure of the air, either upward or downward, acting upon a flat or oblique surface, must produce the same result. For instance, this envelope," extricating that article from his pocket as he spoke, "will not fall edgewise to the earth, but will gradually descend, by reason of its weight, obliquely, and, in consequence, will be carried forward horizontally, exemplifying admirably the Doctor's theory." The envelope being here triumphantly launched into space, performed one or two hesitating gyrations, and then, getting an edge downward, plunged viciously and vertically to the earth. Nothing daunted by the failure of this illustration, however, our informant continued: "The same principle is beautifully manifested in the flight of birds, whose course through the air first suggested to the Doctor the idea which he has embodied in the Aerian."

We diffidently remarked that possibly the circumstance of birds having wings, and balloons being destitute of those members, might invalidate the force of the comparison.

"Not at all, Sir!" replied he, waxing even more enthusiastic than in our previous replies. "The Doctor denies that a bird's wings are organs of propulsion. They are simply for the purpose of ascending: the inclination of the feathers, when the bird is not ascending to the rudder which you see there. Now the Doctor sitting in the rear-end of the car, his weight induces a depression in the stern and a proportionate elevation of the prow of the machine. He ascends and advances thus obliquely at the rate of, say, four miles an hour; continuing then, having attained his highest point, he lets out a portion of the gas, and, pointing the Aerian downward—at the same time bringing the rudder to bear upon himself—he descends at a corresponding angle. Nearing the earth, the ejection of a few sand-bags imparts a second ascent, and so the undulation is reached."

"All very well," said we, "provided that the machine act as it ought to, and provided also that a trip be made on a perfectly still day; but suppose the wind should blow from an unfavorable quarter, what would he do then?"

"*Track, Sir!*" promptly responded the enthusiast, with an air of a man who has entirely overwhelmed an opponent in argument.

"But touching steerage-way," we modestly insinuated; "if a boat without sail or oars be drifting in a tidal current, is it possible to alter its direction by the helm?"

"Not at all a parallel case, my dear Sir," observed he. "The velocity attained by the combined forces acting on the Aerian (which the Doctor estimates at thirty miles per hour per hour) so far exceeds the rapidity of the wind that our rudder must meet with sufficient resistance to vary our course."

"Still, if a *side* wind—" we began.

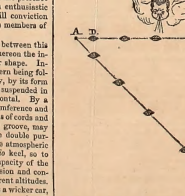
"A *head* wind, Sir," he retorted, "may be blowing at the rate of, we will say, sixty miles per hour; yet if our velocity be taken at one hundred miles per hour, it is a simple mathematical deduction that we will overcome that obstacle, and yet have fifty miles per hour headway."

"But," we interjected, "we referred more particularly to a side—"

"You perceive, therefore," pursued he, unconscious of our interruption, "that your objection founded upon the aerial currents is easily explained away."

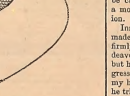
Being, if not convinced, at least silenced, we cast a parting glance upon the gaseous giant, and wended our way toward home, pondering upon birds, balloons, lemons, envelopes, and natural philosophy. Our cogitations led us into a maze of suppositions, a few of which we now beg to transfer to the gentle reader.

Suppose, firstly, that there be some foundation in fact for the statement made in treatises on physics, that from two equal forces, acting at right angles to each other, a diagonal motion will result. Suppose, furthermore, that in the following diagram A is the point of departure, B the place Doctor Andrews



A B=5 miles; A C=25 miles. "From the square of the hypothenuse subtract the square of the other known side, and the square root of the remainder will be the third side." Performing this operation, we find B C=24½ miles; *i. e.*, "the Doctor" would lose nearly a mile in every day, and slight six miles short of his point of delivery, with a large balloon and about 40 lbs. of merchandise to carry on the rest of the way. As a corollary, we may state that we do not think that the commerce of the world, in the matter of freight, is likely to be seriously affected by the invention of the Aerian.

Suppose that the Aerian, launched with a velocity of a hundred miles per hour against an opposing wind, should develop the tendency sometimes noticed in curved surfaces under like circumstances (*e. g.* a clam-shell "shied" by a small boy on a windy day), and turn bottom upward, thus, returning after the manner of a boomerang!



Suppose, finally, that the beneficent Board of Health, under their section 27 code which says "that no person shall throw or send up any kite, stone, or other substance whereby, or by reason of which, any human life may be put in danger or peril," should interpose its authority between Dr. Andrews and the "end" which might "crown his work."

MY PICKPOCKET.

"THE one great thing you want to guard against, Miss Howard, is pickpockets. They positively swarm on this line of railroad. Why, some gentlemen-house on every road in the land has its sign up, *Beware of Pickpockets*" (Miss Borey with expressive forefinger drawn in the air legend of the sign, as if it were visibly on the wall before her), "and *they* know what they are about, those railroad men. Why, there was Miss Newcome, only the other day, had her pocket picked in just coming from Yonkers; and when it was done she could not tell to save her; all she knew was that a most genteel and well-appearing man shared her seat with her, who was no doubt the thief. It is always the nicest-looking, neatest, most elegantly-dressed men who are the likeliest to be pickpockets, Miss Howard—always. Oh, they are so agreeable! and before you know it your purse is gone, and he is gone too. Why, it is not a week since my friend Mrs. Cadd, of Port Jervis, was robbed of her pocket-book in that long dark tunnel in the Jersey City by the handsomest young man you ever saw. He held her little girl on his knee and gave her nuts, and was mighty agreeable; and when they got out that tunnel he picked Mrs. Cadd's pocket of every cent she had, and got off before she suspected him. Why, bless me, Miss Howard!—with startling energy—if you have to go through that very tunnel, don't you? Well, be careful of your pocket-handkerchief, that's all; if you don't you may be sorry you didn't heed the word of one who knows. Beware of polite and genteel young men particularly if they are good-looking; *I* always do; *I* make them keep their distance, I promise you."

This homage was delivered by Miss Borey one day last June, and that night I dreamed I was robbed and choked and thrown out of the car-window in that dark tunnel, by the handsomest man I ever saw, with great beautiful eyes and the air and manners of a prince.

The battle of departure next morning did not drive these thoughts quite out of my mind. I had no sooner got across the river and taken my seat in the car than I glanced out the window and saw that staring placard:

"BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS!"

It seemed as if the train would *never* start. I had come over in an early boat, so as to make sure of a good seat, and hence had half an hour and more to wait. Look which way I would, I could not get my attention off that black-lettered placard. My eyes would, in spite of me, wander back to it every other minute, and read it again, until it settled its shadow over me like a nightmare. In desperation I would shut my eyes; but I could not shut out that placard. There it was, and multiplied by tens. I opened a book and essayed to read; but in vain—I could not settle my mind on any thing but the nineteen letters that spelled those three words of warning. They began to jumble themselves up in my mind in the most aggravating way, till my head ached with their mad freaks: Beware—beware — pickpockets—pickpockets—pickets—pockets — pockpicket—wre—bewar—pickpock—pock—beware—

"BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS!"

And back my eyes would go as if the thing were fascinating me, as a snake and I a bird.

Oh dear, how tired I grew of it!

It was a great relief when, just as the conductor called out "All aboard!" a good-looking young man came up to me with a shawl over his arm, and said, in a respectful tone,

"Ma'am, will you allow me to occupy this seat, Miss—?"

The car was crowded. I removed my traveling bag from the seat next to my side, and invited him to self by me. He said nothing to me, but took the morning paper from his pocket and read it.

I am not a physiognomist, as a conclusion—that their judgment is altogether intuitive, and that they can never give a reason for the belief that is in them. I also am, I repeat, respected Sirs, more than one reason for my belief that the man at my side was a pickpocket.

First, although well-dressed, he wore a peculiar pair of black pantaloons with narrow white stripes in them. Second, his hands were white, though they looked rough and hard, and he wore three gold rings on his fingers. Third, he wore a mustache, and no beard. Fourth, his manners were precisely of that quiet, unobtrusive kind that Mrs. Borey had named.

There! There are *four* reasons which influenced me in my conclusion. If they were not given out at once, in themselves, they were the basis of my judgment. So it was not intuition.

The train moved on its way, and presently we plunged into the black darkness of that long and gloomy tunnel. Shall I ever forget it?

All my senses became concentrated in that. I drew off my gloves to be prepared for action, if I should be called on. I had barely done so when I felt the movement of the hand and arm of my companion.

Instantly I put out my hand; it touched his; he made a motion to draw it away; but I grasped it firmly by the wrist, and with my other hand endeavored to take my pocket-book from his clutch; but he would not yield it. I felt as strong as a tigress in that exciting moment, and clung with both my hands to him, determined to scream for help if he tried to leave the seat.

Oh, how slowly the train seemed to drag on through that interminable tunnel! Would the light never come?

At length the light did come. I turned my eyes on the man with the look that I trusted would pierce him to the quick. He returned my gaze with interest.

"Well, Sir!" said I.

"Well, Madam?" he rejoined.

"My pocket-book, if you please, Sir," I uttered, with withering emphasis.

"Your pocket-book?"

"Yes, Sir;" and again I endeavored to draw it from his grasp.

"Gently!" said he; "I believe the pocket-book is my own!"

Why I did not faint I hardly know. For it was, indeed, true; the pocket-book he held in his hand was *our* mine.

I dropped his hand quickly, and as quickly thrust my own into my pocket. I found my porte-monnaie was safe.

"Oh, Sir!" I cried, in unspeakable chagrin; "what can I say to you?"

"You need to say any thing, Madam," said he, in the kind tones of a gentleman, "to express precisely the nature of your mistake. You thought me a pickpocket. It is uncomplimentary," he smiled, "but not inexcusable."

The remainder of the day's ride was a most delightful one. Works of ordinary acquaintanceship in society could hardly have existed on a more confidential footing than did this ridiculous blunder and I. I was determined to make my companion that I had a trusting faith in his true gentlemanliness, all the more unreserved because of the base suspicion I had entertained of him but a few hours.

We chatted all day long. He was going to Avon [illegible] and it seemed he knew Brother Fred quite well as a business man, having met him at Wall Street. He gave me his business card, by which I saw that his name was William Baird. When he surrendered me into my mother's hands at Avon, he said, with a droll look,

"Your daughter came near having her pocket picked, Mrs. Howard. Hence our acquaintance."

Then I had to tell the story; and, not to conceal any part of my folly, I did not even omit to mention the reasons for which had influenced me in believing Mr. Baird to be a pickpocket.

"The [illegible] Miss Howard," said Mr. Baird, "do look a little flashy—"

"Oh no," said I. "three such plain gold rings as those—"

"But they are each gifts from valued friends, and worn for their sake, not because I have a taste for such ornaments."

Well, this is the story of my adventure last June, and it was enough to last me a lifetime; for "my pickpocket" (as I often call him) stole my heart, and we are to be married in the fall. I need not explain who is to be my traveling companion next month in the ride to our summer resort.

TO MY DOG DASH.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

[Many poets have sung their dogs; and if the poem were an elegy, a reason for having the thought is strained and insincere. But the death of no animal touches the heart so closely as that of a dog which has been a domestic friend—not a hunter merely . . . but a flexible companion, part of the household, a playmate of children, an affectionate and perpetual presence. The kind welcome when you returned. . . . the universal dumb fidelity, never favoring upon a richer master, never winning to enter a finer gate than yours. . . . bearing even chastisement sadly and meekly—that is a friendship . . . which so often outlasts the human.—*Harper's Magazine for February*, 1866.]

Blessings on thee, Dash, dear Dash,
Blessings on thee, Dash, dear Dash,
Blessings on thee, Dash, dear Dash,
Of this flesh that seem to keep our
Souls for the immortal stars—
Shaving by the links of Reason,
That there is a mountain climes
Where man's spirit noons forever
Far beyond the hills of Time!

Blessings, also, that his volume
Wrongly accurs'd a place,
Made by that All-wise Love-Father,
For the lower animal race—
When this dream of dust is over—
Where its nature, finer still,
May its own delights forever
Seek at its own chartered will!*

If the sun'd gives the immortal,
Why then, Dash, my canine friend,
Should this life of earth, so fleeting,
Be to you, alone, the end?
Have you not, unpublished Dogdom?
Dogdom with its friendship true—
Truer than most boastful humans
Ever in their bosoms knew.

How you have watched o'er the children
(One from death I owe to you;
This alone would give me yearning
That there's a Dog-Heaven too!)
How you always barked glad welcome
To me on return! nor drift
Did I e'er detect that you were
Only looking for some gift.

How when I might roughly chide you
For some act (would that above
Worse of mine was not recorded!)
You would take it all in love,
Sadly, meekly, with side-glances
At mine eye—yea! but its day
Giving pardon—when it met you,
Oh, how grateful would you dance!

How you always were contented,
Though the morsel poor might be;
Never seeking richer matter
Richer in his store than me!
How—but I must stop the record
Of your virtues; and but scan
Them in silence—or you'll think me
Only satirizing *man!*

Come! the woods again are Edened
With the gladsome summer time—
Come! we'll scour the vales together,
Or the leafy mountains climb—
Come! and scare some fuller symbols
Of my coming life may meet me,
Than before I ever knew,
While, perhaps—for future dogrel—
Some may speak for Dogdom's too.

* See remarkable repetition on this curious subject in BUTLER'S celebrated "Analogy."

COMPLAINT ANSWERED.

COMPLAINT is sometimes made by those who visit the COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION (19 Cooper Institute) that sometimes they have to wait so long before they can be accommodated. Dr. COLTON says he must accommodate patients in the order of arrival, though it is seldom one has to wait more than half an hour. Even this can be avoided by securing an appointment. They extract teeth for about forty patients every day, as many as they can get through with. That the operation is pleasant and painless we can certify from personal experience. Quite an amusing scene occurred at their office the other day. A lady took the chair, inhaled the gas, and had her teeth extracted. On waking she spat out the blood, and in a few minutes was asked to vacate the chair for another patient. After a time she was asked to write her name on the scroll. On doing so, she asked, "*Why, when are you going to take out my teeth?*" The tooth had been out ten minutes.

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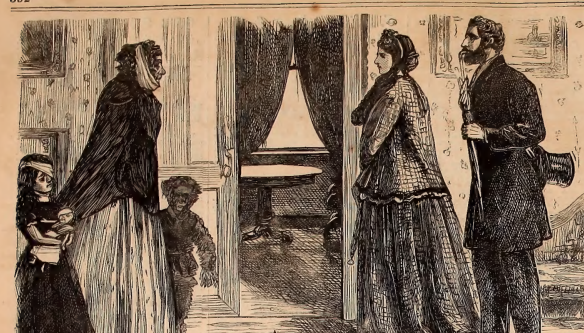
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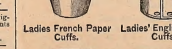
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 493.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS WARNER,
Author of "The Wide, Wide World."

CHAPTER IV.

"I'm afraid I may have to alter my list, Sam," said Clover; "I'm afraid mine is difficult. I wrote down just what I wanted at first without noticing how the seeds were to be planted; and now I see some of them must be 'under glass.'"

"Never mind," said her brother, "let's take the list first and the difficulties afterward. It is a great point to know what you want."

"I know *that* pretty well," said Clover; "only it was hard to want little enough. Well then, Sam, first of all, you know, I must cover my fence; and papa said I might have just as much *fence* as I liked."

"Fence *ad libitum*," said Sam; "yes, that's right."

"So first of all I chose some vines," said Clover. "This beautiful hyacinth bean, with dark purple flowers and varnished pods—it must be splendid, I think."

"Varnished pods?" said Lily—"where did you find that? I thought it was just a bean—and beans are so common."

"Well, maybe it is common," said Clover, "but I guess not; for Mr. Vick says it ought to be grown more than it is. And it will cover my fence grandly, for the shoots are sometimes twenty feet long. But then, Sam, I thought it would not do to have the fence all dark —so I chose next this pretty canary-bird vine, with fringed yellow flowers."

"Very well chosen," said Sam. "Don't you want a blue vine too? here are blue Ipomœas."

"I thought of that," said Clover, hesitating a little bit. And then softly bending down Sam's head to where little Primrose sat on the floor at his side, Clover silently pointed out to him in large, childish writing at the very head of Prim's list—"Ipomœa grandiflora superba."

"So I thought I wouldn't," she said, with a smile; "a second one might hurt the superb effect, you know, Sam. And don't you think yellow and purple go well together?"

"Nothing could be better," said Sam, twining his arm round the girl's waist and drawing her close to his side. "And I see you have got the start of me, Clover, and have planted your hedge before I have even the ground dug up."

"Planted my hedge?" Clover repeated. Then, with a smile and a flush, "I think mamma was the planter, Sam."

"And may God give the increase!" said her brother, tenderly. "Now what comes next? The fence being covered, what shall we do with the ground?"

"I thought," said Clover, a little shyly, "that my vines would show better at intervals, you know—not to see quite the whole of them at once. So I chose these tall zinnias and marigynias for flowers, and then to mix with them this pretty amaranthus — Joseph's Coat—with its three-colored leaves. I think they'll do for a back-ground," said Clover, with the same shy look at her brother's face, which somehow or other confused her and brought a blush into her own. But he only said as before—

"Well chosen. What next?"

"Next, in front," said Clover, "I want a whole mass of flowers, the gayest I can get. There's stocks, and salpiglossis, and gaillardia, and celosia, and balsam, and argemone, and helichrysum. The helichrysum flowers are good all winter."

"A first-rate list," said Sam. "Don't you want some very low-growing flowers just in front, to slope it quite down to the grass?"

"Yes, I wanted some very much," said Clover, "but my money gave out. And then I thought the taller flowers would show best from the house, and so that I had better keep them. But I can change my list."

"No, no," said Sam; "you are to choose, you know. And the list is capital. Now, little one," he said, lifting up Primrose and placing her on his knee, "what sort of a collection of sweets have you got together?"

"Oh, it's so difficult!" said Prim, knitting her small brows and turning the Catalogue leaves back and forth with perplexed fingers. "I wanted to get all the *sweet* things, but they are so many. And then Lily says some of 'em are so common. I'm afraid my garden won't look pretty unless I get some other things too; and I don't know what to leave out and what to put in."

"Your garden will look pretty, I'll answer for it," said Sam. "I never saw a collection of sweet things in my life that was not beautiful. What does Lily say is common?"

"Why, my sweet peas, for instance," said Primrose, studying her list.

"I'm glad if they are," said Sam, "but *I* never found it out. I think for every sweet pea you may find fifty fuchsias. Have them by all means."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Prim, her face brightening; "for he says they're so very sweet. And see, Sam, all colors. Then oh, Sam, I want this blue ipomœa!"

"Then have it," said Sam, smiling.

"But it costs twenty-five cents!"

"Well, you've got twenty-five cents to give for it."

"But I mean," said Primrose, "it leaves me so little money for any thing else."

"Yes," said Sam, "you must choose between one great beauty and four or five smaller ones."

"Is it a great beauty? Then I'll have it," said Primrose. "I don't signify if I haven't a *great* variety in my garden, I guess. But here's a beauty —a white primrose! That's what mamma likes."

Sam thought, as he looked down at the fair little face upturned joyfully to his, that mamma had excellent taste. Few prettier things to be found, to his fancy, than such a white primrose. But he only said, laughing,

"*This* one, Prim? Why, it has a name as long as you are—mother's acaulis alba."

"I know," said Primrose; "but it don't matter, *I needn't* say 'em all at once. Then here are my pansies, Sam; they're not sweet, but they're lovely."

"You extravagant little puss!" said Sam; "pansies cost fifteen cents!"

"Yes," said Primrose, sedately; "but I had to have 'em, you know. Then here is platystemon—I don't know what it is, but it *sounds* pretty, and it's sweet too. And here's datura. Oh, Sam, just look at this, with flowers seven to nine inches long, and sweet!"

"Must be a real horn of perfume instead of plenty," said Sam.

"Oh, but it's plenty too!" said Prim, "for it says 'very sweet.' Then here's alstœmia and calliiroe — that's not sweet, I suppose, but it sounds beautiful."

"That's a fine list," said Sam. "I'm not sure but it's the most troublesome one of the three; but as you are a patient, painstaking little body, you won't mind that."

"I like it," said Prim.

"But what's the particular trouble of Prim's list more than ours?" said Lily.

"There are more things that require transplanting, and more that must be started in heat."

"What's 'starting in heat?'" said Lily.

"Being very warm, and therefore beginning to grow."

"Now, Sam, don't be a tease! What is it *really*?"

"That is true which I said," answered Sam; "only it is the seed's side of the question. Your part of the work is to furnish the warm circumstances that bring about such a good result."

"Putting them in the sun, do you mean?" said Lily, "in a warm part of the ground?"

"The sun has very little heat to spare just now, and the ground is as cold as ice —being, in fact, frozen."

"Well, we can wait till it melts—I mean thaws—and gets warm, then," said Lily.

"And then some of your flowers, which need a long time to grow, would begin to bloom by about the end of summer. You must give them artificial heat, and make them a climate."

"Well, this is the hardest work!" said Lily. "Why, Sam, there isn't any artificial heat but the fire or the



"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."—FROM A PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GELLATLY & LECKY.]

oven, and I shouldn't think baking would be useful."

"Sam," said little Primrose, looking very puzzled, while Clover silently knit her brows over the difficulty, "why don't you tell us what you mean at once?"

"Because I want you all to think and find out," said Sam. "You must not be ignorant little gardeners; I want you to *learn*."

"And do I want to learn," said Clover? "but how can we?"

"Now, here"—said Sam, taking up the three lists in one hand and the Catalogue in the other—"here I find, first, the Useful list—containing, we will say, two hundred and eight half hardy, and two which are sometimes at least called tender. The Easy—Useless contains six hardy annuals, two half hardy, one tender: while the Sweet list has four hardy and four half hardy."

"But what does half hardy mean?" said Lily; "and how can seeds be tender?"

"That is just what I want you to find out. Study your lists, and study Mr. Vick's Catalogue, and make up your own minds how the different seeds should be treated. Then you can tell me what sort of artificial heat you want, and I'll try if I can procure it."

"What delightful work!" said Clover. "Sam, you're very good!"

"Well, wouldn't it be wiser to choose seeds that don't cost so much trouble?" said Lily.

"Every one must judge for himself," said Sam, with a smile at his mother as he rose to go. "I shan't write the order for the seeds till to-night, so you can all make what changes you please. Study Mr. Vick."

And away went Sam, leaving the three children in a pleasant state of uncertainty, excitement, and business. Lily took up the Catalogue and lounged down on the window-seat, turning the refreshing leaves back and forth; Clover gave one loving look at her list, and then, folding it neatly together, laid it in her work basket, and took out her day's task of sewing; and little Primrose, bringing up a round foot-cushion to her mother's feet, sat down and rested her face on her small hand, and fell at once into a deep brown study.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1866.

THE SITUATION.

IT is strange that those who defend against all comers and at every hazard what is called the President's policy do not see that they weaken their case instead of strengthening it by claiming that it is expressly constitutional. On the contrary, the difference between its advocates and those who are unwilling to accept it is purely one of expediency. For what is the Presidential theory? It is simply that the condition of the country at the close of active hostilities compelled him to adopt certain measures for the preservation by the States of their local governments and of their relations in the Union, which they have accepted and are restored. But there is not a word of express warrant for these measures in the Constitution. They were what in his judgment the public safety required. They were limited, indeed, by a certain theory of the perpetuity of a State in the Union, but that theory made the measures themselves mere usurpation. If the States were never out of the Union—to use an expression which has become a cant—what right had the President of the United States to appoint a Provisional Governor? The reply can be only that the public safety required it. But if he had the right to take so radical a step as that, he had the same right to do whatever else he conceived the public safety to require. This position puts the subject exactly the same authority that his predecessor's emancipation proclamation had, and that authority is ample, and founded in the first necessity of society and government.

If now the advocates of the general policy which he favors, and which is in many respects admirable, base their argument upon its expediency merely as opposed to the expediency of some other policy which is founded upon a different estimate of the requirements of the public safety, there would be much less acrimony in the discussion. This is what we mean by saying that the difference in the Union party is one of mind rather than of principle. The President says that the late rebel States, having assented to the conditions which he tho ught the public safety demanded, are entitled to exercise their national relations. Those of the Union party who differ from him insist that some other conditions are essential. It is simply unwise for loss to insist that his conditions are the only ones which the Constitution authorizes, for the letter of the Constitution authorizes none at all. It is a question of expediency. The President thinks that he has gone far enough. There are those who think that we ought to go further.

Mr. SEWARD is certainly right in saying that prolonged reflection brings us all nearer to a common conclusion. Active hostilities ended so suddenly that opinions upon the questions which immediately became imperative were vague and uncertain. Opinions golden opportunities were lost, but once gone they could not be recovered, and regret was folly. The ship of state must be trimmed to the breeze of to-day, not of yesterday nor of to-morrow. Politics is the art of expediency. Statesmanship must strive for all of the best that is possible under a fair estimate of the circumstances. Don't jump until you come to the river, said Mr. LINCOLN, and don't try to swap horses in the stream. The first duty of every man is certainly, as Dr. CHANNING says, to ask not what is expedient but what is right. But his second duty is not less clear and imperative. It is to ask what is the present situation that he may best secure the right. Mr. BRIGHT, in England, believes in "manhood suffrage," but he supports with all his power the Reform bill which only enfranchises some 400,000 more of the population. Can Mr. BRIGHT be fairly accused of betraying the rest of the people?

Those of us who believe as we do that the national faith is pledged to the maintenance of the equal civil rights of the freedmen, who hold that justice is the best policy, and that the interest of the Union and the prosperity of every part of it require the earliest practicable establishment of impartial suffrage as the surest security of equal rights, may honestly differ as to the wisest method of reaching that result. To charge any man with infidelity to the end because he prefers other means than ours is the very stupidity of folly. Mr. JOHNSON is not proved false because Mr. VALLANDIGHAM praises him, as Mr. LINCOLN was still true although Mr. PHILLIPS denounced him.

The prospects of a reasonable understanding among Union men seem to us fairer now than they have been for a long time. If, as now seems probable, Congress shall ask only for a constitutional amendment equalizing representation, basing it upon voters, the President can hardly oppose it, for it is his own frequent proposition. We have no doubt that Congress, as the immediate representatives of all faithful citizens will accept and vote for it, and that a gladly abolish all political distinction founded upon complexion. But it is plain that this result will be sought not directly but indirectly by proportionately reducing the political power of the States that maintain such distinctions. Here, again, the President has often plainly declared his sympathy with the enfranchisement of colored citizens by the States. Unless he misstates his own opinions there is really no substantial difference upon this point between the policy he favors and that which Congress is likely to adopt.

We have all so much the habit of fighting that it is hard to realize that the new war of opinions upon each other. The President reaches his conclusions by other processes than many of us pursue. Congress, elected in the midst of a civil war, represents the exalted sentiment of a nation struggling for life. But it has won. Its life is secure and its whole system purified. The passions of war and of fighting the struggle are the measures of the prostration of the vanquished. They do not love us, and will not. They do not profess repentance; it is idle to ask it. All we can do is to secure the future not by conscriptions, confiscations, disfranchisements, executions, the utter futility of which the experience and human nature explains—not by any methods of vengeance, but by those equitable, political guarantees which the truly conservative component of the country and of mankind will approve.

THE PROBABLE WAR IN EUROPE.

IT is more than half a century since there was a general war in Europe. The last one was that of the overthrow of NAPOLEON and the treaty of Vienna in 1815. That treaty was Tory and reactionary. England, which was the sole truly constitutional power in that Europe, was chiefly represented at the Congress by Lord CASTLEREAGH, a Tory of the old school, and the distribution of Europe was made in the interest of the kings, and not of the people. "That the people are the property of certain royal families," said FRANCIS HORNER, "was to be established as a maxim in the system of Europe."

Time brings its revenges. One of the cardinal points of the settlement or 1815 was that the Bourbons should be forever ineligible to the French throne. In 1821 the great NAPOLEON died at St. Helena. In 1832 his son, the Duke de Reichstadt, died at Vienna. In 1848 his nephew, LOUIS NAPOLEON, was Emperor of France, with the consent of the European sovereigns, who, by acknowledging his title as Napoleon III., do tacitly recognize the Duke of Reichstadt as NAPOLEON II., and, by implication, his father as NAPOLEON I.; and LOUIS NAPOLEON holds in his hand the redistribution of power in Europe.

Prussia, under the government of a despotic King and a daring Minister, has been for some time plainly intending war with Austria, upon pretense of some Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, but really with the hope of becoming the dominant power of Central Europe. Austria, composed of several nationalities, and for that reason essentially the weakest of the great powers, alarmed and trembling, looks for the support of the smaller German states, which are important only as members of a confederation which the triumph of Prussia would destroy. But Italy, blazing with patriotic enthusiasm and sustained by a vast army, sees that the hour has come for reclaiming Venice, and is all in motion. The British Government, bitterly denouncing the impending war as causeless, proclaims its neutrality. But as half the supplies of food for England come from the Continent, which would force her to look to America for them, and as Russia has come to unsettled enmity, it is not plain that she could avoid a part in the struggle.

As for France, if LOUIS NAPOLEON could fulfill his traditional policy and push her border to the Rhine, he would incalculably aggrandize his dynasty and identify it with the glory of France. That result is impossible so long as the settlement of 1815 continues. But the war inevitably demolishes that settlement, and makes the bank of the Rhine attainable by France. Attainable, therefore, he must favor the war; but it was unnecessary for him to speak except upon extraordinary occasion, and that was furnished in a late debate of the French Chambers.

On the 3d of May one of the French Ministers, M. ROUHER, said that the Government preferred not to discuss the question of the war. But some days afterward M. THIERS, the poet of the old Napoleonic epopee, the pet of the bourgeoisie, or the Parisian shop-keeping class, and the leader of the Opposition, replied in a speech which caused such sensation that the sitting of the Chamber was suspended for an hour. In this speech THIERS asserted that the balance of power in Europe required that Germany and Italy should be composed of separate and feeble states. He said that this principle was proclaimed at the peace of Westphalia in 1648, and that it was confirmed in the next century by FREDERICK the Great, and again in this century by the Congress of Vienna. But the policy of Prussia was inimical to this intention. It would found a great empire in Central Europe which would be irresistible. France must therefore courteously protest against the action of Prussia, and must say plainly to Italy that, if she attacked the *statu quo* by seizing Venice and Trieste, the French force would not lift a finger to save her from Austrian vengeance. This speech M. THIERS called a last effort in favor of peace, of the good of his country, and the honor of his Government.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is not a fool. He heard the leader of the Conservative opposition to the Government declare that the true policy of France is the maintenance of the settlement of 1815, which excludes him from the throne upon which M. THIERS, Majesty, therefore, rolled smoothly with the Empress to the quiet old city of Auxerre upon the Yonne, ninety miles southeast of Paris; and when the Majesty told the Ex-Queen that she had told the Empress (Mademoiselle MONTIJO) that her son's ancient and loyal Auxerre would be forever at his service, LOUIS NAPOLEON said, "Thank you, your Majesty, you country people are the true France, and you hate as I do the treaty of Vienna." Paris swore terribly the next day at the Emperor for the remark; the lips of NAPOLEON's nephew that a war directed against the settlement which dethroned and humiliated his uncle, and which, if successful, could guide success, was a war with a treaty that he detested.

In my view the European settlement of 1815 is doomed. The question possible only upon condition of negotiations which would annul it, and war can not leave the situation as it finds it. Peace, however, is almost impossible when vast armies in neighboring territories have been accumulated, when a war loan has been made, and when conviction, passion, and apparent interest urge the combatants forward. The European war, which seems inevitable, is the hand of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE proudly tearing the treaty of Vienna and flinging it away.

OPINION NOT TREASON.

SENATOR DOOLITTLE is reported to have said in a late public speech, that "the union of the States under the Constitution is the corner-stone of the American Government, and he who denies it, let him come from the South, East, West, or North, is a traitor." Now that the Constitution is the bond of union is an undeniable proposition. It is as unquestionable as that respiration is the condition of human life. It was scarcely worth while for Senator DOOLITTLE to take a journey to Philadelphia or the sole purpose of saying that twice two are four. But when he proceeds to declare that any other opinion is treason, he commits a foolish error, or the Constitution to which he exhorts obedience expressly defines treason to consist in levying war against the United States.

An opinion can not be treason. It may be false. It may be dangerous. It may lead to treason as the doctrine of State sovereignty did. In a time of actual war its expression may be an efficient aid to the enemy, and therefore the expression may be properly repressed. But to denounce any abstract political opinion as treason is to commit the unpardonable sin of Rome against the human mind, and strike at the liberty of thought. The Southern school of politics in this country has always held and proclaimed the theory of State sovereignty, and it has always been plain that if reduced to practice that theory would lead to civil war. But that opinion was not treason until it fired at the *Star of the West*. If it were, Senator HAYNE was as guilty as QUANTRELL. It seems to us that a Senator of the United States should be slow to charge so cardinal a distinction. We pay Mr. DOOLITTLE the compliment of believing that he does not consider Mr. FESSENDEN equally guilty with LOUIS WIGFALL and JAMES M. MASON.

It is very necessary that this distinction should be observed during the great debate in which we are now engaged. The question of reorganization is to be settled by argument, not by rhetorical vituperation. When Mr. STEVENS says that the late rebels should be shot, or Mr. CONWAY informs us that they behave like saints, nothing is gained except a conviction that neither of those gentlemen are likely to give any valuable counsel in the emergency. So when Mr. DOOLITTLE declares by plain implication that those who do not agree with him are traitors, he also certifies his inability to treat the question as it should be treated. An argument which is adequately answered by saying "You're another," is not a very powerful argument.

THE LAST LESSON OF THE ACADEMY.

DURING the last sixty-eight years there have been forty-four theatres destroyed by fire in the City of New York. This is at the rate of one for about every eighteen months; but it is an agreeable fact that the loss of life has been very small. The most melancholy incident was the burning of the theatre in Richmond, Virginia, on the night of the 26th of December, 1811. It was crowded, and more than seventy persons perished, among whom was the Governor of the State. What horrors we were spared by the breaking out of the late fire at the Academy of Music at 12 o'clock at night instead of 10 we shall happily never know. But it was impossible to stand by the ruins on the morning after the fire and not shudder at the appalling peril to which the audiences in that building have been exposed.

It is shameful and incredible that any building liable to be crowded with human beings should be set up as fit for the Academy of Music by was, and as most theatres and public halls in this country are. There are many persons in all our cities and towns who never enter any place of public assembly because of their knowledge of the foolish risk. There are large halls in upper stories used for concerts, for theatres, and lectures, which will contain from a thousand to two thousand people, which are constantly packed with crowds, and from which, in case of alarm, the only egress is by a few stairs down and a staircase or two. The lives of those persons are at the mercy not only of a real peril but of a mere panic. When that peril is plainly revealed the easy public confidence is disturbed and often destroyed. Thus in Providence there was a large and handsome hall in a third story directly over a furniture warerooms, full of furniture and the most inflammable material. One night after the hall had been crowded at a lecture the building took fire and was consumed like tinder. There was a good Yankee sense enough in the city not to run that dismal risk forever, and a spacious hall was built upon the ground-floor open upon three sides to the street, and so arranged with windows and doors as to be emptied in five minutes. That hall, of course, is very popular.

But the structure of buildings should be regulated by law. The law does not permit a flimsy, palpably insecure wall to be erected, and it should require just as temperatively that every building designed for the assembly of crowds should be practically fire-proof. As the spectator looked in at the ruins of the Academy there was nothing to be seen but the four brick walls, and a heap of bricks, mortar, and rubbish upon the ground, with a few charred timbers. The roof forged itself a theatre in many vacant space; that it is only a floor and a series of galleries; but for that very reason the audience is more exposed to the smoke and fire of every part where at once. It is because the scenery and the stage appointments must be of such timber that the more care should be used in the other parts of the building.

It would be ridiculous if it were not mournful to see the ease and celerity with which fire consumes "fire-proof" stores and other buildings in the city of New York. A brick wall and an iron shutter apparently satisfy us as security against fire, when every floor and beam is of wood, and a passing fire in the free-center of the flames is left all through the building. Some weeks since an article appeared in these columns suggesting a little more sense in building; but the matter should be regulated by law before some ghastly accident convicts us of criminal folly.

Meanwhile, if the Academy is to be rebuilt as is announced, we trust that the reporters will not merely expatiate upon the munificence and taste of the enterprising committee of superintendence, but will closely observe the structure tendence, but will closely observe the structure

and carefully inform the public whether the floors are all wood laid upon wood, and whether elaborate masses of wooden filigree are every where accumulated; whether the exit from the upper and most dangerous gallery is by a narrow door or two; and whether, in a word, the theatre is a fire-box, which, in case of fire when full of people, would be sure to repeat, upon a fearful scale, the Richmond tragedy of 1811.

THE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COLLEGE.

We speak elsewhere of the lesson of the late disastrous fire. But it laid its wasting hand not only upon our opportunities of amusement but of instruction, and it is in this way that its consequences are most serious and deplorable.

In the University Medical College, which was next to the Academy of Music, were stored the complete chemical apparatus of Dr. J. W. DRAPER, and the many exquisite and costly instruments with which for many years he has conducted his experiments. It was impossible to save them, and such a loss is incalculable to any one but a patient and exact scholar. Many unpublished notes of experiments were here with them, and important parts of the great telescope of Dr. HENRY DRAPER. Every scientific man and student will sympathize profoundly with these gentlemen in a loss for which money can but tardily compensate.

Dr. MOTT'S Museum also, a collection of illustrations of the surgical operations for more than half a century; the Museum of the old Lyceum of Natural History; the medical and surgical libraries of Drs. BERRIAN, POST, VAN BUREN, and PAINE, all are gone. The duty, as we believe it will be the pride of New York, is to replace these collections. The country as well as the city is impoverished by the late fire; but it is not according to the Yankee genius to suffer it to remain so.

FINANCIERING EXTRAORDINARY.

About three weeks ago gold, which had been for some weeks steady at 125 @ 127, jumped up to 130. The Secretary of the Treasury held at the time over $70,000,000 of gold—much more than he needed for the payment of interest of the public debt. He determined to sell a portion of this surplus, and accordingly, for some days, fed the market with two to three millions daily, at the rate of 130¾ per cent. Speculators and foreign bankers, aware of the state of affairs in Europe, were confident that gold would rise, and bought all the Secretary was willing to sell.

A slaughtered contest thus arose. On the one hand, the Secretary, with $60,000,000 of gold on hand (allowing for $15,000,000 sold), was determined that gold should not rise above 130. On the other hand, the public, persuaded that gold could not be kept down by any Secretary in the world, in the face of the war prospect in Europe and the high price of all commodities here, were as resolute buyers as he was a resolute seller. Newspaper organs of the Secretary denounced the "Gold-room speculators," and declared that the Government would sell every dollar it held rather than let gold go up. Other organs of public opinion were less clear as to the result. We trusted that Mr. M'CULLOCH would have better luck than befell his predecessor, Mr. CHASE, in his contest with the Gold-room.

Matters stood in this position, when, on Monday, May 21, at 4.15 P.M., the news of the panic in London was flashed over the wires from Halifax. Any child could tell what such news portended. Every broker, and every speculator, and almost every merchant in the city rushed to the Gold-room. The Government broker, Mr. PETER M. SMITH, was there, peddling out the Government gold at 130¾. Neither the unusual throng nor the astounding character of the news disturbed his calm complacency. He had his orders, and he would obey them. It had been pretty generally expected that on the receipt of the news the Government would either withdraw from the market for a time, or at least advance its rate. Nothing of the kind was done. In reply to inquiry, Mr. MYERS said he would never sit the old price, and to any amounts desired. A tumult broke out even more tempestuous than the wild scenes which were so often witnessed in the Gold-room during the war. Mr. MYERS was besieged, hustled, crushed, almost throttled by eager buyers of gold. So fierce and furious was the demand that in twenty minutes he sold, at 130¾ and ¾, some fifteen millions of gold—representing a sum of nearly $20,000,000 of currency. As he left the room a few minutes after five the excited buyers bid up the price to 132¾.

The question now was—which had won the fight, the Secretary or the speculators? It was clear that, after selling in all nearly $32,000,000 of gold, the Treasury had lost the control of the market. Its reserve was now reduced so low that it could not afford to sell any further amount large enough to frighten dealers. In a word, it had done what its friends had threatened it would do—poured out upon the heads of the speculators its gold by the ten and fifteen millions in a day, and the market had taken it, and the premium had advanced. Thus far, then, clearly Mr. M'CULLOCH, like Mr. CHASE, had been beaten.

But the question remained—how were the $15,000,000 in gold sold by Mr. MYERS on Monday afternoon to be paid for? Mr. MYERS had the right to deliver every dollar of this gold on Tuesday, and to demand greenbacks in payment. This was what Mr. M'CULLOCH'S friends said he would do. Had this been done, there was a money pressure which would have ensured that gold would inevitably have fallen back below 130, probably to 125, and the Treasury might at this figure have taken back some of the coin so recklessly sold on Monday afternoon at 130¾@¾. The banks were in the wildest trepidation. A renewal of the panic of April 1864 was expected. The speculators themselves trembled at the position in which they had got, and began to regret that they had undertaken to fight the Treasury. They entered the Gold-room on Tuesday morning feeling any thing but exultant.

But there seems to be a futility in the operations of our Treasury Department. On Tuesday morning, before the appearance of the Government broker, gold sold at 132¾. When he showed himself the premium fell to 131¾. Last price he offered was 131¾ demand. It was taken, and in a few minutes he had sold a million. Then his courage or the courage of his principals failed, and he declined further from the room. The premium instantly leaped to 134¾; and the parties who had to pay for gold, reassured by this indication of intimity of purpose on the part of the Government, began to hope that the Treasury would not exact its right of insisting on payment that day.

The event justified their hope. It was much over one-third of the gold sold on Monday was delivered on Tuesday; another portion of the amount was delivered on Wednesday, and the balance not till Thursday. The reason generally assigned was that the Sub-Treasurer had not certificates enough to deliver all at once. But the sale of the gold was continued, as may explain that gold is invariably delivered in the shape of gold certificates of deposit signed by the Sub-Treasurer, and of the denomination of $20 each, or $100, in bags or bulk, was long ago declared to be not a good delivery in consequence of the frequent discussions arising as to the weight of coin and the dangers involved in the transmission of bags from office to office. To deliver $15,000,000 of gold 3000 certificates would be required, and it was said that the Sub-Treasury had not so many on hand, and had not time to sign new ones in season for Tuesday's deliveries. This was lucky for the Bulls, but very bad unlucky for the Secretary. By distributing the deliveries over three days the money pressure proved much less severe than it would have been had the delivery been made on Tuesday, and the Secretary's victorious antagonists were enabled to hold the gold they had bought of him at 130¾.

But this matter of delay was not the only favor granted by the Secretary to the parties who had defeated him in the Gold-room. Lest they should experience any difficulty in paying for their gold, the Sub-Treasurer was authorized to receive as money debt-certificates not yet due, certificates which bore upon their face value with interest, and deposit certificates without notice. Of the two latter classes he did receive about $7,500,000; of debt certificates, including 5-20's, about $3,000,000. The Secretary not only sold to speculators fifteen millions of gold at 5 or 10 per cent. below the price which he refused on Monday, to pay for it had he not been bent on keeping down the premium to 130, but he actually furnished them with the means of paying for half their purchases by discounting for them paper before maturity. They naturally took advantage of such extreme complaisance, and on Thursday the premium on gold fell to 128¾. Quite a few of the lucky buyers realized their profits —having netted some $3,000,000 at the cost of the Government in an operation of a fortnight.

It used to be a maxim among the gamblers who thronged Wall Street and Exchange Place in Mr. CHASE'S time, that "Chase always wanted he did or said. When he tried to contract the currency the gamblers knew it was going to be expanded: when he tried to put gold down, they bought it. He professed an intense love of public stocks, they sold them. And, as a general rule, they were right. He meant well and honestly, but he could no more control events or contravene the laws of trade than King CANUTE'S courtiers could check the flow of the tide. Every time he interfered with the natural movement of affairs he made an error, recoiled against himself. When Mr. M'CULLOCH became Secretary better things were expected of his practical experience as a banker. But, thus far, he seems to be following pretty closely in the wake of his predecessor. He told us, at Fort Wayne and in his Treasury Report, that the currency was going to be contracted, instead of which it has been growing steadily more abundant, so that money has been cheaper this year in Wall Street than ever before, and prices are so high that we have nothing whatever to export to Europe. He undertook, with a surplus at his command much larger than the average reserve in the Bank of England, to keep gold below 130; it is nearer 140. His friends assured us that the speculators who had beaten him in the Gold-room would never be able to pay for their gold; he furnished them the money. Here is financiering with a vengeance!

THE COPPERHEAD AS A SIREN.

It would seem could sing a Copperhead might be a very Lorelei. But FATE has forbidden them the faculty of music. They can not escape themselves, nor conceal their true character from human gaze.

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, who dictated the policy of the Democratic party at the last Presidential election, by preparing the famous Dixgrace and surrender platform of the Chicago Convention, has just opened his arms fondly to embrace the President at the Convention of his party in the State which proved out Mr. VALLANDIGHAM by a hundred thousand majority three or four years ago. During the war Mr. V. was a bland apostle of peace, but now that peace has descended he sounds the note of alarm; he talks valiantly of "thrusting them [Congress] from the Capitol," and of using "the power of the purse and sword." He use these powers to save the country from armed rebels seeking to perpetuate human slavery shocked the gospel- ecklesses of Saint VALLANDIGHAM; but to apply them to drive out the representatives of the people legislating for the security of equal rights—that joyfully commends itself to his Democracy and Christian forbearance.

The Peace Democrats come understands the offered embrace of Mr. V. A kiss was long ago the sign of betrayal. When ARDEMUS GARDINER pulls true Democrats like Mr. CLEMENT VALLANDIGHAM, faithful citizens of the United States may well shudder. But while he remains as his advisers those whom Mr. LINCOLN called to Washington and the country the Copperhead charms in vain.

At the same Convention Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON also made a speech "praising the courage and the patriotism of Mr. JOHNSON." But Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON, who extenuated and justified the rebels during the war, and who was nominated at Chicago as the distinctive candidate of the surrender party, has also no mercy for Congress. He denounced the "malignant counsels of the radical Central Directory," and declares upon that theory that the Constitution even now, and who intended to throttle it. He is of opinion that the "radical majority of Congress has the Government and desire its overthrow." The same majority he also defines as "blind and bigoted Jacobins."

Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON was not always of this zealous turn. When it was not a question of loyal representatives legislating, but of armed rebels seeking the heart of the nation, Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON had no hard words for them. *They* were not malignant. *They* had no fact upon the throat of the Constitution. *They* were blind to no intention of ruling. *They* did not hate the Government, nor desire its overthrow . . *They* were not blind and bigoted Jacobins. Oh no! When in January, 1864, a resolution was introduced in Congress branding the rebellion which had already flooded the land with blood to destroy the Government as "causeless, wicked, and bloody," Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON voted against it. Three years before when the conspirators were planting their batteries over would not have melted in the blind mouth of Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON when he spoke of them. He acknowledged the right of Secession. He begged Congress, if the rebelling States could not be conciliated, to let them depart in peace. He had no rhetoric about "malignant councils," and throttled Constitution, and hate and desire of overthrowing the Government. He did not roar and scold, and stand with his fist clenched and foot raised to help them go. No, no! for from it! Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON was mild, he sobbed, he wept. It was the very ecstasy of maudlin grief. "If they must leave the family mansion," he whined and stammered, "I would bid them farewell so tenderly that they would forever be touched by the recollection of it."

Is it strange that General JOHN A. LOGAN said: "I would as soon vote for JEFF DAVIS as PENDLETON?"

Does Mr. PENDLETON suppose that the loyal people of this country have forgotten these things? Does he suppose that they have forgotten how he deserted the country in its hour of extremest peril? Does he suppose that they do not know that he was as radical a disunionist as JEFFERSON DAVIS? Does he not know that his opinion and advice upon the Constitution and the reorganization of the Union have exactly the weight that Mr. ROBERT TOOMBS'S or Mr. LOUIS WIGFALL'S would have? And if his party could not carry Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON while the event of the war was still uncertain, do they suppose they can win a race with him on one shoulder and VALLANDIGHAM on the other, now that the Union they despised is safe and the Government they spat upon is triumphant?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 23:

In the House, the Bankrupt bill was passed, 68 to 59.

May 24:

In the Senate, the Report of the Committee of Fifteen was brought up, Mr. Howard opening the debate.

In the House, a resolution was adopted for repealing the Income-tax law, extending the amount exempted from $600 to $1,000.

May 24:

In the House, the Senate's amendments to the House joint resolution to prevent the introduction of cholera into the ports of the United States were concurred in, so that the joint resolution is passed by both Houses.

May 25:

In the House, Mr. Schenck reported back a substitute for the Bounty bill, which temporarily meets the previous question. The bill was passed by a vote of 119 to 8. It limits the promised bounty where the soldier died in the war, and there is no widow or minor children under sixteen years of age. It gives to each soldier, sailor, and marine eight and one-third dollars for each month of service, or $100 a year, deducting bounties already received for service.

VIEWS OF THE CABINET.

On the evening of May 30, Secretary SEWARD, at Auburn, made a speech in which he declared his views of our present political situation. The Secretary first alluded to the origin and progress of Democratic tactics upon the secession of President JOHNSON.

"This movement, he said, by the loyal expression of the Southern people, was accepted with the conditions of partial amnesty and restrictions to reinstating allegiance which were provided by the Administration, all of which recognized the principles, practices, and policy of secession and disunion, and required a new exercise of loyalty, reckoning their oaths, and brought forward with alarming rapidity the same parties heretofore hurried into rebellion by any chicanery there them to be turned upon the Constitutional Union which they had so recently destroyed. The unexpected changes in the attitude of political affairs at once so disheartened the recently excited conspirators, and apprehensions among loyal and tried Union men.

"Secretary SEWARD said Mr. JOHNSON, on the part of many in the Union party whether this co-version was sincere. How could Democrats and rebels be reconverted to the support of a triumphant Union administration? This question was answered where put by the united leaders of the Union party. It was at that moment that I announced that secession by taking effect was; 'For could Democrats and rebels avoid being converted? Is it not now convincing that you are converted? Is it not just now desire? I expressed the opinion that the condition of peace with the new opposition must be overwhelmed in its good faith accepted. I advised prompt and complete reconciliation, but to be reformed in case of new constitutional supremacy of the Union. Rejecting the ungenerous counsels that the rebels and their Democratic abettors were only changing their political strategy with traitorous purposes, I urged that, with the loyal and patriotic citizens, they were now to be received and accepted as fellow-citizens and brethren. I argued that they would be safely done if only the tried friends of the Administration, and those who had been compelled by force of the revolting their justly-acquired prestige, should themselves prosperity and constitutionally recure to the people the enjoyment of soberly-desired peace and independently-required energy.'

The Secretary then spoke of the rapid progress of peace and reconciliation. He said that in the States the Federal Government and these restored and reorganized State governments there was now a harmonious and practical harmony than has ever before prevailed between the General Government and the members of the Union established."

Mr. Seward then alluded to the conflict between the President and Congress. He said that there was no writ, nor difference between them. What the latter needs "is reconciliation, and just now it needs nothing more. It needs, moreover, a loyal little of fire. It needs a reconciliation between the Senators of the United States who are now acting in the Senate Senators of the United and qualified for membership of the Senate, have been already in the House declared by the votes of the loyal States which were latter involved in the rebellion. It needs a reconciliation of the same kind between the members of the House of Representatives who are now acting and loyal members already elected or to be elected by the people in the same before-mentioned States. It needs just this loyal and practical reconciliation, and nothing more.

"A failure of reconciliation for an indefinite period could and could be nothing less than a practical abandonment of the nation to the rebellion. It would be disunion and restoration would be Slavery and Secession again."

In regard to the Civil Rights Bill, Mr. Seward said: "There is no room for doubt that in our political system if the personal or civil rights of each member of the State, native or born, free-born or emancipated, naturalizers or naturalized, are not more secure under the administration of the General Government than they can be under the administration of the National Government. Harmony is essential to the existence of the Union, and this is the reason if every State is not left free from constitutional interference in the exercise of its civil rights. Nevertheless, the Civil Rights bill inflicts on the late disaffecting States, now that slavery has ceased to exist. The very aggression which, through the Fugitive Slave Law, the slave States committed upon the States."

The day after this speech was made by Secretary Seward he left for Washington a reconciled man. President and his cabinet, and in nearly every case their political views were altered.

Secretary Welles was brief: "You are one and all," he wrote for the Union, I agree, and the Constitutional rights of the rights of the States. These are my views."

Secretary Stanton spoke at length, and at first bent in favor, he said, that negro suffrage ought to be demanded of the States, but he had concluded it was not imperative. He had advised the President to approve the Freedmen's Bureau Bill. He opposed the consolidation of the Civil Rights Bill, neither did he condemn it but he seemed to think there was room for hesitation that military rule in the South might result in legislation unfavorable to Southern citizens and to the Union. He was opposed to the disfranchisement clause of the amendment proposed by the Reconstruction Committee.

Secretary M'Culloch's speech was a capsule and hearty endorsement of President Johnson's policy in particular. He concluded thus: I have desired and hoped for the continuance of this great Union during my life, which I have ever been identified [cheers]; but if the leaders can not command success in the present session of the Committee, I am greatly apprehensive that its days will be shortened. I trust, fellow-citizens, that this will not be the case; that it will discard its hostility, and its attempt to create antagonism between the two departments of the country, and that it will embrace those principles, which look to harmony, to restoration, and to peace. If it should do this, it will still continue to be the great and controlling party of power, and will continue to fulfill its honorable glory. If it does not, its days are numbered, and the republic will be overthrown. I will be the last here to prosecute the war with vigor, but it lacked the wisdom to avoid the evil of the benefits of victory."

Secretary Stanton feared that if the differences between the President and Congress were not adjusted the Union party would suffer dissolution. The situation was better than at the beginning of the session. There was no longer any talk of holding the Southern States as conquered provinces. "The work of reunion," he said, "calls for every concession authorized by the Constitution. And I am sure that this concession will be made, and the results of the war by which the nation was preserved will be secured and perpetuated on the basis of peace and concord between the people of all sections of our country."



OSSIP IVANOFF KOMMISSAROFF KOSTROMSKOI, THE ENNOBLED PEASANT WHO SAVED THE CZAR'S LIFE.



COUNT BISMARCK, PRIME MINISTER OF PRUSSIA.
[SEE PAGE 366.]

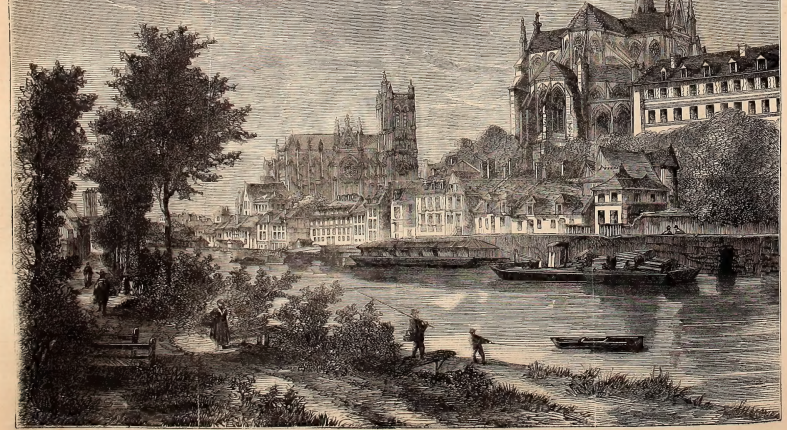
OSSIP IVANOFF

KOMMISSAROFF KOSTROMSKOI.

As the enthusiasm about the newly-made nobleman who was the means of saving the Czar's life continues in St. Petersburg, we give his portrait, and a few particulars of the man who is for the time being the idol and subject of conversation of all Russia.

OSSIP (JOSEPH) IVANOFF KOMMISSAROFF, a young man of twenty-five, was born in the village of Molvitino, province of Kostroma. The village belongs to BARON KUSTEN to whom KOMMISSAROFF stands in the relation of a liberated annuity-paying serf. Having been lately allowed to go to St. Petersburg and work in a hatter's shop, he soon rose in his calling, became foreman, and married a peasant girl. The 16th April being his birthday, he went to say his prayers in the chapel near the house of PETER THE GREAT. Going to the river-side, close to the Marble Palace, he perceived that the bridge was removed and the passage temporarily interrupted. Retracing his steps, he then made his way to the Summer Garden, at the gate of which a crowd was assembling round an Imperial equipage. Knowing the carriage to be the Emperor's and longing for the happiness of beholding his Majesty, he joined the crowd waiting for the monarch's arrival. Presently there was a stir in the crowd, and he saw the CZAR in an overcoat. His Majesty approached the carriage, and was putting on his cloak, when a young man, who had been standing behind KOMMISSAROFF tried to push him aside. This individual had repeatedly attempted to penetrate through the surrounding crowd and get nearer the carriage; but KOMMISSAROFF, wishing to see the Emperor, would not suffer him to squeeze through and plant himself before him. At the moment when the Emperor was putting on his cloak the individual, pushing KOMMISSAROFF forcibly aside, made his way to the front ranks of the multitude. KOMMISSAROFF followed him closely. Hardly had the assassin got near the Emperor when, drawing a pistol from underneath his overcoat, he leveled it at the Emperor. KOMMISSAROFF, who had noticed the movement, instantly caught him by the arm, and, diverting the pistol from its aim, caused it to discharge in the air.

The family name of the Czar's deliverer has been changed into that of KOMMISSAROFF KOSTROMSKOI, in memory of the province which has twice furnished saviours to the Imperial house in moments of danger. He finds himself suddenly enriched and ennobled by the favor of the grateful CZAR, and he is the object of a romantic and passionate enthusiasm on the part of the loyal population of the Russian capital. Whenever he shows his face in the streets he is pounced upon and kissed by moujiks; his door in the Kirpitchnoi Pereoulok, where temporary apartments have been taken for him by the Crown until his new house shall be ready, and where he is waited on by servants in the Imperial livery, is besieged day and night by an eager crowd, all anxious to catch a glimpse of the saviour of the CZAR'S life; he has been enrolled honorary member of all the clubs at St. Petersburg and Moscow; his health is drunk at all entertainments, many of which are held solely for the purpose of doing him honor; his photograph and that of his wife meet the eye in every window and are hawked about at every ten steps. Besides the original grants of money and estates from the Imperial purse and the public subscriptions opened for him in all the great towns, golden swords, estates in land, given by private individuals, precious images, and every imaginable kind of present continue to pour in upon the ci-devant hatter's apprentice. His patent of hereditary nobility has been made out, and the ukase from the Emperor ALEXANDER on the subject has already appeared in the public journals. The most astounding feature in the whole business is the fact that General TODLEBEN, the talented defender of Sebastopol, has been selected, as a kind of tutor, to look after, advise, and generally educate the bewildered young man.



AUXERRE, ON THE BANKS OF THE YONNE, FRANCE—WHERE LOUIS NAPOLEON MADE HIS FAMOUS SPEECH OF THE 6TH OF MAY.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XXII.

It really must not be indulged in, this tendency to loiter along the way—a tendency caused by birth and long residence under Southern skies. We must quicken our pace over these pages to keep up with events falling in rapid succession.

There is the march of the Federals upon Atlanta. The Somerville *Star* has kept all of us in Somerville fully aware of every thing relating to that. It is a thrilling narrative as told us from *Star* to *Star*. Let us think. We give up Chattanooga, a place of no use to the Federals, and the abandonment of which is a positive advantage to the Confederate cause in every way—there is a motive in it. That motive we all understand and exult in when we have the *Star* and all the bells in town triumphant over the total defeat of Rosecrans soon after, and the reoccupation of Chattanooga, capturing therein stores and munitions of war enough to supply the whole South for two years.

Captain Simmons, standing in Jem Budd's shop, is full, as Jem, in paper cap, dirty face, leathern apron, files and tinkers away at his gun-making and mending, of it. During two hours he discusses with Jem the splendid strategy of General Bragg, and its complete success; to all of which Jem says, at intervals, "As you say, Captain." "Exactly so, Sir." "Just what I say." "Precisely." "Yes, *Sir*; of that we may be sure."

Yet when, not a week after, Dr. Warner, in attendance upon poor, pale little Mrs. Budd, upon whom he is always in attendance for that matter, says to Jem, sitting in the room, by the fireside for the convenience of spitting as he smokes: "And so it turns out that the Federals were not driven out of Chattanooga, Mr. Budd. Having read the accounts of the way in which they had fortified themselves there, I really did not for a moment suppose that other report was true, did you?" Jem spits and replies, "Certainly not," and weaves in his habitual affirmatives to all that Dr. Warner has to say.

"Eighteen months!" the Doctor ejaculates a moment after. "People at the North wouldn't believe it. And the way you have managed to keep it close, too! I have feared a hundred times—"

"See, Doctor," breaks in Jem, taking his pipe



THE DOCTOR HAS GOOD NEWS.

from his mouth in order to lower his tone, "Alf couldn't get shet of conscription any other way. You know how we hammered at it for ever so long before we could fix it up. The cotton-mill Mrs. Budd's notion; we laughed at it, Alf and I, at first: Then we all thought, when Alf first hid there, the war would 'a been over long ago. He's *there*, and there's nothing else to do but stay there that I can see;" and Jem resumes his pipe.

"Why, he's making a fortune in shoes, man, if your wife does get the credit of it. But what preposterous letters he writes! Dr. Ginnis was giving me all the contents of that last one from New York," says Dr. Warner, with glee. "I could hardly keep it in."

"Oh, that's Alf's fun; only recreation he has, Doctor," pleads Mrs. Budd, whose whole existence is invested in Alf and Jem. "But you can't tell how comfortable he is down there. Often comes up after night. Alf's got as fair as a girl there out of the sun. But oh! if the war would *only* end! I am *so* tired, tired! And Mrs. Isaac Smith came so near finding Alf out that day. It would kill me if they was to get Alf," adds poor little Mrs. Budd. "And he won't go with the Federals now he has a chance. Says he wants to see it out here in Somerville; as if he sees any thing!"

"You see, Mr. Budd," says Dr. Warner at last, perfectly grave as he rises to leave, "we Secessionists are pursuing a masterly policy. You will not forget to give Mrs. Budd the powders; those last bells were a little too much for her."

"And you really, really do think—" says pale little Mrs. Budd, smiling through the borders of her preposterously beruffled night-cap. With her preposterously berufflied night-cap. With her clergymen, sea-captains, and physicians women are always confidential.

"I really, really do, ma'am," replies Dr. Warner, with unctuous energy. "Just wait a little. Yes, a masterly policy. We are retreating toward Atlanta only to draw the Federals deeper into the country, away from their base, their gun-boats, and all that. Oh, don't let any fear of that keep you sick; we are bound to whip them. Your husband will tell you the same." And Jem Budd, with a responsive grin upon his usually sedate countenance, says, "Exactly what I say, Lucy. Oh, we'll whip 'em, we'll whip 'em!"

Only there is more smiling all around than the conversation, apart from its peculiar tone, would warrant—a degree of cordiality, too, among the parties.

"And Alice Bowles is actually teaching school?" asks Mrs. Budd as Dr. Warner is drawing on his gloves.

"Hard at it, ma'am. You mustn't think badly of her when I tell you, with her absurd raising, it was death almost to her to do it. She always was a noble girl. They are very much pressed, you know we all are now, but *very* much pressed *indeed*. The discipline she is enduring is the very thing for her, be the making of her," says the physician.

"I always thought so much of Alice," says weak little Mrs. Budd, "because she is so pretty and strong. She often comes to see me. She knows all about Alf. How she laughed when I told her! Ah me! Doctor, I never was very strong; but once, years ago, Jem there, at least he said so—"

"Thought you were very pretty, ma'am," interrupts the Doctor, "and was perfectly right, ma'am. Only wait until you get your health again, Mrs. Budd—until our glorious independence is secured, you know!"

"Just what I tell Lucy," adds her husband, with a smile. Mrs. Budd is not the only pretty girl whose beauty gives place to ill health within a very few years after marriage in southern climes—fair, frail creatures, whose day is like that of the butterfly in more respects than one.

"I tease Alice about Tim Lamum and Mr. Neely and all her other beaux," says Mrs. Budd, whom Dr. Warner's visit has greatly enlivened, "but I never dare mention Mr. Arthur to her."

"Such a traitor, you know," adds Dr. Warner. "Pity, pity!"

"Exactly so!" says Jem Budd, reflecting the Doctor's smile.

"Not much worse than Jem here, I'm afraid," puts in Mrs. Budd, with the same light upon her face. "He never says a word to me, Jem don't—not to a soul since this thing began; but I'm afraid Jem's a bad, bad man!"

"Exactly as I say!" adds Jem, following the Doctor to the door with a candle and a grin.

And there is many another among the men still left in Somerville, who has none so sedate and non-committal as he. Very often have Dr. Warner, old Mr. Adams, and the like been favored with a wink and an aside smile which said as plain as words, "A good joke, ain't it?" by individuals in the very heat of jubilation amidst a crowd over foreign intervention, glorious victory, iron-plated Confederate fleet, Northern sickness of the war, and all the rest. The number of these equivocal individuals in Somerville is great, is increasing, their facetiousness becoming more undisguised every day.

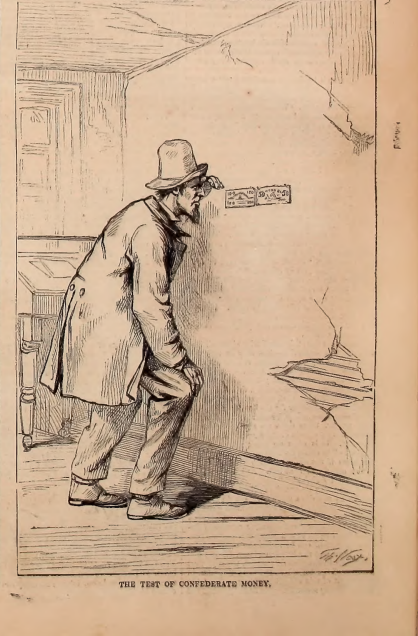
And so the times roll on. We are not without news in these days in Somerville. Sure enough, the Federals *are* being drawn slowly



MISCEGENATION ARGUMENT.

but steadily away from Chattanooga. With unprecedented folly they persist in walking blindly, madly into the fatal trap. We whip them at Dalton, we rout them with terrible slaughter at Marietta, yet they still have enough left to follow our army, fallen back to entice them still further in. Such a series of Confederate victories we have never yet enjoyed. Full details by the column; little items, like grains of pepper, in all the corners of every paper. "The destruction of Sherman's army is more complete than had been supposed." "We have totally destroyed Sherman's line of communication with Chattanooga." "It is now well known that at Kenesaw Mountain Johnston will spring his trap, the enemy being drawn sufficiently into it."

Then follows the brilliant victory achieved by Hood, now in command, over Sherman at Atlanta; of this we have the official accounts and the—bells.



THE TEST OF CONFEDERATE MONEY.

It is just following this that Mr. Arthur, rising in to the Post-office very early one morning, goes direct from the office to Mr. Ferguson's room. So early, in fact, that he finds that gentleman still in bed. As to Mr. Arthur, he is wide awake, very ruddy and fresh.

"If you please, let me have the key of your safe," he says, in high spirits, to his friend.

"Key of my safe?" And the Scotchman, drawing on his trowsers, hands that implement to his friend, taking it from under his pillow, watching grimly the futile efforts of Mr. Arthur to unlock the safe, or even to find the keyhole when he has the key.

"I wanted to make an entry in your Scrapbook," he explains at last, with boyish eagerness.

"An entry?" And Mr. Ferguson, holding up his trowsers with his left hand, has opened the safe in a moment.

"Atlanta has fallen!" His visitor can keep

it back no longer; beginning with enthusiasm, his voice faltering as he says it, though. "Oh, Mr. Ferguson, Atlanta has fallen at last!"

Not a syllable from Mr. Ferguson, not a smile. If possible, more grim than ever. Yet, by a singular coincidence, he remembers, doubtless merely from the safe being open before the vista he is indicting, which he is not, to Mr. Arthur, and pays him two double eagles on account upon the spot. And Mr. Ferguson spends the whole of that day upon the streets—no particular business at all. For there is this peculiarity of the Union men—that when you never see them abroad, so far as they can help it, when the news is good, as it generally is in Somerville hitherto, for the Confederacy; so sure as it is bad, which will happen in spite of the *Star* occasionally, out they all swarm from their retreats, meeting each other, clinging warm hands and shaking doleful heads, with smiling faces, over the tidings at every turn and corner. Secessionists run unaware of it either.

The very next time Mr. Arthur rides in to the Post-office he is hailed before he can get from the iron yard of Dr. Warner's house. When ever he conveniently could Mr. Arthur rather avoided that residence. He imagined black eyes watching him through the windows, and, from mere sight of him, a terrible tongue set agoing. More than once Miss Rita and Miss Ivy Simes withdrawn from the Sunday-school, hailed him in opprobrious terms in passing, saluting him on one or two occasions with *their* political sentiments in the shape of pebbles. Until he is safely past the house he is not sure but Mrs. W. may herself emerge and send scourge him with her tongue. For he often hears of the frequent and various ways in which she has expressed her ardent desire that Arthur may be disposed of. Truth is, he has a mortal terror of the lady in question.

So that when he is hailed this morning, as he rides by as was to the Post-office, he nervously starts until he sees it is Dr. Warner. The Doctor, while shaving at the glass in his room, has seen the family passing, and now comes out in his shirt-sleeves and the soap upon his fresh, good-humored face to say, "Don't be in such a hurry—Arthur. And, leaning over the fence, Dr. Warner does not wait for an answer as to the health of Mrs. Arthur before he says, glancing behind him at the house and in a lowered tone of voice,

"Have you heard the news?"

"No. Some glorious Confederate victory?" Where was it?" deeming it best to show the Doctor and himself thereby that he expected and is prepared for the strongest news of that nature.

"Idoble has fallen!" pressing still closer to the fence, and speaking in a still lower tone.

"Are you certain?" Ah, what relief and satisfaction! You at the North supposed you devised pleasant news of Federal success—you knew nothing about it!

"Oh yes; that is, Farragut has captured the forts without a shot indeed. Of course the city fell at his mercy. We will hear by the next mail of his occupying the place." Which they didn't, nor for long after.

"All well!" asks his friend, *for* they both feel that they are standing in point-blank range of a battery, so not sure to protract the conversation.

"Yes; and, by-the-by, I will send out a barrel of sugar to Mrs. Sorel's this morning. I have been owing you"—which here, too, is not the case—"a long time. Well, good-by. Haven't got time to stop in, I suppose? I'll see you on the streets in the course of the day." And, sure enough, all the Union men are abroad to-day again, swarming forth in this last burst of sunshine like bees, with scarcely subdued buzz, too, the weather getting so pleasant!

"Thought I didn't see you?" is Mrs. Warner's sarcastic remark as the Doctor resumes his shaving. "I know the Doctor did not think how ever. "I'll bet a thousand dollars, when I come to hear it, there's bad news for the South. Something out there is moving like a great big log in your shirt-sleeves and half shaved to talk to a man that never enters your house. There's some bad news you needn't tell me! I can't see laughing when you told him; and I as good as heard him say, "Thank God, I'm glad of it!" Humph, I know one by this time!"

Which was the solemn fact; but the Doctor, with his head fallen into its old droop, shaves on, making the soap upon his mouth the best excuse for not saying any thing in reply. But, at last, Mrs. Warner has had so much to say as to call, nor half the bitterness in saying that which she used to exhibit.

There is, indeed, this peculiarity about all Secessionists in Somerville—it is only as they are excited that they are confident; the instant they cool they become doubtful. As a large number gathered to hear Colonel Ret Roberts or Captain Simmons, for the Captain, with a firm hold upon the desk in the Brother Barker's church—"Attention, one silver dollar for the benefit of the soldiers"—makes orations, Brother Barker opening with prayer, these days, we are enthusiastic, and positively certain of the success of the Confederacy. It is when we break up, go home, and are left to ourselves individually, that we get the ideas if not dialect of Bob Withers, "Are not to certain of it at last. At least, for one, by George I'm not sure."

Of one thing we are, thank Heaven! perfectly certain as the days glide by. We do not pretend to understand what Sherman and Hood are about marching hither and thither. Davis has told us at Macon that Sherman's capture of Atlanta is to be to him a Moscow defeat at last. Leaving out of consideration the conflagration of Moscow and the Russian winter, rolling discrepancies in the historic parallel, we only pray to hear of the total destruction of Sherman in fulfillment of the official prophecy. After the first sickening sensation upon hearing of the fall of Atlanta we recuperate, confidently counting upon Sherman's great disaster as only a question of time, for Davis has said it.

Of another thing we are even more certain—the defeat of Lincoln at the approaching election. For months the Somerville *Star* has been filled with articles from Northern papers—themselves so replete with denunciation of Lincoln, so confident of his speedy fall, that we only wonder the Nation, in its intense and unanimous hatred of Lincoln, is willing to wait until election day to hurl him headlong from his place. We know that the Democrats propose to bring the bayonet to bear upon the polls: there may be a few votes cast for him by office-holders; but there will be no universal fight at every election precinct in the North. We would prefer Mr. Clellan should be elected by open accounts, as it costs a good deal upon neither candidate being elected, but the whole mockery of a government there being another war, exploded, totally wrecked by the convulsions sure to shake the land upon election day.

Lamunn Jarticles, a series of them, to prove it. Captain Simmons made a description of these approaching convulsions a thrilling point in his oration, the earthquake in Lisbon being the tremendous illustration thereof, himself tottering in the stand as he spake, in a manner exceedingly embarrassing to the boys at the approaches there is a slackening of public certainty somehow.

"I have hoped M'Clellan might be elected, Dr. Warner has said to Mr. Arthur in the security of Mr. Ferguson's room.

"You have?" exclaims that gentleman, with as much surprise as pain.

"Why, yes," says Dr. Warner, rubbing the phrenological organ, whatever it is, immediately behind the ear with his fowzinger. "I see no end to the bevilment. Secessionism cannot party might conciliate in some way, compromise, arrange the thing," continues the fat, slovenly, thoroughly excellent physician, in a strong, generous, undecided manner. "Don't you?" he asks, doubtfully.

"I?" asks Mr. Arthur, with indignation "No, Sir! May Heaven forbid! There is only one plain rond: to carry the war steadily, unflinching till the rebellion is crushed. Which is accomplished. The election of M'Clellan I would look upon as the election of cavillation, weakness, the triumph of Copperheadism, anarchy, ruin! I am really amazed that you, Doctor, could look at it any other way. Don't you regard it in that light, Mr. Ferguson?

"Of course!" growls the Scotchman, in accents scarcely polite to Dr. Warner, considering as being at the moment a guest. "Not a sensible Union man North or South thinks otherwise. And yet when we hear in Somerville that Lincoln is actually elected, no man can answer clearly by that time than Dr. Warner that the Union men have greater cause to rejoice in this than in any other victory attained by the army. In fact that victory was the Waterloo of the whole war.

"If you can use it, or if you know any person —only you are a Secessionist, you know—who can use it, send out a wagon, send half a dozen negroes, and Mr. Adams says he never pay we hear in town of the re-election of Lincoln, to Mr. Arthur, whom he meets, as he might and did meet every other Union man in Somerville, upon the streets. "I've plenty of rye and oats left; you or any body, any body you can recommend, is sure of employment."

Very remarkable. Thin, and sharp, and cold as a razor is old Mr. Adams. A tough time of it Sam Barker had with Brother Barker before half of it before the war in getting a cent for any object out of old Mr. Adams, strenuous communicant of that church as he was. And Brother Barker's communion well knew and bewailed Brother Adams's stinginess. It was as well, as proverbially, known as his piety, and neither of which did most easily beset him, as was lying known to be Brother Peters's weakness. Only the latter, in times of temptation, which he often confessed, and, in terms so highly colored as to show the old vice ran in the very blood, bewailed it, while, heaven knows, it was the virtue of the kind. We all knew Brother Barker meant him in all his many hits at the penurious and close-fisted in and out of pulpit—all of us except the individual aimed at himself. Or if he knew it he only gripped his bivalves more firmly together, and, with his mouth impacted sides, like so much mere water.

But all that was before Secession. If any Secessionist, embalmed, either alive than by physical force, a horse, or a bottle of fodder, or a steen of corn, or a single ear of corn, or one ounce of meat from old Brother Adams, that fact is not upon record. To Union people, on the other hand, he has ever been thought to be liberal, and never possessed than he thought of going to hear Brother Barker or any other Secessionist preach. Strange and kind, also, to his servants, he was, sour and close, old Mr. Adams had hidden among his bones, like gold among the straits, a pure, strong love of country in the vein once struck was inexhaustible. How can we tell how much it cost his friends to elect Mr. Lincoln to the seat in No Neck? How many the way of bribes, the *Star* said. It certainly cost old Mr. Adams, when ever, in pork and corn and potatoes, hundreds, to get him out.

But we have no time in Somerville to reason about the results of Lincoln's re-election, the better exulting in it as to certain means—as hundreds of events have been before—of at last making the South a unit, and thoroughly arousing the people. Ah, how many, many theories were manufactured at the South during the war, such perfectly symmetrical and beautiful! Bubbles? Yes, but there we could blow them as fast as they burst, you know. Yet we have no time to discuss that question in our intense curiosity in reference to Lamunn just now.

"Yes, he *has* cut loose from Atlanta," Captain Simmons demonstrates the matter, newspaper in hand, to Dr. Gimis and Mr. Ellis collected in Jem Budd's shop out of the rain—"cut loose from Atlanta in sheer despair of getting out of Georgia by the way he came. Hood, you see, having got behind him. He is making—you see what the paper says—frantic efforts to escape by way of the Atlantic coast, his only hope left, sheer desperation."

"Oh, Lee from Richmond!" begins Dr. Gimis, excitedly.

"And the militia of South Carolina!" adds Mr. Ellis, still more eagerly.

"Of course we'll close in upon him. I have no more doubt of the capture of his entire command than I have of my existence. Davis's idea of having Atlanta become a trap on all who was good, as every thing from his consummate statesmanship is, but," continues Captain Simmons, "Sherman's position is worse than Davis supposed. Why, gentlemen, look at it, not one man, not a single gun he has but we are bound to get. In a certainty."

"A special Providence," says good Mr. Ellis. "I love to trace the hand of Heaven in our cause."

"That's just what I say," puts in Jem Budd, as he hammers away at a pair of pump-hard clenched in its vise upon his work-table. "Exactly what I say." Consequently while we are rejoiced thereby and glad to see the expected when we soon read in all the papers of the capture of Sherman. And, to make this good news complete, the same dates give tidings of Hood's capture of Nashville.

"What I always said," Jem Budd remarks to Dr. Gimis, who has entered the shop to see, in a languid way, if his revolver has all the silver mountings he has ordered for it; and who, cigar in hand, is lounging in a leathery drawer as he sits on Jem's work-bench, gives him all the details of these two glorious events as they have been coming in for some days past.

"Seems to me," Jem Budd ventures at last, punching and hammering away, none the less, at his work, "Brother Barker isn't as chirky as he used to be." He only says this to say something.

"An old woman!" vituperates Tim, with prompt profanity. For Brother Barker does not occupy the position in Somerville he used to be has in other unperceptible, incomprehensible manner dwindled and shriveled. Very few, indeed, at church those Sabbaths. Sabbathschool long ruinously closed.

Even grim Mr. Ferguson almost pities them, his respected fellow-citizens of the Secession persuasion, when he comes upon them at last! Comes upon them so suddenly, and with double blow! And herewith a fresh, and, alas! the worst one in store during in human nature, is evolved. As this:

"Any thing new in the paper this morning?" Dr. Warner asks, the very day after Tim Lamunn's conversation with Mr. Budd, of Dr. Gimis, with whom he has professional relations.

"Why, n-n-no. Some rumors, I believe; I have not had time to look carefully over the paper," says the Doctor, "some, what do you think now of that negro's wound? Not lockjaw supervening, do you think?"

"Have you seen the paper there, Captain Simmons? Any thing in it?" Dr. Warner—easy, good-natured Dr. Warner—frayed as to the edges of shirt-bosom and cuffs, gone as to half-dozen buttons or so on vest, neckerchief and hair disheveled and scattered abroad as by gusty winds, the only man in Somerville, so unanimous in opinion about him as we are in sentiment in reference to his wife; being on good terms with every body—every person in town, the Doctor asks the question in an indifferent way of the Captain.

"Nothing of any interest, Doctor; nothing at all," replies the Captain, folding up the paper as he speaks and putting it in his pocket, obliviously in a gold-mounted morocco case Barker extended for it. "The solemn truth is," continues the Captain, seriously, steadying himself, as he says it, with his right hand, and solemnity eyes upon those of his auditor, "there is no truth in the whole war. False hood I learn early in my infancy have I loathed it. Lying? Next to a Yankee, my soul abhors it. Sainted parents taught me that, and the printing press, Sir, has put into my earliest being. Sir," continues the Captain, "it is painful to say it, but men of my standing, of my years, of my position, have grown tired of laying a Mentor's hand upon his shoulder, 'should not hesitate to utter at the risk of their own personal reflections. Sir, I may repeat it, Sir, as from Captain Simmons, Lamunn is a Yankee, and Lamunn is a liar. Never had I the slightest faith in his success. No, Sir, was not failing. When I require your assistance to enable me to maintain an upright position—Sir, I say, Nothing new, Sir, in the paper, save foolish rumors—nothing at all."

"Nothing new, I'm told," Dr. Warner remarks to Mr. Ferguson, into whose room he next enters. "I was up all night with one of Judge Wright's boys who has given himself an ugly cut, or got ope some way."

"Nothing at all," replies, concisely, the Scotchman, who is busy with his accounts and note at his collection, "except that Sherman is in possession of Savannah with trifling loss, and Hood's army has been entirely routed before Nashville!"

"Bless my soul! and it must be true!" exclaims the electrified Doctor, his face ablaze with satisfaction.

"I beg you will let me pay you that little amount, Doctor," Mr. Ferguson says in conclusion of their professional business, a very animated conversation.

"Not one cent, Sir; not one cent. I will be positively offended if you ever mention it again," and both offer and refusal are in strict coherence with the news; and the Doctor leaves him a happier and a wiser man.

"I tell you just what it is, gentlemen! Why not say it if a fellow thinks it, by George! You all know I'm not a bad Southern man, but we are whipped, gentlemen, whipped, by George! and well whipped." It is Bob Withers makes the remark that same day in the presence of Captain Simmons and Mr. Ellis, in the store of the latter.

Only a few days ago, in Jem Budd's shop, I think it was, I said I was afraid about Sherman. You see I didn't see where the supplies were to come from to stop him. Besides," adds Captain Simmons, "Georgia is rotten—you mark my words, rotten, gentlemen. The short lived I don't see into. I can't believe it, and I won't. Sometimes we say of news 'It's too good to be true,' and that's true—with heavy swearing—"is too bad to be true?"

"For me," says Mr. Ellis, too nervous about the news to interfere with profanity, as he is ordinarily would, the profanity, "I endeavor to trace the hand of a just God in all events. It can't be we are to be subjugated, on one hand. It would be unjust, unjust, grossest injustice in—I mean the Almighty will not permit it, should not, will not" very much excited indeed.

"But look at it, gentlemen," reasons Bob Withers; "we've got our last men in the field, don't we? Every both knew as well as I, not a soul goes to the front if he can help it; neither of you gentlemen has the least idea of going, and you don't catch me going, by forever! Details for this, details for that, nothing but details. Then, it wouldn't do to talk this way about things before Uncle Sam, but we know that the soldiers are deserting, shoot them as fast as you please; but they will desert, sick of the war, want to get back to their sweet-hearts and wives. Lincoln elected for another four years, being whipped in all the fights, what's the use? they say. And, it's more than a recruiting officers dare to do, arresting them around here. Six enrolling officers shut down lately in my own knowledge by repeated soldiers.

"Mr. Withers," begins Mr. Ellis, excitedly.

"People are sick of the present war, except enough to pay taxes. Impressment is scaring people, by George! a little too fast; they shoot them down, by George! I know you won't take office as impressing officer!" Bob Withers continues.

"Mr. Withers, you really ought not," good little Mr. Ellis begins again, emphatically. Only more emphatically than he Mr. Withers professes.

"You hear it on every side, openly, 'I do this to keep out of the army,' 'I do that to keep out of the army.' As many now there as they by whole ranks at a time for desertion, it does no good, not a bit. Then, look at the country people—returned soldiers, I suppose—breaking down people's houses by night, demanding of old men, even of women and children, their money, or their their lives, and, let alone the cursing, every thing they can lay their hands on in ouess day. Then—"

"But what is the alternative, man?" Captain Simmons breaks in upon Mr. Withers, with energy enough to drown and overwhelm him. "Submission. Acknowledge the Abolitionists. Ab-o-lition-ists! gentlemen, people who make the negro our equal, actually associate with them! There is, gentlemen," adds Captain Simmons, with an air, "a new issue at the North, miscegenation," tucking a thumb in the arm-hole of his vest on each side as he speaks, "they call it, the abominable intermingling—"

"How any man can suppose a holy God will—" vainly attempts Mr. Ellis to put in.

"Oh, shut up, Simmons!" interrupts Bob Withers, with energy in honest face and voice, triumphant over both. "Who do I see riding to water late of an evening, with the middle-aged bachelor chap on the pommel of his saddle before him? Oh, by George! Simmons, be consistent, man. Tuscaloosa? Is that the Abolitionist last—never mind what day it was. Simmons here will tell you who it was I saw driving out a-fishing in his buggy with a yellow woman—and she ain't even pretty, Simmons—dressed up as nice as you please, and that same little bald-face chap—Ed—Ed—Simmons, as I ever saw—in her lap. And it's been so for years—we all know that here in Somerville—less so now since the revolt in secession, you mind. And you know whether or no you *did* send that oldest yellow boy of yours to Oberlin before the war began. And you ain't the only one South, only you are more steady to one, Simmons—steady, by George! to one."

"I consider your licentious remarks, Sir, as personal," says Captain Simmons, reddening and swelling like a turkey-cock.

"Don't take any offense," Bob Withers rattles on; "but I appeal to Dr. Peel, dropped in just in time. No, I won't; Dr. Peel is one of the sincere, like Simmons and myself. But here's Mr. Ellis—regular church-member and all that, now, Mr. Ellis. Look here! If a man gulf like all the matter of Southern men, it's that way myself; but if a man will live for years —you ain't the only one, Simmons—with a person woman, and have a family—and a pretty one, I believe—this is the point, Mr. Ellis—is it worse to do that illicitly, illegally, or legally? As to this whole Secession, I always said it was only the grandest sort of a spree—a tiresomendous spree, by George! Smash up in the end, see if there ain't."

"I consider, Sir, your whole strain of conversation as treasonable," Captain Simmons recited Mr. Ellis gets room to say at last. "Your sentiments are dangerous, Sir, dangerous for you to utter in the present crisis, Sir. They will not be tolerated, Sir, not for an instant, Sir—"

"There is a nervousness, an excitability of manner, a feverish motion of hands and feet and eyelids with Mr. Ellis which attracts more attention than what he says. But Bob Withers, in the very midst of Mr. Ellis's excited speech, after contemplating him curiously for a while, utters a loud and long-continued Whew! turned violently up in the ending, and with an "Oh, by George!" walks coolly out of the store.

"Pshaw! Withers must be drunk this morning." Gossips exclaim in a dignified manner to Dr. Peel, after Mr. Ellis's excitement can be got a little under control. "Not a bad fellow poor Withers, only he will find when too late that"—and the Captain says it with tearful pathos—"it biteth like a serpent, it stingeth like an adder."

"The association of the whites and the blacks, it was he was talking about?" asks Dr. Peel, magnificent in usual broadcloth, hair-oil, and jewelry. "Sherman and Thomas have whipped Bob into *that*, have they? By George! gentlemen, we are getting along," says Dr. Peel, in condescending imitation of the person just departed. "How any man," Dr. Peel adds at last, adjusting the gold studs upon his snowy shirt-cuffs, "can look upon an intermingling of the races without loathing unutterable, horror beyond words, I can not imagine. It is done every where else in the world, which is one of the many reasons I have for looking upon our country as the purest and noblest on earth in that it so regards—what is it?—miscegenation." And there is moral force in the solemnity of Dr. Peel's oaths in continuance of the conversation.

"Speaking of marriage," says Captain Simmons, exceedingly mahogonys, "come, Dr. Peel, tell us when it is to be?" he asks; for, on the strength of his recent public speech, with very complimentary notices of the same in the *Star*, Captain Simmons is on more familiar terms with Dr. Peel, splendid Dr. Peel, than of old.

"When what is to be?" Dr. Peel brings his left front to bear on his questioner. Dress, splendid is the word, in his fine and perfectly-fitting broadcloth, sumptuous satin vest crossed with massive links of gold, diamond pin, heart and whitest linen, superb teeth, large, authoritative eyes.

"Oh, come, come, Doctor," says Captain Simmons, not drunk enough to be sufficiently a match in dignity with Dr. Peel, "every body in Somerville knows it. We all hope General Wright won't let the war prevent his having a real, old-fashioned, grand time of it. You and he have so many personal friends, too, in all this region. A regular handsome thing of it, Doctor. I haven't sat down to a good table for four years." Adds Captain Simmons—who is evidently only less than he does drinking—mournfully and with watering lips.

It was beneath the delicacy of the matter. Of course it was that. It could be nothing else, you know. All men about to be married are nervous and diffident. On this occasion Dr. Peel, for a man of his mould and metal, seemed for a time remarkably teased and taken aback. But he controlled himself.

"Oh, nonsense, gentlemen," waving the matter off with a regal hand. "But I can tell you a little news worth your hearing."

Captain Simmons is wide awake in an instant. His little gets over his existence to be nearer the Doctor, listens to him with eager eyes. Yes, there is a pleasure. Bill Perkins finds mere commendation in that man in his five hundred Confederate dollars a month, in being the hearer of news, especially good news.

"Well, gentlemen," says Dr. Peel, with a fatalizing dignity, "a friend has sent me a letter in advance of the mail. No mistake this time—Bragg's official dispatch. The Rebels have made an attack upon Fort Fisher by land and by sea. Fort Fisher is the outwork, you know, of Wilmington. I am happy to say they have been repulsed. The attack was under command of Braxt Butler—repulsed with terrible slaughter. They won't try that game again in a hurry."

"I knew it!" exclaims Mr. Ellis, with intense delight, rubbing together his almost trembling hands. "Our reverses were only for our trial, you know. The turning-point is reached at last. You will see that we will, from this out, have an uninterrupted career of victory. The loss of Wilmington, our last important port! Why, gentlemen, it would have ruined us. But it been closed. I would have given up our glorious cause as gone. But no; if Heaven be at times against us it is not enough. It is only who rules us could not, would not permit so terrible a wrong." And Mr. Ellis's eyes glitter and roll with an excitement almost painful to behold.

"No, as you say, Sir, they will not attempt that again."

"What will you bet of it?" replies Dr. Peel, suddenly, and with singular inconsistency. "Oh, pshaw! I am only joking, you know. Come, Captain Simmons, I know of occasions when I are not dry—you never are—but I am. Let us see if Staples has any of that whisky left. Won't you join us, Mr. Ellis? No? Oh, you don't know what is good for you! Good-morning! You will see Bragg's congratulatory address to his troops in the morning's paper. I'll tell that little sanctified chap don't touch liquor, Simmons," Dr. Peel remarks, with oaths, before they have well got out of the store. "He will find he would be in the Lunatic Asylum in two months. He's the sort—he and Barker—they make raving Spiritualists, Abolitionists, Free Lovers, and the like, out of up North. Hurrah for old Bragg! he's up once more; wonder how long he'll stay so!"

But Mrs. Warner. The whirlwinds of the last few months have seized upon her, have lifted off her feet, given her the most wonderful twist that can be imagined. Even before the repulse of Banks on Red River she began to insist—inflicting that opinion upon the Doctor like a scourge—that we are whipped.

"We are whipped, Doctor Warner, whipped! and you know it as well as I, only you are too great a coward to say so. Sitting among people who are bragging about our success and all that stuff; going about with those old saddened looks over your arm, never daring to contradict even that old fool of a Doctor Ginnis!"

The repulse of Banks upsetted but did not wholly silence Mrs. Warner. If it did, the fall of Atlanta, of the Mobile forts, the re-election of Lincoln, and the capture of Savannah seized this Cassandra up again as in a Delphic blast. Poor Doctor Warner!

"We are whipped, Doctor Warner, whipped, whipped!" She insists upon it, as if perpetually contradicted by her husband therein—breakfast, dinner, supper, and supper again. Painful coach the Doctor goes to sleep almost every night to the same reiterated assertion.

So that when the gestures, the morning after, Dr. Peel has electrified good Mr. Ellis with the Fort Fisher news, to read to his wife at home is but the official illness of the Secretary of Butler from that outwork, Mrs. Warner justly regard it as a personal insult.

"It's all a lie, Doctor Warner, and you know it. You only read it to me to contradict me. Repulsed! and a man of your sense! I tell you we are whipped, and if you had had an idea of your own, or half a tongue to speak it, you would have said so long ago, and really think you would now in the end say it. I've no patience with you! Even that meek, poor-spirited Mr. Ret Roberts had energy enough to tell me so. Almost in so many words, when I was there last. They do say that brute of a Roberts treats his wife contemptuously. Well, I am not sure any sorry that with me. Dare not go to hear Mr. Archer, her own minister, preach these ever so many years; afraid of your opinion, I really think! I very boy, with his bold eyes, growing up just like his father. Yes, whipped—if you only had sense to know it!"

So that when, not three weeks afterward, Dr. Warner reads to her, over his forgotten coffee and cold steak, the news of the last shoot upon Somerville, almost deranging Mr. Ellis and extorting terrific blasphemy from Dr. Peel, that Fort Fisher has been captured, suddenly, unexpectedly captured, when we in Somerville did not even know that another attack upon it was in contemplation—no fact is more important—the news in a cheerful tone to his wife what is his reward?

"And now, Dr. Warner, from this time out, I do hope you will hold your tongue. There you sat not one week ago, arguing, disputing that we were not whipped, actually taking the side of those stories about the Federals being repulsed. Can you look me straight in the eyes and tell me I didn't tell you it was a lie? I know you can't. You tire my very life out with your eternal contradiction. It's enough I take one view of a thing, it is for you to take the other. I tell you, once for all, we are whipped; if you persist in saying we are not, I solemnly declare, if His aid does not arrive at tuldest—be-*hove* yourself, Ria—I could box your ears with my own hands. There's that man Neely; you know he was gone crazy on the very confusion of property right and left. The fact is, he got his hands so full of Confederate money with his wedding contracts that he died of it one way or the way. Well, Mrs. Ginnis herself told me yesterday that Dr. Peel had told her that Neely was leaving heaven and earth to get rid of all his property of that kind. He don't care what he so he can trade it off. As if he can find any body fool enough to take him up! That old Staples, too, they tell me he was a tailor once; you body would have supposed from the airs he put on he could that by the twist in his legs, his hair sticking out in every direction—they tell me *he* making desperate efforts to get some thing off all the rest of them, if the truth was known. You may thank me you didn't buy any. Confederate scrip won't remain at par over one thing I say; but if I said to you once, don't touch confiscated property, I told you so ten thousand times. And there's Ret Roberts, poor fool, too, as they call him. The man looks as if he had seen a ghost. Not that he doesn't richly deserve it in the way he has treated poor Ria—that poor creature is shameful. But you ought to see Dr. Ginnis; you know how he swells up sometimes; the consequential manner he has when I was there yesterday—flabby. Always so full of talk too; and yesterday—you know I never in the day time—he was so very full of it to say. But I did. I ain't afraid if you are. I told them we were whipped, whipped! They may bluster and bully as they please to contradict arguing it as a reason why the South should hold out, that, if the Confederacy is whipped, it is all over with their denominations blessed radiance I thought, though I didn't say so. The only thing Dr. Ginnis could say was some stuff about not being discouraged, and so on. If—What is that you say? Rumored that the Confederacy has been recognized by France, England, and Spain? Stuff! You may be fool enough to believe it, I am not. If we are doing so well as you say, why did not Jeff Davis remain at Richmond to fight? There was that Bob Withers—Mr. Ginnis told me about it yesterday—went and tacked up a fifty-dollar note on the door of the post-office, just to see, he said, if any body would steal it—stealing as they are every thing else. Left it there all night. What do you think? Next morning he finds it there still, and a one-hundred-dollar bill stuck up beside it by somebody else. Oh, hold your tongue, Dr. Warner, I tell you we are whipped! That a man of your sense—"

Sparkling stars! Let us run.

Dr. Warner did. At least, did not run, he is altogether too fat for that, walked away in a disheveled condition of hair and attire; but he has the appearance of being blown about rather by gales genial, though violent, than by stormy blasts. And he meets upon the streets the bracing February morning of sixty-five—who does he not meet in fact?—old Mr. Adams, who hooks his long finger into the Doctor's button-hole to tell him that he is sending a wagon with "a few things"—that is a hundred dollars' worth, by-the-by—up to help Silas Jewett's family, which Mrs. Adams says has been in a needy condition. Mrs. Jewett is sick, perhaps Dr. Warner will make out a little bill of such medicines to go in the wagon as, by the by, may think acceptable. Which the Doctor gladly promises to do, laughing off the earnest offer on the part of thin old Mr. Adams to pay for the same. Fact is, among the Union folks just now each lip is quivering so with Hail Columbia and cheer to so many Hail Columbia mingled Banner struggle, so to unfold itself, that a man jumps at any way of showing his feelings.

He is still engaged with old Mr. Adams when Mrs. Smithers passes them, tall, red, savage, and powerful, her arms akimbo, as if they were forging sarted, with a tremendous fire of wrath against—it must be—Mr. Adams. A talk in which she takes occasion to bewail the infatuation of Dr. Ginnis, Barker, Lamum, Wright, and others in the Union cause, to hint his stars that though "a man in my position would not dare openly and violently to oppose them, you know Sir, I all long regretted their folly, and kept off from the whole thing just as much as I possibly could. And now, Dr. Ferguson, if any man in Somerville, as I have said a thousand times, has hard sense, you have, when do you think this thing is going to end, Dr. Ferguson, now?"

Truth is, as the scale goes down with the one side it ascends with the other. The joy of the hour thrills through the town heart in Somerville, tradiating even the cellar of Alf Morgan. If things improve at the present rate it will require a mansion for the little Mrs. Bell possesses to keep Alf much longer in bounds. Do what she can, he *will* hum Hail Columbia and whistle Yankee Doodle at all his subcarnuous shoe-shaking. The foolish fellow actually has a Union flag down there "to feel of," he says, for it is too dark in the cellar to see it.

Mr. Arthur can not refrain from going up into Mr. Ferguson's room to have a laugh over matters; for the Union people in Somerville feel a deal more like laughing these days than we used to. Even Mr. Arthur, Mrs. Bell's checks now than for years past, as Jem says.

"Every Union man tells me the same," Mr. Arthur says, "and I know it is true of myself. People that haven't spoken to you for years, people that have cursed you, people that have been denounced publicly by the Hand that withheld Saul from the murder of David from killing you, will now hardly let you get along the streets for greetings. I can notice how it is at Sunday school and church, how they are sending back their children and coming back themselves? Liberty, I dare say, if shame would let them. Not Mr. Ellis though—he is grummer, gruffer, more distant than ever. I don't know how many who voted against Secession, but went back on it and became the most bitter, have taken occasion to remind me, and every body else, I suppose, of their original ground; though once they be-wailed having voted for the Union as the greatest of their shortcomings."

"It is not that because the frogs, lice, flies, murrain, boils, hail, locusts, thick darkness have come upon them, as upon the Egyptians," says the money lender, solemn. "You know as well as I in each interval of disaster these people are as infatuated as ever. I would not be surprised if the hand of God is lifted from them yet again, with the same result. Perhaps when the last plague, the very climax of the plagues, has fallen, even Ellis and his like may be convinced. I never thought that under the New Testament Dispensation—going into it too—in such a Christian land as this also—there could be such a revival of the Mosaic Dispensation, as it were. I don't know, Mr. Arthur, I don't know," the Christian solemnly, "when I consider the awful judgments of Jehovah—the same God who sent the Deluge, who destroyed the Cities of the Plain, who slew the Canaanites, who dealt so terribly with the Hebrews, upon his land during this fearful war as I tremble to think of the Almighty's full wrath perceived in Jesus Christ, He is a just God still. This is the new dispensation, I know; but His present terrible manifestation of wrath against—as yet to be made—the destruction of this globe by fire. The Pope and the Turk are to fall in sixty-six, are they? The Apostle says there are many Antichrists; who knows what awful times may be in reserve for England, and Scotland even, to say nothing of other parts of the world, for who of you here had before supposed that Slavery was an Antichrist which had to go down in fire and blood and earthquake, as well as the Pope?

"Hold on a moment!" Mr. Ferguson adds, to his friend, at last rising to leave. "I want to prove to you that the universal insubordination all through the Confederacy, which all the papers are bewailing so, is an inevitable fruit of the very principle of Secession. It struck so effective a blow at the very idea of Law, Order, Government, as to kill that vital thing even for their own use. Besides, I want to show you from my Scrap-book that no two men South, however devoted to Secession, can agree on any one thing under Secession. Truth, you know, is one, while Falsehood is as millionfold as the shifting clouds. So sure as one man advances his opinions upon foreign intervention, employment of negroes in the army—whatever it is, another is sure to start up and vehemently dispute it. It is like the consequences of infidelity—"

But if Mr. Arthur can listen to such treason we can not.

"RING DOWN THE CURTAIN, I CAN NOT PLAY!"

[A painful scene recently occurred at the Terre Haute (Ind.) Theatre. Mr. M'Kean Buchanan and daughter were announced to appear in "Hamlet;" but Mrs. Buchanan was at that time lying dangerously ill with meningitis of the heart, and it was stated to the audience that the young lady consequently could not appear. The audience, however, desired the play to proceed, omitting the part of Ophelia; but when Mr. Buchanan appeared and commenced the soliloquy—"To be or not to be," he had not proceeded half a dozen lines when he suddenly stopped short, and, falling into a chair, he exclaimed: "My wife is dying. Take your money. Ring down the drop, I can not play." Mrs. Buchanan was shortly afterward reported the hotel.]

Oft I painted gaudy and mimic scenes,
And poured out thick that smiling woman's
Oh! glaring light and shouting crowd,
And love-words in derision vowed!
Oft I crowded long with strangers eyes,
And dying swain who never dies!
Oh! hollow show and empty heart,
Great mockery of tragic Art!

"There's that within which passeth show:"
The days they come, the days they go.
We live two lives, on either page—
The one upon the printed stage;
With all the world to hear and gaze,
And comment on each changing phase;
The other, life and life within,
Where love may purify a sin.

Ring up the drop, the play is on;
Our hour of entrance comes anon.
Shake down the yearnings of the soul;
Weak doting fool, art thou the whole?
The stage is waiting, and the part;
Forget to-night then hast a heart;
Let sunshine break the gathering cloud,
And smile down on the crowd.

Hear how their plaudits fill the scene.
Is not thy greedy ear full keen?
Is not a thousand shouts a balm
For all thy trembling heart's alarm?
"To be or not to be"—the screed
Is listened to with breathless heed.
Oh! slumber with a painted mask,
Is thy brain wandering from thy task?

Can it be true that scores of years
Do not suffice to murder tears?
Can it be true that all of one
Has failed to teach the human heart?
Can gaudy, and tricks, and shout, and glare,
The deadliest pangs, the keenest, bear,
With all their wild, delirious din
Not stifle this sad life within?

Pah! man, the eager people wait,
Go on with all thy studied parts,
Shall you not feed their longing eyes
Because—because a woman dies?
What cares the crowd for grief or woes,
For broken hearts, or blasted lives!
They paid their money, and—they say,
Laugh or applaud—as 'tis the play.

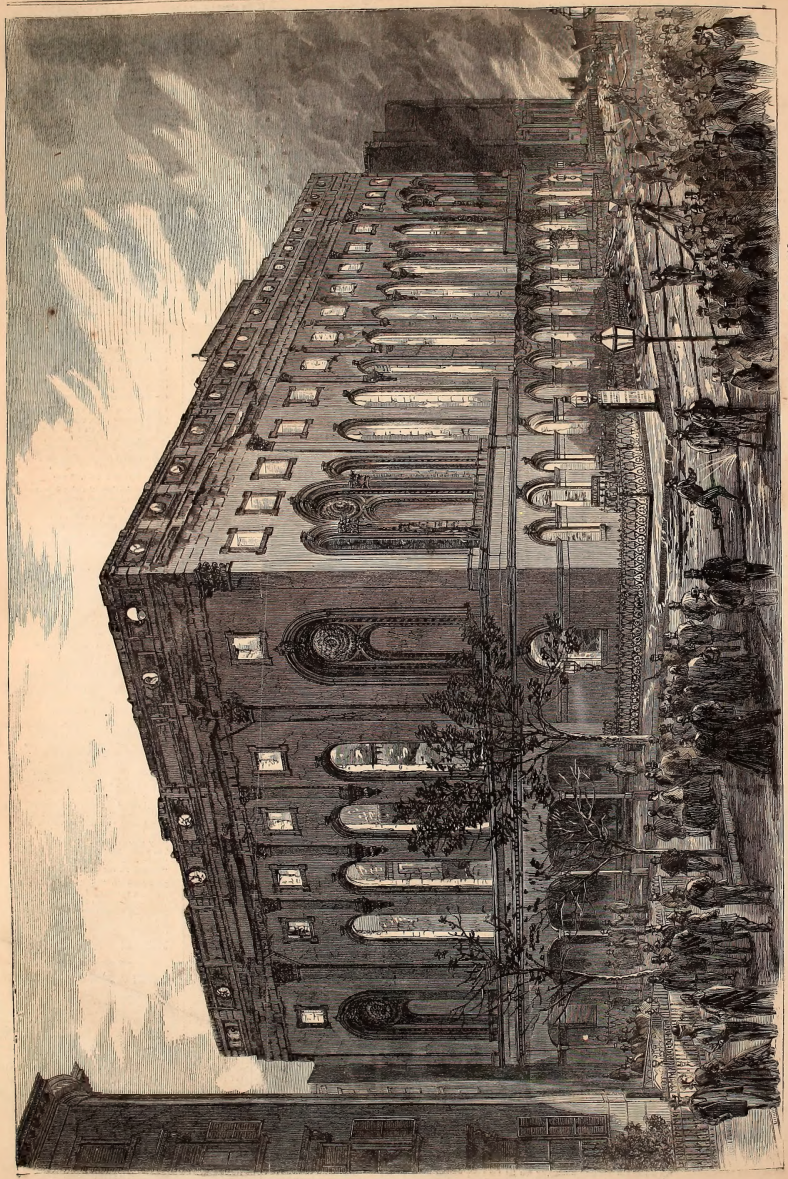
What! staggering man, why, where's your art?
That stare was good; that tragic start
Would make your fortune, were it not
That it evokes the truth of thought.
"My wife is dying!" he ne'er wrote
The words that struggle in the throat
"Take back your money," did you say?
"Ring down the drop, I can not play."

Ring down the drop, the act is o'er;
Her bark has touched the golden shore.
While, resting from life's many rage,
Stands there the actor of the stage;
But not upon the cold, cold earth
Falls there a work of sad remorse
From all that crowd who heard him say,
"Ring down the drop, I can not play."

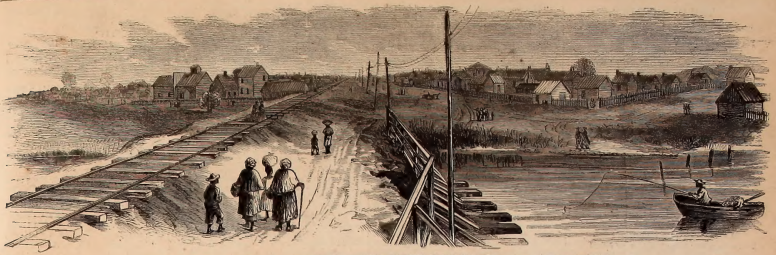
"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."

THIS graphic and lifelike sketch, from which the illustration on our page is reproduced with originality, is painted by J. G. Brown, Esq., whose painting of "The Little Queen of the Woods" we illustrated last week. The photographs from which we engraved both these spirited pictures we are indebted to MESSRS. GELLATLY & LUCEY, 835 Broadway, who have established these and many other interesting photographs illustrating especially works of art.

Mr. Brown, after conceiving the design of this painting and wishing to paint the picture from life, advertised in the New York *Herald* for "two ragged boot-blacks" with their boot-blacking apparatus, offering them $2 each per day for their attendance at his studio in Broadway. On the morning when his advertisement appeared Mr. Brown, upon arriving at his studio, found the street lined with a procession of ragged shabby, and dirty boot-black the New York *Herald* before breakfast and promptly responded to his advertisement.



BURNING OF THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 21, 1866.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO., NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 363]



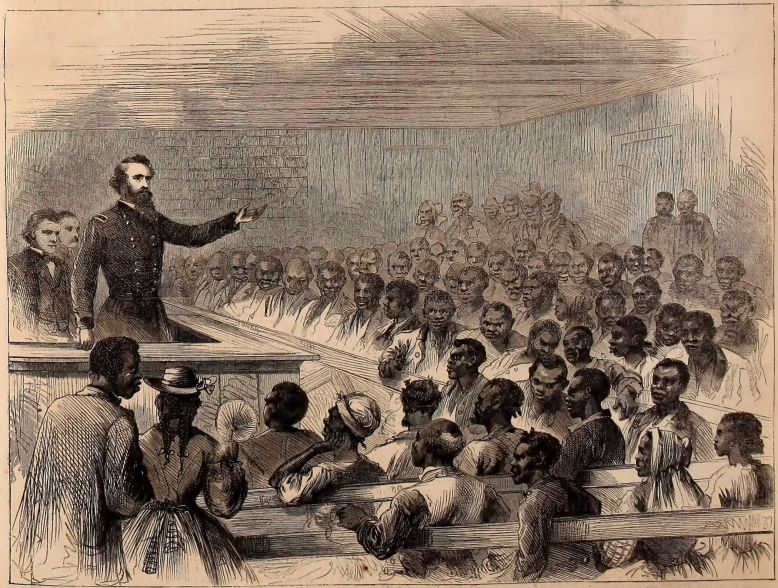
TRENT RIVER SETTLEMENT, OPPOSITE NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



SCHOOL-HOUSE AND CHAPEL AT TRENT RIVER SETTLEMENT.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]



NEGRO HUTS AT TRENT RIVER SETTLEMENT.



GENERALS STEEDMAN AND FULLERTON CONFERRING WITH THE FREEDMEN IN THEIR CHURCH AT TRENT RIVER SETTLEMENT.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 366.]

THE OLD CRADLE.

And this was your Cradle? why, surely, my Jenny,
Such slender dimensions go somewhat to show
You were a delightful small Pic-a-ninny
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

Your baby-days flowed in a much-troubled channel;
I see you so then in your impotent strife,
A tight little bundle of wailing and flannel,
Perfected with that newly-found faculty called Life.

To hint at an infantine frailty is stanid;
Let by-gones be by-gones,—and somebody knows
It was like such a baby to dance and to dandle,
Your cheeks were so velvet—so rosy your toes.

Ay, here is your Cradle, and Hope, a bright spirit,
With Love now is watching beside it, I guess;
They guard the small nest you yourself did inherit
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

It is Hope gilds the future—Love welcomes it smiling;
Thus runs this old world, whether sire may rest in ask—
"My future hits fair, is my future beguiling?"
If marked, still it pleases—else rubs not the mark.

Is life a poor cell some would gladly be doffing?
He is riding post-haste who their wrongs will adjust;
For at most life a footstep from cradle to coffin—
From a spoonful of pap to a mouthful of dust.

Then smile as your future is smiling, my Jenny!
Though lonesome of parents are lot in the most,
I still see the face of my small Pic-a-ninny
Unchanged, for them cheeks are as blooming as those.

Ay, here is your Cradle! much, much to my liking.
Though nineteen or twenty long winters have sped;
Pish, hark! as I'm talking there's cry of baby striking,
It is time Jenny's baby should be in its bed.

BETSEY'S BONNET.

"WELL, Uncle Abel, now you are off for home. I suppose: trading all done, crops all bargained for, eh?" said John Dare lifted his hat and pushed back his thick hair as he stood on the hotel steps talking to a plain country farmer in a suit of homespun gray.

"Wa'al, no, not quite yet, John. I want to get Betsey a bunnit; a real nice one; just as good a one as a Yorker might want. 'Cause Betsey's worked awful hard this spring. Tim s are good too. So I guess we'll see if my Betsey 's'ain't look as good as my body. S'pose you 've got to go along with me, do you?"

"Let me see—four o'clock—yes, I'll go, Uncle Abel. I'll look at the pretty girls, though; you won't mind that. Come on."

So they walked off up the street, the fashionable attire of the young lawyer contrasting strongly with the antiquated cut of the farmer's garments, which at home were worn to his solemn state in the open room all the week, only to be worn on Sunday with becoming carefulness. There was little likeness in the face—a trifle too fine and regular beauty, with its blonde mustache and setting of close brown curls—to the tanned and beardless one, with the fine locks, spare and gray, beneath the well-brushed hat; but the clear blue eye was the same in both, and like those that were closer however under the red by the spreading of the uncle Abel's farm, where his dead sister was laid when John was a tiny child. It troubled John not a whit to be seen with the plain countryman. In spite of his perfumed hair and well-gloved hand his heart was true and leal to the good friend of his boyhood, and the surprising glances of his companions gave him no annoyance whatever.

They reached Madame Rozette's at last, and John lounged in the doorway and admired the engaged in the laudable employment of finding out the prettiest face among the girls in attendance. Uncle Abel, refluent with smiles and good will, made his little artificial bloom, came forward with ser most bewitching glances to wait upon the old farmer who brought so attractive a person with him; and, fancying that she would show her superior ability by so doing, made up her mind to quiz Uncle Abel unmercifully. Poor old man! He never was so miserable in his life. In Hogtown he would have been no trouble whatever. Miss Cordelia, in her plain dress and cap with lavender ribbons, would have told him at once what to get, and her little gray eyes would have enforced him to buy it. But here was a fine lady with a great circumference of black silk trailing out along the carpet, a waist no larger than a wasp, a head on which the hair seemed struggling in crimps and curls to get away from shining bands strapped tightly around it, and a pair of great black eyes staring straight at him. While the damsel held up one style after another, or tied them on coquettishly, Uncle Abel looked at him imploringly, but found no help from him.

"Your young woman, show me some of your best bonnets—real good ones. None of your old fashioned poor things for my wife."

Having said this Uncle Abel felt that he had stated the case clearly and should have no further trouble.

Miss Rosie smiled about and returned with a white chip gipsy trimmed with blue, a shirred green satin with a red rose on it and a gray straw trimmed with scarlet poppies.

"Now this will be just what you want, s ... sure; only twenty-five dollars too—so cheap and so becoming."

Uncle Abel confessed afterward that he felt quite confounded at the great price, but did not mean to let that troubled light of love go so, so he only said, "Oh, that's the style, eh? It isn't a bit like Betsey's old one though."

"Oh, no, Sir, the fashion has changed entirely. Now this gipsy is just the newest thing out, and your wife would set the fashion in the town, I don't doubt."

She looked up at John Dare merrily, but could not interpret the look in his eyes; so, taking it for granted that it was an expression of admiration, she pursued the same strain:

"And fresh from Paris; I am sure your wife would like that. Shall I try it on for you?"

"Wa'al yes, I can tell better how it looks then. Now it looks just like a dish."

"There—it goes on in this way;" and Josie pitched the little thing over her rosy face, tied the strings in a big bow knot, and swept down the length of the room. "Don't you like it?"

"Wa'al, it's kind o' pretty; but it's awful queer, ain't it, John?"

John Dare appealed to could only answer that he knew nothing in the world about women's bonnets; and took up his reverie, whatever it was, just where it was broken off. But looking idly in the long mirror opposite he saw Josie making signs to another girl, and he soon found that they were amusing themselves vastly at the expense of their customer. He saw, too, that a pale, quiet girl, with smooth brown hair looked up from her work occasionally, and he rather saw than heard her say, "For shame;" and grew crimson as she spoke.

His own face flushed a little as he became aware that Uncle Abel was being made the butt of their jokes—good Uncle Abel, who was looking so admiringly at the ridiculous headdress which in his old heart only fell of the thought how he should make his present worthy of the patient soul for whom it was intended.

Then John was greatly perplexed; for as he said truly, he knew nothing about all that mysterious and bewildering arrangement of dress that is the new every day.

Still he knew that Aunt Betsey's spare locks, thinly sprinkled with gray, were not dressed in modern style, and he could not for the life of him see wherebouts on that dear old head any of those gipsys or flanchons would rest. He remembered that long ago Aunt Betsey was wont to twist her hair with the same severity in her arrangement of her movements, and that this operation resulted in a hard knob at the back of her head, like a doorhandle, which certainly would not harmonize with these capeless head-dresses.

Just as his brow was overcast with this thought the pale girl came toward Uncle Abel, her cheek flushing as she did so in defiance of the other girls, holding in her hand a plain Leghorn bonnet, trimmed quietly with violet ribbon.

She wore a mourning dress, and the plain brooch at her throat he'd a lock of grey hair.

"I think that this might suit you, Sir," she said. "If your wife don't dress her hair in these fashions those bonnets would not do at all. This is rich and plain, and covers the head well, and her cheek."

"Wa'al now, tell me, for I have got so bothered with these things that I don't know one from t'other. I want to get a nice bunnit for Betsey, and there 's no. Now jest tell me if you would like your mother to wear one like this?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, indeed, ma'am. I didn't see;" and he touched the sleeve of her black dress. "I—I—am so sorry!"

The pretty girl brushed off a tear quickly as she said: "I have no mother now; but if you'll trust me, Sir, I think this will suit."

She had caught the kindly glance of the range of John Dare's vision, and had not seen him at all. Something in the sound of her voice attracted him, and looking up he saw her face clearly.

"Here, John Dare!" he stepped hastily enough toward them. The girl thrust back the bonnet into Abel's hand, and would have been out of sight if her dress had not caught on one of the branching stands and held her fast.

"Amy!" and John Dare, with a hot flush on his face, caught her hand and so detained her. "Amy Egbert, have I found you at last?"

The girl's face grew white and red by turns, and the words she spoke came so low and broken that only John could catch their meaning.

Uncle Abel pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, and, still holding the hat in his hand, looked open-mouthed from one to the other.

"I guess you must have known this young woman afore, didn't you?" he said: but John was too busy with another matter to heed him, and only bling and flushing as the tried to speak calmly, and so his question was unanswered. Pretty Josie was dividing her attention between the two customers on the strange scene beside her, and between anger and mortification she looked in no need of help from range as she heard the girl's name pronounced with uncourteous remarks in regard to "that Amy Egbert and her beau."

Uncle Abel held the hat a while longer quite patiently, but at last despaired of the interview being ended, so he coughed and then he said:

"I'll take this bunnit, Miss, and thanks is a good deal, but Betsey's worth it. ain't she, John?"

John need not have started so, or said "Yes," which wasn't a courteous reply at all; but Uncle Abel laughed a little to himself, and said, softly: "Oh, boys will be boys" He was obliged to tell Miss Egbert the direction of his farm, and that it was quite uneasy lest it should not arrive at his hotel in time.

Outside the door John turned to leave his uncle, and looked as shy as a girl as he said, "It's all right, Uncle Abel. Amy Egbert's now honest, and I've found s—as old friend!"

Uncle Abel held his hand fast, and looked a moment, without speaking, at his face. "I'm glad on't, way; then said, looking in the young man's eyes, "She's a motherless girl, John?"

"Yes, Uncle Abel!" and John turned angrily war, or would have done so if the detaining hand had not held him with a grasp which sixty years had not weakened. "Uncle Abel, you must not take offense. None of my blood turn villains," he added, proudly; "but you see she's young and pretty and friendless, and, when I was a boy and sure of her she might get to thinkin' more of you than would be good for her. and if you ain't in earnest I guess I would stuss try to give you good advice, and the last words a'most that she spoke, says she, 'Abel, I speak over my boy.'"

"My dear, kind uncle, I thank you—indeed I do —for all your kindness; but I could not bear to think that you should misjudge me. I knew Amy long ago, when her parents were both living, and she had all that wealth could give her. I loved her then in a quiet way, but I was too poor to tell her so. Then came reverses and death, and in her poverty and pride the girl hid herself from us resolutely until now. She tried to earn her bread by her accomplishments but failed, and gladly took this means to do so. Now, if I can win her for my wife, I shall bring Mr. John Dare to see you some fine day this summer—may I, Uncle Abel?"

So they parted, and the passers-by little dreamed of all that hand-grips spoke.

"Wa'al, wal, if things don't turn out queer!" soliloquized Uncle Abel, homeward-bound, with a bandbox awfully placed on the seat before him. "To think how easy I was gittin' one of them gipsys for Betsey. Why, she would have laughed a creek about it. And then to think that painted picture of a girl was a daughter of me all the while. And then the other one, with her gentle way, taking the trouble to tell a stupid old fellow like me what was the fashion. I guess she'd be a good wife make our John a nice wife; and after Betsey and me has passed away there'll be a nice bit of property under the hand that'll help him on."

How pleased Aunt Betsey was, to be sure, when the old man gave her the new bonnet! How "fine and young" she looked in the fresh ribbons and soft blond around her face! And how she laughed at the idea of wearing "one of them dish-covers on her head!"

Just when the country was in its June glory John Dare brought his bride to the farm-house where he had spent so many childish hours, and he led her to all the old familiar spots, from the well to the brook by the orchard. She must stay so long as straw and ribbon may endure to keep them both in mind how John Dare found his wife, they tell the story of the time when Uncle Abel bought Betsey's bonnet.

A DASH INTO YORKSHIRE.

IF any body with ordinary powers of observation and description will go any where and relate what he sees and hears, he will, by an unerring law of interest those who listen to him. It is when people write all out of their own heads that they are dull and incomprehensible. Human nature is always interesting to human nature. I feel confident, therefore, that I shall not bore the intelligent reader by simply relating what I saw, heard, and observed in my scamper through the county of York. If you put yourself in my place, which, being an unmarried man you will have no difficulty in doing, you will feel it quite a new sensation to be walking into a strange town with a little knapsack on your back, but with no purpose in your mind, seeking adventures, and trusting to the chapter of accidents.

The reader must come to entertain the notion that Leeds was rather an elegant sort of a town for a sort of commercial. I approached Leeds with that impression. Perhaps it was owing to something that I had read in a geography-book at school, but I had entertained a sort of the same notion made would naturally be soft. But the first glimpse I had of a forest of tall chimneys lifting their heads above a canopy of black smoke, was an unpleasant sort of harmony with my ideal that I began to think I had got into the wrong carriage and been carried off by mistake into the midst of Birmingham. Fancy did I expect me, evidently; for there was no fly waiting to convey me in triumph through the town. Three or four were in attendance, but they were all engaged beforehand; and there were none for chance travelers. I felt it to be entirely my own fault. I should have written to the principal people notice. I not remember ever before this occasion emerging from a railway station with a carpet-bag in my hand without being assaulted by a mob of cabmen competing for the honor and profit of carrying my luggage. But here not a boy appeared. Not a single cab was in waiting for any chance comer whatever. Good sign, I thought. All employed in the wool-trade. Plenty of work, good wages, no idle hands. So I trudged away with my carpet-bag, until it began to rain water, soot, powdered bricks, and grit, when I thought I had better look out for a cab.

I went straight to the smoking-room to calm my feelings with a cigar. The room was full of drovers. They were enormous creatures, for the most with large, long heads and high cheek-bones, and they all wore brown leggings and bad whips. They were standing in front of a bagnio to warm themselves—in silence when I went in; but presently they began to talk. What is the matter with them? I asked myself. Are they not comprehensible? let me? I do not understand a single word they say Ah, I see now; it is the dialect. Having had long experience of the stage I readily believed that real Yorkshiremen would speak it so ill. I listened very attentively, but I could make nothing of the conversation. If they had only mentioned the word "yell," or said "dom it," I might have felt that I was in Yorkshire; but they never said any thing that was intelligible, and I felt that I was in Yorkshire. I spoke to my next neighbor in real Yorkshire, which I learned from a celebrated comedian in the ignorant yokel did not understand a word I said. I observed too, with disappointment, that their hair was not flaxen, and that they did not wear a smock-frock or a fustian bag with waistcoat. One man had so far outraged his county and the well-known habits of his people as to come out without a waistcoat. He had a thick flaxen wig that curls all over his head, and a waistcoat so big that he says "dom it," how can a man be a Yorkshireman?

I went in search of new adventures, and wandering about for some time among huge, gaunt redbrick woolen warehouses—unrelieved by a single bright shop or cheerful dwelling—I met with an adventure. I was getting very depressed, and thinking of going back to London by the very next train, when I heard somebody cry "Hoy!" I turned round and saw a tall, gaunt, ruddy-faced woman of a man standing at a green gate about twenty yards off. He cried, "Hoy!" again, and seeing that the signal was intended for me I went toward him. He seized me by the hand, shook it heartily, and said he was glad to see me.

"How was I?"

I said I was quite well. How was he?

"First-rate."

"And how were all friends in London?"

I ventured to say that all friends in London were in a satisfactory condition.

"And now come in," he said; "dinner will be ready in a few minutes."

Now, the reader can believe me or not, just as he likes, but I can honestly assure him that I had never seen this gentleman before in my life; that in looking at him, and listening to his voice during the above brief scene to which I have given a name that I had known him for a long time, that he had been expecting me, and that I should find every thing prepared for my reception. Nothing occurred to dispel that notion, but every thing to confirm it. My host introduced me to his wife. She shook hands with me, and said she was glad to see me. Would I take a glass of wine after my long journey? If I wished to change my clothes, I would find my room—right-hand door on the first landing. The cloth was already laid, and it was laid for three.

"We expected you at two," the lady said; "but as you did not come, I put the dinner back."

"It was very kind of you, I'm sure," I said.

"Oh, not at all," she protested. "Would I take my pudding before or after my meat? Yorkshire fashion was to take it before the meat."

I said I would take it Yorkshire fashion, for I loved the Yorkshire fashions.

"Had I seen Polson lately?" my host asked.

"Yes, I had seen him last week."

"Still at the old shop, I suppose?"

"Yes," I said, "he was still at the old shop."

"And what was he doing. Still at the old game?"

"Yes," I said, "still at the old game."

And so the dinner passed pleasantly away. When we were sitting over our wine, my host said, "I have invited a few friends to meet you this evening. All people that you know. Marsh and his wife. Dawson and his wife. Everybody, in fact, that Old Cockle is coming, too,—you remember old Cockle, of course?"

I said that it was very kind of him, that I should be very glad to see all those people again, that I knew, and that I particularly remembered, old Cockle, formly believed at the moment that I did know all those people, and that I should be delighted to meet all on the instant. Looking round the table, at the "tea fight" (which was a pleasant Yorkshire meal of tea, coffee, hot buttered toast, and muffins) cakes) every face that I saw was familiar to me, so was every voice I heard. Shutting my eyes I knew them all by their voices. The room was also familiar dentally mention that he had never been in London. Until this day I had never been in Leeds. Yet I knew old Cockle and old Cockle knew me. This is not a story that begins with an indigestion and ends with that most unsatisfactory disillusive device, "a will and testament." There is not a single fact that I am relating. The town-hall is a magnificent building, perhaps the handsomest townhall in the kingdom. But it is no fact to me for the town. It stands like an exquisite marble statue in the midst of a builder's brick-yard. Briggate, the principal commercial street, is a sort of two-storied Tottenham-court-road. The woolen mills give you the solid idea of business sufficient for Manchester. All the goods sold in the shops seem to be soft goods. I wanted a penknife, and searched three streets in vain for a cutler's shop. I certainly do not say that had a slight look of hardware, and when I asked for a penknife they tried to pet me off with a woolen comforter. I am told that the cutlery is cut out to procure the article I wanted, and he was so long absent that I think he must have gone to Sheffield for it.

I was much struck with the paucity of public houses—good phrase that "paucity of public houses"—in Leeds. The absence of gin-palace on the pleasing fact as being a testimony to the temperate habits of the people. I regret to say that he should not accept my commendation. He set me into a secret. The public houses in Leeds are mostly situated up courts. There is no sign of them in the main streets. You have to go up the court before you find them. And every street was pierced with these sly little courts, like rabbit-holes in a sandbank.

The young ladies in Leeds are all in the fashion; but they overdo the thing a little. Their chignons are nearly as big as their heads, and their shape year when in the streets to have two heads, one with a hat and one without.

I found at a public-house an old friend—whom I had never seen before in my life—who had made arrangements to conduct me over a woolen mill. One proprietor of these mills was in the room when my suspicion that it was my design to take the pattern of his new machinery. A cloth-maker is very reticent and shrewd on every thing. The history of a yard of doeskin would fill a volume, so I am not even allowed to enumerate the steps. From the wool back to the final rolling of it up in a bale it goes through a score of elaborate processes, and changes its appearance every time. It is first picking into a machine, or a tub, or a boiler, and coming out like a comic entertainer—in a new form. It is torn to pieces by the "devil," and spun and twisted, and teased, and boiled, and dyed, and pummeled, and shaved, and hot pressed, and I don't know what all. The manufacture of a pair of sixteenshilling trousers would beat the exploits of the seven-leagued boots all to nothing.

A word as to shoddy. I thought it was a term of reproach, a thing to be ashamed of, a slur deprecatory of the duffer. But Leeds is not ashamed of shoddy, it talks about it openly, uses it openly. What is shoddy?

I was not quite clear on this point before I went to Leeds, but I know all about it now, and will give others the benefit of my newly-acquired useful knowledge. Shoddy is old wool made as good as new. Every manufacturer keeps a devil, a raveningest beast with a fearful set of iron teeth, and an insatiable appetite for coats and old woollen rags; all any thing that is made of wool. Toss him an old garment and he will tear it to pieces in no time. The spun and woven threads are separated, each wool again, and are worked up into new threads to be woven once more into a piece of cloth. Cloth so made is the substance of new wool—looks very well and wears very well. I defy you to tell which is shoddy cloth and which is not. We all wear shoddy without knowing it. For light wool shoddy cloth will serve every purpose; it will not even stand strain and exertion. You must not venture to practise gymnastics in a pair of shoddy trowsers. Here is the weakness of shoddy—the shortness of the staple. You know now—if you did not know before—why the old cheeseman is so eager and anxious to buy any garment, however ragged, which is composed entirely of wool. The old suit goes to the mill and comes back to you in a new shape. Your trowsers to-day may be your waistcoat to-morrow. Such is the economy of modern trade.

The cloth-hall at Leeds is a huge shed, a quarter of a mile long; the area of which is divided into streets of stalls, at which, on market-days, the manufacturers exhibit specimens of their goods. It is a curious place, well worth seeing. Let me impart to the reader how I picked up here. How to tell if there is cotton in a piece of cloth. Take a small piece and tear it both ways, against the way and against the woof. The wool in tearing makes a dull soft sound; the cotton fends with a crackling noise. Do this when your tailor swears "it is all wool," and see for which he will look when he hears the rattle of the cotton threads. The price of broadcloth ranges from a shilling a yard to three shillings! At wholesale prices you can get cloth enough to make a suit for five shillings.

Having seen Leeds at work, I was curious to see it at play. With this purpose I made the round of its night amusements. I went to a theatre. It was poorly attended. It deserved to be; for though the house was large and capable of being made bright and attractive, it was in an inconceivably dirty and dingy condition, and the performance was dreary in the last degree. When will provincial managers be brought to understand that people do not go to the theatre for a duty, but to be made cheerful and to be amused? Why should any one come away from any where to sit in this dingy den, and be solemnly bored by nuisance which, by money and skill, is below the mark of the busker who executes a clog dance on the cellar-flap in the street?

I visited a music-hall. It had evidently been a floor-cloth factory, or something of that kind; but with bright lights and a lively band of musicians, it was tolerably cheerful than the theatre. This Leeds music-hall has its peculiarities. The people are admitted to the body of the building gratis, paying for their entertainment in the price of the beer they drink. The charge for admission to the galleries is sixpence, and there is a seat or pew at the end of the hall set apart for mothers with children in arms. The entertainment was of the usual character. A weak-kneed young ladies in a dingy evening costume, showing a lanky length of red arm, came on with pieces of music—of which they could not read a note—and sang sentimental ballads in shrill notes, which set your teeth on edge. Then the all-pervading irrepressible comic man, with the red hat and the long-tailed coat, contrasted us to Slap-bang and Kafoodlum and Umdoodle-day, and always when he failed to make an effect, knocked his face over his eyes, and by that triumphant stroke of humor invariably brought down the house. It was not exactly an elevating entertainment; but it admitted of great variety, and the audience seemed amused. It was at least a lively place, and well ordered of its kind, which the theatre was not.

In the course of three hours I pretty well exhausted the night's entertainments of Leeds. They included an organ performance at the town-hall, a concert, and a reading at the Mechanics' Institution.

They are a musical people in Leeds. From almost every court leading to the public houses tuneful voices reached the street, and in some of the houses fiddles were going. In the bar of a little beer-shop, which I was curious enough to visit, I found a handsome piano jammed up against the beer engine, and a man playing it for the delectation of half a dozen yokels, who were drinking their beer at the counter. It was a mean, shabby little beer shop; but the piano was in a fine rosewood case, and the performer played remarkably well. There was nothing to pay for the music. I had half a pint and a grand fantasia for twopence. Nay, more; a gentleman at the bar did a little double-shuffle for the entertainment of the customers generally. They seemed to me that the piano was a pleasant mitigation if the mere drinking and getting drunk purposes of the ordinary public-house bar; and I have observed that where music, singing, dancing, and other amusements are dispensed with liquor, they have the effect of keeping people sober.

My kind host offered, when I went over to Wakefield with him, to show me a lunatic; the said curiosity being the whole of the original manuscript of the Pickwick Papers, which, I was assured, is in the possession of a printer there. I was informed, too, that a Yorkshire schoolmaster advertises himself as the proprietor of the real original Dotheboys Hall, which is now conducted on principles of the most boundless liberality. My new old friend in Leeds—whose hearty hospitality and kindness I shall never forget—pressed me to stay a day or two longer; but as I was cured of my vanity, I was anxious—selfish person that I am—to get back to town. I took Hull in my way, though it was a good deal out of my way, and took a glance at the lions there. I had shared in the impression, which, I believe, is the popular one, that Hull was in the last degree a dull, smoky, dreary town. I had heard it associated with another place whose name begins with H and ends with two I's. But I found that Hull had been much belied and shamefully traduced. The Humber, if it were not normally of the color of pea-soup, is as fine a river as any in the Kingdom. As to the town, I prefer it to Leeds. The latter does not stand over the coal; the streets are busy and bustling, and the surrounding country is really charming. Hull has a stately, a marvelous statue. It is situated in the market-street, in the midst of oyster-stalls and fish-barrows, and it represents William III. on horseback. Will, and it represents William III. on horseback. Will, the hero of the battle of the Boyne, both gilt all over. The golden man and horse have a curious effect prancing over the fish-trucks and baskets. The first time in Yorkshire, I was gratified by hearing somebody say "d'om'd." I asked a native why Hull was called the Venice of England. He said he could not be was "d'om'd if he knew." I believe William did Hull the honor of landing on its shores, when he made a triumphal progress over from Holland to govern England. It was there that first he showed his lamplaback face.

Hull is maritime, and has docks, and ships, and sailors, and is all the more lively in consequence. It has two theatres, a circus, and several musical halls. From the latter I judge that Hull is in the full ample of what may be done, even in the provinces, by enterprise and liberal management. It is a handsome, roomy, well-lighted, well-aerated and luxuriously furnished, and the pieces are dressed and mounted in first-rate style. The result is, that the better classes go to the stalls and level, and that the local shareholders find their account in a well-conducted company. Take the pretty park, with pleasant walks, and flower-beds, and ornamental waters; and the roads leading to the country are macadamized and kept in order. The streets are by bold house comfortably and elegantly for thirty pounds a year. So never believe any one who says that there is not a good audience of a letter between Hull and the internal regions.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ABOUT this season of the year, when "lovely June" is ushering summer in, a great "hue and cry" is raised about Hoboken. What does it mean? It means that though June is often one of the most charming months of the year, it is often one of the most trying. Hoboken one has a commodious, airy house here, and country boarding-places are crowded and ridiculously expensive? *Is a fortnight's trip to the country*; and this is the most hectic himself and secure some spot where the entire family can be located during the heat of the summer and the "season." This is frequently all they do enjoy. Long Branch, Newport, Saratoga, and the more fashionable resorts are, in the "season," over-crowded, even if it were prudent for every paterfamilias whose household-hope for country air and comfort to make his home there. Of course all fortunate hotel-keepers. So none more quiet retreat is often sought for a summer home. Many go to the banks of the Hudson, or even away in Vermont or New Hampshire. But this is a matter of expense. Even the man whose merchant was about right, who said to his young wife when she begged him to take her into the country for the summer:

"My dear, it is quite impossible at present; but I'll tell you what we can do. We can go to the Croton and move our bed up into the attic!"

"What is that?" asked the wife, eagerly.

"We will turn off the gas and the Croton and move our bed up into the attic!"

Now, this is more than folly to abandon comfortable homes for mere *fashion's* sake, nevertheless the real, genuine country air, with a good shady lawn, is very tempting wherever they can consistently. Especially for the children; it would be worth almost anything, to be in the country all the time. The freedom of outdoor life is blood, bone, and muscle to them. If half of our pale city boys could hide their sad schoolbooks in a dark closet, and spend an entire year in "roughing it" on a good farm, the world would be the gainer by getting a race of men with physical strength and vigor.

For every one change, to a certain extent, is beneficial, and the denizens of the city naturally reek it in the country. And that is just as it should be. The thing that is bad is the pale faces which annually fill sleepy people on the approach of the summer solstice to flee the city—any where, any how—and be revivified at least the mere sense of relief through wanting the quality. Our magnificent Central Park is a blessing to those who remain in numerous sources of enjoyment, with plenty of fresh air and delightful scenery, which one may luxuriate in without any fear of a bill to be presented to him on leaving—unless, by chance, he passes by the *Astor!*

The recent discussion between the Allopathic and Homœopathic physicians in regard to the treatment of the cholera brought to mind a recipe we saw long ago, which may be useful to our readers. We give it now, and hope though wanting the quality. Our magnificent Central Park is a blessing to those who remain in numerous sources of enjoyment, with plenty of fresh air and delightful scenery, which one may luxuriate in without any fear of a bill to be presented to him on leaving—unless, by chance, he passes by the *Astor!*

The recent discussion between the Allopathic and Homœopathic physicians in regard to the treatment of the cholera brought to mind a recipe we saw long ago, which may be useful to our readers. We give it now, and hope it will never be used:

HOMŒOPATHIC SHORT.—Take a spring chicken, and let it walk to the kitchen door. Then call loudly and it will be cooked. Let the shadow fall on a kettle of water, and boil four hours. When it is done, take out the chicken and let it stand in a quart of pure spring water. (Filtered Croton will answer very well.) Shake the mixture, taken in small doses of a pint of warm water, at intervals of three hours, will be found very nourishing. If a physician cannot be obtained to prescribe this treatment of a nurse can soon be supplied with.

By way of contrast, we are reminded of a good lady of the Allopathic persuasion, whose minister came to comfort her after the death of her child:

"My friend," he began, "I am sorry to hear that you have lost your baby."

"Yes, sir," replied the mother, "we did every thing to save it, but in vain. We had five doctors, and they gave it calomel, and physic, and blisters, and what not, and it didn't do any good, they gave it ipecacuanha and calomel, and then they put a mustard poultice on the stomach and chest, and a blister on the back and side, and applied leeches to the head. But it was of no use; the poor little thing died after all!"

Suffering often leads to crime—far more frequently even in our very midst than those imagine who never know what it is to want for bread. Not long since a very respectably-dressed young man was brought before the Court of Special Sessions on the accession of stealing a book from the Astor Library. The prisoner pleaded guilty; and upon inquiry there was every reason to believe what he said to be true—that he had received a liberal education, and had come to the city to look for a situation; but had spent all his money; had been two days without food, and had walked the streets for two nights. In the morning he thought he would steal a book, sell it, and get something to eat; but he resisted the temptation. He looked over the morning papers, went out again in quest of a situation, and found on an clerk in a grocery store, but he was not to commence work until the next day. This, he said, was a long time for a man to wait who had walked the streets for two days and two nights; and as he concluded his story he burst into tears, and said, "The gnawing at my heart made me steal." Measures were taken by the judge to ascertain if the man's statements were true. And it is to be hoped that before this time the young man has found a good situation, and is earning an honest living.

An Eastern paper gives the following suggestions in regard to the cholera:

"Don't run; be on the brain, and, to this end, avoid reading the daily papers. Endeavor, if possible, to keep a clean conscience, and to wear clean shirts. Rise with the lark, but avoid larks in the evening. Be slow-ground in your habits. Take a long and shovel-board in all your dealings. Love your neighbors as yourself, but don't have too many of them in the same house with you. Amen."

Country newspapers, by-the-way, seem to be under the impression that the Asiatic cholera has broken out in Paris and in Berlin. We have not, and that the entire pestilence is in imminent danger. Some of those above-mentioned papers have settled one of the little boy who came running into the house just at dusk, one evening, exclaiming, "Oh, my mother was on a Assorted cake out in our yard!" "A mandrel cake! Oh no, my dear," returned mamma. "Well, I am sure there are as many as *fifty*." "Oh no, you are very much mistaken." "Well, my way," persisted the boy, impatiently, "there is *one cat* in the assorted cake!"

The health of New York city is reported to be unusually good.—*Ex.* Of course it is! May our unusually cool—and the city is unusually clean.

The New York *Observer* says:

"When you write for a newspaper write all your words in full as you would in private. This has been said a thousand times, but ask one man in ten observes the rule. All our best writers deserve it. In this paper we print an article in which the writer abbreviated the word 'governor' to 'gov.' Now, we have often wished it gone, so that 'the power of the government was changed from the power of the gov.' Ask the letter 1 and count the letter 6, and try to spell correctly. If you can not comply with this rule, you can not write for your country; put it in the fire."

We would add to these directions: *write legibly*, and on one side only of the paper. If you do not write a plain hand you can not expect to be printed correctly. Nothing is more vexatious to an editor than to strain his eyes and puzzle his brain in deciphering hieroglyphics. No manuscript which is written illegibly ever gets much chance of being regarded favorably. An editor feels inclined to reject it before he has mastered the first half page.

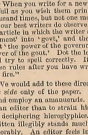
Colored starch, says a London paper, is the latest and greatest novelty of the season. It is made in pink, buff, blue, and every shade of green, and blue will soon cease to be produced. Any article starched with the new preparation is completely ruined; but as it washes out, the garment that was pink to-day may be green to-morrow, and buff afterward. It is recommended especially for those bright and commonly-colored residue that are costly, wash out, and perplex their owners. If the pattern has been printed with fast colors (and where starch) if green, green starch; and they can be rendered one even and pretty color. The preparation is a favorable again, but very stylish. White antimacassars or lace curtains may also be colored in the same way, and infinite variety effected.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HARD ON TRUSTEE.—One day during the late Anniversary Week a well-known ecclesiastical structure that stands in the neighborhood of Broadway and Tenth Street, was accosted by a prim-looking country gent, evidently from the rural districts, who inquired the distance to Wall Street. The gent looked especially for those bright and commonly-colored residue that are costly, wash out, and perplex their owners. If the pattern has been printed with fast colors (and where starch) if green, green starch; and they can be rendered one even and pretty color. The preparation is a favorable again, but very stylish. White antimacassars or lace curtains may also be colored in the same way, and infinite variety effected.

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A DARK COUNTERPOISE.—"Say, why is the Bible like a dark lantern?" asked Jenkins of his friend Smith. "Because they store every light," was the reply.

Question.

Can you tell me why
A hypocrite sly,
Is better than every
Man you or I,
The eye of deceit
Can best counterfeit
And so I suppose
Best deceive our foes.

"The post-office in our village," writes a Vermont lady, "was kept in the bar-room of the tavern, a great resort for mechanics. An old chap, more remarkable for his size and habits than his piety, had ordered a paper, and for a long time one day with a lot of boisterous fellows, when the Methodist preacher came in. The old fellow entered, and asked for his paper. Quick as lightning, Sandy Rose asked, humbly: 'Are you the Methodist parson just come here to preach?' I am, replied the minister. 'Well, you old hoss-thief, you'll go to hell as sure as the devil is, and you can have your own family record,' replied the preacher, and had left the room ere I heard the roars of the company."

A CONJUGAL CONUNDRUM.

Which is of greater value, pr'ythee say,
The bride or bridegroom? Most the truth be told!
A matter of debate is given away!
"The bridegroom's often regularly sold.

Two men fired at us eight at the same time, and killed him. An Irishman observed: "They might have saved their powder and shot, for the fall would have killed him."

NO SPEAK.—A lady writes to ask us whether her husband, who is by profession a soldier, is justified in sitting up all night in the exercise of his vocation. He can, at all events, be a very delightful pillow-prop.—But it is never too late to mend.

Said an old toper to his comrade the other day: "If one pint makes me tipsy, what a tropical region would your stomach be, old fellow?"

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE.—Gulphoy, who has been afflicted with that curse of the many, gaiety and conviviality, has been entirely cured by a course of stay-at-home sympathy.

"Toby, what did the Israelites do when they crossed the Red Sea?" "I dunno, but I guess they dried themselves."

"ANOTHER WAY."

When lovely woman, Lump of Folly,
Would show the world her valiant traits,
Would treat herself as child her baby,
And warns each man of some away.
The surest method we'll discover
To prompt a wick from every eye,
Despite all fashion's dress decree,
And spoil a scalp-skin is—to dye.

"Will you have some catup?" asked a gentleman of Aunt Priscilla at a dinner-party. "Some *what*, sir?" she replied, with a shudder? "I'm fond of eats in their places, but I should so soon think of eating dog soup!" The gentleman did not urge her.

DOMESTIC BLISS.—A FRAGMENT.

I am
A married lady of thirty-odd?
Every evening I am in their beds
At "leaves" about 8 o'clock, I should.
Every morning my slumbers greet
The earliest patter of every sleeper's feet.
Thirteen little hearts are always in a flutter.
Till thirteen little mouths are filled with food and butter,
Thirteen little tongues are busy all day long;
Thirteen little heads, with doing something wrong,
Till I fain am to die,
Or wish I were dead.
And when my poor husband comes home from his work,
And I say, "I am tired," he just looks a shirk,
What do you think is the picture he sees?
A legion of devils, all in a breeze—
Johnny is crying,
And Mary a-sighing,
And worn-out mamma, with her hair all a flying;
Sewing and angry William beating little Nelly;
Charley in the pantry eating currant jelly;
Richard strutting round in papa's Sunday coat;
Harry at the glass, with a razor at his throat;
Robert gets the scissors, cuts short Jane's hair the door,
Mitigates their aching with a forty-pound cane;
Baby at the second bureau in the night,
Throwing in his mite to the universal din.
And I, my lord and husband, being rather weak of nerve, he
Begins to lose his patience in the stunning topsy-turvy,
And then the frightful little sense all fly out for shelter,
And on the drama closes 'mid a general batter-shatter.
I'll give you my excuse, let you find me a myth;
Yours, very respectfully, MRS. John Smith.

"Now, pass, tell me what is humbug." "It is," replied pass, "when mamma pretends to be afraid of me, and puts no buttons on my shirt till reminded of it a dozen times."

There is a man in Pennsylvania who is so forgetful of countenance that his wife is obliged to keep a wafer stuck to the end of her nose in order that she may distinguish her from other ladies. Even then, he occasionally makes a mistake.

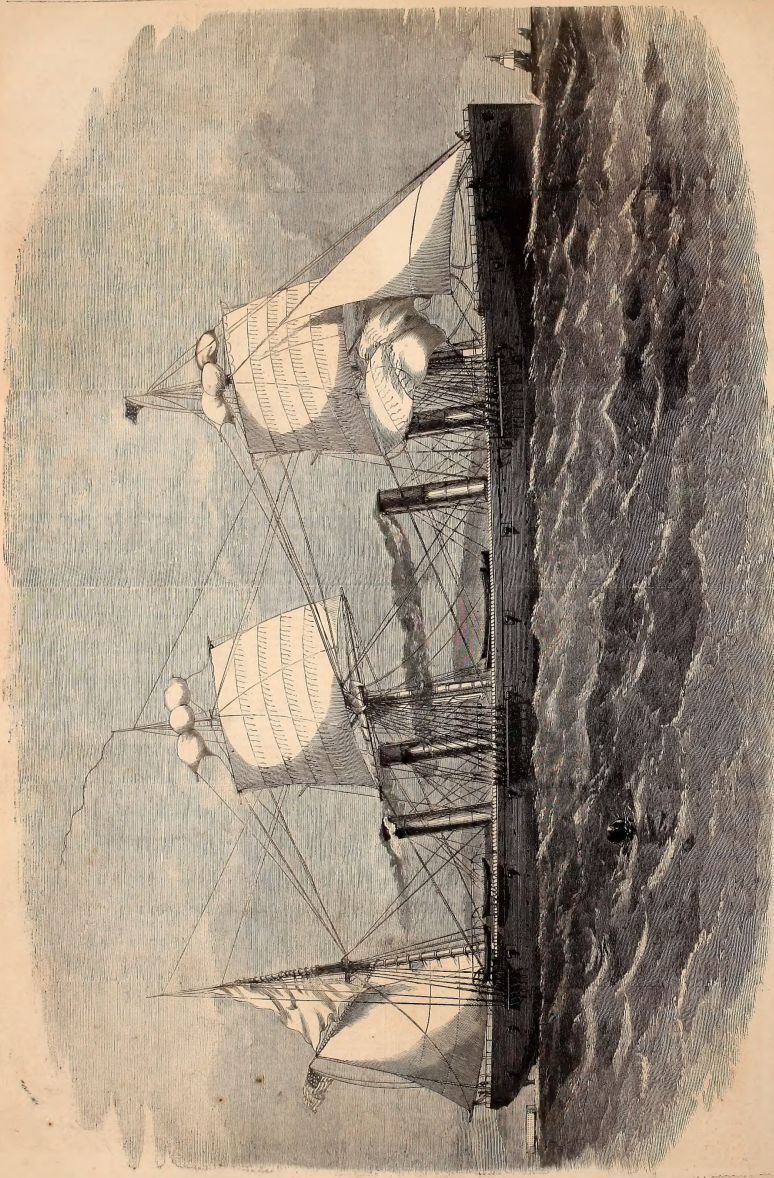
A recent criminal trial at New Orleans had a rather novel catastrophe; the prisoner was acquitted, and his own and the counsel for the prosecution committed to jail for contempt of court.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.—The best way to be happy is not to worry any thing until you have got it, and then to worry of it. Pudding and milk are good things to have, so one has not too much of them.

The Irish people ride so much in cars that Ireland might be called the carnivora.

VERY LIKELY.

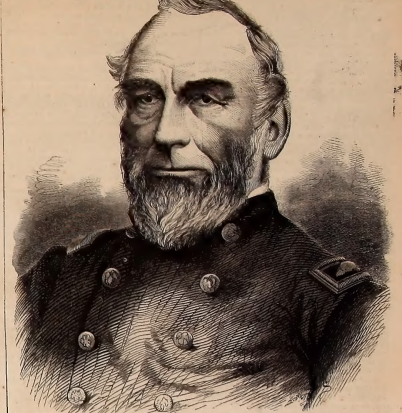
"YES, JENKINS, I HAD BETTER WEAR MY VEIL. CHURCH IS NOT THE PLACE TO DISTRACT THE ATTENTION OF YOUNG MEN!"



THE UNITED STATES STEAM SLOOP OF WAR "WAMPANOAG."—[SEE PAGE 365.]



GOVERNOR THOMAS SWANN, OF MARYLAND.



COLONEL WILLIAM B. THOMAS, COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF PHILADELPHIA

GOVERNOR SWANN OF MARYLAND.

THOMAS SWANN, the present Governor of the State of Maryland, was born in the city of Alexandria in the State of Virginia. His father, THOMAS SWANN, was a lawyer of ability and distinction, and during the Presidency of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS held the office of United States Attorney for the District of Columbia. His son, Governor THOMAS SWANN, the subject of this sketch, was educated at the University of Virginia, and commenced the study of the law in the office of his father in Washington. He, however, never pursued the practice of his profession, and having married a lady from Maryland, came to the city of Baltimore, where he has since resided. A gentleman of fortune and liberal education, firm and decided in his convictions, and of great promptness and energy of character, he became interested in all works of public improvement then being projected, which might in any way tend to promote the prosperity of his adopted city and State. A man of boldness and determination was required to undertake the completion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and Mr. SWANN's election as President, in 1848, was hailed with satisfaction by the public authorities, as well as by those of his fellow-citizens who were familiar with his character and the previous services he had rendered to the Company. At once turning all his energies to the accomplishment of the work he had undertaken, and boldly contending with those difficulties that had at one time appeared so formidable, he had the satisfaction of seeing fulfilled the prediction he had made as early as 1851, of the completion of the entire road on the 1st of January, 1853.* On the final completion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Mr. SWANN resigned his position as President and became the President of the North Western Virginia Railroad, whose work diverging from the Baltimore and Ohio Road in the mountains, extended itself to the Ohio River at the mouth of the Little Kanawha, some ninety miles west of the city of Wheeling. This road also was opened for travel under his auspices, and he only retired from its management in 1857 to become Mayor of the city of Baltimore, to which office he had been elected by a large majority of his fellow-citizens.

In this position, to which he was twice chosen, Mr. SWANN did much for the advancement and prosperity of Baltimore. He proposed, and was able to carry by his paramount influence with the Councils of that city, a change from a volunteer Fire Department with all its irregularities to a paid Fire Department with all its promptness, order, and efficiency. He introduced into the city the new system of police and fire-alarm telegraph, which adds so much to the safety of persons and property, and which has since been generally adopted in all cities throughout the Union. When Mr. SWANN came into office the jail, which had been of sufficient size when the population did not exceed some fifty thousand inhabitants, had long been found totally inadequate to the requirements of a city of nearly two hundred thousand people. When he left office a noble edifice of great size and striking architecture had taken its place. The water-works by which Baltimore is supplied, at an elevation of 217 feet above tide, with pure water by natural flow, was another of the works for which that city is indebted to his administration.

The last public official act of Mr. SWANN's Mayoralty was the inauguration of the Park on the 19th October, 1860. Soon afterward the Southern States seceded and the war for the preservation of the Union began. Mr. SWANN took a firm stand on the side of the Federal Government, and advocated at all times and under all circumstances the strict maintenance of the authority of the United States. When the plan of the National Banks was developed Mr. SWANN was made President of the first bank established in the city of Baltimore. And when the Constitution abolishing slavery forever in Maryland was established in 1864, he was chosen by the people to fill the highest office in their gift, that of Governor of the State.

Notwithstanding that Mr. SWANN is still in the prime of manhood, with enlarged and liberal views, few men will be found who have identified their names with undertakings of more practical and lasting benefit to his State and people.

COLONEL W. B. THOMAS,

COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF PHILADELPHIA.

COLONEL WILLIAM B. THOMAS was born in Upper Marion township, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, May 25, 1811. In 1843 he became a citizen of Philadelphia, where he was among the first to apply steam-power to the manufacture of flour. His business largely increased, till he now owns one of the largest manufactories in the world, using upward of 1,500,000 bushels of grain annually. Mr. THOMAS soon took an active part in all great business movements. He was one of the founders of the Corn Exchange Association, and was its first President. He is also a leading member of the Board of Trade. In early life he was a Democrat, but left that party many years ago because of his anti-slavery principles. In 1852 he voted for JOHN P. HALE, and in 1860 for the nomination of LINCOLN at Chicago. His career since the rebellion began entitles him to a place in that noble column of men whose names are written on the glorious pages of the war.

Mr. THOMAS was in Washington when the Capital was cut off from the North by the rebellion in Baltimore. He volunteered for the defense of the city, and, musket on shoulder, paced the streets during the memorable April of 1861. Those were the days when loyal men scarcely knew whom to trust. At midnight the President sent for Mr.



RELICS ON A BATTLE-FIELD.

THOMAS, and offered him the Collector-ship of the Port of Philadelphia. He accepted, but that he was never an office-seeker his manly course after-ward has proved.

In 1862, after M'CLELLAN and POPE were defeated, Mr. THOMAS grew weary of merely civil duties, and in August he formed the employés of the Custom-house into two military companies, and equipped them from his private means. In September he accompanied the call of Governor CURTIN for troops by marching his companies to Harrisburg. Here he was given the command of a regiment, and sent at once into Maryland, where he remained till the danger was over.

In June, 1863, when LEE invaded Maryland, Colonel THOMAS at once marched his regiment, then twelve hundred strong, to Harrisburg, and was ordered to guard the Northern Central Railroad, of vital importance to the movements of the Army of the Potomac. His regiment was after ward engaged with the enemy at Wrightsville and at York, and Colonel THOMAS, in command of all the forces at the latter place, prevented the rebels from crossing the river. He then joined MEADE, to aid in the pursuit of LEE. In July, 1864, Colonel THOMAS organized a new regiment, the Hundred and ninety-second Pennsylvania Volunteers, one of the largest ever mustered in Philadelphia. He placed himself and his command at the disposal of the Government, and was ordered to garrison Fort M'Henry, at Baltimore, then to Johnson's Island, and next to guard the large military stores at Gallipolis, Ohio, then threatened by the rebels. He remained at this important post till November. Then Colonel THOMAS, from 1862 to 1864, was engaged in four enlistments, in each of which he displayed many of the highest qualities of a soldier.

This military record would be honorable to any soldier; it is doubly so as that of a man holding a responsible civil position under the National Government. His duties as Collector of the Port would have excused Colonel THOMAS from any active part in the war, but he refused to throw off one responsibility by finding another. His administration of the Custom-house at Philadelphia has given entire satisfaction to business men as well as to the Government, and there is no citizen of Philadelphia in whom a deeper trust is more worthily reposed by the community.

BURNING OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

On the night of May 21 a disastrous conflagration occurred in this city, resulting in the destruction of the greater portion of the block between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, and between Irving Place and Third Avenue. The Academy of Music was laid in ruins; the New York University Medical College, including the valuable museum collected by the late "Dr. WORTHINGTON MOTT, shared the same fate, and the fire extending across the avenues burned down the St. Matthew Lutheran Church.

The scene presented at the height of the conflagration was grand and imposing. The huge pile of buildings comprising the Academy were thrown into strong relief by the seething body of flames raging within, and the reflection of the fire was thrown over the entire city, gilding every prominent steeple in sight, and throwing every street into the glare of noonday. Two firemen who had at an early period of the fire entered the Academy failed to make their escape in time, and perished in the flames. The loss from this fire is estimated at over a million of dollars. We hope that our principal and most valuable edifices hereafter constructed will be fire-proof buildings.

THE NEW NAVAL SLOOP "WAMPANOAG."

On the 25th of September, 1864, the first frame of this beautiful vessel was raised in the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and on the 15th of December of that year she was launched. Her dimensions are: length over all, 334 feet; extreme beam, 45 feet; depth of hold, 23 feet 6 inches; tonnage (old), 3300 tons.

Being built for high speed she is very sharp at the ends, carrying a graceful curve from stem to stern, and having the appearance of a model more than of a vessel of war. In strength she can not be surpassed. She is diagonally strapped, fore and aft, with iron straps 4½ inches wide by 1 inch thick, upon the outside of the timbers, in two sets, one set crossing the other at an angle of 45°, and both riveted to a bead-strap 5 inches wide by 1 of an inch thick. They are also riveted together where they cross each other, in an opening between the timbers. The vessel has also compression straps at the ends to take any strain she may be subject to there.

On each side of the four bolld-hatches there are two "A" truss-frames of yellow pine, built to relieve the ship as much as possible of the great weight below, and also to help support the decks at these points.

The ship's frame is of seasoned live-oak; the keel in of white oak in one depth; and the main keelson is composed of live-oak plank in five courses, each cooked to the other. On each side of the main section run the sister keelsons, also of live-oak. Outside of these keelsons are six more for the bolting and engines to rest on, three on each side, resting at the forward end aft as the shape of the vessel will allow.

The stops occupied by the boilers and engines is 104 feet in length. They were designed by MR. ISHERWOOD, Chief Engineer of the Bureau of Steam Engineering. The boilers, of which there are eight large, besides four superheaters, are MARTIN'S. The fire-surface is 35,000 square feet, and the grate-surface is 1170 square feet. There are four smoke-stacks—two 7 feet 8 inches in diameter, one 6 feet 6 inches, and one 6 feet 3 inches; all 36 feet high.

The engines consist of two horizontal direct-acting, with cylinders 100 inches in diameter and 48 inches stroke. The number of revolutions is 40 per minute. She has one propeller with four blades, a diameter of 19 feet, and a pitch of 25 feet. The engines and boilers were built at the Novelty Iron Works, New York. The coal-bunkers contain 500 tons of coal below the berth-deck, and 150 tons on the berth-deck, making 700 tons in all.

The armament of this vessel can be, if desired, twenty 9-inch guns.

The rig will be bark, and she can spread 25,000 square feet of canvas. The water-tons and steering-gear are on the berth-deck, and occupies a length of about 80 feet, and in workmanship and design the accommodations are equal to any thing of the kind ever before put into a man-of-war. On the upper or gun-deck, under the poop-deck aft, are two cabins, one for the captain and the ship and the other for the admiral. This poop-deck extends to the mizzen-mast, and is 6 feet in the clear under the beams. The forecastle extends to the foremast, and will accommodate near 100 men; the rest of the crew, about 300, will be accommodated on the berth-deck.

In building this vessel no pains were spared to make her all that could be desired; and all concerned in her construction deserve all the credit due for the workmanlike manner in which each department has carried out the plans of her constructor.

GENERAL STEEDMAN'S TOUR.

OUR artist, MR. DAVIS, gives the following description of illustrations on page 361:

"THE PEACE JUBILEE AT SPRINGFIELD.

"The Inspection Tour o' Generals STEEDMAN and FULLERTON has certainly had one good result, the removal from the minds of the people of FORT, who first came among the freedmen as a chaplain to a colored regiment, and won, by different acts of kindness, the confidence and affection of colored people, that are ever ready to believe that a man from the North is sure to be their friend.

"The reception that General STEEDMAN and FULLERTON were called upon by a delegation of 'old uncles,' and from them men we heard the story of their troubles, feeling convinced that they spoke only the truth. The day following the Generals visited the Trent River Settlement, and met the freedmen in their simple homes. Here, from different colored men, we learned the story of their difficulties.

"With regard to the Freedmen's Bureau in North Carolina, there is no doubt but that the Bureau has accomplished a vast amount of good, and is in some districts of advantage; but, in others, the management of affairs has been so bad as to occasion trouble, not only to the freedmen, but to the white men.

"At Salisbury all classes join in testifying to the capable and satisfactory manner in which Col. and A. A. General WOOD performed his duties.

At Raleigh, Goldsboro, and Newbern the case is different. The freedmen see that the Bureau agents are backed by the military, and arrange for the freedman, and give him his rights in the courts (no laws of the State give him these as yet). The freedman expects a man to come to the Bureau and get for their protection. 'It has been their place of refuge in the past—why not in the future?' They are afraid that the Bureau may will not be kind to them if the Bureau is taken away.

"That the freedmen can be left at present without some protection of the kind I do not believe; but that a change might be made for the better, both for the freedmen, people, and Government, is certain. At present large numbers of able-bodied men do no other labor than draw their rations from the Government, and will continue the same heavy labor until some way is devised for their removal to some position where their labor can be made available."

COUNT BISMARCK.

COUNT BISMARCK SCHONHAUSEN first became prominent in German politics when, after passing through the usual gradations of the diplomatic service, he was in 1851 deputed to the Prussian representative to the Diet at Frankfort. He had then for four years served as representative of Berlin-burg in the Lower House of the Prussian Parliament, in which position he had exercised a considerable influence, and made to himself the attention of FREDERICK WILLIAM IV.

In 1859 BISMARCK was appointed ambassador to St. Petersburg, he remained there until 1862, and won for himself the esteem and confidence of the Czar, who conferred upon him the order of Saint-Alexander-Nevski. In 1862 he was sent as Prussian minister to Paris, and on the 1st of June was received in public audience at the Tuileries. In consequence of the conflicts occasioned in the Prussian Parliament by the budget of the army, he was made in September, 1862, Prime Minister, with the port-folio of Foreign Affairs. The situation to which he was placed was one of weighty responsibility. He was unable to triumph over the resistance opposed by the Chamber of Deputies to the military organization, because the latter tended to weaken the militia for the profit of the army. In every spirit the Chamber possessed a very strong majority propositions which the Government had already unprincipled. The House of Lords sided with BISMARCK. The Deputies declared the acts of the Upper House illegal, and the session was closed by the King. The latter had given BISMARCK on assuming the leading position in Government the grand cross of the Legion of Honor.

BISMARCK brought on the Danish war, and won Austria to his support. He now boldly claims for Prussia the most material advantages derived from that war in Schleswig-Holstein. It is impossible now for Austria to avoid war with Prussia, except by a withdrawal from the Duchies.

Of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S speech at Auxerre we speak upon the editorial page.

MOTH AND FRECKLES.—Ladies afflicted with discolorations on the face, such moth-patches or freckles, should use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by all druggists.

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TO FURNITURE DEALERS AND HOTEL KEEPERS.

TUCKER'S PATENT SPRING BEDS.

"There are some truths hard to be comprehended in the Decimal way of numbers that are self-evident, and though they may pertain to the less vital interests of the human race, they are by no means unimportant. Among them are these: A bed, to fulfil the purposes for which it is designed, must be constructed; it must be so constructed as to insure CLEANLINESS; it should, for easy transportation, be made portable; and, finally, the common bonds demands that it should be both DURABLE and ECONOMICAL. All of these essential requirements existed in the spring beds invented by HIRAM, TUCKER, and it is confidently affirmed that no better bed has been devised for man's comfort which is at all comparable to it. A single night's repose on one of them will cause the most inveterate doubter of his skepticism. For sale wholesale by the TUCKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
115, 117, and 119 Court Street, Boston,
and 69 John Street, New York.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
501 BROADWAY (St. Nicholas Block),
Photographic Materials, Stereoscopic Goods,
WAR VIEWS,
SCENERY, GROUPS, &c.
Photograph Albums, great assortment, Cartes de Visite of Noted Persons, &c., &c.
French Easels, and American Novelties.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES
For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Stores of all kinds. PRESS COMPANY, Manufacturers, 26 Ann Street, New York, and 35 Lincoln Street, Boston.

5000 Agents Wanted, $5 per day and expenses. Incloso stamp for particulars to B-R-E-W-S-T-E-R, Springfield, Mass.

New and Choice Piano Music.
AFLOAT ON THE TIDE. .....M. KEITH, 30
BE KIND TO DARLING SUE! SUE! SUE! *H. P. Danks*, 30
KISS ME WHILE I'M DREAMING.....*Winner-stadt*, 30
I LOVE THE LITTLE RIPPLING STREAM. *Co. Hayes*, 30
DEAR FATHER, DRINK NO MORE.....*Arkenraan*, 30
On receipt of these Sheets of Music will be sent postpaid on receipt of price. OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington Street, Boston.

$150 A MONTH! NEW BOOKS for AGENTS. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine.

$1500 PER YEAR paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Illinois.

CATARRH!—NORTON'S NEW REMEDY FOR CATARRH cures without the least pain, and in the most speedy manner, the most distressing symptoms the disease of its fountain head forever. Price $1 00 a bottle. Sent a free by mail to any address. SOLD BY NORTON, 13 Astor House, New York.

The American Patent WATCH SAFE.
THE AMERICAN WATCH SAFE COMPANY
is now prepared to offer the new, useful, and elegant PATENT WATCH SAFE to the public.

This WATCH SAFE will be found to afford the most perfect security from pickpockets.

It can be adjusted to any garment.

Having been modeled on the plan adopted by the celebrated AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY, selections can be made to fit any watch.

For sale at wholesale by all the leading Fancy Goods Houses, and at retail by all Jewelers, Tailors, Fancy Stores, &c., &c.

C. U. DEVEREUX & CO.,
GENERAL AGENTS,
493 Broadway, New York.

THE KEY to COMFORTABLE, CLEAN, and QUIET HOUSES.
BROWNE'S METALLIC WEATHER BANDS exclude DUST, NOISE, and ODOR, STOP the RATTLING OF SASHES, and are warranted as good for FIVE YEARS. Principal Depot 30, 644 Broadway, New York; over the Manhattan Savings Bank.
Local Agents wanted every where. Send for circular.

100 Photographs of Union Generals sent postpaid for 25 cts.; 50 Photographs of Rebel Officers for 25 cts.; 100 Photographs of Female Beauties for 25 cts.; 100 Actors for 25 cts. Address C. SEYMOUR, Holland, N. Y.

COMMON American Single Trotter, pair, $21 50; Premium Single Trotter, $30 50; Trial Trotter and Double Breech Gun from $16 50 up. Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Percussion caps, Gun materials, &c., including all kinds of every article in the line, carefully selected, at lowest prices. CHARLES POLSOM, 33 Maiden Lane, New York.

CONSTITUTION
LIFE SYRUP,
COMPOSED OF
IODIDE POTASSIUM,
WITH THE COMPOUND CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT OF VALUABLE MEDICINAL ROOTS AND HERBS.
PREPARED BY
WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D.,
Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, formerly Assistant Physician in the Blackwell's Island Hospitals, late Medical Inspector of the New York State Volunteer Service, under Governor EDWIN D. Morgan.

Constitution Life Syrup
HAS PRODUCED A REVOLUTION IN MEDICINE.

What may seem almost incredible is that many diseases hitherto considered hopelessly incurable are very frequently cured in a few days or weeks; and we cheerfully invite the investigations of the liberal-minded and scientific to cases which have no parallel at the present day.

During the past few years we have contended with obstacles, and overcome opposition, as herculean as were ever encountered by any reformer.

RAPIDITY OF CURE.

Some say, "Your cures are too quick." while others doubt their genuineness, and think that no disease can only be cured by the "slow, recuperative process of Nature."

This is our reply: Health is health; the body, like a well-balanced scale, is in a state of Equilibrium. But when, from any cause, down goes one side of the scale, we have the effect of disease. What is requisite is to restore the normal balance of the scale.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Is a positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, and for all (hereditary) DISEASES transmitted from PARENT TO CHILD.

PARALYSIS.

It is so universally admitted that CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP is the only effective curative means of restoration in the various forms of Paralysis, that we need not reiterate that it is emphatically the Great Life-giving Power.

DYSEPSIA.

INDIGESTION, WEIGHT AT STOMACH, FLATULENCE, LIVER COMPLAINT, WANT OF APPETITE, BAD BREATH, CONSTIPATION, BLOODSHOTS.

SCROFULA,

STUMA, KING'S EVIL, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, ERYSIPELAS, ULCERATION, SALT RHEUM.

This taint transmitted from any and parents, filling life with untold misery, is by all usual medical remedies, incurable.

RHEUMATISM.

LARYNGITIS, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, GOUT, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM.

If there is any disease in which the CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP is a specialty, it is in Rheumatism in all its kindred affections. The most intense pains are almost instantly relieved—and permanently relieved. Cases, chronic or acute, of twenty or thirty years' standing, have been cured by it.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Purges the system entirely from all the evil effects of MERCURY, removing the Bad Breath, and curing the Weak Limbs and Rheumatic Pains which are the sure result. It is sure to produce. It hardens Spongy Gums, and secures the Teeth as firmly as ever.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, like

ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,

And all other distastic effects of bad, vitiated, or muck disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

For all Forms of Ulcerative Diseases,

Either of the Nose, Throat, Tongue, Spine, Forehead, or Body, no remedy has ever proved to be so sure.

MOTH PATCHES upon the female face, depending upon a disorganization of the Liver, are entirely removed by the young wife and mother. A few bottles of CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP will restore the organs of digestion to their proper work, which is directly under the skin.

Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation, Nervous Debility, Indigestion, Weak Stomach, or an ulcerated or cancerous condition of the stomach, organs, mucous lining, or ulcerous appearance of the system, will be relieved by the use of

Constitution Life Syrup.

As a General Blood-Purifying Agent, the LIFE SYRUP stands unrivaled by any preparation in the world.

THE RICH AND POOR

Are liable to the same diseases. Nature and Science have made the CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP for both alike.

PURE BLOOD

Produces health and happiness, and if the constitution is neglected in youth, disease and early death is the result. Do not delay. Try the means are so near at hand and within the reach of all.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP
IS THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND, AND THE RICH MAN'S BLESSING.

Buy it, Take it, and be Cured.

WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D.,
Sole Proprietor,
NEW YORK.

SOLD BY EVERY DEALER IN MEDICINE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

MORGAN & ALLEN,
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, AGENTS,
No. 46 Chief Street, New York.

SOLD WHOLESALE BY
JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, Philadelphia. PARRISH, GRISWOLD & CO., Detroit, Mich.
FULLER, PINCH & FULLER, Chicago, Ill.
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio.
CULLEN'S BROTHERS, St. Louis.

J. H. Winslow & Co.

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO SECURE GOOD JEWELRY AT LOW PRICES.

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, PENS, BRACELETS, CASTORS, GOBLETS, SPOONS, FORKS, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.,

Worth $500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, our terms to Agents, which we want in every town and county.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
No. 208 Broadway, New York.

FIRST PREMIUM
IMPROVED
$5 SEWING $5
MACHINE.

The embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May 15, 1861; Improvements extended June 8, 1865.* The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with clearcut attachment, is noiseless in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD OF ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SEWING STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. With GATHER, HEM, BRAID, HEMM, TUCK, FELL OR BRAIDER, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order for 5 years. It combines the features of the FAMILY, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of thousands who have tested it. It is the ONLY perfect sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, and that is FIRST PREMIUM.

"For the dressmaker it is invaluable; for the household it is indispensable."—*Journal of Commerce.*

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly makes the most beautiful and durable hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Simple directions, all COUNTIES, sent to any part of the country per express, free of charge, with printed instruction, on receipt of price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.*

Agents wanted every where. Circular, containing liberal inducements to agents, address as above.

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
Office, 323 Nassau Street, New York.

CLOSING OUT SALE
OF THE
NEUFCHATEL WATCH CO.

Owing to the failure and sudden closing of the works and business of the

NEUFCHATEL WATCH CO.

A large number of fine Watches, manufactured especially for the United States being nearly, first-class timekeepers, intended to stand hard usage and sudden changes of temperature, will be sold in our hands for immediate sale. As agents of the Company, we are obliged to dispose of this entire lot in the shortest possible time. We have, therefore, decided on the plan announced as the one that will be productive of the greatest relief. This plan gives every one an opportunity of obtaining first-class time-keepers at a price that is unknown elsewhere. As every Lot offered represents a Watch, there are no blanks, and every one who invests in the scheme will get a Watch at bold the very price at least; and, if as all fortunate, one to wear with pride through life.

Remittances may be made at our risk in registered letters or by express, or post-office orders and drafts payable to our order, and we guarantee a safe return. The $125 $135 sale closes June 15, and none return to every person.

We warrant every Watch as represented, and satisfaction is guaranteed in every instance. Knowing the value of the stock, we can give a warrantee to every purchaser. The prices in the list are put at the lowest figure in order to insure immediate sale; and all who desire to improve the opportunity should make early application.

HAZARD, MOORE & CO.,
120 Broadway, New York,
(Late 302 Broadway.)

AGENTS for THE NEUFCHATEL WATCH CO.

THE FOLLOWING SPLENDID LIST OF
Fine Watches and Chains.
Worth $350,000!
TO BE SOLD FOR
TEN DOLLARS EACH.

127 Gold hunting-case Levers, chronometers, from $175 to $250
163 Gold hunting-cased English Pat. Levers.. 150 to 175
146 Gold hunting-cased Quadruple plate..... 100 to 150
170 Gold hunting-cased Patent Levers..... 75 to 275
231 Gold hunting-cased Levers..... 60 to 100
349 Gold hunting-cased Levers..... 50 to 60
393 Gold hunting-cased Levers..... 40 to 50
355 Heavy gold-cased Levers..... 75 to 275
183 Heavy gold-cased Levers..... 70 to 175
179 Gold full hunting-cased Levers..... 60 to 70
175 Gold full hunting-cased Levers..... 50 to 60
178 Gold enamel hunting-cased Levers..... 50 to 60
215 Ladies' gold enamel engine-turned Levers.. 40 to 50
385 Ladies' gold-cased engraved Levers..... 40 to 50
398 Ladies' gold-cased engraved Levers..... 40 to 50
391 Heavy solid silver cased Duplex..... 30 to 40
756 Heavy solid silver cased Levers..... 20 to 30
1,000 Heavy solid silver cased Levers..... 25 to 30
472 Heavy solid silver cased Levers..... 25 to 30
352 Ladies' solid cased Levers..... 25 to 30
586 Ladies' solid cased Levers..... 20 to 30
586 Solid Gold Guard and Vest Chains..... 15 to 150
350 Solid Gold Guard and Chatelaine Chains.. 10 to 100

$\frac{10}{100}$ All the above lots of Watches will be sold for TEN DOLLARS each.

Certificates representing each and every Watch in the above list are now ready for similar sealed envelopes. Any person obtaining a Certificate, to be had at our office, or sent by mail or by express, can have the article called for on the return of the certificate, with TEN Dollars.

Certificates, representing certificates, 50 cents each. Five will be sent for $2, and fifteen for $5.

The certificates in all cases be returned with and accompany the money when goods are ordered.

All orders promptly filled and delivery return mail or express. Address

HAZARD, MOORE & CO.,
120 Broadway, New York.

$5 Five Dollar $5
Watches.

A beautiful ENGLISH SILVER *double-case* WATCH, fine movements, JEWELED, steel hands, *second hand*, warranted accurate, with an elegant VEST CHAIN, only FIVE DOLLARS. Or in stouter, gold-plated and handsomely engraved, $7. 18-carat gold plated Hunters, $12, $13, $20. These Watches are equal to any $50. SILVER LEVERS, $20. Ladies' and GENTLEMEN WATCHES, $20 to $75. All kinds of *Good Watches* low. CATTELY BROTHERS, Importers, No. 302 Nassau Street, New York.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

MAMMOTH OIL ENTERPRISE AND GRAND GIFT DISTRIBUTION.
40,000 Shares of Stock to be Sold for Five Dollars each,
OR
40,000 Valuable Presents—One to each Shareholder.

$99,000 IN GREENBACKS, HOUSES, AND OTHER VALUABLE PROPERTY, TO BE DISTRIBUTED AMONG SHAREHOLDERS WHO PURCHASE $5 OR MORE STOCK OF THE MANCHESTER OIL COMPANY. THE COMPANY WILL PAY 100 PER CENT. PROFIT ANNUALLY ON THE AMOUNT OF INVESTMENT.
Distribution to take place Tuesday Evening, July 24, 1866, at
IRVING HALL, NEW YORK.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The undersigned, the Trustee for 40,000 Shares of the Capital Stock of the Vancebury Petroleum and Mining Company, appointed under the laws of the State of New York, having fully investigated the valuable property of the Company, and being fully satisfied that a proper development of its immense shale beds will prove more remunerative than any investment that can be offered to the people, has determined upon the plan of interesting the public and furthering the objects of the organization.

The merit of this plan is twofold. First, each subscriber to a $5 share becomes a Shareholder in the Company, and entitled to the benefits of its success. Second, every person who purchases stock has a chance to receive a valuable present—see following.

One quarter of the entire amount received from sales of certificates will be paid into the treasury of the Company, thus placing $50,000 cash in its working capital. In addition to this the stockholders will be instantly interested. This sum will erect 200 retorts (as the oil is produced by distillation), which will yield, by actual demonstration on the lands of the Company, where works are now in operation, 50 barrels of oil per day, of a lubricating quality, worth $25 per barrel, or a very reserve of $400,000 per annum.

The beds of the Company consist of 1000 acres owned in fee simple. Upon these lands is an immense bed of bituminous shale, 200 feet thick, recently examined by Professor Bacchar, the eminent geologist, who estimates the amount fully sufficient to supply 500 retorts for 200 years. This great shale formation is eight miles east of Cincinnati, immediately beside the Ohio River, in Lewis County, Kentucky. Professor Page and other eminent chemists have examined the shale oil, and pronounce it more valuable for illuminating purposes than petroleum in its crude state, and possessing many other properties for which petroleum is only eight years new petroleum. Any one of ordinary intelligence can not fail to see that the legitimate character of this operation, it being simply a manufacturing business, free from the hitherto speculative features of oil enterprises, places this Company, beyond the question of possibilities, upon the high basis of practical reality—making the investment positive in itself, as well as attractive by the accompaniments of the distribution. The Company is officered by men of the highest respectability, solid business in the cities of New York and Cincinnati, and its affairs are at all times open to the inspection of the stockholders.

HOW TO OBTAIN SHARES.

There will be *40,000 shares and 40,000 presents*, *one to each shareholder*. THEREFORE, NO BLANKS.

Forty thousand printed receipts will be issued, each entitling the holder to one share of stock in the Vancebury Petroleum and Mining Company, and a present, as per list, and by a record of distribution properly numbered, to the Grand Distribution at Irving Hall, as setting his or her to the present that may be drawn to its number. Persons holding these receipts and cards of admission can be had at the book stores, and of agents throughout the country, at $5 per share, or by forwarding the amount to the Company, New York.

BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

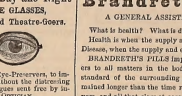
A committee of twenty prominent citizens will conduct the drawing in view of the assembled audience. Forty thousand bullets, numbered from 1 to 40,000 (inclusive), will be placed in separate tin tubes and deposited in a mixing box. A boy will be selected from the audience to draw the numbers from the wheel. After being stimulated, he shall hand the tube to the chairman of the committee, who will announce each number to the audience as it is drawn. The first number drawn will entitle the holder to the first present, the second number drawn to the second present, and in like manner to the end. The utmost care will be taken to preserve order. Music will be furnished by the Seventh Regiment Band. A list of the numbers drawn, with the names of the holders, will be published in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* immediately after the drawing. The presents will be delivered upon presentation of the cards of admission, at any time after the drawing, at No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

SPLENDID LIST OF PRESENTS.

1	Frosuu, Brown Stone House in New York city.....	$15,000
1	" Frame House	5,000
1	" Lot	3,000
6	Presents, Lots in the City of New York.....	9,000
10	" Building Lots.....	1,000
10	Presents, Cabinet Organs, @ $300 each.....	3,000
10	" Melodeons, @ $200 each.....	2,000
20	" Gold Watches, @ $100 each.....	1,000
10	" Silver Watches, @ $50 each.....	500
10	" Silver Watches, @ $25 each.....	250
1,000	$20 each in Greenbacks.....	20,000
2,000	Splendid Albums, $10 each.....	20,000
2,000	Splendid Albums, $8 each (Extra Assortment).....	16,000
2,000	Gold Lockets, $4 each.....	20,000
8,000	Gold Pens, $2 each.....	16,000
8,000	Steel Engravings of General Grant, $1 each.....	8,000
14,040	Prizes each in Gold Pens (for Packet Assortment).....	7,470
		$140,720
	Cash Present to the Company.....	50,000
	Expenses (estimated).....	4,280
		55,000
40,000	Shares to be Sold for.....	$195,000

Proposals will be received from weekly papers for the publication of this advertisement. Address all communications to BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, 14 Chambers Street, New York.

Brilliant and Powerful Day and Night
DOUBLE PERSPECTIVE GLASSES,
For Tourists, Sportsmen, and Theatre-Goers.



Brazilian Pebble Spectacles and Eye-Preservers, to improve the sight of old and young without the distressing effect of Spectacles, are recommended by Dr. BEERS for closing stamp. SEMMONS, OPTICIAN,
601 Broadway (under Lafarge House), N.Y.

(From the Rev. J. W. Foland's Autobiography.)

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated, and I was led to it as I was ably assisted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a dreggressive cough, in which for some months previous to the time of preparation, having for its basis the inside bark of white pine, which was considered, and to be very valuable in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in my own family, I made use of a small quantity of this Medicine that had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was perfectly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough left, and a perfect cure was effected. Since then I have sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had for many months been afflicted with a bad cough, accompanied by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She used it, and after using one bottle of it, she took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1857, I was solicited to prepare some of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled.—*Boston Journal.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been for the first time, by the proprietor, in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known as to create any demand. Diphtheria, bronchitis, splitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally, as well as all diseases caused by impurities of the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found invaluable. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

DEWITT, M.D., PROPRIETOR,
Boston, Mass.
BURNHAM & VAN SCHAAK, Chicago, Ill.,
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio,
GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE WEST.

TO FARMERS.

POUDRETTE! POUDRETTE!!

THE LODI MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S the oldest manufacturers of Fertilizers in the United States offer their celebrated Poudrette for sale at lower prices than any other fertilizer in market.

It is made from the night soil and offal of New York City, and has been in use by thousands of farmers for over a quarter of a century: $4 will manure an acre of Corn in the hill, and increase the yield one third.

A Pamphlet with the experience in its use on Lawns, Garden Vegetables, Corn, Potatoes, and Tobacco, of thousands of Farmers, some of whom have used it for over 20 years, containing also price, directions for use, &c., will be sent free upon applying.

LODI MANUFACTURING CO.,
66 Courtlandt Street, New York.

BANKING HOUSE
JAY COOKE & CO.
Corner Wall and **Nassau Sts., New York.**

We buy and sell at the most liberal current prices, and keep on hand, a full supply of

Government Bonds c. all Issues
SEVEN-THIRTIES,
Certificates of Indebtedness,
AND
COMPOUND INTEREST NOTES.

And execute orders for the purchase and sale of STOCKS, BONDS, and GOLD.

JAY COOKE & CO.

NEW MUSIC.

Twilight Dreams. Waltz. IDALENE. For violin 15c.
Flame..... 25c.
Three Quotations for violin. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Each 25c.
Mable Waltz. By D. Godfrey. For violin, 15c; Piano, 35c.
Nine-Pins Quadrille. One of the best. This is formed in the scene of a pin collision, with an extra gent, the "Nine-Pin." In the center. Complete figures and music. 35c.
I can not Sing the Old Songs. Violin, 15c. Variations by B. Richards, 40c. Piano ..... 35c.
I have Heard Sweet Music Sterling. Violin, 15c. Piano 25c.
Mailed postpaid. FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery.

ASTOUNDING!
$2 Timekeeper $2
And Vest Chains, $2 00.

A genuine English SILVER LEVER CHRONOMETER, with elaborate engraved Vest Chain for the like, *sold at silver cases.* Beautiful and elaborate in design, of engine-turned movement, and of the most perfect time keepers and absolute certainty as a REGULATOR, *fully warranted for 5 years.* Will not get out of order, and will last a LIFETIME, and is a most ELEGANT and PERFECTLY RELIABLE TIMEKEEPER. Sent to any address, *secured in Ladies' or Gentlemen's use.* Price each, small size, with a *gold plated Vest Chain, only $2. Mailed free.* AGENTS WANTED every where. *Price list free.* ADDRESS M. A. NELL & CO., Importers of WATCHES, N. Y.
For Broadway and Fulton Sts., N.Y. Established 1847.

Robinson's Cream Soda for Children.

This delicious beverage is a preventive to the many ailments to which young are liable. For summer complaints, worms, disordered stomach, and general weakness of the system, in gentle doses, it affords wonderful relief. Passed. Packages of four dozen can be obtained by addressing the manufacturers, ROBINSON, 491 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn.

N.B.—Beware offered for when returned.

DR. CLOVER'S NEW CHAMPION LEVER TRUSS

In perfection. Trusses, bandages, &c., &c., of every kind constantly on hand. Send for circular. No. 11 Ann St.

MICROSCOPIC ALBUMS, containing 6 picture from life, $1 50 each. WM. BIRD, 11 Nassau Street, N. Y.

PEN-KNIVES, *containing rich and rare pictures*, $1 75 each. WM. BIRD, Microscopist, 11 Nassau Street, N. Y.

POCKET MICROSCOPE, 75 cts. each. Sent for the price over mail. WM. BIRD, 11 Nassau Street, N. Y.

5000 Agents wanted, male and female. Ages not making $50 per day. No capital required. For particulars address L. L. Garside & Co., 59 River St., Paterson, N. J.

PATENT
TOILET GLASS,
Showing both back and face at once. Adjustable in front of any mirror, and indispensable to any ladies' toilet. Send for circular to CHAPPELL & CO., 50 Fredonia, N. Y.

CHEMISTRY AND ART COMBINED.
THE MAGIC PHOTOGRAPH.

A new and wonderful discovery, by which any one, with the aid of a little time and no instrumentary produce permanent and beautiful photographs, suitable for the album or frame.

Sent by mail every where. Price 50 cents, with full instructions. Published by FABIS, Photographist, No. 151 Broadway.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR JUNE, 1866.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $4 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 4 Copies for $16 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $6 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited number of Electro-Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page.....	$250 00
Half Page.....	125 00
Quarter Page.....	65 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$4 00
One Copy for Three Months	1 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

Cloth Binding	$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco	10 00

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for first insertion, *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

Read the following letter from E. BOURNE, a well-known citizen of Pittsburg, Pa.

PITTSBURG, *May 10, 1866.*

MESSRS. HOSTETTER & SMITH—*Gentlemen*,—During a visit in the West last fall I contracted chills and fever, which settled in my limbs, and finally terminated in typhoid fever, and confined me to my room for several months, during which time I was physician to myself, and that I almost despaired of ever recovering my health; having entirely lost my appetite, for days not being able to eat a morsel, added to which I was much distressed with a swelling of my legs, hands, and breast; many sleepless nights—all from debility caused by my protracted sickness. Hearing of your Bitters before. At the stage of my condition a friend recommended me to use your celebrated Stomach Bitters, which I soon thoroughly agreed to the use of stimulants in any form, I at first declined, but ultimately yielded to his solicitations, and, after taking the medicine for several weeks, as directed, my appetite returned, and with it I am happy to say my health, strength, and vigor. My sleep (from the loss of which I had suffered so much) has never been better than it is now, and the swelling sensation (before alluded to) has entirely left me. My bowels, which were very much disturbed, irregular, are now quite natural, and in fact I am glad to say that I feel myself entirely restored to health under you this testimonial of my appreciation of your valuable preparation, in order that others suffering from a similar malady may avail themselves of its virtues, which prejudice prevented me from enjoying for so long a period. I may also add that my physician, after seeing the beneficial effect your bitters had on me, recommended that I use them regularly.

Yours, very respectfully,
E. BOURNE,
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To have been given at CROSBY'S OPERA-HOUSE on MONDAY, MAY 28th, 1866, will be postponed until MONDAY, JULY 9th, 1866, on which occasion HALF A MILLION DOLLARS IN PRIZES will be presented to Ticket-Holders, including
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GREENBACKS.

THE POSTPONEMENT is an unavoidable necessity, not so much in consequence of the number of tickets yet unsold as the positive necessity there is for a proper registration of those already disposed of, which has been delayed in consequence of the negligence and carelessness of a portion of our Agents in making their proper returns. We advise all parties wanting tickets to send for them without delay, as we have but a limited number yet on hand. We with most particularity to impress upon the minds of our Agents of the importance of their making their returns at once, and of rectifying whatever errors may have crept into their reports heretofore. We will say to those sending for tickets that if they should all be sold at the time their order is received the money will be returned. No applications for new Agencies for the sale of tickets will be considered, as we have no more than sufficient tickets for those Agents we have already appointed. Tickets are for sale at the principal Hotels, Book and Music Stores in the City, and at our Office, 133 Dearborn Street; price $1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp for return postage. We invite the particular attention of persons wishing to order tickets by mail to the following

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Any party procuring a club of five or more names for tickets, and forwarding us the money for the same, will be allowed the following commissions, viz.:

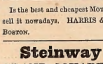
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STEINWAY & SONS direct special attention to their
Patent Agraffe Arrangement,
which, having been practically tested in all their Grand and highest-priced Square Pianos, and admitted to be one of the greatest improvements of modern times, will hereafter be introduced in EVERY PIANO MANUFACTURED BY THEM, WITHOUT INCREASE OF COST to the purchaser, in order that all their patrons may reap its benefit.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 494.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



His long life-march is ended,
His battles fought and won;
With solemn voices blended,
Of drum and bell and gun,
Lay him down
Whose renown
Is an unsetting sun.

The measured tramp of battle
Beats in his pulse no more;
He hears no more the rattle,
He heeds no more the roar,
Fixed within
By the din
On bloody fields of yore.

In him through years unsleeping
The early conflicts lay,
His great, still spirit keeping
The fight of Chippewny;
Lundy's Lane
Through his grain
Struck deeper than the bay.

And D'Ulloa's towers within him,
And Cerro Gordo's height,
Like giants watched to win him
From life's small, creeping blight;
High and calm
In their psalm
He kept the way of right.

And Aztec halls, repeating
His firm victorious tread,
Found in his spirit meeting
Fit for their mighty dead;
Weaker men
Ne'er again
Their influence round him shed.

In time when others faltered
Before the storm that blew,
His mighty soul, unaltered
By error's specious view,
Stormed in vain,
With no strain
Stood up unmoved and true.

And he, in mercy loving,
Through weariness of years
Was kept unto the proving
Of hopes that knew not fears;
Gently then—
First of men—
He passed, and left us tears.

His long life-march is ended,
His battles fought and won;
With solemn voices blended,
Of drum and bell and gun,
Lay him down
Whose renown
Is an unsetting sun.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1866.

THE DUTY OF UNION.

DURING the last few months there have been enthusiastic meetings and passionate speeches in support or condemnation of Congress or the President. It has been confidently asserted that the differences would be referred to the people at the autumn elections, and they would authoritatively decide between the contestants. All this has seemed to us premature, for the reason that the points of dissent were not finally established. All that is clear is, that the President holds certain theories of the situation and Congress apparently others. But what Congress intended to propose under its theories was undecided, while nothing was more evident than that the President's logic was amazingly defective—and, to use a plain phrase, that his bark was worse than his bite.

A political canvass before an election must be conducted upon certain proposed measures, and not upon theories. A bank or no bank; a tariff or no tariff; the toleration or prohibition of slavery in a Territory; it is upon such intelligible measures that every body can comprehend that the great popular debates upon the stump are held and the popular decisions are made at the polls. Now the important question is, what are the differences in proposed measures between the President and Congress upon which the country is to be asked to decide?

That both honestly wish the restoration of the Union can not be doubted. What both have in theory as to the principle which should regulate that restoration is obvious. But until we know precisely what Congress proposes how can an issue be made for an election? The decision of the Senate caucus and the debate in the Senate foreshadow, indeed, the ground which Congress probably means to occupy. But is it so clear that the President will refuse to stand with them? Suppose that Congress proposes to disqualify certain rebel leaders for certain offices until two-thirds of each House remove the disqualification, and substantially to equalize representation by basing it upon voters, is it probable that the President, for such an opinion, is denied upon making treason odious, and has suggested the very same amendment, will take the unnecessary responsibility of opposing so mild and generous a settlement? In making these propositions Congress will have yielded much to the desire of harmony with the Executive. Is the Executive to yield nothing?

It is true that the President may refuse all accommodation. He may insist that he has required all that is needful, all that is constitutional. He may declare that he will stand or fall without moving an inch from his present position. He has indeed virtually said as much. But he said it under other circumstances. He said it when it seemed as if Congress intended to occupy a position of uncompromising hostility. He said it before the mature decision of Congress had been declared. If after that declaration—after the wise, just, and moderate proposition which it would seem that Congress is prepared to make—the President should insist that the representatives of the loyal people are to have no voice in the settlement of the victory which those people have won, that no issue will indeed be made, and the final appeal taken to the country.

But surely those who believe as we do, that the division of the Union party, and the consequent surrender of the Government of this country to a party controlled by the counsels of such leaders as ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, GARRETT H. PENDLETON, VALLANDIGHAM, and HORATIO SEYMOUR, would be incalculably disastrous to the cause of true liberty and civilization, will not passionately insist that such division, with all its consequences, is inevitable. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, we observe, fervently desires that result. He prays that the Union party may be defeated. But its defeat is the resumption of power by ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and his friends. Why does not Mr. PHILLIPS pray for the other way, and say that he fervently hopes for the success of those gentlemen? Mr. PHILLIPS did what he could to defeat Mr. LINCOLN in 1864 by shilling the public orations of him. He declared LINCOLN recreant to liberty. He hopes now to chill confidence in the party that elected Mr. LINCOLN by a similar declaration. It must be remembered, however, that Mr. PHILLIPS's position is not partisan. He is a critic of all parties, and asks nothing of any. But all men who, like JOHN BRIGHT in England, believe that great political and social results are to be attained through party organizations, will, like him, while they declare equal rights to be the ultimate aim of their efforts, yet cordially work with any great party which shows the practical power to advance nearer to that bourne.

It is to secure the gains already made; to entrust the completion of the work of restoration to the hands which defeated rebellion, that it is the imperative duty of the President, of Congress, and of all loyal men, to maintain the ascendency of the Union party until its work is accomplished. Congress has evidently yielded much to this great result; and it remains for the President to decide whether the restoration of the Union which should be accomplished by an alliance of the late rebel leaders, of the Copperhead leaders, and of such individual recruits as Senator COWAN, would not be a reactionary reconstruction, sure to plunge us into further trouble. It would not be President JOHNSON and Secretary SEWARD who would control that alliance, but Mr. STEPHENS, Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, and Mr. PENDLETON. Whoever takes the responsibility of putting this Government into such hands will have a serious account to settle with the loyal American people.

THE MARTYR OF FORT MONROE.

THE strenuous effort of those who had no word of horror for the torture and assassination of Union soldiers at Andersonville and Belle-Isle to represent JEFFERSON DAVIS as the victim of cruelty at Fort Monroe have occasioned the publication of his bill of fare for a week, which has been widely published. There are thousands of honest people all over the land, who work hard for their living, who would be very glad of half as good fare as the Martyr of Fort Monroe daily enjoys. For those of our readers who may not have seen the list we quote a specimen:

"WEDNESDAY.—*Breakfast*—Ham and eggs, wheat and corn-bread, butter, sugar, coffee, milk. *Dinner*—Mutton-soup, stewed oysters, pickled oysters, corn-bread, butter, coffee.

"THURSDAY.—*Breakfast*—Beef-steak, two boiled eggs, wheat or corn-bread, butter, sugar, milk, coffee. *Dinner*—Veal cutlets, pressed oysters, potatoes, salsola, bread, butter, coffee.

"FRIDAY.—*Breakfast*—Stewed oysters, mackerel, or fresh fish, wheat and corn-bread, butter, sugar, milk, coffee. *Dinner*—Pork-steak, poached eggs, potatoes, salsola, bread, butter, coffee.

"SATURDAY.—*Breakfast*—Mutton-chops, two boiled eggs, bread, butter, milk, sugar, coffee. *Dinner*—Stewed oysters, potatoes, salsola, bread, butter, coffee."

This probably compares favorably with the daily bill of fare at Andersonville; but since there will undoubtedly be a persistent attempt to excite sympathy for the imprisonment of JEFFERSON DAVIS as a political prisoner suffering for an honest difference of opinion, it is as well to understand clearly precisely what his position is.

The odium that hangs around his name, and which will forever deepen, does not arise from the fact that he was the President of the Confederate State sovereignty and the constitutionally reserved right of secession; but that he and his fellow-conspirators drifted into that vast frenzine at the cost of countless innocent lives and of the welfare of the country, not to remedy injustice or oppression for which there was no legal redress, but to establish a new system of tyranny under the sun. Had DAVIS and his confederates appealed to God and mankind for the redress of their wrongs, and unsealed in the purpose of the war which they invoked—had they armed against the National Government in the name of vital State rights which that Government had usurped—had they risen against an arbitrary power which was grinding them and their families, and transforming upon every hearth and constitutional rights for which it refused a remedy—then, indeed, the last terrible appeal to blood, which only hopeless oppression authorizes, would have been justified, and the struggle, however unfortunate, would have commanded the admiration and sympathy of the world.

It is idle to say that, holding secession to be a constitutional right, they might assert it at any time, and for any purpose which pleased them. When war is the cost of the practical assertion of what is held to be justified only by the fact of vital grievance for which there is no other redress, or by the purpose for which it is intended to be used, the question of right was the justification of our great revolution of 1776. But what is JEFFERSON DAVIS as the official representative of the rebellion of 1861? He is a man who recently plunged his country into the most fearful war, and flooded it with blood that he might whip women and sick children into his service. His pretense was State sovereignty, his purpose was human slavery. That was the object for which he and the other leaders "fired the Southern heart," and for which they directed the war. For this they starved brave men at Andersonville and Belle-Isle, tortured them into idiocy, and shot them like dogs. For this were Southern Union men seized at night, and before the eyes of their despairing wives and agonized children hung and shot and drowned. For this they organized and armed thousands of conscripts to die upon the field of battle. For this JEFFERSON DAVIS's garments reek with innocent blood, and his name is a stench.

Here is a pretty martyr, with his ham and eggs and pauned oysters! Here is a Christian hero; and General MILES must be removed if he does not bow low enough! Here is a model American, who must be magnified into a Spielberg victim and sufferer of the Bastile if his muffins are not toasted, and his beef-steak is overdone! Our readers will bear us witness that we have not advocated vengeance, that we think the trial of DAVIS for treason a mistake, and that we are ready to take, with fair precautions, all the necessary and inevitable risks of the situation. But the republican sentimentality that would drape with the dignity of a martyr for political opinion a man who for such a purpose waged such a war we believe will disastrously recoil upon those who foster it. We have no wish to revive dead feuds or to use harsh words, but we can conceive no greater misfortune to the manhood of American youth than that they should be taught to regard BENEDICT ARNOLD as an honorable man, or JEFFERSON DAVIS as a guiltless and unfortunate patriot.

PAUSE IN EUROPE.

IT is natural that the great powers of Europe should pause upon the edge of war and reflect if there be no alternative. It is so long since there was a general war upon the Continent, and every one has such a inevitable horror and so doubtful a conclusion, that it is not strange there is reluctance to strike the first blow. Once struck, there would be no recoil. Once begun, war could end only in a reconstruction of the map, and an enormous debt, weighing upon every belligerent with crushing force.

Yet we do not see that war can be easily avoided. If the considerations were merely dynastical, they could be settled in a Congress. But they are not, and involve the most absorbing passions. Italy will go into no Congress which does not accept the cession of Venice to the Italians as a preliminary. Yet Austria can not consent to relinquish Venice without fatally impairing her prestige as a great power. Prussia can not consent without some equivalent which will prevent Austria from her to the Rhine; yet where is the equivalent that can be offered? The call of a Congress is wise, if only to show that no accommodation is practicable. It is said already; GARIBALDI has been summoned to the head of the volunteers. A large loan has been taken. The people believe that Venice must be sacred. It has the sympathy of the world. The eager Italians believe the long looked-for hour is already striking. How can they pause? If the dictatorship of GARIBALDI back to Cypress they must be ready to face an insurrection. Austria must therefore, as it seems to us, surrender the Italian portion of her empire or there must be war.

And if it comes and desolates Europe, let us learn its lesson. It is simply this, that any sentiment of right will cause convulsion which is reactionary will very soon revenge itself upon those who make it by plunging them into deeper trouble. The great revolution of 1641 ended in the death of CROMWELL by the return of CHARLES II. and the old STUART régime. It was a reactionary settlement, and it ended rightly and justly by the massacre of a vast war, which was avoided by the peaceful and "glorious" revolution of 1688 and a settlement which was not reactionary. The revolution of 1787 in France was finally composed by the settlement of 1815 which was reactionary. It was made in the interest of certain families, and not of the nations or of the people of Europe. Consequently there have been discontents and dangers and overthrows until now, after fifty years, the settlement is abandoned either by a Congress, which is improbable, or by the sword.

In this country we are doing for the Union what the settlement of 1815 did for Europe. Let us take care that it be not reactionary like that, but in the direction of the war itself, like the glorious settlement of England in 1688

WALL STREET SQUABBLES.

A FALL in Erie stock from 96 in January last to 9 in June has led to much angry comment in newspapers which sympathize with holders of stock. Some journals have fiercely denounced Mr. DANIEL DREW, the leading director of the road, who have tried to make him responsible for the decline.

Now we have no desire to figure as Mr. DREW's apologist. He is old enough and able enough to take care of himself. But in a matter of this kind a little common sense is not out of the way.

It is no secret that the earnings of the Erie Railway have fallen off half a million in the first four months of 1866; that the concern owes, exclusive of bonded debt, nearly four millions of dollars which it can not pay; and that no dividends can be paid for some years to come. Under these circumstances, for which no director of the road is responsible, a decline in the stock would seem fully warranted. If any body is to be taken to task on the subject, why not assail Mr. ROBERT H. BERDELL, the President, instead of this or that director?

But it is said that Mr. DREW is a speculator in the stock, and has made money on the decline. This may or may not be the case. We pretend to no information on the subject. Mr. DREW is well known as a large, bold, and generally successful operator in Wall Street. We presume he denies this to no one. As such he operates in all stocks, including the stock of the Erie Railway, of which he is a director. When he thinks it is going up he buys for the rise; when he thinks it is going down he sells for the fall. Whether he sold for the fall when the stock was 80 @ 90 no one but he and his broker know. If he did not do so, he neglected his business as a speculator. For it was clear to every one, three or four months ago, that a heavy fall in Erie was sooner or later inevitable. But to hold him responsible for that fall, simply because it is known that he foresaw it and acted upon his prescience, is on a par with holding an astronomer responsible for the occurrence of an eclipse.

The abuse of Mr. DREW emanates from cliques which have bought large quantities of stock for the rise, and are disgusted that the public do not take it as fast as them off their hands. The famous clique which bought up all the Prairie du Chien, and own it still, has lately bought all the floating New York Central at 93 @ 98, and are waiting for somebody to buy it of them at an advance. They are said to have lodged $2,500,000 with some bankers as margin on the operation, and as long as money remains easy they can go on buying stock and holding it indefinitely. Another clique has bought up all the Cleveland and Pittsburg, and are holding that, waiting, like MCCAWBER, for something to turn up which shall relieve them of their burden. Another clique have bought up all the Canton, another all the Boston Water-power; another all the Fort Wayne. All these cliques argue that the prevailing ease of money, like MR. MCCULLOCH has created, must sooner or later generate speculation in stocks, and lead the public to take their property off their hands at an advance. That they have not met with any great success. With a brief exceptional period, money has ruled at 4 @ 5 per cent. for going on two years, and speculation has not developed in Wall Street. Commission brokers are doing little or nothing. The fall in Erie naturally confirmed the unwillingness of the outside public to buy stocks, and hence the abuse of Mr. DREW in newspapers which are devoted to the interests of the overloaded cliques.

Speculation may yet break out. The brokers all desire it from natural motives, and the public may yet possibly be lured into the arena. But the uncertain state of affairs at Washington, Mr. MCCULLOCH may play fast and loose, as he has done hitherto. But the people at large want a return to a specie currency, and they will have it sooner or later. So long as that is impending speculations for the rise will be dangerous. The Opposition party will presently put a hard-money plank in their platform, and unless the Administration meets the move with a corresponding pledge, and evinces some willingness to carry it out, it will be defeated at the elections. Smart as Wall Street is, and keenly as the old leads of that meridian scan the signs of the times, it is plain as the sun at noonday that such a party can not be worth a dollar in gold the tendency of prices, with periodical and spasmodic exceptions, must be downward, and speculation for the account of the rise must sooner or later be overwhelmed in ruin.

A CORRESPONDENT ANSWERED.

A WALL STREET correspondent, referring to an article of last week entitled "Financiering Extraordinary," asks seven questions:

1. Is it a fact, as stated in that article, that somebody made three millions out of the Government on the sales of gold?

Answer.—Mr. PETER M. MYERS, Government broker, sold $32,000,000, or thereabout, of Government gold at 130¾ @ 130¾. All last week the price was 130¾ @ 131. The difference between the buyers of Government gold realized the difference between 130¾ and say 141, which, on $32,000,000, is about $3,500,000 in currency.

2. Who bought the Government gold and realized this profit?

Answer.—Nobody can answer this question. The gold was bought chiefly in large lots, many of them a million each, by leading gold-dealers, who do not publish the names of those for whom they have bought for themselves. Nothing but an inspection of the books of the parties to whom the Government gold was delivered could determine the names of the real buyers.

3. Was it possible for any Government agents, knowing the purpose of the Department, and rightly construing the import of the news from Europe, to buy gold from Mr. MYERS so as to be sure of a profit?

Answer.—Mr. MYERS had his orders to sell at 130¾ and free of commission. He, and any persons to whom he may have imparted the secret of his orders, must have known perfectly well that as soon as he stopped selling the news of the London panic would drive gold up 5 @ 10 per cent. Buying gold from MYERS was therefore a sure operation, especially after he had sold ten or twelve millions. There is no evidence to show that any Government agent did take advantage of MYERS's orders, and speculate in gold. But there must have been sev-

eral Government agents besides MYERS who had an opportunity on that Monday afternoon of making a fortune at the expense of the Government.

A. Is MYERS still the Government broker? and how came he to be selected for the post?

Answer.—MYERS is still, so far as we know, the Government broker. His selection for the post is understood to have arisen from his being the brother-in-law of Secretary MCCULLOCH.

THE PAID FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The question of a paid Fire Department in a large city no more admits of serious discussion than that of a paid police. There is no more efficient body of firemen in the world than the Paris *pompiers*, and although great fires are infrequent there, because the houses are not built as with us so as to insure destruction if they take fire, yet the management is admirably prompt, skilful, and decisive. The treatment of fires in our inflammable cities is serious work. To be properly done there must be a body of men ready to move and act at any moment. These men must be of independent circumstances or they must be well paid. To leave the labor to chance volunteers is to create a dangerous class in the community, as was fully established by the investigation which preceded the passage of the Paid Department Bill. There may be among them decent and skilful men, as the experience of fires in New York proves; but it is idle to suppose that they would be ready daring or less skilful if their services were properly appreciated and rewarded.

The laborer is worthy of his hire.

For our distant friends we may state that the opposition to the paid system proceeds from that interest in the city of New York to which we owe our enormous taxation and utter misgovernment. It is that interest of lowly venal and corrupt politicians which has made the name of the city a by-word and reproach, and which keeps it politically in alliance with all that is mean and un-American. It is a conclusive argument for the paid system that this interest bitterly denounced it, as it denounced the Police Commission and the Board of Health. If a man is known by his friends, great public measures are tested by their enemies. When FERNANDO WOOD was ready to oppose by force the introduction of the Police Board there was not an intelligent citizen who did not know that the Board was absolutely essential to the protection of the city. And when the "shysters" and "bunkers" of every degree are in full cry against the Paid Fire Department, its necessity and value are fully established.

THE FENIAN RAID.

THAT Ireland has real wrongs, and that the rule of that island by England has been generally fierce and stupid, can not be denied. But there is of late years a manifest disposition to reason and reform, and in so complicated a difficulty there can be no hope except in the greatest good sense upon both sides. The total forgetfulness of this fact has occasioned the recent wild and criminal efforts at Irish rebellion, so that it is the folly of the revolutionary leaders which is responsible for the constant delays and despairs of the English friends of Ireland.

While the Fenian movement was confined to Jones's Wood and the "Moffat Building" it was merely amusing, except for its mad waste of the hardly-earned money of simple men and women. But when a rabble cross the border, and without artillery or supplies of any kind begin to make war by murdering honest people who turn out to defend their homes, the affair ceases to be contemptible and becomes criminal, and the worst fate that should befall such offenders would excite little pity. Mr. O'MAHONY is very probably a sincere enthusiast, as it is said of Lovejoy as a blind man to whom seems a seventy-four. Mr. STEPHENS, there is no reason to doubt, is much of the same character; but many of the other managers are simply men who have fortunately disgusted many of their followers.

It is a poetic justice that Canada, which was a nest of the most malignant rebels during the late war in this country, and which smiled placidly at their forays and plots against the lives and properties of loyal Americans, should has been invaded by one of the very rebels whose confederates she so gladly harbored. The O'NEILL who figures in the late affray at the mouth of the Niagara River was a companion and friend of WISE at Andersonville. He raised a body of Irishmen among the prisoners he was starving to fight against this country. Canada cheered him on; Canada was polite to O'NEILL'S comrades, CLEMENT CLAY and JACOB THOMPSON; O'NEILL was bravely fighting for "his country." Points of view differ, and Canada can now comprehend exactly how her conduct seemed to loyal American citizens.

The conduct of our Government in the whole affair has been prompt and honorable. There has been no simulated neutrality. General GRANT, passing by chance through Buffalo, issued the necessary orders. The directions from Washington were decisive, and were not delayed because of any untimely color of the legal advisers of the Government, as in the case of the British counselor, whose stomach-ache allowed the *Alabama* to escape.

We hope that those honest people who are anxious to redress the wrongs of Ireland will now see that the road to that redress does not lie through the blood of innocent men in Canada. They have given their money, and have received in return a foolish blunder and a monstrous crime. Men of the O'NEILL kind are their worst enemies, and willfully bring the noblest cause to shame and ruin.

HEAT-FOOD AND BUILDING-FOOD.

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

"In your issue of May 19 I find an article on 'Heat-Food and Building-Food,' to which I wish to take exception.

"The author asserts it as a fact that fat and oily food is necessary to a proper nourishment of the body, and that those who abstain from it are apt to have a pallid and bloodless skin. Perkins, an eminent authority, says: 'Fixed oil or fat is more difficult of digestion, and more injurious to the stomach than any other alimentary principle.' It is possible for it to be 'very difficult of digestion' and yet a 'desirable article of human consumption' as well as wholesome? Rather does not the experience of medical men go well as our own observation to show that the healthiest is easily digestible which we relish? Comparatively few are fond of fat meat. We are speaking now of those in good health, not those who, in cases of dyspepsia, are subject to morbid appetites and depraved tastes. Dr. Dalton, one of the most distinguished writers on St. Martin, found the gastric juice very slow in its operation on fat, and that it (fat) generally remained in the stomach undigested. Fat is also known to be the cause of boils, pimples, and blotches on the skin.

"It is also stated that the system must require more nitrogenous food than those who lead an inactive life, for there is in them more organic tissue to be daily therefore required of material for it. For this reason men that live almost wholly on such articles as potatoes or other starchy vices, which have comparatively little of the nitrogenous element in them, can not do or endure as much as those who have a generous supply of animal food available in their diet. So, also, a horse that is not worked will be in good condition if fed on oats and potatoes, but if he is worked he will lose flesh unless grain be made a part of his food.' I am unable to perceive where the force of this sentence is to be with eating meat. Father think it is an argument against it. A number of instances can be cited to prove how hard-working men subsist on vegetables alone with advantage. The mountaineers of the Tyrol and the natives of Chili live on Heat-Food, as the author wishes to consist statistics, he will find not only that vegetarians are noted for longevity, but that they are free from the many disease and fatigue that flesh-eaters are. Laboring men, who suffer more of the 'wear and tear' of the human frame of endurance, are not available as 'regular' or 'reliable,' and therefore more nutritious. Many of these articles are strong, nutritious substances known, yet wheat contains but a little over two per cent. of nitrogen, and oatmeal but a little more. The Irish subsist entirely on milk, potatoes, and perhaps a few other vegetables, are a hardy and long-lived race.

"The animal we eat will, in time, become as nutritious. Those which live exclusively on vegetables, and whose flesh is formed of the proximate principle of those vegetables, are most relished and sought for among civilized nations. It follows, therefore, that vegetables are more perfectly on plants. Why not, then, eat those plants in a pure and primitive state, and (to say nothing of the disgusting loathsome of butchering) do away with the science help we obtain much of our food, and that save an immense amount of hard labor, and consequently of comfort and wealth in furnishing force for clothing and commerce? If animal food is more nutritious than vegetable, why not, in eating an flesh meat, the purity of which is always more or less influenced by the state of the animal?

"Yours truly, A VEGETARIAN."

The points brought out by "Vegetarian" are easily disposed of.

As to the digestion of fatty or oily substances, it has been discovered that this is not really done in the stomach. They are merely intimately mingled there with the other articles of food, and the elements of the organ, and pass unaltered into the small intestine. Here by the action of the pancreatic juice, the change is effected which enables it to be absorbed by the lacteals, and to be poured into the blood; in other words, here they are digested. Starchy food, which is the only food which is not limited to the stomach, we say, in opposition to what is quoted from PERKINS and BOARDMAN, that it is digested in the stomach, not the stomach, indeed, can not digest it; and the gastric juice, instead of being "very slow in its operation on fat," as BOARDMAN says, does not operate upon it at all, but the pancreatic juice does the work, and does it easily.

"Vegetarian" objects to enjoining the use of fat meat upon those who dislike it; that what is not relished is not easily digestible. It is indeed true that the relishing of food aids digestion greatly, and yet one can generally learn to eat fat meat, even though the aversion to it is very decided, but fresh, and not rancid, and may be so eaten to make up for the deficiency. That a considerable proportion of oily food is necessary in some form is a settled fact. A wide observation teaches it. The instincts of men as to food show it. Nature demonstrates it in the fat of the human female in milk; that beautiful combination containing all the requisite elements of food. It is an error to say that fat in itself will produce boils, pimples, and blotches on the skin." An undue use of them may, it is true, sometimes produce these effects, but they cannot be produced by any moderate use.

"Vegetarian," in thinking that what was said of the horse is an argument against eating meat, fails to perceive the point of the allusion. The point to be illustrated was that work, making wear and tear, called for a larger amount of building or nitrogenous food than was needed in the idle. And so we give to the working horse grain, which, being more nitrogenous than hay and potatoes, is to him what the nitrogenous meat is to man.

As to the statistics referred to as favoring vegetarianism, we do not believe that if fairly examined they will justify the conclusions claimed for them. We think that when good results have been ascertained to come from what is reputed to be a vegetable diet, it will be found that it was not strictly vegetable. One of the statements of "Vegetarian" shows a looseness on this very point. "The poor Irish," he says, "who subsist almost entirely on milk, potatoes, and perhaps a few other vegetables, are a hardy and long-lived race." Is milk a vegetable article of diet? A sinister mistake was once committed by a student, who, on going into the kitchen, found the cook in tears, and was quite loud in praise of vegetarianism, because he had gained so much flesh and strength. On inquiring it was found that milk was the animal basis of his vegetable diet. The Irishman living almost exclusively on potatoes, or the Chinaman on rice, breathes the foulest polluted and slender-limbed; but let him have in addition milk or any other article furnishing a due proportion of both nitrogenous and oily food, and his abdomen will lessen and his limbs enlarge to their normal volume.

"Vegetarian" says that "the flesh we eat comes mostly from herbivorous animals, we had better eat the vegetables from which their flesh is manufactured than the flesh itself. The same reasoning would properly lead us a step farther, and prompt us to go to the source of the nutrition of the vegetables; in other words, to what they eat by their roots to make them grow, so that we should be dirt eaters instead of vegetable eaters. "Vegetarian" does not seem to recognize the order of nature in regard to nutrition. All nutriment comes at first from the mineral world, and plants are the means of transmitting mineral matter to animals. The animal eats the mineral substances, and put it into such forms as make it fit nutriment for animals. There are some animals that live on this vegetable food alone, and are called herbivorous; others that live on animal food exclusively or more, and thus get their nutrition one remove farther from mother earth, and are called carnivorous. Others still eat both animal and vegetable food and are termed omnivorous. All animals but man are governed wholly by instinct in this matter. He is left to reason. If on the one hand he can look to the promptings of instinct, the adaptations of the digestive organs as compared with those of other animals, and the results of observation and experience, these all point to a mixed animal and vegetable diet, and not to that of the vegetarian.

HOME FOR SOLDIERS' ORPHANS IN MISSOURI.

GOVERNOR FLETCHER, of Missouri, and Dr. RICHARDSON, the State Surgeon-General, most warmly commend the project of the Home for Soldiers' Widows and Orphans, of St. Joseph, in that State. Missouri suffered sorely and peculiarly during the war, and the natural sympathy of other Union States has been expressed in many generous subscriptions and contributions. There is still room for more, and we are very confident that such a charity commends itself readily to every heart. Mr. GUYLER, one of the trustees, is now in the city, at the Lafarge House, and will receive any contributions or give any information.

LITERARY.

"Arrindale" is the title of WILKIE COLLINS'S new novel, just published by the HARPERS. The characteristics of this author are so pronounced and familiar as those of any living writer. He gives us always an elaborate and original plot, worked out by persons and characters so artistically that a delicacy of detail entirely unsurpassed. They reveal themselves wholly to the reader, who watches every motive and act with the relish of psychology. It follows with intense interest the play of every part of the wonderful human frame. Or he puts a mysterious skein into our hands which we watch with eager curiosity the exact structure of animalcule which are interesting solely from the delicate care with which they are revealed. This patient and refined process makes every one of COLLINS'S novels more than the mere effort of books have the reality of exciting criminal trials, and there is perhaps no novelist who so plays with and prolongs the curiosity of interest. The depravity he delineates, as in the character of Mrs Gwilt in "Armadale," is startling, but he vindicates its probability, and the reader accompanies the long and dark progress of the story upon the cheerful conclusion as the traveler, after a stormy and exciting voyage at sea, sees the distant green shores of the sunny harbor awaiting him.

"The New York Social Science Review" is a quarterly journal of Sociology, Political Economy, and Statistics, edited by SIDNEY SIDNEY and J. K. H. WILLCOX. It is a work of faith and enthusiasm, proposing, "without personal or partisan feelings, to examine by the light of science the political and social evolutions of the day." It will also reprint all important State documents of the current quarter. It also contains a valuable Statistical and International Almanac, and the "Review" will doubtless be a convenient and serviceable reference, as well as a stout advocate of scientific social progress.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 29:

In the Senate, the reconstruction resolutions were then taken up. A bill was introduced to amend the rebels bill of March 1870, was stricken out by a unanimous vote.—The Railroad Bill was passed by a vote of 29 to 9.—The Pennsylvania railroad may carry all passengers, troops, mails, Government supplies, etc., free on State lines to whether, provided that this act shall not affect any stipulation made between the Government and any railroad company now existing.

In the House, the new Freedmen's Bureau Bill was passed, 96 to 58.

May 31:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson, from the Committee of the two House on the death of General Scott, reported a resolution of respect and veneration for the memory of the deceased, and that a joint committee of seven Senators and nine Representatives be appointed to represent Congress at the funeral of the late Lieutenant-General. The resolution was adopted.—The Reconstruction resolutions was taken up, the pending question being a substitute for Section 3, already stricken out. It does not restrict suffrage, but steps off all those from holding a civil or military office, either under the United States or any State, who have broken their oath of allegiance to the United States by being guilty of insurrection or in aiding the rebellion. Mr. Doolittle opposed the section. It was adopted by a vote of 35 to 10.

In the House, the Senate's amendments to the House bill to limit the Presidential, postal, and Congressional representation among the several States were taken from the Speaker's table and concurred in. The bill has, therefore, passed both Houses.—The House resumed the consideration of the bill to promote the construction of a line of railroad from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, to Cleveland, Ohio.—The bill was passed by a vote of 71 to 41.—The concurrent resolution providing for an adjournment until December 4 for a consultation of Congress with the Commissioners of General Scott, was agreed to unanimously.—The bill providing for the construction of a railroad between Washington and the Northwest was passed.—yeas 95, nays 37.

CHOLERA IN QUARANTINE.

On the 25th of May the British steamship *Tridon*, from Liverpool, G. T., the 22d of May, arrived at Quarantine. She had on the passage thirty, most of them by cholera. She had also had some fifteen cases, one of which died on board. The sick passengers were landed. The next day the *Perseverance*, from Liverpool, arrived with 758 passengers on board of her. She had died of cholera on the passage, 15 were on board sick.

The Board of Health, called to obtain a temporary hospital on Long Island or Staten Island, are anxious to make use of the west shore of Coney Island for this purpose.

Under date of May 29 the Quarantine Commissioners report, that 96 new cases of cholera had been reported. The ship *Perseverance* reported that 3 had died of the disease on the 29th, and 12 deaths had occurred.

The Deputy Health Officer reports that "considerable must be done soon, or the mortality among the passengers of the *Perseverance* will exceed that of any vessel in this port." "The hospital," he adds, "is now much overcrowded. Every bed is filled, and the sick are laid upon with mud and dying." The Quarantine officer on the 30th says that "the sick and dying of the *Tridon* can be of the worst cases of cholera I ever saw in my life."

There are no new cases of cholera reported from the sheds in the harbor, and the Health Officer states that the disease has taken very unfavorable turn, and seems to break out from their fleeting nature, and that a mutiny is liable to occur at any time. The Commissioners dispatched to the Board of Health that if another ship with cholera on passengers arrives he has not a place in which to put a patient.

THE FENIANS INVADE CANADA.

On the 31st of June a few hundred members of the Sweeny premises crossed the border into Canada and captured Fort Erie—which is opposite the city of Buffalo, at the upper end of the Niagara River, a few miles above the Falls. Here they destroyed the railroad bridge on the 30th. The Fenians found it impossible to hold their prize, where a large portion of them were captured by the United States troops guarding the frontier. Upon the approach, it is said, of Colonel O'NEIL—the leader of the invading force—with his staff,

NEWS ITEMS.

Colonel Jacques, of Illinois, having been tried on the indictment found against him in Kentucky for rape, has been triumphantly acquitted. One of the witnesses summoned on his behalf now examined, but the case was submitted to the jury without the defense having written a word of argument from the counsel for the defendant. The jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

"The writer who undertook to wrest Colonel Jacques from the clutches of the law," says the prosecutor, "is the jury that they were a grateful pack of liars, and so completely established their character that nothing was needed on behalf of the accused. He was prepared to prove, by some of the best men in the State, that he was in Illinois at times when some of the witnesses testified to his presence in Louisville, and that he was in the adjoining State; and by others that he was in this city on a certain day on which he was to be prosecuted before a court in Louisville; but the proof was unnecessary."

The Hon. Jesse Dubois, Auditor of State, Register of Vital Statistics, shows a total of 252 deaths in the city during the week ending on the 26th of May. The total number is less than on any previous week.

Governor Marshall, of Virginia, has been here investigating the management of the Freedmen's Bureau in Georgia, will report favorably on the present administration of affairs.

The returns of the West Virginia elections indicate a majority ranging from eight to twelve thousand for the amendment to the State Constitution. The test of the amendment is as follows: "No person who, since the 1st day of June, 1861, has been or may be guilty voluntarily of assistance to the rebellion against the United States, shall be a citizen of this State, or be allowed to vote or hold office until he shall have obtained a pardon from the President, and has been so long and for such time as he shall be honorably discharged therefrom."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR ON THE PLATE.

In March, after a delay of nearly ten months, active hostilities were resumed by Spain against Chili, the occasion of short thirty years, including four in-clads, with its recent purchase of the Chilian fleet of the iron-clad, anchored in two divisions opposite the Territory of the Little Republic of Tarapaca. The Chilian fleet, consisting of about 60,000 men of all arms, also advanced toward the eastern bank of the Rio de la Plata.

In an engagement with the fort at Itapiru, a Brazilian fleeched, which was of 600 tons burden, with a section launch, and 84 men were put here on combat.

On the 2d of May the first battle was fought between Brazilian and Paraguayan soldiers. The Imperial forces have been gathering for months at the mouth of the River of Itapiru, and about half-way across the first, the Paraguayan attempted to dislodge them. Here they failed, and having given the alarm, the garrison, consisting of nearly two thousand men, with as few cannon, were hurried forward in line of battle, and as the Paraguayans drew near the Brazilians poured upon them a deadly fusillade which and following it up by a bayonet charge, drove them to the beach, killing over 600 of them, taking 400 prisoners, 60 canoes, and 700 muskets. The Brazilian loss is reported at 44 killed and 200 wounded.

On April 17 another battle took place. The allied army, 16,000 strong, crossed the Parana. The Paraguayans attacked them with considerable bravery and great tenacity, but, as usual, but only defeated. The allies had 1,000 killed and wounded. The Brazilian loss was 40 killed and 180 wounded. Rapidity was then abandoned by the Paraguayans.

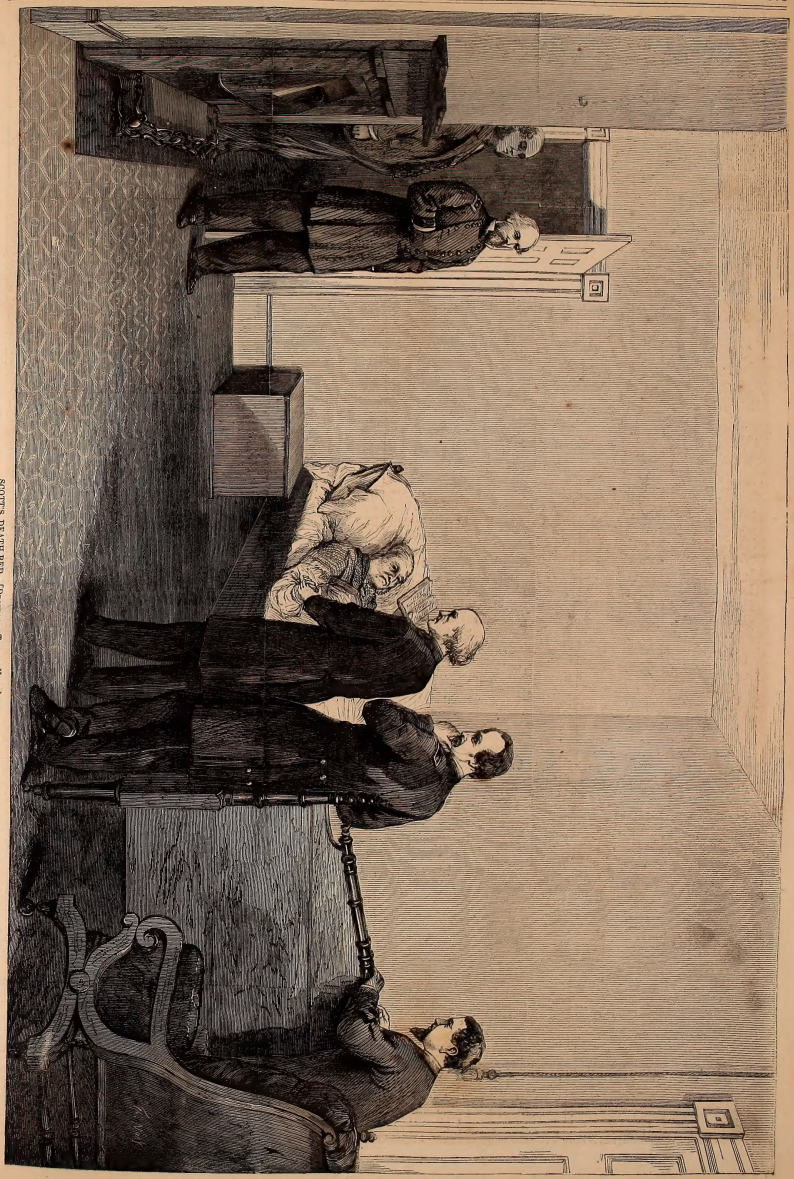
THE GERMAN QUARREL.

At the latest advices the German question was still unsettled, nor was any thing definite known concerning the proposed Congress. Meanwhile, peace demonstrations on a large scale were taking place in Prussia, and serious disturbances were reported, occasioned by calling out the reserves. In Italy the war spirit was enthusiastic and general. Volunteers were flocking by thousands to take their part in the war for the liberation of Venetia.

Notwithstanding recent rumors, the Alexandra Dock was the marriage of Princess Dagmar with Prince Christian will take place on the 9th of July.



WINFIELD SCOTT.



SCOTT'S DEATH-BED.—[DRAWN BY THOMAS NAST.]

ODE BY A BROOKLYNITE.

SHE came like a beautiful vision
To brighten the night of my care,
Her dress was arranged with precision,
In ringlets descended her hair.

In a stage on its way to the ferry
We met, as is usual, by chance;
'Neath the spell of her glances my very
Soul sank into amorous trance.

Alas! how by rude fate are banished
Illusions we'd willingly nurse!
I started—my vision had vanished,
And so had my watch and my purse.

IN DISGUISE.

"WHAT's the matter with your hand, Cato?"

"Berry oldigin' for massa to ask. Burnt me, fish, totin a kettle o' coaller fat for Dinah, but Miss Mira got some salve on it, done it a heap o' good. She's so berry kind to eby body, is Miss Mira."

Yes, kind to every one but me. I thought that as I rode through the gate Cato held wide open, and, dismounting, flung him the reins; kind to the servants in the kitchen, the dog who came limping to the door, to beggar and wandering tramp; to guest, and kin, and stranger; to every body and every thing but me—to whom she should not have been kind, eat of all; for I loved her, loved her as men love who only love once in their lives. Even then my heart was beating furiously to feel myself so near her. My step quickened, I flung the door wide open and strode in. I heard my aunt cry, "It's Paul!" I heard my uncle utter the name more pleasantly, and a furious, tumultuous barking and leaping told me that Nep had awakened from his nap upon the rug to greet his master. In a moment more the red light of the open fire had flashed upon me, and I grasped two plump old hands.

"Really we were anxious about you" cried my aunt. "We expected you yesterday. How is your mother, and why didn't Nina come with you?"

Then, before I could answer, my uncle said, "Just in time for dinner, my boy. Let's talk it over at the table. Why, Mira, my one would fancy you did not see each other."

"I'm sure he's large enough," said Mira, counting her stitches as she sat at crochet work. "Are you not, Paul? I told them you'd come back again, like a bad penny."

I nodded slowly, and stooped to pat the fawning dog, begging mutely for a caress. Poor comfort it was, yet, after all, some little, to know that Mira pretended now much I cared for her. It was as careless in my manner to her as she was to me. I imitated her as thoroughly as good-breeding would allow in one of my sex, and said quietly, "Again, "At least, I can take the secret to my grave with me. The girl shall not triumph, as she would, in my pain.

I had whistled Nep out of the room, and followed my old uncle to the dining-parlor. I suppose no one could have guessed that I was any thing but happy as I chatted of my journey and gave Nina's excuses for absence. "She is to be bridemaid for a friend," said I; "and there are dresses to be made, and I know not what to do, before the day arrives."

"Who is the bride?" asked my aunt.

"Lilla Newsome."

"And you the bridegroom, eh?" chirruped Mira. "I?"

"Why, we heard you adored Lilla."

"I've always admired her."

"And she has jilted you?"

"Not so bad as that."

"Let me sympathize with you."

"Not at all; there are other pretty blondes in the world."

I said that because Mira was as dark as any Cuban.

"A blonde? Hear him, aunt. Had I yellow hair and blue eyes I'd have the grace to admire brunettes."

"We can't help our fancies," said I, who absolutely disliked light coloring.

"Of course not; now, if you were not fair."

"Well?"

"I'd tell you how I admire dark men."

"Don't stop for that. I shouldn't care."

Her black eyes danced. "You'll see my idea of perfection to-night," said she. "Captain Earnly!"

"I *have* seen the gentleman."

"By-the-way, I promised to play something for him to-night," said Mira, "and I'd much prefer you shan't be able to remember it. Excuse me, will you, good folks?" and away she tripped, leaving us in the midst of dessert.

Captain Earnly did call that evening, and she played for him, and sang with him. He told her stories of his prowess as a soldier, and she was wonderously interested. He mentioned his wounds, and she pitied him with voice and eyes. I thought him an affected coxcomb. She evidently could not lead him a hero of the first water.

I sat on the porch without the window, smoking and chatting with my uncle. Once or twice I thought of the Spartan boy's fox gnawing and tearing at his bosom. So my love tore me, and so I said it—better to die of it than have it seen.

She was not my cousin by blood, that dark-eyed siren—only uncle's adopted child. She first of Lilliehigh stood between us, for though cousins have and I scarcely think they ever loved very truly, she was the very realization of my dream of girlish beauty. She was every thing I had ever hoped for; and when coming back from that long journey, in which I had well-nigh "put a girdle round about the world," I found her altered from a romping child to what she was. I knew my fate was sealed; and for a little while the sad hour so kind to me that I had been made a fool of.

It was very different now. She had bound up Cato's black hand. She sighed over the black-haired Captain's storied scratches. Yet six months before I had been wounded nearly unto death by an accident, and her first greeting on my convalescence was, "You careless wretch, the only wonder is you didn't manage to cut your arm *quite* off, and make a fright of yourself for life! I've no patience with people who can't look where they are going. You'll break your back yet, and end your days in a wheel chair."

"Let me keep the use of my feet at least, so long as I am to dwell within reach of your voice," said I, and we passed for a couple of uncourteous jesters.

Sometimes, in my character of cousin, I used to act as Mira's escort. Old enough it was to see how tired she grew of me. How any stranger seemed better company than I. And some day, when she had been wooed and won, perhaps by the Captain bending over her at the piano, I should shake hands and utter some careless congratulation, and she would nod adieu to me, and we should part forever. Strange enough, all of it, when I remembered how I actually felt toward her.

The Captain was going. He had looked at his dainty watch. "Shocking to think how late we was! How lightly falls the foot of Time that only treads on flowers!" and, with a quotation and a bow and a glance at Mira, the room was empty of him. It was a relief to me.

Mira had reseated herself at the piano. I sauntered in and sat near her. "Will you not remember for me?" I asked. "This sweet old thing for instance?" and I tossed "Love Not" upon the piano.

"Sweet old things are tiresome, and *I* am tired," said Mira; and if she could have read my soul she could not have blushed deeper. Perhaps she was thinking of the Captain.

"If you could only hear Nina's friend, Miss Deane, sing that," said I, affecting to yawn.

"Another blonde?"

"A lovely one."

"Ah!" and laughing she arose, and going out upon the porch gathered two or three rose-buds. Not because she wanted them, I think, but merely to show me that she was not at crochet work. I put

"Why, I think it would freeze to death before morning," said Frisbee.

"Yes, for it is tender; but the chickens are hardy. And Puss is hardy, and so is Mat. Look at him—a few minutes ago he lay here by the fire, and now he sits out there in the cold wind without even a sign of great-coat or mittens."

"Mat in mittens!" said Prim, with a laugh.

"But I think he has a great-coat—dear old Mat!" said Lily; "only it's more shaggy than any man's coat."

"It is just the same that he wore here by the fire," said Mrs. May. "But he is hardy—he can bear the cold."

"And we're half-hardy, and must be wrapped up," said Lily.

"Yes, and just so it is with plants. Some are perfectly hardy, and the frost can do them no harm."

"Those are the great strong plants, I suppose," said Lily—"the trees and bushes."

"Not always," said her mother. "Some trees will die in our Northern winter, while the little delicate flowers of the orchard have right to brave the frozen ground, in the midst of snow and ice and bitter winds. It is something in the nature of each plant, something derived from its native soil and air that makes it hardy, or half-hardy, or tender."

"What do you mean by its native soil, mamma?" said Prim, laying down her work. "Are plants of different nations too, like people?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. May; "and with strong instincts of patriotism. Geraniums, for instance—the green-house pelargoniums, which we call geraniums —with their glowing colors and rich leaves, are native children; they grow in tropical heat, where long creeping vines make festoons and hide the cliffs for the wild monkeys."

"Geraniums and monkeys!" said Lily; "oh, splendid!"

"Mamma," cried little Primrose, "how lovely it must be!"

"Not very—the monkey part of it," said her mother, smiling. "For indeed they are many of them not true monkeys but large baboons—very ugly and very mischievous."

"How large, mamma?" said Lily, who had a great weakness for every thing like a monkey.

"Some as large as a mastiff, and much stronger and of a dark brown color, with black hands and feet, a violet-blue face, and gray whiskers."

"What objects!" said Lily, laughing.

"And fierce animals, mamma?" said Clover.

"They just help to set off the strangeness and ugliness of the monkeys. In the mountains near the Cape of Good Hope, among the heights and passes, the cliffs are covered with wild creepers; the long trailing stems and runners making a complete network. Not a net-work of lare stems, but all hung with rich foliage and brilliant flowers; and scarlet berries and these wild creepers are a wilderness of geraniums and other superb tropical plants."

"What a nice time the baboons must have!" said little Primrose, giving a sigh to the geraniums.

"A very nice time! You can see them in troops of four or five hundred, sitting on the rocks, or climbing up and down the perpendicular cliffs by means of these 'monkeys' ladders' like *so* many boys in a wild school of gymnastics."

"And they've all 'tender,' I suppose," said Clover —"the geraniums and the monkeys and their ladders and all."

"All tender—not one could bear our winter climate; while, on the other hand, we and our plants and monkeys could as little endure the fierce heat of South Africa."

"Then plants and animals are tender or hardy just according to the heat of the land they belong to," said Clover.

"Very well so. The cocoanut-tree and the palm will not grow here in the open air, nor our apples and cherries in South Africa or New Zealand. The parrots never live in our northern States, even in summer, while the little snow-bird wings its way to the very shores of the Arctic Sea and there builds its nest."

"How beautiful it is, mamma!" said Clover. "Hardy, half-hardy, and tender—the words have such a new meaning to me now. The Sun must stay here all winter are hardy, and so are the evergreens, and the oaks, though they lose their leaves; and the apple-tree grows, deep down in the ground. But my hyacinth beans will not bear a bit of cold, nor most of my other plants."

"Clover has as if they were all growing already," said Lily, with a laugh. "But, after all, it's very interesting, of course, but I don't see what it has to do with our gardens, nor why Sam must stay here all winter and harden, and so are the evergreens, and the oaks, though they lose their leaves; and the apple-tree grows, deep down in the ground. But my hyacinth beans will not bear a bit of cold, nor most of my other plants."

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BURIAL OF SCOTT—SERVICES



GRAVE, IN WEST POINT CEMETERY.

"SHALL WE MEET THERE ALL OF THERE?"

As we rake up our eyes to you across expanse,
Where the great source of light sheds its beams and its heat,
Or, dimmed by the fast-fleeting clouds which enhance
The returning of what we so cheerfully greet;
A "mystical tie" seems to lead us aloft,
And our spirit, withdrawn, flies upward to where
With deep, melting thoughts, heave mournful and soft,
We anxiously ask, "Shall we meet there, all there?"

'Tis my Father revered for the care which he gave
To my earlier days when my thoughts were so wild
When I took little note of the future to save
The fast-gliding hours which were spent as a child.
With a deep, anxious look from his oft chilling eye,
He would ask me, "Dear boy, you will soon be a man.
I shall soon leave you here—I also must die,
Any fault of my words, and we meet while you can."

'Tis my *Mother* beloved—can I add to that name?
Beloved—it scarce tells all I feel in my heart!
Could I see her once more—she still in the same
As in childhood I knew her—then with her heart!
Ah! that dear mother's face is still there for me,
Though her spirit is veiled from my weak, mortal eyes;
And I feel that the bosom of yon heavenly light
Are a pathway which leads me to her in the skies.

'Tis my Sister, long since laid in peace by her side;
And oft as my thoughts wander back to that hour,
I remember her then—both the joy and the pride
Of our home, of our parents—a fresh-budding flower.
Still a child, without knowing the vices of this life,
She was taken away to the far Spirit-land,
Where innocence reigns, free from sinning or strife,
To be one of the pure in that heavenly band.

'Tis my Brother, the eldest—the hopes of our home,
Grown up to his prime, with a proud, noble heart;
We both like farewell when his country did roam,
And the sound of the drum bade our sorrows depart.
But he lies far away on the side of the sea,
Where they hastily hid his remains from their feet;
Though so dear to me now is the grave which they fill,
Still I wish they were here, where our fathers sleep quiet.

'Tis a beautiful world—notwithstanding the grief
Which commingles so much in the joys of this life,
And in this—at that time are but passing relief,
While the pleasures to come know no sorrow nor strife.
There's another, beyond us, around us, above,
Where Death never enters—there's nothing to fear.
Where that "mystical tie" will e'er bind us in love,
And we mutually say—"Shall we meet there all there?"

C. P. B.

CONTRARYFORD, *February* 17, 1866.

HOME FROM THE SEA.

I.

In the second quarter of the eighteenth century Jotham Beverly resided on Nantucket Island, with, in a stone's-throw of the present village of Siasconset, and being a mile from the rather lonely house on Beverly beach. At that time the inhabitants of the island were very few—numbering only a few hundred, and they were even more lonely and harsh than they are at the present time. At the date of the commencement of my story the Indians, it is true, had deserted this their ancient dwelling station; but the markets for their white successors were far away, the spermaceti-trade was yet in its infancy—at least, in its early youth—and the island's soil gave response to the importunities of the husbandman only after long and patient toil; and, in fact, the inhabitants of Nantucket—save perhaps the fisheries for a livelihood—were the rudest and most primitive of Puritans.

But comparative good fortune always seemed to attend Jotham Beverly. He was a tall, raw-boned, sandy-haired, grasping Scotchman, good-hearted withal, and apparently with as much of the Yankee goahead activeness in his little finger as was contained in all of the heads of the little colony put together. Jotham's family consisted of three—his wife Margaret, his daughter Jean, and himself.

When Jotham was about forty years of age, and had lived on the island for a number of years, he conceived the project, the completion of which was the great ambition of his after-life. This project was the building of a light-house. The whale-fisheries of Nantucket already had become somewhat important. Upward of fifty vessels, owned and sailed by the islanders, and the principal port had become a rendezvous for vessels in the same trade from many accounts of the coast. And yet, with this ocean nature of Nantucket shoals—to this day so carefully avoided and so frequently the cause of wrecks—were even now to be dreaded in the sandy bay, when the science of navigation was comparatively crude.

Jotham had always been a man of action. When his project was thoroughly conceived he was at once mill he started the work. Obtaining some legislative recognition and a little—very little—pecuniary assistance from the colonial government, he slowly procured the necessary tools and appliances, employed a band of laborers—many of the latter being negro slaves and Indian squaws from the mainland, and, with little delay, instituted his favorite scheme.

Jotham's daughter Jean was acknowledged by all to be the sweetest and the fairest girl in all Nantucket. Certainly not one of the young fishermen ever saw little Jean trip up the light-house cut for her father's incoming sails, or saunter through the cabin garden-patch, while her mother sat spinning in the sunlight by the door, without a certain longing, and a certain fair visioning of a happy home, with a bright wife to make it cheerful within.

Jean had many lovers too. Strange to say, the most favored appeared to be a sprightly, handsome, forward young fellow whose name was Andrew Graef, whose mother bore the unenviable suspicion of being a witch, and whose fishing-craft usually met with the very worst of bad luck. Jean was an unconscionable little flirt. Like most pretty girls, she was fully conscious of her beauty, and, like very many of them, the admiration of her charms made her inordinately vain.

But awkward, lalking Andy Graef seemed to have found the secret to her esteem, while his handsomer competers were compelled to be satisfied with her scorn. True, she was not always thus heartless. Her lover at one time risked his neck to pluck for her a wall-flower from the face of a precipitous crag, and then had the little wildling torn to pieces and thrown into his face for his pains. At another time, Miss Jean lost her amber necklace in the Devil's Griddle—a dangerous eddy that swirled between two of the inner reefs—and Andy, nevering the keepsake, and narrowly escaping drowning at the same time, was rewarded by a heartless laugh and a stinging look on the eye, because one of the miserable beads had become disengaged and irretrievably lost.

But in spite of these and a hundred similar instances of ingratitude, lalking Andy followed his sweet-heart like a great burly animal, happy enough if a little smile would reward him for a spell of indifference. It was, perhaps, this blind and utter devotion upon his part that mostly won upon the girl. There was something in it that, if Jean was not too vain as not to know and admire the honesty and goodness of her uncouth lover's nature, would at once attempt for him, when his services were enlisted in her behalf, was also a qualification which she must needs respect.

And so the monotony of that humble island life ebbed on in peaceful contentment, while Jotham Beverly, with his workmen, were awkwardly setting his derricks and mortar, went on with the rearing of his light-house. It arose but slowly. When the ice and frosts of the winter season put an end to the work for that season only about twenty feet of the rude but stanch tower were complete. Nevertheless old Jotham was entirely satisfied. From the small front lattice of his cabin he could see the round, dark structure stand high up on the bar, with the wintry sea frothing and foaming madly, but valiantly, at its rocky feet. All through the long winter he would sit at that lattice, looking over the inner light, smoking his pipe contentedly, and examining the tower with a critical and loving eye.

When spring returned old Beverly had his labors at work with double force. The summer must permit, and slowly, little by little, foot by foot the round, rough tower began to grow into the air.

About this time Jotham received a letter from Boston a young sea-farer who was known by the name of Seagrave. He commanded a strange craft. Seldom before had such a vessel landed in the roomy harbor of Nantucket. Unlike the clumsy whalers which frequented those waters, the *Raven*, as this vessel was called, was a craft of symmetry and beauty. She was a three-masted schooner, rakishly built, and very low in the water, with her hull painted black, and a huge figure executed by tarpaulins, on the after-deck, which might have been a gun, or something else. The crew of the *Raven* per were also very different from the greasy whalers and coarse fishermen who hailed from the island. They were better dressed, sprightlier sailors, and were also nearly all distinguished by wearing weapons in their belts. Seagrave himself was a great improvement on the average of the islanders. He was a tall, handsome, well-built man, with a dash of foreign blood in his veins, and his language was different from the islanders', and in the eyes of gentle Jean Beverly was a very thing full of the fancy had conceived of all that was noble and romantic.

These strangers were evidently starting upon a long voyage, and their ostensible object in stopping at Nantucket was to make some additions to their stock of water. But this was a longer stay than was necessary for this simple purpose; the gentlemanly skipper was frequently on shore, and there were sly hints that there was some attraction or attraction there than the clear fountains of the island.

But old Beverly could not bring himself to like Seagrave. He could not be blind to the fact that his daughter Jean was apparently fascinated, though the stranger always addressed her with that air of merely commonplace politeness. Poor Andy Graef now saw himself completely deserted by Jean, and his lover, and very justly, looked upon Seagrave as a black mistrust. Then, as it soon transpired that the *Raven* was commanded for Europe, Andy's fears increased the old man's distrust, and indeed brought the rakish schooner's crew into general disrepute among the islanders. Of course, the crew of the wave-trade, though then so commonly pursued, was held in great abhorrence.

There was, however, that about Seagrave which could scarcely be resisted by a simple man like old Jotham. His manner and address were of that irresistible, courtly kind which the most refined and lowly people can only combat with the utmost difficulty. And even before Beverly was precisely aware of any intimacy between the young stranger and his own household, Seagrave had become a frequent visitor at the Beverly cabin, and a frequent partaker of its simple hospitality. Beverly knew nothing about this man that was strangely engaging to every one. Though still young his features bore the impress of a long, wild life. His dress, also, and the expression of his dark eyes was frequently of a hard, pitiless cast, which was something remarkable in one so young. But his voice was soft and musical as that of a woman. His deportment was mostly that which is the result of instinctive refinement, and his language very seldom merged into the careless idiom of the sea-farer.

But upon no one did the spell of the stranger fall so strongly as upon pretty little Jean Beverly. She beheld and listened to him with silent admiration. Here at last was the hero of her dreams: here had risen in the coarse garb and with the unsightly cast of her father lovers, but in all the romance of adventure and courage and manliness which her fancy had pictured to her.

Poor Andy would still at times steal in upon the Beverlys in the evenings, and be permitted to watch the effect of Seagrave on Jean; but, as the ocean wanderer would recount the adventures of the past, the great deeds yet to be done, the gold and glory to be won on remote shores, the fascinations of a rover's life it chilled him to the quick to perceive the extent of the influence exercised by Seagrave over Jean; for he perhaps saw more of it than her own parents.

One tempestuous night they were all sitting coolly about the fireside of Beverly's cottage. The hoarse cries of the breakers on the near beach were plainly heard in the cabin, though the fire blazed cheerfully up—for the spring was still shrill with bleak winds—and all parties (except Andy) were in a pleasant mood of mind, just after finishing one of Dame Margaret's hearty suppers.

Jotham had been on the reef all day, and was now smoking his pipe in a contented frame; Seagrave had just finished a humorous sketch of tropical travel, and was merrily engaged in cutting from an old newspaper grotesque figures, with a pair of scissors, for Jean's especial entertainment; Margaret was spinning; and Andy was gluumly toasting his knees at the fire, without vouchsafing a word, but keeping his ears open to the general discourse.

The self-satisfaction of old Beverly at last broke the brief silence which had fallen upon the party, though he rather addressed the raging elements without than any one in the company.

"Yes, ye may howl and beat and slash your seas against the rocks of auld Nantucket, but ye canna disturb the heasments of auld Beverly's tower. Wait till she's full-grown, my roarin' heasties—wait till her tower rises above daylight through the tempest and the night, and the merry sailors will laugh at your terrors."

Having delivered himself of this exalting apostrophe, Jotham settled himself down again, with two or three self-satisfied whiffs at his pipe, and a long, benignant look around the company, as if ready to convey in its full force the prospective benevolence which the Beverly Light-house was to convey upon the world.

"You will indeed send gladness to many a gallant heart, Squire Beverly, when you have perfected your noble project," said Seagrave, who always called the old man "Squire," and made a rule of continually cherishing his vanity.

"Fatter," said Jotham very thoughtfully, "suppose I should be spirited away over the sea, would you still work at your light-house?"

The

"Three-masted schooner, low in the hulk, sharp-prowed, and like one a Government cutter," replied the other, eying the doomed craft with the practiced eye of an old skipper. "Yes, and there goes her death-shriek!" he added, hastily, as a flash leaped from the stern of the wreck, immediately followed by the boom of a signal-gun.

"Do yer know the name o' that ship, stranger?" continued Andy, in husky tones.

"Nonsense! you're daft, Andy! How should I know it?"

"Or yer know her skipper's name?" repeated Andy, with even greater excitement than before.

"Haud your tongue, yo crazy loon!" returned the other, pettishly.

"But / know 'em both, Maister Jotham!" cried hulking Andy, shaking his hand aloft with nervous gesticulation. "They're the *Saxon*, and her skipper is the pirate Seagrave! Ha! ha! my auld witch-nither wasn't a' a fool! The first glint o' your sooper light ever saw mine bairn frae the sea!"

Before the thunder-stricken sailitor could turn upon him Andy had vanished from the cheather, and Jotham heard him crashing down the winding staircase with break-neck leaps. Jotham leaned far out of the window, and saw the fishermen and workers making ready with their life-boats. He saw Andy emerge from the tower's foot and burst among them, impelling them with frantic gestures. He felt a strange, lost feeling come over his old breast—a wild desire to go down and also help—but he could not leave. By could only look and think. The surf was tremendous at the very foot of the tower, but one life-boat was already afloat, with Andy at the oars-next, before the old man dared to turn his eyes seaward again. When he did so, his glance was riveted to the spot, for the white garments of a woman fluttered and gleamed at the schooner's taffrail; and now but a few rods intervened between the vessel and her fate.

The crew had apparently given themselves up for lost, for they seemed to stand motionless upon the deck, as Jotham imperfectly saw from, and their boats were evidently lost, as there nowhere appeared to be any attempt to launch one. But one brave, lithe form, which Jotham thought he recognized as Seagrave's, moved ceaselessly among the nerveless men, as though to encourage them, with now and then a cheering gesture toward the white-robed form at the taffrail.

Andy's life-boat, urged by ten stout oarsmen, had almost entered the looming high tower of the outer reef, when, just as a terrific peal of thunder shook the earth, followed by increased deluges of rain, the schooner struck aground, and was seen to strike a rock with fearful force. The waves receding for a moment left her almost literally poised in air, impaled upon the sharp horns of the reef.

Even then that one brave form, dauntless in the very jaws of death, was seen, axe in hand, hewing away at the remaining mast, and evidently toppling his crew with cheery shouts. A wild huzza of admiration arose from the throngs of fishermen on the beach, and even Jotham set his teeth still harder as he gazed. But the sea was stronger than a mortal arm, however brave. Billow after billow licked the schooner down from the rocks and trampled her into fragments. Just as Andy's life-boat gained the side of the last vestige of the schooner disappeared among the rocks and blinding spray of the further side. It was then, and not till then, that the heart-broken old man plotted his look-out to seek poor Margaret in the cabin near by.

The tempest continued for a few hours, and Andy's life-boat returned to the beach with the rest at the stroke-oar empty. The survivors could not explain their comrade's absence, but one of them said that he had seen the luckless fisherman spring upon a rock and make his way toward the wreck.

The next morning the beach was littered with fragments of the schooner. There were many corpses washed ashore. Some were from among the passengers, but many were the nude bodies of black men with iron fetters still clasping their limbs. Two of the bodies were folded in each other's arms, as though each other by the throat as though they had gone down in a death-struggle. These were Andy Greef and Seagrave, the slaver captain.

But the last corpse that was found was that of giddy Jean Beverly, with her yellow hair all tangled with sea-weed, and her cheek much more and thinner than when she left Nantucket. And thus did the first gleam of that old ruined light-house thereafter welcome the erring one Home from the Sea.

THE LATE LIEUT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

WINFIELD SCOTT was born near Petersburg, Virginia, on 13th June, 1786. His father, a farmer, died when he was five years old; when he was seven years he lost his mother also. Though but little is known of his childhood, it may be inferred, from his attendance at the High School of Richmond, and subsequently at the College of William and Mary, that the death of his father had not deprived the family of a maintenance. Unlike many of our generals, there is no reason to suppose that Scott was compelled in early youth to work for a living. At the age of twenty, after the usual studies, he was admitted to the Virginia bar, and spent nearly two years in unsuccessful efforts to obtain practice, first in his native State, and subsequently in South Carolina. Had clients been forthcoming, the country might have lost a great soldier and gained a respectable lawyer. As it was, a natural taste for arms had time to develop in the idleness of the circuit, and was stimulated by the prospect of a new outbreak of hostilities with Great Britain. In 1808 Congress increased the army, and on Scott's earnest solicitation he was appointed, in May of that year, when he was barely twenty-two, a Captain of Light Artillery.

For the next few years his life was not of public interest. He was sent to Louisiana, and there, with an indiscretion not unnatural in a fiery youth, he used expressions respecting his superior officer which led to a court-martial and to his suspension from the service for a year. At the present day no officer in WILKINSON'S position would prosecute a young captain for talking foolishly about him in a dinner-table. But sixty years ago public men were more sensitive, and even Senators appealed to the Senate to be protected against hostile criticism. The suspension was a lucky accident for Scott. He devoted the idle year to the study of the profession at the house of his friend, B. WATKINS LEIGH, and thus fitted himself for the work he was to do.

It came soon enough. After a forbearance unparalleled in history, on 18th June, 1812, Congress declared war against Great Britain. On 12th October following SCOTT, now Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery, made a forced march through a heavy rain to Schlosser, and offered his services to General VAN RENSSELAER, who was about to attack the British works on Queenston Heights. Whether the American design was a wise one has been a matter of debate. Judged by the result, it was not. It may well be said that, before embarking in the enterprise, the General in command ought to have made sure both of adequate transportation and of the fidelity of his troops. But the General's heart was smarting under the disgrace of HULL'S surrender, and every motive of honor and duty was said that something must be done to sustain the morale of the army. So CHRYSTIE and VAN RENSSELAER attempted to cross the river in detached parties, and effected a landing; fought gallantly enough, against desperate odds, until one officer after another was killed or taken, and intelligence was received that the New York militia refused to cross the river. Scott was on the Canada shore, and, seeing all was command, when the fatal news came. Mounting a log in front of his troops, he briefly described the situation:

"HULL's surrender must be redeemed. Let us die with arms in our hands. There is no retreat!"

And the little band, consisting of less than 300 men, rushed on the whole British army for more than two hours. At last, pressed by other forces down the hill-side, they were driven to the water's edge, and further resistance being impossible, they surrendered. SCOTT thus began the practical study of his profession in defeat and imprisonment.

Every school-boy is familiar with the story of his interview in his prison with the two Indian warriors. They were the chiefs of tribes of the forest, had so often fired at him in the course of the battle that he could not understand how the fact of American prisoners in the fort a rush hand tried to feel for the wounds he felt sure he must have inflicted. All the gentleman's blood in Scott rose within him.

"Off, villain!" said he, throwing the savage back. "You fired like a squaw!"

"Ugh! you no row," was the response of the grinning savage.

And he left a swift leap to the rear, where he grasped a sword, and the timely appearance of a British officer of the guard career might have been ended by the tomahawks of the visitors.

Not less familiar to all readers is his dispute with his captors concerning his epaulettes. On the deck of a transport in the port of Quebec the British officers had mustered their Queenstown prisoners, and were examining the line-men from the Americans. They required each prisoner to answer a question, picked out the gentlemen by their bearing, and set them in rows as traitors. As soon as he discovered what was going on, SCOTT ordered his men to keep silence, and they stood in sullen and defiant array. The object of this transaction grew the famous debate on the right of a British subject to acquaintance himself. The British officer present at first threatened to execute as traitors 23 Irishmen, taken prisoners at Queenstown. Our General, through SCOTT, replied that if one was exchanged, set apart 23 Englishmen, prisoners of war, as hostages for the 23 Irishmen. Wild with rage, Earl BATHURST then put in close confinement 46 American officers and non-commissioned officers to answer for the 23 Irishmen. And Mr. MADISON retaliated by setting apart 46 British officers to answer for the 46 American officers and non-commissioned officers. So it rested the question. The 23 Irishmen were never brought to trial, and at the close of the war were released. And though SCOTT himself throughout has never formally admitted the right of a British subject to expatriate himself—indeed, only three or four years ago the claim was expressly denied by one of the highest courts of the realm —it is not likely that Great Britain will ever again attempt to enforce her former views against naturalized citizens of the United States.

But little glory was won on the northern frontier in 1813; what glory there was belongs to SCOTT. The only successful operation of the year was the capture of Fort George, out of which work the garrison ran almost as soon as they were attacked. It was Colonel SCOTT, who with his own hands pulled down the British flag —his "long legs" having enabled him to distance PORTER in the race, to the latter's great disgust. His brilliant conduct secured the advance of General WILKINSON'S miserable expedition against Montreal, but had no opportunity of distinguishing himself, and was not sorry when relieved from duty under that incapable officer.

This and other failures satisfied Colonel SCOTT that, to win victories over trained British troops, our officers and soldiers must know more than they did. Accordingly, in the winter of 1813-14, he established a camp of instruction at Buffalo, became himself drill-sergeant for the officers of a brigade, and as soon as his pupils were sufficiently instructed, set they imparted what they had learned to the men. By dint of hard work he had succeeded by spring-time in creating a full brigade of well-disciplined troops—perhaps the best brigade in the service. On 9th March he was promoted to their command with the rank of Brigadier. He told the Government that his brigade would give a good account of themselves—a bold word.

On 5th July the battle of Chippewa was fought. The commander of the American army, General BROWN, was far in the rear when the fight began, and the instructions SCOTT received were in these words, about a couple of hours before the fire:

"The enemy are advancing; you will have a fight."

BROWN himself freely admitted that the glory of the day was SCOTT'S. The battle was won by superior generalship; Scott succeeded in striking the British line obliquely and outflanking it at. The force on both sides was about equal—say 2000 on a side: the killed, wounded, and missing about 16 per cent. on our side, and 25 per cent. on the side of the enemy. Quite a sharp affair, small as the numbers appear by the side of the heavy figures of more recent contests.

The battle of Niagara, Lundy's Lane, or Bridgewater, as it has sometimes been called, was a still more bloody affair. On the 24th July General BROWN received information had led General BROWN to believe that the enemy were moving on Schlosser, whereas the only change in their position was that of a part of their reserve troops. General SCOTT, at the head of his brigade, came unexpectedly upon the whole British army, drawn up in order of battle, in a good position, at about 7 P.M. on 25th July. The crisis was one of those which try a General. Had SCOTT ordered a retreat the enemy, three or four to one, would have overwhelmed him. He could not stand still under fire. He decided instantly to attack, and at the same time sent swift aids to the rear for the remainder of the army. The rise succeeded. The English did not suspect that there was no one in their front but General SCOTT'S brigade. They moved cautiously, and stood upon the defensive. When they discovered their mistake BROWN had come up with the remainder of his army, and the contest was nearly equal. It ended in our driving the enemy from the ground he occupied. Beyond this there was no result. The British sides was about equal —say 26 per cent. of the force engaged.

These two battles demonstrated that the youth of 26, whom BROWN had so conspicuously shown the fight was hottest, and who seemed utterly reckless of his personal safety, was likewise a true and consummate commander. Commodore JAMES WILLINGTON and KOSCIUSKO pronounced his strategy in this campaign to be of the highest order. The Secretary of War announced in a letter to SCOTT his enthusiastic approval, and the Congress mark for sharp-shooters, he said, "No; if I die I will die in my place." At Fort George he was the first in the work, though he knew that matches had been applied to the magazine. At Niagara a cannon-ball struck under him, and he was twice wounded, once in the side, and again, at the close of the fight, very severely in his shoulder.

To a man like SCOTT, keenly sensitive to public opinion, and greedy of fame, his reward for these services to the National his country must have been peculiarly gratifying. "frustrated by his wound, he was carried to Batavia, and thence to Albany, where he met the ovations of friends, to Geneva. Thence he was able to ride in a carriage, and he proceeded by easy stages to Philadelphia, where the city was one continued ovation. People turned out to meet the conqueror as they had turned out to meet WASHINGTON. The Legislature of Pennsylvania in fact threatened to execute as traitors 23 Irishmen, taken prisoners at Queenstown. Our General, through SCOTT, replied that if one was exchanged, set apart 23 Englishmen, prisoners of war, as hostages for the 23 Irishmen. Wild with rage, Earl BATHURST then put in close confinement 46 American officers and non-commissioned officers to answer for the 23 Irishmen. And Mr. MADISON retaliated by setting apart 46 British officers to answer for the 46 American officers and non-commissioned officers. So it rested the question. The 23 Irishmen were never brought to trial, and at the close of the war were released. And though SCOTT himself throughout has never formally admitted the right of a British subject to expatriate himself—indeed, only three or four years ago the claim was expressly denied by one of the highest courts of the realm —it is not likely that Great Britain will ever again attempt to enforce her former views against naturalized citizens of the United States.

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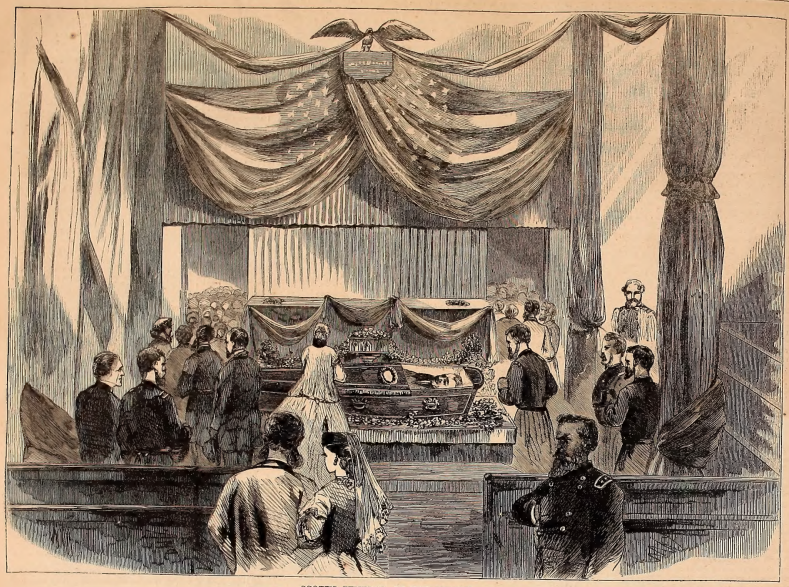
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SCOTT'S FUNERAL—IN THE CHAPEL.

It is not necessary here to recapitulate the familiar story of Contreras, Churubusco, Chapultepec, and the Belen Gate. It must suffice to say that by strategy and the valor of his troops SCOTT, with ten thousand men, in the open plain, beat SANTA ANNA, with twenty thousand behind strong works, and on September 14 entered the Gran Plaza of Mexico a conqueror. The exploit deserved and elicited the warmest applause from military critics in Europe. It reminded one of NAPOLEON'S early feats in the war in Italy. Stunned by the unexpected result, the Mexicans made haste to negotiate for peace; and when it was found that the victor demanded no exorbitant terms, did not seek to alter the form of their government, would accept no reward for himself, and merely proposed a plan of accommodation which, while guarding against a recurrence of hostilities, was equally honorable to Mexico and to the United States, they actually received him with enthusiasm.

His return to the United States, which should have been triumphal, was embittered by squabbles with his officers and bickerings with the Government. As was the case in M'CLELLAN'S Army of the Potomac, many generals of the Army of Mexico thought more of their own fame than of the success of the national arms; and the Administration, blinded by partisan prejudice, could only see in the conqueror of Mexico a formidable Whig competitor for the Presidential succession. By order of the Government General SCOTT had handed over the command of his army to General BUTLER, and returned home in October, 1848, to stand his trial before a court-martial on charges preferred against him by creatures like PILLOW, and to prosecute charges against other officers. A knowledge of the weak points of SCOTT'S character—of his readiness to accept an affront from the most insignificant person, and of his sensitiveness to indignities which a more callous nature would never have noticed—enabled unworthy men in the army and in the Government to wound him beyond bearing, and to goad him, in the extremity of his suffering, to retorts which did not become his greatness.

In June, 1852, nearly four years after his return from Mexico, the Whigs nominated him for the Presidency. He was beaten by Mr. PIERCE, his record on the slavery question being less clear than that of his Democratic antagonist. His letter



BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.



LANDING AT VERA CRUZ.

to T. P. ATKINSON, written in 1843, on the subject of slavery, showed clearly that he didn't like the institution, and this was enough for ripening secessionists. Mr. PIERCE, on the contrary, was understood to regard slavery as the direct work of Providence. Such a defeat, on such grounds, involved a compliment.

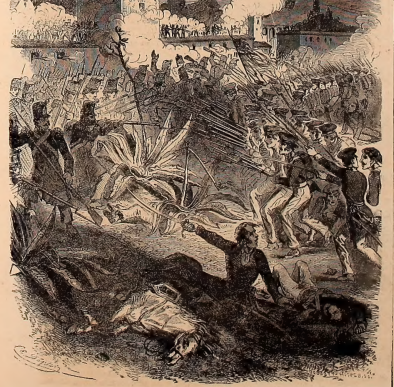
In October, 1860, Lieutenant-General SCOTT (Congress had given him that brevet rank) was seventy-four years of age. His body was feeble; he was lame; he suffered from a painful disease; he slept badly. But his mind was clear enough to discern the signs of the times. Ten days before the Presidential election he called Mr. BUCHANAN'S attention to the defenseless state of the Southern forts, and to the danger of their being seized by Southern rebels. With the guileless simplicity of his character, he never suspected the President of complicity with the traitors. Again and again, after the election of Mr. LINCOLN, he pressed his views on the Government; they were uniformly disregarded. His old comrade in arms, General CASS, was the only member of the Government who would listen to him, and he was too old to struggle against his colleagues. The others affected to disbelieve his warnings, or chuckled over what they called his "senile terrors."

As inauguration day drew near, and the seizure of Southern forts by rebels and the passage of pretended ordinances of secession vindicated the soundness of General SCOTT'S judgment, the traitors at Washington threw off the mask, and confessed that they regarded the Government as defunct. BUCHANAN actually countermanded the parade of the troops on WASHINGTON'S birthday—"for fear of irritating the South." General SCOTT—noble old Roman—grew stronger and sterner as other men in authority grew weaker and more disposed to temporize. He was not afraid of offending any body. His knowledge of the Southern character led him to apprehend an attempt to assassinate LINCOLN. By the aid of his detectives, he discovered the Baltimore plot about as soon as it was found out by the detectives employed by Mr. SEWARD and THURLOW WEED. This nefarious scheme baffled, his next care was to see that Mr. LINCOLN was not murdered on inauguration day.

Persons who witnessed that inauguration will remember that a large number of roofs on Pennsylvania Avenue were covered with men. Careless observers took them for spectators. They were, in reality, troops, armed with rifles. In the crowd were armed detectives, acting under SCOTT'S orders; and in buildings adjacent to the Capitol were three or four batteries of horse artillery, fully manned and equipped; the most efficient of them commanded by a gawky young lieutenant—GODFREY WEITZEL. Washington was, in fact, that day in a state of siege; though nobody, except, perhaps, the conspirators, knew it. If all passed off tranquilly, the event may, perhaps, be due to General SCOTT'S thorough precautions.

Of the remaining years of General SCOTT'S life there is little to be said. He soon became aware that at his age, and with his infirmities, he was not competent to conduct the War for the Union. Bull Run almost broke his heart; and though he lived to repent his designation of M'CLELLAN as the fittest officer to succeed him in the supreme command, it was with sincere delight that he relinquished a responsibility which he was no longer able to endure. In quiet retirement, beguiling his leisure by the composition of an autobiography, he took the interest of a true patriot in the success of our arms; followed GRANT and SHERMAN on the map with the eye of a connoisseur, and was never tired of extolling their merits to visitors. He had been sadly chastened of late. Many of his best friends had turned their backs on him. ROBERT E. LEE, his right hand, led the rebel army; another and a dearer one yet was suspected of even fouler treason; his wife's family were open rebels; his native State denounced him. With more humility and resignation than were his wont in younger days, he bowed his head to these afflictions, and clove the closer to his country as his friends departed from it.

Though he had no warning of his approaching death he was not unprepared. For some time he had expected his end; and had more than once sought religious counsel, and devoted his thoughts to a future world. He died, where he wished to die, at West Point—the place above all others which he loved, and where he will be best remembered. There are no "last words" of his to be recorded by the historian. His last act was to press, in token of approbation, the hand of the clergyman who proposed to read to him, as he lay dying, the noble service for the dead from the ritual of the Episcopal Church.



STORMING OF MOLINO DEL REY.



SCOTT'S ENTRY INTO MEXICO.

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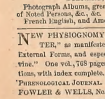
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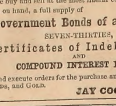
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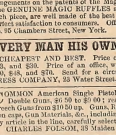
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WAREROOMS, No. 71 and 73 East Fourteenth Street, between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

TO FURNITURE DEALERS AND HOUSE KEEPERS.



TUCKER'S PATENT SPRING BEDS.

There are some truths besides those enumerated in the Declaration of Independence that are self-evident, and though they may pertain to the less vital interests of the human race, they are nevertheless important. Among these are these: A bed, to fulfil the purposes for which it is destined, must be comfortable; it must be so constructed as to insure CLEANLINESS; it should, for easy transportation, be made portable; and, lastly, the greatest benefit demands that it should be both DURABLE and ECONOMICAL. All of these essential requirements centre in the spring beds invented by Hiram Tucker, and it is a remarkable fact that no one has yet been deterred for man's comfort which is at all comparable to it. A single trial of these springs on a bed will carry the most inveterate doubter of his skepticism. For sale wholesale by the

TUCKER MANUFACTURING CO.,
118, 117, and 119 Court Street, Boston,
and 99 John Street, New York.

GOLD PENS.

If you want a GOLD PEN, send to E. S. JOHNSON & CO., 44 Nassau St., N. Y., and by return mail receive elegant showing styles and prices. Repairing done at 50c. ea.

CATARRH.—NORTON'S NEW REMEDY FOR CATARRH will remove the sense of pain in the head, pain in the face, offensive discharges, and extinguishes the disease at its essential point of location. Price $1 00 a bottle. Sent to any part of the country by mail on receipt of price. Send stamp for a pamphlet to GERRIT NORTON, 11 ANN St.

DR. J. STEPHENS & CO.'S PATENT CORNEA RESTORERS, or RESTORERS of the EYESIGHT.

They will Restore Impaired Sight, and Preserve it to the Latest Period of Life.

SPECTACLES RENDERED USELESS.

The most eminent Physicians, Oculists, Divines, and the most prominent men of our country, recommend the use of the CORNEA RESTORERS, for Presbyopia, or Far or Long Sightedness, or every person who wears spectacles from old age; Dimness of Vision, or Blurring; Overworked Eyes; Asthenopia, or Weak Eyes; Epiphora, or Watery Eyes; Pain in the Eyeball; Amaurosis, or Obscurity of Vision; Photophobia, or Intolerance of Light; Weakness of the Retina and Optic Nerve; *Myodesopia*, or Specks or Moving Lines before the Eyes; Ophthalmia, or Inflammation of the Eye and Eyelids; Cataract Eyes; Hemiopia, or Partial Blindness; Sinking of the Eyeball, &c.

They can be used by any one with a certainty of success, and without any injury to the Eye. More than 5000 certificates of cures are exhibited at our office. Cure guaranteed in every case when applied according to the directions enclosed in each box, or the money will be refunded. Pamphlets free. Address

DR. J. STEPHENS & CO., Oculists, at BUSHTON'S Family Drug Store, No. 16 Astor House, Broadway, New York. (P. O. Box 5705. ☞ DR. J. STEPHENS & CO. have invented and patented a STYPTIC, or CORNEA FLATTENER, for the cure of NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS, which has proved a great success. Write for a Circular.

J. H. Winslow & Co.

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO SECURE GOOD JEWELRY AT LOW PRICES.

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, PENS, BRACELETS, CASTORS, GOBLETS, SPOONS, FORKS, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.,

Worth $500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to exceed ONE DOLLAR. You will know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and all the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every town and county.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
968 Broadway, New York.

TWICE A MONTH.

THE

GALAXY,

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED FORTNIGHTLY.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Among the contributors thus far are Bayard Taylor, Richard Grant White, Edmund C. Stedman, Frances Power Cobbe, John Esten Cooke, Prof. Hoi. Smith, Chief Justice Dy, Henry Draper, Phœbe Cary, Rose Terry, The Author of "Ginx's Baby," and others.

Send 25 cents for a specimen copy to

W. C. & F. P. CHURCH,
No. 39 Park Row, New York.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to do neat printing. Send for illustrated descriptive circular. Size of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. ADAMS PRESS COMPANY, 20 Ann Street, New York, and 4 Lincoln Street, Boston.

MAGIC

$2 Timekeeper $2

And Vest Chain, $2 00.

A genuine English SOLID GOLD or SILVER COMPOUND Timekeeper, with accurate MOVEMENT COMPASS in the dial, in hunting cases. Beautiful and durable; very proper, of exquisite workmanship, and remarkable for its correctness and absolute certainty as a KEEPER OF TIME. *Fully warranted for 2 years*; will last a LIFETIME, and is a most RELIABLE and PERFECTLY RELIABLE WATCH Companion and MAGNIFICENT PRESENT for Ladies' or Gentlemens'. We Free each, small size, with a *rich gold plated Guard Vest Chain, only $2. Sealed Free.* AGENTS WANTED every where. *Price list free.* Address M. A. WELLS & CO., Importers of Watches, &c., S. E. corner Broadway and Fulton St., N. Y. Established 1851.

Brilliant and Powerful Day and Night

POCKET PERSPECTIVE GLASSES,

For Tourists, Sportsmen, and Theatre-Goers.



Brazilian Pebble Spectacles and Eye-Preservers, to improve the sight of old and young without the distressing effect of frequent changes. Catalogues sent free by to closing stamp. SEMMONS, OPTICIAN,
60½ Broadway (under Lafarge House), N.Y.

THE KEY to COMFORTABLE, CLEAN, AND QUIET HOUSES.

BROWNE'S MUSEUM TRAP WATER BANDS exclude DUST, NOISE, and ODOR, STOP the RAVAGES of GASES, and are warranted good for FIVE YEARS. Principal Depot No. 644 Broadway, New York, and 74 Bedford Street, Savings Bank.

Local Agents wanted every where. Send for circular.

THE WEST INDIAN HAIR CURLER.—Warranted to curl the most straight and stiff hair, on the first application, and not injure the hair or scalp. Sent by mail, free to any address on receipt of $1. Address

THE HAIR CURLER MANUFACTURING CO.,
Box 2051, New York Post-Office.

Great Freckle, Tan, & Pimple Banisher.

Now ready and for sale. It beats the world. Try it. Warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded. Address THE HENDERSON HAIR-CURLING COMPANY, Box 2051, New York Post-Office.

$150 A MONTH! NEW BEARINGS FOR AGENTS. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine.

$1500 PER YEAR paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Illinois.

MALARIA EVERY WHERE.

Rarely has there been a season so fruitful as that of malarious diseases. Not only the prevalent ones met in the valleys of the West; not merely in all the old haunts of fever and ague in the Atlantic States, but in places never before dreamed of as subject to malarious influences. The intermittents and remittents at present so general in all parts of the country are but the first instalments of a deadlier scourge now on its way westward from the Gulf Coast. Prepare the system with

Hostetter's Bitters

for a successful battle with the nephitic causes of all epidemics. Be wise in time. Sold every where.—*New York World*, November 6, 1865.

PRINTING PRESS FOR SALE.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, Five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 30×41. Price $1,000. The Press on which Harper's Weekly has been printed. Apply to

HARPER & BROTHERS,
331 Pearl Street, New York.

THE

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

Have selected the following Kinds from their Stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Large Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.
All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

PRICE LIST.

OOLONG, 75c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 $ lb.
MIXED, 75c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 $ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 $c $ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 $ lb.
YOUNG HYSON, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 $ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 $ lb.
IMPERIAL and HYSON, best, $1 25 $ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c.; best, 40c. $ lb. Mocha, Java, Rio, Chop-House Koasters and families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in their article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we will sell at the low prices of 30c. $ lb., and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 30c. to $1 $ lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street, Post-Office Box 5643, New York City;
No. 640 Broadway, cotner of Bleeker Street;
No. 505 Eighth Avenue, near Thirty-seventh Street;
No. 308 Fulton St., Brooklyn, corner Concord st.

COUNTRY CLUBS, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small Stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of clubs can have each party's name marked on their package as directed, by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St.

Our friends are getting up Clubs in most town throughout the country, and for which we feel very grateful. Some of our Clubs send orders weekly, some semi or often, while others keep a standing order to be supplied with a given quantity each week, or at stated periods. And in all cases (where sufficient time has elapsed) Clubs have repeated their orders.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than Thirty Dollars had better send Post-Office Drafts or Money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

We return thanks to parties who have taken an interest in getting up Clubs. And when any of them come to New York we shall be pleased to have them call upon us and take thousands of Clubs.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford.

The following letter tells its own story:

BROOMAR, GREEN CO., WIS.,
May 8, 1866.

To The Great American Tea Company,
31 and 33 Vesey St., New York City.

The package of Tea I ordered of you came safely to hand. All are highly pleased with their Teas. Your last is superior to what our merchants *call their best*, and sell for $1 $ lb. and. The Oolong is far better than what they sell at $1 75. I herewith send another order, amounting to $131. I could make you a much larger one, but many of our farmers are so afraid of being bamboozled. They say if they are given a good satisfactory trial for a dollar, they will then "go to." Send the goods per United States Express. Will bill for collection, as before. Also bill by mail to myself. You will hear in a large way from this section next time. Mark the box to my address.
Respectfully yours, W. E. MACK.

ORDER No. 2.

5 lbs. Best Oolong	T. D. Kaird	$1 60 ... $5 00
5 do.	L. Simons	1 00 ... 5 00
5 do.	Mrs. Howard	1 00 ... 5 00
5 do. Uncolored Japan	C. Lampon	1 00 ... 5 00
1 lb. Imperial	D. Gunnion	80 ... 80
1 lb. Green Tea	James Spencer	1 25 ... 1 25
2 lbs. Imperial	James Spencer	1 25 ... 2 50
1 lb. Gunpowder	James Spencer	1 25 ... 1 25
1 lb. Uncolored Japan	James Spencer	1 25 ... 1 25
2 lbs. Imperial	J. B. Kirkpatrick	1 25 ... 2 50
1 lb. Gunpowder	Franklin Mitchell	1 25 ... 1 25
2 lbs. Imperial	Moses Kirkpatrick	1 25 ... 2 50
1 lb. Gunpowder	Moses Kirkpatrick	1 25 ... 1 25
2 lbs. Imperial	T. Cordelyon	1 25 ... 2 50
5 lbs.	Jas. Kirkpatrick	1 25 ... 5 00
1 lb. Gunpowder	Jas. Kirkpatrick	1 25 ... 1 25
5 lbs. Uncolrd Japan	Jas. Kirkpatrick	1 25 ... 2 50
5 lbs. F. B. Oolong	Jas. Kirkpatrick	1 25 ... 6 25
5 lbs. Uncolored Japan	Austin Cole	1 00 ... 1 00
1 lb. Gunpowder	Austin Cole	1 25 ... 1 25
2 lbs. Imperial	J. N. Davis	1 25 ... 2 50
2 lbs. Young Hyson	J. N. Davis	1 25 ... 2 50
1 lb. Imperial	Jacob Tenyck	1 25 ... 1 25
1 lb. Gunpowder	Jacob Tenyck	1 25 ... 1 25
2 lbs. Young Hyson	Robert Brown	1 25 ... 2 50
2 lbs. Imperial	S. Graham	1 25 ... 2 50
1 lb. Gunpowder	S. Graham	1 25 ... 2 50
5 lbs.	C. Springstead	1 25 ... 6 25
5 lbs. Young Hyson	Dr. Springstead	1 25 ... 2 75
5 lbs. Uncolored Japan	Wm. Hall	1 25 ... 6 25
5 lbs.	Mrs. Chas. Clinton	1 25 ... 1 25
5 lbs. Oolong	Mrs. Chas. Clinton	1 25 ... 6 25
5 lbs. Imperial	Walter Smith	1 25 ... 6 25
5 lbs. Gunpowder	Walter Smith	1 25 ... 6 25
1 lb. Gunpowder	W. Mitchell	1 25 ... 2 50
2 lbs. Young Hyson	W. Mitchell	1 25 ... 2 50
5 lbs.	R. Colton	1 25 ... 5 00
5 lbs.	P. Tuncyck	1 25 ... 6 25
5 lbs. Uncolored Japan	P. Tuncyck	1 25 ... 2 50
1 lb. Uncolored Japan	W. R. Mack (getter up of this club)	1 25 ... 1 25
1 lb. Imperial	R. J. Day	1 25 ... 1 25
2 lbs. Uncolored Japan	R. J. Day	1 25 ... 6 25
	Total	... $131

P. S.—Send a lbs. of your best green Java Coffee, with price, to W. E. MACK.

Our second order from Mr. R. H. Harrison, of Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railway Shops, fort Wayne, Ind., embraces a club-order comprising over 200 names of gentlemen engaged in the above manufacturing works.

All Manufacturing Establishments can save two thirds of the cost of their Tea by sending their order to THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York City. (Post-Office Box 5643.)



Meeks' Cabinet Furniture Warehouse

Removed to the new White Marble Building, No. 656 Broadway, between Fourth and Great Jones Streets.
NEW STORE, NEW STYLES, POPULAR PRICES.

These extensive warerooms afford ample facilities for the display of our immense stock, consisting of an elegant variety of Fashionable Rich, Medium, and Plain Furniture, which will be sold at Popular Prices. ☞ Purchasers are invited to inspect the largest and handsomest stock in this country. No. 656 BROADWAY, New York City.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men.
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

MAMMOTH OIL ENTERPRISE AND GRAND GIFT DISTRIBUTION.

40,000 Shares of Stock to be Sold for Five Dollars each,
AND
40,000 Valuable Presents—One to each Shareholder.

$30,000 IN GREENBACKS, HOUSES, AND OTHER VALUABLE PROPERTY, TO BE DISTRIBUTED AMONG SHAREHOLDERS WHO INVEST $5 in the STOCK of the TAVACHERO OIL COMPANY, WHICH WILL PAY 300 PER CENT. PROFIT ANNUALLY on the AMOUNT of the INVESTMENT.
Distribution to take place Tuesday Evening, July 24, 1866, at
CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

The merit of this plan is two-fold. First, each subscriber to a $5 share becomes a Stockholder in the Company, and entitled to the benefits of its success. Second, every person who purchases stock has a chance to receive a valuable present—a *small fortune*.

SPLENDID LIST OF PRESENTS.

1 Present.	Brown Stone House in New York City	$15,000
1 "	Frame House	5,000
1 "	do.	3,000
6 Presents,	Lots in the City of New York	9,000
1 Present,	Rosewood Piano	1,000
10 Presents,	Cabinet Organs, @ $200 each	2,000
10 "	Melodeons, @ $150 each	1,500
10 "	Gold Watches, @ $100 each	1,000
10 "	Silver Watches, @ $50 each	500
10 "	Silver Watches, @ $25 each	250
2,000	$10 each in Greenbacks	20,000
2,000	Splendid Albums, $3 each	24,000
2,000	Splendid Albums, $5 each	10,000
5,000	Gold Lockets, $4 each	20,000
5,000	Gold Pens, $3 each	15,000
5,000	Steel Engravings of General Grant, $1 each	5,000
14,740	Packs of Cards (one for Voter Ammusant)	7,370
40,000	Presents, amounting to	$140,720
	Cash Present to the Company	59,000
	Expenses estimated	4,780
40,000	Shares to be Sold for	$200,000

HOW TO OBTAIN SHARES.

Forty thousand printed receipts will be issued, each entitling the holder to one share of stock in the Vancebrg Petroleum and Mining Company, and each accompanied by a void of admission (properly numbered), to the Grand Distribution, and entitling the holder to the present that may be drawn to the number on that occasion. The receipts and cards of admission can be had at book stores, and of agents throughout the country, at $5 per share, or by inclosing the amount in a registered letter to

BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

Agents wanted every where.

Wines and Cordials.

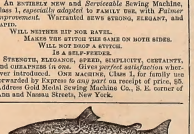
I will send to any address, on receipt of One Dollar, directions for making the following Wines and Cordials, so extensively used in Great Britain and France: Port, Sherry, Raspberry, Noyeau, Cloves, Gingerette, Gooseberry, Currant, Ginger, Honey, Parsnip, Elderberry, and Blackberry, equal to imported Champagnes. The cost is but trifling. Contains no alcohol. Pleasant to take, and exceedingly healthy. Address Thomas H. Giddings, Lancaster, Ohio.

FIVE DOLLAR GOLD MEDAL SEWING MACHINE,

AN ENTIRELY NEW and SUPERIOR SEWING MACHINE, Class 1, *especially adapted to* FAMILY USE, with *Patent improvements*. Warranted NEW STRONG, ELEGANT, and RAPID.

WILL NEITHER RIP NOR RAVEL.
MAKES THE STITCH THE SAME ON BOTH SIDES.
WILL NOT DROP A STITCH.
IS A SELF-FEEDER.

STRENGTH, ELEGANCE, SPEED, SIMPLICITY, CERTAINTY, and CHEAPNESS in one. *Gives perfect satisfaction wherever introduced.* ONE MACHINE, Class 1, for family use forwarded by Express *to any part* on receipt of price, $5. Address Gold Medal Sewing Machine Co., S. E. corner of Ann and Nassau Streets, New York.



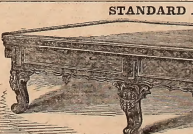
FISHING TACKLE,

In all its varieties, for sale by A. DRAPER, No. 53 Nassau Street, one door from Beekman Lane, New York.



HOOK SET Patent Snap-and-Catch-Em Fish-Hook. A perfect trap; no sinkers. Two steel springs open in the fish's mouth; sportsmen and boys all want them. Send 20 cents and stamp for two sample hooks, or $1 25 for one dozen, and trade-prices, to JOSEPH BIRDSS, 235 Broadway, New York. Room 35.

STANDARD AMERICAN



BILLIARD TABLES.

Approved and adopted by the Billiard Congress of 1863. The best and only reliable Billiard Tables manufactured. Balls, Cues, and every article pertaining thereto, for sale by
PHELAN & COLLENDER, Nos. 63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby Street, New York City.

Remarkable Cure of Stiff Knee by Allcock's Porous Plasters.

How many persons, from stepping on a piece of orange-peel, have been lamed for life. A case which might have been of this kind has just been brought to our notice. A gentleman, from placing the heel of his boot on a piece of orange-peel, was suddenly thrown down, and violently sprained his knee. He was six months confined to the house, though he had the best medical advice. As a last resort a very eminent physician was called in to see if any thing more could be done. After examination he said, "My opinion is, your knee will never be bent again." He recommended that the whole leg and knee should be encased in a plaster of Allcock's Porous Plasters, which would accelerate the permanent stiffening of the knee, and said that the sooner it was done the better. But the patient, before trying this application and having a stiff knee for life, resolved it in our Porous Plasters, and in less than two months his knee was perfectly cured.

Principal Agency, Brandreth House, New York. By the yard or single plaster. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

Mosquito Nets

WITH PATENT FOLDABLE FRAMES.
G. L. & J. B. KELTY, 447 Broadway.

"The Mammoth Informer" gives away to every body. Send stamp for it. Courtship made easy, 25 cents. Bridal etiquette, 15 cents. Laws of love, 50 cents. W. C. WEBYOKE, 378 Broadway, New York.

A. NEW GAME.

All persons who would like to make money easily, and who have brains enough to know a "a good thing" when they see it, will write for further information to "C. S. W.," Box 685, Newark, New Jersey.

I. E. WALRAVEN,

IMPORTER AND DEALER
IN
CURTAINS,
WINDOW SHADES,
AND
LINENS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
No. 686 Broadway, New York,
719 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

CLOSING OUT SALE

OF THE
NEUFCHATEL WATCH CO.

Owing to the failure and sudden closing of the works and business of the

NEUFCHATEL WATCH CO.,

A large number of fine Watches, manufactured especially for the United States, being heavy, first-class timekeepers, intended to stand hard usage and sudden changes of temperature, are left in our hands for immediate sale. As agents of the Company, we are obliged to dispose of this stock for cash in the shortest possible time. We have, therefore, decided on the plan adopted at the end, which will be productive of the desired result. This plan gives every one an opportunity of securing first-class timekeepers at a price that all can command. As every certificate represents a Watch, there can be no blanks, and every one who invests in this sale must get a Watch at half the retail price at least; and, if at all fortunate, can be vain with pride through life.

Remittances may be made at our risk in registered letters or by express, or post-office orders and drafts payable to our order, and we guarantee a safe return. This INSURES safe delivery and sure return to every patron.

We warrant every Watch as represented, and satisfaction is guaranteed in every instance. Knowing the worth of the stock, we can give a warrantee to every purchaser. The price has been placed at the very low figure in order to insure immediate sale; and all who desire to improve the opportunity should make early application.

HAZARD, MOORE & CO.,
120 Broadway, New York,
Post-Office Box 5,643.

AGENTS for THE NEUFCHATEL WATCH CO.

THE FOLLOWING SPLENDID LIST OF
Fine Watches and Chains,
Worth $350,000!
TO BE SOLD FOR
TEN DOLLARS EACH.

127 Gold hunting-cased Chronometers, from $175 to $485
160 Gold hunting-cased English Pat. Levers.. 150 to 300
154 Gold hunting-cased Duplex ..... 125 to 165
175 Gold hunting-cased Patent Levers..... 75 to 170
200 Gold hunting-cased Levers ..... 75 to 150
240 Gold hunting-cased Lepines ..... 50 to 125
100 Gold hunting-cased Duplex ..... 75 to 125
335 Heavy gold-cased Patent Levers ..... 75 to 125
295 Heavy gold-cased Levers ..... 70 to 115
120 Ladies' gold hunting-cased Levers ..... 65 to 125
275 Ladies' gold-cased hunting-cased Lepines ..... 50 to 125
125 Ladies' gold cased hunting cased Levers. 60 to 125
230 Ladies' gold-cased plain-cased Levers ..... 50 to 125
265 Ladies' gold-cased engraved Lepines..... 40 to 125
260 Heavy solid silver-cased Duplex ..... 75 to 125
735 Heavy solid silver-cased Patent Levers .. 50 to 125
950 Heavy solid silver-cased Levers ..... 40 to 125
478 Heavy solid silver-cased Lepines..... 50 to 90
935 Ladies' solid silver-cased Lepines..... 30 to 90
224 Ladies' solid cased Lepines ..... 19 to 65
800 Solid Gold Chard and Vest Chains ..... 15 to 150
300 Solid Gold Locustine and Chatelaines .... 15 to 125

☞ All the above list of Watches will be sold for Ten Dollars each.

Certificates representing each and every Watch in the above list are placed in similar envelopes and sealed. After receiving a Certificate, you will see what it is worth or sent by mail to any address, can have the article called for on the nearest Express Office without further charge.

We charge, for forwarding certificates, 50 cents each. Five will be sent for $2, and fifteen for $5.

The certificates must in all cases be returned with and accompany the money sent for the article called for.

All orders promptly filled and forwarded by return mail or express. Address

HAZARD, MOORE & CO.,
120 Broadway, New York.

5000 Agents Wanted. $5 per day and expenses. Inclose stamp for particulars. Address Hallett & Hartfield, Saco, Me.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1866.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $4 00

An Extra Copy, for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $6 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	65 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$4 00
One Copy for Three Months	1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed *for every Club of Five Subscribers*, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Postage* invariably to advance.

The Bound Volumes of HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding	$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco	10 00

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements is charged.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.



RATHER 'CUTE.

SMALL BUT SHARP PASSENGER. "Look here! You didn't give me the Right Change just NOW!"

CLERK. "Too Late, Sir! You should have Spoken when you took your Ticket!"

PASSENGER. "*Should I?* Well, it's of no Consequence to me; but you gave me Five Dollars [*Exit.*
Too Much! Ta-ta!"

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.



POLLAK & SON Meerschaum Manufacturers, 603 Broadway, near 4th St., N. Y., wholesale and retail at reduced rates. Pipes and Holders sent to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send stamp for Circular. Pipes $6 to $30 each.

Marvin's Patent
ALUM AND DRY PLASTER, FIRE AND BURGLAR
SAFES
Never lose their fire-proof qualities, corrode the iron, or mould their contents.
Sideboard and parlor safes for silverware.
MARVIN & CO.,
265 Broadway, New York.
721 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

E. REMINGTON & SONS,



MANUFACTURERS OF
Revolvers, Rifles,
Muskets, and Carbines,
For the United States Service. Also
POCKET AND BELT REVOLVERS,
REPEATING PISTOLS,
Rifle Canes, Revolving Rifles,
Rifle and Shot-Gun Barrels and Gun Materials. Sold by Gun Dealers and the Trade generally.
In these days of House-breaking and Robbery, every House, Store, Bank, and Office should have one of
Remington's Revolvers.
Circulars containing cuts and description of our Arms will be furnished upon application.
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Playing from one to thirty-six different tunes, and costing from $5 50 to $600 00. The most complete stock ever offered for sale in New York. Fine ornaments for the parlor, and pleasant companions for the invalid.
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Ladies & Gentlemen
OUT OF THE CITY,
TAKE YOUR OWN MEASURE AND SEND TO
E. A. BROOKS, Agt.
Importer and Manufacturer of
BOOTS, SHOES, &c.
575 Broadway, New York.
Directions for Measuring the Foot.
First. Place the foot upon a piece of paper and trace the outline of same with a pencil, which will give the length and spread of the foot, as shown in figure *a*.
Second. Make the following measurements, in inches and fractions, with tape measure, as shown in figure *b*, viz:
1st.—The ball of the foot.
2d.—The Low Instep.
3d.—The High Instep.
4th.—The Heel.
5th.—The Ankle.
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O'BRIEN'S NATIONAL PRIZE CONCERT
WILL BE HELD AT
The Rink,
Thursday, July 5th, 1866.
THIS HALL, BEING THE LARGEST IN THE CITY, WILL ACCOMMODATE ALL WHO WISH TO ATTEND. IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CONCERT THE DRAWING WILL TAKE PLACE,
WHEN
One Hundred Thousand Dollars
IN VALUABLE PRIZES, INCLUDING
Twenty-three Thousand Dollars in Money,
WILL BE GIVEN TO THE TICKET-HOLDERS.
ONLY 100,000 TICKETS AND 25,000 PRIZES,
Being One Chance in Four.
The First Prize is Ten Thousand Dollars in Cash.
The Drawing will positively take place at the time mentioned. The prizes are all purchased, and will be delivered immediately after the Concert; and a full statement of the drawing and list of the winning numbers will be sent to every ticket-holder. Parties whose numbers appear in the list will forward their tickets at once, with full directions for shipping goods or money. I have published A NEW BOOK, containing a full list of prizes, describing how the prizes will be drawn, and how parties not in the city are to send for them, and, indeed, answering every question about the Concert, besides containing much other valuable information, which I will send free of charge to every one buying a ticket and inclosing five cents to pay postage.

Inducements to Clubs:
I WILL SEND
For $ 4 50 ..... 5 Tickets.
For 7 00 ..... 9 Tickets.
For 10 50 ..... 13 Tickets.
For 17 50 ..... 25 Tickets.
For 21 50 ..... 35 Tickets.
For 30 Tickets.
For $26 00 ..... 40 Tickets.
For 35 00 ..... 60 Tickets.
For 45 00 ..... 80 Tickets.
For 85 00 ..... 100 Tickets.

☞ Money can be sent at my risk by Draft, Post-Office Order, or Registered Letter. Always send your full Name, State, County, and Post-Office.
ORDER TICKETS EARLY. At this time, June 16, not over 15,000 Tickets remain unsold, and this number will soon be exhausted. Money received after the Tickets are all sold will be promptly returned.
M. O'BRIEN, 193 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO.
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THE UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT,
To have been given at CROSBY'S OPERA-HOUSE on MONDAY, MAY 28th, 1866, will be postponed until MONDAY, JULY 9th, 1866, on which occasion HALF A MILLION DOLLARS IN PRIZES will be presented to Ticket-Holders, including
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GREENBACKS.
THE POSTPONEMENT is an unavoidable necessity, not so much in consequence of the number of tickets yet unsold as the positive necessity there is for a proper registration of those already disposed of, which has been delayed in consequence of the negligence and carelessness of a portion of our Agents in making their proper returns. We advise all parties wishing tickets to send for them without delay, as we have but a limited number yet on hand. We also wish most particularly to impress upon the minds of our Agents the importance of their making their returns at once, and of rectifying whatever errors may have crept into their reports heretofore. We will say to those sending for tickets that if they should all be sold at the time their order is received the money will be returned. No applications for new Agencies for the sale of tickets will be considered, as we have no more than sufficient tickets for those Agents we have already appointed. Tickets are for sale at the principal Hotels, Book and Music Stores in the city, and at our Office, 193 Dearborn Street; price $1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp for return postage. We invite the particular attention of persons wishing to order tickets by mail to the following

Special Terms, or Club Rates.
Any party procuring a club of five or more names for tickets, and forwarding us the money for the same, will be allowed the following commission, viz.:

WE WILL SEND
5 Tickets to one address for $4 50
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20 Tickets to one address for 17 50
And 100 Tickets to one address for .....
30 Tickets to one address for $26 25
40 Tickets to one address for 35 00
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In every case send the name and post-office address of each separate subscriber. Money, by draft, post-office order, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk. All communications should be addressed to
WIGGINS, BRADFORD & CO.,
133 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
(Post-Office Drawer 5913.)
The proprietors will donate to the Lincoln and Douglas Monument Fund $2000; also there will be $2000 reserved from the prizes drawing the $20,000 prize, for the same purpose.
REFERENCES.—Hon. Major Dan. Moore, Ex-M.C., of Ind.; Hon. Ira J. Laycock, of Kansas; Hon. William Lefting-well, Lyons, Iowa; Hon. Joseph Knox, of Chicago; Hon. C. Grover Smith, of Minn.; Jacob Forsyth, Agt. M. S. R. R., Chicago, Ill.; M. Rosenberg & Co., importers of watches, Chicago.
Proposals for inserting this advertisement are requested.

SOMETHING NEW.
A SET OF ROCK-CRYSTAL JEWELRY, comprising BREAST-PIN AND EAR-RINGS, $2 50.
A FULL SET DITTO, comprising BREAST-PIN, EAR-RINGS, NECKLACE, AND BRACELETS, $5.
Forwarded to any address free on receipt of the price.
P. P. PERKINS & BROTHER,
Importers of Real Laces and Fancy Goods,
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THE NATIONAL REVOLVER.



This now celebrated Revolver excels all others for completeness, effectiveness, durability, power, and safety in carrying. In light (14 oz.), small (only 7 in.), with larger *metallic water-proof cartridge* (32-100 ball) than any Revolver made of same size and weight. Send for circular. GEO. A. HICKCOX, 75 Beekman Street, New York.

PESTACHINE
it is the Great Restorer for the Hair; also an excellent dressing. Invented by DR. ROOT; manufactured by CHARLES SKINNER & CO., Springfield, Mass.; and sold by DEMAS BARNES & CO., New York.

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SHIRT MAKER,
No. 637 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

100 SPLENDID PHOTOGRAPHS of Female Beauties for 25 cents. Address
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WORK & FEMALE, FOR PARTICULARS
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MOULDED COLLARS,
The Trade supplied with all Styles and Sizes at
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 495.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



WALL STREET, NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAM B. AUSTIN, NEW YORK.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1866.

THE REPORT OF THE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE.

THE Report of the Congressional Committee upon Reconstruction is so able and conclusive that we wish it might be universally read. It is the Constitution and common sense applied to the situation; and after the passionate and petrifogging spirit in which Reconstruction, the most important of all our present questions, has been so often discussed its tone is manly and dignified. There is nothing exactly new in the arguments of the Committee, but the Report in an unanswerable manner of the conclusions to which the commonsense of the loyal part of the country had arrived, and upon which, as we believe, it now reposes.

Those conclusions are in brief that the rebellious States were left, at the close of the war, without other legal government than the military authority of the United States, directed by the President as Commander-in-chief; that the civil government of those States could become valid only upon recognition by Congress, and that the resumption by those States of their relations in the Union can occur only upon such conditions as Congress may prescribe. The folly of the assumption of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and the late allies of the rebellion, that the moment a rebel State was forced by war to surrender it regained untouched and without condition every right and privilege it had enjoyed as a part of the Union is conclusively exposed by the Committee. "To admit such a principle for one moment would be to declare that treason is always master and loyalty a blunder. Such a principle is not only very mature and senseless, because inconsistent with the theory of government and fatal to its very existence."

To know the condition of the late rebel States it was necessary either to take the opinion of the President solely, or to sift the evidence upon which that opinion was founded and enlarge the range of testimony. This latter course was adopted, and the impression left upon the Committee is again that of the great mass of Union men in the country. The condition of the States in question is precisely what was to be expected. It is a feeling of intense regret that the struggle could not be prolonged, and of bitter hostility toward the Government. And while this is natural to any party defeated in so fierce a contest, the Committee find that it is peculiarly strong in the States in question. "The conciliatory measures of the Government do not seem to have been met even half-way. The bitterness and defiance exhibited toward the United States under such circumstances is without a parallel in the history of the world." It is remarkable that MR. SEWARD in his Auburn speech states the situation exactly in other way. "The work of reconciliation," he says, "has outrun expectation. Indeed, it has never had a parallel in human affairs." We presume that this gratuitous conviction of ours, too, based upon all the various public and private evidence of the year, will confirm the Committee's judgment rather than MR. SEWARD'S.

After the most careful consideration upon ample evidence the Committee believe that adequate security should be required for future peace and safety, and they suggest, as the result of mutual concession, the amendment determining civil rights, equalizing representation, disqualifying certain persons for office under certain conditions, and disowning the rebel debt. This amendment has been already adopted by the Senate in a moderate and generous form, and will undoubtedly be agreed to by the House. As there is nothing in it which is not strictly in consonance with the views which the President has often expressed, we hope that for the sake of harmony he will not oppose it. If, however, a bill should be offered for his signature, postponing the admission of any late rebel State to Congress until the amendment had become a part of the Constitution and had been ratified by the State, he would undoubtedly veto it. It seems to us, for many good reasons, advisable that each suspended State should be restored upon its individual acceptance of the condition, and we hope that such may be the final judgment of Congress.

Thus this most important Committee concludes its labors, and concludes them worthily. It has been fiercely derided and insulted by the most malignant enemies of the Union and Government at the North and South; and even the President's impatience has betrayed him into vituperation of it. But we challenge any caviler to produce from history an instance of a settlement by a victorious government so honorable, so reasonable, so free from vengeance, so tenacious of the spirit of a truly free government. There is no lately rebellious citizen of the United States who "acquiesces" honestly in the situation who can declare it ungenerous or unjust, while every faithful citizen will heartily commend it as the true popular platform. The substance of this Report is sure to be filtered through editorials and speeches, so that it will become familiar to the country. But Union clubs and committees could do no better service to the good cause than to multiply legible copies of it.

OUR NEUTRALITY.

THE President's late decisive proclamation of neutrality in the Fenian raid upon Canada was derided by those who smart at all his acts, but was of necessity highly approved by all thoughtful citizens in whose minds passion and prejudice had not obscured the sense of national honor. We are at peace with Great Britain —a peace which the interests of liberty and civilization require to be maintained—and to insist that we shall wink at the desolation of a neighboring colony of that power by a body on the "Fenian army," because Great Britain played fast and loose in her neutrality during our late war, is simply childish and preposterous. To plead the dishonor of England as an excuse for our own, is to dispute the palm of shame.

We vigorously denounced the insincerity of British neutrality. We decried it as dishonorable to the last degree. We swelled with indignant scorn at the miserable subterfuge of the British Government in the matter of the *Alabama*. Were we right or wrong? Was her conduct honorable or ignoble? Of course we have not changed our opinions, and why then, should we sneer at our Government for refusing to do precisely what we think it basirably in the British Government not to do—for the utmost freedom of speech in debating the wrongs of Ireland or of any other country we properly tolerate. The organization of an Irish Republic in Union cities, the open present dispersion of the subscribers to Fenian bonds. The call to send arms to Ireland or the exhortation to strike at Canada, are all permissible for they are but the utterance merely, mere wind. But if the attempt is made to send arms, they are justly seized. If men attempt to put their words into execution they are horrified, they are justly opposed. And if the movement be apparently concerted and imposing from its numbers, the proclamation of neutrality is issued to deceive the dupes. The point is, that the Government should have apparently countenanced the movement by releasing JOHN MITCHEL at the request of a Fenian deputation. To release him was not unwise; but to do so upon such a request was to commit a double blunder, for it was both a recognition of Fenian and a slight to American citizens. American citizens founded upon birth. As Irishmen, American citizens have nothing to ask of the Government—and this is the distinction (to use an Irish figure of speech) still less.

There is nothing more commendable in our history than our consistent and conscientious observance of neutral duties. It was honorably acknowledged by "HISTORICUS" during the *Alabama* debates. It began with the existence of the Government itself. President WASHINGTON devised the strictest rule, and enforced it.

In 1793 there was war between England and France. The friendship for our late ally was antipathy to our new friend. Pity, warm, and JEFFERSON, the especial friend of France, was Secretary of State. But WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON both acted promptly and efficiently. They did not wait for formal remonstrance, conditions to be furnished by the representatives of either belligerent. "As soon as it was perceived that such conduct was intended, the general orders to prevent them were dispatched to all the States and ports of the Union." In 1805, when MR. JEFFERSON was President, he stopped a fleet for French insurrection, and "to bring in the offenders as pirates." In 1818 President MONROE compliments "the whole community" for its honorable conduct to neutral obligations. In the border troubles of 1838–40 MR. WEBSTER, as Secretary of State, declares the intention of the President to bring to exemplary punishment "the violators of law and disturbers of the peace upon the Canadian border. In 1848, when the Germans were trying to found a free and united empire, their Government sent commissioners to this country to buy a steam war vessel. But learning that the buyers were interested in the little Schleswig-Holstein war, the Government forbade the sailing of the steamer, nor was she permitted to depart until, after long negotiations, the buyers gave bonds in $200,000 that she should never be used against any nation with which we were at peace. In 1855, during the Russian war, the Government seized MR. LOW'S bark *Monny*, although it considered the complaint of the British consul improbable, and it proved to be totally unfounded.

In the recent insurrection in our uniform precedent and the general reason of such cases, but the intrinsic inhumanity and folly of the belligerent acts demanded the strict st enforcement of neutrality. The attempt was to under the British empire by seizing Canada by that part of the Irish population of the United States with whom their most conspicuous religious and political leaders will have nothing to do, and who were earnestly dissuaded from the enterprise by the recognized head of the revolutionary movement. There could be no conceivable result of such a mad foray but bloodshed and sorrow. It is true that Canada looked on coolly when rebel raids against us were plotted under her eyes. But is that Canadian conduct to be the model of ours? Did the offense of Canada, great as it was, deserve that her soil and cities should be exposed by us to such a horror as such a spirit as ravaged New York in the July riots of 1863? Even the correspondent of the New York *Herald*, which has incessantly magnified Fenianism, admits, in speaking of the invading "army," that "the most of them were nothing more or less than an armed mob, roving about wherever they pleased, taking the horses, and insulting and abusing women and children." If our laws and precedents had not forbidden our connivance with so horrible a tragedy as this raid would have been, it undoubtedly was certainly our common humanity and common sense should have forced us to interfere; and the President is to be heartily thanked for his fidelity to the national honor.

THE PROBABLE WAR IN EUROPE.

THERE will apparently be a Conference of the European powers, but it is generally conceded that war is unavoidable. This will not mean strong armies on both sides, but that there is a universal wish in Europe to reconstruct the map, as it is called. That can be done only by peaceful negotiation or by war. But what chance is there of settling the conflicting claims, and hot passions and ambitions of the various powers, that a harmonious redistribution could be made? The Italian bonds are clearly of opinion that it is hopeless, and that it may not be possible even to hold the dogs of war in leash until the Congress dissolves.

Meanwhile the number of troops upon a war footing is already enormous. The northern army of Austria alone, under General BENEDEK, upon the frontiers of Prussia and SAXONY, is composed of 200,000 men and 500 guns. The Austrian force in Venetia is 130,000 men, while the Austrian reserves comprise 800,000. Vienna is being rapidly fortified. The Italian army will contain more than 500,000 men, of whom 250,000 are already in the first line, and are inspired with the utmost enthusiasm. The Prussian force is immense, and Europe is already a camp once more.

There are two elements which have not been much considered, which may prove to be of great importance. These are Russia and the Republicans. The people of Europe at this time would hardly allow the struggle to be merely a dynastic combat. They would seize the moment of universal tumult to claim further rights; and when once a war begins of the necessary confusion of this, it is impossible to foretell the end or the results. A great deal more than was meant will be both won and lost.

A. J. HAMILTON AND A. H. STEPHENS.

ANDREW J. HAMILTON of TEXAS, and ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS of GEORGIA, are representatives of the two spirits between which, from this time forward, there will be "an irrepressible conflict" in the late rebel States. They are both natives of slave States. They have both been slaveholders and Democrats. They have both been recognized political leaders. They are both men of intellectual ability, tenacity, and force. But the heart and head of one are set toward the future, those of the other to the past.

When the late Southern leaders of the Democratic party took up arms against the Government STEPHENS warned them to pause. He pleaded that the war was true as they to State sovereignty and slavery. He declared that with him the Union was subordinate to "the South." He tried to show them that "the South" meaning the ambition of those leaders and the interests of slavery—could still control the Government, and that open rebellion would fail. But the conspirators were bolder than he, although less astute. Possibly they felt that the conscience of the American people, which was now clearly awakened, could not be put to sleep again because it had caught a glimpse of the eternal truth that the national interest was coincident with justice, and that therefore every cry for duty was fatal both to their ambition and its unholy object. But whatever their motive, they shouted with ROBERT TOOMBS that if the sword were not put into their hands they would seize it—and they did so. STEPHENS became silent, and floated with the current, and was made the Lieutenant of the conspiracy. Then he opened his mouth to say what even WIGFALL and the most foolish and fierce of the conspirators hardly dared to breathe—that the express intention of the new empire was to surpass Dahomey, and its Government was to be founded upon the crime against human nature itself which civilized mankind had elsewhere scornfully spurned.

But when the conspirators declared themselves in TEXAS HAMILTON defied them. In fiery appeals to the people he exposed the nature of the conspiracy and the purpose of its chiefs. He showed their haughty and blamelessness of the Government, declared its intrinsic power, and foretold its overwhelming triumph. His voice was an inspiring bugle blast of patriotism, and no man's attitude in any formidable crisis was ever more heroic than his. Hated and denounced by the rebel chiefs, he stood fast and rebel aloud until to stay longer was useless; and then, hunted by men fiercer than blood-hounds, he made his way within the Union lines. There he continued his work. His voice was heard every where, rallying the loyal heart of the country, until, with the victory which he had prophesied, he returned to TEXAS as President's commissioner. Of all those who have filled that office HAMILTON alone clearly comprehended the situation. He understood the struggle. He knew and trusted the principle which had prevailed, and he was resolved that that principle should inspire the policy of reconstruction in his State, because that only promised peace and permanent union.

HAMILTON and STEPHENS are both again conspicuous, both are again leaders of public opinion at the South. STEPHENS declares that his principles and convictions are unchanged. He still holds to the right of secession. He "acquiesces" in the result because all force of further resistance is exhausted. An unparalleled rebel, he proudly reaffirms his faith in the principle of the rebellion, and decrying the right of the Government which he has vainly sought to overthrow to exact conditions for its safety, he haughtily claims to share in its control. Encouraged by his position the old spirit of "the South" revives, that spirit which has been so thoroughly proved false to Union and the Government. HAMILTON, on the other hand, says plainly to STEPHENS and his friends: "You have made it necessary for them [the loyal people of the United States] to make certain requirements of you, and they will do it in such a manner as that they will never be disturbed by you in a rebellion. I would do the same, and so would you if placed in a similar position. You would not permit any State to go back until you had assurance of the hearty submission of the people in a manner and yet given by the people of Texas." Then, with a directness and force which must rather amaze STEPHENS and his party, HAMILTON after declaring the freedom to be the equal of any of them before the law, exclaims: "As a friend of the Government of the United States, as a friend of humanity, and as a man of truth and honor, he is immensurably the superior of any pardoned but unrepentant rebel."

When one man says so, every men think so. General HAMILTON announces that there shall now be the utmost freedom of speech, and that the truth shall be told fearlessly. He will be supported by those who believe that the United States will see fair play, and the debate between the old silence and despotism of slavery and State sovereignty, and the new freedom and inspiration of Liberty and the Union will be opened. It will be hot and sharp, but the issue is clear. With the formation of a true Union party, the last character of "acquiescers" like STEPHENS, who hold to the things that are passing away, will be revealed, and a healthful political condition will ensue. He is a conciliator, as a peace-maker, as a patriot, as a true American, ANDREW J. HAMILTON is as superior to ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS now, as he was superior to him in wisdom and patriotism during the war; and it is by such men as HAMILTON, and by such principles as his, and not by leaders like STEPHENS that the true reconstruction of the late rebel States will be effected.

THE FEAST OF FOLY.

IN the time of Queen ELIZABETH of England the fashion imported from Italy of making love so extravagant and ruinous to private fortunes that the Queen, who had three thousand dresses in her wardrobe, issued a proclamation against extravagance in dress. It was not put down, but we certainly have need of the proclamation. The wild waste of money in the most vulgar ways is a matter of profound public concern. It tends directly to make marriage difficult, and whatever limits honorable marriage threatens public morality.

Our new folly is the more contemptible that it is imported. Our vanity is secondhand. New York is apparently content to be a cast-off Paris. Like a parvenu maid it smirks and ogles in the discarded dresses of its mistress. It waits for Paris to be hooped before it enlarges its skirts, and meekly reduces them when Paris dwindles. The follies of Longchamps are daring, original, and preposterous. But they are the follies of one of the richest and most corrupt of European courts. The same follies, carefully imitated in New York or at Saratoga or Newport, are only feeble and farcical.

Does an honest young man, earning his living in New York, and hoping to marry his sweet-heart on some happy future day, wish to see her aping the Princess METTERNICH or the riperb MRS. B——, a noted *divorcée* in Paris, at whom even newspaper correspondents laugh.

as they describe her gorgeous dress, costing "at least five hundred dollars," and the "several pounds of dyed red hair upon her head?" Does he wish to see her upon the beach at Newport in "a short petticoat not worn much below the calf," or trailing half a thousand dollars' worth of silk and lace along the wet sand? Would she be beautiful to him if he saw her sweeping the gravel of a race-course with "a long train of delicate tinted blue silk bordered with tea-roses," carrying a blue parasol also trimmed with roses, and a bonnet of blue boots "with a tea-rose on each instep?"

Such is the costume of the Parisian *mondo* and *demi-monde*, and here we shall see its remote and ridiculous reproduction at the summer resorts. Is there no one to tell the truth to these pretty American women who make so ludicrous a mistake? Do they suppose that they are ridiculed? Do they know that the gilded youth who flutter around them do not spare them in their gossip? Do they reflect that no man really respects a New York woman who tries to rival the most notorious Paris women? Ah, gentle ladies, be persuaded! If you move in the style of the demi-monde its morals and manners will be held to be those of the *demi-monde*. True womanly modesty still seeks a modest manner and a modest garb. Be as graceful and as tasteful as you will, but do not believe that the heroine of Longchamps or of a luscious French novel is the heroine of any sincere man's sincere admiration.

The remedy of this folly lies very much in the hands of sensible people in society. Let them steadily refuse to allow anyone to make the measure of what is truly fashionable. Let them plainly discountenance the gaudy and banal extravagance of the time, and teach the spirit and taste and dress and manners of the *demi-monde* that they must not presume upon admission to "society."

JOHN BULL IN A FINANCIAL POINT OF VIEW.

NOT many weeks since a broker in Wall Street had occasion to meet a New York agent of a London Bank on business. The conversation was one which involved time; and had it been between two New York bonnes it would have been but customary if a 10 per cent. deposit in a Trust Company had been called on one side or the other to insure the fulfillment of the contract. Such deposits are called, as matters of business, without necessarily implying any want of confidence in the party called on. In the instance referred to the New York broker proposed a mutual deposit.

"Could not think of it, Sir. Our Bank calls, never makes deposits. You shall deposit *with* us to secure the fulfillment of your contract. We never deposit with any one."

The New York broker modestly demurred to so one-sided a contract, and suggested that as his means were here, within the reach of attorneys and sheriffs, he ought at least to be put on a footing of equality with the agent of an institution organized, with limited liability, under foreign laws, and whose assets were on the other side of three thousand miles of water. The indignation of the agent of the London concern was Homeric.

"Sir," said he, "if you don't know the soundness of our concern more shame for your ignorance. We are none of your fly-away New York wild-cat banks. We are a London bank. There are none of your New York banks as sound as our London limited-liability banks. We could buy them all out. And as to depositing money with any New York bank or Trust Company, to insure the fulfillment of our contracts, upon my soul, Sir, it would be worth as much as my agency is even to mention such a suggestion to our solid, substantial, moneyed, stockholders in London!"

The New York broker was snubbed but not convinced, and did not consummate the transaction.

About the same time some faint glimmer of a coming storm was discerned on the financial horizon in England. The sagacious gentleman who conducts the financial department of the London *Times* understood it at once. He was a man of rare discernment. He had come from the first that the war in this country must end in the triumph of the rebels, and had advised every one to buy rebel cotton bonds at 90, and had warned the Dutchmen who were buying Five-Twenties at 40 that they would be ruined by the repudiation they had actually succeeded in dissuading the bulk of his countrymen from buying our securities, and in casting a temporary discredit upon Amsterdam paper. He had faith in the day for the final collapse of United States credit, and spoke encouragingly of the fortunes of British blockade-runners, nearly all of whom have failed. He had invariably denied every Federal victory, and indorsed each successive lie of REUTER'S announcing a rebel success. If he had been a stipendiary of JEFF DAVIS he could not have been more faithful to his cause, or more unscrupulous in the manner in which he prostituted his journal to its aid. When the first dark cloud of trouble began to loom up in London forty or fifty days ago, this faithful and intelligent oracle was at his post. He described the situation in a sentence. The difficulty with England was that she had been lending too much money to the United States. These rascals of Americans had formed a company of poor, innocent, plethoric John Bull, until they were head over ears in debt, and now they could not pay, and would probably break. In vain did merchants demonstrate, by the rule o + z = 4, that this country did not owe money to England, but, on the contrary, that England owed us for the vast shipments not only produced a knowing shake of the sagacious gentleman's head. He was good-natured, indulgent to John Bull. He did not wish to be hard on this country. It had its good points. It had done better than he expected. As to the figures, figures always lie—why notice them? The fact was, he was satisfied, that the merchants of the United States had got deeply into the debt of the English, and "the great danger for us (the British) is that the Americans will not be able to pay."

Meanwhile, events proceeded. The Germans prepared for war, and by way of preparation withdrew from London money which they had deposited there for employment. A thrill passed through the limited-liability banks, which for the most part had been lending on long native business, on the basis of moneys deposited with them by these Germans and others at a low rate of interest. The day of reckoning came on. On this day the bankers were called upon to repay the money they had received on deposit. They could not do it. They had no money. They had invested it in rebel cotton bonds, shares in Guatemala ranches, and in Chili copper mines, Atlantic and Great Western bonds, Turkish debentures, Indian scrip, and the like. They had nothing left for the hour of trouble, commanded cash in the London market. So they failed, one after another, toppling each other over like rotten cards and on end—Overend, Gurney, & Co., the London, the Consolidated, etc., etc. Are there any sound ones at all?

The knot, in the old classic phrase, was worthy of divine interposition, and the Government did, accordingly, interfere by granting the Bank of England power to issue various notes. This checked the panic, but did not remedy the disease. Without large and prompt supplies of gold it is clear that almost all the banks in England must go by the board. By most extraordinary good fortune those "large and prompt supplies" were forthcoming. And they came—not from Russia, or from any foreign region, or from Peru, or India, or the other countries in which Englishmen had loved to invest their money—but from New York. In one month we sent to England twenty millions dollars in gold. Not that we owed it. The money went abroad for the purchase of American securities and American cotton. We could spare it.

So the Bank of England was saved.

It will be curious to read the comments of the sagacious gentleman of the London *Times* on this event. No doubt he will demonstrate to the satisfaction of John Bull that it was, after all, our insolvency which made bonds at 30 point-stock banks to fall, and the soundness of British credit which caused New York to remit to London thirty millions of gold in the month of May to save the British banks from ruin. For there is no limit to British fatuity. Every Englishman honestly believes that he was born the wisest, truest, wisest, and most sagacious man of the human family. He prays in his church for that "pure and reformed 'ect to which" he belongs, and he considers that the purity extends throughout his social and commercial life. Tell him the facts—that the British joint-stock banks on the limited-liability principle are now tumbling about his ears, as they did in 1825 and 1836, and that in the ordinary course of events they must fail—that the only sound securities in which the British have been investing money during the last five years are Five-twenty Bonds—that poor old John Bull has been blundering in his old, familiar, pig-headed way ever since the Crimean War, and Earl RUSSELL began to prove that the "late United" States were dissolved—and he will smile serenely at your absurdity, with a consciousness peculiarly his own, of superior wisdom. Such a clear old dolt must be left to develop his own end.

PROVING TOO MUCH.

IT is amusing to observe the solemn fury with which the friends of civil rights at the country are told that they are precipitating a war of races. This is vehemently asserted, too, by many who claim to be special champions of President JOHNSON, forgetting that he has unequivocally declared himself in favor of enfranchising the colored soldiers and those who pay certain taxes. In this he follows his predecessor, President LINCOLN, who took the same ground. Do the doughty champions who are so belligerently hurried to the rescue imagine that they are precipitating a fight?

And from what or whom is this conflict to proceed? Are those who have patiently endured slavery and the rebel breach of faith by the Government likely suddenly to make war upon those who have freed and enfranchised them? It is, at most, to be said that the war is to be waged against this class by those who were lately fighting against the Union. But if that be so, can the civil and personal rights of the class in question be considered secure if they are left exclusively to the guardianship of those who would massacre them if they were admitted to political rights? Would the inhabitants of the cities of New York or of Albany, for instance, be very sure of fair play from the people of the South in the civil relations if those people were ready to slaughter them if they were allowed to vote?

Zeal should be tempered with discretion. If the humane provisions instituted to the whites of the Southern States by the sober prophets of a war of races indeed exists, those provisions cannot, beyond peril, be exceeded or prolonged and stringent military occupation of those States to protect the civil rights of the blacks.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have read your articles on the late sales of cotton by Mr. MYERS. I have likewise read Mr. M'CULLOCH'S and Mr. VAN DYCK'S letters on the subject, and, in the language of the New York *Express*, I think, will die respect to you, that they "settle the question."

There is but one point on which I wish to trouble you. Mr. M'CULLOCH (or perhaps it may be Mr. VAN DYCK) very justly observes that the Act of 1864-65, Mr. MYERS, did not much validate time in "watching the Government." He had a right to cash bad but suspected they were so cheap, surveyed—and that he was thus fairly entitled to his commission, which, on thirty millions of gold sold in May, was $37,500.

Now I wish to say that I will watch these rascals in the press and in Congress persistently, daily, and day, if need be, for one half the money, during the next year—say $18,750. And, being a bachelor, I am really, individually necessary to secure the salary, to become a brother-in-law of the Secretary of the Treasury.

YOURS, EPHRAIM C. JONES.
226 Wall Street

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 5:

In the HOUSE, Mr. Schenck's bill to readjust the rates and system of payments in the army was taken up and passed.—[See page 386.]

June 6:

In the Senate, Mr. Doolittle's substitute for the second section of the Constitutional Amendment was disagreed to by a vote of 8 yeas to 35 nays. The section after the caucus be taken in the year 1870, representatives to be apportioned among the several States which may be included in the Union, according to the numbers of each, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all persons in each State not included in the above description, and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States according to the value of the taxable property within each State, not belonging to the State or to the United States.

June 7:

In the House, the Tennessee Relief Bill was passed.—[See page 386.] The object of the bill is to provide a station for our fleet on the Pacific.

June 8:

In the Senate, the joint resolution to amend the Constitution was passed by a vote of 33 to 11, as amended. It reads as follows:

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, (two-thirds of both houses concurring), That the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid as part of the Constitution, namely:

ARTICLE —. *Sec.* 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Sec. 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed; but whenever the right to vote at any election for electors of President and Vice-President, or for the executive and judicial officers, or the members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

Sec. 3. No person shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress, or elector of President or Vice-President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State Legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof; but Congress may, by a vote of two-thirds of each House, remove such disability.

Sec. 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including debts incurred for the payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned; but neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave; but all such debts, obligations, and claims shall be held illegal and void.

June 11:

In the House, Mr. ANCONA offered a resolution that the Committee on Foreign Affairs be instructed to report a bill repealing the Neutrality Law of 1818, under the terms of which the President's Proclamation against the Fenians was issued. Mr. SCHENCK offered a substitute, which, with the original resolution, the House voted to refer to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The joint resolution, authorizing the President to negotiate treaties with certain Indian tribes, was passed. On motion of Mr. SPALDING, the resolution for the appointment of Jefferson Davis should be held in custody as a prisoner, and subjected to trial according to the laws of the land.

THE FINAL REPORT OF THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

On the 8th of June Mr. FESSENDEN and before the Senate the final report of the Reconstruction Committee.

According to this report the Confederate States, at the close of the war, were in utter exhaustion and without any government. The President had no power except to execute the laws of the land as Chief Magistrate. The laws gave him no authority over the subject of reorganization, by the Constitution he was Commander-in-chief of the army and navy. He was his duty, under the law of nations and the army regulations, to restore order, to protect property, and to protect the people of the country from any quarter, until provision should be made for their permanent rule. He might, as President, assemble Congress and submit the whole matter to the law-making power. He might establish military supervision and control, until Congress should assemble on its regularly appointed day. He might convene Congress in extra session, but it could not be contended that they possessed or could exercise any but military authority. They had no power to organize civil Governments, nor to exercise any authority except that which flowed from the war-making power. The commissions, either had the President, as Commander-in-Chief, authorized military officers to do so, had no exclusive possession of the military authority. It was for them to decide how far to would extend its action and on what terms he would withdraw it. He might, perhaps, permit the people to assemble and to initiate civil governments, and to execute such local laws as they might choose to form, not inconsistent with the constitution and the laws of the United States, and, satisfied they might safely be left to themselves, he might withdraw the military forces altogether and have the people of any or all of these States to govern themselves without the military forces.

The Committee maintain no portion of the people of the country, whether it is a State or Territory, has the right, while remaining on its soil, to withdraw from or reject the authority of the United States. This right is quite evident, from all the facts, and, indeed, from the whole mass of testimony submitted to the Committee. Such an instance was ever regard paid to any other consideration than absolute submission to the Government, or to overcome the heroic form of an election, in which no precautions were taken to secure the regularity of the election or the assent of the people. No Constitution has been legally adopted, every election has been illegal in character, and such elections as were held were without authority of law. The Committee are of opinion that it would be a mistake to that the States referred to have not placed themselves in a condition to claim representation. The Committee states all the rules which have since the foundation of the Government been considered essential in such cases to be considered. While it appears that nearly all are willing to return to their allegiance to the United States, nevertheless, it is equally clear that the ruling motive is a desire to obtain the advantages which will be derived from a representation in Congress. Officers of the Union army are held, and their power, conditions to Congress, are but means, are generally declared not prescribed. Southern men who suffered for the Union are blacklisted and insultingly persecuted.

From the time loan Confederate States thus withdrew from their representation in Congress and levied war against the United States. Their people and their people became and were insurgents and traitors, and all of them assumed and did engage in the rebellion. They practiced rebellion of enemies of the United States. They perilled on their bonds and lives, and their security and property. The burden now rests upon them, before claiming to be reinstated into their power, conditions to which they are qualified to resume Federal relations. In order to do this they must satisfy Congress that they have done with the assent of the people republican forms of government, in harmony with the Constitution of the United States that all hostile purposes have ceased, and should give adequate security against future treason and rebellion, which will prove satisfactory to the Government charged with the duty of seeing that the guarantees are subdued. They have forfeited all civil and political rights under the Federal Constitution, and can only be restored thereto by the proclamation and with the consent of the Government of the Republic, and by such conditions as the opinion of Congress, the security of the country and the faithful distribution of justice will be only a transference of the conflict from the fields of battle to the halls of legislation.

The conclusion of the Committee, therefore, is that the disabled Confederate States are not entitled or entitled to representation in the Congress of the United States: that before offering such representation adequate security for future peace and safety should be requested; that this can only be found in such changes in their form of laws as shall determine the civil rights and privileges of the citizen in all parts of the country, and afford adequate guarantees on an equitable basis, shall fix a stigma upon treason, and protect the loyal people against future efforts the excesses incurred in support of the rebellion, and for maintaining the national faith, the payment of the public debt and the equal distribution of taxes.

The Committee then before Congress is, whether three conquered enemies shall at their own pleasure participate in the Congressional legislation, or whether they shall, in such conditions as in the opinion of Congress, the security of the country and the faithful distribution of justice will be only a transference of the conflict from the fields of battle to the halls of legislation.

The conclusion of the Committee, therefore, is that the disabled Confederate States are not entitled or entitled to representation in the Congress of the United States: that before offering such representation, adequate security for future peace and safety should be requested; that this can only be found in such changes in their form of laws as shall determine the civil rights and privileges of the citizen in all parts of the country, and afford adequate guarantees on an equitable basis, shall fix a stigma upon treason, and protect the loyal people against future efforts the excesses incurred in support of the rebellion, and for maintaining the national faith, the payment of the public debt and the equal distribution of taxes.

The question then before Congress is, whether three conquered enemies shall at their own pleasure participate in



THE SOUTHERN METHODIST BISHOPS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LIEBENTHAL, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.—[SEE PAGE 398.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



MR. WRIGHT AT HOME.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IF ever a man was justifiable in flying to the flowing bowl to night-surely that man is Alonzo Wright.

True, he has made solemn oath not to take another drop, Christmas having witnessed his last awful frolic, with the death of a favorite negro man somehow mixed up in its frantic festivities, until next Fourth of July, unless, Mr. Wright most carefully stipulates in his vow, we gain our independence before then; in which latter case he, Tim Lamun, Dr. Peel, Bob Withers, and a few other like spirits, are solemnly pledged to each other to have about the greatest time of it yet known on earth; Captain Richard Simmons moving and assisting unanimously to carry said proviso.

A dozen times has Mr. Wright assured Anne, hanging with silent importunity upon his arm on this as well as every other occasion of his leaving home for Somerville, that he will not taste, touch, smell a drop, not even go on the side of the street where the grocery is. For Mr. Wright is far from being an austere father. Anne has grown up in his eyes the fairest and loveliest and most thoroughly accomplished of women. There is a droop in her large blue eyes, a wave and fall in her fair hair, a mould of her form, an altogether indescribable sweetness in manner and tone which would attach any father in the world. In addition to her being his only child and chiefest companion, she is her dead mother over again. Very often, indeed, of evenings, when Anne sits at the piano, her fingers straying over the keys from one piece to another, singing half a song here, another half there, breaking out in some brilliant bravura, or idling through the tangles of a schottische, does her father sit, cigar in mouth, looking at and loving her with all the admiration and love of his soul. A rather small, light-complexioned man is Mr. Wright, but your big burly people never feel most. He is the slight-built organizations you find fire and force; leanness and ferocity are coupled in the wild-cat, vivacity and venom in viper and rattlesnake.

In fact, *this* Anne at least is "all the world to" her father. At the head of his table; her graceful form about the house all day in diligent housekeeping; persuading and remonstrating with the servants, who serve the family wondrous well under the double impulse of mortal terror of "Mas 'Lonz," on the one side, and devoted attachment to "Missussy," as they call her, on the other; even when Dr. Peel or other company are being entertained in the parlor, Mr. Wright proudly conscious of Anne from the moment he awakes in the morning till he kicks off his boots at night, can join in whatever denunciation of the Yankees is going on between him and the gentleman with whom he is conversing, and be keenly alive all the time to the ever-varying loveliness of Anne on the other side of the room.

Why conceal these bitterest pangs of remorse which give such intensity to Mr. Wright's paternal affection? Yes, Anne is like her mother, most like that mother when at her loveliest; and there were hushed whispers in the community in which Mr. Wright lived at the time of his wife's death, vague rumors from family servants, and from friends who prepared the body for burial, of bruises and marks. Let us say no more about it where nothing certain is known. No man knows better than Mr. Wright that he is a devil incarnate in his cups, and the demoniac love of liquor which possesses the man is restrained only by his love for his daughter, and mortal dread of what he may do to her in some moment of intoxication.

And yet, reasoning with thousands of other Secessionists at the same instant, if ever a man was justifiable, every thing to the contrary notwithstanding, in drowning his sorrows in the bowl to-night that man is Alonzo Wright. As an almost universal rule, save those of the decession leaders, in the army and out of it, who never drank before, are taking to drinking now. As to those who have drunk hard all along, these do nothing else now at all.

"Why, look at it, gentlemen," says Captain Richard Simmons, who sits tapping on the counter of the grocery, his left arm around a pillar, from which hang the fly-specked festoons of red, white, yellow, and blue paper into which bows adorning the ceiling, expressing, for Tim Lamun, who sits dead drunk in an adjoining armchair, and for Bob Withers, who smokes in silence, and for Dr. Peel, whose speech is exclusively oaths, and for Alonzo Wright, who is brooding over the times, and over the card-table, his slouched hat down over his eyes, the painful feelings of all.

"Only permit your eyes to range over the situation, as Lamun says in the *Star*. A Yankee, gentlemen, plainly and flatly, adds Captain Simmons, impressively. "It may be a weakness inherent in my nature; I've tried to master it again and yet again. I will be frank with you; I can not. My soul abhors a Yankee. Never mind about his professed devotion to the Confederacy. A lifetime spent in constant odor for it would not satisfy me. My nature revolts from a Yankee. There's old Neely—a Yankee schoolmaster! Who so loud and long for the Secession? Insisting on shaking my hand every time we met over our glorious victories. I pledge you my word of honor, gentlemen, I always went straight to my room at Staples's and washed my hands with soap every time. Natural antipathies! For one, gentlemen, I loathe, abominate, detest, execrate—"

"Oh, hold your horses, Simmons, by George! who knows? You may be one yourself. Pedlled tin ware for years for what we know. Very likely all your talk only a Yankee trick to throw us off."

"If it is by such buffoonery, Bob Withers, you seek to divert my mind from this dark hour of our country's distress your remarks are beneath, because doubly beneath, my notice. Charleston fallen, gentlemen," continues Captain Simmons, dismissing Mr. Withers from existence by a slow wave of his hand. "I can not realize it. Fort Sumter, I can not realize it not *be* realized. I can imagine Wilmington fallen. I do not deny that Petersburg and Richmond are regarded by the Yankee command with tread them. That General Lee has surrendered, though it was infinitely worse than death so to do, I can because I must believe it. Nor do I refuse to acknowledge that Mobile is occupied; that Johnston, whom I regard as next to Lee and Davis, has also surrendered. Dick Taylor's surrender smites us to-day like the hand of fate. But Charleston! From every other combination my soul reverts to Charleston. I can not realize it, gentlemen. I may succeed in some degree by the time I have retired at night, but the first thing I know I find myself sitting bolt upright in bed, during the silent watches of the midnight hour, with a cold sweat and cursing, 'By Him who made me, it is not, must not, shall not, can not be so! Charleston? C-h-a-r-l-e-s-t-o-n! Impossible!'

"Why not get up a theory, Simmons?" says Dr. Peel, scrupulously neat in attire, while the oaths are disordered in apparel to the last degree in the highest spirits, whether from liquor or not, though he does not show any signs of intoxication other than that, while this contrasts Bob Withers excepted, can not drink enough to floss them even to a mild semi-exhilaration. "You proved to us, Simmons, in this very room that Charleston, Wilmington, Petersburg, and Richmond, if evacuated, would only be so in pursuance of Lee's new plan of abandoning the seacoast and concentrating in the interior—a new plan, splendid plan. Why, Lee surrendered you were ready for that. Lee always had a reason for what he did. Lee had sent all his veterans to Johnston, and was engaged in a consummate *ruse!* Come, Captain, you have never wanted for a theory before; make haste. Where is your inventive faculty? Some brilliant scheme, if we only knew what it was, behind all this news you are wailing over." And Dr. Peel flashes his white teeth upon him, in singular spirits considering the times.

"Sir," replies Captain Simmons, with oracular dignity, "I wait to hear from President Davis. I can see deep meaning in the consummate silence of that Washington of our glorious revolution."

"You can? By George, I can't! What is the use of being a drove of geese *still*, gentlemen?"

It is Bob Withers who propounds the question, rising from his seat to do it. Very much inflamed is Bob's face these trying times, from excessive weeping, perhaps. But it is an honest, sensible, good-humored, Bacchus-like face, too.

"I always looked on the thing as a big spree, and you know I always said so. I knew it was all wrong from the start, Simmons and every as any thing gets to be in this world, a tremendous frolic. We all went into it. Of course I wasn't the man to stay behind. It was the widest, most expensive, biggest spree you ever saw, and I pitched in. Yes, and would do it again tomorrow if it was to do over again; never backed out when half a dozen fellows invited me to go in. When the whole South got drunk, think I'm going to keep sober? But the smash up has come at last—it *will* come. Broken windows and crockery and tables to pay for, headache, empty purse, black eyes, men killed. But wasn't it the grandest blow out! But I knew all along it was a spree, always said so; they could never humbug me, by George! with their lies. No, Sir-ree, bob!

"There is this one consolation, gentlemen," remarks Captain Simmons, more Chesterfieldian the drunker he gets, with a solemn air, and waving gracefully aside the multiplicity of their Mercutio—"one consolation which fills my nature in this hour of darkness with profound satisfaction—the killing of Abraham Lincoln. Had I an offspring I would have him baptized Booth Simmons. Even in my pangs of bitterest mortification at the failure, if failure it is, of our beloved Confederacy, I say to myself, 'Captain Simmons, Captain Simmons, you forget that Lincoln the tyrant is at this moment in eternal perdition. Like the balm of some place of which I was instructed by pious parents—Gilead I think is the name—the reflection soothes, at least for the moment, the anguish of my spirit."

"The last place I would think you would wish Lincoln to go to, Simmons," remarks Dr. Peel, with great surprise.

"Exactly what I was going to say Doctor, by George!" puts in Bob Withers.

"May I request an explanation, gentlemen?" asks Captain Simmons, with his stateliest air.

"I would think you would much rather he had gone to heaven. You have hated him so much here one would suppose you would regret being associated eternally with him hereafter," replies Dr. Peel, with Mr. Withers's cordial assent.

"If there be a thing which disgusts me more than all besides with imbecility," says Captain Simmons, with slow and unspeakable scorn, "it is the reckless impiety and irreligion too often connected with it. No merit in myself, seeing my early advantages, my inculcated habit of worshiping from earliest infancy in the sanctuary. Be drunkards, gentlemen, if you must," adds Captain Simmons, with impressive solemnity, "but not scoffers—no, not scoffers. 'Tis the voice of the scoffer, I hear him complain.' Not exactly that, but something to that effect was instilled—"

"We respect your piety, Simmons," interrupts Dr. Peel. "It *is* fully equal to that of Parson Barker, at least; he told me to-day that he was not so much the hand of Booth as the hand of God. His only regret, he says, is that Booth did not kill him on the day of his inauguration. Dozens of church-members—lying Sam Peters, Dr. Ginnis, and the like—say they are glad of the assassination, regret that it failed in the case of Seward, hope the good work will go on. Even that little saint, Ellis, the sincerest and best of them all, got almost drunk with joy over it." From this statement, however, the writer of these lines distinctly withholds his belief.

Let us step out of this choice set of companions, only for a moment, to say a word as to the way in which the killing of Mr. Lincoln was received in Somerville.

There is Jem Budd. When Staples, every hair on end, rushes into Jem's shop and announces the glorious news, that dirty-faced artisan pauses long enough, with suspended file, to say, "Ah!" with genuine surprise; to add immediately after, as he continues his fling at the gun-barrel clenched in the vice before him, "Just what I always said." It is but history to record, however, that when Dr. Warner drops in a moment after to ask after Mrs. Budd's very precarious health, and to tell Jem—of course that was altogether a secondary motive—the news of the surrender of General Lee, which comes by the same mail, but which Staples has neglected to mention, the gun-smith stops altogether from his work, and, adding largely to the darkness of his face by a long reflective rub thereof with his forefinger, has genuine joy in his eyes while he says, "Precisely so, Doctor; what I always thought."

The fact is, no sentiment, whatever it was, whether Union or Secession, has ever been advanced in Jem's hearing since the war began which has not met in Jem a ready assent. Like hundreds of thousands of others at the South during this period, Jem has but put in practice Talleyrand's famous maxim—that words were given to us to enable us to conceal our thoughts.

There is Mr. Ferguson, too. Very eagerly he pastes in the dispatch announcing the assassination, with every thing relating to it, but as near grandest of all the lies, the very blossoming and perfection of the lies of the period. Only his sincere affection for Mr. Arthur will afford him patience with the unaffected belief that gentleman gives to the news from the outset. He even condescends, the Scotchman, to sympathize with his friend. Mr. Lincoln would have been assassinated in Richmond if at all. How could he have been killed in a crowded theatre, and the murderer escape? Besides, it is known that Mr. Lincoln is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and consequently no attendant at theatres. Can not Mr. Arthur see that the news is manufactured to accompany and neutralize the tidings of Lee's surrender? The trick is too transparent.

A tremendous amount of evidence it took to convince us Secessionists that Vicksburg had fallen, and all the rest; we do not want to believe it, you observe, therefore we won't. Alas, we should all be descended from the same Adam! But the amount of evidence it required to satisfy us Union people that Burnside was repulsed on the Rappahannock and the like is incredible. If the heart would not get so dreadfully in the way of the head!

As wide apart as Heaven and Hades are the brutal rejoicings of red-faced Mrs. Smithers and the solemn regrets of Mrs. Bowles over the same event. Not even Mrs. Smithers's deliberate and permanent sentiment, let us hope.

"I guess, Mrs. Allen dear, more than I would deplore the fact of General Lee's surrender, if such preposterous news should prove true,



THE OATH.

which I can not for one instant believe. I thank God the miserable wretch who did the dreadful deed was no South Carolinian—a Yankee, I am told, or from some State bordering thereupon. For Mr. Lincoln you well know my unspeakable loathing, but I would rather be even his wife than the wife of his assassin. Read on, Alice." For Mrs. Bowles has stopped her daughter in her reading of the paper to say that much.

"Poor dear Mr. Lincoln! Heaven knows I never loved her so much in all our long, long knowledge of each other as I do now," is Mrs. Sorel's frequent remark of late to Mr. Arthur.

"She has not been in my house for years, nor I in hers, but I should distress her with my presence as you know. She regards me with—with averslon, or rather horrified amazement, because I can not believe with her in Secession. I have no feeling for her—how could I have?—but one of love and pity. Alice told me about her when she was here last, reduced to a shadow, pale and fragile as a flower, her hair all white now with mental distress, yet quiet and refined and still. I tell you, Mr. Arthur," adds placid Mrs. Sorel, "I consider the counterpart of the one she is describing, and with warmth, "I am an old woman now. I can live and die in elevated thought in a circle as this country possesses, but I never saw a human being who came so near my ideal of a perfect lady as does Miss Alice Bowles. I see what you are thinking about," she adds, with a smile, to Mr. Arthur, who flushes over face and ears at her glance. "Yes, she would be a most fortunate man, as the phrase runs, if you succeed there. Alice has something of her father's strength of character, unless you would prefer having it called; is of stronger character than her mother; will have all her mother's sweetness of heart and all her mother's amount of trial, discipline, sorrow."

"Do you think, Mrs. Sorel," begins Mr. Arthur, eagerly—"do you imagine there is any hope for me? Her mother has such horror of my Union opinions! I have never even come to the house. Alice, you know, has long since ceased to attend church. She is so engaged in her school, too, I never see her."

"I have never asked Alice," says Mrs. Sorel, with a smile, "but I do not think you need despair. You are a Union man, dear. You are undergoing discipline which is good for you both—

"That abominable school," breaks in her impulsive friend. "The idea of a woman who would adorn a throne teaching! And teaching such children as we have in Somerville! Wasting her health."

"She is doing no such thing. I never saw her looking more well and in my life than when she was here on that last Saturday. Propriety requires that, under all the painful circumstances, painful and unusual circumstances of the case, she should cease to attend your church. Besides, you do not realize, Sir," adds Mrs. Sorel, very gently though, "how poor, how very poor Mrs. Bowles has become. Alice is doing, and doing eagerly and well, her simple duty in supporting her mother. And it is just the discipline Alice needs to qualify her for the new times before us."

"New? Yes, the bran-new, the happy, the glorious times before us!" says Mr. Arthur, with almost boyish enthusiasm, "I tell you, Mrs. Sorel, we are standing on such an epoch in the history of America as even that blessed old Bishop Berkeley never dreamed of when he predicted of that star of empire centuries ago. Slavery and Secession forever rooted out, our glorious flag from the Arctic circle to the equator purified by our terrible ordeal, who can tell? That poor Mr. Barker may be in part right at last—sure we are in the most unusual nature of it. I tell you, Robby," and Mr. Arthur, excited by his national, and of course without reference to his individual, love-making Alice, rises and that sedate young gentleman on the shoulder, "we will have grand times, won't we?"

"What do you mean, Sir, for good? Yes," adds that sober youth, "and I know the time ain't far off. People don't ask me these days how that Abolitionist Arthur comes on, nor yet at me and throw rocks. Only last time I was in town Mr. Staples stopped me to shake hands and ask me how I was. He was as kind as you please, told me just to let *him* know if his son Joe ever said a thing out of the way to me, that was all. Mr. Staples, Mr. Dr. Ginnis go all the way over the street to stop Mr. Ferguson, and insisted on shaking hands, which it ain't easy to get Mr. Ferguson to do with any body; and I've heard Dr. Ginnis tell Jem Budd, long ago, that that old rascal Arthur's Abolitionist ought to be hung high as Haman."

"That will do, Robby," interrupts his mother, checking with a gesture her hand Robby's eager experiences. "I am too old for all this, Mr. Arthur. It bewilders me. Charleston and Columbia, the very nucleus of Secession State, to be so terribly scourged! You must excuse me—we South Carolinians can not help it. I smile at Mrs. Bowles, and am just as foolish about the State as she. I don't like to hear or talk or think about it. The Judge of all the earth will do right."

And it is just this that more than bewilders good Mrs. Bowles too. The long holding out of Charleston elevated it and South Carolina to even a degree above her already-intense idolatry of them. She regarded the arrival of Sherman at Savannah, and his setting out upon his march into South Carolina without one particle of apprehension, with joy rather. Napoleon never had, in the fullest tide of his victories, so calm, so confident, so absolutely exultant a sense of approaching success in a battle. So surely as the sun shone, so surely as South Carolina was South Carolina, would the insulting foe meet on its soil such terrible defeat. Mrs. Bowles could see the hand of God in it:

"Your dear native State, Alice, and mine began this great revolution, and will end it. Heaven has permitted a Federal army to get to the State by an unexpected military movement, by almost a miracle, for this purpose. How little does that man Sherman think it! I thank God from my soul. Who of us could have arranged, or even have imagined it all so well? People will think for generations to South Carolina as they now do to Waterloo, or as I am told they sometimes do to Yorktown there in Virginia, that the Thermopylæ of our revolution should be there! I loved the State before; henceforth every grain of its sand, the leaves of its trees are dear to me; every rock that juts on its dear surface is to me dearer than relatives. Remember it, Alice—henceforth let your own State, Carolina—Alice, my own name!—be next with you to heaven and God!" and the thin, pale, classic face glows with enthusiasm. "Oh, I hope I shall live, Alice, all the two weeks during which we had those rumors of the capture of Sherman in Georgia, I thought surely I should not live to hear South Carolina, I felt, was to be the hallowed spot."

"The people of Savannah do not seem to be so patriotic," begins Alice.

"Actually admitting the Federals without burning their city, and receiving them with their hands. That illustrates what I am saying," Mrs. Bowles interrupts Alice, with enthusiasm; "do you not see it, my child? Do you realize? The very contrast between Georgia and our State, between Savannah and Charleston, will show the world what South Carolina is. Do I think the two States are actually contiguous?"

How can Mrs. Bowles's eager expectation of the news of the great victory be gratified? Most seriously did Alice tremble for her mother's very mind. No other topic was on her mother's lips than they are together on Sundays, Mondays and by night. No other thought in her mind while alone, Alice teaching in the little front parlor, shaking off every hour the night at every distant sound, fancying the arrival of the news in every distant cry, in every footstep passing the door. Rutledge Bowles was comparatively forgotten, though in every prayer for him—and they ascend as from an ever-burning altar—Alice would send up her heart more than for his life even, is in her supplication that, if it please God, Rutledge Bowles may have part in that victory. Better, far better his dear death on that glorious field than that he should be absent from it!

How describe the awful silence of the news of Sherman's unopposed march across the State?

"They are gathering, concentrating the army somewhere further inland, Alice, to make the victory complete and final!" she explains to Alice, repeating it over and over. Alice breaks the full of it to her, but unwillingly that he would the death of a dear friend.

"Only cavacading it, child, for a few days, so that we may understand the situation better. You see, they wish to swell the army with its garrison, so as to have not one man of the Federal army to escape from the Confederacy. Beware. I pray God our army may be merciful in the hour of its great triumph; their awful wrongs are enough to absorb the whole heart, but in the moment of victory the brave are ever merciful. Only a few days, dear, and we shall hear of the reconcentration of the forces, and of victory. Let me see the map again. Columbia? Yes, Columbia—see if I am not a true prophet—Columbia is the centre of the army. Sherman would like the victory to be there." And Alice almost shudders at the light in her mother's eye, the spot of red on her cheek, the nervous motion of her thin white hand about her forehead.

Ah, that wandering of the hand about the edges of the mourning cap bore, poor Alice, very well, with the thoughtful eyes fixed absently on book, or sewing, trying neglected to hear. Mrs. Bowles's hand had said it all. And Mrs. Bowles herself many, very many times, the poor lady is wearing herself literally to a shadow by her excitement. Alice, as the Doctor do all they can.

"Thank you, Dr. Warner; don't be foolish, Alice. I need no medicine. I am very well, better in my life; hardly ever felt so well. When it comes, Alice, bring me the accounts of the victory—not ill be the best medicine in the world! next to hearing it from Rutledge Bowles. I want to have it first from your lips, Alice. But the *report* itself—" and with the hand to the forehead, and Alice clasps it in hers, and kisses her mother there, and bursts into tears.

"What is the matter, mamma, you are, Alice?" says her mother, half indignantly. "You are getting positively nervous and morbid, confining yourself so to that odious school. You sew too steadily."

"But mother, dear mamma," ventures Alice, Dr. Warner says you are to go back, he supposes, after all, the Federals should not be whipped?"

"You cowardly creaker," says Mrs. Bowles, gently but with dignity, "and with the hand to her head, and Alice clasps it in hers, and kisses her mother there, and bursts into tears.

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"Oh, Mr. Ellis!" she said, "how are you? And how is Mrs. Ellis and the children?"

"As well as usual, Miss Alice," replies Mr. Ellis, somewhat surprised at her manner, and perceiving that she has something more to say.

"Will you excuse me, Mr. Ellis?" she adds, the color flushing her cheek; "but mamma is very much excited and nervous, and there is nothing to confirm her in her delusion. I do not exactly mean that. Please try and prepare her for any disappointment in store for her." And, in her affection for her mother, Alice looks at him with the imploring eyes of a child.

"Delusion, disappointment?" Mr. Ellis repeats the words, the strange light kindling in his eyes. "What can you mean?" And seeing her mother at last, Alice can only murmur no explanation at all, and retreat to her schoolroom, leaving Mr. Ellis to proceed upon his visit.

It is an awful one. When she joins her mother a few hours after, it is to find her flushed with fresh certainty and enthusiasm of Confederate success, and with South Carolinian success.

"You are always croaking so, Alice," says Mrs. Bowles, with sparkling eyes, "as almost to affect my spirits. Good Mr. Ellis has spent an hour with me to-day. He confirms my utmost expectations of the speedy success of our cause. You can not tell how perfectly he has explained away all our late reverses. He has been informed beyond all question that Earnest will intervene very, very soon now; by next month we will hear. It is official, he says. Why, Alice, you know what a dependable person man Mr. Ellis is; and he told me that it was impossible, if we do our duty, to defeat the Confederate cause in a war in which God is himself." Alice's And a vast deal more to the same effect.

Who can describe it? Steadily as the footfall of death it has come upon the news that Sherman has swept across the State of South Carolina, is in possession of Fayetteville, North Carolina. Not a Confederate victory in South Carolina. No serious fighting. Not the consolation even of a glorious defeat.

With prostration nearly reversed, Alice watches and cares for Mrs. Bowles almost as a fond mother with an ailing child. Never more respectful and tender was a husband than now Mrs. Bowles has less and yet less to say with each passing day, bewildered, exhausted.

"Where is Rutledge? Is Rutledge with him?" she says, with the hand, thinner every hour, wandering more frequently about the sunken temples, smoothing carefully the hair whitening toward the hue of the garment of the saints in light. With what infinite affection does Alice minister to her mother, trying to conceal her assiduity, weeping during the watches of the night. For her mother's sake she could almost wish the Confederacy success, if, almost, not quite.

"Would you not like Mrs. Sorel to call and see you? She would like to so much, mamma, and you would enjoy seeing you know," asks Alice the day she has read to her mother of the fall of Richmond. Perhaps the moment was the chosen.

"No, my dear," replies Mrs. Bowles, decidedly though slowly, and with the trembling fingers hovering about her forehead. "We differ so widely upon the matter of deepest interest to me on earth, that I feel it would clearly, but would rather not. I care for nothing now but Rutledge Bowles and yourself, for nothing in all the world."

And as she says it she looks with us in Somerville. As each disaster arrives, we indignantly deny and scout it as long as we possibly can. We will not believe the worst, how we only expect disastrous news, and take it with scarcely a perceptible wince, like an animal used to beating, pitiful things.

Oh, may the God that rules the eternal hereafter as well as the present, deal out from His just but fearful wrath to the accursed demagogues North and South who *deluded* the South into its frantic folly of Secession! At least, thanks be to God, that each one of them will be dealt according to his deeds. Alas, may there not be an unhallowed satisfaction even in observing our opponents in fate? "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord?" Nearly five years now since we were all steeped in the folly; its bitterness is saturating the very soul.

However, if, like a swamp full of frogs, all good Secessionists in Somerville, Dr. Ginnis, as Mrs. Sorel says, croaks, all with the deepest base, leading the croak, we are all croaking in inharmonious concert, there is this refrain in which we all join:

"Live under Federal rule? Stay in the country if the Yankees do subjugate it? I will go to Mexico first! Live in North America, the first?" And so to the possibility, in any case, of existing as individuals under that accursed flag again, we all say, with Dr. Ginnis, till earth and heaven ring again, "Never, never, never!"

What amuses me most in you pious people, Simmons says, in the midst of the continuance of his conversation with that exceedingly dignified and intoxicated gentleman, "is the desperate way you keep trying—Barker, Ellis, Ginnis, Peters; in fact, all of you, good, genuine, praying Secessionists—to keep up your Christianity."

Never more carefully dressed in his life, bejewelled until some new light is perpetually flashing out from some portion, from hand and bosom, essenced until even the strong odors of the grocery are subjugated thereby, Dr. Peel's fine broadcloth and cream linen seem radiant with his own exuberant spirits. Overflowing with life and conviviality, his remarks are almost exclusively oaths of so prolific and varied an abundance as the sparks of a fire-work, and as impossible to reproduce in any description thereof. From his heart of hearts Captain Simmons regards the Doctor as by far the most magnificent specimen of a genuine Southern man he has ever met; proud to be seen with him, never weary or queasy in his brilliant speeches. And this is the very general opinion of Somerville. Bob Withers says very often respecting "Dr. Peel? Well, yes. By George! Oh, hang it! Somehow I can't stand Dr. Peel!" And there is considerable mutual shyness between the two; but nobody minds Bob.

"Yes, hang on to their Christianity. That," says Dr. Peel, with impressive profanity, "seems to be the main business of you pious trained cows these days, Simmons. There is Mr. Ellis, insisting on sticking on the hand of God in this and the hand of God in that, over and over, nervous and trembling, like a scarecrow afraid of losing its lesson. But Brother Barker's the man for my money. Preach! What a chance a public man has with such a man, with a Bible open before him, of pitching into the Yankees! Colonel Ret Roberts is tame to Barker. Hear the preaching! Twice every Sunday; two prayer-meetings during the week for the success of the Confederacy; opening every public meeting with prayer, to say nothing of our dgings up there in the old C.C. If that poor fellow hasn't done his duty in cursing the Yankees, I'm mistaken. Poor! I have said I am a pretty hard swearer; for hard, strong, steady, desperate, raving, red-hot pouring it into the Federals is a religious fashion—blasphemy they would call it in me—I give it up to the Parson. He has got Christianity and the Confederacy so twisted together he can't separate the two to save his life. Hardly a verse in your mammy's Bible, Simmons, but these political preachers have used to the success of their glorious cause by. We must *not* permit the disasters of the times to discourage our belief in Christianity, brethren. Christianity is not dead, my hearers, Barker is repeating, I'm told, in every sermon and in every conversation, although the despondent tone it is to believe in any part of Scripture if all it says about slavery as a divine ordinance prove false."

"Now you, Parson Arthur," begins Bob Withers, upon whom any audience to Dr. Peel's exuberant conversation has devolved, "you Wright being apparently asleep under his slouched hat, and Captain Simmons, half-humming, half-hiccuping, forgetful of his usual company, what is your remember of a Sabbath-school hymn learned in his earliest childhood.

"Arthur," adds to Dr. Peel, with a sudden change of tone and manner, and even experienced Bob Withers opens his eyes at the unexpected and natural way in which his companion heaps imprecations upon that individual.

Could it have been owing to a visit made by Mr. Arthur to Dr. Peel not two days before this? The two men had scarcely ever met. Truth to say, the minister had often seen passing the door of Arthur's street, sitting on chairs of stores into which he had dropped to make purchases, swearing and gesticulating in knots of excited men, the superb bearing of a gentleman in question. Nor did he withhold a certain admiration we all give to Health, in its full development of the thing, from its fine proportions, full chest, commanding bearing of the man. He had fancied that so Hercules was represented in old pagan poor-school, and prohiberant brow, the massy countenance with its aureole of curly black hair and beard, and large black eyes, wonderful and fearless. What a full life in the man, a force and a sway; a sort of Assyrian power, even, in the costly adornments of Dr. Peel, which wonderfully suited the attention of the minister, interested, almost fascinated, while it repelled him, himself being of so widely different a type. But never had ever exchanged a syllable—Mr. Arthur doubly shy of one whom he knew to have perhaps an hereditary prejudice against him on political grounds as any one—even Mrs. Smithers or Mrs. Warner—in Somerville.

It was but natural in Dr. Peel, then, that he should be surprised, on the occasion alluded to, when Mr. Arthur, with scarce a preliminary knock at the door, entered the room at Staples's Hotel, walked in that evening after supper.

"I have called in the heat of the moment," remarked the visitor, "as has just upon his head, and on a tone and with a manner totally unlike his usual deliberation, to the astonishment of Somerville;" and but to make one syllable of remark to you—

Dr. Peel rises involuntarily from the table at which he is seated writing, the first astonishment on his bold face giving swift place under the eye and the ring of his visitor to a manner singularly like that worn by him during all his intercourse with Lieutenant Ravenel in the same apartment.

"You know me, you know my sentiments, you know my exact position," says Mr. Arthur, coldly and slowly. "I have informed by Colonel Brooks of yours. The instant he learned fully who you were he hastened to this place as the peril of the hour—peril of Alice Bowles' both sides. He has left me only a moment ago. I am here now. I would have got to you to-night, however you were. If I had not done it, I know your case fully, exactly, completely," continues Mr. Arthur, the tone and manner undergoing instant change as the words. "I speak to you partly on behalf of Colonel Brooks. I would have spoken to you on my own behalf, because I can not live another day without it if I could. Under all the circumstances, I can not order you to leave. I wish I could. But, understand me perfectly, I intend keeping the closest watch upon you I possibly can. The instant you step out of your—your place, I will take necessary means to stop you. That is all. You must not understand that I do not in a certain sense—a certain sense—regret Mr. Arthur, with peculiar emphasis—" pity you." The visitor is evidently touched by the indescribable

and total change in Dr. Peel's manner as he stands before him. "That is all. You are safe up to a certain point. Take care."

And the preacher has left the room as suddenly, yet as coolly too, as he entered it, leaving Dr. Peel, who has not even attempted to speak, wilted down behind him. Yes, wilted down is the word, whatever rallying of passions there may be afterward; as if some gorgeous palmtree were to have the life suddenly withdrawn from its tropic height and tropical foliage.

Whether this were the cause or not, there is no telling how long Dr. Peel may have continued, on the occasion of Bob Withers's mention of Mr. Arthur, to have cursed him; nor how jealously Bob, risen somewhat unsteadily to his feet to do so, might have wielded his eulogies in favor of Mr. Arthur, whom never since the war began has he failed to defend on every issue of any of attack, and the instances are very many of Mr. Arthur's being denounced in his presence: no telling, we say, how long the altercation may have proceeded, when a singular diversion therefrom occurs.

"Dr. Peel," says Alonzo Wright, whom all had supposed asleep, suddenly rising from his seat, pushing back his shackled hat, which his all along cornered his silent brooding not shortly boring, drawing his revolver, cocking it, pressing it against Dr. Peel's broad chest, with his finger on the trigger—"Dr. Peel, look here: I want to know, now and here, what do you mean?"

"Mean?" Dr. Peel is of a ghastly sollow as he eches the question, not daring to stir a hair's breadth; even Captain Simmons stops his maudlin chant, and, with Bob Withers, is silent with amazement as much at the sudden and quiet new tone of Mr. Wright as at his action.

"Mean? In reference to what?" Dr. Peel rather gasps than articulately asks the question, quailing under the deadly light in Mr. Wright's small, half-closed eyes, as well as at that cold peculiar voice.

"In reference to her," replies that individual. "Cut it short, I tell you, in reference to her." Dr. Peel's parched lips; but it indicates at least partial relief. "You forget that others are present, Mr. Wright. I will speak with you, and on that point with the greatest pleasure," he adds immediately.

"I decline. That is a fact. I had forgotten they were here with us. I was thinking. Come now;" and, slipping his revolver, after uncocking it, into its leather case at his side, Mr. Wright rises.

"With pleasure. In one moment, Sir. But one word, gentlemen," says Dr. Peel, pausing at the door. "You will oblige me, oblige both Mr. Wright and myself, by making no allusion whatever to this matter. I beg your pardon—I know your honor you will not mention it to any one, gentlemen," adds the speaker, still more anxiously, as some thought seems to pass across his mind at the instant. "Do I have it?" he asks, with eager look at each.

"Certainly," says Bob Withers, with a good-humored nod.

"Most assuredly you may rely upon my honor," adds Captain Simmons in his gentelest tones, with a reassuring wave of his left hand, and a bowing forward at all of what is going on. "Permit me to entreat you, however, not to abandon the flowing bowl, which inebriates, though, alas! under our depressing circumstances, it fails to cheer."

But the two are gone. Nor is there any record of their conversation thereafter. Only the colonel family servant testifies to having overheard Dr. Peel remark the next afternoon to Mr. Wright in the garden at the latter gentleman's house, a few moments before Anne comes in to give them, at her father's request, a little music. The gentleman had arrived from the city very late the night before. Pretty much all day they had spent in rolling out over the plantation in company. At dinner the servant, as well as Anne, had remarked that Mr. Wright, though pale and exhausted as he arrived, after an access, was in the highest, wildest spirits, peculiarly affectionate toward his daughter. Dr. Peel, on the other hand, arrived in attention even of the dullest of the servants waiting upon the table. At times he would join in the conversation, lead it in his fitfullest manner full of anecdote and laughter. Again his countenance would fall, he would cease to converse, seem to be buried in deepest thought, look drooping, drinking eagerly and frequently of the wine upon the table, and, after dinner, upon the side-board, as to obtain a supply of stimulation which had been suddenly cut off from within.

The very servants waiting upon the table and about the house thus and the ensuing day remarked notes in the kitchen even then, as well as months afterward, upon the singularity of Dr. Peel's manner toward their young mistress. Now addressing himself to her in his easy, bold, sparkling way as of old, although by an evident effort, as if he forced himself to do so against his natural choice. Then glancing at her again furtively, fearingly, with an indescribable mixture of admiration and apprehension, not without quick side looks as of deadliest terror at Mr. Wright himself, playing the host with all the ease of the manner of a household toward a favored and welcome guest.

But at two this which the old house-servant Alfred spoke of often after as having overheard Dr. Peel say to Mr. Wright, in evident pursuance of a previous conversation:

"You may rest confident, Sir, that it will not be by my fault. But I have little hope. I fear, dreadly fear you are mistaken."

"Stuff, nonsense, Doctor. I will take the chances on you any how," Alfred testifies to his master's having made reply just as Anne entered the room. "Faint heart, man, never won fair lady." And surely father had never cause to be prouder of or more affectionate toward a daughter than did Mr. Wright this afternoon. No wonder he so openly manifested that pride and affection.

You may have observed, Miss, or Madam—you, Sir, certainly have—how the ladies, especially the younger ones, suddenly and surprisingly bloom out upon our planet in the early spring. It may be some cunning alteration in their dress, doing with subtle skill for themselves, in the way of adornment, what Nature does when for the special butterfly and flower. Or it may be that nature, in clothing at that season the plains with verdure, the lower animals with freshness of skin and plumage, forgets not to give them a softer light to the eye, a sweeter note to the lip, a deeper bloom to the cheek, a gentler ripeness to the form in the case of woman, who is undoubtedly the dearest to her heart of all Divine Nature's numerous family. And it may be, the eye and the imagination are themselves quickened by the stirrings of spring in us men also to view things in a brighter light. Whatever be the reason therefor the fact is so.

And never woman that May morning seemed indeed it more than did Anne Wright. Clothed in a modest dress of some creamy hue, her fair hair in abundant curls about face and neck, her complexion of a softer glow, and her eyes of a deeper blue, she beams upon her father and upon his guest with a beauty surpassing any thing they had ever seen, or could have imagined in her. Her very motion and tone even are modulated to a livelier, at the same time gentler, melody. Who knows what pleasant presentiments connected with their visitor were not moving in her blood?

When left alone together in the parlor by Mr. Wright, who has to see for a moment to the first working of his corn, Dr. Peel does not know before a word is spoken that the eventful hour of their lives has arrived. It is the man not the woman who is ordinarily quiet and modest and pure as she is, the whole thing is with her so much a matter known and settled as to bring no surprise, hardly even any gentle shock with it. During the years now of Dr. Peel's visiting at her father's house, though he has made no formal proposal, he has felt himself perfectly well that he loves her, and that—she loves him.

But it is strange so bold a man as Dr. Peel, one so supremely self-confident, so independent in bearing heretofore, should seem as if smitten by an ague. His face has grown of an ashen yellow, contrasting with the jet black of his hair and beard. There is a furtiveness about these latter, a trembling about the large and heavy nose also, as it protrudes in its nobility, upon which Anne grounds her own quietness and composure. In fact, the two seem to have changed their relative ages, for there is something altogether indescribable in the bearing of Dr. Peel, to which even the words mean and timid would not be inapplicable. To any other than poor little Anne he would have the aspect rather of a condemned criminal than a wooing lover, or even of a successful lover. The simple fact is, strange as it may seem, Dr. Peel seeks to know his fate as Anne's hands to-day, only because he cannot help it or receive it in more serious shape still at the hands of her father.

"But I am anxious you should know—should not be deceived. In fact, if you knew all I know you would—I am convinced it would be useless for me to expect your favor."

It is Dr. Peel who says it, more nervous and miserable even than when, half an hour before, in conversation with Anne here, he had been only laughs, as composed as he is the reverse, laughs a joyous and confident laugh.

"I am a poor man, and I love the lover, and repeats it eagerly, as if it were a sudden and welcome thought—"a poor man, very poor man, indeed. You may have imagined me to be rich. I confess I have given you false impressions on that point. I am extravagant. Miss Anne is not at all able to support you as you should wish and naturally expect." And he looks at her with eager eyes.

Anne laughs more than ever. "You have told me that you love me," she says, as if she loved to repeat the information. "Was it very poor man, indeed. You may have imagined me to be rich. I confess I have given you false impressions on that point. I am extravagant. Miss Anne is not at all able to support you as you should wish and naturally expect." And he looks at her with eager eyes.

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Dr. Peel walks the room like a baffled man. Another thought strikes him. He suddenly seizes upon a gilded Bible lying upon the table, advances upon Anne as if to say something, then returns it in a hurry to the same spot, and again and continues to walk the room in evident distress of mind.

"Dr. Peel," says Anne, at last, a blush burning over neck and face, "I do not understand all this. If you do not really love me, do not say what—"

But Dr. Peel is at her feet before the words are out of her lips, in passionate accents avowing her of his affection, and there she is the cowering, fearful manner over it all, hardly venturing to look her in the eyes as she listens to the same assertions. "No, no, no, not that, not that, Miss Anne. I only was anxious to save you from—not to deceive you." he says, hurriedly. "You will see what proof I give of affection." And he goes to the table, gets the Bible, and places himself beside her in a more solemn manner. "What you may not blame me I am about to put my life in your hands. Will you swear never to reveal to any one what I tell you?"

Anne laughs, wonders a little, gazes upon the anxious face of her lover, lays her little hand upon the book, curiously covering uppermost. "Why, what in the world," she begins.

"What I tell you will shock you terribly. If it were known to your father he would kill me instantly, here in this room."

Anne gazes upon the agitated man with blue eyes widening with wonder, curiosity, and deeper affection for this splendid suppliant. "It will not bind me a bit more than I would have been," she says, at last. "Yes, to please you, I'll swear; and I do wish you and pa would let me do all the swearing." And she lifts the book to her lips.

"Not even to your father?" says Dr. Peel.

"Not to a living soul. Why, what on earth?"

"Miss Anne," says Dr. Peel, in most impressive manner and with lower tones, "you and your father have been greatly mistaken in me. I am—am no Secessionist at all; I am a—a—Union man."

Anne sits looking at him with wonder, taking full note of his, to her, handsome face and form; it is as if some sweetness kindled at her feet. "A Union man! Why, Dr. Peel, who would have thought of it?" troubled, wondering, bewildered by the whole matter.

"I knew you would reject me when you knew it. And I swear to you it is so," continues Dr. Peel, wonderfully calm, with painful impress.

"A Union man? Why, who in the world! Yes, yes," Anne adds, rapidly, half in earnest. "It's a pity you're not a great pity. Pa said I thought you the very best Southern man we ever knew. But then I'll give you pa's newspapers to read. Besides, I could convert you myself. I will tell you all how they treated us, about—you won't it about Kansas or Nebraska? one or the other; and how they wanted to free our negroes, and what women's rights people they are, and all their revolutionary ideas, and the way they have marched their soldiers over our country burning and plundering. Oh, ever so much! I can certain it will convert you—you—loving with beautiful confidence—"positively certain!"

"Never, Miss Anne. Not even you. I always knew how it was. Will you be—one for ever and ever," says Dr. Peel, very slowly, and Anne sits wondering and troubled, while her lover watches her with eager eyes.

"Ha! I never thought of it. Dr. Warner there in Somerville, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Brooks; there is Mr. Hill, who is never to marry in Somerville are Union people, they say," breaks in Anne, at last, "and they are not such despicable people, I suppose. Besides," and the artless girl puts her fair curls from her glowing cheeks, and laughs with delight, "there is Mrs. Wood, and I'll be the most in the world. Alice Bowles, I know she is Union; she told me so herself; or, at least, she wouldn't say she wasn't, couldn't quite, for she is when she was here last week. Yes," added Anne, eagerly, and with a tone, "and Alonzo's mother, too, is a good Secessionist; and I needn't be Union, must I? Please not. I never thought of that. Yes," she adds, with a little pout of a child, "and then the war is over. Pa himself says we are whipped. Very soon there won't be such names as Union and Secessionists at all, will there?" And the difficulty has passed as entirely away beneath her artless affection as a cloud before a gentle wind. "If you only say you really and truly love me," she adds, with archness and joy.

"Love you? I love you as the flowers do the light. I adore you as you adore God," breaks out Dr. Peel, with feverish energy, but with the cowering eye and trembling and apprehension of manner as before. And again the baffled lover walks the room, Bible in hand, in deepest, most painful thought, while Anne wonders and —loves.

"Miss Anne," says Dr. Peel, "I have not told you all yet. Remember your oath," and he holds up the Bible in his hand. "My life is in your hands. Will you swear one thing I will tell you. If your father but guessed it, had the faintest suspicion of it, he would shoot me down as sure as you are sitting there. Had I better not tell you? You will reject me with horror."

Anne looks at him with blue eyes opening again with wonder. But love is fast rallying all other sentiments in her heart, for it is master of all else in her nature, to its support. Here is this man, whom yesterday she loved yet so fearfed, the grandest and most powerful of all men she ever knew, at her feet, but just as in the most confident in her, will hide nothing from her, places even his life in her hands.

"I love you, and you need not fear me." She wonders and laughs—"Why, what on earth?"

"Miss Anne," says Dr. Peel, coming near her and speaking in fervent tones, "I am an altogether different man from what your father and yourself have supposed me to be—totally different in every respect. I am not an officer in the service of the Confederacy. I am, really and truly, an agent, have been from the opening of the war an agent, an active secret agent of—the Federal Government. I am one this moment. I intend to be one as long as the Government wants me. There! All! Ask is that you only reject me, not tell your father or any one else what I say and do." And Dr. Peel, with sobers face and cowering eyes as before, watches her lips as if for his destiny.

Poor Anne! The matter is altogether too much for such lovely curls, and blue eyes, and rosette complexion, and lithe, childish form. She is bewildered, stunned; puts her hand wearily over her brow, tries to think. Love besirits itself in her bosom, summons all the sentiments of her nature to its aid. Romance! Anne has long dreamed of a hero of romance as her true knight; if ever woman had such a lover she now has. He is a hero in a glory and grandeur, too, these latter days, in the very name of the Federal Government; it is something very much to be interested, but very powerful and magnificent; and all this vague grandeur now falls like a mantle around her lover. Pity, too. Yes, if my father knew it he would lay him dead on that floor. One little whisper to her father, and—she knows him well—there are the rapid crecks of a revolver, and the stately Prince of hers lies his length on that parlor floor a dead man in his blood. Her lover is in her power, and the delicately placed himself there—such his confidence in her. Besides, it strikes her with wonderful force: what a brave man! To think of his spending years in Somerville, being here now with a sword suspended over his head—why, it is the very chivalry of romance! Love him? She never so dreamed of loving him. She loves him the more she thinks. Rejection? Reject him now she knows all this? It would be like rejecting the whole universe!

"Dr. Peel," she says at last, lifting up her eyes like those of a little child to his face, "did you say that you loved me, loved me really and truly?"

With singular contrariety between cowering eyes and impassioned words, Dr. Peel renews his protestations vehemently.

"I will marry you," she says, quietly and simply; placing, as she says it, her little hand in his.

The strong man is convulsed with emotions beyond his control. He grasps the little, soft hand, and kisses it. He grasps and crosses half aloud. He actually weeps. Anne notices the beads of perspiration start upon his brow. He lifts her hand to his lips, and covers it again before touching it with them. And although his agony it is with covering eyes. Anne is astonished. There rises against her love a great amazement, which, like a billow, threatens to overtop and drown it.

She follows him with alarmed as well as wondering eyes while he, again risen from her side, paces the floor in agonies of thought. The tears actually trickle unnoticed by him down his cheeks; he grinds his teeth, and curses under breath.

"Miss Anne," says he, at last, "I have not told you all even yet. The worst is to come, intimately the worst. Do you think you could love me, be my wife, cleave to me whoever and whatever I am?"—but the emphasis he puts into the words can be written. "I want a answer yes. Think. Imagine of me the worst possible thing that your imagination can frame—be very merciless in your worst. Say, now. Stop! Do not be in a hurry. Think. And the man ventures to look straight at her, with the look, ghastly and dreadful, of a criminal convicted of the foulest of crimes.

"Dr. Peel, I am an innocent country girl," says Anne, at last, even plaintively. "I have had no mother to guide me since I was a little child. All you have told me this morning has astonished and shocked me. I am so bewildered I can hardly think at all. But one thing I know. You have told me a thousand times this afternoon that you love me with all your heart. I can not understand what you mean by what you now say. But I know that I love you, and will marry you. Is not that enough?" asks Anne, like a little child. "Though what in the world you mean—"

"Halloo, man! did ever a fellow need more than that?" It is Mr. Wright, who breaks in upon them, the opening door unperceived by either in their excitement. "Why, Peel, you look more as if you had seen a ghost. You little rogue, Anne, I didn't think to receive cow and terrify a man so, you little Tartar! Yes, I heard her, Doctor. All right! Give me before you go, Peel, a glass of wine. Peel, I have taken a fancy to you! I knew it was all right what you insisted about Anne's having you. As was because you had not asked her—and no one would ever have suspected you of holding back!" And Mr. Wright rattles on in the highest spirits.

Before night Dr. Peel, after an interview with Anne, has agreed with Mr. Wright that the marriage is to take place almost immediately—for pressing reasons. "Meanwhile we will keep it all, of course, a profound secret. And I must leave the day of the wedding with Miss—Miss Anne: most pressing and important business," his lover says.

Dr. Peel may be a happy man, but he seems to be singularly cold and hard—with always the cowering eyes.

AT SEA.

FAR away, the flowers are growing,
And the sweet June breezes blowing,
Rich warm light on hay-fields glowing,
Sleepy cattle, lowe-ing soune;
By the leafy hedgerows lowing,
Lights and shadows waver o'er,
Lovingly, the lovely shore,
Far, far away.

Here the winds are round us sighing,
And the desert waves replying,
And the sea-bird skimming, flying
Round our ship, her rough track plying,
Day and night with tireless toil,
Round our course—for evermore
Passing from the lovely shore,
Far, far away.

Far away dear hearts are sending
Thoughts of love, all space transcending;
Dear and honored knees are bending,
Voices sweet for us ascending,
Many a note of blessing blending—
Mighty blessings—Heaven over,
Guard us to that other shore,
Far, far away.

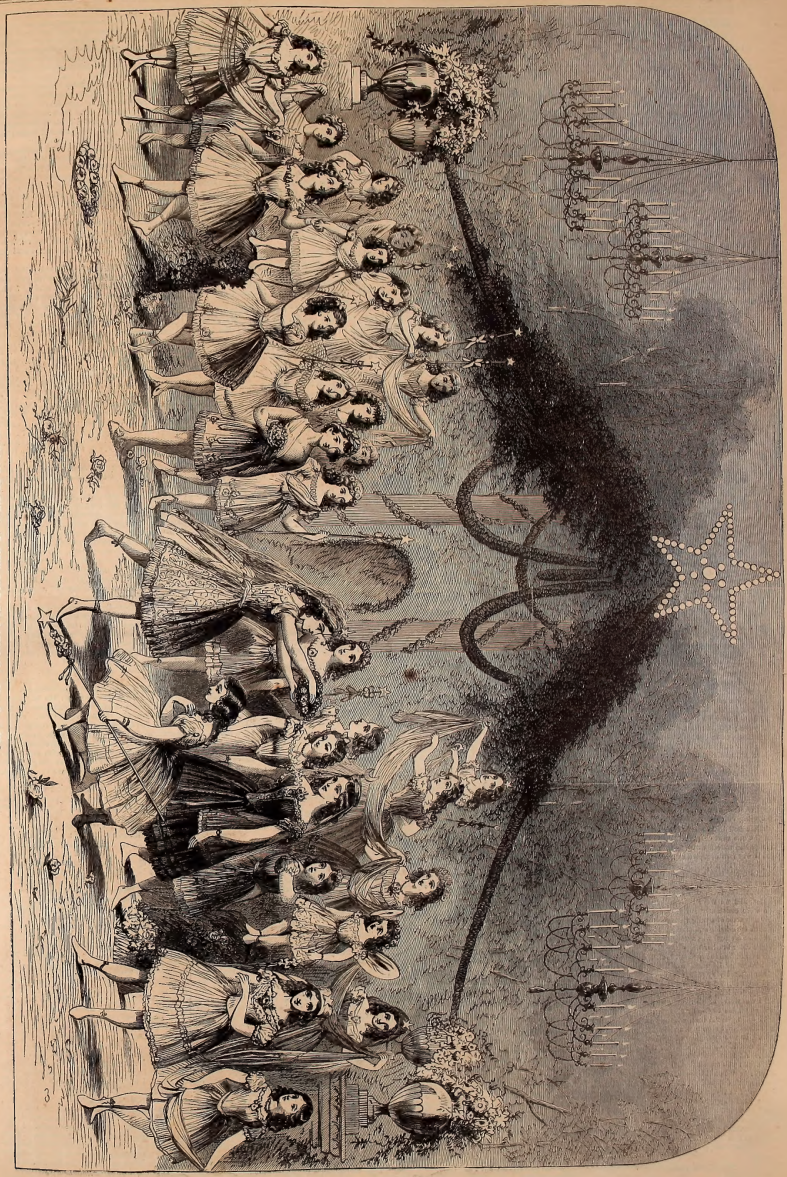
Moonlight on the waters sleeping!
Sun, in golden glory steeping!
Stars, your watch above us keeping!
Waves about us rolling, leaping!
Winds those liquid mountains heaping,
Light us, roll us, bear us on
To that other unknown shore,
Far, far away.



NOON AT THE PRIMARY SCHOOL FOR FREEDMEN, VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 398.]



PRIMARY SCHOOL FOR FREEDMEN, IN CHARGE OF MRS. GREEN, AT VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 398.]



MAY-DAY FESTIVAL AT NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.—[See Page 398.]

BARS IN THE LANE.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

AFTER the milking was over
Annie would follow the cows
Half a mile, down to the clover,
And turn them in to browse.

Neat little figure is Annie,
Handling the bars in the lane,
Letting down over so many
Just in the sunlight's wane.

Wild-roses blooming beside her
Match not her cheeks' lovely red;
And the leaves, trying to hide her,
Dance at her musical tread.

Witching curls peep from her bonnet—
Peep like bright birds from their nest!
And her heart—oh to have won it!—
Beats with a gentle unrest.

Lips may be humming a ditty,
And faces may show unconcern;
But secrets there are—what a pity
That some are so coy to learn!

Now while the robins are nesting,
Why does she wait in the lane?
Though, if white arms need a resting,
No one, of course, could complain.

Lights in the farm-house are gleaming,
And bars must be laid in their place:
But little Annie stands dreaming
A blush on her beautiful face.

Is it late? Not that she cares now;
Ah! merry eyes, mild and brown,
Could you not tell why she wears now
Just the least mite of a frown?

Over the path by the hill-side
Some one would wander by night;
Some one who came from the mill-side,
Lured by two eyes that are bright.

Meadow and valley grow stiller
Under the earlier stars;
Would it be strange if the miller
Help Annie to put up the bars?

FLINT AND STEEL.

LOOKING at me now you can hardly realize what a gay, wild, reckless girl I was in my teens, when I was Stella Martin, instead of "Grandma Flint." I was an only child, and my parents made an idol of me. They never shrewd itself (the mother's pity) in letting me have my own way in every thing. Short of my running into fire or water, I do not think I was ever restrained in, and unless it might have been the moon or stars, there was nothing I cried for that I did not have. When I went to school I met with resistance and discipline for the first time, but my gay temper, pretty looks, and coaxing ways made me a favorite with teachers and scholars, and I soon had my own way almost as much as ever.

When I was fourteen I declared myself tired of our quiet village life, and persuaded my parents to let the farm and remove to a large town, where I went to a fashionable school and made new and gay friends. I enjoyed myself thoroughly for nearly four years; then I met a power that no prayers or persuasion, or tears or passion of mine could move. The power of Death. It had never come near me before, but now it snatched away my dear, gentle, indulgent mother. My grief was so unreasonable and violent that my health became affected. I hated the town and its gayeties, and father gladly took me home to our quiet red farm-house on the hill, surrounded by its well-known corn-fields and pastures, and overlooking the winding river and straggling village.

There had been many changes in our absence, but the one that concerned me most was, that the Greens had carried away from the farm next ours, and it was now occupied by a family of orphan girls, all younger than I, and under the care of a brother much older. Percy Flint, the elder girl, came to see me and we became fast friends, for she was a tender, loving, little thing, always glad to be guided, and we were both mourning our mothers. We were constantly together, for our homes were only a mile and a half apart, and the path through father's corn-fields and along the lonesome lane to the Flint orchard was a very pleasant walk.

The elder brother was away nearly all day, but Prissy had a great deal to say about him, and I soon learned that "brother Edmund" was the light and the law of her life. Every plan, every enjoyment, every wish had been formed by or must be referred to him. She quoted him, praised him, and referred to him till I had a weary of his name and wished that there was so unable to do any thing without his knowledge and approval that, with my hatred of control and dictation, I soon took a violent prejudice against him. It was strengthened by hearing his praises sung and his opinions deferred to by every one I met. At meals—besides the girls' and old man—I "Haven't you seen Edmund Flint yet?" "What a pity!" "You'll be sure to admire him." "I'm sure you needn't expect he'll admire you; he's as cold as ice." "Even you can't break his heart, Stella." "He hasn't any to break," said another. "Oh yes he has, but Stella isn't the kind for him. She isn't good nor steady enough."

"She won't dare to carry on in the singing seats when he gets home," said Sally Bowers.

"And why not, pray?" I retorted, losing patience at last.

"Well, you try and you'll find out—that's all," was the reply.

"Oh, don't," implored little Polly Colby—"Edmund Flint's as good as the minister. He makes us all behave."

"I shall not be afraid of him. I shall do just as I please."

"He won't let you go with Prissy then."

"One would think he was a king, by the way you all talk," I returned, scornfully. "I shall not bow down to him, you will see. And now do let's talk of something else."

As usual, my will prevailed. I had always been the queen and leader before I went away, and now, with my town dresses and manners, I had easily resumed my sway. Sally and Polly's summer passed away; I had recovered my old health and spirits; Prissy and I were more intimate than ever, and her brother was still absent. On Sunday morning I waited for her to call for me as usual on her way to church; waited till it was late, then hurried on alone, my aching head and misery, found by Prissy in her place in the choir, and the "long prayer" begun. I was very irreverent then, and began to question her as soon as she had closed, and point out her finger imploringly on her lips. Not a word would she speak till the prayer was over, and then only a hurried whisper.

"Don't, Stella, please; brother's here, and he never likes me to talk in church time."

I threw back my head scornfully, and caught a glimpse of a tall figure and a grave, brown face in the tenor row. I was careful not to look that way again. He should see that I, at least, took no interest in him, the conceited tyrant; but I couldn't help listening for his voice with great curiosity when the singing began. Will my head have to find fault I could only admire its perfect sweetness and wonderful flexibility and compass. It was only irritated me the more, and determined to plague him. If I couldn't make Prissy talk I would make her laugh, and as soon as the service was fairly under way I began to draw caricatures in my hymn-book and show them to her. I was very clever with my pencil, and soon had the poor girl in an agony of suppressed laughter, and could hear her brother moving uneasily.

I rejoiced, but not long, for a hand was placed on her shoulder, and a stern, handsome face bent down between us, whispered a few words that changed her laughter to frightened tears. Not another look would she give at my sketches. I was not to be so easily put down, and soon had a new one passing around among the more reckless members of the choir. Presently Dick Price, the minister's son, a wild scamp of a boy, leaned over and said,

"Let's see the fun, Stella," and some one handed the book toward him. Hardly had he grasped it, when I heard that new voice, quick, low, and decided.

"Give it to me, Dick: are you not ashamed of yourself? If you have no reverence for God's house, you might, at least, have some gift at

ence—but I did not love him well enough to bear with his stern temper, and so we had best part. I saw that he was in earnest; that his sincerely professed my happiness to his own, and was resolute; though his face was pale with pain as he refused my caresses and cravings. Oh, how little and poor and mean and unlovely I felt—how senseless my past selfishness!

In that moment a new and great love filled my heart: I felt a thrill of assurance that to be guided by him would make me happier than to rule a world. That under the sway of his firm and noble will I should be more by high principle and wise judgment, I should be more content than if left to my own caprices.

At last I made him understand this, and then we were blessed indeed; and through the forty years of our married life there was never again more than a momentary cloud between us. Had he been a man of a mean or tyrannical spirit, he would have taken advantage of my penitence; but he proved so noble, so just, and just that it became my pride and joy to acknowledge his authority.

When dad called him from me twenty years ago, when the brave, clear voice was only a fluttering whisper, and his once strong arm could not lift my weary hand that lay so light in mine, he told me:

"Stella, you have been the great joy of my life; if I could live it over I would alter nothing in you. I would only try to serve God better and love you more." And then God's gates were opened for him and I was left desolate, only praying that I might follow soon; but the Lord willed that I should live on, long and lonely, to see all those whom my friends most strength and usefulness and sight, but not past memory. That gives me still my youth, my husband, and all those happy years.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Reis went by the next day's mail. It was such a fine, bright afternoon, in spite of the March wind that went roaming about, peering after squirrel-cups, and elder flowers, and I know not what, that every body was out. Mr. May drove off soon after dinner to Hiccory Corner, the nearest village, saying nothing, like a wise man, of what he might find at the freight-station. Mrs. May was away on some good errand among her poor neighbors; and the children were clustered in the work-shop, waiting.

I'm afraid that people who are fond of yellow satin and such light trifles would not have admired this old work-shop: but children thought it perfectly charming. It was but a room in the carriage-house, with two extremely cheerful and dusty windows, where a generous colony of spiders had spun their threads and woven their tapestry unmolested, doing out amusing parties, with but short imprisonment nor even the form of a trial, to all such wasps, gnats, and blue-bottle flies as came in their way.

In the middle of the room stood a long workbench: and the sides of the room, and every corner and window-ledge, were full of tools. Tool-chests stood on the floor, boxes of nails and screws, old pieces of iron, old hinges, lay in the window. Here hung up a saw and being rested a while with twenty other things of which the children knew not even the name. At present their whole attention was fixed upon the—possessory mark of the big gimlet, wicking their eyes at every blow of his great hammer—so they stood in a trance of pleasure.

Sam was working away at a small box with a sloping roof, or rather with ends prepared for a sloping roof; and two other such boxes stood on the work-bench, a saw lying rested in with neat, close-fitting pases of glass.

"I don't see what the glass is for, after all," said Lily.

"Don't you?" said Sam. "Suppose we should break out all the glass in our windows some cold night, what then?

"Oh, to be sure! the glass keeps the heat in. But then the heat is got in, Sam? you can't make a fire in this little place."

"This little place would burn up pretty quick if I did," said Sam, with a wise look over his spectacles, Lily, from the sun. And it gets in better and quicker when the glass is sloped in this way toward the sun that if it were set up straight as it is in our windows."

"I wish I understood why," said Clover.

"Papa'll tell you some day, or I will," said Sam, hammering away. "I haven't time just now."

"Here's papa this minute," said little Primrose. "Why, he said he'd be busy, going to one of the dusty windows. "He's left the wagon, and is coming over here with a big package in his hands."

Sam looked up for a moment and said, "Ah!" with an expression which proved that *he* understood the package thoroughly; and then began to whistle "Yankee Doodle," and to use his hammer with great energy all at once.

"Sam likes *something*," said Primrose, with a laugh. "He always does when he whistles that."

Sam likes many things—Primrose among the rest," said her brother, stooping down to kiss her. "But here's papa."

And Mr. May entered, bearing the great package. Such a package! with long, white handles sticking out atop, and sharp, black points and corners piercing the brown wrapping paper below: the whole tied up and bound together with "forty strings," Lily said, as if on purpose to keep curiosity at a respectful distance. The children clustered round, asking at least a question for every string; Sam stopped his whistling, indeed, out of respect to his father's presence, but there was the fullest smile of pleasure on his face as he laid down his hammer and stood still to watch the proceedings; and as for Mr. May himself, he was clearly as eager as the children, but he would not answer a single question. There he stood, untying some strings, cutting others with his knife, laughing at the children, giving their checks a pat on a kiss, as the case might be, but still at work on the package.

Such a package! I must say again. It was utterly bewildering and mysterious. And, like an Arabian Night's story, the unfolding took another just as great, the large package presently resolved itself (when the fortieth string was cut) into three packages—each one wrapped up in brown paper, tied round with numberless strings, out of which peeped white handles and black corners, just as before.

"There," said Mr. May, with great satisfaction, taking the last string carefully off and measuring the respective length of the white handles, "the tallest one is for Clover, and the next for Lily; and this smallest one must be for Primrose! In fact, it looks just like her!"

"Papa!" said Clover, doubtfully, as she took the package.

"I know! I know!" exclaimed Lily, tearing off the brown paper which shielded hers. "It's our tools! our garden tools! Oh, papa, how good you are! Oh, whatever shall I do with these strings! What is the use of tying things up so! Oh, Sam, don't be too old and grown up to care for a ribbon!"

And Lily tugged at the strings, and pulled, and tore the paper off, leaving the strings yet on; and finally caught the tool out by the head, and looked at the fastenings with that in an alarming way.

"Here, here!" said her brother. "If that is to be the style of Primrose's gift, you may as well help and a better tool." And Sam took out his knife, and quickly cut the cords, one after the other.

Clover, meanwhile, was patiently untying her knots, one by one. She had hardly spoken, but was looking at all: the two pink spots in her cheeks grew very deep as she wrought with the hard, unyielding bits of twine, her fingers trembling with eagerness, though they went on as steadily.

Little Primrose, on her part, was another picture. After one prolonged look at her package, as if to find out whether it contained her expected doll-baby and golden hair and little white ruffle, she stood at a sort of "parade rest;" the package "grounded," her hands clasped behind her back, and her face a whole attention given to Clover's knots and Lily's fingers; her eyes dancing as each fastening gave way, and her head nodding with each cut. Mr. May stood, and the bright little steel tools, with their neat white handles, came full into view, Primrose gave one long "Ah!" of intense delight, and then, as the only other thing she *could* say, turned round to her father and held her little mouth for a kiss.

"Why, Primrose, are you like them?" said Mr. May, laughing and holding her fast, package and all.

"Well, young ones, be busy now," said he, setting her down, in a silent embrace from Clover, and a rather vociferous one from Lily, Mr. May departed.

"Well, you two," said Lily, "you just hold up and tell us all about these things. Oh dear! I never was so happy in all my life!"

And Clover and Primrose down on the work-bench drew Primrose into his arms.

"Does not this little one want to see *her* tools?" he said.

"Oh yes!" said Primrose. "But my fingers aren't strong enough."

"Let me help," said Sam. "There, you sit up here by me on the bench, and we'll untie all these knots, and talk to Clover and Lily at the same time. What do you want to know about them first?"

"*This*, I *suppose*," said Lily, displaying one of her tools, "is a spade."

"Right the first time. See what a beauty of a little one papa has got for Primrose! with a we, wee handle just big enough for her little fingers. It's pretty!"

There could be no doubt about that, from the way the little fingers took hold of it.

"But I think papa is not going to dig the ground for us, Sam?" said Lily.

"So I hope to do the first time. But then there may be light digging to do afterward, and transplanting, and all that."

"And we want to learn how, any way," said Clover.

"Well, what's this?" said Lily. "Oh dear! there comes Jack. Now we'll have a bother."

"This?" said Jack, unceremoniously setting it from Lily's hand, "that's a fine tool, I declare! *This*, young ladies, is called a rake; and it is to rake the ground and make your flower beds into long strips, to make them look fringy. It adds very much to the striking effect of a flower-garden. So says Sam, with a trowel."

"And trowels are used for digging up stones, and carrying them to the gravel-walk or the grass," said Jack.

"They're for transplanting," said Sam, smiling, "for taking up plants, and moving them to fitting flower-pots, and for smoothing the ground where you want to sow seeds."

"And this," said Jack, taking up another tool, "is commonly called Neptune's trident, which you perceive it resembles. In the sea, as used by its original owner, it was excellent for spearing fish; but by the strange mutation of mortal things it is now used in gardens, to spear caterpillars, grubs, and earth-worms. This is one of Prim's, you see."

"Indeed *some* won't be used for any such thing," said Prim, indignantly. "Spear caterpillars, truly! I don't mean to have one in all my garden."

"Oh! don't you?" said Jack. "That alters the question."

"It's a weeding-fork, Prim," said her oldest brother; "and weeds, I'm afraid, you will have plenty of them to use it on. They grow like fun, and it loosens the earth, and the weeds can be pulled right up by the roots."

"How nice!" said Lily. "Only I don't mean to have any weeds. Oh, I'm so happy! Come, let's go and show all to mamma."

"But just wait till I gather up my strings," said Clover.

"Leave 'em here," said Lily, "you don't want 'em."

"They may be useful," said Clover, soberly.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said Jack, turning a somersault in one corner of the work-shop. "Such model gardeners! One will be eaten by caterpillars, and t'other will have no weeds; and the other—I don't know. I'll keep watch about Clover's. She's an old-fashioned as a gray rock, and about as steady.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Some ten years ago, at the Commencement exercises of a New England female college, the theme was ready, entitled "A Visit to the Moon." In this theme was a description of a balloon ascension among the Laxonians; and we remember being struck by one fact that was stated, namely, that the Laxonians had no small children—having reached a point of perfection that even Delsmsize might envy—dispensed entirely with nurses. In place of them were large, fine, steam-engines, conveniently fitted up, running around the dining-table on circular tracks, and distributing every imaginable delicacy to the guests. We believe, also, that there was some contrivance for conveying the victuals to the mouth of the infant. We give publicity to these statements, in the hope that some enterprising person may hasten to make his fortune by appropriating their invention. We have no claim to the patent right. And in these days of "dying ships" nothing should be considered impossible.

There are machines for every thing nowadays. Sewing, knitting, washing, reading, boring machines (pray how on gas so be called?), and so on ad infinitum. It may be mentioned, however, that as yet *no eating-and-drinking machine* has been invented, and there is a chance for somebody! The day may not be far distant when authors and editors, sitting down to their tables, each with a steam cook, and the machinery ageing, lean back, close their eyes for a moment's repose, and, on want to feel a thrilling novel or a learned editorial all ready for the press!

Speaking of machines reminds us of a little note recently found among a package of love papers in the pocket of a New York lawyer. It is without date or signature:

"DEAR BROTHER,—The curious to learn how you make the new washing machine go. You said you were tied in knots at the prize in a week or so. Can you work whatever you want to? from a shirt to a pair of lace curtains? And can you tell me anywhere where the sale run a grabbing to catch all the buttons? I imagine you genuinely happy. Does the machine work by steam? Do you have to slowly turning the crank, you cool carelessly wash a baby? I suppose after you get home to-day, so you get to bed without your bootees, you step on the way to the kitchen and do the whole washing in a minute. And after a little more practice, I imagine, my versatile brainer, you'll do all the washing with one hand, while you polish your boots with the other.

"Now, brother, you know I envy you. If, do you see it yourself all alone? Or sometimes let family try it, while you stand and look on? Or don't? Does the machine labor your hands? Do the rollers get rusty and squeak? Is there any thing what it's cooked up to be? And if it's actually, does it look? If it still holds its own in your mind. Why, then I will be glad as right! Why should a human-cuts be found when the machine never will stop? Excuse me, brother, if you please, for the ignorance of knowing: Do you keep such washing-machine still, or do you keep it kicking?"

A NEW proposition to the condition of some of the city railroad cars would be out of the province of the Board of Health. Many of them are kept in a state of filthiness quite intolerable. The old, nasty carpets, which have served the public for years and years, should be removed, and clean cane-bottomed seats be substituted.

A large milk establishment in Boston was recently examined by the authorities of that city. Four large casks, weighing probably two thousand five hundred pounds, were discovered, and they investigated the contents of one of them. It was filled with water, and the milk was taking a sample for experiment, they found that mixing it with water gave a very good imitation of milk.

A new method of teaching boarding-school young ladies has been recently adopted at a seminary in Indianapolis. The other day the principal learned that some of the pupils had packages of letters from young gentlemen in the city—tender epistles. Exasperated beyond endurance at the impudence of the boys, she read up before the entire school and read the letters in full, with the names of the writers. She is now living in the attics.

Professor Agassiz has been presented with a large and beautiful collection of fishes by the Emperor of Brazil. A pleasant memento of the days he spent with the gift.

Small as ladies' bonnets are nowadays the newspapers can't let them alone. One says:

"A lady in a bonnet store went to a friend in the city to purchase for her a new spring bonnet. She desired the crown to measure just five inches—just enough to cover her eyelids—and a red ribbon."

Another announces:

"A new bonnet is out—a common white handkerchief is passed over the top of the head and tied under the throat, with a wreath of roses in the shape of a horseshoe on the top."

Still another:

"A new style of bonnet has turned up at Richmond, Indiana. It is described as 'consisting of two straws, tied together with a blue ribbon on the top of the head, and the straws suspended at each of the four ends of the straws. Price, nineteen dollars."

A Dutchman was recently called upon to testify in court as a witness, exhibited a singular confusion as to his own identity. "Now, my friend," said the judge, "what is your name?" he replied, "Vell, I calls mineself Fred, but maybe so—I don't know—it is Yawcop. You see, chudge, I remember the last vone I vas, they—one of them vos me and one vas my brodder, or one was my brodder and t'other vas me, and I remember vell enough that I was glad to see my brodder vas young, or my brodder was chust as old as me, and I don't know which, and mine moddher she don't; and one of us named Fred and t'other Yawcop, or one named Yawcop and t'other Fred—I don't know which; and I don't know as my brodder—moddher she never could tell whether it was me or mine brodder what got died; so, chudge, I don't know whether I am Fred or Yawcop, and mine moddher she don't know."

Those who have hitherto failed in making for themselves a place in the "Temple of Fame" may find consolation a bit which we cut from an exchange:

"A gentleman in Scotland has preserved an old pair of boots, the property of Alexander Selkirk, remaining the following announcement:

"'Notice to Correspondents.—T. C.—The lines commencing "On Linden, when the sun was low," are not up to our standard. Poetry is evidently not T. C.'s forte.'"

These two little gems of thought are full of truth and beauty:

"The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindliest soil, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic."

"Christian graces are like perfumes—the more they are pressed the sweeter they smell; like stars, they shine high best in the dark; like trees, the more they are shaken the deeper root they take, and the more fruit they bear."

It is stated in the Paris journals that on the recent journey of the royal family to Auxerre the Empress was attired in the "most simple style." Her dress is described as of rich black gros silk, with an immensely large train, which was covered with small jet stars; a tiny *zar-gadelet*, likewise studded with jet, and trimmed with guipure, and a white crêpe-tulle bonnet of the Lamballe form, fringed with jet, and ornamented with Bayeux lace ribbon strings, was Her Majesty's traveling costume. An anecdote is still relating to this Auxerre journey which shows how observant the Empress is, and how gracefully her remarks are responded to. Among the notabilities who came to welcome Her Imperial Majesty, M. Camille Doucet was conspicuous in his dress as counselor-general, having been gazetted only a few days before to the office. Perceiving this, the Empress soon singled him out, exclaiming, "You are very soon changed, you have a different dress to-day." M. Doucet replied: "Yes, Madame, I do change my costumes very frequently, but my sentiments never."

Among the new materials for summer dresses are the *piqués*, which are woven the same so as to look as though they were coarsely ribbed, and they are generally covered with a pattern. The patterns imitate braided arabesque guipure; there are also flowers and horseshoes, and several other designs, generally on white ground. Percales are very popular for *demi-toilette*, and the newest patterns for this material are stripes of a dark color and large dahlias or cameo, or stars in the stripes; the ground of the dress is either white or of a pale color.

As a change, there is a new material called the *Sultane*. It is made of very fine wool, with satin stripes, and is something like the old-fashioned barège. It is very pretty in light color, such as the new blue, pink, mauve, or gray. Besides it is not expensive, and many pretty promenade toilets are made of it, trimmed with ribbon of the same color as the Sultane itself.

It is not such a difficult matter to be well dressed in summer without spending a great deal of money, as most persons try to do. It is an error. Freshness is the great merit of a summer toilet.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHY was NOAH'S ark like a smoke-house?—Because it had a hold in it.

VERBUM SEPIENTI.—"Taking a Sight."

DRAWING THE LONG BOW.—We have just been informed, by one competent to know, that one of the most lucrative professions is that of a bass-fiddler. We can only believe it is much more so than that of Footster, but that is a matter of opinion, perhaps. Any one who is willing to call to *see*, and suggests the remark that such a note must come out of the measure so well known as a *Fiske Jess*, can.

"A lot of copper ore in pigs!" said Mrs. Partington, as her eye caught the account of some mining operations. "I don't wonder they have the scrofula and every thing else that is bad. I believe that if nothing but verdigrease, for copper is very deleterious."

BOARDING-SCHOOL GIRL'S LAMENT.

Parchase I ask me down to eat,
With Harper's table, which I hate,
Impatient that the milk be hot,
And grieve to find bread a path!
My worse was me 'tis vein to tell
When even salt becomes a sea!

A cabbage head
My money is disguised in mold;
For water I must swollen pay,
The town I find dishes up in *viello!*
I grumble at the beef I take
Like old John Rogers at his *stake*.

A word to you, my reader friends,
I'm forced to brief it ever more,
No language but the French can lend
An old schoolmistress to the school:
The truest word of all their woes
Is, oh! pity me the miss.

"What is the future state?" said a clergyman to a sprightly little girl. "Illinois, Sir?" "No, no," said the clergyman, "I mean what will become of us when we are dead, women?" "Why," replied she, after some hesitation, "I suppose they are to be married."

A TREE OF LIFE.—A forged bank-note.

Why is an over-worked horse like an umbrella?—Because it is tired of rain.

Why is a beef-steak like a locomotive?—Its not of much account without it's tender.

A Frenchman can not pronounce "chip." The word is "cheep" in his mouth. Seeing an iron-clad, and not a boy, "Ih dah a war sheep!" "No," answered the boy, "it's a ram."

A BAD SENSITIVE.—A turnpike.

At a fancy-dress ball in Paris recently, a lady was seen in a very low-necked dress, while floating and waving an abundance of hair met the eye. She was followed by a gentleman what she personated. "The sea, Monsieur?" "Ah! no, Madame, Medusa." The lady blushed and the gentleman smiled.

"THE RAKE'S PROGRESS."—Over the flower-beds.

JURICOUS SELECTION.—On Good Friday, in a town in North Wales, an elderly minister, with a bald pate, judiciously selected for his text, "My star are gizzate in lumber than the hairs on my head."

A GOOD PLACE FOR PATENT HAIR DYES.—Canada; for there the first cut is the deepest.

In an old family Bible in Connecticut the record of a birth is entered in this wise: "Elizabeth Jones, born on the 20th November, 1785, according to the best of her recollection."

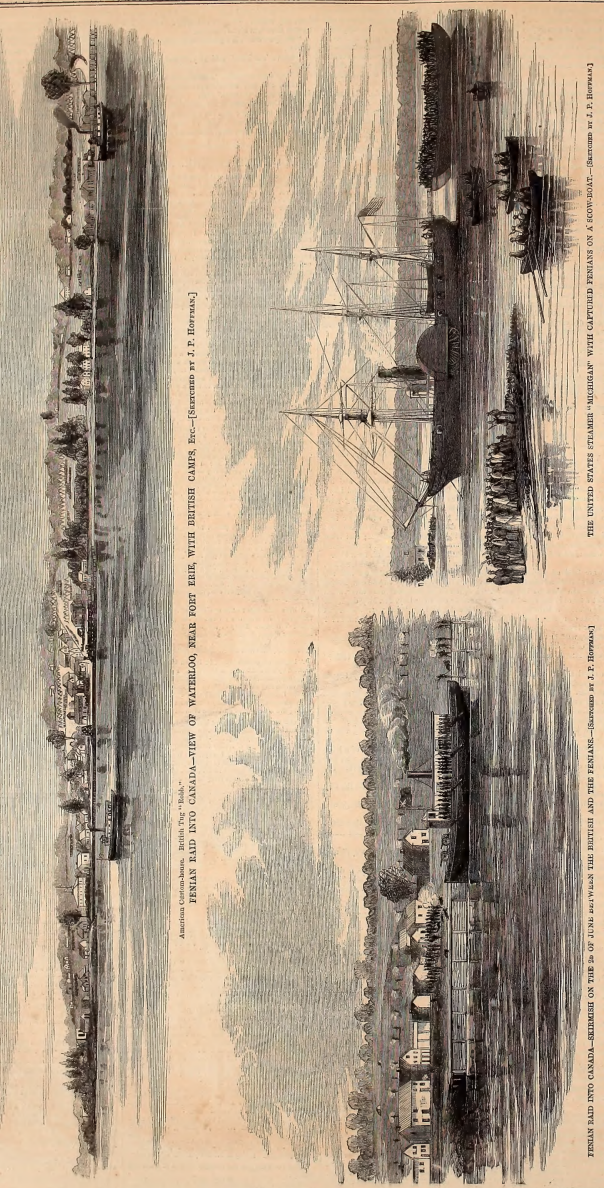
A baker has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only twelve ounces.

If a young man spends two hours with a young lady every night, and for all that he can't make sure about it, and the old folks don't make any fuss about it, the two young folks may be said to be engaged.

A YANKEE made a bet with a Dutchman that he could swallow him. The Dutchman lay down upon the table, and the Yankee, taking the big fellow in his mouth, jogged and the Yankee, taking the big fellow in his mouth, jogged off in security. "Oh, you are losing me," roared the Dutchman. "Why, you old fool," replied the Yankee, "what did you think I was going to swallow you whole?"

"Wife," said a hen-pecked husband, "go to bed." "I won't." "Well, then, sit up; I will be undressed."

Why is an alarm of fire in the night like a clothes-brush?—Because it spells the nap.



FENIAN RAID INTO CANADA—VIEW OF WATERLOO, NEAR FORT ERIE, WITH BRITISH CAMPS, ETC.—[SKETCHED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.]

FENIAN RAID INTO CANADA—SKIRMISH ON THE 2d OF JUNE, BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND THE FENIANS.—[SKETCHED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.]

THE FENIAN RAID.

We give on this page and on page 397 illustrations of the Fenian invasion of Canada. Waterloo is just a little way from Fort Erie. The following extract from the *Army and Navy Journal* gives a very good account of the raid:

On Thursday, May 31, a considerable number of Fenians had quietly gathered into Buffalo, calling themselves Lancers, bound for California. At about half past two next morning they had collected at Black Rock, some three miles north of Buffalo, and here they at once crossed the Niagara River by the aid of two tugs and two canal-boats. They landed safely, under the green flag, and at once took possession of the ruins of old Fort Erie, which is the place where the lake narrows to the river. Their force was somewhere from one to 1500. Their military organization consisted of four regiments, the Thirteenth, the Tennessee, the Seventeenth, and Kentucky, the Eighteenth, of Ohio, and the Seventh, of Buffalo, besides an Indiana detachment. All these had colonels, and the whole were under Col. O'NEILL, formerly known as having enlisted a regiment for the rebels of such of our soldiers in the horrible den at Andersonville as preferred death to dishonor to death.

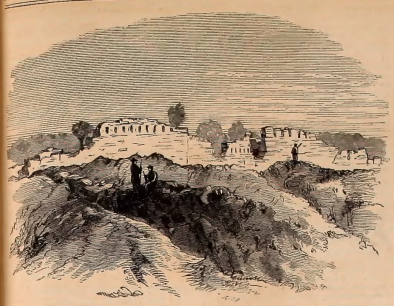
This crossing had been successfully concealed from the United States authorities, and in embarking in the Fenian boats the men received arms and ammunition, but no commissariat seems to have been organized. They at once cut the telegraph wires leading into Canada, tore up the track of the railroad near them, and advanced eastward along the lake shore toward Fort Colborne, at the mouth of the Welland Canal.

The first Canadian force to come into actual conflict with the Fort Erie Fenians was a body of about 1400 Volunteers, under Colonel BOSWORTH CHANAN, which had landed at Fort Colborne, while another force, under Colonel PEACOCK, was advancing upon the Fenian rear, up the Niagara River, via Chippewa. Bosworth's troops met O'NEILL and his Fenians about 8 A.M. on the morning of Saturday, June 2. O'NEILL was advancing westward, and now took post at Limestone Ridge, somewhat less than half-way from Fort Erie to Fort Colborne. Then was a sort of battle, in which —though there are various reports—the Canadians seem to have despised their adversaries, and to have advanced in pursuit of them as if already victorious, when the Fenian line was scarcely falling back to rectify an error. Many of the Fenians are veterans of the Rebellion, and not to be discouraged by a charge; so they charged bayonets in their turn upon the confident Canadians, and very easily dispersed them. But the losses are reported at only 9 killed and 15 wounded on the Fenian side, and 3 killed and wounded on the Canadian side.

After pursuing the beaten Canadians for some distance, the Fenians fell back toward Fort Erie. They had improved some provisions at that place, but their supplies quickly fell short, notwithstanding what they could find in the vicinity. More Canadian troops were coming up to Fort Colborne; PEACOCK's force was approaching from Chippewa; the *Michigan* and one or two tugs had effectively closed the Niagara River to any reinforcements. As the Fenians approached Fort Erie again they had a brush with a small Canadian force, but easily repulsed it; and at night, worn out with fatigue and hungry, the Fenians attempted to cross the river into the United States. The main body was promptly captured, with the tugs conveying them, by the *Michigan*; but stragglers and parties who reached on the Canadian side, and were taken by Colonel PEACOCK's force, which went into camp at Fort Erie; and the left-flank movement of the Fenian invasion was over, and a failure, and its troops were prisoners to United States Marshal Dorsey, though in the immediate charge of Captain Bryson, of the *Michigan*.

The sketches on page 397 show the ruins of Fort Erie and the flag captured from the British at Ridgeway by the Fenians.

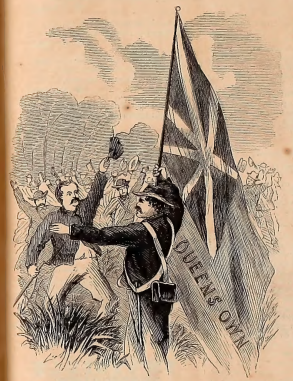
Since this failure other attempts have been made, but have not succeeded. The Fenians made a great mistake when they began the work of emancipating Ireland with the infraction of the laws of the country of which they were the adopted citizens. The President's proclamation, and the vigilance of our military forces on the frontier, will prevent an early repetition of the collision at Fort Erie and Ridgeway.



FENIAN RAID INTO CANADA—RUINS OF FORT ERIE.—[SKETCHED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.]



CONGRESS HALL, SARATOGA, NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. S. AVERY.]



THE FENIAN RAID—BRITISH FLAG CAPTURED BY THE FENIANS.
[SKETCHED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.]

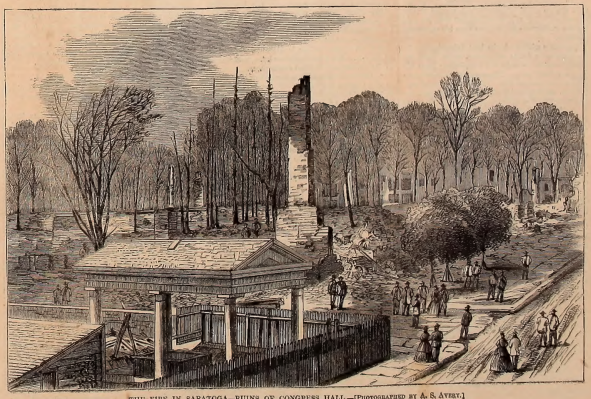


THE FIRE IN SARATOGA—BROADWAY THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. S. AVERY.]

THE FIRE IN SARATOGA.

CONGRESS HALL HOTEL in Saratoga was destroyed by fire on the morning of May 20. At twenty minutes past twelve the flames were discovered in the north wing of the building, and issuing from the apartment known as the ironing and linen room, wherein the women ironers had been at work until an unusually late hour on the night before to be in readiness for the annual opening of the house, which was to take place on the very day of the fire. The frailty of the immense structure was soon apparent in the instantaneous spread of the flames, and but little more than an hour elapsed before it was a complete and impressive heap of ruins. The glare of the fire was plainly visible in Troy, Albany, Schenectady, and throughout all the adjacent country.

The loss involved in this fire was nearly $200,000. Congress Hall was built in the year 1812 by Mr. GIDEON PUTNAM, and it was while superintending the work upon the building that he fell and injured himself, and afterward died of his wounds. The hotel was kept in the family for a number of years, when a Mr. VAN SCHOENHOVEN bought it. He left it in his will to MR. KINSLEY, his son-in-law; and in 1850 the only surviving heir, MR. E. V. KINSLEY, came into possession, all his relatives being burned or drowned, or both, on the ill-fated steamboat *Henry Clay*. Mr. H. H. HATHORN, the last proprietor, bought the house on the 9th of September, 1864, and had retained his right in it ever since. He has had partners with him, but he himself had been the man of the establishment. The large number of improvements which had been made in and around the hotel are too numerous to mention, but they were such as made it equal, if not superior, to any in the place. A new office had been made in the front of the building, which included the room formerly occupied as a bar-room, and extended back as far as the piazzas. The bar-room had been sent down stairs, as also several other branches of hotel appointments. Mr. HATHORN had announced his intention of opening the hotel on Monday, May 28.



THE FIRE IN SARATOGA—RUINS OF CONGRESS HALL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. S. AVERY.]

WHY SHAKE HANDS WITH NEIGHBOR JONES?

My neighbor Jones is of portly mien,
His face both smooth and bland,
And he has a terrible way—to me—
Of heartily shaking my hand.
Now there is nothing of which to complain
In a good and hearty shake,
But upon my word with my neighbor Jones
I feel as if handling a snake.

He meets me at church in the midst of a crowd,
Or sometimes he meets me alone,
And his eyes they glare with a grayish stare,
And the look of a rounded stone.
I am getting afraid of my neighbor Jones,
Of the touch of his clammy palm,
And I am afraid that his stony eyes
Have always a meaning of harm.

I know that, one day, when my pipe broke through
Into Jones's pasture field,
He kindly opened my garden gate,
Where they ruined my early yield.
I know that when Sue, my bridled cow,
Was choking in yonder lot,
That Jones sat still on his fence and watched,
But Jones to me came not.

I know that Jones, in digging a well,
Cut off the stream of mine,
And I know that Jones both chuckled and laughed,
As though the joke were fine.
And I know that Jones has threatened the law
For things not worthy a song;
But I always give in to my neighbor Jones,
Though the principle is wrong.

I know that Jones once pulled at the ear
Of Billy, my eldest born,
And that I incurred, by my peaceable way,
My Billy's utter scorn.
That Billy declares when he shall grow big
That there's death to Jones's ears,
But still I have hope he will change his mind,
Like myself—when Jones appears.

But why do I shake old Jones's hand?
It is not for love, I am sure,
Or rather, why let him shake hands with me,
When his shaking I can not endure?
I wish that the fashion of shaking hands
Would go out with the spring or fall,
And I ask, when I think of my neighbor Jones,
Why do they shake hands at all?

THE HONEST THIEF.

THERE once lived in St. Petersburg an aged man, who, though poor, had always been noted for strict honor and integrity, and whose whole career of life was regular as clock-work. Each morning he left his modest dwelling at precisely the same hour, passed through the old-fashioned garden in his rear, and after his six hours' labor was accomplished returned home by the self-same route. His garments were shabby from long service, and the covering of his cap was worn to shreds. The urgent solicitations of his daughters finally induced him to replace the latter article; and seeing some of a green color one day in a shop window, he went in and inquired the price. The shopman, however, refused to sell them, on the plea that they were already bespoken, and offered to show him others of a different hue; but the old man had set his heart on green.

"Well, then," said the man, "if you must absolutely have it, take it, and if needs must I can finish another by to-morrow to take its place."

The bargain was accordingly concluded, and the next day no small excitement was created by the appearance of the cap, which exhibited to his colleagues smiling congratulations upon his successful purchase.

Two days afterward, the heat being intense in the Bureau, he left in his pocket for his handkerchief, in order to wipe the perspiration from his face, and drew forth, to his great astonishment, one of fine India foulard silk. He showed it to his colleagues, and inquired if he had not by mistake appropriated another person's property; but one and all disclaimed all knowledge of it, and agreed unanimously that it must be a surprise from one of his daughters.

"Children," said he, upon his return to his house, "who has done this? Do you wish to make me vain in my old age?"

His daughters also declared their ignorance of the matter, and, after many random guesses, finally made up their minds that it must have been put in his pocket by their cousin, who spent the last Sunday with them; and the handkerchief was carefully put aside by their father.

On the following day, as he was carefully spreading his coat-tails in order to seat himself at his desk, he felt something hard in both his pockets, and putting in his hand brought out from one a gold watch and from the other a well-furnished purse. This time his reason was overwhelmed; but after long reflection he formed a sudden resolution. He had been more punctual than the other officials, and was alone in the room; he therefore determined to say nothing to them of his discovery, and as soon as the office hours were over he went directly to the Chief of the Police and solicited a private audience. He then produced the watch and purse, and related the history of the handkerchief. After the Chief had fully possessed himself of all the particulars he said:

"Is it very singular! Has nothing of the kind ever happened to you before?"

"Never before last week."

"Have you made any change in your dress within that time?"

"No."

"Recollect!"

"Oh yes, certainly! I bought a new cap!"

"Tell me how and where you bought it."

The old man told him every thing connected with his purchase, upon which the chief laughed heartily, and exclaimed:

"Poor, honest man that you are, you have become a member of a band of thieves! Do you not perceive? The twenty caps of the same shape and color were to serve them as a mark for recognition; and as every pickpocket seeks to divest himself as quickly as possible of his stolen goods, they have taken you for an accomplice, and transferred these articles to your pockets. You are greatly indebted to accident and to you. Take this money and buy another cap from one of the principal magazines; then bring this one back immediately; for as I hope to have the whole gang in my power to-morrow you must not run the risk of being arrested also."

The old man went back and purchased another covering for his head; but as he was about to tie up the cap in his handkerchief, in order to take it back to the police-office, he found in the crown, to his no small surprise, a costly piece of lace. He hastened to deliver this fresh booty into the hands of the Chief, who again bent into a peal of laughter when he beheld the despairing countenance of the honest thief.

The necessary measures were immediately taken. Two dozen detectives were made acquainted with the form of the cap at simultaneously, and precisely the same hour, every possessor of the sign was placed in durance vile.

THE SOUTHERN METHODIST BISHOPS.

THE Episcopal College of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, consists of ten Bishops, three of whom are not assigned to regular duty because of their advanced age, and four were elected and ordained at the late session of the General Conference, held in the city of New Orleans.

We present this week a representation of the whole body, with the exception of the venerable Senior Bishop, SOULE, whose feeble health detained him from the Conference at which the photograph was made from which the engravings were drawn. The subjoined sketches give an outline of the main facts in the history of each, with his distinguishing characteristics:

1. JOSHUA SOULE is a native of the State of Maine, and is now in his eighty-sixth year. He entered upon the work of the holy ministry in the last year of the last century; was ordained Deacon in 1801, Elder in 1803, and Bishop in 1824. He is a man of large body and powerful physique, and majestic appearance; has endured immense hardships in the pioneer work of the itinerant ministry, and exerted a very great influence upon the growth of Methodism on this continent. For several years he has been relieved from regular Episcopal duty, and in a recent old age is waiting his change at his simple residence, near the city of Nashville, Tennessee.

2. JAMES OSGOOD ANDREW was born in Georgia, in 1794; entered the ministry in 1812; was ordained Deacon in 1814, Elder in 1816, and Bishop in 1832. Without learning, he made his way by the natural powerful eloquence of his strong mind and the great industry of his pastoral labors. He is genial, warm-hearted, and simple. He has retired from the active Episcopacy; but in many of the more labor labors, and in respect for the great purity of his character, he is very cherished by his colleagues.

3. ROBERT PAINE is a native of North Carolina; born in 1799; a Licentiate in 1818, a Deacon in 1822, his ordination as Elder having been by the absence of Bishops; an Elder in 1824, and a Bishop in 1846. He is a man of high intellect, strong judgment, unquestioned integrity, and sterling culture. He is represented as the philosopher of the Episcopal Bench. He seems sluggish in his movements, but is very active in his habits. He is courteous, he is always generous. His knowledge of law makes him an excellent presiding officer. As a preacher he is instructive rather than popular; he succeeds his pulpit efforts are very impressive; his failures are total. He was, we believe, President of La Grange College. He was, during the war, of Bishop. His uttered opinions have great weight in the Annual and General Conferences.

4. GEORGE FOSTER PIERCE was born in Georgia, in 1811; began to preach in 1830; ordained Deacon in 1832, Elder in 1834, and Bishop in 1854. He is affable, careless in his manners, very handsome in face and person, with a dark eye and a remarkably charming smile. In the pulpit he has had the reputation of great brilliancy. He is still a popular preacher. His voice is like a bugle; it stirs you from afar. Not remarkable for discrimination, he carries his measures by the force of his splendid and magnetic style seems to kindle. He is a liberal host, and a genial companion. In Georgia his influence is unrivaled.

5. JOHN EARLY was born in Virginia. He is believed to be in his seventy-second year. He was admitted to the Virginia Conference in 1807; was ordained Deacon in 1809, Elder in 1811, and Bishop in 1854. He is a man of remarkably commanding presence. In all crowds where he is a stranger his appearance attracts immediate attention. It is a combination of the Apostle and the General. He was born to command, and he does command. He has been a great worker. His energy is tireless. At his advanced age he does as much as any one of his colleagues; and although, by reason of his multitude of years, he has been relieved from the burden of Episcopal labor, and has his quarters with Bishops Andrew and Soule, his presidency at the late General Conference is said to have shown his clear head and strong hand, grasping and managing the reins to the last.

6. HUBBARD HINDE KAVANAUGH, a native of Kentucky, was born in 1802; entered the ministry in 1823; was ordained Deacon in 1825, Elder in 1827, and Bishop in 1854. He is a hearty Christian—very simple, very discreet, in the chair on a point of order, very reliable upon points of law if time be given, happy, pure, peaceful, much loved and much respected. As a preacher he is not quires a long time to fire up, but when heated he is a pulpit engine of several-preacher-power.

7. WILLIAM MAY WYCKLIFFE, a native of South Carolina, was born in 1808; entered the Conference in 1828; was ordained Deacon in 1830, Elder in 1832, and Bishop in 1866. He is below the medium height, with a head and face not very indicative of high intellect, yet he is in reality a man of very considerable ability and elegant culture, has been editor and professor, and was President of the Southern University when he was elected to the Episcopacy. Those who are intimate with him manifest a warm affection for his person and character.

8. ENOCH MATHER MARVIN was born in Missouri, in 1823; was a Licentiate in 1841; ordained Deacon in 1843, Elder in 1845, and Bishop in 1866. He is a tall, thin, cadaverous man in his appearance, wears his hair long and curled, is slightly unshaven; has a clear, blue, deep eye, a high intellectual brow, and a nose which makes his whole face look like the portraits of CALVIN. His mental endowments are lofty, his temper gentle, his spirit Christian, his preaching very superior, and his laboriousness—notwithstanding his apparent feebleness—really exemplary.

9. DAVID SEWARD SCOTT was born in Virginia, in 1810; entered the Conference in 1829; was ordained Deacon in 1832, Elder in 1833, and Bishop in 1866. He is a slender, graceful, pleasant, cultivated, and eloquent. He is a good man, a scholar of considerable acquirements, and a delightful and edifying preacher. He has been editor of several periodicals and a professor.

10. HOLLAND NIMMONS MCTYEIRE was born in South Carolina in 1824; entered the ministry in 1845; was ordained Deacon in 1848, Elder in 1849, and Bishop in 1866. He has been editor of several Church periodicals. As a preacher his matter is solid, but his delivery is slow—very slow; as a writer he is most lucid and pungent. Nothing comes from his pen which does not arrest attention. He is very vigilant and very sagacious. He never barks at what he thinks wrong; he bites, always putting his teeth into the point of the error. He is upright in person and character, has a steel-gray incisive eye, and a hard face, which is wonderfully relieved by a remarkably illuminating smile. He is a man of rare executive power, and upon this characteristic his friends base their hopes of a most useful Episcopal career for this youngest of the four Bishops called to that office by the Church at its late General Conference.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

MR. A. R. W.'s sketches on pages 392 and 393, illustrating the May-day Festival at Claflin College, Louisiana, and the Freedmen's School at Vicksburg, Mississippi, are thus described by the artist:

"FREEDMEN'S SCHOOL AT VICKSBURG.

"One of the most noticeable features of these schools for freedmen is the cleanliness and good clothing of a majority of the scholars. Of course there are exceptions and rough specimens, but these are not the rule. It is one of the many evidences I have found in Mississippi of the general well-being of the colored people, that they take such care of themselves. These scholars, embracing all ages from the grandam down to the infant, are attentive, and minding nothing without any appearance indicating that the labor is irksome. The lady teachers, with a little tact, do almost any thing with them; and, although all teaching is a wearisome business, I should judge that these people showed the average intelligence displayed in the New York public schools. The Superintendent of the schools, Chaplain WARREN, considers that in all that pertains to language they are, perhaps, ahead of white children in every grade of progression. How far their capacity for education would carry them is doubtful. That these schools will surely improve the colored people there is no room for doubt; the evidence is conclusive on that point. The school-house is a dilapidated affair, and the owner is anxious to get it into his possession again. The location of the school will have to be changed. The prejudice of the Southern people against the education of the negro is almost universal.

"MAY FESTIVALS IN NEW ORLEANS.

"New Orleans has been the scene of a number of festivals during the present month, in honor of May and the flowers.

"The Germans have, according to time-honored custom, sweetened and guzzled lager, with additions in the way of loud-smelling cyclones, louder sausages, and absolutely noisy garlic and cheese; after which they danced in the hot sun, in a mob, on a platform, perspiring happily; and causing the air to reek with recollections of the above-mentioned comestibles. The Creoles have had their festive picnic (in peace), and their May picnics are in contemplation; but the prettiest festival was that of a dancing-school—patronized, I am informed, by some of the children of the Elder Fairs of New Orleans.

"This entertainment came off at the French Opera-house, where the little pupils revolved themselves into an amateur ballet-corps, and gave tableaux and dances, succeeded by a grand ball, in which the spectators were allowed to join after eleven, the hour when most of the little ones went home.

"The tableau selected for the sketch is the crowning of the May Queen by the Fairies by Morning. Their standing near by, and a little way, personating Bacchus, ready to present a bouquet—although what in the name of goodness Bacchus has to do with the fairies deponent is unable to tell! Premature "three-year-olds," who might be the originators of all the jokes attributed to that age in the 'Editor's Drawer,' occupied pedestals in the character of Cupids. Gas, candles, flowers, scenery, and, above all, Blue-fire, made quite a pretty spectacle; and the children acquitted themselves with a self confidence and ease quite remarkable. The New Orleans children are much older, so to speak, than the children of the North. They have left childhood at the mature age of twelve years, and are comparatively behind them, and are prepared to—and do—act the part of men and women.

"Going to school at a very early age, the climate, like a hot-house, forces them quickly to maturity, but whether the average of life is so long as in less forward countries is very doubtful."

CROONS FOR THE CRADLE.

FULL well I recollect the rhymes,
The ballads of my cradle times;
Nursery!

For often Emma Jane would bring
Her darning to my crib, and sing
Of—well, of almost any thing!
Nursery!

She rocked my cradle to and fro
The while she chanted soft and low,
Nursery!

And I remember how I hung
On all she said, on all she sung;
For I was musical, though young.
Nursery!

She said, "There was a little man!"
Ay, marry, thus the tale began,
Nursery!

"He had a little gun," she said,
"With bullets that were made of lead"
(They generally are, I've read).
Nursery!

Anon she sang about the full
Of Humpty Dumpty from a wall,
Nursery!

And then her voice would sink again
To something of a softer strain—
Some exhortation to the rain,
Nursery!

She said that if it went away
It might return another day,
Nursery!

She sang to me of Jack and Jill,
Who came to grief upon a hill,
Through taking up a pail to fill,
Nursery!

I would I were a child again,
To hear the songs of Emma Jane,
Nursery!

Oh! croon-a-days forever flown!
Young hopes forever overthrown!
I walk the world alone—alone!
Nursery!

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 496.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"THE HALT."

THIS picture, from a painting by THOMAS NAST, has lately been on exhibition in Chicago, and the Chicago *Tribune* thus speaks of it:

"A pleasant farm-house, shaded with vines; a tired soldier, leaning upon his gun, taking a cup of water from the farmer's wife—the children looking on in youthful wonder; you can not see their faces but you know how they look. A little farther on a soldier sitting down tantalizing a dog; a splendid distance and back-ground, with a baggage-wagon and soldiers, beautifully-drawn foliage, and delicious bits of sky. Such is THOMAS NAST'S 'Soldier's Halt'—hard, perhaps, in coloring, and filled with idiosyncrasies; and yet bearing the impress of great talent. Better or more conscientiously elaborated foliage you will rarely see, and the same as to sky and atmosphere. NAST is well known to all art lovers. He is known to every body as the delineator of the splendid cartoons in *Harper's Weekly*."

LEWIS CASS.

THE HON. LEWIS CASS died at Detroit, Michigan, on the morning of June 17.

Before the late war CASS was held by our people to occupy a very large place in our history—he was looked upon, in some sort, as a monumental figure. Just that place he can never hold again in the popular estimate, simply because the war of the rebellion has, like a vast cataclysm, swept away many former political and military idols from their lofty pedestals.

The New York *Tribune* thus briefly epitomizes the life of General CASS:

LEWIS CASS was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, the 9th day of October, 1782. His father bore a commission in the Revolutionary army, and took part in the battles of Bunker's Hill, Trenton, Princeton, Germantown, etc. The young LEWIS was educated at Exeter, and studied law at Marietta. He was admitted to the Bar in 1802, and practiced with success during several years. In 1806 he was elected to the Ohio Legislature. Being placed on the committee instituted to inquire into the



THE LATE LEWIS CASS.

movements of Colonel BURR, his hand drafted the law which enabled the local authorities to arrest the men and boats engaged in that enterprise on their passage down the Ohio. He also drew up the address to Mr. JEFFERSON, embodying the views of the Ohio Legislature on the subject. In 1807 CASS was appointed Marshal of the State, a post which he filled until 1813. In the war of 1812 he volunteered to join the forces at Dayton under General HULL, and was named Colonel of the Third Ohio Volunteers. Colonel CASS commanded the advanced-guard when the army crossed from Detroit into Canada, and drew up the proclamation addressed by the General to the inhabitants of that country on their arrival in it, and recommended also the detachment which dislodged the British forces posted at the bridge over the Cassards.

Shortly afterward Colonel CASS was included in the capitulation which ensued on the signal defeat of the American army, and, after making his report at Washington, was appointed to the Twenty-seventh Regiment of Infantry, and, after a short interval, promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General.

He took part in the pursuit of General PROCTOR, and in the triumph at the Moravian towns. At the close of the campaign he was left in command of Michigan, with his head-quarters at Detroit, a command he exchanged for the post of Civil Governor over the same State in October, 1813.

In 1814 he was associated with General HARRISON in a commission to treat with the Indians, who had been hostile to the United States during the war. In 1819 he established himself permanently with his family in Michigan. From the year 1819 to 1820 General CASS was the main instrument in the various treaties concluded during these years between the United States and the different Indian tribes located along its entire frontier. In 1820 he was made President of an historical society established in Michigan, and in the following year delivered an inaugural address embodying the early history of the State, and bringing it down to the period when it became a part of the Union.

In 1830 he received the degree of LL.D. from Hamilton College, New York. In 1831 he was made Secretary of War by the then President, General JACKSON. It was during his tenure of this office that the war of the Seminole Indians broke out, a calamity which by some has been attributed to his want of judgment. In 1836 the same President appointed him Minister of the United States to France, where he published a book entitled "France, its King, Court, and Government," in which Louis Philippe and his supporters are somewhat lavishly praised.

In 1843, President TYLER having been placed in power by the death of General HARRISON, General CASS was at his own request, recalled. From his return to America many acts of his life are felt to be perplexing, not to say irreconcilable. He now declared himself in favor of a high protective tariff, a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, and of the constitutionality of a bank of the United States.

These views brought him in close alliance with Governor POLTER, of Pennsylvania, and that portion of the Locofocs party who had a leaning



"THE HALT"—A SCENE IN THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.—[FROM A PAINTING BY THOMAS NAST.]

to those measures. He was afterward elected to the Senate of the United States, in which he has always been a prominent politician. Being now in a position of influence he commenced bidding for the Presidency, as we say.

Accordingly, a public meeting in Kentucky was got up in 1848, when he was recommended as a candidate for the Presidency. He next espoused additional territory in order and the war with Mexico, for additional territory in order to promote the extension of slave industries, as now he can be perfectly. Whatever the extension of slavery by his celebrated proviso against the Mexican measures, popular from Territorial Sovereignty, as a Democratic Senator in the Free States and offices in the South.

of whom RUSKIN speaks would in this country as zealously discountenance a cruel fashion as he declares they could successfully oppose a cruel war, they would not be the less public benefactors. For any fashion is cruel which compels vast expense. Any fashion is cruel which encourages extravagance. Any fashion is cruel which debases society, and every thing which gives money the reward of merit is degrading.

The wife of Prince METTERNICH, the Austrian embassador in Paris, now dictates the fashion. The empress is the obsolete. If *Punch Assassinée* should wear cowhide boots, cowhide boots would be *de rigueur* in the choicest circles. If she should drape her pretty person in cloth of gold and throw hoops out of the window, the streets of the great cities in the world would become impassable, and the drawing-rooms every where would glitter with splendor. What a power this lady has! For if she wore a plain straw hat and a plain dress, simplicity and economy would be the fashion. But, after all, what is her right divine? If she chooses to wear a net of old Venetian sequins on her head, why should the sylphs of Saratoga take to thatching themselves with gold dollars? If she chooses to draggle a satin train along a grassy walk, why should the damsels of Newport wipe the sea beach with silk? Why don not each dainty American dame show her equality with *Pauvérissa* by following her own sweet will and regulating it by the eternal fitness of things? To be fashionable is not necessarily to be unseemly and ludicrous. What if those who can effect it should resolve that only what is womanly and ladylike shall be fashionable?

FORT MONROE AND ANDERSONVILLE.

JEFFERSON DAVIS is charged by the Government of the United States with complicity in the assassination of President LINCOLN, and the Government can not decently parole him until it has withdrawn that charge. Should it be withdrawn he would remain a prisoner under indictment for treason, which is not a capital crime. So long, however, as he is imprisoned upon whatever charge humanity requires that he be treated, and that there should be no delay in his trial. There has, however, been a foolish attempt to excite sympathy for him and odium against the Government by depicting him as a martyr, a Bastile sufferer, a dignified and pathetic victim of a haughty and cruel Despotism. Yet there is no other prisoner in the land, any country charged with a capital crime who is so comfortably lodged and honorably treated as JEFFERSON DAVIS. He has a casemate properly furnished. He has a daily bill of fare such as no other prisoner in the world enjoys, and which would amply satisfy any honest man. He has the range of the ramparts to walk and to breathe the ocean air, and he has books, newspapers, wife, and friends around him. He has, or had, a physician also, who apparently sat at his feet to catch the drop of wisdom that fell from his mouth; a physician who has prepared a book about the prisoner whom he calls "ex-President" and "distinguished captive."

Let us not forget that this man, for whose comfort sentries must tread softly, for whose delicate stomach the bill of fare must be daily changed, for whose gratification the recreations we have named are provided, is the same man who could see from his house in Richmond the island prison where Union prisoners were slowly starved and frozen, and who knew that thousands of his fellow-men imprisoned at Andersonville were pitilessly tortured into idiocy and death. Let us cast back pang of their horrible bodily suffering would we have retorted upon JEFFERSON DAVIS; not one touch of retaliation should the most peculiar agony allow to be visited upon him. But when they are asked to believe that he is tortured by the authority of their Government, it is wise for them to perceive the difference between the treatment he receives from the Government which he sought to destroy and that which he countenanced in the case of those who strove to defend it. Nor will those people forget that the same papers which furiously denounce the pretended cruelty of the Government toward him were silent over the awful tragedies of Andersonville and Belle Isle, or flatly denied them.

MOSES F. ODELL.

THE name of MOSES F. ODELL, who died a few days since at his home in Brooklyn, after a long and painful illness, has been of late very conspicuous as that of a most faithful and efficient public officer, and as a leader among those Democrats whom the most stringent partisan sympathy could not reduce from the plain path of patriotism. Although he had always been a Democrat and an active party man, President of the Empire Club, Assistant-Collector of Customs under Democratic ascendency, and Democratic Representative in Congress, he devoted himself ardently at the outbreak of the rebellion to the support of the Government; served with the utmost diligence upon the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War; effectively aided the raising of troops, and was a constant, helpful, and sympathetic visitor in the camp and hospital. Strongly attached to his party name and traditions, he did not hesitate to follow his convictions, and was the first that emphatically censured MCCLELLAN; and he voted for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and for the Emancipation Amendment. Had he been still in Congress we believe that he would have declined to yield to the ignoble party policy of opposing every humane and just measure intended to secure peace, liberty, and union, and have voted for the Constitutional Amendment recently adopted.

His object, however, like his private life, was spotless. Energetic and sagacious, he clearly comprehended his duty and promptly did it. It is stated, we believe without contradiction, that President LINCOLN, who saw and justly valued his worth and efficiency, offered to MR. ODELL the office of Collector of New York. But MR. ODELL suggested that PRESTON KING would be a more suitable offering; and MR. KING was subsequently appointed, while MR. ODELL was made Naval Officer. For many weeks he had been necessarily absent from his post, suffering acutely from a disease which he knew to be mortal. But in illness as in health his warm religious feeling kept his soul serene. For many years he had been a devoted member of the Methodist Church, and especially interested in the Sunday-school. At the annual summer festival he was always present, directing and counseling, and thoughtful of the children to the last, he asked to be carried to the window when they marched by at their late celebration, that he might see the little faces and show his young friends that his heart was with them in death as in life; while but an hour or two before he died he sent for some of the Sunday-school scholars to sing to him the hymns he loved, and so peacefully sank to rest.

Mr. ODELL will be long and kindly remembered even by many who did not personally know him, but who had learned to honor his patriotic fidelity.

EXERCISE *VERSUS* DEFORMITY.

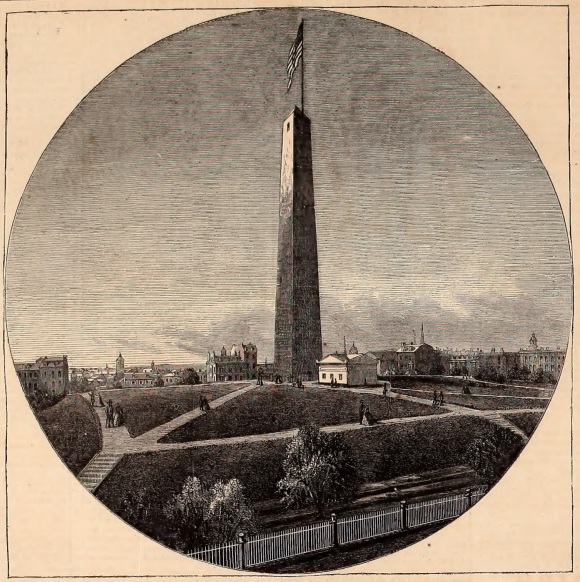
A CROOKED back if a very common thing in indeed, as every dress-maker knows, and a tailor seldom finds this deformity in gentlemen. On this point DR. WARREN of Boston says: "Of the well-educated females which I meet in the street, nine-tenths have one-half are affected with some degree of distortion of the spine." A very judicious French writer has even further than this, and says: "It is so common that out of twenty girls who have attained the age of fifteen years there are not two who do not present very decided curves of the spine."

Whatever discrepancies there may be between the estimates of different observers, all agree that the deformity is very common, especially in those that are delicately brought up. Why is it so? Is it a necessity under the circumstances, or can it be avoided? It seems to be much like the sentence about

BUNKER HILL.

BUNKER HILL is a round, smooth elevation in Charlestown, Massachusetts, 110 feet high, commanding the peninsula of Boston. It was connected by a ridge on its southern slope with a smaller elevation known as Breed's Hill, 75 feet high, the crests of the two hills being about 700 yards apart. These heights are famous for the battle fought on them between the Americans and the British, June 17, 1775. The city of Boston was at the time occupied by the British General, GAGE, who had just received large reinforcements, under Generals BURGOYNE, HOWE, and CLINTON. The American forces, with their head-quarters at Cambridge, knowing little of military discipline, and made up of independent companies of militia and volunteers, were under command of General ARTEMAS WARD, who had under him PRESCOTT, PUTNAM, GRIDLEY, STARK, and POMEROY—men who had learned the art of war in the battles with the French. This was the situation when Colonel PRESCOTT, with 1000 men, was sent to seize the hills commanding Boston. Bunker Hill was occupied first, but the position was abandoned for Breed's Hill, nearer Boston. During the 17th PRESCOTT was reinforced by PUTNAM and WARREN. Intrenchments had been thrown up, and the Americans awaited the attack, which came shortly after noon. The British numbered about 2000 men. The attack was made in front, the British moving up to the breast-works.—But they were repulsed again and again in several charges, until at length the ammunition of the Americans gave out, and the latter were compelled to retreat. The loss of the British was over 1000 men, that of the Americans 449.—Among the killed was General WARREN.

The Monument commemorating the battle stands in the centre of the grounds included within the redoubt on Breed's Hill. It is a square shaft of Quincy granite, 221 feet in height, 31 feet square at the base, and 15 at the top. Inside the shaft is a winding staircase of 294 stone steps, which leads to a chamber just under the apex. This chamber has four windows, which command a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The corner-stone of the Monument was laid on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, June 17, 1825, by General LAFAYETTE, then the nation's guest, when DANIEL WEBSTER pronounced an oration to an immense audience. About forty survivors of the battle were present on that occasion. The Monument was completed in 1842, at an expense of $150,000. It was dedicated June 17, 1843, the oration being delivered by Mr. WEBSTER, and the President of the United States, with his entire Cabinet, forming a part of the vast audience.



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. B. AUSTIN.]

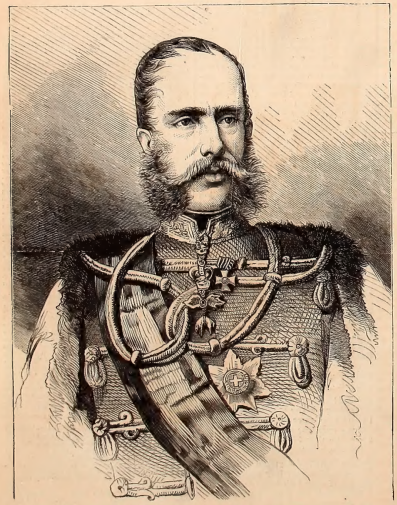
FRANCIS JOSEPH I., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

FRANCIS JOSEPH I., Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, was born on the 18th of August, 1830. He is nephew of his predecessor, FERDINAND I., and eldest son of Archduke FRANCIS CHARLES and of the Princess SOPHIA, daughter of MAXIMILIAN, King of Bavaria.

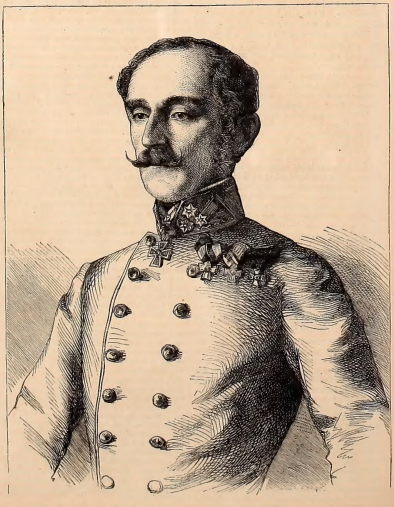
The Emperor FERDINAND, tired of the cares of royalty, and the victim of disease, abdicated at Olmuts on the 2d of December, 1848. The same day his only brother, the Archduke FRANCIS CHARLES, waived his claims to the throne in favor of his son, who was declared of majority at the age of sixteen years.

The first years of his reign were disturbed by civil war. Hungary was in revolt, Sardinia had invaded the Milanese, and the Austrian empire seemed to have reached the brink of dissolution. The young Emperor had come to the throne with the promise of giving to the whole country a free, constitutional Government—a promise which he could not then, and which afterward he was not disposed to keep. The intervention of the Czar in Hungary and the victory of Novara combined to save him his throne. The reaction was terrible, and a large number of the revolutionary leaders were condemned to death.

All the efforts of the Emperor have tended to the preponderance of Austria in Germany, and, internally, to the centralization of power. On the 25th of April, 1854, he married the Princess ELIZABETH-AMELIA-EUGENIE, daughter of MAXIMILIAN JOSEPH, Duke of Bava-



FRANCIS JOSEPH I., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.



LUDWIG B. VON BENEDEK, THE AUSTRIAN GENERAL.—[SEE PAGE 405.]

ria, who has given him two daughters. During the Crimean war the Emperor of Austria openly manifested sympathy with the Allies, but gave no material support to their armies.

In 1859 the war in Italy came on. What followed—the victories of the French and Italians, the loss of Lombardy to Austria, and the compromise of Villafranca at a time when Prussia seemed on the point of forming an alliance with Austria—is well known to our readers. There was a new Hungarian agitation in 1860, and a war seemed imminent, but the imperial proclamation of October 20, and the suitable concessions made by the Emperor, prevented its occurrence.

The Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH has created an order which bears his own name. He has devoted himself to the military administration of affairs, and is virtually his own Minister of War. In 1850 an attempt was made against his life, and he received a trifling wound.

LUDWIG RITTER VON BENEDEK, THE AUSTRIAN GENERAL.

THE Austrian Emperor, FRANCIS JOSEPH, has intrusted to Field-Marshal LUDWIG RITTER VON BENEDEK the command of the Austrian Army of the North, which lies on the borders of Saxony and Prussia.

BENEDEK is a Hungarian and a Protestant. He was born in 1804, at Oldenburg, and after the usual course of training at Neustadt, he entered the Austrian army as a cornet in 1823. He obtained the rank of Colonel in 1843. He took a prominent part in quelling the Galician insurrection in 1845; and in the unsuccessful Italian campaign of 1848, under RADETZKY, he distinguished himself at the retreat from Milan, at Come, and especially at the battle of Curtatone, for which he received the order of Maria Theresa. In 1849 he contributed to the reduction of Hungary and to the victory of Novara. He was, later, in the war of Italian independence, BENEDEK was one of the few Austrian Generals who exhibited very great military capacity. He commanded the Eighth Army Corps, and especially distinguished himself at Solferino, his division being the last to leave the field.

Both among the nobility and the lower classes BENEDEK is enthusiastically admired. When, on May 12, he made his headquarters in Vienna, he was greeted with applause by the people and the army. To the latter he said:

"Soldiers! I bring you my whole, warm, soldier's heart, my iron will, my highest confidence in you, my unconquered trust in Almighty God, and, with all these, the faith which I derive from my former success as a soldier!"

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"YES, Sir, the grandest sc:t of a spree; and, as you well know, Simmons, I always said so from the start, by George! This is the smash up, Sir, and a smash up it is, ain't it?"

"I, Mr. Withers, I have refrained so far with the very desperation of hope. I can refrain no longer. It is as you say; I confess it, it is," says Captain Simmons, lugubriously dignified.

"Sir," continues he, with the solemnity of a drunken and exceedingly dilapidated Dr. Samuel Johnson, "I casually met that fellow Kelly. In reply to a question of mine, he informed me that he had ceased to think at all, that there was only vacuum where once he had possessed brains. Nealy is a Yankee, just now the bluest Yankee eyes ever beheld, and, being a Yankee, I can have no sentiment in common with his. But such are my feelings also. Words learned in earliest childhood—I think I once sang them in Sabbath-school—

"'Something and systems into ruin buried,
And now a nation bursts, and now a world.'

Something at least to that effect has been running in my mind day and night. I tell you, Sir, ours"—and Captain Simmons extends his right hand, and says it *arm rotundo*—"is the grandest collapse in the history of the world. Yes, Sir, the suddenest, unexpectedest, most total and complete collapse of which history, sacred and profane, has any instance."

The same phrase runs its rounds among Secessionists, with a sort of pride, too, as if there was something to soothe and console one's self with in the very magnificence of the collapse.

Yes, it is a collapse; no man in Somerville, no good Secession lady even, doubts or denies that now. There was a feeble attempt to get up a public meeting in Somerville to breathe undaunted purpose to continue the struggle; but a ghastly affair it was, very few present, tremendous resolutions presented by Lamum the editor, and passed on the ground of half a dozen yeas and no nays. Captain Simmons, Lamum, Smithers, and one or two vagrant Colonels, make speeches, in which it is well known they have no faith themselves in private circles. And Lamum publishes the proceedings of this, as of dozens of exactly similar meetings throughout the State, with all the old adjectives of enthusiastic, thrumping, harmonious, unanimous, and the weary like, but not a soul now is deceived. The whole thing is worn out. Lamum prints letters from fierce zealots here and there, some sending in spoons and butter-knives for the Confederate Treasury, representing that our hope is the fact that the United States are disbanding their armies; that Europe must certainly intervene now; that a just God—Mr. Ellis writes a series of articles to that effect—can not, will not, ought not, must not, shall not, abandon a cause so manifestly His own; that if we will only hold out a little longer, a foreign war or something else may turn up for our deliverance.

People hardly even read a line of all this. For four long years they have believed with a belief passing all calculation, but even the fecundity of belief is wearing out. Nobody has any regard even for Brother Barker these days; people withdraw their children from his Sabbath-school, or suffer them to stay away unreproved, and never go to church themselves; the very best members sunk, for the time, into a coldness, not to say apostasy, which language fails to express. Haggard, restless, sallow, lean Brother Barker, from the crown of his lank hair to the soles of his sorrowful feet, in countenance, apparel, and bearing teaches only desolation and despair. At times even he flares up, however.

"Never," he says to Bob Withers, taking up again the refrain of the general crook—a refrain, however, which Dr. Gunnis and Deacon Grimsby never utter—"never, Sir, never, never! I will go to Mexico, to the Sandwich Islands first. Rather," says Brother Barker, with a savage gleam in his eyes, "I will stay here and agitate."

"Do what?" asks Mr. Withers, who has taken Brother Barker in his hand and excited him up thus, exactly as a child rubs a match to see it fizz and burn blue, only for the melancholy fun of it. "Do what?"

"Agitate, Sir, agitate, agitate! Aid in getting up another revolution, if it is eight years hence."

The fact is, we good Secessionists in Somerville, having duly sown the wind, are now harvesting in our whirlwind, and the crop is terrible.

Mr. Arthur endeavors to promote a certain pity for them in his bosom by summing it up in conversation with grim Mr. Ferguson:

"You can hardly imagine a ruin more complete," he says. "Take Colonel Ret Roberts as an instance. He has proved disastrously mistaken in all upon which he staked his sagacity and judgment. His estate in the agonies of defeat, utter and perpetual defeat, military and political. He has lost all his property, especially his negroes. He may not even detest North himself; multitudes do who have paid them to the Confederacy, and now have to pay them over again. He may not have brought complicated property; multitudes have invested largely in that, and have to disgorge. Then there is the bitter humiliation in the triumph of the Union men, upon whom he has so trampled here in Somerville; dread of terrible vengeance, even, at their hands. We Union men had, even in our darkest days, at least hope left us; these have no hope—none. He has no future. You can hardly imagine less to a man more complete."

"Yes, I can," replies Mr. Ferguson, who has stern satisfaction in the ruin of his Secession friends painful to contemplate. "Barker, Mr. Ellis, and others like them, have, in addition, lost their very faith in their religion. In the most terrible affliction men can endure they have not even that to fly to. For the time, at least, their very belief in and use of Christianity is stunned."

"Yes," replies Mr. Arthur, even with enthusiasm; "but you will see, that in the case of the truly pious among the Secessionists—and many of the most zealous of them, in and out of the pulpit, are among the best and most devoted of Christians in the world—this defeat of the cause in which they had invested all that is dearest them on earth, this most terrible affliction and trial will, like every other chastisement in the case of a child of God, work out in each of them a deeper, more devoted piety. I do believe, Sir," Edward Arthur adds, with earnestness, "this whole thing will be as an ordeal preparing the whole church on this continent, North and South, in all its denominations, for greater devotion to God and power over men for good than we have ever yet dreamed men capable of—instruments made meet by these very times, you see, for the Master's use."

And very clearly, indeed, does this minister see it to be his duty, in and out of the pulpit, to preach conciliation, moderation, and all the kindred Christian virtues; mingling much mourning with men than for years past, suppressing all partisan exultation, glowing with quiet enthusiasm instead in this direction. But joy in the result? Gratitude to God for it? The feeling is a much more quiet one than he had imagined it would be in anticipating it in dark days, which seem a hundred years ago now; but all, it is not unspeakable one!

Yet, as these eventful days of May, 1865, sweep along, a new hue of feeling suddenly colors the wide and roaring current. Union men in Somerville had dreaded the rise of a bitter feeling against them which might result in the destruction of their lives and property. They are lost sight of, or thought of only with respect, in the new feeling which suddenly and angrily flushes the surface, especially among the soldiers returning by thousands to their homes. It is a feeling of bitter wrath against their own officers, partly because of individual grievances at their hands, chiefly on account of the belief, deepseated and universal among the army, that the officers, with scarce an exception, have been engaged all along in such systematic swindling in cotton and commissary stores as no country has ever before known. The feeling has been long growing—growing for years. Military subordination suddenly thrown off, it bursts forth with terrible vehemence. Speculators, too, outside of the army, share the deep hatred of the soldiers. The universal cry is, "While we have been enduring privations for years, suffering and without pay, these have been at home making money. At least they shall share with us!"

Suddenly officers and speculators find themselves in the very camp of enemies more to be dreaded than the Federals, and they, after a moment of bewilderment, are flying in all directions. All Government property in reach is in some instances broken into and plundered. The stores of speculators share the same fate. Demoralized by plunder, the soldiery fall next upon any supplies in reach under the same plea. No house in Somerville and throughout the State safe from their search on the least suspicion, or none at all, of secreted Government supplies. Until, at last, every man in Somerville, the officials most of all, first secretly prays for, then openly desires, ardently desires the arrival of the National forces as his only hope.

"I wish to Heaven they would come!" Dr. Gunnis does not hesitate openly to say the day the soldiers disinter twenty sacks of coffee from beneath the corn in his crib. And yet, only a week before, the portly Doctor, in acknowledging in husky voice that we are whipped, that the war is over, had darkly added, "For the present, Sir, only for the present!" with terrible intimations of glare and gesture of a guerrilla war to be waged for, at the least retaliation, forty years to come.

Even after the surrender of Lee Mrs. Smithers has denounced the panic of the hour as a mere panic. Smithers has speculated, in some complicated manner, in paper-money. The postmaster Smithers is, but of course it was not Government money he used, turning the paper into specie, and that into sugar, and that into negroes. Yes, negroes. That is Smithers's weakness, negroes.

"And as soon as this little panic is over," Smithers demonstrates to his wife, "those negroes will bring twice what I gave. Soon as the war is over, Arminny, one negro will bring more'n I paid for all."

Yet the panic increases rather. Smithers has as much as he can do to secrete about his place what valuable property he has. Colonel Ret Roberts's house is scarched by the soldiers on one side of him, and Mr. Brady's on the other, and the soldiers say they are successful, too, for Government stores. Even long, red Mrs. Smithers is terrified. With a tub and cloth ready on the front porch, and a child on the look-out, whenever a squad of soldiers happen to pass, Mrs. Smithers, dropping every thing to do so, is on her knees upon the porch scrubbing the floor on dear life—the idea being to impress upon the minds of the soldiers the fact that the house is inhabited only by the poorest of people. Until, at last, even Mrs. Smithers is ear-wrathful against the Federals for not coming as she ever was against them for coming at all.

"I must do you the justice to say so, Dr. Warner. I have never yet had an intimation, even in this dark hour, of any desire on your part for the Federals to come."

It is good Mr. Ellis who says it, seated in the Doctor's parlor at this critical period. Mr. Ellis has dropped in for medicine for his ailing wife, and in fact has never entirely dropped Dr. Warner on political grounds; the Doctor is so fat and easy and good-natured it is almost impossible to do so on any grounds. Very cold has been Mr. Ellis's manner to the Doctor; very crisp his "Good-mornings, Sir!" in passing; very reticent each to the other during the Doctor's professional visits upon Mrs. Ellis; but both are men too thoroughly good at heart to lose all "elective affinity" for each other.

"Of course," continues Mr. Ellis, in his nervous manner, "I regret you have not been more decidedly Southern, Dr. Warner. I disapproved of Secession as much as yourself, Sir; it was wrong. But when we of the South were actually attacked then I buried all that. Even if your brother or father is in the wrong, and you not defend them if attacked? My country right or wrong, Sir! Your upholding Mr. Arthur in his course has pained me. In fact, I do not



RECONSTRUCTION.



"OH, MOTHER, Mr. ARTHUR IS KILLED!".

heartily disapprove"—Mr. Ellis always kindles as he goes—"of your lukewarm support of the Confederacy. I think it wrong, very wrong."

Mr. Ellis need not have reproached himself at all for saying that. He was not a bit to blame. Mrs. Warner only used it as a pretext; she had almost fretted herself and Sally, her two hundred pounds' weight of black cook, to death for an opportunity ever since the surrender of Dick Taylor, the last of her hopes to say it:

"And you think Dr. Warner wrong, do you, Mr. Ellis?" she bridled in, writhing like a gust round from her sewing-machine to say it.

"Wrong? Wrong? Ha! And you to sit there and say it, after God himself—and you a pious church-member too—has Himself shown what He thinks of Secession. Mr. Ellis, I've known you for years, respected you too, and you are under my roof. But this much I must say to you—you've been crazy as my black niggar that ever was put in a strait-jacket. And for you to believe in that lying, thieving, murdering—devil your tongue, Dr. Warner's—secreating, boasting, cheating, repudiating Confederacy, the grandest swindling concern this earth ever saw! And after it is actually gone to pieces too! I wouldn't say a word, Dr. Warner, but it is more than I can stand. You are wrong—wrong! A quiet, sensible man when he begun. A quiet, sensible man, holding your tongue in all the raging folly when you saw you could do no good, through these—these long, long, long, bad, bitter years. Standing by your minister when he only wanted to be nothing but a minister and let politics alone. Yes, I know what you would say, Mr. Ellis. I am not ashamed to confess it, now I see my error, more shame to you to find out in what you see now is all wrong. Yes, I'm glad of the opportunity to acknowledge I was wrong. Yes, openly, to my own husband. Not that I expect to turn angel. He married Helen Morris, and Helen Morris he must be till I die. But I am sick in my very stomach of Secession—sick to death. Here you've been telling Dr. Warner it wasn't Federals who killed us, but the negroes lazing and stealing, from the highest officers downward. Confessing with your own mouth that the whole thing was rotten, seeded and in touch to make it crumble of itself like a rotten, rotten old pumpkin. And Dr. Warner is wrong"—scorning" intensely sarcastic, in shrillest F sharp.

"I tell you what, Dr. Warner," rising suddenly from her seat, upsetting her sewing-machine in doing so, and crossing the room rapidly to her husband, "I've been turning to say it. It is right, Mr. Ellis has argued me up to say it—yes, and to hear me say it sits right there. I'm proud of you, Dr. Warner. You do not talk out as much as I could wish; but all these four years you've had ten thousand times my sense. There," never throw it up to me I've said it, and I'm sorry in two minutes I did it; but it is only the solemn fact, you provoking old thing!" And Mrs. Warner throws her arms about that weather-beaten mariner's neck, as he sits with the old droop of his head lower than ever, and pushing the blowing out of this most unexpected gale, stoops down, kisses him upon his bald forehead, pats again, and continues—instead Mr. Ellis; the canal-gazer open their widest, hysterical but defiant.

And good Mr. Ellis finally leaves the house, having obtained a good deal more medicine than he came for.

Mr. Ellis, wilted, shrivelled, bewildered, three in age what he was four years should have left him, looks up, as he walks home, to encounter the cheerful face and the hearty good-day of Mr. Arthur riding by. It is as the new era in contrast with the old. Only the minister chides himself for not having worn a sobener manner—nothing but the pathetic manner any even unintentional triumph over his old friend—chides himself for his respect, under the circumstances, of cheerfulness—"But how can I help it with, out playing the hypocrite? he asks himself.

But he rides fast, for he has a letter from Mr. Stapler's retreat for Mrs. Sorel. He thinks it must be from Frank, her long absent boy, only he does not know the writing upon the envelope, very much worn and dirtied by being brought so far in the soldier's knapsack. There is a singular free ease about his heart as he puts the touch of the letter, taking it out of his breast-pocket when he gets out of town to look at it again—a creeping relief, unwilling relief, as he does so.

It gathers over him, a fear, a vague apprehension, so that he almost starts to hear himself called by some one from among the corn in a field to his left.

Drawing in his horse he sees it is a rough field-hand, who is boring and the former savage of a negro, with his hair done up in little tails around his brow, the woolly beard in scant patches under his face. Mr. Arthur, as the negro takes off his fragment of a hat, recognizes him as Colonel Juggins's Jem.

"Good-day, Massa Arthur. Jest one minute. Hope all well, Sar. I want to see you. Any way, I send you ridin' along, an' it comes upon me to tell you—" the boy says, scratching his head, shifting his hoe from hand to hand, looking eagerly at Mr. Arthur, agitated and confused. "I manage he say, you hold your tongue, you fool, none of your business. Orange is a mean like you, but somehow— Look here, Mass Arthur, ebery body say you mighty good man—"

"I am in a hurry, Jem."

"One minute, Sar. Case is dis. Suppose a man owe you money, keep promisin', protnisin', promisin'—"

"Really, Jem, any other time. I have a letter for Mrs. Sorel from Frank," begins Mr. Arthur, touching his spur to his horse; for a beating defect in this gentleman's character is hurry and impatience.

"You *better* hear me!" It is all the boy says, but there is emphasis so peculiar in the tones, as they fall upon the rider's ears rob of that, he halts his restive horse and rides back.

"You know that man—Peel is his name—Dr. Peel? Ha! needn't tell me, Sar; I kin see you know him. I muffin to say of him, Massa, not one word to say," adds the negro, with excess of depreciation. "He rich, big, siphn-did man. Nebber saw him myself in my life. Nebber heard him say a word to me. Nebber had chance to him in my life; may Great Massa up above strike me dead in dis fence corner if I ebber did!"

"What about him?" asks the rider, with breathless eagerness.

"I hear tell he goin' to marry Miss Anne Wright, some time next week, I reckon."

One instant, only one instant, the minister sits on his horse still and cold and pale as marble. Only one instant, for the next he has put spied toward Mrs. Sorel's house, but toward her house only because it is on the road to Mr. Arthur's home.

Arrived there, he throws the halter of his horse over the post, and hurries in; it will take him but a moment. It is about that which makes causes him thus to stop, and hurry to his bedroom to be one moment there, only one moment, upon his knees—at the side of his bed only to say. Meeting Mrs. Sorel in the passage, he places her letter in her hand and hurries by. Before he has well closed his door he hears her cry. That cry, peculiar to her sex, never uttered by them save when wrung from the deepest agony, by no unknown. Frank is dead, killed probably, dead certainly. Yet he stands trembling with impatience, and listens to the white-haired mother, in the agony of her grief, casts herself upon his bosom, crying:

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur, I knew it was coming, but I can not, can not bear it. Help me, oh my Heavenly Father, help me!"

How strange it seems, how cruel! Mr. Arthur has no word hardly of consolation for her, does not draw her down beside him upon her knees in even the deepest sympathy of his own grief. With but an impassioned word, a mere syllable, in fact, of consolation, he unclasps her aged arms from about him, puts her back gently, firmly, and hastens past with cold, set face.

Fresh impediment. As he walks rapidly down the front walks he meets Mr. Peel coming up with hurried step. She is veiled, but he would recognize the form if it were only by the quick-eyed bearing of his own servant. He at once forgets for one instant all the world beside, and bounds toward her with the truest and strongest instinct it is capable of, to fell the villain who dares to draw rein. What did he say? For God's sake, Colonel Wright, one word with you! Been over in the Yankees? I had cut my own revolver and fired. I assure you, gentlemen;" and Mr. Wright brims the assurance with oaths.

"Mr. Peel is going to be my wife. I didn't even know I laid hold, or intended to touch that musical instrument, see she was playing on the piano at the time; it was over before I knew it. Something in here," says Mr. Wright, gravely, and laying his hand upon his heart, one word! is right hand up that way. Then I fired for his left breast button, last of the row, and—down he goes, dead, I reckon. Mr. Wright, interposes by, "whatever you do, gentlemen, never fire merely at a man. Always aim—I always do—at the dead-center, something like a button, a breastpin, something of the sort on him."

And so they turn to go. Dr. Peel foaming with impatience to get to the side of the man, Brother Barker wishing that he had been on some distant appointment instead of in Somerville when they came for him to marry them. Nor does his dismay decrease when Mr. Wright suddenly turns upon him when they are on the steps of the house.

"What was that you said at the time, parson? For Heaven's sake let me get down and see if he is dead. I've got to do it. You've brought me out to marry Anne and I'll kill you too if you eyes that was it—kill you too, if you try it. You parson you, and say, calling up from your eye, as if it was a grace at table, It is the awful judgment on him of God. It's very curious," adds Mr. Wright, as they enter the door—"in these difficulties I am like a spectator looking on. I know that is done, remember every thing that is said perfectly well, a kind of two of us in the thing at the same moment, a cool one and a hot one! Which is me and which is the devil I never *can* tell."

Only all this is pale and colorless delineation of Mr. Wright's passion, whose crimson and fervor of his profanity being omitted. As to the facts, they were as he stated.

And the minister lies bleeding, apparently dead, in the road where he fell. His horse, startled by the shots and his rider's fall, had fled from the scene for a few hundred yards, had then stopped to graze, and so had by nightfall found his way to his stable-door, carrying fresh alarm for his owner to a household already sufficiently distressed.

Mrs. Sorel had gone to town with Alice hours before and has not returned. The servants, greatly afflicted by the loss of their "Mass Frank," doubly afflicted by this new calamity—for they are all greatly attached to Mr. Arthur—hasten to inform Robby in the house of the arrival of the riderless steed. A few hours before that sedate little boy was only "Robby;" now he is "Mass Robby" with the servants. His mother, too, has clasped him to her bosom, wept over him, and kissed him as her only child. In spite of his anguish Robby is not without a sense of importance. Sorely afflicted in regard to Mr. Arthur, to whom he is ardently attached, with tears streaming afresh down his cheeks, but with the gravity of the eldest of men, he gives charge to the household to be careful, generally, during his absence, and rides in through the darkening twilight to Somerville, meditating soberly and with a sense of having matured, during the last few hours, years of growth.

Entering at last the house of Mrs. Bowles, we find known at once the long unwelcome, the steals quietly, as is his wont every where, into her chamber. But even Robby's sobriety of soul is startled at the strangely hue upon the face of the lady, lying, a mere shadow of her former self, partly in the arms of his mother, who sits upon the bed—all the illumination of the few years utterly gone, and the two friends more to each other now by far than ever before; while Alice comes and goes silently and gently, not without a pleasure in the reconciliation of the hour, even in her deepest sorrow for her dead brother, and for her mother fast following him. Common affliction has melted every coldness between these two, nude keenly alive by night and during their years of separation, to all they really are to each other. It touches Alice to observe how, in the natural manner of women, the two sorrow-smitten and white-haired friends are more to each other, like the schoolmates of years ago, than mother and daughter.

"Read it yet once more, Eliza dear; just once more, please. Not from the beginning—but anywhere, so that it be being a letter from gentleman," Mrs. Bowles is saying as Robby steals quietly in.

"No officer in the army could have been more ardently beloved—" No, that is the wrong paragraph," Mrs. Sorel says, searching for the passage in the closely and crumpled sheet in her hand, wet with tears, and already known by heart, every line of it, to these three. "Yes, here it is," continues Mrs. Sorel, at last, ceasing from the letter: "It has been my lot to be thrown with many officers from the State of one common birth and the same party of the country during the war; but among them all, I am free to say that Captain Rutledge Bowles stood pre-eminent as a high-toned gentleman and most accomplished soldier. It was only after Colonel Carrington had frequently expressed his hearty approval of the killing of Lieutenant Caldwell, Captain Bowles spoke at all upon the subject; nor then, until Colonel Carrington had pressed Captain Bowles for an utterance of his opinion. The strong manly language used by your lamented son in detestation of the crime in question was but characteristic of the man, as he already evinced himself to be in full. Nor has Colonel Carrington even the excuse of intoxication, which the delirium of his language and conduct would on occasion would seem to indicate. This crime was by found for him who by one your son in the intensity of chagrin and bitterness attending the fall of Charleston. But, in the interest of truth it should be stated, so far as any occasional action on this particular have affected any one, that individual might have better plead it in the case of Captain Bowles, he being a South Carolinian by birth, than Colonel C., who is well known to be a native of Connecticut. And this is the general rule"—

"That will do, Eliza," and the pale sufferer places her thin hand upon the paper. "I thank God for it, Lizzie dear. I did hope, even pray, that Captain Bowles might have died if he must fall there, upon some great field of victory within South Carolina. My heavenly Father has granted that prayer, though not as I thought. He has fallen on that soil—fallen in even a nobler cause—fallen in detestation and denunciation of a dastardly crime: the noblest thing to denounce it, to die for denouncing it, as it was a crime against the man in all the world whom we both—Robby Bowles and myself—have held in greatest dislike. An inscrutable Providence, Lizzie"—and here she wasted hand wanders feebly toward the sunken head—"has been against the South. We won't discuss it, dear. I have tried to understand it; tried, and tried. If you only knew, Eliza," adds the grief-struck woman, with earnest eyes upon the friend on whose bosom she leaned, "how *hard* I've tried! I've tried to make right things wrong, when Alice here slept sweetly by my side, trying to make it out—trying so very, very hard. I have pine over the whole Black Creek for light, Lizzie. I have wept and prayed so! Don't be offended with me; we won't say any thing more about it; but I can not see how South Carolina was wrong. I know God rules, dear; does nothing but what is right; but we *would* to have Lizzie.

I can not help it. That Abolitionists should actually conquer us!" and again the frail head goes to the brow, unspeakable bewilderment in her eyes.

"But I rose here my son. Alice—my Frank. Let me read you the letter again." And in quiet tones, but with the tears trickling down her cheeks and glittering upon the white sheet as she reads, Mrs. Sorel again goes over the few words of her letter, brought in the same package with the husband's, telling of the death of her boy, after long sickness, in the hospital at Richmond. The letter is roughly written by a comrade, many words misspelled, but all to the effect that it was the death of a Christian youth fully prepared to die, his last breath filled with messages of love to his mother and Robby, and confident expectations of reunion with them in a world where war is forever unknown. Very peaceful and holy was the death, and full of rest and peace even through the first anguish of the bereaved mother.

"And there in this too, Eliza, about Rutledge Bowles," says the pallid sufferer, returning immediately, though after deepest sympathy with her friend, to her own sorrows. "Alice will tell you I told her, when I recovered from my fainting fit it was my first thought, yet it is now my consolation, it is better he should have died, Lizzie, now that South Carolina is defeated. Rutledge Bowles could not have endured to see it, dear. To live under the rule of Abolitionists would have been to him a living agony and humiliation worse than death. It is better as it is. Though why our heavenly Father should have permitted—" And as the wasted fingers seek the forehead, Robby can no longer keep silence. He has stolen silently by his mother's side, she aware of his presence there, but too absorbed in the sorrow of her friend and herself for her to notice him.

"Oh, mother, mother!" says Robby, the tears beginning to flow, and the sound of his own voice, "Mr. Arthur, Mr. Arthur!" and breaks down.

Alice is seated by the bed, gently drawing out through her hands the long white tresses of her mother, too full of sorrow to speak, but at the name she looks sharply around over her mother can not but remark it, her lips parted, every vestige of color gone from her cheeks.

"Oh, mother, Mrs. Arthur is killed! His horse—" But Robby can get no farther, for Alice has fallen forward upon the bosom of Mrs. Sorel in a faint, and all is confusion.

[To be Continued.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is somewhat curious—even if one visits a first-class restaurant on a Sunday—to notice the compulsory change of "appearance" which some unthinking epicures are forced to make since the passage of the new excise law. An attentive waiter at Delmonico's arranges with care and nicety a cozy table for a gentleman who is evidently quite "at home" there. The order for dinner is given, ending with: "And bring me a bottle of Royal Rose." "No wine at all served to-day, Sir." The thoughtless gentleman looks at his watch—manifestly he has not been to church, and apparently has not once thought of its being Sunday! "No wine? Why, Sir, not to-day?" "All" responds the disgusted applicant, glancing reflectively at the cut-out tube in his immediate vicinity; "not even another investigating glance—"bring me a bottle of Champagne cider." And this order being complied with, and the opening "pop" seeking his imagination, the repentant tries to fancy himself enjoying real Champagne.

The workings of the Excise Law are awaking from discussion on the question of temperance; and in an unexpected quarter, the American evangelical movement has enlarged views, and a final triumph of right principles.

A Portland paper remarks—and the suggestion is worth the attention of our citizens—"The authorities ought to establish water fountains at various points about the city to meet the wants of the thirsty. People must have something to drink. It is never wise to cut off a popular and vicious indulgence without giving an innocent and healthful substitute in its stead."

In a little town away "down East," efforts were once made to have a system of town groups for the convenience of the people. The matter was brought up at a townmeeting, but was voted down because the treasury was rather low. Whereupon an orator made the following effective speech: "There's Mr. Jones, he's gin up selling milk; you've just voted that we can't have water pipes, and the Legislature says we *sha'n't* have any liquor! We've got to have you inside of snow on the ground, and when that's gone we shall be in a fix! Then what are we going to drink?"

Perhaps people might take to nature's pure beverage if they had a good chance to get it. It has been stated that during the summer a "jar of iced water at the door of every liquor shop will do more to diminish the rum-seller's custom than a policeman on guard." Numerous water fountains have recently been established in London, and have had a marked effect upon the beer shops. One dealer threatened legal proceedings against the authorities for allowing a drinking fountain to be opened near his house, alleging that it had diminished his returns more than twenty-five per cent.

The Parisian journals announce that an awful discovery has just been made with regard to the wholesale destruction of the feathered tribe in France. It seems that the "gigantic grenadier" of little birds who are so serviceable in French markets are killed by poison! It is asserted that tremendous quantities of our cousins are sold for the purpose. The drug is boiled with grain and spread over the fields at every period of the year. This information has created not a little alarm among epicures.

It is not long since there was an extensive poisoning by lead, in Middleton, N. Y. Great numbers of people being attacked by a virulent disease, which exhibited positive indications of lead poisoning, it was found, after much investigation, that the lead was conveyed into the stomachs of the sufferers by bread and meat, manufactured at a mill in the vicinity. It appeared that some of the millstones were old, and cavities in them had been filled with common lead instead of the usual cement. Of course the attrition detached particles of lead from the stone and mingled them almost imperceptibly with the flour. The lead, when fermented and subjected to the baking process, was immediately transformed into carbonate of lead, the deadliest of all lead poisons. Bread of this kind was a little better than if spread with white lead as a substitute for butter. Many died from its effects, while happily many were saved by having taken the lead in such large quantities as to produce counter action. But scores were deprived of health and strength. People who prayed and deal in articles of food should have sufficient knowledge to prevent such reprehensible carelessness as endangers the lives of multitudes.

Strawberries have been very abundant notwithstanding the unusually cold season; and "ice Cream and Strawberry Festivals" have been very fashionable, as they generally are in June. These festivals are in many cases given for the pinafore or benefit of Sabbath-schools; and the little folks enjoy them vastly, to say nothing of the "children of larger growth," who are so busy selling the cool things for the young ones, instead of replenishing the Sunday-school Library. And speaking of selling good things reminds us of a modern, which contains a suggestion that any charitable lady is at liberty to follow—if she pleases!

A salesman recently went to the sale of fancy articles lately held at the Ministry of War, Paris, for the benefit of the poor. He bought nearly at the end of the day what was the price of a beautiful cigar-case. "Two hundred francs," was the reply. "The trifling sum!" he said, with a laugh. "And this jewel-case?" "Eight hundred francs." "Nothing," said the salesman, with a contemptuous air. "Do you wish for any thing else?" said the lady. "Ah!" replied he, "what I desire to see is the company with any of these articles, but fix a price." "What do you mean?" "To kiss you for it." The lady's cheeks reflected, and replied, "Three thousand francs." The kind generally raised the proffered hand, and with some hesitation—but what will not charitable ladies do for the poor?—kissed the gentleman, who turned to look at your hair. 'That will be six thousand francs." "That is nothing," said the lady, and, running the lock of hair which the lady cut off for him. "Six and three are nine thousand francs." He ordered a carriage for the lady, his lordship departed pleased with his bargains."

There is a good moral to be deduced from a short poem in which we find an extract, as it is from the pen of William D. Mornage:

THE TWO DESTROYERS.

Once on a time a pious Moslem, saying
His morning worship in their spicy of praying,
Just as the sun had risen, had lit the skies,
Beheld a phantom through the mist arise—
A figure gaunt and grim, like that of death.
"What art thou?" said the saint, with timid breath.
"I am the Pestilence!"
"And whither tends thy race?"
"To slay ten thousand men in my place."
"Go not, I pray thee, if such prayer may be."
"In vain I vow, I must my vow fulfill—I go!"
"Go then, if Allah urge thy path of gloom,
But the first thousand bear a message from me:
But in the prophet's name I do implore,
When thou hast slain ten thousand, slay no more!"
"To bear is to obey!"

The vision passed,
And o'er a multitude its shadow cast.
After the plague had ceased, the saint his place
And hour in which it first unveiled its face,
Found, with pleasure, that but nine thousand fell.
Qoth spake the holy man: "Whence comest thou?"
"From yonder place."
"How many hast thou slain?"
"Victims of mine, ten thousand souls make up all!"
"Thou liest! there are twenty thousand dead!"
"To thee with Moslem life the phantom said,
"Full twenty thousand have death's power confest.
I smote ten thousand, *fear* struck down the rest."

A singular account is given in a recent Mobile paper of a youthful prisoner, about 18 years of age, confined in the jail of that city, who could not be induced to take nourishment like him knife was plotted in irons, the strongest and most intricate, but all to no purpose. Then the officer commanding the prison resolved to write to the parents of the lad, after which he put on a tight-fitting pair of patent leather boots. The prisoner was then taken out, and had put on a pair of cuffs attached by a short chain, above his wrists, which he was ordered to raise to a level with the wrist, which extended down to the shackles which were closely fitted and locked on his ankles. The officer then loosely remarked to him: "Now, my boy, you may wiggle yourself out of that dress I will guarantee that the sheriff will not be able to get you out of it." "I will see," said he, as you behave yourself you will never again be bound in such a manner." The prisoner was taken to a hanging, and in less than three minutes after he was left alone he stood without an iron upon him—the deed evidently being accomplished by the aid of hand. He said that he was a native of New York city, and has graduated from the Tombs.

The London *Queen* speaks with a mixture of earnestness and commendation of the "Spectator" newspaper hat, which so many brunettes, paying reckless homage to fashion, are miserably parting with in despair. The article is simply ruinous; one that, if followed again and again will change one silken tresses of brown or black into something, for color, like a singed cat's back; for texture not unlike a cowlick's tuft of picked and unravelled cotton. At any rate, brunettes should be cautioned. Having bleached their tresses, they should go into a darkened room and look upon their sad wreck. The information would be painful, but fashion does not haul pain. It is cruel and unfeeling, but the consequent agony is not worth trying. We have seen a portion of a dead negro's skin bleached white; wherefore there would seem to be hope of genius to a live brunette. "The *Spectator* announces that there is now sold in Paris a dye which instantly changes auburn hair into raw nose, pale pinkish gold, which is nearly instantaneous, and never fails, or can fail. It is called original, is the golden eighteenth of an ounce, and has only one trifling drawback, which those who want it probably will not mind. *It kills*, but is partially cured as swiftly as those of arsenic would.

A very coquettish-looking vehicle is now the fashion in the Bois de Boulogne. It is hung on the finest springs, and is like the rest of a water-guard—"the sentinel" one. There is but room for the fair driver and her petticoat, and she flirts it as complacently as an oyster does its shell. There are no hangers-on, either tiger behind or lion at the side; and on account of the peculiarities it is called the Excise-wire by the ladies, and the *Epicier* by the gentlemen.

They rather out-do us in England in regard to matrimonial advertisements, judging from the following, which we quote the subject with Irish readiness to aid desiring wives:

An Emily Jenny, just nineteen, fair, blue eyes, and handsome, would like to be married as early as possible. Husband, who is requested to apply early, having gilded hair, wishes to marry a tall young man, about twenty-four years of age.

Violet wants to be married to a tall man. She is tall, and very good-looking.

Lalla Rookh would dearly like to be married. She moves in first-class society, and has £200 a year. She is eighteen, tall, and strikingly handsome.

Some of the applicants put the matter rather upon the ground of mutual destiny:

Mary G., who has good looks, but does not wish to speak of them, wants to be married. She can read her Bible, and knows that marriage is the destiny and honor of woman. She is twenty-three.

Catherine E. B., who has dark brown hair, and soft brown eyes, with pretty features and nice figure, wishes to fulfill her woman's mission, and marry. She will have money.

Victor Hugo's home is situated in the most lovely spot that ever landscape painter dreamed of. Placed upon a height, it commands the whole island. And that charming horizon of the sea where nothing seems to trammel the flight of even genius itself. The house is celebrated in Guernsey, where it excites lively curiosity. Wonders are related of it, enhanced by the mystery overhanging a threshold till now never crossed by the Guernsey world; it is said to contain furniture worthy of an enchanter's palace. The apartments and galleries have been entirely constructed from designs by Victor Hugo; he passed three years in investing them. The rarest curiosities adorn the interior; for Victor Hugo, who loves to live in the past, has a mania for antique furniture.

Hairdressers in general, and ladies in particular, will be delighted at the good news which comes from a country situated between Nicaragua and Nicaragua. It is stated that there is a territory inhabited by the Mosquitos—at the first, but human beings—who have just been discovered. The ladies and gentlemen of the tribe are very small, but their hair would rejoice the heart of a Truefitt, being excessively long and excessively beautiful, parting in the middle in the style called Tom Noddy, and descending on each side for two yards or more according to longitudian. The color is even varied, and is some of it a light yellow, showing how nature adapts itself to fashion at the right moment. The officers of the frigate *Florida*, which visited that coast, also have had the honor of discovering these sons and heirs of the Mosquito land, have even house a large supply as locks of hair to their lady-loves and sweethearts—and even for a six inches in four-and-twenty hours. We can think of nothing like it except Jack's somewhat bean-stalk, which authentically-described plant is nevertheless not spoken of as good to eat, whereas this relish is said to be as palatable as it is nourishing. The pods are its edible portion, and when half grown you may pickle them or eat them as a component part in a salad. When they are allowed to grow you may blow, and they type how a combination of asparagus and green peas.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WANTED, for ——burgh, at the Term, Plain Cook; by a wash, dress, and milk a cow. Good character indispensable.—Apply at 66 —— Street.

The paper from which we extract is Scotch, and not Irish, or we should have referred to a bull the cow that wanted washing and dressing as well as milking.

LATEST REMEDY FOR BALDNESS.—Use brandy externally until the hair grows, and take it internally to quench the roots.

THE GIFT.

TO A FRIEND AT A FIRE.

Ah! cruel was your gift, false friend,
It filled mine eyes with tears,
With pangs of woe my poor bosom rend,
And made me sin for years.

Cause of my sufferings and my woe,
Bogone!—I've had enough;
You laughed to hear me sue,
But I'll be even with you the end!

HARD LINES ON INDIVIDUALS.—The compulsory purchase of land by a railway company is much added to in city. The Tyrant takes a slice in the middle.

What is the difference between a tunnel and a speaking-trumpet?—One is hollowed out and the other is hollowed in.

THE NEEDLE-WOMAN'S EXCLAMATION.—Ahem!

Why should the British Government strive to abolish the use of the shillalah in Ireland?—Because it militates against the *security of the cranium*.

WRITTEN AFTER GOING TO LAW.

The law, they say, great blessing does connects,
That causes ever must produce effects:
In me behold reversed great Nature's laws—
All my effects lost by a single cause.

A Connecticut Society awarded their annual gold medal to the author of the following specimen of Yankee ingenuity: Why is a men cutting grass like Othello?—Because he is a worrier (Moor).



THE PRESENT EDITION OF EUROPE.

In a Stock report we read, a few nights since, "Government securities are a fraction better." Which government?

Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

O'Leary, gazing with astonishment upon an elephant in a menagerie, asked the keeper "What kind of a baste is that ain' hay with his tail?"

What compodity is always afforded at cost?—The law.

Shakespeare says that "use strengthens habit." Somebody thinks that he tried the experiment on a coat, but it did not answer at all.

What things increase the more you contract them?—Debts.

A scrape is easily obtained. Four brandy toddies a day for a couple of months will put you in the way of one that will astonish all your friends.

If you can't coax a fish to bite, try your persuasive powers upon a yellow dog, and you will be sure to succeed.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM THE CHARACTER.—Get rich.

An auctioneer was selling a library at auction. He was not very well read in books, but he scanned the titles, rubbed his head, and went ahead. "Here you are," he said, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; how much am I offered for it? How much do I hear for the Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan? This a first-rate book, gentlemen; with six superior illustrations; how much do I hear? All about the Pilgrims, by John Bunyan! Tells where they come from, and where they hardest, an' what hear dems after they landed! Here's a picter of one o' 'em sorn' *about Plymouth, plantin' with a spick on his back!*"

MOTTO FOR A SERVANTS' HALL.—"They also serve who only stand and wait."—*Milton.*

REFRESHMENTS.

The best drink for a grim-faster may be a "clare much," although the Scotch she would probably bring him to "the scratch" sooner. Speaking of grim-fasters, would it be inappropriate to designate them as the two toniest pugilist "a ram pairch?"

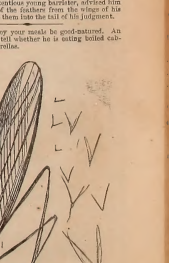
The following list of refreshments includes many individual drinks not found on the wine list of the popular hotels-for—

For hackers—a cur-rent drink.
For stockholders—share-y wine.
For shipmasters—the old port.
For mining proprietors—general water.
For octogenarians—dog wine.
For sometimes—de-ale water.

THE ILLS OF GREECE.—It is stated that the new island which has appeared off the coast of Greece has been named Georgios, either the young King. And perhaps it is meant that the island, which was thrust up unexpectedly by a popular eruption, somewhat in the same way that His Majesty was placed on the throne of Athens, will not set him the example of disappearing again, as these volcanic islands sometimes do, the subsidence arising from a drop of the ruler. And there are a good many ardent spirits in Greece quite *ripe* for a disturbance.

A grim, hard-headed old judge, after hearing a flowery discourse from a pretentious young barrister, stood him to pluck out some of the feathers from the wings of his imagination and put them into the tail of his judgment.

If you would enjoy your meals be good-natured. An angry man can not tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrellas.



THE MOSQUITO.

A Plate from an Illustrated Work suppressed by the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, entitled "*The Insects of New Jersey*."

"SPRING."—[FROM A DRAWING BY A. HOPE.]


C.S.A.
C.S.A.
THE CONTRAST OF SUFFERING. ANDERSONVILLE & FORTRESS MONROE.
Th. Nast.
NOTICE.
ALL PERSONS PASSING THIS WAY MUST PUT ON SLIPPERS, IN ORDER NOT TO DISTURB OUR GUEST.
PLEASE WIPE YOUR MUDDY FEET
MONROE
FORT
TREASON MUST BE MADE ODIOUS.

DREAM-HAUNTED.

I HAD taken a lease of Gledhills of my friend Mr. Lomond. The latter, before he would consider the business settled, insisted upon my sleeping one night at Gledhills. "Dobson and his wife, who have charge of the house, will find you a tolerable dinner, and make you up a comfortable bed. I will walk over in the morning at ten and see you; and then, if you are still in the same mind that you are in now, I will have the agreement drawn up at once, and you can enter upon your occupancy the following day."

The autumn day was drawing to a close when I found myself walking up the avenue toward the old mansion of Gledhills. An old man answered my summons at the door. He bowed respectfully at sight of me, and informed me that Mr. Lomond had sent word that I was about to become the owner of Gledhills, and that every thing was prepared for my reception. As I crossed the threshold the great door closed behind me with a dull, heavy crash, that vibrated through every corner of the house, and awoke a foreboding echo in my heart. Preceded by my ancient guide, whom (as well as others) I had best almost double, I crossed the desolate-looking entrance-hall, passed up the grand staircase, and so through a pair of folding-doors into the drawing-room, beyond which was a suit of smaller rooms, of which two had now been set apart for my use. How chill and cheerless every thing looked in the cold light of the dying day! Now that the glamour of sunshine rested no longer on the scene, my fancy refused to invest any of those bare, desolate rooms with the pleasant attributes of home; and already, in my secret mind, I half-repented my facile eagerness in being so willing to accept, without further experience, this worm-eaten old mansion, together with the ghosts, by the ghosts of a hundred dead-and-gone folks, as a shelter for my household gods, a home for all that I held dear on earth.

The tea-room set aside for me I found to be comfortably furnished, in a neat but inexpensive style; but when I understood from the old man that ever since the death of the last tenant, three years before, they had been furnished and set aside, ready for the reception of any chance visitors, like myself, who, either for their own sake or that of Mr. Lomond, might decide to pass a night at Gledhills, and that three or four would-be occupants before me had so slept there a night each, and had gone on their several ways next morning, never to be seen under that roof again, I began to think that there might perhaps be something more in Mr. Lomond's stipulation than was visible on the surface.

Having dined, and done ample justice to Mr. Lomond's choice wine, and being possessed of no measure by the demon of unrest, I took my cigar and strolled along the corridor, and so came presently into the great empty drawing-room, in which the moonbeams were now playing a ghostly game of hide-and-seek, with the uncarpeted and destitute of furniture, and its oaken floor creaked and groaned beneath my tread, as though it were burdened with some dreadful secret which it would fain reveal, but could not. Outside each of the three long, narrow windows with which the room was lighted was a small balcony, above which stretched a veritable orgiasse of lawn, set here and there with a gay basket of flowers, the whole being shut in by a clump of conifer firs. I have said that the room was quite destitute of furniture, but I found after a time that it still contained one relic of its more prosperous days, in the shape of a family portrait, which still hung over the mantle-piece, as it had hung for half a century or more. When I became aware of this fact I fetched one of the candles out of my sitting-room, in order that I might examine the picture more closely. It was a full-length portrait of a man in the military costume that was in vogue toward the end of last century. The face was very handsome, with a proud, resolute beauty of its own, that would have been very attractive for a vague, ideal picture—a showthing—a hint of something tiger-like and cruel lurking under the surface of that artificial smile, which the artist had caught with rare fidelity, and had fixed on the canvas forever. It must have been something in the better traits of the commonplace that taught me to see a likeness to Mr. Lomond; and I could only conclude that the portrait before me was that of some notable ancestor of the present master of Gledhills.

The fatigues of the day and the solitude to which I was condemned drove me to bed at an early hour; but there was something about the novelty of my position that precluded sleep for a long time after I had put out the light, and I remember hearing every clock strike twelve while I was still desperately wide awake, but that is the last thing I do remember, and I suppose that I must have slept for a few minutes later, while still in the act of assessating myself, for I have no sleep there was for me on that night, but I was conscious when I fell into those dreamers, and which, in many cases, is quite as vivid as the consciousness of real life, but throughout the strange, wild drama that followed I was without any individuality of my own; I had all the consciousness of a spectator without the responsibility of one. I was nothing; I had no existence in my own dream; I was merely the witness of certain unusual occurrences, which took place without any reference to me, and which I was powerless to prevent or influence in the slightest degree.

Before me was the drawing-room at Gledhills—I recognized it at once by the portrait of the soldier over the fire-place. The walls, painted of a dingy sea-green, were hung with numerous pictures and engravings in rich frames. A thick Autusson carpet covered the floor, and in the huge fire-place a wood fire, that had nearly burned itself down to ashes, was slowly expiring. The furniture was chintz-covered, and curtains of chintz draped the three high narrow windows. Standing in one corner, between the quaintly-carved legs of a mahogany chiffonier, was a tall Mandarin jar, with an open-work lid, from which was exhaled a faint indescribable perfume, as of the bruised sweetness of a hundred flowers; in the opposite corner stood a harp; books richly bound were scattered about the room, which was lighted by a number of wax-candles fixed in lustres over the mantle-piece.

Seated at a little table—a lovely girl, eighteen or twenty years old, making-believe to be busy with her embroidery, but with a mind evidently preoccupied by some more important subject. She had on a short-waisted white dress, after the fashion of those days, from which her long narrow skirts fell away in massive folds, utterly guiltless of all artificial modes of extension of circumference. Her face was beautiful, and she had the air of a person quite conscious of that fact. Her complexion was one of regular features there was something resolute and proud, that carried the mind back, as by an instinct, to the portrait over the fire-place. She had inherited the thick masses of her chestnut hair, and they now fell low down over her shoulders, confined only by a narrow band of white ribbon. Round her neck was a thin chain of gold, from which hung a locket, which she drew every now and then from the bosom of her dress, and pressed with feverish eagerness to her lips. The same impatience was visible in the way in which she would put a few quick strokes into her embroidery, and then pause, with the needle in her fingers, to listen intently, and so lapse into a reverie for a short space of time, from which she would wake up in a minute or two with a start, and begin to ply her needle again as restlessly as before.

That same impatience of a person impatiently waiting came at last—a low, clear, peculiar whistle, heard by me so distinctly through the midst of my dream, and so unmistakably for what it was, that when I could afterward reproduce it exactly. The young lady started to her feet the moment the signal fell on her ear. For a moment she hesitated in obedience; her soft lips pouted into a smile; while from her bosom upward a lovely flush spread swiftly, as through fine lawn, to the roots of her golden tresses. Then, with a hurried glance at the mirror, she caught up her candle, and, with a quick, light step, glided across the room, and so out into the corridor, which she drew every now and then from the bosom of her dress, and pressed with feverish eagerness to her lips. The same impatience was visible in this

batants, she staggered to her feet. Her lips moved, but no sound came from them. Perhaps she was asking herself whether it were not all a hideous nightmare, which the first breath of reality would dissipate forever. With the same mingled look of horror and unbelief on her face she watched the two men coming down the room again, for Colonel Lomond was still slightly overborne by his more youthful antagonist. The rapiers clashed together; bright sparks flew from their polished blue-black surface, as they struck each other, and bent and quivered like things of life in the grasp of the sinewy hands that held them.

The combatants were just opposite the spot where the half-demented Leonore was standing like one incapable of motion, when suddenly, at a movement in tierce, the point of Colonel Lomond's rapier snapped off; an exchange which Varrel instantly followed up with a dextrous stroke, which sent the Colonel's broken weapon flying across the room. Leonore, with the quick instinct of love, darted her father's danger; and the same moment that the rapier was twisted out of his hand she sprang forward with a shriek, and, hurriedly as he tried to shield him with her body from what she knew must follow, and the sword of Varrel, aimed at her father's heart with all the strength which hate and the desire of vengeance could lend to such a thrust, passed instead through the body of the hapless girl. Her father's arms caught her as she was falling. "Papa—Varrel—forgive," she murmured in his ear; then a stream of blood burst from her lips, she shuddered slightly, and was dead.

Colonel Lomond pressed his quivering lips tenderly on her forehead; then lifting her in his arms, he carried her to a couch. "Lie there for a little while, sweet, foolish darling," he said. "Perhaps I may join thee in heaven before long."

Varrel, who was like a man half-crazed, would have rung for help, but Colonel Lomond, by a gesture, forbade him to do so. "You and I, Sir," said the Colonel, "have still our little business to arrange."

"Great Heaven! what would you more?" exclaimed Sir Derwent.

"Revenge my daughter's death!" said Lomond. "Her death was the pure accident."

"Granted. She died to save my life, and that life I now devote to avenging her memory. What I said before I say again—only one of us shall quit this room alive. Here are two pistols: one of them is loaded, the other is unloaded. Choose one of them. In five minutes that clock on the chimney-piece will strike the hour. At the first stroke we will fire across this table; and may Heaven have mercy on the soul of one of us!"

"It would be murder!" said Varrel, in a low voice, while a cold sweat broke out on his sallow face.

"Call it by what name you will," said Lomond; "but as I have said, so it shall be. Dare to refuse, and by the ancient Fiend of Darkness, whose true son you are, I will thrash you with yonder whip within an inch of your life. And send you forth into the world branded forever as a coward and a rogue!"

Sir Derwent wiped the perspiration off his forehead with his perfumed handkerchief, and his dry lips moved in faint protest. His courage was beginning to waver. The slow, patient ferocity of his enemy was not without its effect upon him.

"Choose!" said Colonel Lomond, as he laid a brace of pistols on the table. Varrel hesitated for an instant; then he did, and Lomond smiled, grimly. No fresh arrangement of position was necessary, they being already on opposite sides of the table, on which each Lomond's embroidery was displaying, as she had cast it aside in the first flutter of hearing her lover's signal.

"Colonel Lomond, I must make a last protest against this bloody business," said Varrel.

Again the Colonel smiled. "In ten seconds," he said, "the clock will strike. Be ready."

There was a great contrast between the two men as they stood thus, fronting what for one of them was a terrible strait. Colonel Lomond's bronzed cheek looked even darker than usual, and his eyes seemed to burn with intense hate as he stood quietly at his antagonist from under his lowering brows; but his extended arm was firm as a bar of steel. Varrel was terribly nervous. His face had faded to a dull bluish white; he pressed one hand to his chest occasionally, as if to still the throbbing heart beneath, while the other, which held the pistol, trembled slightly in spite of him.

Four seconds—three seconds—two seconds. The deathly breathing stillness that pervaded the room was something awful. One second. The silvery bell of the little French clock had not completed its first stroke when the two triggers were pulled.

A flash, a report, and a gush of smoke from one of the weapons, and Sir Derwent Varrel, shot through the heart, fell back dead.

So perishes a thorough scoundrel!" said Colonel Lomond as he gazed into the face of his dead enemy.

Suddenly a door opened, and showed a very old lady, with white hair, and clad in a white dressing-robe, standing on the entrance. From the movements of her hands you understood at once that she was blind, or nearly so.

"Henry! Henry! where are you?" she cried. "Some one fired a pistol just now. Oh, tell me that you are not hurt!" and she advanced a step or two into the room.

A spasm of anguish passed over the face of Colonel Lomond. "I am here and well, mother," he said. "Pray, return to your own room. I am sorry to have disturbed you."

"And Lenore," said the old lady, plaintively, "why has not Lenore been to kiss me, and say good-night? Has the child gone to bed?"

"Lenore is asleep, mother," said the Colonel, in a whisper. "We must not disturb her. She shall come to you in the morning."

"Strange—strange," murmured the old lady; "she never forgot me before;" and with that she turned and went slowly away, groping with her hands before her; and the Colonel, falling on his knees, buried his face in the white dress of his dead daughter. At which point the whole machinery of my dream dissolved away, and I awoke.

There was no more sleep for me that night. So lifelike and vivid was my extraordinary dream, so much did it seem like a part of my own personal experience, that the effect left by it on my mind was not lightly to be shaken off. There was wild cry as she flung herself into her father's arms, the voices of Varrel and Lomond in angry dispute, seemed still to echo in my brain; and I felt that every minute incident of that terrible tragedy must henceforth be, as it were, a part of my own life. Impelled by some vague feeling, I went to watch. I quitted my bedroom, and wandered, half-dressed, into the great desolate drawing-room at the scene of all the strange incidents of my dream. The ghostly splendor of the moonlight filled it no longer; it was as cold, dark, and silent, as some vault. When I looked in the doorway, longing, and yet afraid to enter, a gust of night-wind sweeping up the valley rattled the windows of the old mansion, and what seemed like a low, responsive sigh, came to me out of the gloom, a sigh so unutterably sad, that, with a shudder, I stepped backward and shut the door.

I was very glad when ten o'clock came, and brought Mr. Lomond, punctual to the minute. "It is only what I expected," he said, "when I had given him an outline of my singular dream; "and I may now tell you, Sir, that precisely the same thing occurred to myself. I strongly last night is dreamed by every one, no matter who they may be, the first time they sleep in Gledhills, and never afterward; and this Curse—for I may truly call it by that name—has hung over the house from the night on which the unfortunate Leonore was seduced by an imagination, was worked out in all its dismal reality within those walls. Now you will understand why I requested you to sleep one night at Gledhills before finally deciding that you would take the house; and it remains for you to consider whether your wife and family will say is delicate, could undergo such an ordeal as she would assuredly have to pass through the first night of her sojourn under their roof."

I decided that she could not endure the trial, and gave up Gledhills.

A STORY FOR GROWN PEOPLE.

BY A VERY LITTLE BOY.

"ARN how would you like it yourself?" said Willie's fairy godmother, knitting away very fast on her spider's silk stockings.

Willie's mamma opened her eyes wide, under the mantle border of her night-cap. "You shouldn't be dressing bell, you understand; and the fairy godmother having slipped down the chimney, had perched herself on the back of the chair sat in spectacles and high-crowned cap, with her legs twisted around the post, looking more like a nightmare than a real fairy godmother.

And, said mamma, yawning:

"But one must have discipline. you know."

"I agree to discipline," said the fairy, sharply. "So to commence with, get up; you should be ashamed to be lounging in bed at this hour. If you could see how the habit of springing up promptly at the first tinkle of the bell."

Now if mamma was any thing at this particular moment she was sleepy, and she put her nose down among the pillows, and gave herself a little twist, and would have liked very well not to hear the fairy godmother.

"What a perverse, unmanageable person you are!" said the fairy godmother. "If you could see now the expression of your face, and all because I require of you something that is for your good! I love sleep as much as you do, but then, mamma, not the brown dress, but the gray one, if you please!"

"But why not—"

"Do you answer me back?" cried the fairy; "the gray dress I say, and no arguments."

"But it is so—common-looking," said mamma.

"Silence!" commanded Willie's fairy godmother, with such a look in her little black eyes that mamma thought it best not to say any more, but get into the gray dress as fast as possible, though she disliked it, and only wore it on dismal occasions like washing days. It fitted ill, and she felt ill-dressed, and she was very wrathful at being twitched out of her sleep, and thought how you know what had happened to the pudding by the time that the old lady had tripped up chimney again. It was burned to a cinder.

Mamma was miserably vexed.

"You have as little patience as your son," calmly observed the fairy godmother. "When Hal Green offered to lend him his pony he rushed home to ask your permission for the ride; but, you remember, you were engaged with Mrs. Tuttle, who was on one of her endless histories, and you would not permit him to speak; and so he sat counting the minutes, and lost the finest day of the season. Patience is was too late for the ride. I remember you reproved him for his want of resignation."

There was no excuse for further pudding attempts, and finding a book mamma sat down to forget her annoyances and herself with. Just as she reached the interesting chapter she heard the fairy godmother:

"Mamma! mamma!"

Away ran mamma, with "What is wanted?" and—

"I wish you would go up in the attic and hunt me some spiders' webs," said Willie's godmother. "I am almost at the end of my ball of silk."

"How disagreeable!" muttered mamma, and was instantly rebuked with,

"How selfish you are! I am sorry to find you so disobliging."

Mamma found the spider's webs, tore back to her book, reached the middle of the interesting chapter, and heard the fairy godmother again.

"Mamma! mamma! I wish you would come and hold this spider's silk while I reel it."

"Tiresome!" muttered mamma, and, giving up her book in despair, sat down at her sewing when the spider's silk was wound.

"You hold your work very awkwardly," said the fairy godmother; and presently,

"Why do you not manage better with your children? Do you hear them now?"

And ten stitches after,

"What a sulky expression you wear! It is really unwomanly-like. Why are you not more pleasant and cheerful?"

And when she had nearly completed the garment,

"Mamma, put up your work," said the fairy, suddenly.

"I have only ten stitches more," urged mamma.

"But put it away at once," commanded the dame; "I require instant and perfect obedience."

Mamma folded away the frock, sticking the needle in it very carefully, as if it had been the fairy.

"And how has our mamma been?" said papa, coming in just then.

The fairy was her bed.

"We have a bad report to-day, I am afraid. Mamma has been sulky, disobliging, impertinent, and rebellious. I am really pained by her perversity."

"Are you?" cried mamma. "Why then did you take such pains to bring about all these fine results? You commenced the day by a disagreeable and perfectly unnecessary restriction about my dress. Because I did not endure it with a smiling face you proceeded to inflict on me a grievous and irreparable disappointment; and not satisfied with that, you called the family attention to my ill-humor, omitting all mention of the cause, and forbidding me to explain. You were worried on through the day with ceaseless reproofs and commands, and then rebuked me because I did not look cheerful under the discipline. You spoiled an entire morning by refusing me a moment's attention. You broke in on our quiet evening on the most absurd pretext, and then exclaim that I am irritated. You yourself have been the cause of what you so much dislike. You were pert and cross and free with unkind and vexatious supervision, that would strain to their utmost the principles and patience of a saint."

"You shocked me, then," said the fairy, "that you, a grown woman, would be fretted out of amiability and self-control by my system; but pray, Madam, is it not your own? and when did you ever find fault with it before? When you inflicted on your son a disappointment as unbearable as the one you yourself have suffered, you never asked what caused the ill-temper, for which you punished him, or if the punishment was not too great for the offence. Then you follow him about all day, with continual fault-finding about very small matters, you expect that he will bear with a smiling face and mend his ways at once; but when you are pursued in the same way you find that it only makes you cross, and you are ready to snap at your nurture; and yet he is a little boy, and you are a grown mamma. When Willie's games or project is spoiled, because little boys must not interrupt grown-up folk, we hear him still it is too late, you are shocked that he is sulky and aggrieved; and yet how intolerable you find it when a little boy, unable to control his delightful occupation, at the height of its interest, without even a look of dissatisfaction; and yet how hard you, a grown mamma, find it to practice what you preach! You say I am the cause of your shortcomings of today. If that is so, then, in a limited degree, you are the cause of much of your son's naughtiness; for I thought I could not do better than take as the system of such an experienced and sensible mamma as yourself, and I have simply copied you to the letter; and if the system works so ill when exercised by yourself, it is impossible that, though rules and a steady and firm system of discipline are absolutely required in a family, that a system, however wise, enforced with the utter disregard of the tastes and feelings of its object, is a tyranny, even when enforced by a mamma—that a few trifling points are as indispensable to a boarding fence; but that restrictions and regulations, thickset all through the day, are so many traps and stumbling-blocks for unwary little Willies; and that a mamma ought not to require more patience, self-control, and fortitude of a little child than she could use herself in precisely similar circumstances!"

Papa smiled, mamma pouted; and I, Willie, having heard it all, have written it all down for the benefit of those poor grown people who have been so busy all their lives in teaching us that they have never had any time to teach themselves.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

MARRIAGE OF A COLORED SOLDIER.

THIS wedding seemed to me somewhat remarkable, because not only the bride was only fifteen, and the groom only about seventeen years old. A lady, looking at the sketch, thought the decent appearance of the parlor and the taste shown in the bride's apparel exaggerated for the sake of appearance. This, however, was not the case. Every thing is given. This, however, was not the case. Every thing is given just as it appeared. The bridegroom was a musician, a straight, well-built young fellow in his best uniform. The bride was in light-colored muslin over a dress low enough to meet the requirements of the fashionable society of New York. They listened thoughtfully to the worthy chaplain's remarks; and the whole affair was creditable to the colored folks assembled on the occasion. As we left they were all sitting down to a very tempting festal supper, and the band—of which the new-made husband was a member—was playing outside. It was not an aristocratic assemblage, but there was a full party, and it is safe to surmise that the company enjoyed themselves.

SCENE IN FRONT OF WASHINGTON HOTEL AT VICKSBURG.

The scene in front of the Washington Hotel is characteristic. As you go South you notice the gradual disappearance of reading and writing rooms, and of decent sitting-rooms for the guests. Thus the sidewalk becomes the only available place for



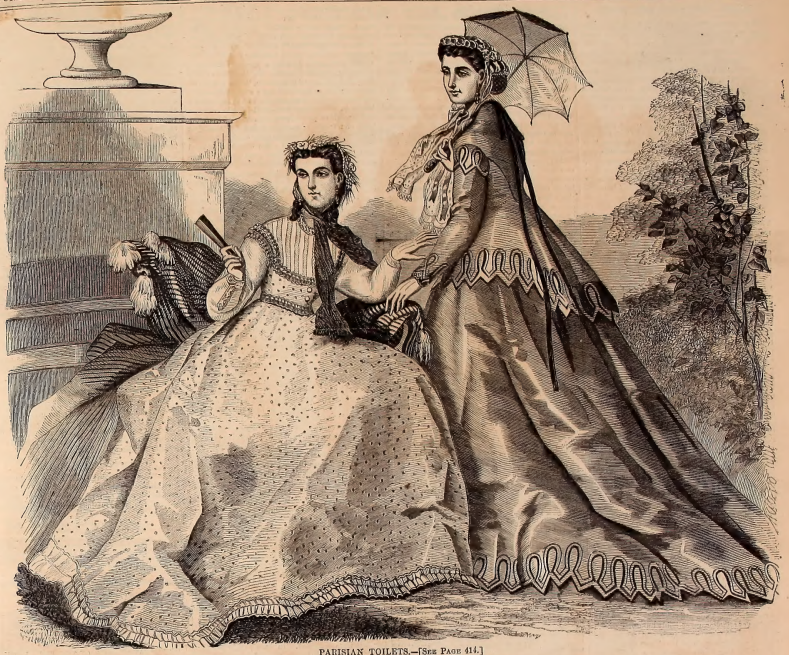
MARRIAGE OF A COLORED SOLDIER AT VICKSBURG BY CHAPLAIN WARREN OF THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

loungers. Being more limited than in larger cities, when, in Vicksburg, the pavement is covered with chairs, there is not much space for passengers, especially ladies, to get by. They do not seem to mind it though, but thread their way through the *gentlemen* and the tobacco-juice with commendable fortitude. It is not agreeable to ladies in New York to have to pass the groups of loungers at the hotels. What would they do if the aforesaid loungers brought chairs out and spread themselves all over the sidewalk, smoking, spitting, wrangling, and so forth?

A. R. W.



SCENE IN FRONT OF WASHINGTON HOTEL, VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.



PARISIAN TOILETS.—[SEE PAGE 414.]



PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 414.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

THE rain and the east wind having at last given place to bright sunshine and moderately warm weather, ladies' toilets, which during the past month were only in course of development, now exhibit a very decided change. The most striking invention of the moment is certainly the robe en fourreau—jacket, skirt, and jupe being all of the same material, and all trimmed to correspond. The jacket is usually very short, and generally made so as to open a little on the figure, in which case it is merely fastened at the neck. The skirt, which commonly has a slight trimming half-way up its seams, is looped up in festoons, to the ends of which silk tassels are sometimes suspended; while beneath it is displayed the jupe, trimmed in a somewhat similar style with scollops, vandykes, rosettes, crossbars, checks, diamonds, or other geometric patterns. Occasionally the jupe, instead of being of the same material as the robe itself, and trimmed to correspond with it, is of plain silk of the exact color of the trimming of the robe, with perhaps a rather or double rouleau of ribbon running round the bottom. These dresses are made in almost every variety of material.

The robes displayed by the "grand monde" recently at Longchamps, when the great race for the Grand Prix de Paris came off, were of the most magnificent description, and comprised the very latest varieties of the mode and all the colors of the rainbow—leaden blue, green, puce, and other dull color silks—the brilliancy of the last was subdued, however, by its being covered entirely over with open black lace; striped foulards are also de Chambéry in rose-color, porcelain blue, violet, green, and occasionally an silver gray or white ground. Some were made en fourreau, and the wearers of these, with their chapeaux Lamballe, merely wanted crooks in their hands to look very like those accredited elegant and most artificial-looking shepherdesses which one meets with in the pictures of Boucher and WATTEAU. The majority of robes were, however, with trains of considerable length, and almost the whole of them were made with jackets of the same material, and commonly cut into the most fantastic forms. Thus, some had long lappets hanging down in front and still longer lappets hanging behind, looking not unlike a bird's tail; others were elaborately notched and scolloped round the edges, and many had long open sleeves that hung down almost as low as the knees. The lappets were fastened with elegant bands round the waist, but, when the jacket was exceedingly short, it hung quite loose, open at the neck. These robes, when of some positive color, were trimmed with white or black lace, and, occasionally, with straw passementerie, the effect of which was extremely beautiful when the lighter shades and the striped patterns were trimmed; for the most part, with satin ribbon. The predominating colors of the flowers in the bonnets, and also the bonnet-strings, were almost invariably of the precise tint of the trimming of the robe; or, where the robe was of a decided color and trimmed with lace, of the same shade as the robe itself.

If the spectacle which Longchamps presented may be regarded as any indication of the coming mode, the days of crinoline are certainly numbered. The majority of the more elegantly-dressed women seem to have entirely abandoned it. These magnificent robes, with long trains, worn with a plain white jupe, with a broad ruche at the bottom of it, certainly looked most graceful without its adventitious aid, though it must be confessed that the robe en fourreau, spite of the fullness of its looped-up skirt, looks somewhat scanty when worn without crinoline.

Muslins are just now coming into wear, and many of the new patterns are not only exceedingly brilliant in color, but tasteful in design. Floral patterns, consisting of large wreaths and bouquets, and long, trailing clusters of flowers, certainly predominate, though robes, with borders of Arabesque-like patterns, seem likely to become most fashionable.

For evening dress something like a contest may be said to be going on between foulards and other materials of similar tints and small patterns and striped and other foulards of the most brilliant hues. The novelties among the former may be mentioned the foulard cerise, the pattern of which is composed of flying birds in gold-color silk; secondly, a foulard, with rose-leaves, sprigs, and buds scattered indiscriminately over the ground; and, thirdly, a foulard, with feathers of different hues symmetrically arranged. Among the richer kinds of foulards may be chosen those with carmine and blue, or violet, or turquoise-blue stripes, alternated with clusters of flowers or simple white daisies on silver-gray grounds; and one with a pattern formed of peacocks' feathers of the most brilliant and most varying red tints elegantly disposed on a ground of pearly white. Other evening dresses are of poult de Chambéry, striped with the gayest colors. When the corsage differs from the robe itself, it is not unfrequently composed of an entire-deux of fine lace and puffs of tulle.

Ball dresses are of white tulle, sometimes with delicate artificial flowers tastefully arranged upon the skirt, in other cases with rouleaux of white or some light color satin at the bottom of the skirt, the corsage being trimmed to correspond, and occasionally of white tulle embroidered over with silver thread.

There is no particular change to be noted with regard to chapeaux, except that the tulle, or muslin, or net strings, which are now worn extremely wide, have generally a blonde edging to them; the wreath, too, when joined together at the ends, falls now as frequently over the chignon as upon the breast. Below is a description of a few chapeaux observed at Longchamp.

First, a chapeau of cerise color net partially covered with white lace, and with long glass beads hanging round the rim. In the front of the bonnet, which is disposed at the top, in the style of the Tudor cap, is a full-blown rose; a branch of rose-buds hangs at the left side. The strings are of cerise color ribbon. Next, a chapeau of rice straw, almost entirely covered on one side by a large heart-shaped ornament, which is open, and having some small heart-shaped ornaments in a puffing of net to form the front. A bunch of heart's-ease forms the broad net strings (edged with blonde) immediately under the chin. Another bonnet was of some delicate Italian straw, having a full quilling of lace round the crown and a full round the rim about an inch from the edge, and a similar band across the crown. The trimming consisted principally of large purple grapes, with rich brown and green leaves fruited over with silver. Other chapeaux were wreathed round and between the brim and the crown with pearl, and one had a wreath of ivy and fig leaves, with small figs hanging in clusters over the front, the whole being of white straw material.

At Longchamp most of the parasols were of white or some delicate color silk, a few of them being trimmed with white lace. Attempts are, however, being made to introduce parasols wreathed round the edges with artificial flowers or embroidered over with ciphers and coats of arms, with lace-bands or bunches of flowers, all in their proper colors, on light-tinted and black grounds.

Ladies' boots are still worn very high and with tassels, as formerly. The fashionable bottines have merely the toes of leather, the remainder of the boot being of some thin, but quite fabric of exceedingly light materials, and for which gray, with occasionally a narrow stripe of color, is the favorite color most in favor. The heels of the boots, which are as tall as ever, are covered with the same material.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Evening Dress.*—Robe of blue illac foulard, each of which a pattern formed of white flowers and stars, ornamented at the lower part of the skirt with large collisions in taffeta, and bordered with the foulard with braid and belt of taffeta, edged with narrow lace to match the trimming on the skirt. Corsage cut square in front, but on an entre-deux of open lace.

Fig. 2. *Morning Dress.*—Robe and casaque of white Swiss cambric, or other simple material, embroidered with palmyra, with two rows of insertion of ribbon round the bottom of the skirt. Chapeau of fancy straw, excepted with sheaves of flowers. Strings which are of green ribbon, are fixed to the top of the crown.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—Robe of gray taffeta, caught up in festoons so as to show a jupe of the same material. The trimming is of satin ribbon of a narrow edging of lace and with small silver or glass buttons arranged down the centre. The chapeau is of white straw, and is trimmed at the edge with a garland of white lilac and with pearl ornaments and flowers. The bride full upon the forehead and on the chignon. The strings are of tulle, bordered with lilac ribbon, and fastened together with a sprig of flowers.

Fig. 4. *Walking Dress.*—Robe and casaque of gray plotted mohair, trimmed with mauve or rose-color ribbon, ornamented with a passementerie of straw. The chapeau Simonis is of yellow straw, trimmed round the edge with a ruche of taffeta, of the same color as the lining of the robe, on which runs some large white daisies; at the top are bouquets of the same flowers and of daisies. The double set of strings, neither of which are intended to be tied, fall loosely upon the breast.

PARISIAN TOILETS.

Fig. 1. Foulard robe, white ground, with small, red disks. Over the lower margin of the skirt is a very narrow flounce of white foulard, gathered and bound on each side by a narrow ribbon of red silk. Corsage cut low, with epaulets formed by the continuation of a ruche similar to the flounce and fastened with a bow of red ribbon; corsage à la bien riche serves as a belt. Inner corsage of white muslin, high in the neck and with long sleeves. Straw hat, "Lumbalie," with coquelicots, wheat ears, black lace, and white "tarlatane" for trimming.

Fig. 2. Rose silk robe, with "dentelés" edges, trimmed with silk ribbon of a little darker shade than the robe, and a continuation of this trimming, in a ribbon which terminates in the middle of the back in a bow long open and still longer ends. White straw hat, trimmed with cerises of blue silk, blue ribbons, and puffs of white tulle, with blue "brides" very wide *écharpes* of white tulle serving as other "brides." Blue parasol lined with white silk.

FANS.

WHEN and where was the fan invented? The beauties of old Rome were as familiar with its charms as the proud-stepping dames of modern Spain; and ladies of every clime and complexion have adopted the mischief-working weapon of coquetry, and become skilful in the use of flirting a fan. Copper-colored dandies, born to the tomahawk and scalping-knife, have rejoiced in the possession of ostrich-plume fans; and the Chinese Empress has turned the instrument to uses undreamed of by less ingenious nations. In the alien-hating dominions of the Tycoon, the school-master instructs his juvenile to book by rapping their knuckles with a fan; the fop uses it as a switch; the beggar makes it a receptacle for alms; the fanciful Spaniard has a formation in its folds; the warrior brains a foe with its iron case; and it comes as a death-warrant to the high-born evil-doer.

The deacons of the Greek Church receive a fan upon being ordained, to remind them that they are expected to keep themselves cool when canvassing the superior priests in the performance of their public duties; and a large fan of white peacock feathers has figured in many a grand religious solemnity as part of the papal insignia.

In Shakspeare's day no lady thought of stirring abroad without her fan, which was the toy devoting upon her gentleman-usher; even Juliet's nurse must have Peter to carry her fan; and many a poor lover, who had ravished a feather from his lady's fan, and worn it as a favor, hesitated at carrying his love to its legitimate conclusion, for fear of his ability to

Keep a lazy waiting-man,
And buy a bird and silver-handled fan
With forty pound.

The most fashionable fans were made of ostrich, peacock, or other feathers, sometimes inlaid to a metal or ivory handle. Among the unconsidered trifles snapped up by Falstaff's hungry jackals, Pistol and Nym, was the handle of a certain Mistress Bridget's fan, for which a fence of the period gave his employers three shillings and sixpence. When Elizabeth honored her lord-keeper by visiting with him at his house at Kew, a diamond-decked fan was one among the numerous gifts which acknowledged her condescension. Fans, indeed, seem to have been always acceptable to her majesty; and many such costly toys figure in the list of Newyear's gifts tendered by courtiers to their royal mistress. That terrible sea-bird, Sir Francis Drake, presented Elizabeth with a fan of white and red feathers, its gold handle enameled with one half moon of mother-of-pearl, inclosing another of diamonds and pearls, forming a jeweled frame for a miniature portrait of herself. The Countess of Bath furnished another of swan-down, "with a mask of green velvet, embroidered with seed-pearls, and a very small cabinet, and in the velvet mask a border on both sides of seed-pearls, sparks of rubies and emeralds; and thereon a monster of gold, the head and hands of mother-of-pearl." A modest gentleman, who preferred to show his loyalty anonymously, sent the queen a fan of sombrely colored feathers set in a tortoise-shell handle. Lord Leicester paid his court with a fan of white feathers, the gold handle ornamented with pearls, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, and bearing "a lion rampant with a white bear muzzled at his foot"—a device that may have been merely significant of his loyalty to the queen, but capable of being interpreted in a tenderer fashion by the woman. When Elizabeth died, the royal wardrobe contained no less than twenty-seven fans.

Tom Coryat was charmed with the elegance of the Italian fans. He says: "There fans both men and women of the country do carry to cool themselves withal in the time of heat, by the often fanning whereof the face is greatly refreshed and pretty things. For whereas the fan consisteth of a painted piece of paper and a little wooden handle: the poor people of Italy, to save the cost of both sides most curiously adorned with excellent pictures; either of amorous things tending to dalliance, or else of some notable matters of ancient histories written under them; or of some notable Italian city, with a brief description added thereunto. Which fans are of such account with many gentlemen of the fairest of them for so much money as countervail in our English groat." The Italian gentlemen, in fact, were as fond of fans as their effeminate ladies. The gallants of the Scotch Solon's court carried fans to shield their tender faces from the role wind as they rode on horseback. "We strive to be accounted womanish," murmurs Greene, "by keeping of beauty, by curling of hair, by wearing plumes of feathers, by using fans both in warm days and cases wore on their heads." This ridiculous custom seems to have had a long life, for Addison, in the year 1711, found it necessary to censure in the habit of carrying huge fans with handles half a yard long; serving not only for their protection and delectation, but being frequently made use as instruments for correcting their grown-up daughters when troublesome or rebellious. The judges of the land were not exempt from the fan fever, and we have a note than Lord Chief-Justice Coke carried an enormous fan when going from home—a curious method of adding dignity to the majesty of the law.

Catharine of Braganza introduced the green shading fan into England. The queen's fan was relegated to elderly ladies, as "more comely and civil for old persons than the former, which is shifted with nothing but beauty" (by which we suppose the handsome, romantic scenes, and fanciful designs with which the folding fans were decorated. In Anne's reign the toy had lost much of its value, and fashionable ladies of rank acquired more decency, for we are assured that they only endured the intolerable fatigue of sitting out the operatic drama in church by making it an occasion for displaying their fine fans, white hands, and brilliant jewelry. The fan must have made deep inroads into the fair lady's pin-money, since Sir Roger de Coverley thought the profits of a windmill should be set apart to find fans for his perverse widow, if she refused to wed Sir Roger de Coverley.

To flirt a fan properly was an art only to be acquired with labor. Mrs. Abington, the actress, was a professor in it:

"Say, ladies, cope Abington:
Observe how she can bring in her airs!
There's nothing of the actress there:
Keep your fans, ladies, if you can.
And catch the graces of her fan.

Addison gives some amusing instructions in the use of the fan. "There is also upon the handle which is the instrument closed, the executant first shaking it at one gentleman, then tapping her neighbor on the shoulder, next pretending her lips to be out of the fan, and finally letting her arm fall easily and gracefully by her side. This was to be learned in about a week's time. The *fly fan* required at least a month's incessant practice; the manœuvres comprising little flirts and vibrations, gradual and deliberate approaches, and momentary fallings asunder of the fan. To *discharge fan* was to make a pop as loud as the report of a pocket-pistol. To *ground fan* was to lay it flat upon the table with a view to obtain air, in order to take up a pack of cards, replace a falling pin, adjust a stray curl, or perform some equally important act. All these difficulties of fan-drill surmounted, the greatest remained to be conquered; but even *flirting the fan* might, with great perseverance, be brought to the up pupil in three months' time. "There is an infinite variety of motions to be made with a fan, in the flirting of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter; to which we may add, there is scarcely any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; inasmuch that a fine lady shall put the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry that it would have done mischief among the beaux, had not she provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing that I have been glad, for the lady's sake, the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add that a fan is a prude or a coquette according to the humors of the person that holds it."

When ivory, leather, wood, and paper superseded feathers in the manufacture of fans, artists were called in to add beauty to the delicate weapon that gave

Coolness to the matchless dame,
To every other breast a flame.

Watteau fairly fanned his way to fame; Cipriani, West, and Reynolds did not disdain to use their pencils in the service of fashion, and we can readily accept Miss Burney's assurance that the result was more delightful than can well be imagined. But fans publicly sold were not allowed to have it all their own way; the engravers executed the first with vigor and success, and catered to the love of novelty with great profit to themselves. Mr. Bedcreveld was the pet of the ladies nothing would serve but representations of the church martyr at the bar. When *Gulliver's Travels* took the town by storm, every lady carried Lilliput about with her; and when the *Beggars' Opera* made Gay rich, and Rich gay, fans were covered with copies of the songs and engravings of the scenes. A correspondent of Sylvanus Urban, writing in 1753, gives a curious list of a dozen designs he saw displayed by a row of ladies kneeling at the communion in a fashionable London church. Such subjects as the "Meeting of Isaac and Rebecca," "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife," being Scriptural, might pass muster with a tender critic; but "Darby and Joan," "The Taking of Porto Bello," "The Humors of Glorgy Alley," "Silenus," "Vauxhall Gardens," "The Judgment of Paris," "Harlequin, Pierrot, and Columbine," and "The Prodigal Son," from the "Rake's Progress," were hardly in keeping with the occasion. The popularity of the printed fan-mounts seems, however, to have run counter to the interests of the English fan-makers, for they thought necessary to petition against the importation of them from abroad; and one of their advocates proposed the levying of a tax of sixpence and a shilling upon every paper and leather fan-mount, calculating on a yearly revenue of between twenty and thirty thousand pounds, to the detriment only of some half-a-dozen paltry plate-engravers, who were enriching themselves and starving hundreds.

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CHAPTER II. Midwinter.

GETTYSBURG: JULY, 1863.

FRANCIS ASBURY.
With a Portrait.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

THE FOGG CATCHER.

SANCTUARY PRIVILEGES IN ROME.

UNDER THE ARCHES.

MR. MUDDLE'S MISTAKE.

A STUDY OF LEGS.

THE FOOD OF BIRDS.

EDUCATION OF THE COLORED POPULATION OF LOUISIANA.

AN HOUR AT SEA.

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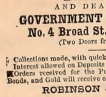
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 497.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



Ripple. Winning Stake. Zephyr. Io. Fort McHenry.

THE BALTIMORE REGATTA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY STANTON & BUTLER, BALTIMORE.]

THE BALTIMORE REGATTA.

THE illustrations which we give on this page represent the June Regatta of the Baltimore Barge Clubs—Undine, Ariel, and Zephyr, which came off June 12 at Terry Bar, near the city.

Long before the hour appointed the road leading to this branch of the Patapsco was uncomfortably crowded with every description of vehicle and dust-covered pedestrians; and by five o'clock there was no point commanding a view of the race course unoccupied. The long bridge and sloping banks of Cherry Shore to the right, and the wide pier to the left of the boating grounds, afforded a fine view of the entire race, and were packed with people, while within the inclosure—reserved exclusively for the friends of the clubs—and around the boat-house and cottage, the scene was a most brilliant and animated one. The ladies gayly decked in the colors of their favorites, the members of the clubs in full uniform, the cottage covered with streamers, the soul-stirring strains of a full brass band, and the wide expanse of water, dotted with tugs, steamers, yachts, and barges—all went to make up a picture seldom surpassed in beauty and artistic effect. And the bright eyes and fair faces of those grouped along the verge of the terrace or on the verandas of the cottage, overlooking the river, grew brighter and more animated every minute.

Just before the boats of the four-oared race came up to the starting stake the six-oared shell of the Ariel club capsized, about 300 feet from shore, causing considerable excitement and some delay; but the crew bravely swam ashore with their boat, and were soon ready for the second contest. In the mean time the umpire's pistol was heard, and away from the Judges' stake (to the left of the boat-yard) shot the *Io* (Ariel club), *Zephyr* (Zephyr club), and *Ripple* (Undine club). The first and last named were old boats and rather wide, particularly the latter, which was in reality a six-oared barge—larger, wider, and heavier than either of the others, and with proportionably less chance in the contest. When about one quarter of the first mile the *Ripple* spurted ahead and steadily increased the distance to the turning stake and home, making the two miles in seventeen minutes seventeen seconds, and leading the *Zephyr* fifty-three seconds, and the *Io* a little more.

The booming of cannon, screaming of steam-whistles, and shouts of the lookers-on announced



THE BALTIMORE REGATTA—CLUB-COTTAGE AND BOAT-HOUSE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY STANTON & BUTLER.]

the result, and the crew of the *Ripple* pulled in to receive the congratulations of their friends.

The skull *Ariel*, notwithstanding her mishap, was at the stake in time and ready to strive with the sixoared, outrigged barge *Undine* for the champion colors. It was evident, however, that the upset had shaken the men's confidence in their craft and somewhat unnerved them, while the crew of the *Undine*, encouraged by the success of their fourcared barge and eager for the fray, were in fair better condition and spirits. It is hardly, then, to be wondered at that the latter led, almost from the start, and was fast leaving the shell when that unfortunate boat struck west over and was run ashore. The *Undine* continued her course and made the winning stake in 15 minutes exactly.

During this six-oared race, prior to the upset, the excitement on shore was intense, particularly among the ladies; and from the various views by the flag along the course there after clear greeted the race boats as they passed. The presentation of flags to the winning crews closed the regatta; and before the "shades of evening" had fairly fallen upon shore and river, "all was again quiet along the Patapsco."

Thus ended the first regular regatta of the Patapsco navy, and we trust each season may add to the number of their boats and the interest of their contests.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1866.

THE NEXT ELECTIONS.

AS the political organization known as the Democratic party, which was so signally rebuked at the last Presidential election, and which, with the exception of Delaware, does not control a single one of the States which were loyal during the war, is preparing for another effort to recover power, it is well that Governor Monzon, of Indiana, in a late powerful speech, has recalled its history in that State.

It will be well also for every man to consider what its history has been in his own State, in order that he may truly estimate its claims as a party to public confidence, and determine how safe the country would be in such hands. Of the Democrats who were faithful to the Union and Government we do not speak. Their names are well known if they are conspicuous men; and if not, they are honorably remembered by their neighbors.

But the position of the Democratic party as a party during the war was one of the severest censure of the policy of the Government, and of constant vituperation of the rebellion. Feebly and technically it usually declared for the Union, while all the measures taken for its preservation were decried, and the Administration was held responsible for the war. This was natural; for the leaders of the rebellion at the South were, without exception, also leaders of the Democratic party. On the other hand, those at the North who could not conceal their joy at the disaster of Bull Run were Democrats only. Those who denied the authority of the Government to wage war—who carried out the possibility of its success—who tried in every way to embarrass it—who fomented and excused the riots of 1863—who hung, in National convention, adopted a platform of disgrace and surrender, framed by VALLANDIGHAM, and appealed to the loyal American people to confess themselves conquered—all these were Democrats, and this was the action of the Democratic party.

As VALLANDIGHAM, the most notorious rebel sympathizer in the country, was the author of the Democratic platform of 1864, so ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, the lieutenant of JEFFERSON DAVIS in the rebellion against the Union, who declares that his views are unchanged, and that he is still a secessionist in principle, is the author of the Democratic platform of 1866, upon which party newspapers and orators and men and representatives now stand, and upon which the country will be asked to join them in the next election.

But as the questions now before the country are most momentous, as they are indeed virtually comprised in this—whether the Government shall remain in the hands that have saved it, and whose fidelity has been tried by fire, or be confided to those who have sought its overthrow or manifested with the effort to destroy it—it is of the utmost importance to remember that the political contest of the autumn will be one of principles and not of men. Thus the personal character of Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS has not been impeached, nor his ability. But his popular election to office would be an approval of the most pernicious political doctrines, and justly appall every sincere friend of the Union. What is true of Mr. STEPHENS in Georgia is true in any State of any candidate of the party which adopts his views. Such a candidate may be personally as honorable and able man, but no man is so strong as his party, and no party despotism is so strict and unscrupulous as that of the Democratic party. It is not the lantern in front, however bright its light may be and burnished its metal, but the huge driving-wheel behind, which is the important part of the locomotive.

We must look through the candidates, therefore, to those who nominate them. It is not likely that in Ohio VALLANDIGHAM will be offered to the voters, and HORATIO SEYMOUR in New York. Time and defeat have shown the necessity of cunning. The same spirit and principles which large leaders represent, the bitter hostility to the enlargement of liberty and equal rights, and the Tory reaction which calls itself Conservatism, will strive to conceal themselves in less offensive forms, and appeal for support in smoother phrases. The Democratic party in this country is the party of ignorance, of prejudice, of class privilege, and social disorder. It is the party of opposition to the fundamental American principle of equal liberty and law. For more than a generation it controlled the Government, and its policy, always alarmed by its steady invasion and destruction of that principle, cast it out of power, it raised its hand to destroy the Government itself when the country was in peril. It was a crime, says Governor MORTON, "for which history has no pardon, and the memories of men no forgetfulness."

Let such a party be judged by its history and by its necessary tendency, not by the personal merit of individuals whom it may nominate for office.

WHAT DO WE PAY TAXES FOR?

THE fiscal year 1865-66 will close by the time these lines are published. Enough is already known to enable the statisticians of the Treasury Department to estimate the revenue for the year. They report that the revenue from internal taxes will be not less than $305,000,000, and that the revenue from customs (which is paid in gold, or what is the same thing) will be not less than $155,000,000, equal to $205,000,000 in currency—estimating the gold at 133 per cent. In all they tell us that the total revenue will not be less than $510,000,000—a larger income than is enjoyed by any other government on the face of the earth.

This is not a small sum for the unmixed satisfaction. It is grand to think that our Government is the richest in the world. But, after all, these riches are drawn from the labor and profits of the citizens of the United States, and the proposition may just as well be put in another shape—namely, that the citizens of the United States are the most heavily taxed people on the face of the earth. If the population of the country may be safely estimated at 32,000,000, we are paying this year at the rate of $15 per head, which is double the average rate of taxes paid in Europe. It is not quite so grand to realize that we pay man, woman, and child, without distinction, twice as much money to support our free republican government as is paid by the "downtrodden masses of Europe" (we are anticipating the orators of next week) to support their "sovereign, bloated despotisms." Our whistle is a good one, and sounds clear and shrill; but we are paying for it, seemingly.

These reflections are timely, in view of the final adjustment of the Tax and Tariff bills in Congress. The Revenue Commission urged the remission of a number of very productive and decidedly inquisitorial taxes, and the reduction of others. Neither House of Congress has adopted its suggestions; and the Senate, under the lead of Senators FESSENDEN and SHERMAN, seems inclined to insist on maintaining the present scale of taxation. General economies urged upon Congress, both for the sake of tax-payers and for the sake of the revenue, a reduction of the exorbitant duties upon foreign goods. They seem more likely to be increased than diminished.

The most curious feature in the affair is that these important questions appear to be considered by Congress practically from the point of view of class-interest. When the internal revenue on tobacco is in question, committees are heard representing the tobacco-growers, the cigar-makers, the tobacco-venders; no one represents the smokers. When the tax and duty on iron are on trial gentlemen appear who represent the mining interest, others who represent the importing interest, others who represent the rolling interest; nobody at all seems to represent consumers of iron. When the tax or duty on wool comes up delegations appear before the Committee to argue the question from the point of view of woolgrowers, other delegations which look at it from the point of view of manufacturers of woolen cloths, and yet other delegations which represent importers of foreign wool and woolens; nobody seems to appear on behalf of the great community which wears woolen clothes. Every body, it seems, has his say before the Committee and before Congress except the public. The public has no friends and no friends. When the newspapers tell us that a hard fight is being waged in committee on the wool duty, we have not the slightest idea as to whether we—the poor, helpless public—shall be mulcted by the wool-growers, or by the woolen manufacturers, or by the importers. It is not a question whether or no we shall be mulcted. That is a foregone conclusion, and we are used to it. We see very little which of the rival claimants for the plunder, of which we are sure to be bereft, wins the day.

It is a nice question how long this sort of thing will last, and how it will end. We remember, about five years ago, when the tariff was being altered, that a question arose about the duty on wood-screws. The duty under the existing tariff was nearly prohibitory: it was proposed to make it wholly so. The proposition was maintained by Senator SIMMONS, of Rhode Island, on behalf of the American Wood-Screw Company of Providence, Rhode Island. There was nobody to answer him. The consumers of wood-screws hadn't a friend in Washington. A feeble protest was registered by a New York city journal, but it had no effect. Senator SIMMONS carried his point, the duty on wood-screws was made prohibitory, and the American Wood-Screw Company of Providence, Rhode Island, is understood to have since declared dividends equal to one hundred per cent. per annum. This is only one instance out of a host.

The people of the United States love their Government, intend to maintain their national credit, and are able to pay taxes which would crush less prosperous nations to the earth. But the poor, purblind, stupid old tax-paying public may nevertheless be indulged to the extent of knowing how much of the taxes it pays really goes to the support of the Government, and how much to the fattening of such concerns as the American Wood-Screw Company of Providence, Rhode Island. If the law says that we must pay money to swell the dividends of Mr. SIMMONS's American Wood-Screw Company, we, as law-abiding people, will put our hands in our pocket forthwith. And so if the law says we are to pay money to Mr. SMITH, who is a woolgrower in Michigan, or to Mr. JONES, who is an iron-founder in Pennsylvania, we shall be ready with the greenbacks on the day appointed. But "when found, we shall make a note on't," as Captain Cuttle used to say. And when election-day comes round, the chances are fair that we shall draw the attention of the regular nominee to the subject somewhat forcibly.

"Mr. BROWN or WILLIAMS (as the case may be), I calculate to vote for you as the regular nominee of the party. I expect you to support the Government of the United States, and to vote whatever taxes may be necessary to maintain its credit, and to enable it to pay in any specie-basis all of the leading nations of the world. If, in order to do this, it be necessary to pay $15.$\frac{65}{100}$ per head, as we have paid in 1865-66, I'm ready, and we'll foot the bill. But before you vote any of my money to fill the pockets of such concerns as SIMMONS'S Wood-Screw Company of Providence, Rhode Island, I want to know it. I who speak am a producer too. If any producers are to be fattened out of the public purse, I claim my share. I want you to secure it. If SIMMONS'S Company is to get money out of the public for making wood-screws, I claim an equal amount for raising onions. Mine are home-grown, by the way, at neighbor BROWN gets money for wool-growing, I claim an equal sum for growing potatoes. If JONES is rewarded for manufacturing cotton or woolen cloths, I demand just as much for my field of squashes, which are a credit to American agriculture. If SMITH draws money from the nation for manufacturing iron, I insist that my brother, the cobbler (who needs the money badly), receive a corresponding amount for manufacturing shoes. We don't know much about political economy down our way; but we know enough to say that if, out of the purse we make up for him each year, Uncle SAM pays any body a dollar for carrying on an honest business, he ought to pay it to every one who carries on an honest business, and if you are not prepared, Mr. BROWN or WILLIAMS (as the case may be), to vote for the fund for my onions, potatoes, and squashes, and my brother's highlows, I guess, as soon as the reconstruction question is settled properly, I shall vote the other ticket."

Masses move slowly, and it is hard to say how much time may elapse before people generally take notice of the matter. The existing régime may go on until the contraction of the currency brings "hard times" to every door. As matters stand now, by dint of losing money by the million a week, Government keeps up a fictitious prosperity which enables people to pay the exorbitant taxes, and nobody complains. But when the grind the mills of the gods they grind exceeding fine, and the day will come that the men who vote to tax the people exorbitantly for the benefit of this or that manufacturing establishment will have to look to it for their reward.

THE MINORITY REPORT.

THE Report of the minority of the Reconstruction Committee of Congress is a feeble amplification of Mr. LINCOLN'S Proclamation of opinion that, "as soon as the seceding States respectively made known their readiness to resume their former political relations with the Federal Government under the Constitution," they were to be admitted into Congress without deliberation or conditions. The minority Report asserts that certain citizens in certain States rebelled, that their rebellion has been suppressed, that the States as such were not involved, and at the moment of defeat regained every slight they ever had. The Report not only denies the authority of Congress to provide for the common safety by any conditions whatever, but it demolishes the validity of the President's action. "The power to establish or modify a State Government," says the Report, "belongs exclusively to the people of the State." And unable to find even the necessary condemnation of the President implied in the proposition, the Report meets the dilemma by saying in effect, granting that the President has usurped power, the loyal community has not acquiesced in the usurpation, and that is enough!

The one good effect of this wearisome Report, as of the unanimity of Governors and LEGislatures and the Copperhead speeches in Congress and elsewhere, is to show to the people that the President and Congress, however they differ in measures, fully accord upon the leading principle in the matter of reconstruction, and that the principle is, regard for the public safety. They differ as to what the public safety requires, but they both act from the necessity of the case. Thus when Mr. RAYMOND again falls into the old fallacy of asking what constitutional authority Congress is for imposing conditions upon representation, he is met by the simple truth that there is precisely the same constitutional authority for imposing conditions upon representation that there is for the Presidential appointment of Governors, and the Presidential designation of voters. For the doctrine of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and the minority Report is either true or false. Either the National Government was powerless except for collecting revenue and holding district courts within every rebel State, when the insurgents surrendered, or it had exactly as much power as in its judgment was necessary to secure peace and confirm the Union.

The latter being the plain common-sense of the situation, is the doctrine of the loyal American people. It is in vain to split hairs upon the question of the exact extent of the Government States. It remains a pernicious abstraction. There is something amusing in the preposterous gravity with which Mr. STEPHENS and his friends in Congress inform the faithful people of this country, who freed the slaves in order to undermine the rebellion, that the rebel States having confessed to succeed and now by "continuous right" return to a larger share in the Government than they had before. Does Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON seriously suppose that the people who had faith enough and sense enough to suppress such a rebellion really mean that those who rebelled shall have gained political power by its defeat equal to those who remained faithful and were victorious?

It is this issue of common-sense and not one of Constitutional hair-splitting which will go to the country in the coming elections. Nor is it a question whether loyal Representatives from any State shall be admitted, but whether any State lately in rebellion shall be represented until it has given reasonable and honorable guarantees of fidelity to the Union.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE AMENDMENT.

THE President has expressed his disapproval of the new Constitutional Amendment. It is to be regretted that he has done so, for his disapproval will not be and is not asked. It is unfortunate, also, that he should suggest the doubt whether the action of Congress is in accordance with the sentiment of the people, and whether the present State Legislatures truly represent that sentiment. The truth is, that the Union Conventions of Maine, Ohio, and Indiana, which have spoken with such force, and Governor MORTON, of Indiana, has opened the Union campaign in that State. The feeling of the dominant party in every Northern State is unmistakable. Their words and resolutions ring out in the true patriotic tone. They approve most heartily the proposed Amendment, and sustain the general policy of Congress.

Besides, the words of the Constitution are very plain. "The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States shall call a Convention for proposing amendments, which in either case shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by Conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress." Here is nothing requiring the approval of the President nor the election of new Legislatures. The only case in our history of the Presidential signature to a constitutional amendment was that of the Emancipation Proclamation which President LINCOLN returned, saying that he thought he had no right to sign it, but as Congress had submitted it he would not refuse. But the Senate voted that it had been sent through inadvertence, and directed that the House should not be notified that the signature of the President had been affixed. The Supreme Court of the United States considered the point too clear for argument, and the Senate in 1863, by a vote of 23 to 7, resolved that

an amendment should not be presented for the Presidential signature. The proposition of amendment is something with which the Executive power has no concern whatever.

Familiar with this uniform practice as he must be, it is curious that the President should apparently think it an irregularity in Congress that it has submitted the Amendment to him. Nor can we see that there is any purpose whatever in the Message, except to reiterate the President's conviction that until Senators and Representatives have been admitted from the unrepresented States no Amendment ought to be proposed by Congress. That is his well-known opinion, in which he differs from the great body of his fellow-men in the country. But having amply stated it upon many occasions we had hoped that he would abide, without further debate, by the reference of the dispute between himself and Congress to "the sovereign people of the nation."

As it is desirable that all possible delays should be avoided, and as there is no doubt whatever that the Legislatures of the States faithfully represent the sentiment of the people, we hope that at the earliest moment the vote may be conveyed to pass upon the Amendment. And if Tennessee shall be the first to approve it, we shall hail it as a happy omen of the national sanction.

THE EXCISE LAW.

THE object of laws is public order, not private morality. The temperance laws, or those which undertake directly to regulate individual dress and food and drink, are properly considered unjust invasions of personal rights, and may be opposed upon the soundest principles. It is, therefore, a very adroit political trick to represent a distasteful law as sumptuary. The intention is to create a prejudice founded upon a proper feeling. The trick is of the same kind as that which sought to defeat anti-slavery laws as irreligious, upon the ground that the Divine law sanctioned slavery.

It is a favorite resource of the opponents of all regulation of the liquor traffic to oppose it on the sumptuary ground. To regulate manselling, we are informed, is a Puritan device. It is a measure of swivelling, hypocritical, strait-laced fanaticism, which pretends to be very pious and better than its neighbors; of canters who raise their eyes to heaven and thank God they are not as the publicans, while they stick their noses into other people's business, and try to establish brotherly love by statute. An effort to promote public order by regulating this traffic, we are told, is a mere mask of the meddlesome and stern old policy which was announced in a godly nasal twang by crop-haired Pilgrim conventicles. And so the impression is conclusive argument with weeds. Every man, it is claimed, has a natural and inalienable right of getting drunk. If he breaks the law, in consequence, he may be held to the penalty. But it is idle, cry the finely-indignant politicians, to think you can make men better by law. It is a stupid and natural folly of the youth who assumes to monopolize all the virtues and talents.

This tom-tom is lustily beaten, and not without effect. Why, cries an orator, in a noble burst of eloquence and humor, why should this man ponder try to bite off his own nose? Nature repels the foul endeavor. That nose may be pug or aquiline; it may be a chiseled Grecian member or a purple bottle; but why—will an intelligent, sovereign people please tell me?—why should he struggle to nibble it away? The intelligent people is not in contemptible pity for the Quixotic fool, and wonders that people should try to do what in the nature of things can not be done. But when some spectator happens to turn to see the frantic efforts of which he has been so thrillingly told, he discovers that, instead of trying to bite off his nose, the deluded individual is merely tranquilly combing his hair.

It is in this way that the recent Excise Law is denounced for doing what it does not even pretend to do. It is providing for public order, and it is denounced as a missionary enterprise. Society is of opinion that gunpowder is as dangerous a commodity that its storage and sale must be regulated by law. It is idle to say that any man has the right to make gunpowder and sell it, and that society has nothing to do with it. Society has the right of defending its order and safety, and must judge when they are threatened. It therefore justly claims to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors in the interest of public order. It does so not to fill the churches, but to relieve the prisons, for whose support it is taxed. It does not say that men shall not get drunk; but it does say that the traffic in a dangerous commodity shall be regulated. It does not legislate against liquor-selling as a crime, but against dram-shops as a nuisance. Under the new Excise Law more than five thousand shops have been licensed for the sale of liquor in New York and Brooklyn. Does this look like an attempt to make men virtuous by statute? Under the late law—for the principle of the present act is not new—the majority of the men whose business it was straight to the heaviest taxation of the community evaded the law requiring them to pay for a license. Under the new law they have paid more than a million of dollars toward the excise expenses.

The Excise Law, without abolishing the traffic, regulates it more stringently and produces a handsome revenue. To decry it as a Puritan blue law is merely to appeal to an ignorant prejudice. It is not in barbarous and demoralized communities, but in those which are intelligent and enlightened and progressive, that laws are passed to prevent the sudden prohibiting the carrying of deadly weapons and the storage and sale of gunpowder. It would be said to show a gross of bad rum is not a weapon as dangerous to society as a revolver in the pocket or a keg of powder in a store. If society, under certain conditions, chooses to protect itself against these, it may defend itself in the same way against rum.

A CONGRESSIONAL DANGER.

Now that the French occupation of Mexico is about ending quietly, we sincerely hope that the House Committee on Foreign Affairs does not intend to attack the Presidential attitude in a report upon the Monroe doctrine. But a late remark of Mr. BANKS, the Chairman of the Committee, is very suspicious. He says that a bill for the passage of the French troops from Mexico would have his support, and he vaguely foretold a Report which would treat the question in a very lofty vein.

We trust, however, that the majority of Congress will remember that neither the Ecclesiast Bobadil vein is favorable to statesmanship, nor to Columbian upon the Mexican or any other question. Mr. SEWARD has neither threatened nor cajoled in his correspondence upon Mexican affairs. He has said, as he says that a France to understand plainly that the people of the United States looked very jealously upon all European interference with affairs upon this continent, and could recognize no change of government in Mexico which was not the plain and uncoerced expression of the popular will. If, however, as is alleged, he permitted the French to make purchases here and prohibited the Mexicans, he did very wrong, and misrepresented the will which he had no right to set aside. But this is a matter which is not verified, and is intrinsically utterly improbable.

The prolonged and bitter native opposition to the new Mexican empire is the vital failure of the rebellion in this country, under cover of which LOUIS NAPOLEON undertook the Mexican expedition, the French army and the expedition would have the essential weakness of our system. The scoffer is discomfited upon that point. Now, he says, you will see the old story of a victorious Republic. It will make itself a nuisance to its neighbors. Shall we prove him a true prophet? Are we indeed unable to be as dignified in power as in reverses? Shall the ludicrous spectacle of the swift mellowing of enormous armies into peaceful citizens be tarnished by the swaggering rhetoric of our political leaders?

A great nation can dispense with rhodomontade. The speech of Mr. BANKS some time ago upon our part in the European situation was what sagacious school-boys call "squirt." It certainly made no man prouder of his country, and it made other people laugh at us. The calamity would be if the same sentiment is remembered more than their heroism. Let us be satisfied to rival their deeds, not their words. There is no living man who believes that the French intend to remain in Mexico, or that we should tolerate the establishment of monarchy by foreign force upon our borders in despite of our declared policy. If they announce that it is another matter. What then are we to gain by a resounding Report from the committee on Foreign Affairs? Our dignity and power are not to be increased by quibbling our present attitude of resolute expectation; and our good name and self-respect must suffer by grandiloquence. We are now so strong and vigilant, and the world is so well apprised of our vigilance and strength, that we can spare our superlatives.

HOW SHALL WE EXERCISE?

It is claimed by some at the present time that gymnastic exercise, so called, is altogether the best mode, because it brings into action all the muscles of the body; and the invention of teachers is taxed to the utmost to bring into use the greatest possible variety of attitude and motions. Too much is made of this part. The truth is that, for the purposes of health, say exercise that puts into action the body generally, as walking, running, active sports, etc., will answer equally well. Ordinary experience testifies this. Besides, if gymnastic exercises are exclusively relied upon, as they are in some cases, when the occasion for pursuing them has gone by there is apt to be a general neglect of exercise. The young lady who has been faithfully drilled in calisthenics at school, on going home will not follow them up alone, nor get up little companies for the purpose, even if some of her companions at school live in her neighborhood. A gymnastic teacher once told the writer that he knew many of their acquaintances all agog about a system of exercises; but after he left, as we predicted, the exercises were given up, and the appliances which they had procured—the poles, clubs, etc.—became a part of the lumber of garrets, and there they have remained ever since.

In making exercise a part of education (and such it should be) no narrow and exclusive views of it will answer. Not only does must be taken, and gymnastic exercises must constitute a *subordinate* part of the physical training. This is quite contrary to the view ordinarily taken by those who at the present day make much of this training in education. The general principle on this subject is this: *exercise must be so managed that a train fire it will be engendered*, so that it will be continued of choice when school days are past. For this purpose there should be variety, and in this variety common exercises and sports should be prominent, especially that most common of all exercises, walking. The great excellence of this is that it can be made to connect physical with intellectual education. The walks of people are not scientific walks. This, however, can not be effected until a radical change be made in the general plan of education. As it is now, pupils are taught merely by language and mathematics, while the broad field of nature is ignored in the school-room. Accordingly a walk out into this field is a walk of ignorance. There is no exhilaration in it. It is a task—lightened, it is true, somewhat by conversation, and by occasional stone throwing, etc., on the whole dull and monotonous; and the zone walks day after day become tiresome. But if, in connection with exercises, is a vast museum, and one who has learned these interpretations need never have a dull walk. Material for most interesting observation can be found every where. To one who has learned to use his eyes, as HUGH MILLER says, "the commonest things of the roadside become even stones and weeds, and the most familiar animals."

The very prevalent idea that all education is to be obtained either from a book or a preposterous idea. The observation and study of nature should form a prominent part of education, and much of this can be done along the line of travel, and by the way—thus abrogating the unnatural divorce of physical from mental training.

That school-keeper produce its best effect upon the system it should have some degree of exhilaration connected with it. For this reason common sports are more beneficial than mere labor. And it is to be regretted that in this country these sports are very much confined to the young, being considered inconsistent with the gravity and dignity of even the middle-aged of either sex. In England, in the common people, they are followed up to old age. We meet every now and then with reference to this in notices and remarks of prominent men. Recently, in a memorial address to the memory of the most distinguished of English surgeons, we found a reference to his being one of a club to which some other eminent men belonged, called the Athletæ, and though one of the busiest of men, as the amount of labor which he performed as a practitioner and an author shows, he was known to be most with the club and engage in feats of activity, such as leaping, fencing, boxing, etc., maintaining thus his vigor even to the last, by that which was a long one. Among females in England archery is a common sport, and we recollect reading an account of some trial of skill there, in which some very old lady took the palm.

We rejoice in the general use by both sexes of all ages of skating, so fashionable of late years in this country. A great change this, for in the days of our youth the people of the States would have fastened the obnoxious term romp or girl-boy upon any school-girl. The change should go further, and take in sports of a more active nature for all sexes of the year. Without specifying all of the exercises proper for girls, we would say that for various reasons they should learn to swim as well as to skate.

Riding horseback is a capital exercise, and children become fond of equestrianing. It is especially to to one who in his boyhood was accustomed to this use of one of the noblest of animals.

But, after all, the most useful mode of exercise, the staple exercise as we may call it, for the great mass of those who are getting an education, is walking. We can not recommend it too much. Boys, alone or with others, and can be made, as we have said, the medium of connection between physical and intellectual education.

LITERARY.

"A Narrative of Andersonville" by AMBROSE SPENCER, of Americus, Georgia, is just published by the Appletons. The title of the book shows that it is drawn from the evidence upon the trial of HENRY WIRZ, but that evidence is confirmed by the personal observation of the author, who, during the war, lived within nine miles of the prison pen at Andersonville. The story is as sad as any that History records, and it is one that ought not to be forgotten, and which can never be so truly told as now. "It may be asked by the succeptible reader," says the author, "if the foregoing delineations have been given merely to excite superfluous horror? if this coulsed statement of what has been verified under oath is not intended to keep alive the bitterness which occasioned the miseries described? The answer is, are the outrages committed upon defenceless prisoners of war, and the sufferings endured by the obscure soldiers of the Union, to be passed over as mere incidents of the rebellion? Are the nauseating details of their captivity, misery, and death beneath the dignity of narration?"

MR. SPENCER—whose sturdy fidelity to the Union was conspicuous through the war, who maintained in the very heart of the rebellion the inflexible loyalty to which the South must owe its future guidance, and who was a sympathizing witness of the sorrows which he records, as well as a close observer of the spirit of the population—writes with intense and sober feeling. But he does not stray from the proved facts. He makes no effort to excite individual obloquy beyond the terrible record. It is a chapter of history which should be of the truest service in illustrating the spirit of the rebellion, and showing the necessity of a real and not a delusive knowledge of the condition and sentiment of the South—a necessity as vital for the late insurgent section as it is for us.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 19:

In the Senate, a bill to grant lands in aid of the construction of a railroad from Dubuque to the Missouri River, in Oregon, was taken up and passed.—The Army Appropriation Bill was next considered, and after some discussion was passed.—The House resolution of thanks was appreciated overwhelmingly, and a joint resolution for the support of the Federal Union was passed. Resolutions for the appointment of a Committee to investigate the affairs of the Freedmen's Bureau, and for the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the expediency of repealing the Tenure of Office Act, were offered.—The Senate then went into executive session, and after the consideration of the Secretary of the Navy's report on the Alaska purchase, the Treaty was ratified.—The House passed, 104 to 37,

In the House, the vote by which the bill to establish a Department of Agriculture was passed on the 14th instant was reconsidered, and the bill was passed; yeas 80, nays 66.—A minority report from the Reconstruction Committee was presented.

June 20:

In the Senate, the recommendation of the Finance Committee to fix the tax on cotton at two cents a pound was agreed to.

In the House, the bill to increase the pensions of widows and orphans was passed. The bill to extend the provisions of the pension laws to prompt marshals, deputy provost marshals, and enrolling officers who have been killed or wounded in the discharge of their duties. The second section increases the pensions of widows of deceased soldiers and sailors, having children, at the rate of four dollars per month for each child under the age of sixteen.

June 21:

In the Senate, a joint resolution was passed giving fifteen hundred dollars to Mrs. Abbie Green for her services in assisting one hundred and nine Union prisoners to escape from Libby Prison.

In the House, a resolution was adopted to consider the expediency of the repeal of the salt tax to the reduction to mileage, so as to make the payment of mileage more equal and more in accordance with the actual cost of travel to and from the national capital at the present time.—The Salt Bill was passed, 72 to 61.

June 23:

In the Senate, that section of the Tax bill granting to Railroad Companies the right to add to their charges an account of the tax, was restored.

In the House, a resolution was received from the President in reference to the joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution, relating to which it had been communicated by the Secretary of State to the Governors of various States on the 18th of June, but which was a ministerial act, and not to be considered as involving the action of the President in the premises.—The Army Appropriation Bill was taken up and passed.

June 25:

In the Senate, a joint resolution authorizing the hiring of buildings for the temporary accommodation of the Department of State, was passed; also, a joint resolution to provide for the publication of an official history of the rebellion.

June 26:

The Tax bill was next taken up. Mr. Henderson offered an amendment striking out the tax on checks, which was rejected, yeas 10, nays 24. An amendment to add a tax to the free list was adopted. The bill was read a third time, and passed.

NEWS ITEMS.

DR. HARRIS'S tables show that during the week ending on June 23 there were 434 deaths in this city, and 54 in Brooklyn.

The Boston *Journal* says that the statue of Hon. Edward Everett has been completed in clay at Mr. Ball's studio. It will be ready for dedication in May.

The Governor of the State of Tennessee, has issued a proclamation, calling the Legislature of the State to meet at Nashville on August 14, for the purpose of ratifying the amendment to the Constitution of the United States just proposed by Congress.

We have intelligence, by late arrivals from Europe, of the death of the late Professor Henry Rogers, formerly State Geologist, which took place at his residence, near Glasgow, on the 29th of May.

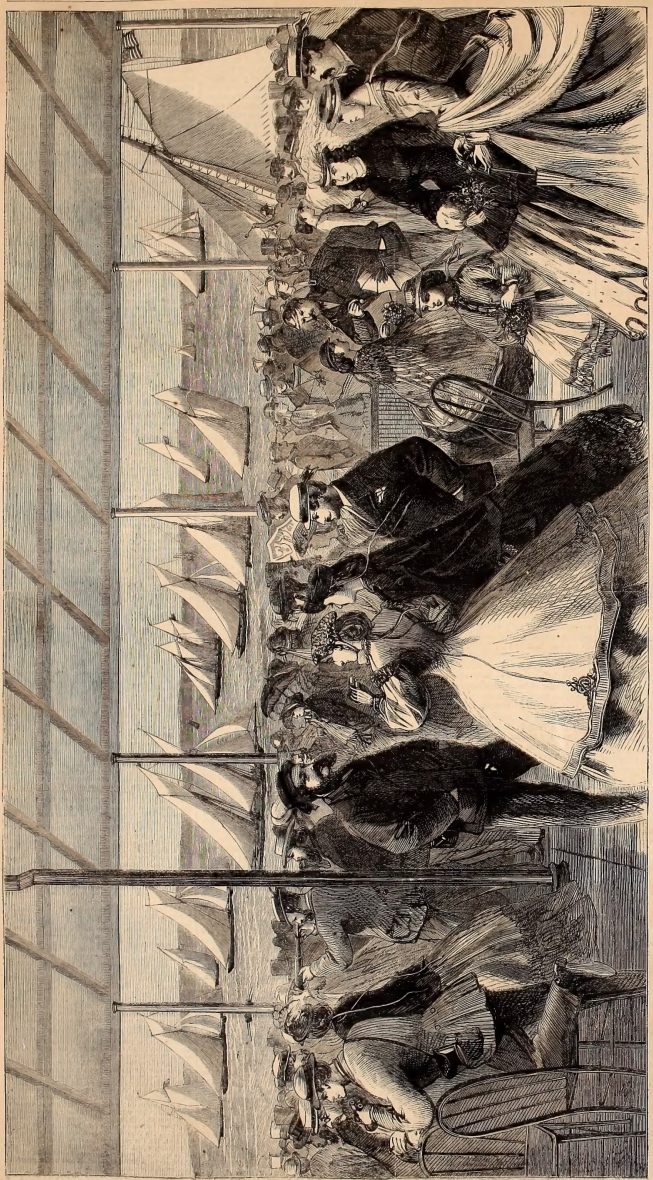
The Memphis *Avalanche* says affairs have reached such a pass in Texas that the people unless relief is given by the people of the country will be afraid to come to the city for fear of being murdered. The *Avalanche* says every farmer's foal is stalking over the country, hand in hand with robbery, arson, and every other crime in the calendar.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ACCORDING to our latest foreign advices, hostilities had not as yet recommenced, but had been brought one step nearer by the severance of diplomatic relations between Austria and Italy, as well as by the landing of Garibaldi in Italy. The Austrians had completely evacuated Holstein, and retired into Bohemia, followed by the Prussian troops.

In regard to Garibaldi's campaign the Vienna correspondent of the London *Times* describes the frontier between Tyrol, and a maritime expedition up the Adriatic is contemplated on the same side of the sea as Dalmatia, it is certain that on the coast of Istria or Dalmatia, it will be a war of fortresses. Monfalcone, the Austrian Turkish Fortress, among those the only support the Italians might rely on, and Garibaldi's battle-field and head-quarters will be either there or in the mountains. At all events it is difficult to tell to a general insurrection of the Venetians, unless in the commencement of the reaction, could be made subservient to the main bead. It would be necessary for Garibaldi to keep his troops in a condition to descend from the mountains and march between Trieste and the main position of the Austrians, in order to cut off the retreat to Venice. Along all that line, and down upon it from the Alps, the Austrians have their forces drawn up, from Carnic Alps, the Fluvo, the Tagliamento, fasts of irregular warfare, and the Italians will have to fight their way down and cutting by landing now at one point now at another. Garibaldi will be able to do this, and he will run along the shore, all unsupported because Venetians, and consequently become Venetians, and by reaching the mountains of Venetia, he will be able to draw the forces of the Archduke from which spring the Rivers and others of those Crossings, the maritime war of the Carnicott della Stelvio and in concert with those of the Austrians as they met with on the same battle-fields in the Austrian and unfortunate Venetians.

The Princess Mary was married at Cambridge, London, on the 13th inst., to Prince Frederick Adolphe Alexander Prince von Teck, of Bohemia, lately an officer in the Austrian service.



SECOND ANNUAL REVIEW OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, JUNE 19, 1866.

THE YACHT REVIEW.

THE annual review of the New York Yacht Club, which we illustrate on this page, took place June 19. It was understood that this exhibition of the sailing qualities of the yachts and the exchange of courtesies accompanying it should take place in the Lower Bay, and a number of the yachts, among them the *Henrietta*, *Maria*, and *Mara*, went down on Monday, lying overnight at anchorage in the Horse-shoe. On Tuesday morning the yacht *Magic* hove in sight, and presently the steamboat *River Queen* bore down with the melancholy tidings that the review was to be held in the Inner Bay, as it was concluded by the ladies, or for the ladies, that the weather was too rough outside.

This alteration of the programme was, for the ladies at least, a wise one, as it certainly was quite too turbulent outside for the enjoyment of any thing less matured than a salt of several years' standing. The threatening character of the early morning had evidently deterred many ladies from being present, as there were but few in the yachts or on board the steamers compared with other years, but those few appeared to highly enjoy the entertainment provided for them. Inshore, on the Staten Island side, were the steamers *C. W. Thomas*, *Belle*, and the *River Queen*; also the steamboats *Octavia* and *Wave*, with a like precious freight; and the yachts *Rambler*, *Phantom*, *Fleetwing*, *Widgeon*, *Magic*, *Halcyon*, *Fanny*, *Ida*, *Zolaska*, *Zip*, *Lily*, *Ella*, and many others not carrying signal-flags or other distinguishing mark of any kind.

Several hours were passed in the most agreeable manner by the yachtmen conveying their lady guests from yacht to yacht. Music, of course, was provided on many of the yachts, the *Henrietta* being especially blessed in this particular. Guns were fired in a highly boisterous manner on a great many occasions, and colors were dipped and changed in a most mysterious fashion to one whose signal-reading is limited to MARRYAT. Then there was a luxurious repast worthy of DELMONICO. The courtesies of the day lasted several hours, the affair concluding with some maneuvring by the yachts.

This review, or rather inspection, is the second that has taken place under the auspices of the Club, and had there been a more full attendance of yachts, and but for the delay arising from the necessary change of locality, would have been unexceptionable in all respects. The New York Club is the oldest and unquestionably the best on this side the Atlantic, and comprises some yachts that would put to the blush the best of the famous squadrons of England.

The *River Queen*, from whose deck our sketch was taken, was President LINCOLN'S favorite vessel. It belongs to ALFRED VAN SANTVOORD, of Albany.—The name of the *River Queen* has become historic by the fact that in her cabin the celebrated conference was held off Fortress Monroe between President LINCOLN and Secretary SEWARD on the part of the United States; and Messrs. STEPHENS, HOUSTON, and CAMPBELL in behalf of the so-called Southern Confederacy, which ended in smoke.

NITRO-GLYCERINE VS. GUNPOWDER.

ON Saturday afternoon, June 16, a series of important experiments were made by Colonel SCHAEFFER, at Washington, showing the relative explosive force of nitro-glycerine and gunpowder. We give an illustration of these experiments on the next page.

There were some five hundred gentlemen present, among whom were many officers of the army and navy. Several water torpedoes were exploded, the powder scarcely making any spray, and the nitro-glycerine raised the water over one hundred feet high. Several musket barrels were charged with the two substances, and the nitro-glycerine in each case tore the iron



Land Torpedoes exploded by Electricity. Rockets set off by Electricity. Bursting of Gunpowder Target. Bursting of Nitro-glycerine Target. Submarine Torpedo.

GUNPOWDER *vs.* NITRO-GLYCERINE—EXPERIMENTS UNDER GOVERNMENT INSPECTION, NEAR THE NAVY-YARD, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SKETCHED BY A. M'CALLUM.]

into fragments. Mines were similarly constructed in the earth, and on iron plates, and with these the superior power of the other compound was forcibly shown. A wrought iron shaft twelve inches in diameter, with an orifice one inch in diameter, was torn in pieces. A similar result took place with a cast iron shaft, and an experiment with powder similarly applied failed to injure the iron. Earth mines were tried, and the crater produced with powder did not exceed four feet in diameter, while the nitro-glycerine tore up the earth about twelve feet across the crater.

Colonel SHAFFNER illustrated how the San Francisco explosion occurred, by saturating saw-dust with the glycerine, and many very interesting experiments proved the extraordinary power of nitro-glycerine, and how easily it can be handled and employed without incurring the danger common to gunpowder. The Government aided Colonel SHAFFNER to make the experiments with the view of promoting science.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(*Continued.*)

An hour passes away before, Robby having told the whole story so far as he knows it, any tranquillity is restored. Filled with the most painful apprehensions, Mrs. Sorel, nevertheless, endeavors to reassure herself, as well as her companions, by all manner of hopeful conjectures. Mr. Arthur may have merely alighted somewhere, leaving his horse standing, and it may have left him; or, he may have been thrown, though not seriously hurt. But she herself and Alice too, hovering about her mother's couch pale, cold, and silent, can not but recall the singular manner in which Mr. Arthur parted from them that morning. All through their deep grief they have both felt vague apprehensions, even painful anxieties, on his behalf. Not on political grounds, for, as they both well know, there are no men so safe just now as Union men, even if Mr. Arthur's course had not been so quiet and without positive offense, as, in spite of his thoroughly known loyalty to the Union, to leave him without one embittered enemy in the world.

But Mrs. Sorel, and Alice also, can not help, even in that anxious hour, remarking the silence and, if possible, deadlier pallor into which Mrs. Bowles has fallen.

"Blind, blind, blind," she says it more to herself than to Dr. Warner, now with her, Mrs. Sorel and Alice having gone for the moment out of the room. "You know it all, Dr. Warner, perhaps have known it for months, and for me, her own mother, never to have more than feared it."

"Feared it, Madam?" says Dr. Warner, with some indignation. "As to knowing it, there are few besides yourself but know Mr. Arthur was attached to your daughter, has been devotedly attached, I dare say for years. A good many of us have fancied it exceedingly likely his affection was reciprocated."

"He never whispered such a thing. Alice never even hinted any thing of it to me," Mrs. Bowles says, feebly, and in a bewildered manner.

"Because he knew the aversion for him you, and her brother too, might have, Madam," remarks Dr. Warner, warmly. "He did not even know she herself might regard him, being, as he knew she knew him to be, a thoroughgoing Union man. He was too honorable, Madam, to endeavor to win her affections against your wishes—too proud to desire, even, to intrude where he was not heartily welcome. Had things continued as they were, in my opinion, though most devotedly attached to Alice, he never would have taken a step as long as the world lasted."

"Thus so many terrible blows should fall upon me at once," moans the invalid, feebly lifting her hand to her forehead.

"You are in a weak state of health, Madam," interrupts her physician, with a good deal of firmness for him, but professional and as with a patient, "and we ought not to converse at all. Only I must say this. For all we know, Mr. Arthur is, at this moment, lying dead, either thrown from his horse or by the hand of an assassin. God forbid! But, if he lives, there is no man living I would so well be pleased to see Miss, if she were old enough, the wife of. A gentleman of spotless character, of good talents, of sincere piety—one who has proved himself, during all these years of madness, true as steel, through great and unceasing pressure, to what he knew was right; not a partisan in it either, calm, mild—I declare, Madam," says Dr. Warner, with more spirit than he ever dared exhibit to his wife, "I am astonished at you." And he rubs his bald head with the palm of his left hand impatiently. But Mrs. Bowles only lies with her eyes closed, pallid, silent.

"There is one thing, perhaps, I ought not to mention," says Dr. Warner, after a very long pause, and much rubbing of his brow. "Under these peculiar circumstances, however, and it is of a nature which will make it sacred with you. Mr. Ferguson might not like it—might be very angry with me," continues he, with a very plain and frightened recollection of the character of that person; "but I *know* the secret is safe with you. You will pardon me, Mrs. Bowles, I speak only this once, do it to relieve your mind. You are not as rich—pardon me—Miss Alice will not inherit—oh, forgive me—" in great confusion.

"You are not intending to remind me of our poverty." Feeble as she is, not more than barely able to speak the words, the pale sufferer shashes Dr. Warner greatly by the silent dignity of her eyes fastened with surprise on his.

"You are right, pardon me. As my wife says, I always am doing something I ought not," remarks the culprit, feeling himself a huge culprit to the extremities of his disarranged neckerchief in every button-hole lacking its button, and with his head sunk into its shoe-buckle droop. "I only meant to say that Mr. Ferguson has placed a sum of money, a very large sum indeed, he has no child or relative, you observe—nothing else on earth to do with it," the Doctor adds with a deprecatory gesture, and by way of apology for Mr. Ferguson, "out of interest in Mr. Arthur's name. He intends the papers as a wedding gift to him on his marriage. Besides, he has made a will—"

"Dr. Warner!" Nothing but that, with its accompanying look, but it cuts the physician to the bone. There is long silence, during which he looks at his watch and administers a soothing powder, rubbing his head with vexation, but having nothing more to add.

"I am bewildered, exhausted, can not sleep as you all would have me do," murmurs Mrs. Bowles at last; "but I am still in my right mind. And I never can consent that my daughter should marry, though he had every other quality under heaven, an—an Abolitionist. That Alice should have an affection for one *kills* me."

No more than that; but oh the tone in which it is said! Mrs. Bowles closes her eyes and lies as pale and cold as marble, as much beyond Dr. Warner's reach as if she were in Heaven.

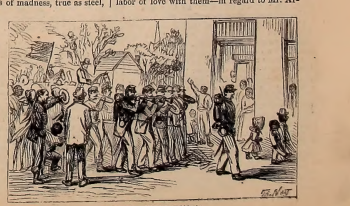
He feels it, gives over rubbing his forehead, and steps quietly out of the room, as a wrecked mariner might crawl ashore out of the waves, the storm-beaten condition of the man altogether indescribable.

He finds Alice reclining on the sofa of the next room, which is the parlor, Mrs. Sorel sitting on a low stool at her head. Alice has been, is weeping, and at a glance Dr. Warner sees that these two, at least, are in fullest sympathy with each other.

Yes, he thinks Mrs. Bowles will sleep, perhaps, if left undisturbed. Nothing from Robby yet? For Robby has gone back to send the servants out in every direction to inquire—a labor of love with them—in regard to Mr. Ar-



THE LOVERS.



"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

thur. Robby has not reened, has not had time as yet.

"A dozen of us will be off as soon as it is day," Dr. Warner remarks, and proceeds to prove that there is not the least possibility of any harm having befallen their friend. "Heaven has pressing need of just such a man in the now times before us, Mrs. Sorel," is the somewhat inconclusive argument, among others, which he urges, amidst much warm eulogium of Mr. Arthur. "His has been a living, powerful contrast to that man Barker, a sort of peaceful antidote to his virulent poison in Somerville for years now."

"There is no man living to whom I would as proudly and gladly give our Ria as a wife," the Doctor adds for Alice's especial benefit, drooping his head the instant after in self-reproach for having spoken the words.

Meanwhile Alice has stolen once or twice into her mother's room, and pronounces her to be resting fairly. She has just persuaded Mrs. Sorel to go to her room and lie down, when a step is heard upon the front portico and a bell follows at the door. With stealthy step, lest he should disturb the invalid, yet with beating heart, Dr. Warner hastens to the door. In the deepest anxiety Alice and Mrs. Sorel hear him greeted in a voice they do not recognize. There is a low but muffled conversation upon the porch. Then Dr. Warner introduces no less a person than Mr. Bob Withers into the room, says that gentleman will explain, and, with a self gone, gone in such hurry as to forget his hat, and then, still more wonderful, his saddlebags, after each of which he has to return.

"You will forgive my intrusion, ladies, though I believe it is not yet nine o'clock," says Mr. Withers, declining a chair. "Thanks, no, I can stay but a moment. The fact is, I called at the Doctor's house and was told he was here. By-the-by, I should have told him to return the way of his own house. I fear his lady is in strong hysterics. The instant I told her Mr. Arthur was shot—I beg pardon, Mrs. Withers, in dismay: for Mrs. Sorel. passing one arm around Alice, herself totters as she stands, while Alice rallies all her soul to her aid and composes herself by desperate struggle.

"By George!" The exclamation bursts entirely of itself from Mr Withers's lips. "He isn't killed, you know, on that account. I have been shot myself twice. I say you know, as I heard the circumstances, in connection, I am sorry to say, with cards. There is hardly a man in all my acquaintance—in a way—not, of course—but has been shot at some time during his life, badly cut at least. But it is a wonder in this case. Peel to Wright, whispering in the ear of the two, evidently aimed at a cotton button on the left side; button shattered, by George's account, not to shreds, but to pieces. Ball has lodged, undoubtedly, in the breast. Bullet, you know—"

Alice can now look steadily at their visitor She has often seen him before, knows the general character as a good-natured but dissipated man, generally esteemed, somewhat, in spite of his wild courses. Mr. Withers has a frank, honest face, a little too highly colored, but he glows before Alice now, beautiful as Apollo—Bacchus rather.

"In one moment, if you please, Mr. Withers," she says, and glides quietly into her mother's room. Is detained there for several minutes. "I hope my mother was sleeping. She is not, but I found her awake. She begs that you will please come into her room, she is anxious to hear."

Excessively awkward does Mr. Withers feel as he takes a seat on the sick chamber. He is startled at the appearance of Mrs. Bowles, whom he has not seen before for a long time. reminds him of his mother, of persons made by him to just such a pale invalid in just such a darkened chamber; promises made with passionate weeping, but, alas! how poor keep. Mrs. Sorel has told him in a whisper of the death of Rutledge Bowles. Very quiet is Mr. Withers in his manner, having vague ideas, in addition to all else, that those present have deeper interest in Mr. Arthur than he imagined when he first came

"You see, ladies," he says, "I was returning about noon to-day from Colonel Juggins's—been out to key-note for my boy—and my carriage. About a mile this side of Mr. Wright's I saw some one lying in the road—Mr. Arthur. He was waving his hand to me to make me so fast as I could see him. 'For Heaven's sake make haste, Mr. Withers!' he said, 'haste, haste!' I supposed he was anxious to get to a doctor, and placed him, as fast as I could, in the ambulance.

"Now drive for Mr. Wright's as hard as you can,' he says, 'never mind me. I am in great loss of blood, but I can see a physician afterward.' So, Mr. Withers, fast, fast!' he kept saying, which was unnecessary, for my boy knew 'young they always go when I am behind them, very fast indeed. I don't perfectly understand the thing," remarks Mr. Withers, pausing for a while, "but I will tell it all to you as it happened. As my mother always said we must say one word how he was wounded, you this: 'The instant we got to Mr. Wright's house,' he said, 'Mr. Withers, throw the ambulance with me, run in and tell Mr. Wright as he loves his daughter to come out instantly, instantly! and see me one moment. You will find Dr. Peel there; don't mind him, any thing he says or does. You are a kindhearted man, Mr. Withers, and a brave man, do as I tell you as you ever loved mother or sister,' he said; 'excuse my repeating it."

"Well, but what the mischief?" I began. 'I can explain all all,' he says, 'one word, only not. Only do as I say, and that quick, for God's sake.'

"'But you may be in, by George! *dying* need of a doctor,' I began. 'On! on!' he only said; 'it's ten thousand times more important for me to get there in time than for me to live!'

"By that time we were at Wright's gate. There was a carriage before it. I began to suspect the thing. I dashed in. 'Peel, Peel, yes! There in the parlor they were! They must have gone in but that moment. Dr. Peel was a tremendous fine looking man, broadwash on the floor, the most splendid looking bride-ground Ever saw in broadcloth, ruffled shirt, gold chains, white satin vest, kid gloves, perfumes—in a word, the most magnificent as an emperor, my life, big and magnificent as an emperor, handsomest fellow I ever came up with. By him was his bride, Miss Anne Wright, in a traveling dress. You know her, that pale little but pretty as the Apollo Belvedere, with a perfect figure, and beautiful as a lily. Parson Barker had just begun when I dashed in. There was a tremendous fuss and flurry. 'Stop!' said Mr. Withers, with excitement; "it was all in a minute; I saw the couple standing there so beautiful and happy. Peel turn positively blue, knocked Parson Barker flat over in my hurry. I do not know how I managed it, but I had Mr. Wright out at the carriage door again and saw something as rapidly and earnestly as a man could. Then he came rushing back past me and struck me a blow as if a devil. I never saw such a face as that before," remarked the speaker, with a shudder, "I never want to see it again. Mr. Arthur beckoned me to get in. I did so.

"Now for a doctor as soon as we can. Mr. Withers, if you please,' he said, 'as soon as possible. I couldn't help it—he would have—God help him—what comes of it!' something like it, and fainted dead away. I got it in them boys I rather think, left him just getting out of his swoon on his bed at your house, Mrs. Sorel, came on for Mr. Wright, and that," said Mr. Withers, passing his hand through his hair, "is all I know about it."

Without a word, Alice brought Mrs. Sorel her bonnet and shawl, and aided her to put them on, though with trembling hands. "I will take good care of Mamma," she says, with a color in her face, a light in her eye, a tone in her voice such as sheds a new light upon Mr. Withers's mind.

First, indulging, as he eyes her, in a shrill whistle, strictly internal and inaudible, he remarks to himself, "Well, I'll be darned! what business a preacher has with as pretty, by George! as splendid a girl as that. However, Arthur's a trump if he is a parson!" A little discontented, though.

"I am sure Mr. Withers will be kind enough to drive you home," says Alice, with heartfelt eyes upon Mr. Withers.

"Oh, certainly, with pleasure. Ambulance standing over at Mr. Warner's gate," replies Mr. Withers, promptly. But he lingers, with his hand upon the back of the chair upon which he has been seated. "Miss Alice, I know nothing, you observe—I hope you will pardon my attending to such a matter. The fact is," says Mr. Withers in a desperate hurry, "there's no human being ever hears about this matter from my lips. You ladies, I am sure, have the delicate to it to see that. Mr. Arthur has fixed it so the very bride, poor, poor thing! will never know the truth of his father's manager-ship. Mind, ladies, Mr Arthur has never whispered a syllable to me, by George! he has acted with the coolness to which I am not, by George, heir! But I am satisfied, putting every thing together, perfectly satisfied that man Peel, Dr. Peel he was called, by George! I—excuse me, it is almost impossible to believe it—was after all, a—" The word sticks in Mr. Withers's throat. "I am sure that your lips and mine will be killed by Wright, as sure as I am standing here. But I am satisfied, by George I—excuse me—I am sure that Peel was the thing that can explain it at all. Peel was a negro, a mulatto, I feel certain of it. Or was, I should say. If he is a brave man he acknowledges the mistaken. At your service now, Madam." And Mr. Withers starts for the door, stands hesitating there a moment, and then disappears.

"I hope you will be certain to excuse me, ladies, for mentioning such a matter before you —by far the most horrible thing in the whole line, by George! *my* life. No other human beings besides yourselves will ever have a whisper of it from me. Poor Arthur!" Mr. Withers, with a furtive glance at Alice, "I thought there were those here to whom all I did know about Mr. Arthur was interesting. I am sorry I don't pretend to be certain, that about Peel not positively, you know. Feel morally satisfied myself. Wrong all things to suppose that Mr. Arthur, take to swear it, by George! Ah, excuse me, Good evening!"

"When he come rushin' out ob de back door," the very black Parson Orange, a sleek, rotund, remarkably smooth-spoken and utterly unprincipled negro man, by the way, and the very moment, to Colonel Juggins's dein, in the latter's ear, "I tink he was gone, was gone to turn white, he was so pale! Dreamt it?—and Orange can only express the degree thereof by an attempt at the words used by him in public prayer, and only suitable thereto. "Oh, yes, I had your Massa's blood-mare ready; it was my dream to do it, as I told you. Just as it was in my dream—berry mare, berry spot, berry man rushin' out widout his hat, berry lips blue as I sees 'em in my dream. Dreamt it? Dreamt it all my vitions again, will you?—heh, heh, heh!" nodding his wise head over the memory of it with wonder on wonder.

"Well, what den?" Jem breaks in upon Orange's ruminations.

"I'll belick in dreams from dis day out; always did. Oh, little more! 'Is dat you, Orange?' says he. 'All right'—jumps on dat mare and is gone. Jest like in a dream. Humph! I don't know but it all *was* a dream. If only your Massa can look at it in dat light 'bout his blood-mare," adds Orange, with a grin at his duller confederate. "Now see how much brighter I am dan you'd be den, Jem. You would a hurried off. Dat's my gain. Sot down flat on de ground; took off one shoe, and broke de string." With another grin.

"What did you do, Jem, with respect.

"Listen, nigger: fore you could count one hundred, Mr. Wright he come tearing out after him, de white hest on bell in his eyes, revolver cocked in his hands. Come upon me, hayperdee! Seein my shoe. 'Which way?' dat was all he said. 'Which way?' Man all dressed up, Massa? I asked. 'Which way?' dat is all he said, in a tremendous rage, finger on de trigger, all de debbils in hell in his face. Dat way, Massa, dat way, I says, in a hurry, pintin' somewhere, any where, quick. 'Tell Ark to follow me on Roan,' he says, and *he* is gone—exactly as in de dream!"

"An' you?" asks Jem, eagerly.

"Yes, Sar, de darker an' de faster *he* trabbel on dat road de better. Yes; I went on de place an told Jack. 'Massa hasn't time to come in de house? Jack told me 'bout it while he was saddlin' Roan. Peel was on de floor to be married—actly to be married, nigger, to Miss Anne. Yah! Almonare drove up to de door; man jumped out, run in, carried de father out to it like a child, an instant he do it. Peel took out de back-door, knockin' oder de niggers crowded dere to see de ceremony; didn't obey stop for him. Massa, he run up quick as he shut himself up; got to prayin' up dar, Jack said."

"Miss Anne?" asks Jem, with intensest interest.

"Jack say, when her father was hurried out one door, she run out on de udder, de stood frightened out ob her wits. Sudden' her father came rushin' back, wild.' Then she rushes for him, all in her white and trabbelin dress, to hold him in her arms. Jack say she kept holdin' him, I know it, ya, I know it; he didn't hide it; he told Jack he was a brave man. It was my fault; he wanted me to let him off if I would. I loved him, ya, don't kill him, don't kill him! I wouldn't have him die like a snake, shrieking an' cryin—her pa sayin' nothin', only curses in' sayin' to get away. 'If you kill him kill me,' she say, 'kill me, I'm a Union girl, a brave man; I hate de Soul; I hate de Confederacy; kill me too, me too, I love the Yankees, I hate de Secession.' I tell you it was all her pa could do to break from her, she wrapped herself all 'round him so.

"Her he broke away at last, leavin' her dar on de floor in her bonnet an' things in a dead faint, poor darlin'. Rover away like de wind, Sar. They all lobbed her mightily, dem niggers, they was all cryin' over her, said it would kill her sho'. I 'member," added Orange, reflectively, "one day 'bout two weeks before, she was at a prayer-meeting we had over at your Massa's, Jem, you remember, 'adds Orange, with a tender reflection, "she was for certain de sweetest an' beautifulest work of God *I* ebber see. 'Tis mighty hard."

But time flies very fast, even though it accomplishes the greatest events as it flies. In the compass of about two hours Mr. Arthur is recovering, the Confederacy, more like, now it has come and gone, some awful vision of inspired prophet than a reality, Mr. Bob Withers, with the aid of its armies and in the capture of its Lucifer, expired from the face of the earth, only a terrible memory to be recalled forever. It is a pleasant June evening, and Mrs. Sorel and Alice are seated in Mr. Arthur's room. He is able to sit up on the sofa, though pale from loss of blood, but rapidly recovering. Her great affliction has left its traces upon Mrs. Sorel, if it were only in the sadness which has softened into a deeper, purer quiet the lines of her mouth, the light of her eyes. And Alice, seated by her mother's side, as they had been during long married, is serene of countenance, even though its paleness is heightened by the deep mourning which she has clothed—double mourning—for at once brother and mother.

"Yes," Mrs. Sorel is saying, while Alice is silently busy with her needle-work, "Alice is indeed the hand of a Father in it. That Mr Withers should have been able to say all that to Mr. Arthur, that so providential a chance as I had feared, before, Mr. Arthur entertained sentiments—was one of a class whom I have been trained by my husband to regard with horror unspeakable,' she said to me when I went back to her next day. 'I have given over endeavoring to understand Providence. I am content to leave it all in the hands of Him who doeth all things well. I withdraw now my objection in regard to Mr. Arthur. Rutledge Bowles is gone. I once regarded Mr. Arthur as the best friend I had on earth, even when cold and quiet while I was feverish; but we will speak no more about it,' she said, and kept repeating—you remember, Alice?—even to the end, 'He doeth all things well, doeth all things well.' You ought to love Alice very dearly, Mr. Arthur,' Mrs. Sorel added, gravely: 'that was what was the truest lady I ever knew in all my life."

"God knows that I do that only too well," Mr. Arthur adds, as gravely, looking with fondest affection at Alice; "and," as she lifts her loving eyes to his, "I have loved her from the first moment I saw her with an ever-increasing affection. I will not speak of that, because no words can at all express it. My gratitude to God for giving me back at once my country and you, Alice, is unspeakable. And, of all the world, it is Brother Barker shall marry us! If I had been in his case I might have been probably would have been—worse than he. We have both endured, during long and terrible years, what we are fitted for the better world upon which we are entering together—a new world, Alice, with new duties, new sufferings, perhaps—who knows? But we are preparing upon it together. I ask no more, love, than that you will consecrate to me, then, their hands lie upon the arm of the easy-chair, touched in one. But at this moment Robby comes in, one brown soberly as he can, yet in greatest excitement.

"Mr. Brooks, oh, Mr. Brooks!" he exclaims, and holds up a warning hand.—"Listen! Listen!"

Sure enough. The distant music of a military band. Very faint, yet they can hear it as they sit with suspended breath. Stronger now and louder. What is the air? Wait. Still nearer. And the faster takes the other hand in his, one down already. Clearer. Their eyes meet inquiringly. Still nearer the music sounds —music loud, clear, sweet exceedingly. Robby and his sister have turned, are looking the other way, attentive only in that direction, and the lips, too, of the lovers meet. For the tune is that sung of old in the Land Hall Columbia. Nor the Star-Spangled Banner. Nor yet Yankee Doodle. It is—to these two of all tunes on earth!—Home, Sweet Home.

TO

The Men and the Women of the South,

OVERCOME,

but as the gallant ship is overcome, by the gales which waits it from God, only to bear it onward;

OVERCOME, NOT OF MAN,

but by the sublime Will of Heaven, too mighty for human resistance, controlling all things toward the highest welfare of the world;

TO YOU

this Book is dedicated by one, if the humblest, not the least sincere and devoted of your number.

THE IMPENDING EUROPEAN WAR.

We give on pages 424 and 425 a very accurate and comprehensive Map of Middle Europe, which is valuable not only as including the entire arena of the European conflict, now fairly entered upon, but as showing the whole the latest results of European engineers.

We purpose, in a few paragraphs, to give here a general survey of this all-important conflict which, whatever be its results, must materially change the dynastic relations of the great continental Powers of Europe. It will be necessary, in the first place, to allude briefly to

THE TREATY OF VIENNA,

which in 1815 made a disposition of the map of Europe that has been the basis of all Continental diplomacy in Europe for half a century. This treaty was based on the downfall of the Bonaparte dynasty, and on the fundamental principles was the perpetual expulsion of that dynasty from the throne of France. Since then Belgium, Portugal, and Sweden. Coming also immediately after the wide-spread shattering of old landmarks consequent upon French conquests, the arrangements of victories amounted almost to a reconstruction. This reconstruction was based almost exclusively on dynastic considerations, the rights of the nations and the tendencies of what are now called "nationalities" being scarcely thought of. Every where were nations fragmented and distributed under foreign sovereignties. England's gain, indeed, was fully equaled by her loss in the new plan. She kept Malta, which was taken from the French, one got rid of, and to satisfy royal prejudices she also preserved the kingdom of Hanover, now about to cease. At the same time Austria was given to Austria, and Sardinia was confirmed to Piedmont; while the duchies of Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and Lucania were recognized as shams independent sovereignties, governed by collateral branches of the Austrian House. Austria built further obtained possession of the Tyrol, Illyria, and Dalmatia. Prussia's gains were enormous, and, unlike those of the Austrians, were accessions of real power. With half of Saxony, nearly all Westphalia, Swedish Pomerania, and almost all the Lower Rhine Provinces, she started afresh as a rival of Austria far more formidable than before. In the North of Europe, Russia received Finland from Sweden; as a consequence of which Sweden received Norway, which was taken from Denmark; and Denmark, who was not represented at the congress, got nothing in return. As to Poland, the three great partitioners made some fresh restriction of boundaries. The innumerable petty German States which had existed before the French Revolution, and which had been what diplomatists call mediatized, or, as plain people call it, absorbed at the setting up of the Bonapartist Confederation

of the Rhine—these all remained swallowed up by their powerful neighbors. Holland, having ceded her German possessions, was consoled with the Belgic provinces, and became a kingdom; and Switzerland remained much as before.

The changes which have been made in the map of Europe since 1815 have been mostly in the second and other circles. The wars that have taken place have been distant from the centre. The wars in Turkey, Italy, and Denmark have left the great central region undisturbed. The chief theatre of the great European conflicts and conquests, and changes of boundaries, and reconstruction of dynasties, of the Thirty Years' War, of the Seven Years' War, of the wars of NAPOLEON, has now had fifty years' exemption from the pressure of hostile armies, and fifty years of advancement in all that constitutes the prosperity of nations and the happiness of the people.

THE IMMEDIATE OCCASIONS OF THE PRESENT CONFLICT.

Middle Europe is decorated with two opposite peninsulas. The northernmost of these is Jutland, reaching into the North Sea; the southern is Italy, extending into the Mediterranean. The actual trouble in Europe has to do immediately with these; more remotely, however, with the dozen of separated nationalities, which, replacing the old phantom of a balance of power, is the ruling idea of nineteenth-century diplomacy. Politically, as the ancient custom went, the duchies of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg belonged to Denmark; nationality, they belonged to Germany. Politically, Venetia belonged to Austria; nationally, it cohered with Italy. And to adjust these geographical, political, and tribal considerations, Europe has been perturbed for the last twenty years, and must at last go to war to settle them.

Schleswig and Holstein have for some hundreds of years been subject, almost invariably, to the crown of Denmark, though preserving to a large ether and as to the Danes a certain independence. The treaty of Kiel, 1814, gave the two provinces territorially to Denmark, but left them members of the Germanic confederation.

A new monarch, FREDERICK VIII., coming to the Danish throne early in 1848, found the two duchies in open revolt. The German empire had just been set up, and the people of the duchies resolved to be free. The cause had, in fact, a double. It lasted, with varying fortunes, until 1850, when, the Danish armies becoming decidedly triumphant, Prussia and Austria intervened with large bodies of troops. The revolt was subdued, and in 1851 the Great Powers met at London and fixed for ever the destinies of the duchies; and it was determined, May 8, 1852, that upon the demise of the actual owner of the Danish crown the latter should pass to CHRISTIAN, Duke of Glücksburg, and the duchies remain, as before, members of the Danish monarchy.

The demise of the Danish crown occurred in 1863; the claims of the Duke of Augustenburg were revived; a fresh conference of the Great Powers was called, for Austria and Prussia, acting in behalf of the German Confederation, had overrun the duchies with their troops, and King CHRISTIAN was on hand to secure the inheritance. The conference produced no fruit. The Danes were driven into the upper peninsula; the duchies were liberated, and constituting the claims of the Diet, the two powers took possession of the duchies, and proceeded to dispose of them. Austria held out her rights in Lauenburg indefinable as they were, to Prussia, but agreed to govern the larger duchies in common with the associate power. Quarrels necessarily resulted. Prussia wanted to monopolize Kiel, an important port on the Baltic coast. Austria was indisposed to this; and then, taking advantage of the extreme unpopularity of the Berlin Government in the duchies, it sought to secure a valuable influence in Northern Germany by concessions and indulgences to the emancipated communities.

This state of conflict lasted until the summer of 1865, when, as the only alternative of war, a treaty was concluded at Gastein (August 15) by which, within neither Power gave up its eventual claims to the entire plunder, Prussia was left to dominate over Schleswig, while Austria was suffered to work its sweet will with Holstein. Austria, having tried to get back a slice of Silesia in exchange for Holstein, and been snubbed, was even disposed to consult the people of that duchy on their own affairs, and when a refugee journalist or two took advantage of Holstein hospitality to denounce the tyranny of Prussia just over the border, Austria would not surrender the offenders, or silence or punish them. So Prussia continued to menace the Austrians, until the latter some three months ago saw the necessity of strengthening their northern frontier, which called for corresponding activity on the part of Berlin, and so with mutual mistrusts and useless parleyings the contending powers have urged on their armaments; and on a last resort, short of the ultimate re-sort of all, Austria has called over the destinies of the duchies to the Federal Diet, and summoned the Estates of Holstein to advises which the Court of Berlin, embodied in the resolute BISMARCK, chooses to denounce as the equivalent of a declaration of war.

THE REAL CAUSE OF THE WAR.

But the Schleswig-Holstein question and the Italian question are but the proximate occasions, and not the real cause of this War. The real issue is to be found in the rivalry between Austria and Prussia for supremacy in the Germanic Confederation—or rather, for the supremacy over a united Germany.

The secondary states of Germany must very shortly sink into the embraces of either Prussia or Austria; and this vast ..ooty is the stake for which the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns are gaming. Prussia is powerful, but unpopular; Austria is extremely popular with the reigning houses, but weak in finance, and also weak in its diversity of subject races and in its Italian relations. At the present time the indications are that in the approaching conflict it is Austria that will enlist the Diet and its minor members in its favor; and that while Hanover and Saxony will affect neutrality, and submit, if need be, to be fought over, Wurtemberg and Bavaria will take the field by the side of Austria.

THE GERMAN BATTLE-FIELD.

This strife for the imperial crown of Germany must have a theatre distinctly traced by the necessities of the case. Each combatant must strike, if possible, mortally; it his blow must therefore be at the heart; and he will be the victor whose blow first faces. Already we hear of an Austrian corps recalled from Holstein; there they would be beyond the chances of danger, or subject to recall. It is along the frontier of Silesia and Saxony, under the shadow of the Giant Mountains" which fern the northern boundary of Bohemia, and within such a day's ride by rail of Dresden, that Field Marshal BENEDEK has massed as much of the Austrian army as is to do the German campaign; in other words, the high road to Berlin is the objective point of Austrian energy. To repel this movement, and to make good an advance upon Vienna, is the business that brings the Prussian infantry with their needle guns face to face with the Austrian.

If the Austrians make good their entrance into Saxony, and over the fertile hills and valleys of that happy kingdom, if they attain and pass the strong positions, fortified and held by Prussia on the Saxon frontier, the march to Berlin will be a parade. The barrier removed, they will have before the lists where the possibility of an Austrian occupation of Prussia is to be determined; and it is within the bounds of possibility that they may a second time decide the fate of the Brandenburgs.

STRENGTH OF THE COMBATANTS.

The subjoined figures exhibit as clearly as figures usually do the apparent strength of the leading parties to this German quarrel:

	Area. Sq. Miles.	Popula-tion.	Army. Men.	Navy. Tons.	Debt.
Austria	258,511	37,000,000	800,000	69	$1,260,000,000
Prussia	108,333	19,594,332	350,000	50	None.

The great majority of the Prussian population are Germans, the total number of persons of non-German nationalities being only two millions and a half. Less than one-fourth of the Austrian population is German, as will be seen from the following:

Germans	8,300,000
Bohemians, Moravians, and Slovacks	5,000,000
Poles	4,500,000
Russians	3,800,000
Hungarians	4,000,000
Croats	1,800,000
Servians	1,400,000
Bulgarians	800,000
Magyars	6,000,000
Italians (inclusive of Ladins and Friauli)	3,000,000
Eastern Slavonians	1,700,000
Members of other races	1,400,000

THE SITUATION IN ITALY.

But Austria has to contend not only against Prussia, but against Italy also. Her acre of agony under Austrian rule, the Italians, encouraged by the BONAPARTE on the throne of France, arose in 1859, and with gallant gallantry drove the last long-deserted task of expelling the hated "Tedeschi" from the peninsula. Before the task was completed the Bonaparte, who had promised to liberate Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic, paused at the Mincio, and made at Villafranca a peace with the enemy.

To acquire Venetia has been the single idea of the Italians from July, 1859, to this moment. To sell it, to exchange it for other territory, to part with a foot of it on any terms but of the sternest necessity, Austria has incorrigibly refused; and its redemption has only been possible through wars and treaties. The Schleswig-Holstein war offered the Italian King an opportunity he could not decline. Minister BISMARCK has now failed to stimulate the hesitating ambition of King VICTOR; the Court of Vienna asserts, and events justify the belief, that a recent treaty with Prussia and Italy to assume the offensive simultaneously. Such has been the intense feeling of the Italians on the Venetian question that the paralyzing embarrassments of politics thus long put the popularity of their king in peril; and to disband his enormous standing army without a blow would be to encounter the risk of a popular outbreak.

Austria has assigned some three hundred and fifty thousand men, commanded by the Archduke ALBERT, to the defence of Venetia. The Italians have about an equal number of regular troops constituting them, commanded by General DELLA MARMORA, with the veteran generals CIALDINI and DURANDO as subordinates. But the most effective part of the peninsular army is the volunteer force, headed by GARIBALDI, numbering already one hundred thousand of the Italian youth, drawn from every province in the kingdom, and largely reinforced by refugees from Venetia.

The provinces for the freedom of which the war is to be waged lies in the northeastern angle of Italy. It is bounded westerly by the River Mincio and the Lago di Garda, northerly by the Alps, southerly by the Po, while its eastern limit is defined by the Adriatic and the Austrian territories of Trieste and Dalmatia.

To defend this outlying bit of empire Austria has established on the only approachable land side a quadrangle of fortifications, supported by a movement to forbid access. They are the great fortresses of Mantua, Peschiera, Legnano, and Verona, Mantua, on the centre of the Mincio, Peschiera, from which may be flooded in periods of danger, and it is flooded at present; Peschiera, at the foot of the Lago di Garda, commanding the Austrian frontier, and forming the northern extremity of a chain of defenses which render the Mincio from Mantua to the Lake practically impassable; Verona, with its fortified camp, and Legnano, in the rear of Peschiera and Mantua, forming the supports of the others, and intimately connected with the German frontier, and the ultimate base of Austrian defense, by the Venetian system of railroads, now used exclusively by government. The armies of the Po are those of Italian advance by the way of the Romagna. To assault Venetia the fleet of the "gentleman King" may approach Venice, or threaten Pola and Trieste; the regular army of DELLA MARMORA may attack the defenses of the Mincio, from which NAPOLEON III. recoiled; and the volunteers, swarming across the Lakes, or—by keeping with the intrepid tactics of GARIBALDI—turning its northern extremity—may appear on the Austrian flank.

The kingdom of Italy has an area of 98,781 English square miles, with a population, according to the last census, taken in the spring of 1864, of 21,761,325 souls. It has a seafaring population of 158,692 individuals, nearly all of whom are liable to the maritime conscription. The military organization of the kingdom is based on conscription, and the standing army consists of more than 200,000 men on a peace footing, and more than 400,000 on a war establishment. The navy of the kingdom consisted in 1865 of 98 steamers of 20,760 horsepower with 2160 guns, and 17 sailing vessels with 272 guns; altogether, 115 men-of-war with 2,949 guns. Italy has a public debt of nearly eight hundred millions of dollars.

ATTITUDE OF FRANCE.

The position taken by France in connection with the war is thus announced by the Emperor in a letter to M. DOUYER DE LHUYA, in which his Majesty, after detailing the efforts made in common with England and Russia to prevent an armed conflict, says:

"Had the Conference assembled my Government would have declared that France repudiated all idea of territorial aggrandizement so long as the European equilibrium should be undisturbed. France could only think of an extension of her frontiers in the event of the map of Europe being altered to the profit of a great Power, and of the bordering provinces expressing by a formal and free vote their desire for annexation. In the absence of these circumstances the French Government prefers to any territorial acquisition a good understanding with its neighbors, respect for their rights, and their independence and their nationality. We should have desired for the Germanic Confederation a position more worthy of its importance; for Prussia, better geographical boundaries; for Austria, the maintenance of her great position in Europe after the cession of Venetia. But all is exchange for territorial compensation. The Conference has failed. Will France be let to draw the sword? The French Government does not think it. Whatever may be the result of the war which may break out, no question affecting us will be resolved without the assent of France. Besides, therefore, we will continue to observe an attentive neutrality, confident in her right and calm in her strength."

The Diplomatic and European situation has been compiled from various sources. The best paper which has been published in this country on the subject appeared in the *New York Evening Post* for June 23. From this paper we have made extended extracts, using mainly the writer's own words without quotation.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

VERY EXPENSIVE BREACHES—Breaches of promise.

A Scotchman being asked to say what he thought "real music," answered, "Real music! hoot man, gin ye wad hear real music, listen to the bag-pipes!"

At a medical examination a young aspirant for a physician's diploma was asked, "When does mortification ensue?" "When you propose and are rejected," was the reply that gave him the coveted diploma.

A compass is said to have thirty-two points. The compass of some men's minds has no point at all.

"What branch of education do you have chiefly in your school?" was BISMARCK'S last query. "A birch branch, Sir," the master has used almost a whole tree."

A GOOD EXCUSE FOR DRINKING.—A lady made her husband a present of a silver cup with an angel at the bottom; and when she filled it for him he used to drink it to the bottom, and she asked him why he drank every time. "Because, duckey," he said, "I long to see that dear little angel." Upon which she had the angel taken out, and a devil engraved at the bottom; and he drank it up at one draught, and again asked him the reason. "Why," replied he, "because I won't have the old devil a drop."

Tom Kirkham used to tell of a friend of his dropping in about dinner-time on an old lady who invited him to draw up to the table. There was a small piece of the pot-roast for dinner. Her friend, who had been hunting, and so being hungry, was doing ample justice to the repast, when the old lady, with a view of getting more sort of meat in this place, "Yes, Madam," said he, "and fish too," as he drew from between his lips a bone he imagined was the back-bone of a veal horse or anchor. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the astonished woman, "if there ain't our dreadful comb that Billy had two weeks ago!"

A lady was told the other day, by a traveling physician, that every lady who had a small mouth was provided with a husband by Government. "Oh! is that it?" said the lady, smiling her mouth as little as she could. The gentleman asked, "What if she had a large mouth she was provided with two husbands." "My gracious!" exclaimed the lady, at the same time throwing her mouth open to the fullest extent. The gentleman became much alarmed, made his escape, and has not been heard of since.

A surgical journal speaks of a man who lived five years with a ball in his head. Job Squirm says he can beat that—he has had twice as long with nothing but balls in their heads.

THREE VISIONS OF ONE HEAD.

She wore a wreath of roses
The night that first we met;
Her lovely face was smiling
Beneath her curls of jet.
Her curls of jetty brightness
Were charmingly in tune
With the color on her features,
For the hue was Nature's own.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the hair that Nature gave her
And above her snowy brow.

A head of Paris fashion,
When next we met, she wore
The expression of her features
Was sharper than before.
And studying by her side was one
Who seemed to give her pain,
As he rubbed the reddening field on
Which should have held a brain.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the barber's nasty liquid
Smeared on her snowy brow.

And once again I met her—
No radiant locks were there;
An unwelcome wig she wore
Instead of lovely hair,
Her visage in silent solitude,
Because the locks as gone!
The barber's potion has destroyed
Her virgin bloom.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet I vow to see her now,
With the ruby proofs of fifty years
Upon her snowy brow.

"Sir, your account has been standing for two years, and I must have it settled immediately." To which the customer replied, "Sir, nothing is easily to settle by standing; I regret that my account is an exception. If it has been standing too long, suppose you lift it on a while."

Short visits are the best, as the fly said when he alighted on a hot stove.

An old lady who recently visited Gentle, New York, was asked on her return if the canal passed through that village? She paused a while and answered, "I guess not; I didn't see it; and if it did it must have gone through in the night when I was asleep."

WANTED—A feather from the dovetail of a carpenter.

The late Dr. Seymour was asked if he considered tight lacing bad for consumption? "Not at all; it is what it is for." was the cool and chilly reply.

The man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain is now engaged on a last for the head of a discourse—after which he will manufacture a plume for Gen. Intelligence.

Jenkins thus describes the hangings of a New York belle: "She wore an exquisite hyphothisin on her head, while her brain was composed of transparent fol-de-rol, and her petticoat of crumbandumb, flounced with Brussels three-ply, of A No. 1."

A jovial doctor on being asked, "How do you treat the cholera?" replied, "Treat it with unmitigated contempt."

AFRAID HE COULDN'T KEEP HIM.—The following advertisement appears in a Massachusetts paper:

"NOTICE.—The subscriber hereby forbids any person to marrying Rosalinda Frost, she having promised to marry me. JOHN GRAY."

Why is blindman's-buff like sympathy?—Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow-creature.

MR. WHIGGINS expressed her disappointment the other day on taking up the paper that "Time" asked them a girl's single living person dead that I know? It seems to me there ain't no more in this 'ere paper."

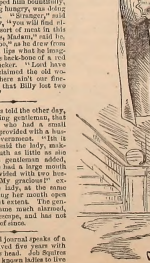
MEN who fight duels generally have two seconds to live after they are dead.

TO KILL AFFAIRS.—Hit your uncle's wife on the head with a hammer.

Some people are never contented. After having all their limbs broken, their heads smashed, and their brains knocked out in a railway accident, they will actually go to law, and try to get further damages.

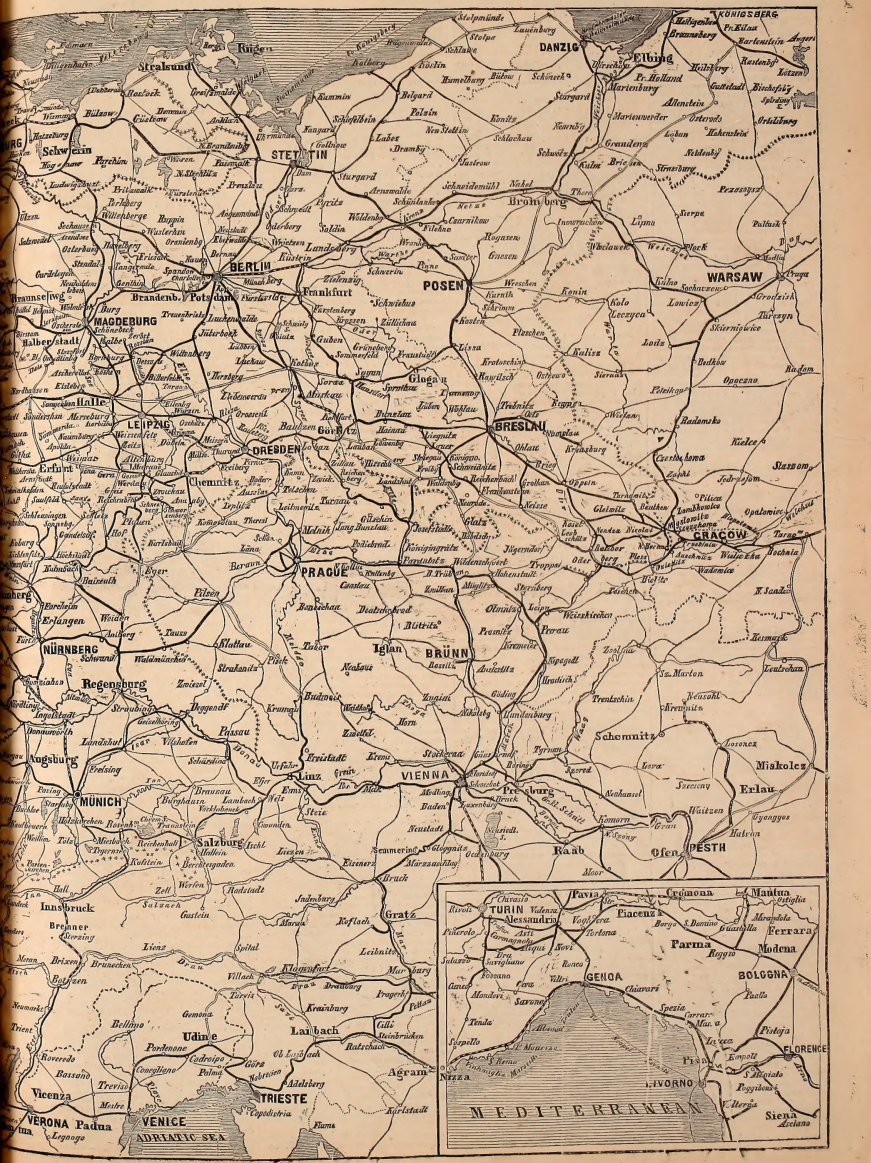
A recipe for instantly removing suspicious hair: Undertake to kiss a spunky woman against her will.

Why is a prudent man like a pin?—Because his head prevents him from going too far.



THE EUROPEAN SERENADER.


THE IMPENDING WAR.
MAP OF MIDDLE EUROPE,
SHOWING ITS RAILROADS, ETC.
NORTH SEA
HULL
SHEFFIELD
NOTTINGHAM
LEICESTER
NORWICH
Yarmouth
Cambridge
Ipswich
Oxford
LONDON
Canterbury
Dover
BRIGHTON
PORTSMOUTH
Ostende
BRUGGE
ANTWERP
GENT
Dunkerque
Calais
Boulogne
S.Omer
LILLE
BRUSSELS
Tournay
Mons
Arras
Valenciennes
Cambray
AMIENS
S.Quentin
Havre
Caen
ROUEN
Dieppe
Fecamp
Versailles
PARIS
Le Mans
Orleans
Tours
Poitiers
Limoges
Haarlem
AMSTERDAM
HAAG
Delft
ROTTERDAM
Dordrecht
UTRECHT
Leiden
Hertogenbosch
Leeuwarden
Groningen
Emden
Oldenburg
BREMEN
Minster
Wesel
Duisburg
Elberfeld
KÖLN
Aachen
Bonn
Coblenz
Siegen
Marburg
Giessen
FRANKFURT
Hanau
MAINZ
Darmstadt
Mannheim
Heidelberg
Karlsruhe
STUTTGART
STRASBURG
Colmar
Freyburg
Basel
Zurich
Bern
Lucerne
Lausanne
Geneva
Sion
Simplon
Chamonix
Mont Blanc
Aosta
Turin
Novara
Milan
Como
Bergamo
Pavia
Piacenza
Verona
Mantua
Modena
Parma
Bologna
Florence
Pisa
Leghorn
Siena
Rome
Civita Vecchia
Naples
Capua
Gaeta
Foggia
Brindisi
Otranto
Taranto
Reggio
Messina
Palermo
Trapani
Marsala
Girgenti
Syracuse
Catania
Malta
Corsica
Sardinia
Algiers
Tunis
Bona
Constantine
Oran
Tangier
Gibraltar
Cadiz
Seville
Cordova
Granada
Malaga
Cartagena
Alicante
Valencia
Barcelona
Tarragona
Saragossa
Madrid
Toledo
Badajoz
Lisbon
Oporto
Coimbra
Santander
Bilbao
Vitoria
Pampeluna
Bayonne
Biarritz
Bordeaux
Rochefort
La Rochelle
Nantes
Brest
Cherbourg
Dieppe
Boulogne
Calais
Dover
Ramsgate
Margate
Yarmouth
Lowestoft
Harwich
Colchester
Ipswich
Bury
Cambridge
Peterborough
Lincoln
Boston
Derby
Nottingham
Leicester
Northampton
Oxford
Reading
Windsor
Guildford
Brighton
Portsmouth
Southampton
Salisbury
Exeter
Plymouth
Falmouth
Penzance
Land's End
Bristol
Gloucester
Worcester
Birmingham
Wolverhampton
Shrewsbury
Chester
Liverpool
Manchester
Sheffield
York
Leeds
Hull
Newcastle
Carlisle
Edinburgh
Glasgow
Stirling
Perth
Dundee
Aberdeen
Inverness
Wick
Thurso
Stornoway
Portree
Oban
Fort William
Greenock
Ayr
Dumfries
Belfast
Londonderry
Dublin
Drogheda
Kingstown
Cork
Queenstown
Limerick
Galway
Sligo
Ballina
Waterford
Wexford
Kilkenny
Tipperary
Athlone
Mullingar
Longford
Cavan
Enniskillen
Omagh
Donegal
Letterkenny
Derry
Coleraine
Ballymena
Antrim
Armagh
Newry
Downpatrick
Wicklow
Arklow
Enniscorthy
Wexford
Waterford
Clonmel
Kilkenny
Maryborough
Kildare
Naas
Tullamore
Mullingar
Longford
Cavan
Monaghan
Dundalk
Drogheda
Navan
Trim
Kells
Mullingar
Athlone
Roscommon
Castlebar
Westport
Ballina
Sligo
Boyle
Carrick
Ballyshannon
Donegal
Letterkenny
Derry
Coleraine
Ballymena
Antrim
Belfast


KÖNIGSBERG
DANZIG
Elbing
Marienburg
Pr. Holland
Allenstein
Braunsberg
Pr. Eilau
Mohrungen
Rastenb.
Lötzen
Bischofsb.
Spirding
Ortelsburg
Lyck
Johannisb.
Lötzen
Angerb.
Insterburg
Gumbinnen
Darkehmen
Stallupönen
Tilsit
Memel
Heydekrug
Polangen
Libau
Mitau
Windau
Goldingen
Tuckum
Riga
Wolmar
Wenden
Pernau
Fellin
Dorpat
Werro
Pleskau
Narva
Reval
Hapsal
Arensburg
Wesenberg
Weissenstein
Wesenberg
Wesenberg
Wesenberg

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

Now if there had been any unconcerned spectator in the old work-shop that afternoon, he would have seen that so much sunshine was not without its shadow; and of all places in the world it lay on the gentle face of little Prim. Quite unnoticed, however; for Clover and Lily were too full of their own joy, and Sam too busy and interested in examining the new tools, to give heed to much else, and Prim's delight had been so very evident at first, that afterward it might well be taken for granted. No eyes were brighter than hers when the great package was first brought in, none watched more eagerly to see the wrappings taken off one by one. But when Clover and Lily had untied all their tools, and Sam was hard at work upon the third little package, Prim's face began to wear a look that was more anxious than glad. With great intentness she followed every motion of Sam's fingers, as he unfolded her small tools; just glancing at hon and rake and spade with a look that said, plainly, "*That* is not it," passing them by in a search for something else. And when, at last, the little trowel and fork appeared, Prim gave them all one more glance and turned away. Slowly she stooped down and picked up the stiff brown wrapping papers, laying them one by one together in another place, and then looked down at the bare floor at her feet, where clearly there was nothing more. But nobody saw it all; and Prim stood quite still, struggling with something she called her little heart, almost beyond control; and when Lily said, "Let's go and show mamma," Prim hurriedly gathered up her tools and followed the others into the house. Mr. Orr was seated on the way Prim's little hand made a swift dash at her eyes, all that Clover and Lily knew about it was that Prim had dropped her trowel. But Mrs. May saw the whole thing in a moment; saw the slight quiver of the child's lips as she came in, and the shining of her eyelashes that were not to fall, and the listless droop of the hands that held the new tools. It was well for Prim that the other two were in full flow of their own glad exclamations; and she drew back behind them, and thought herself quite hid.

"Just look! mamma," cried Lily; "did you ever see any thing so perfect? See, mamma, that's a hoe."

"Yes, I know so much as that," said Mrs. May. "And this is a spade."

"This is a spade," repeated Lily; "splendid, isn't it? Just feel how light it is! Why, Sam says one could dig all day with such a spade."

"Only a little while, Miss Lily," said Sam, doubtful raising of her eyebrows, as her unwonted fingers took hold of the spade (the first one they had ever touched). "It looks like a very fine spade, indeed; and I dare say you will find it quite equal to any grandmother's needles."

"And, mamma, do you see these beautiful weeding forks?" said Clover. "Sam says they're so good for obstinate weeds."

"Papa needn't have got 'em *for that*," said Lily, twirling round on both toes. "There'll never be any weeds in my garden, obstinate or complisable."

"What a charming garden!" said Mr. May, admiringly. "Pray is that word one of Jack's importations?"

"No, mamma—Robin's."

"I think I would let Robin keep it, if I were you," said her mother. "But where are Prim's tools?"

"Here, mamma," answered a sober little voice off in the distance.

"Oh yes, you should see them, mamma," said Clover; "they're so very pretty, so small and delicate. I think Prim's tools are almost the prettiest of all. Come and show them to mamma, dear—I didn't mean to get before you so. Prim was so delighted, mamma!"

But there was no delight on the child's face as she came forward, and her mother's ear even caught a long-drawn breath that was very near being a sob; and it was with almost an air of weary relief that Prim piled the tools on her mother's lap and stood with her hands.

"Yes, this is a dear little spade," said Mrs. May as she examined them. "I do believe I could dig with this very well."

A watery little smile gleamed out on Prim's face for a minute, but she said not a word.

"Well, are these all the tools papa got for you?" said Mrs. May. Are these enough? They seem very few to me."

"Oh yes, mamma!" said Clover.

"More than enough, *I* think," said Lily. "I don't see what we're to do with the spades myself. Sam is to dig the ground for us."

"But we want to learn how," said Clover.

No wor'd from Prim, but only a tight clasp of the two little hands together.

"Then I may tell papa that you are satisfied?" said Mrs. May.

"Perfectly! perfectly!" said Lily, with another twirl. "We're just as happy as it's possible to be."

"A glad more than satisfied, mamma," said Clover, softly. "Please tell papa so."

Still little Primrose said nothing, except with that calm yet breathless gaze.

"Now run off and hangup your tools in the tool house," said Mrs. May. "Prim is tired—she must stay here and rest with me a while, and then we will come out together."

"Mamma," said Lily, gathering up her tools, and dropping first the hoe and then the weeding-fork—"oh dear! mamma, what was that about your grandmother's needles?"

"Our great-grandmother's needles," corrected Clover.

"It's all the same thing," said Lily.

"But it does not sound respectful to speak as if we had nothing to do with her," said Clover.

"I'm sure *I* never had much," said Lily, "seeing she died about a hundred years before I was born. Well, mamma?"

"When I was a little girl," said Mrs. May, "I used to get into a great deal of trouble over my sewing. I never could take small stitches, and I never could finish my seam, and so on. It is not at all an uncommon case."

"Yes, I know," said Lily, hastily. "Well, mamma?"

"And when I sat sighing over my work, my grandmother used to say to me: 'Dear, what is the matter?' And I, in the deepest trouble, would answer: 'I can't sew it right, I know!' Then my grandmother would say, cheerfully, 'Oh, I must lend you one of my famous needles, that will bring it all right.' So the good old lady would open her work-table and take out her needle-book of crimson and blue brocade—but old and faded then—and bring from its shining case a needle that was not just the proper size, she would hand it to me, saying: 'There, love, there is one of my famous needles. Now if you will put it in just right, and take it out just right, it will do every bit of the rest of the work itself.'"

"Mamma!" exclaimed Lily, quite indignantly, while Clover laughed, "I don't want my spade to be like that, I'm sure. Come, Clover, let's go hang up our tools." And away they went, leaving Prim rose in her mother's lap.

"Mamma," said little Primrose, after a minute's silence, "did the needles really do as she said?"

"I think they did, when I fulfilled the conditions," said Mrs. May, smiling. "That is, I was quite satisfied with your new tools, dear? Shall I tell papa so?"

A little hesitation, then Primrose answered, slowly:

"They're beautiful, mamma."

"And are you perfectly satisfied?" said her mother. "Papa will be sure to ask me."

"I think," said Prim, with a tone of dismay, "I think, mamma, I'm quite satisfied—that is, you did not seem quite so much pleased as Clover and Lily. If any one of the tools is not just right, you have it can be changed."

"They're *beautiful*, mamma!" said Prim, looking distressed.

"Then you have not quite all that you want?" said her mother. "Is that it?"

"It's so ungrateful!" said poor Primrose, her lips trembling.

"What is it, love?" said her mother. "Oh yes, I must know. Is there something else you would like to have?"

"Mamma, it's *dreadful*," said Primrose. "Papa is so good, and took so much trouble."

"Then there is something else?"

Prim nodded her little head despairingly.

"What is it?" said her mother, smiling. "Not a spy, I suppose?"

"Oh no, mamma. Please don't mind," said Primrose. "I think I shall get over it."

"What then?" said her mother.

"Mamma—it was only—my little watering-pot," said Primrose. "Only, it's so ungrateful!"

"Not a bit," said her mother, gayly; "is that all the matter? Now listen, and learn how safe it is to tell me every thing. When I was a little girl, many a sway again, after he had brought home the tools, he stepped back and said to me: 'The watering-pots are not come, after all!' And I said it for your sake. I forgot to speak to the children about it. But they can drive over to Hicory Corner some day, and choose for themselves. There are any quantity there, at the tinman's."

"Mamma," said little Primrose, a while after, as she and her mother sat alone, Prim's head resting in hand along the walk to the tool-house; "don't you think papa is *almost* the very best person in the whole world?"

Which "almost," be it known, was put in by Primrose only to keep a place for her mother on the same platform of absolute perfection.

SUMMER BOARDING.

I HAD been spending the winter with my cousin Alice Evans, and of course had heard, every month or two, that invariable suggestion of city people: "Where *shall* we go for the summer?" And this suggestion, it seemed to me, would come at the oddest and most unsuggestive times; when the thermometer stood below zero, for instance, and "the wind was howling in turret and tree."

To one who lived in a country town, like myself, this desire "to get away from the dust, and the heat," was Uncle Ralph expressed it, was inexplicable. I liked the bricks and mortar, the warm, brilliant rooms, the crowds, the shops, and the parties; and summer, to me, had always been a "waiting time" to this delightful season.

"I can't see, Alice," I said, "what is to such a hurry to leave a convenient house like this for some little poky country bedroom!" I ejaculated out of my amazement, and was quite relieved to see by the great mirror in Alice's luxurious room, thinking all the time of the twelve inches of glass that were over my dressing-table at Shell Beach last summer.

Alice was in the little dressing-closet, putting her pretty face through a thousand contortions. And she managed to sputter out in answer, between the dashes of water:

"That's because you—were—l-b-born—to the country. And"—splash, splash, "people—never appreciate their inheritance. I was born to—to—city-life; and I want a change—ju-ju-just as you did when you came here."

And here a final splash and a gasp, and my cousin emerged from the dressing-room bowling her face with an energy that left it as rosy as a milkmaid's.

"You want a change, Al? Well, I don't think much of your change. I can't half a mind to go down at with Shell Beach with your mosquitoes, and fleas, and little tucked-up rooms as it is here."

"Sara, you're a goose! Do you think we are going to stay all summer in those brick walls because they have, as the papers say, 'all the modern conveniences?'"

I laughed.

"But you needn't hurry off from them certainly as you did last summer, before the leaves had come. I'm sure it isn't a very pleasant change, to shiver in lodgings through those early June days."

Alice turned upon me a bright mass of yellow hair which she was getting up *à la pompadour*.

"Sara, what a practical idiot you are! Do you suppose that the change I look for is simply of *things*—the bedroom and what they contain, or don't contain? Haven't you a fourteen-karat particle of sentiment left in you, enough to know that it is the change in faces—the people, and not the place for the things? Don't you like Emerson says about every new person being an event to him? That's my case exactly. Every new person is, or I expect will be"—and here she laughed archly—"an event to me. But I get tired waiting for such an event as a new person in town. I've seen the same men, of the same kind of men, for the last four winters here. They don't vary a hair. Just two types, English and French. Mutton-chop whiskers and the imperial mustache. Goodness, Sara, they are ringing the bell for the third time for us! Do put that hair up straight. And with that third bell still ringing we went down to breakfast. Uncle Ralph nodded at us over his coffee-cup. "I guess you envied yourselves, girls," said Aunt Mary, looking up in her careless, kind way.

"So would you, mamma, if you had been kept awake for hours by mosquitoes as I was. Scrape, scrape, scrape. He was at it half the night I do believe."

"Who is *he*, pray?" asked Uncle Ralph.

"I don't know, I'm sure. It's somebody in the next house—somebody who plays every night regularly. I have a shrewd way at by itself. And then the tunes, or the attempts at tunes! That everlasting 'Annie Laurie.' 'Ma-ax—welion's lament,' and the awful end Alice in each comic imitation of the usual rendering, or murdering, that we all laughed. And before the laugh was over Alice said, suddenly:

"Papa, Sara wonders we don't stay here all summer. She thinks our 'modern improvements' more than enough to compensate for country air, and all that sort of thing."

"Indeed!" said Uncle Ralph, gravely.

"Oh yes, Say! I know the ins and outs of this young woman," Uncle Ralph returned, in his jovial way. "I dare say she has had the gaslight gossip."

Then he finished his third or fourth cup of coffee —Alice used to declare there was no end to the cups of coffee Uncle Ralph drank—and deliberately drawing his napkin across his lips, leaned back with one of his great comfortable sighs, and said:

"Well, girls, I believe I have found just the place for the summer."

Alice became at once in a state of the greatest excitement.

"Where in the world is it, papa?"

"Sherman told me of it—Dick Sherman. He says it's the prettiest place he knows."

"Papa, are you quite the same?" cried Alice, exasperated at his cool delay.

"Oh! Mount Heron—up there by the Wilder's place, you remember."

"To be sure I remember. And haven't I begged and entreated to be taken there at least a dozen times, and always been told that it was too far off. And now, when Mr. Sherman gives it a puff for the first time, you think it is of enough importance to mention. If it had been *Mrs.* Sherman now, you wouldn't have given it a moment's thought. Papa, you are a dear old mud!"

And Alice gave him a hearty smack, looking at him with delighted eyes all the time.

So it was very soon settled all about Mount Heron. And it was settled, too, that instead of my returning to Eskville I should keep on with them to the mountains. I liked this very much, for I knew somebody at Mount Heron too; and I knew that there was something better to be had there than little poky rooms, and that never a mosquito or a flea dared to show themselves in that region.

"You horrid, practical thing!" cried Alice, as I remarked this to her. "I'm always thinking of rooms and creature-comforts. Pity you couldn't take some of these 'modern conveniences' with you that you prate about, for you see my mind is exalted to one anticipation. The new person who is to be an event to me." She laughed gayly as she said this, and continued the moment: "But seriously, Sara, I do think a great deal of this change in society. One really meets very little variety here. It's all very well to 'know' and when a new person comes, why they seem all of the same species, and all like the individual people, somebody out of 'our set;' and one is sure to meet them at a summer resort."

And one must have lots of pretty things for this meeting, Alice," I returned, quietly, but with a sly look at the yards of muslin and cambric and tissue which lay upon the bed ready to be unscrupulously into becoming peignoirs and dinner-dresses.

Alice made one of her odd little grimaces at me, and went on with her packing—a voluminous undertaken which we filled out the next day. Mercy, what loads of things we bought! What jackets and pokey and shapeless hats! "so-sides." I wonder if all city girls buy just such things, and so many of them, for these summer resorts? I asked Alice the question, and she opened her eyes at my ignorance.

"Just such things? Yes, and ten times as many. Why Liv very economical, Sara," she answered.

I have no reason to doubt her assertion, but to my country ideas it did seem, as black Martha said, "An awful heap of things."

This was in April, and the days drew on apace when we should leave the much-abused brick-and-mortar, and start for Mount Heron. Lovely days they were of sunshine and soft airs, when we could let our windows stand open for hours. This was very delightful, and we should have enjoyed it vastly if it hadn't been for one thing. That neighbor of ours who had early in the season confined his virtuosity practice to late evening, now, perhaps into more musical humor by the coming of the spring, was "at it," to use Alice's exasperated expression, "mornings, noon, and night."

Well, it did seem as if we never laid down for a nap after a tiresome shopping, or attempted any thing where we wanted our senses quiet, but what that bow would set to scraping. And whatever else he played he always wound up with "Annie Laurie." One day when he came at it for the fifth lay me down and die," Alice grated her teeth and cried out, savagely. "I will, I wish to goodness in would!" But he didn't. He kept on, and scraped, and throve, as that industriously handled bow could have witnessed. And we lived and bore it, more or less, with bad, reference with abuse and ridicule.

This is the fun of living in the city in blocks, Miss Sara," Alice flung out at me more than once. "Last night it was a baby, as soon as I got to sleep widows opera in April my ears were saluted a dozen times a day by the most terrific screams you ever heard. What could I do? The torture-thing kept rising until I was nearly suffocated, and up would go my window, and, presto! up would go that baby's voice. When I saw the family moving in the fall I congratulated myself. And here, in this place, there is no place of that baby—is this man with his horrid fiddle!

I began to see that there were two sides to a question, and that Alice's city experiences might not have an offset in this close proximity of quarters, especially when it was warm enough to open one's windows. Alice was given to these sudden nervousnesses; and by the first of June we had left the fiddle behind us, and were making our way to the great hills and valleys and about Mount Heron.

"Now, Sara, isn't this nice?" asked Alice, as she looked about our room. Yes, it was very nice. "And you will be glad you came now, can you?" No, I acknowledged that I couldn't.

It was very nice indeed, and we prepared to enjoy ourselves to the full. And it was a great deal of enjoyment at Mount Heron. There was plenty to do, plenty to see, and, it seemed, no end to the new people we were continually coming across. It was not until the beginning of July that the place was really filled with guests. And it was about this time that Alice began to enjoy herself more thoroughly. A little of a coquette was my pretty cousin, and a little self-indulgent and epicurean. Quilities which at least led to much ease, and, unless that "destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," had a different ordering of some great special sufferings for her. A bunch of roses more and more every day as I watched her. She was gay and brilliant and fascinating, and a little fast in her acknowledging money. I was not sure, and though I knew she had, as she said, a taste for "individual people," "somebody out of our set," yet somehow it always required that the gentleman and rode and croqueted with just the two types she had designated as belonging to the men with the mutton-chop whiskers and the imperial mustache—the fashionable young fellows, in short, whom she professed to be tired of. One day I chaffed her about this, somewhat unmercifully I confess; asking her, satirically, if this was the way in which she carried out her line of action, etc. She laughed, colored a little, and then answered, with a good deal more spirit than the occasion appeared to warrant:

"Sara, you should always speak so generously to the letter of one's words. I *do* like individual people just as much as ever, but I don't think it is necessary for a lady to look about for the whole other people in society in every particular by any means. You remember how that dandy, Carford, astonished us all by his wholesale abuse of us in the war? And further back, Miss Sara, just think of those young heroes at Balaklava. *They* were dandies too, Sir Lucy, and others, and yet their dandyism at home, they turned out to be very individual people, I think."

"Alice," said I best forward and scrutinized that pink face under the round hat—"Alice, I believe, after all, that one of these dandies is turning out an event to you; and you're ashamed to say so! Mount Heron to find him when you had 'en by the dozen at home."

"He isn't a dandy—no such a thing; he only dresses like other people; and I hate that'ridiculous affected reformatory artistic style, or whatever you call it, which some men assume to try to show themselves superior. I don't think it is an evidence of sense or wisdom. I believe in conformity in such matters, and I don't see why I should not permit person won't stop to fight fashion; they'll have something better to do!"

This completely out of breath Alice stopped. But she had ron her tilt right into the enemy's camp and betrayed herself fairly.

"Who is he?" I said, so the great event has arrived! Who is he? where is he?"

My cousin by this time had recovered herself sufficiently to see how useless it was for her to attempt denial; and so with a half-laugh, and a half-frown, and a very high color, she said:

"Now, Sara, you can't be much wiser more of it than is necessary, for I am not by any means engaged for any thing as yet."

She ceased speaking so suddenly that I looked up from the fern-leaves I was painting for the reason, and found her bowing to a gentleman with the most enchanting smile, and with a little lest look in her eyes which apprised me at once that the "event" was passing. I lent further forward to the entire destruction of one of my ferns and my white muslin sleeve, and looked down, to see a tall young gentleman with *mutton-chop whiskers*, and the usual faultless *tout ensemble* of "our set." Alice did not stop to finish her explanation to me after this, but with a little nervousness and a good deal of self-possession, she began to introduce me to Mr. Carford.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

Now if there had been any unconcerned spectator in the old work-shop that afternoon, he would have seen that so much sunshine was not without its shadow; and of all places in the world it lay on the gentle face of little Prim. Quite unnoticed, however; for Clover and Lily were too full of their own joy, and Sam too busy and interested in examining the new tools, to give heed to much else, and Prim's delight had been so very evident at first, that afterward it might well be taken for granted. No eyes were brighter than hers when the great package was first brought in, none watched more eagerly to see the wrappings taken off one by one. But when Clover and Lily had untied all their tools, and Sam was hard at work upon the third little package, Prim's face began to wear a look that was more anxious than glad. With great intentness she followed every motion of Sam's fingers, as he unfolded her small tools; just glancing at hon and rake and spade with a look that said, plainly, "*That* is not it," passing them by in a search for something else. And when, at last, the little trowel and fork appeared, Prim gave them all one more glance and turned away. Slowly she stooped down and picked up the stiff brown wrapping papers, laying them one by one together in another place, and then looked down at the bare floor at her feet, where clearly there was nothing more. But nobody saw it all; and Prim stood quite still, struggling with something she called her little heart, almost beyond control; and when Lily said, "Let's go and show mamma," Prim hurriedly gathered up her tools and followed the others into the house. Mr. Orr was seated on the way Prim's little hand made a swift dash at her eyes, all that Clover and Lily knew about it was that Prim had dropped her trowel. But Mrs. May saw the whole thing in a moment; saw the slight quiver of the child's lips as she came in, and the shining of her eyelashes that were not to fall, and the listless droop of the hands that held the new tools. It was well for Prim that the other two were in full flow of their own glad exclamations; and she drew back behind them, and thought herself quite hid.

"Just look! mamma," cried Lily; "did you ever see any thing so perfect? See, mamma, that's a hoe."

"Yes, I know so much as that," said Mrs. May. "And this is a spade."

"This is a spade," repeated Lily; "splendid, isn't it? Just feel how light it is! Why, Sam says one could dig all day with such a spade."

"Only a little while, Miss Lily," said Sam, doubtful raising of her eyebrows, as her unwonted fingers took hold of the spade (the first one they had ever touched). "It looks like a very fine spade, indeed; and I dare say you will find it quite equal to any grandmother's needles."

"And, mamma, do you see these beautiful weeding forks?" said Clover. "Sam says they're so good for obstinate weeds."

"Papa needn't have got 'em *for that*," said Lily, twirling round on both toes. "There'll never be any weeds in my garden, obstinate or complisable."

"What a charming garden!" said Mr. May, admiringly. "Pray is that word one of Jack's importations?"

"No, mamma—Robin's."

"I think I would let Robin keep it, if I were you," said her mother. "But where are Prim's tools?"

"Here, mamma," answered a sober little voice off in the distance.

"Oh yes, you should see them, mamma," said Clover; "they're so very pretty, so small and delicate. I think Prim's tools are almost the prettiest of all. Come and show them to mamma, dear—I didn't mean to get before you so. Prim was so delighted, mamma!"

But there was no delight on the child's face as she came forward, and her mother's ear even caught a long-drawn breath that was very near being a sob; and it was with almost an air of weary relief that Prim piled the tools on her mother's lap and stood with her hands.

"Yes, this is a dear little spade," said Mrs. May as she examined them. "I do believe I could dig with this very well."

A watery little smile gleamed out on Prim's face for a minute, but she said not a word.

"Well, are these all the tools papa got for you?" said Mrs. May. Are these enough? They seem very few to me."

"Oh yes, mamma!" said Clover.

"More than enough, *I* think," said Lily. "I don't see what we're to do with the spades myself. Sam is to dig the ground for us."

"But we want to learn how," said Clover.

No wor'd from Primrose, but only a tight clasp of the two little hands together.

"Then I may tell papa that you are satisfied?" said Mrs. May.

"Perfectly! perfectly!" said Lily, with another twirl. "We're just as happy as it's possible to be."

"A glad more than satisfied, mamma," said Clover, softly. "Please tell papa so."

Still little Primrose said nothing, except with that calm yet breathless gaze.

"Now run off and hangup your tools in the tool house," said Mrs. May. "Prim is tired—she must stay here and rest with me a while, and then we will come out together."

"Mamma," said Lily, gathering up her tools, and dropping first the hoe and then the weeding-fork—"oh dear! mamma, what was that about your grandmother's needles?"

"Our great-grandmother's needles," corrected Clover.

"It's all the same thing," said Lily.

"But it does not sound respectful to speak as if we had nothing to do with her," said Clover.

"I'm sure *I* never had much," said Lily, "seeing she died about a hundred years before I was born. Well, mamma?"

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"Mamma!" exclaimed Lily, quite indignantly, while Clover laughed, "I don't want my spade to be like that, I'm sure. Come, Clover, let's go hang up our tools." And away they went, leaving Prim rose in her mother's lap.

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"I think they did, when I fulfilled the conditions," said Mrs. May, smiling. "That is, I was quite satisfied with your new tools, dear? Shall I tell papa so?"

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"Oh! Mount Heron—up there by the Wilder's place, you remember."

"To be sure I remember. And haven't I begged and entreated to be taken there at least a dozen times, and always been told that it was too far off. And now, when Mr. Sherman gives it a puff for the first time, you think it is of enough importance to mention. If it had been *Mrs.* Sherman now, you wouldn't have given it a moment's thought. Papa, you are a dear old mud!"

And Alice gave him a hearty smack, looking at him with delighted eyes all the time.

So it was very soon settled all about Mount Heron. And it was settled, too, that instead of my returning to Eskville I should keep on with them to the mountains. I liked this very much, for I knew somebody at Mount Heron too; and I knew that there was something better to be had there than little poky rooms, and that never a mosquito or a flea dared to show themselves in that region.

"You horrid, practical thing!" cried Alice, as I remarked this to her. "I'm always thinking of rooms and creature-comforts. Pity you couldn't take some of these 'modern conveniences' with you that you prate about, for you see my mind is exalted to one anticipation. The new person who is to be an event to me." She laughed gayly as she said this, and continued the moment: "But seriously, Sara, I do think a great deal of this change in society. One really meets very little variety here. It's all very well to 'know' and when a new person comes, why they seem all of the same species, and all like the individual people, somebody out of 'our set;' and one is sure to meet them at a summer resort."

And one must have lots of pretty things for this meeting, Alice," I returned, quietly, but with a sly look at the yards of muslin and cambric and tissue which lay upon the bed ready to be unscrupulously into becoming peignoirs and dinner-dresses.

Alice made one of her odd little grimaces at me, and went on with her packing—a voluminous undertaken which we filled out the next day. Mercy, what loads of things we bought! What jackets and pokey and shapeless hats! "so-sides." I wonder if all city girls buy just such things, and so many of them, for these summer resorts? I asked Alice the question, and she opened her eyes at my ignorance.

"Just such things? Yes, and ten times as many. Why Liv very economical, Sara," she answered.

I have no reason to doubt her assertion, but to my country ideas it did seem, as black Martha said, "An awful heap of things."

This was in April, and the days drew on apace when we should leave the much-abused brick-and-mortar, and start for Mount Heron. Lovely days they were of sunshine and soft airs, when we could let our windows stand open for hours. This was very delightful, and we should have enjoyed it vastly if it hadn't been for one thing. That neighbor of ours who had early in the season confined his virtuosity practice to late evening, now, perhaps into more musical humor by the coming of the spring, was "at it," to use Alice's exasperated expression, "mornings, noon, and night."

Well, it did seem as if we never laid down for a nap after a tiresome shopping, or attempted any thing where we wanted our senses quiet, but what that bow would set to scraping. And whatever else he played he always wound up with "Annie Laurie." One day when he came at it for the fifth lay me down and die," Alice grated her teeth and cried out, savagely. "I will, I wish to goodness in would!" But he didn't. He kept on, and scraped, and throve, as that industriously handled bow could have witnessed. And we lived and bore it, more or less, with bad, reference with abuse and ridicule.

This is the fun of living in the city in blocks, Miss Sara," Alice flung out at me more than once. "Last night it was a baby, as soon as I got to sleep widows opera in April my ears were saluted a dozen times a day by the most terrific screams you ever heard. What could I do? The torture-thing kept rising until I was nearly suffocated, and up would go my window, and, presto! up would go that baby's voice. When I saw the family moving in the fall I congratulated myself. And here, in this place, there is no place of that baby—is this man with his horrid fiddle!

I began to see that there were two sides to a question, and that Alice's city experiences might not have an offset in this close proximity of quarters, especially when it was warm enough to open one's windows. Alice was given to these sudden nervousnesses; and by the first of June we had left the fiddle behind us, and were making our way to the great hills and valleys and about Mount Heron.

"Now, Sara, isn't this nice?" asked Alice, as she looked about our room. Yes, it was very nice. "And you will be glad you came now, can you?" No, I acknowledged that I couldn't.

It was very nice indeed, and we prepared to enjoy ourselves to the full. And it was a great deal of enjoyment at Mount Heron. There was plenty to do, plenty to see, and, it seemed, no end to the new people we were continually coming across. It was not until the beginning of July that the place was really filled with guests. And it was about this time that Alice began to enjoy herself more thoroughly. A little of a coquette was my pretty cousin, and a little self-indulgent and epicurean. Quilities which at least led to much ease, and, unless that "destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," had a different ordering of some great special sufferings for her. A bunch of roses more and more every day as I watched her. She was gay and brilliant and fascinating, and a little fast in her acknowledging money. I was not sure, and though I knew she had, as she said, a taste for "individual people," "somebody out of our set," yet somehow it always required that the gentleman and rode and croqueted with just the two types she had designated as belonging to the men with the mutton-chop whiskers and the imperial mustache—the fashionable young fellows, in short, whom she professed to be tired of. One day I chaffed her about this, somewhat unmercifully I confess; asking her, satirically, if this was the way in which she carried out her line of action, etc. She laughed, colored a little, and then answered, with a good deal more spirit than the occasion appeared to warrant:

"Sara, you should always speak so generously to the letter of one's words. I *do* like individual people just as much as ever, but I don't think it is necessary for a lady to look about for the whole other people in society in every particular by any means. You remember how that dandy, Carford, astonished us all by his wholesale abuse of us in the war? And further back, Miss Sara, just think of those young heroes at Balaklava. *They* were dandies too, Sir Lucy, and others, and yet their dandyism at home, they turned out to be very individual people, I think."

"Alice," said I best forward and scrutinized that pink face under the round hat—"Alice, I believe, after all, that one of these dandies is turning out an event to you; and you're ashamed to say so! Mount Heron to find him when you had 'en by the dozen at home."

"He isn't a dandy—no such a thing; he only dresses like other people; and I hate that'ridiculous affected reformatory artistic style, or whatever you call it, which some men assume to try to show themselves superior. I don't think it is an evidence of sense or wisdom. I believe in conformity in such matters, and I don't see why I should not permit person won't stop to fight fashion; they'll have something better to do!"

This completely out of breath Alice stopped. But she had ron her tilt right into the enemy's camp and betrayed herself fairly.

"Who is he?" I said, so the great event has arrived! Who is he? where is he?"

My cousin by this time had recovered herself sufficiently to see how useless it was for her to attempt denial; and so with a half-laugh, and a half-frown, and a very high color, she said:

"Now, Sara, you can't be much wiser more of it than is necessary, for I am not by any means engaged for any thing as yet."

She ceased speaking so suddenly that I looked up from the fern-leaves I was painting for the reason, and found her bowing to a gentleman with the most enchanting smile, and with a little lest look in her eyes which apprised me at once that the "event" was passing. I lent further forward to the entire destruction of one of my ferns and my white muslin sleeve, and looked down, to see a tall young gentleman with *mutton-chop whiskers*, and the usual faultless *tout ensemble* of "our set." Alice did not stop to finish her explanation to me after this, but with a little nervousness and a good deal of self-possession, she began to introduce me to Mr. Carford.

was strolling up a hill-path with the new "event." I returned to my forms laughing inwardly, and wondering how it would end. Was Alice, this little, gay, coquettish Alice, with her free ideas and her theories, really touched at last, and by the very type of man whom she had always affected to hold despised? It looked very like it I had to confess. That evening there was a "hop" in the hall, and as I stood talking to one of the young Wareham's Alice came up from a waltz with the identical gentleman.

"This is Mr. Alney, Sara; my cousin Miss Chester, Mr. Alney."

I received a very pleasant smile from the very handsome man, who turned between those moderate chop whiskers, and then the usual commonplaces were gone through with about the weather, and the room being rather full, until another waltz struck up, and another aspirant came flying across the floor to keep his engagement with Alice; and so it happened that I was left alone with Mr. Alney, for by this time young Wareham had disappeared. Again the very pleasant smile from the handsome mouth, and,

"Will you waltz, Miss Chester?"

"No, I didn't care to," and I told him so. "But pray, Mr. Alney, don't let me keep you here. There's Katy Wareham now who will be delighted to dance, I dare say; let me introduce you. See that pretty young girl in blue across there," and saying this I had already started forward a step or two toward Katy, expecting my companion to follow. But he stood still with his outstretched hand laid on my sleeve and the words:

"Stay a moment, Miss Chester. I can do something besides dance; and if you have no objection I won't know Miss Wareham just yet."

There was a queer, quizzical look in his face, a glimmer of fun in his eyes as he said this which made me strongly suspect that he had a suspicion of my possible estimate of him.

Well, we staid there and talked. It wasn't a very remarkable conversation. We neither of us said any thing very wonderful; yet at the end of it I knew that Mr. Alney was neither wanting in sense nor dullness. Perhaps, after all, he might turn out to be one of those strongly individual persons whom Alice affected so much. It was pretty evident that she fancied he was now. As I thought this I looked at the immaculate neck-tie, the carefully-arranged hair, and faultless detail of elegant attire, which, with faultless by half, for exactly so much I should like you better, or at least believe in your possibilities more," was the conclusion of my thought, "if you were not quite so much of a dandy."

But my thoughts were of very little consequence in this matter, and as we were just two people who were concerned here, and these two seemed to be perfectly well suited with the development of things, I was not annoyed. Therefore, when one evening Alice came up and acquainted me with the fact of her engagement to Mr. Richard Alney, I offered my congratulations in the gentlest way I could, but I couldn't quite conceal the amusement I felt at the recollection of her words about the mutton-chop-whisker-and-cut-coat "at." But then, as Alice said, I did stick so persistently to the letter of one's words.

"I know what you mean, Sara!" she exclaimed, half laughing herself as I told her I was glad that her great "event" had come to her at last. "I know you think I have come all the way to Mount Heron to find what I might have found in any drawing-room in New York—a superfine dandy. But you are mistaken. Richard is nothing of the kind, though he does wear his hair parted in the middle sometimes."

"Oh, does he?" I answered. "Well, I didn't notice that, my dear, and I'm sure I don't see why he shouldn't; but nothing to me; but you know your great hobby has always been—"

"Yes, I know, Sara, but Dick is better than my hobby." And with this confession we both of us became silent, and presently lost ourselves in sleep, which was certainly the best thing we could do, as it was almost midnight.

I was dreaming a very old dream the next morning, where I seemed to be in our old room in town trying to hush the sound of that baby's screaming, which Alice had told me about; and in the midst of my fruitless efforts I woke up to hear—no, not "that baby," but, as you live, that baby's father. There it went, I knew it could be no other, scrape, scrape, scrape—on "Ma-as-welton's banks." I could have thought that Alice, but I wouldn't. I scolded for Alice. Presently I heard that regular respiration suspend, then a little start, and then:

"Oh, he's certainly followed you here! I know he has. I know it's you. Say, for don't you remember, the day we left, that red-haired, red-whiskered young gentleman who came down the steps of the next house, and how he stared at you? He never once looked at me."

Again back scrubbed out, and again and again she reverted to the subject, calling him, in gleeful retributive malice, "my event," and looking about with his various eyes at the breakfast-table for the red-haired stranger.

I expected when Mr. Alney came in that she would tell him the story, but Mr. Alney was too sacred yet to be funny with; for I have noticed that your gay, mischief-loving girls are invariably the most reverent in the early days of their engagements. No, she didn't tell Mr. Alney yet; her mind was too full of other things when that handsome face appeared; and I am not sure but she could have forgotten the fiddler altogether during those days if he hadn't kept himself so much by Ma-as-welton's banks every morning.

The house we were in was built in what is called a hollow square, the room was at the further end of a long hall; that of our fiddling friend was in the next angle—just around the corner, as it were, but of course entirely separated by the thickness of the halls. Situated thus, you see, though our windows were close neighbors, we entered from different ways and never encountered each other. I did think it was rather strange we never saw a face at the window; but then gentlemen are very little in their rooms at a watering-place, and this one, I knew quite well, kept very early hours, for wasn't that industrious bow scraping away some mornings by five o'clock? And every one of these mornings Alice would wake up with a grumble and the most unflattering mimicry. Then would follow the usual chaffing about my mysterious adorer.

"I wish I'd never seen his face, Sara; you'll only *hear* him, I'm afraid," she said to me at one time. But we did see him sooner than she expected. It was not very late, the close of the afternoon, when all three—Alice and Mr. Alney and myself—were sitting out on the terrace. By this time Alice had come out of her reserve enough to know, and then discuss, the things pertaining to this earth, and so it happened that she began quizzing about my "adventurer-at-law" another day. We two of this kind pricked up Mr. Alney's ears.

"Eh? What is that? Has Miss Sara a mysterious admirer?" he asked.

"Indeed she has, Richard; and he serenades her every morning with 'Annie Laurie' on the violin. You ought to hear it. And what is more, he has followed us away up here from New York, where for two months before our leaving he went on in the same monotonous way next door to us. Think of his being next window to us now. Isn't it romantic?"

"Next window to you? Where is your window, pray?"

"Why, at the southeast corner, where the multberry-tree are; and our fiddler's is just here," drawing out a little diagram on the letter she held for inflation. "Do you see?" pointing her pencil at the two windows.

"Yes, I see." And Mr. Alney's look of amusement suddenly became one of interest.

Alice, glancing up at him, exclaimed, "Richard, you know who it is, I am perfectly sure. Oh, tell us, tell us!"

"Wait a minute, Alice. What is the number of your house in town?"

"570."

"And the street?"

"Why, I told you the other day it was on Seventh Street."

"Bless my soul! No! I thought you said—I must have his words were lost in an uncontrollable burst of laughter.

"Richard, for pity's sake what is it—who is it?" exclaimed Alice.

"What is it? Who is it?" burst through the laughing tones. "It is just this—your neighbor is—and I—and here another great laugh broke down the words, and then he suddenly resumed: "Alice, here is a very simple explanation of the mystery. Your fiddler lives at No. 572, exactly. Street. Mine is 572. Your room here is at the southeast corner, by the mulberry-trees. Mine is in the adjoining house."

"Richard! you don't mean to say that—"

"That I am the mysterious stranger who performs 'Annie Laurie' on the violin? I do mean to say just that, my dear Alice."

His eyes twinkled with the fun of the thing. As for me, I couldn't utter a word or laugh, but gave vent to the laughter that assailed me, wherein Mr. Alney joined most heartily, and after a moment Alice herself.

"To think we should have been next-door neighbors, Alice, all this time, and never known it!" he cried, rising from his seat and steadily eyeing themselves again. "And to think I should have serenaded you unwittingly for the last four months! Music's charms, they say, are soothing, Alice! *Did* it penetrate, Alice? Did your fastidious Germanic taste, your classical 'ear,' get offended by my choice of selections? Did you ever vow anathematizes me; that you wished the fiddler would keep the peace, and have done with his murderous attempts at music?"

Alice colored so violently that all reply was needless. And I never was so thankful for my old deafness. I knew she had sensibility to hear, but I think you'll have to let me have a far corner somewhere, Alley, where I can scrape away a little bit. My cousin Sara will be glad to be said this I could have kissed him. But I didn't!

"In exile?" cried Alice. "Never in camp?"

"To be sent to the rear at the first, which was a better," and lifting a lock of falling hair, he showed a small but deep scar, saying, with rising color and a smile, "I was wounded at Antietam."

"Oh, tell me all about it?" Alice exclaimed.

"There's nothing to tell, Alice. I only received no wound of consequence. I did my duty as a Lieutenant—that was all. You see I wasn't famous any way."

Only did his duty! The manly, simple words touched me strangely, and, looking up, I saw the tears in Alice's eyes. At this I stole away and left them.

Only did his duty! "and wasn't famous any way." To do one's duty. How many noble lives might tell the same story! But they were all heroic—just the same—all possible Bukalava heroes. I thought.

Well, well, well! So this was the end of that fiddling!

We had come all the way from New York to get acquainted with a next-door neighbor!

"Yes think, Alice," I said afterward, "that you came all the way from New York, when there was only a partition between you."

Alice was ready to laugh at any time now, for she was very good and very happy; and her voice sounded here in a tinkle like merry bells. "But isn't he splendid, Say?" she asked me. "And don't you think now he is one of my individual people after all?"

After all, Alice—immaculate neck-ties, varnished boots, primrose kids, and all."

But he earned his title to individuality by something more than this. When the talk of the marriage day drew nearer he brought out a scheme of his which astonished me.

He was holding, and had held some time, an honorable government appointment, but he wished to give this up and go out to a new country. He had a friend in Colorado who had offered him a partnership in his business. It was a life much darker, he knew, than he would leave, but it also seemed to him freer and more manly, for he hated to be a hanger-on of any kind. And then it seemed to him that these new countries were meant for the young men, and were better for them. This was the way he talked, and, after agreeing with him, he speedily put his talk into action.

"Yes; plenty of individuality, Alice," I whispered to her one evening. "But where do you suppose will you put that fiddle when you are in Colorado?"

The bridegroom heard this last question; and bending down to me, he answered: "Sara, I've made it over to Tom Granger; so I dare say you'll hear it when you are at 5/0 —tenth Street, for Tom is going to take my old room at cousin Sara's."

Reader, can you believe it? Tom Granger has actually taken possession of that room; and as I write this he is, I dare say, tearing "Ou" Ma-as-welton's banks as bonnie."

And furthermore, Tom Granger is the identical red-haired fellow who came out from a call that day, stared at me so persistently.

"Mount Carmel, perhaps, they say it will penetrate." I wonder if it will penetrate to Mount Heron this summer; and I wonder if I—? But I think I have wandered enough on this subject. I will think wondering had better be left for time to settle, or till another season of "Summer Boarding."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP

One of the popular Magazines (Philadelphia) for July, in speaking of New York and Philadelphia, says—evidently in anticipation—"Our hot, dusty cities are beginning to look deserted." Not a bit of it. New York, at least, is lively as ever, and, for that matter, is not much the same to be true of Philadelphia! At mid-day, when all the fashionable world is out of town, and actually shivering had better be left for time to settle, or till another season of "Summer Boarding."

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WHY HE CANNOT SLEEP.

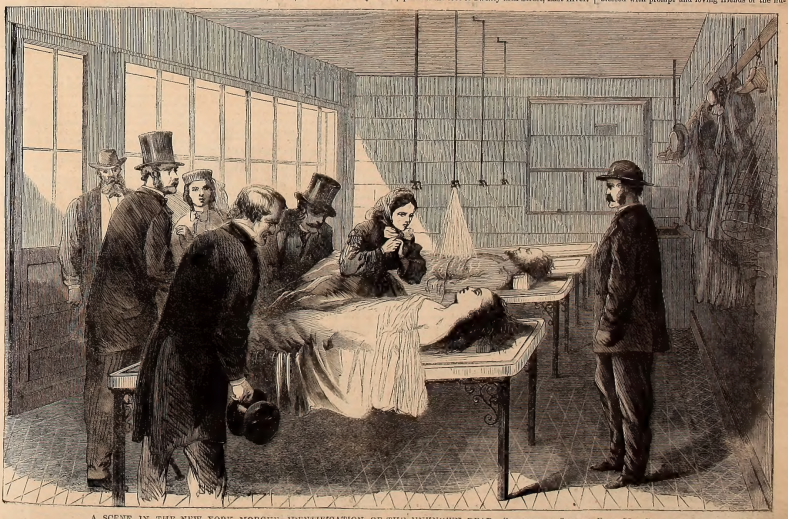


NEW YORK CITY DOG POUND, FOOT OF TWENTY-FIFTH STREET, EAST RIVER.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

THE DOG POUND.

In the earlier years of the annual raid on dogs in this city the Pound was located at the foot of Thirty-first Street and the East River, whence it travelled to Twenty-eighth Street, from which classic locality it then departed for Twenty-sixth Street and North River, where, after a short stay of a single month, it removed to Twenty-fourth Street, East River, where it reposed in peace for three years, and then removed to its present stopping-place at the foot of Twenty-fifth Street, East River.

The Dog Law went into operation June 18. From this time for three months woe be to the unmuzzled cur found meandering our streets, unless he be blessed with prompt and loving friends of the hu-



A SCENE IN THE NEW YORK MORGUE.—IDENTIFICATION OF THE UNKNOWN DEAD.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 430.]

man species. After seizure the dogs are confined in a rough shed, where they are tied up in such close proximity that they have ample opportunity and abundant leisure for intestine conflicts. The dogs are confined twenty-four hours each, and until four o'clock every day, when, unless redeemed, or unless there be some special reason for longer preserving his life, each prisoner must prepare to take his journey to that bourne from which no deacon ever returns.

The city has appropriated five thousand dollars for the purpose of disposing of this surplus dog population. This sum, or the greater part of it, is distributed to boys and men who make a regular business of finding dogs and taking them to the Pound. Half a dollar each is paid for the delivery of each dog. In "unsound, puppy, which, or hound, or cur of low degree," his price is precisely fifty cents.

The dogs are destroyed by drowning. There is provided a large water-tight square canteen, about eight feet high, ten feet long, and six feet wide. This is furnished with a cover made of open slats, and which is capable of being bolted firmly down. The contrivance will contain from sixty to eighty dogs, without their being so crowded as to die comfortably. The victims are thrown into the cistern and the cover fastened down; then, by means of a hose, water is turned on until the tank is full, and kept there until emphatically "the dog is dead."

When the Pound establishment first opens its "canine" there is, for a few days, a great rush. So many as three hundred dogs having been taken in during the first two days. It is then an exciting time for the boys. Rumor has it that on the first day of the operation of the law an enterprising young gentleman, of eleven years or thereabouts, residing in Jay Street, had eighteen dogs secured in his cellar, ready for the earliest market. When the canine harvest is thoroughly reaped in New York the boys not unfrequently go to sister cities, where the crop has not been so well gleaned. It is by no means unusual to have dogs brought from Jersey or from Brooklyn. Of course, if this is known, the dogs are not purchased; but the trick is seldom discovered save by the confession of the culprit himself, who is particularly careful to keep his mouth shut till he has made his bargain and got his money.

THE MORGUE.

We give on page 429 an illustration of a scene in the room for the identification of the unknown dead, in the *Morgue*, or dead-house, which has been established by the commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, in conjunction with the Bellevue Hospital Buildings at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street, East River, on the Bellevue Hospital grounds. This institution takes its name from a similar one in Paris which has existed for many years.

The use of the *Morgue* is not limited, as is generally supposed, to the remains of persons unknown. Sometimes, when the name and residence of the deceased are in the possession of the authorities, the body is nevertheless taken to the *Morgue*—it may be from considerations of the public health; it may be from motives of economy on the part of the landlord to receive the body; or, it may be from consideration for the family not prepared for such a trial as these; and, finally, it may be from errors in the address of the deceased. At the *Morgue*, also, are deposited the bodies of new-born children, found in the sewers or elsewhere.

The *Morgue* supplies a want long felt in this city, and will undoubtedly be the means of preventing many unknown bodies to anxious friends or relatives. Heretofore, for want of such accommodation, bodies of persons unknown have sometimes been hurried off to Potter's Field. When once consigned to the burial trenches of that place their recovery next to impossible.

It is astonishing how many die in this city of whom absolutely nothing is known; and it is a disgrace to the metropolis that until now no adequate provision has been made for their identification.

The coroners under whose charge such cases first come have exerted themselves to remedy the evil. Application was made by them to the State Legislature and to the Board of Supervisors for the means of advertising such persons, but without effect. Then it was not until a short time since that Councilman GEORGE H. MACKAY took the matter in hand, and procured an appropriation for that purpose. Since last time (April 16), thirty-five unknown bodies have been advertised.

The *Morgue* is a large square apartment, well lighted from two sides. It has stone walls, and the floor, which is laid with tile, is made somewhat concave for drainage level. On one side are arranged four show-tables, about three by six feet in size; from each table is an India-rubber tube, terminating in a vase, through which the Croton water constantly passes, and is distributed over the table. Behind the tables, on the wall, are two sets of shelves. The bodies are here exposed to view, and by the arrangement spoken of are kept constantly showered with the water. The books are furnished to hang the clothes of the deceased persons upon. A glass partition shuts off the tables from the rest of the apartment, and prevents any odor that may arise from the bodies escaping. Connected with the *Morgue* are offices for the coroners, and a room for autopsies under their direction. There is also on the same floor an autopsy-room for the use of the hospital. The whole arrangement is admirable, and carried out strongly with the miserable close, confined, dirty rooms before used for the same purpose.

THE DOCTOR.

A PHYSICIAN, who was well known in St. Petersburg for his eminent skill and extensive practice, was summoned one winter day by a servant to attend the wealthy Prince "Soundso," who had just arrived from Moscow, and was stopping at the first hotel in the city, No. 6.

The Doctor, who knew the Prince by reputation, instantly responded to the call, and in a few moments mounted the well-known steps and reached the door of the ante-chamber, where, having rung the bell, he was received by two lackeys in gold-laced livery, who relieved him of his fur cloak. Another servant now came forward, and, politely saluting him, requested him to be seated while he announced his visit to the Prince. He then left the room on tiptoe. A long time elapsed, until finally the Doctor became impatient and went to the door, where he listened for a moment, but hearing no sound he waited as far as the ante-room, from which, however, the servants had disappeared. Still his suspicion was not aroused. He ascended to the upper apartments, which he found brilliantly lighted but unoccupied. He came at last to a back-door, which stood wide open, and discovered his steps with a heart filled with a sad presentiment. His costly fur was nowhere to be seen. He rang the bell violently and shouted with all his might, which soon brought up the terrified host, who declared that he knew nothing more than that the apartments had been engaged only for the moment by three gentlemen. He lent his own cloak to the Doctor, who, being a philosopher, went home quite satisfied with the good luck in having retained his purse and watch.

BETWEEN THE SHOWERS.

Down it came—the summer shower—
Bursting from the nimbus cloud;
Spending its impetuous power
On the great tree, proud and proud.
And the great tree murmur'd loud
As it caught the summer shower—
Torvil it to a drizzling sweet.
When the cloud, its passion spent,
Broke and drifted, pale and rent,
Like a king reft of his might,
Shone the tree. O heart of mine!
Pass through passion's frequent stress
With a like divine endurance!

Down it came—the summer shower—
Rushing through the sobbing air;
Beating on the lily-flower,
Till she trembled in despair
For her blossom, white and fair.
But in silence bent the flower,
Yielding perfume all the hour,
Till the sunbeams came and shed
A new glory on her head,
On her robes, more dazzling white,
And her crown more golden bright.
Thus—my heart!—is patience tried,
Thus is sorrow purified.

Down it came—the summer rain—
Dashing through the darken'd sky,
On the green and tender grain,
Which receiv'd it with a sigh,
Quiver'd in each blade, and nigh
Bow'd unto the earth with grief.
But a whisper from the sun
Raised its head, and so it stood,
Swelling into bounteous food;
And ere yet the rain was over
Glist'ning gladder than before.
Thus—my heart!—shall sorrow distress
But increase thy fruitfulness.

A GREAT TUSCAN HOUSE.

SEVERAL times during the summer of last year I went down by rail from Florence about thirty-five miles to visit some friends who were living in a fine old villa on a portion of the Lucca plain, which lies up for their accommodation. The pleasure derived from these visits was of so rare a quality, and the memory of the scenes and of such pure hospitality, is so extraordinary in its character, that I deem both worthy of a passing word of description. The house is remarkable for the fact that it is the best existing for its antiquity, its imposing architecture, and the proud vicissitudes of its history. The region in which it stands, in the northern parts of the ancient Duchy of Lucca, is one of the most gardenlike in its rich cultivation, as well as charming on account of the variety of its picturesque beauty, of any in all Italy. The plain which stretches quite to the sea-coast, near which the ancient mart of Pisa stood, and upon which the modern city of Leghorn stands, is screened on the north by the bold ridges of the Apennine Chain, which, running toward the west, here unite with the Maritime Alps. In a picturesque valley, between two spurs of this wall of mountains, lies the quiet little town of Pescia. It has many traces of antiquity; but like many Tuscan towns, is tidy and in good repair. It is the abode of contentment, and in which the stranger is sure to find a welcome whose heart sorrow has broken, let him come here. If there is a soul which the world has wronged, or which has wronged itself by staining itself with crime, that would escape from the frowns of the society which it had offended, and devote itself to repentance and to prayer, let it find its home among the mountains, it will find the repose for which it sighs. If two beings whom love has united would enjoy their mutual affection in the most profound gaze of the world, here is the spot of all others upon which Nature has bestowed congenial charms.

Before the railroad was built between Florence with Lucca was built, not many travelers ever passed through the region which I am describing. Now and then only a stray foreigner, in the luxurious traveling carriage bowled along those fine roads, journeying from the maritime cities toward the Tuscan capital. On one side of the road, as one rests upon broad, fertile levels, crowded with fig, mulberry, and olive trees, and grape-vines loaded with juicy fruits sweeping in graceful festoons from one dwarf maple to another. In the opposite direction the vision is reduced with a view of the mountains, half hid under the purple and silver *brume* of an Italian atmosphere.

In this region, and but a few miles from the now favorite resort of Monte Catini, the visitor will observe across the country a pile of gray medieval buildings, with an aspect as imposing as to awaken a curiosity to learn something of its name and history. It is "*Bella Vista*," one of the mansions of the Buondelmonti and Feroni families, which, united by marriage several centuries ago, were among the richest and most powerful of the Florentine nobility. The house has the castellated solidity of warlike times. It is an irregular parallelogram of three lofty stories, stretching several hundred feet in extreme length, with a depth of well toward a hundred feet. Square towers, which extend at the angles by octagonal towers, with summits carried considerably above the level of the general roof. From the entrance-door a projecting terrace of stone is continued quite around the building, forming a walk of nearly a mile in extent. There are more than a hundred windows in the house covered with heavy bars of iron. The porches are massive and lofty, and the whole presents a harmonious whole with the grand scale of the interior of the house to which they conduct.

The mansion has hardly been inhabited for forty years. The family which built it has long been in decay; indeed one branch, the Buondelmonti, long since became extinct. There are more than a hundred windows in the house covered with heavy bars of iron. The porches are massive and lofty, and the whole presents a harmonious whole with the grand scale of the interior of the house to which they conduct.

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An American gentleman and lady from our metropolitan city, who had been married in Florence, have found it pleasant to pass several years in Tuscany. One of the nobles of the ancient palaces of Florence has let his residence, and several summers have been passed at the superb old villa of *Bella Vista*. It is a retired retreat peculiarly for which a poet-hermit might sigh, and a baronial house of such grand historic memories that the most fevered son of fame might covet it as the home of his ambitious hopes.

My American friends had seen the house in their excursions in that part of Tuscany, and, with the feelings which belong to the sumptuous life of our nation, were determined to live in it. An arrangement was made, and their furniture was put into a sufficient number of rooms to accommodate the family, a few guests, and the domestics of a first-class city establishment. The house contains more than sixty *great* chambers, or *stanzoni*, as the Italians call them. The walls of most of these, though for so long a time uninhabited, are still firm and unbroken. The massive partitions, and the floors of masonry, are as well-preserved as if but a single generation, instead of several centuries, had passed since they were constructed. The frescoes on the ceilings and walls of many of the rooms are scarcely injured by the ravages of time. The Buondelmonti family arms, whether carved or painted, still ornament the walls. The great hall in the centre of the house rises to the height of the roof, and the lofty doors open upon the principal porch on one side, and upon an elevated terrace on the other. The dimensions of the room are so great that it could be placed a first-class Fifth Avenue house, that type of modern splendor and modern magnificence. Into this hall open the suits of apartments on each of the wings open. With the great outer doors thrown wide in summer, the cool breezes from the mountains and the sea, and the gentle odors of the cultivated plains on the other, refresh the inhabitants of the villa. This great central chamber, also, is taken at mid-day, unexposed to the heats of the sun's glare. Besides the great staircase of ceremony in the hall, there are others at the four corners, leading from the foundation to the summit of the house. If there were a hundred guests in the house, they could, if they chose, be in remote silent chambers, near the roof, or hide to read or dream upon a balcony, on the shady side of one of the towers, with a prospect before the eye of thirty miles over the plain.

What a seat of generous hospitality this house has been in the past years! The proudest lords and ladies of Tuscany have lodged in these chambers, danced in the salons, and eaten at tables of luxury spread in the great hall. There are traces on the walls where silken tapestries were hung, and the two state bedchambers with raised platforms in each, in which were placed richly elaborated decorated with carved and gilded ornaments. There is the spacious vaulted kitchen in which twenty fires blazed—four of them always. But once more, they are kindled at the bidding of those come from that mysterious Western World to which the Tuscans gave the name.

The lady and gentleman whose guest I was were for three summers the sole tenants of this patrician house. Except the inhabitants of the city establishment, none others slept beneath the roof when no visitors were at the villa. As I wandered through the great chambers, or lingered on the grand staircase, I thought of the time when that noble roof had given shelter to scores of guests. The hall and salons, the chambers, in the proudest time of its history, had partaken of the hospitality of the munificent Buondelmonti. All the culture and social refinement of the land found a home from time to time their representations there. The gay laugh of the young I could easily fancy still ringing in the tapestried corridors, in the long gallery, and the vast hall; and it seemed as if the walls might still, in gentle whispers, repeat the words which the fair had uttered long ago.

But the gay crowd was gone, and with it the equipages and the brilliant train of attendants, and all the pomp and circumstance of wealth and luxury and pride. The great stables in which a hundred horses were fed are empty and neglected. The gardens in which blossomed flowers of all hues, whose odors filled the mansion, are a scene of picturesque decay. The terraces are crumbling, the balustrades are broken, the steps have lost their original angle, and the marble coping of the basins in which fountains played has no longer its harmonious lines. The visitor may sit down upon the base of an overthrown column, with arm resting upon a fragment of what was once a graceful statue, and muse upon the changes which time and circumstance have wrought. "A feeling of sweet pootic sadness steals through the mind, and a new impression is received of the vanity of human affairs and the perishableness of earthly things." How vain now seems the pursuit of wealth, or power, or fame! Into how narrow a span are rounded the enjoyments of human life! Spectator of such a scene, new lessons of wisdom are learned; and it matters not the first time a profounder conviction enters the mind that the only imperishable realities are bid in that mysterious future of which we can now only vaguely dream.

Toward nightfall it was the habit of my friends of the castle to make excursions on the broad roads or paths into the region surrounding this ancient patrician domain. Sometimes we went on foot through the shadowed, flowering, perfumed woods; sometimes we drove along the public, but always quiet and well-kept, highway. The drive would be extended ten or twelve miles from the villa, but rarely so far that its imposing medieval towers were not still within sight. It was the hour when the hands of the wayfarers past, and the toilers on the land evening was settling down upon all nature. A delicious even-tide coolness rested upon the plain, and the shadows of the neighboring mountains grew new hues to the landscape. Whichever way the eye wandered it was regaled with the bright and ever-varying tints which in these regions immediately precede and follow the day's decline. The spires of the churches in the villages, the ridges of the mountains, and the slant light streaming across the fertile plains gave to the leaves of the olive-trees a softer tone of silver, and to the mulberry a deeper hue of gold.

One afternoon we drove five miles to the convent, perched upon a shelf of rock overlooking the pleasant town of Pescia. The convent simply consists of more than thirty brothers of the order of San Domenico. The edifice is a structure of the Middle Ages, built with the same massive solidity which makes most of the great religious houses of Italy enemies of time for centuries to come. It is a sanctuary and a fortress—a secure retreat from the temptations of the world, as well as a shelter from its warlike and violent persecutions. In its best days three hundred monks were lodged in this convent of Pescia. The vaulted corridors leading to long lines of cells or small chambers; the interior cloisters overlooking court, garden, or turf-covered nook; and the exterior *loggie*, from which far-extended views across the Tuscan plain were had, all go to make up this holy mansion in which conscientious ago hundreds of stern devotees passed their ascetic life, and where they poured forth their pious hymns and prayers, but now almost silent and deserted.

The Abbot of the monastery, who was appointed of our intended visit, came out to welcome us at the principal entrance of the mansion. After conducting us through the lofty and spacious halls we were led to a *loggie*, from which the monks enjoy their finest prospects over broad plains stretching toward the sea. We were presented to some of the brothers, who received us not only with less reserve than we expected from their rigid order, but with open hearts and with generous hospitality. A cool and looks full of a genial and even gay expression. They showed us such works of art in fresco as decorate the walls of their ancient home. We inspected their store of relics—the cherished treasures of all such religious establishments—with what reverence we could. Then the table was laid, and ushered through the long galleries, climbed to highest terrace, and descended to deepest vault, they had been prepared. We needed refreshment. We were glad after our small fatigues to rest at last in the refectory. There a repast of wine, dried meats and fruits had been spread, of which we were invited to partake. The wine was a product of plantations belonging to the convent, and its color a lively pink tint, was unlike any I had before seen. We found its flavor as genial as its hue, and its inspiration so subtle that I suggested that the next visit, and the day's enjoyments were over. Pleased with the tranquility of this pious retirement and the beauty of the region we traversed, the transient acquaintance of my earlier life were for a moment revived, and I asked the monks if I might come and pass a summer under the shelter of their ancient roof. The inquiry was accepted as made with sincerity, and the response was what I was already prepared to expect. The monks would welcome to become in our house for such a period as may suit your pleasure, convenience, or caprice; sharing the society, and the frugal fare of our community, or be served by one of us in your own cell. I thanked the brothers for this expression of their respect and confidence, assuring them that I did not doubt that the time would come when my poetic whim would lead me back to their peaceful hermitage. Several of the brothers kindly gave us down the mountain to the pic nic road, where we took leave, receiving the blessing of the good Abbot, and expressing to the brothers our grateful acknowledgements for their kindness. We drove back to the villa as the evening shadows fell. That night I dreamed of cloisters, and cowl, and a monkish brotherhood.

* * *

Thus was life to me in that old house a new experience. A few calm summer or autumn days passed there as one of the members of the family. But bright days of a prolonged sojourn in this classic land. The pleasures of the imagination are the most refined of all our enjoyments. Recollection of romantic visions inspired by breathing the atmosphere of the villa; of walks and drives through the charming region in which it stands—of tranquil evenings of sympathetic converse under the ancient porticoes, with the musical splash of the cool fountains in the air, and glimpses of the gigantic dilapidated statues which line the avenue before the eye, will long remain among the most agreeable memories of my Italian life.

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Fig. A.



Fig. B.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 498.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"A PRACTICAL JOKE."

THE engraving which we give on this page is based on a story of OLIVER CROMWELL, which is thus quaintly told in OLDMIXON'S "History of England:"

"One of his (Oliver Cromwell's) domestick chaplains, Mr. JOHNNY White, a sprightly man and a top Wit of his Court, was so ambitious as to make his addresses to Lady Frances, the Protector's youngest daughter. The young Lady did not discourage him; and this Piece of innocent Galantry in so religious a Court, cou'd not be carry'd on without spies. Oliver was told of it, and he was much concern'd at it, obliging the Person who told him to be on the Watch; and if he cou'd give him any substantial Proof, he should be well rewarded, and White severely punish'd. The spy followed the matter so close that he hunted Jerry White, as he was generally term'd, to the Lady's Chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector with this News. Oliver, in a rage, hastened thither himself, and going in hastily found Jerry on his Knees kissing the Lady's Hand, or having just kiss'd it. Cromwell, in a Fury, ask'd what was the Meaning of that Posture before his Daughter Frank? White, with a great deal of Presence of Mind, said, 'May it please your Highness, I have a long Time courted that young Gentlewoman there, my Lady's Woman, and cannot prevail; I was, therefore, humbly praying her Ladyship to intercede for me.' The Protector, turning to the young Woman, cry'd, 'What's the meaning of this, Hussey? Why do you refuse the Honour Mr. White wou'd do you? He is my Friend, and I expect you shou'd treat him as such.' My Lady's Woman, who desir'd nothing more, with a very low Courtesy reply'd, 'If Mr. White intends me that Honour, I shall not be against him.' 'Sayst thou so, my Lass,' cry'd Cromwell, 'call Goodwyn, this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the Room.' Mr. White was gone too far to go back. The Parson came. Jerry and my Lady's Woman were marry'd in Presence of the Protector, who gave her 500 Pounds for her Portion; and that,



"A PRACTICAL JOKE."—[PAINTED BY J. HAYLLAR.]

with the Money she had saved before, made Mr. White easy in his Circumstances, except in one Thing, which was that he never loved his Wife, nor she him, tho' they lived together near fifty Years afterwards. I knew them both, and heard this Story told when Mrs. White was present, who did not contradict it, but own'd that there was something in it."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1866.

PROPOSALS FOR A NEW PARTY.

THE President and part of the Executive Committee of the National Union Club of Washington, in concert with two Democratic Senators, have issued proposals for a new party. They invite the assembly of a Convention in Philadelphia on the 14th of August, to consult upon the state of the Union. In their call these gentlemen state several principles upon which all patriotic men agree, and they omit several which are peculiar to the Union party. The proposals for the new party are plainly hostile to the action of Congress, which was elected by an enormous majority of the Union party, and may fairly be supposed to represent its views more faithfully than Senators HENDRICKS of Indiana and NESMITH of Oregon, who opposed that party last year at the polls, and who oppose its measures in Congress.

The effort to represent this call as virtually an act of the great Union party of the country is simply dishonest. Mr. HENDRICKS and Mr. NESMITH have never assumed to belong to that party. That party, moreover, has its organization and Executive Committee, and its Conventions are legitimately called only by that Committee. The officers of the National Union Club of Washington have exactly as much right to speak for the Democratic party as for the Union party; the fact that they have hitherto acted with the Union party only shows that they now consider themselves to have withdrawn from it, for why, otherwise, should they seek separate and independent action?

It is only against false pretenses that we wish to warn our readers. The gentlemen in question have undoubted right to their opinion upon all subjects, and an equal right to call conventions of those who sympathize with them. If they are alarmed by a prospect of "usurpation" and "centralization of power" by the National Legislature, and are indifferent to the same danger from the Executive, they may be very wise, but we have every certainly a right to hold and express that view. But if we may judge from the resolutions of Union Conventions, from the speeches of successful Union candidates, from the almost unanimous tone of the Union press, and from the impressions of private intercourse with representative Union men, Congressional opposition is not feared by the Union party; and to represent a Convention called under such an apprehension a movement for the readjustment of that party is a gross and dangerous misrepresentation. Such a Convention can be only a bridge by which those Union men who hold with ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS that a State which has been in rebellion has "a continuing right" to resume its relations with the Union without delay or condition, may pass over to the point in which Mr. STEPHENS's principles upon that subject prevail. But can Senator DOOLITTLE, who signs the call, be supposed to speak the sentiment of the Union party in Wisconsin, whose Legislature, controlled by that party, has asked him to resign? Or does Senator DIXON speak for the Union men of Connecticut, who elected General HAWLEY Governor, and whose Legislature made General TERRY Senator, and adopted—first of all the States—the Constitutional Amendment to which all the signers of this call are opposed?

The new party, if it is ever born, can not, of course, stand upon its own legs. It will be at once taken to the breast of the party which opposed the war for the Union, and which denounced Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. JOHNSON as usurpers and tyrants, and it will be carried, helpless, wherever that party chooses. There will not be three parties in the coming Congressional elections; and even if the party of the Washington Club should attempt to put itself to stand as a third, it could be only to the detriment of the Union party, not of the Copperheads. The contest will finally be between those who support the amendment and those who oppose it. Those who oppose it are the late rebels, not the Union men at the South, and our friends the Chicago Copperheads at the North. The members of the Washington Club party must join these, or they must vote with their old allies of the Union party. They may disable the latter, but they can not injure the former, and we should really like to know whether Mr. RANDALL and Senators DIXON and DOOLITTLE sincerely believe that union and liberty, in this country, are safer in the hands of the late rebels and the opponents of the war than in those of the Union party, however unwise some of its measures may have been, and however foolishly some of its Congressional leaders may have spoken.

PRUSSIA, AUSTRIA, AND ITALY.

THE great war now begun in Europe is, with the sole exception of the Italian part of it, as purely a war of political ambition as Europe has ever seen. We do not believe LOUIS NAPOLEON to be the only ambitious and able man in Europe, and therefore we do not hold him to be entirely responsible. But doubtless the meeting of some months ago between BISMARCK and NAPOLEON had a very significant bearing upon the present situation. It had not been kept been ready and willing to make war the peace would not have been broken.

The treaty which settled the Schleswig-Holstein war was signed at Vienna on the 30th October, 1864. Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg were ceded by that treaty to the joint protectorate of Prussia and Austria. Within the year following Austria sold to Prussia her rights in Lauenburg for 2,500,000 thalers, and by the Convention of Gastein of August 14, 1865, it was agreed that the joint occupation should cease, Austria taking possession of Holstein and Prussia of Schleswig. Prussia then began to press Austria to yield her rights in Holstein, which Austria refused, and referred the question to the Federal Diet of Germany. This Prussia denounced as a violation of the Convention of Gastein, and sent her staunch troops into Holstein to resume the joint occupation. Thereupon Austria moved in the Federal Diet that the Federal army be put on a war footing, for the purpose of resisting the designs of Prussia. Prussia protested that such a decision would be a dissolution of the German Confederation, and that she would regard all the States that voted for the proposal as her enemies; but the motion was adopted by a vote of nine, including Austria, Saxony, and Bavaria. The Austrian vote represents a population of about 14,000,000, excluding Austria herself, and the Prussian, excluding Prussia, about 8,000,000. Prussia accordingly declared the Germanic Confederation dissolved, and the semi-official papers announce that henceforth the States are formerly represented will be those in the Middle European group of States. On the 15th of June Prussia entered Hanover and Saxony, and the war virtually began.

This is simply a quarrel of precedence between Prussia and Austria, which have always been rival powers in the Confederation, and as Austria has stood upon one defensive in the quarrel, and has offered to refer the difference to the decision of the Diet, her attitude toward Prussia commands the sympathy of all who feel that the Schleswig-Holstein question is not really a *casus belli*.

But it is not so with Italy. The Congress of Vienna, which was a reactionary conclave of kings, gave VENETIA to Austria. But Venetia is Italian in language, tradition, and sympathy. It has been held only by the Austrian strong hand, and that hand has never been more odious than in its clutch upon Italy. The history of that country since the settlement of 1815 is a story of incessant plots and conspiracies for the liberation of Venetia, and of noble men sacrificed by Austria. The best expression of this undying national feeling of Italy and its perpetual protest against blow off the German yoke is found in various poems of ROBERT BROWNING. Its living impersonation is JOSEPH MAZZINI. Later events have made GARIBALDI its representative and VICTOR EMANUEL its official leader. The fire and the force of Italy are now typified by these two men. To their call all the youth and manhood of the peninsula respond. Under them an immense army is now organized and marshaled. Through their eyes Italy, wholly aroused, sees, and hears, and feels in fervent expectation every inch of her soil freed from the foreigner. A day of such promise modern Italy has not seen. Thoroughly prepared for the struggle, she knows that her hopes and fears are interested in her success, and that all generous hearts in the world wish her well. Austria is an anomalous power, the home of a crushing despotism. From the old tradition of GESLER and TELL to the modern METTERNICH and SILVIO PELLICO she has been the enemy of liberty. She is now entering upon a vital struggle, and the hopes and wishes of constitutional freedom must be against her as they are those of *re stupefatto* of Victor Gotzkalzi and strikes for Italian independence and unity.

THE TRUE ISSUE.

As the political campaign for the Congressional elections opens it is essential to remember that public interest will be chiefly in the construction of the Union. The proposed tariff will be both vigorously attacked and defended within the lines of the Union party. But the tariff question, however vital to our prosperity when united, is necessarily secondary to that of Union itself. We have no right, therefore, to allow our feelings and convictions upon that subject to influence our action upon one which is more important. To vote for a candidate who is opposed to protection, or who is an absolute free-trader, but who thinks that Congress has no right to prescribe conditions for the restoration of the late rebel States, to their full relations in the Union, is to prefer the lesser question to the greater. It is always possible to revise or repeal a tariff. But the conditions upon which reorganization is to be founded can neither be amended nor abolished.

The vital bond of the Union party is not financial but political. If it is broken by the *Tribune* for industrial protection, for instance, or with the *Evening Post* for industrial freedom, are both working together for certain great political results which can be achieved only by their faithful union. If, therefore, in any Union district the friends of the *Tribune* should say that they would vote only for a candidate who favored protection, and those of the *Post* that they would vote for a Copperhead rather than a Protectionist, they would give that district to the common enemy, and be responsible for the consequences.

Of course it is the duty of our friends in Congress to make our doctrines of this kind light. They can not more honorably forget that the Union party is neither a free trade nor a protective party. The heartiest Union men differ radically upon the tariff question. Whatever, therefore, by seeking changes in the system, tends to excite feeling and acrimonious debate upon this subject tends to a division or paralysis of the Union party. It makes the rate of duties so materially that they become virtually protective or prohibitive, and to pass the bill by the party vote, is to identify the policy of the Union party with protection, a policy which vast numbers of the party can not and will not support. Such an act is a stupendous political blunder.

But if Congress makes so gross a mistake it need not be repeated by the party itself. Every individual Union man should reflect that such an issue is not now paramount, and while he would naturally prefer a Representative who sympathized with his views upon the subject, he must not forget that it is still better to take a candidate who is wrong upon the tariff than one who is wrong upon reconstruction. Our taxes must be high for many years to come. But we do not mean, because, we say, they are the price of our national unity. Let us then first certainly secure that unity, and then we can proceed to discuss how we may most easily pay the taxes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THAT a proposal of the greatest public benefit should meet the Board of Councilmen of New York without a dissenting vote is a fact so astounding as to be incredible. Yet Councilman W. B. WHITE, of the Sixth District, did introduce a resolution asking for the appointment of a joint committee of the Common Council to inquire into the feasibility of establishing a free circulating library in the city, and it was passed unanimously and went to the Aldermen, where it was referred to one of the standing committees. We sincerely hope that it will report favorably at the next interest moment, and that the committee will discover that the proposition is as feasible as it is capacious.

There are five libraries in the city already. There is the Astor, which is for special consultation at the rooms. There is the Mercantile, which is for a certain class. There is the Society, which is for subscribers. There is the Historical, which is for students. There is also, we believe, the Mechanics', which is special. But there is not yet a circulating library of standard and current literature open free to the whole public; yet it is among the most valuable of all libraries.

With wise energy the Board of Health is cleansing slums and sewers, and universally washing and purifying the city. The Sewerage Board is constructing grand and building that the foul secretions of the great metropolis may be swept away. The Board of Police are patrolling and inspecting and arresting and everywhere enforcing order and law. They are all of them in various ways physical Sanitary Boards, and their good results are incontestible. They tend not only to lengthen life but to lower the taxes, for cleanliness and order are always good economy.

Besides this, the city freely educates its children, and unwisely increases its taxes by doing so. Nothing is so expensive as ignorance and vice. The great anxiety of society is the progress of the various police arrangements to guard and punish those who have not had a fair chance for their minds and bodies. Whatever helps to provide this chance is a sisterly and brotherly act after free schools nothing does this more effectually than a free library. The practical working of such an institution is not a matter of theory but of experience. The Public Library of Boston—a noble collection of miscellaneous literature, including also the choice, scholarly collection of THEODORE PARKER, is immensely and most widely used, and with what good result may be inferred. Thousands and thousands of good books are in constant circulation. When they are worn out they are replaced. There is also a reading-room, in which the current periodicals are to be found. And this great institution is managed without serious expense and with no trouble from riotous visitors.

The argument for a free public library in New York is contained in the suggestion itself. The root of our national safety is public intelligence, and the free school and the free library are among the most palpable and efficient opportunities of public education. A library makes readers, as a railway makes travel. When once MR. WHITE's proposition becomes an act, and the library is established, we shall all wonder that New York existed it so long, and thank the wise Councilman for giving one redeeming grace to our municipal history.

IS OURS A VALID GOVERNMENT?

THOSE who demand that JEFFERSON DAVIS shall be tried, not for the purpose of securing his punishment but of obtaining a solemn decision of the Supreme Court upon the question of secession, do not seem to reflect that such a decision is not final. Another court acting upon another case can reverse it. Besides, there are but two questions upon the subject of secession; one of right, and the other of power. The nation, by a tremendous war, has settled both. Why should the matter be reopened before a bench of Judges?

The question of the right of secession is the question of the existence of the Union and of the Government. Does any body mean seriously to assert that the right of this Government to exist is a question for a court to decide? Is a decision of the Supreme Court the tenure of the Union? Suppose the court should solemnly decree that secession is constitutional. What then? Are we absolutely to submit to perish? Suppose it decides it to be unconstitutional. What then? Do we feel the Government to be any stronger? If it decides one way to-day, it may decide another to-morrow. Why should we fall to pieces by a decision which may be reversed? Why should we cohere subject to a decision of dissolution? In any conceivable view the decision of a court upon a point which the nation has decided by the last resort is superfluous and impertinent.

Let the people of this country, however, once put it into the power of the Supreme Court or of any other tribunal to declare that the Constitution is a contract at all, and the Government will be inevitably overthrown by a judicial decision. The Supreme Court was prostituted to the basest partisan, political purpose in the Dred Scott case. A case of TANEYS extinct? ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS frankly tells us that he and his friends believe in the right of secession. MR. STEPHENS is a conspicuous Democratic leader. Suppose his party comes into power and the Supreme bench changed by deaths and resignations. Would it be very strange if a case were arranged so as to secure a judgment of the court favorable to the claim of State sovereignty?

There could not be more unwise step than to commit the decision of the validity of our national existence to any court. Is it, indeed, an open question? Did we fight only that we might discover whether we had a right to fight? Is GRANT yet to learn whether he was justified in his terrible and triumphant campaigns? Is every proud and sorrowing parent yet to hear whether his boy died in a holy or a wicked war? Yet if DAVIS be tried for treason the question must be argued and judged. He has a plea which no other prisoner whether Government could have—namely, that the organic law allowed him to become an alien, and consequently not liable as a traitor. Nor could this plea be regarded as frivolous, for no student of our political history will deny that the very point which he would urge was purposely left between the Constitution.

The remedy is obvious. It is not in the reversible decision of a court, but it is in the organic law as interpreted by the decision of the people. The Constitution was left purposely obscure by those who could not tell the precise strength of the dogma of State sovereignty. But that dogma has now appealed to the sword and if the fathers declared the children do not. They have routed that dogma and utterly destroyed it in the field. Let them now utterly destroy every witness of it also in the Constitution. Let the organic law declare that no State under any plea whatever shall secede, and it will matter little whether the late rebel States evoke or rebel or secede or annul or declare void their acts of secession, or whether the Supreme Court decides that the Government has or has not a right to exist.

PLANTING FORESTS.

MORE than ninety-five per cent. of all the public domain of the United States is absolutely without trees, and the local demand will soon exhaust the groves of the new States. Yet without trees civilization stops. "Were the pine forests around the great lakes to be swept from the earth to-night, the prairie States would stop in their career or improvement as suddenly as did LOT's wife in her journey toward the mountains." So says MR. HUTCHINSON of Kansas in his valuable and interesting

paper read before the Association for the Promotion of Science and Art. He proposes to double the habitable and productive surface of the country by planting its treeless plains.

Mr. DONELLY, Representative in Congress from Minnesota, has brought in a bill to encourage experiments in planting. It provides that 200,000 acres of public lands shall be granted to the Ottawa Indian University of Kansas on condition that they shall, within five years, plant at least 40,000,000 forest trees over an area of not less than 10,000 acres of public lands on the Great Plains. The House Committee on Public Lands have devoted themselves earnestly to the consideration of the practicability of this plan. Judge EDMONDS, Commissioner of the Land Office, makes a long and full report, in which he professes full faith in the success of the experiment. Mr. HITCHCOCK is the business manager of the Ottawa University, and says that the work is already begun upon their grounds. The University has this year planted one bushel of apple-seed, nine bushels of Osage orange seed—enough for 100 miles of hedge—20,000 deciduous trees, 50,000 evergreens, and many other seeds and cuttings. The Osage orange is considered the best tree with which to begin, because it grows very rapidly, is little affected by dry weather, and has a very thick top. Sycamore, elm, soft maple, and black walnut will flourish under its protection, and are, indeed, already growing somewhat 200 miles west of the Mississippi.

It is fully believed that the Great Plains were formerly covered with trees, and would be again except for that pestilent disturber and destroyer man. If he could be banished for a few years from the prairies, says Mr. HITCHCOCK, nature would soon cover them with forests. Man brings fire. He wishes to light his pipe, or boil his pot, or roast his toes, and a continent must be ravaged for his accommodation. He drops a spark or a lighted match into the dry grass, and, presto! the fire is up and away for the Rocky Mountains. But where the trees do not have a chance the spread and growth of trees astonish the old farmers. We wish Mr. HITCHCOCK had mentioned how the plains chanced to be treeless when they were first seen by historic men. Were they fired by prehistoric incendiaries?

The soil of the plains is deep and rich—if the grass annually decayed on the surface, the plains would be' a vast nursery bed richer than any rose garden in Flushing—and it only lacks moisture, which would come with trees. To cut down the trees in a country is do'ry to the springs. Mr. MARSH, from whom Mr. HITCHCOCK quotes, has amply illustrated this fact. We must have forests to regulate the climate and seasons; to improve barren soils; to shelter crops, herds, and fruits; to furnish shades for those devouring birds. Earth loves the shaggy costume of the forest. If only animals, especially of the inventive and fire-bearing kind, like man, could be banished she would every where drape her smooth outline with this soft garb. Indeed, says Mr. MARSH, forests would spontaneously spring up in the deserts of Africa if animals and fire could be excluded.

Moreover, wherever the sweep of prairie fire has been limited, there is a steady increase of timber, and Sangamon County, in Illinois, is said to have more timber growing than thirty years ago. This is an illustration that the plains are not hopeless. The proposition of Mr. DONELLY, so cogently and forcibly supported by Mr. HITCHCOCK, is so promising to civilization that we hope sincerely it will be adopted.

A LETTER FROM A FARMER

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

MR. EDITOR,—Your last week's article on the subject of the Tariff was pretty sound, barring some small ink proctectionists, which were in bad taste. I hold, with those great and good men, THADDEUS STEVENS and HORACE GREELEY, that the Government owes it to the country to protect domestic industry, and nothing is clearer than your proposition that if one kind of industry is entitled to protection all kinds are alike to the same. The large sum of money which has been paid every year by the consumers of wood-screws to the stockholders of the Franklin Wood-Screw Company of Providence, Rhode Island, has been well laid out, whatever you may think, inasmuch as it has firmly established that important manufacture on our soil, and driven foreign wood-screws out of the market. And Congress is bound, by every principle of honor and honesty, to extend to every other producer throughout the land the same reward which it so justly grants to Mr. SIMMONS'S Wood-Screw Company.

The tariff now before Congress proposes to levy an average tax of 82 per ton on foreign iron, and a largely increased duty per pound on foreign woolens. Every true patriot must approve these imposts. As Mr. STEVENS says, the pauper labor of Europe *must* be driven out of this market.

With coal and iron lying side by side, and food teeming in her own soil, Pennsylvania ought, perhaps, to be able to compete with producers three thousand miles away without protection from Government. But if she is not, and her representative Mr. STEVENS says she is not, and he ought to know, I am for giving her what she asks. I am for American industry first, last, and all the time. So New England with abundant water and steam power, first-class mechanical skill, and markets at her own door, ought to be able, one would fancy, to furnish the people of the United States with cotton goods at a price at which they can be fetched from Europe. But if she is not, and her representatives in Congress protest that she is not, I am for giving her what she asks in the way of protection. I will pay whatever may be required of me both on the iron and on the woolens which I consume, for the sake of maintaining our domestic industries against the pauper labor of Europe.

But there must be no one-sidedness in the bargain. If I pay my money to reward domestic industry in Pennsylvania and New England, the people of those sections must pay their money to reward my industry here. I am a farmer. I grow corn, potatoes, and "garden truck." I have been spending considerable money lately on manure and lime, and on the whole my farm looks well. My "peach-blows" stand thick on the ground, and the buds fill. I shall have several hundred bushels for sale in September, at which time they tell me potatoes will be a drug in the market. Owing to a slight mistake of the seedsman, instead of having a couple of thousand of mush melons to sell, I shall have several barrels of cucumbers, which, if the editors break down, will be in enormous much money. My corn promises well; some, raised from Parvian seed, imported by the Hon. Mr. WILKINSON PLUMB, is already as high as 16 or 17 feet, but *without-cobs*, so that, unless I can sell the stalks as curiosities, my labor will be unrewarded unless Government will graciously consent to lay a duty of 100 per cent something handsome from my "agriculturist" strawberries. But though the crop has been good, the season has been bad for me, and I better adapted than ours for the growth of these berries, and we have eaten so many of them at home, that I doubt if I have realized the money I paid for the plants which produced them. On the whole, though nature has treated me fairly, and the season has been not unfavorable, I am not sure that my farm will yield me enough to pay the new taxes which are about to be levied on me for the protection of native industry in New England and Pennsylvania, unless Congress should levy countervailing duties on the products of New England and Pennsylvania to reward me for the service I have rendered the country in raising potatoes and "garden truck," Peruvian corn, "agriculturist" berries, etc., etc.

I need not say that the protection I demand must not be by way of a customs duty. I fear no foreign competition. Foreign corn or berries would put a dollar in my pocket. The only way in which I can be "protected" is by a system of heavy internal taxes. I shall gladly commend itself to the judgment of farmers throughout the country. Such a system could be easily adjusted. If we farmers pay 25 per cent. more for our cookstoves and iron pots than we should pay under what HORACE GREELEY so justly calls the "British free-trade system," I shall expect the people to get 25 per cent. should pay a corresponding bounty on the food we raise. A bounty of 10 cents a bushel on corn and potatoes, a cents a quart on strawberries, and 50 cents a hundred on cucumbers would, my wife calculates, about make us square this season; we should lose, of course, on my friend SQUIER'S endless Peruvian corn. But I will not trouble him to make some sacrifices for our country. Without such a bounty we shall be robbed, and, firmly as I am wedded to the sound principles of the protectionists, I can't be expected to rob my family for the sake of theories.

I have written to our District Representative on the subject, and have no doubt that the plan will introduce into Congress a measure that will be satisfactory to us farmers. I do not expect to succeed in getting Congress to adopt method in which the bounties should be paid. But the simplest plan would seem to be a new issue of legal-tender notes or National Bank currency. A hundred millions, a thousand millions of paper-money afloat, and, as Mr. STEVENS and Mr. JOHN SHERMAN very properly observe, there would be no fear of its depreciation. A bounty of 10 cents a bushel on corn would require about $80,000,000, and a corresponding bounty on other products, say, $120,000,000 more; so that $200,000,000 or $300,000,000 a year would answer the purpose. This sum might be raised by a special tax on manufactures.

I am not certain, Mr. Editor, from cogitating you and the nation at large upon the new and grand financial policy into which we are drifting. Blind despotisms in Europe are reducing the taxes on their people to the utmost limit consistent with the maintenance of government; we are increasing our taxes year by year, taxing each separate class for the benefit of every other, and the great public at large for the benefit of each class. Blind despotisms in Europe are either sternly keeping their currency on a par with gold, or, like us, they have in past years got off the track, are striving to regain it; we, on the contrary, are legislating against currency contraction, and providing as elaborately against the improvement of our national credit as those blind despotisms are guarding against the depreciation of theirs. This is the way in which a young and prosperous country demonstrates its superiority to precedent, and its independence of the old-fashioned laws of political economy.

I scorn and contemn the arguments which have been urged in some quarters in favor of a reduction of taxes and a return to hard money. What the country really wants is more protection and more currency. Let every industry be protected even at the expense of all the others; let the issues of irredeemable paper (the most convenient currency in the world, for it never can be returned) be continued as needed and as population increases, until the rate of interest at Chicago and St. Louis falls to three per cent., and a pair of boots costs $25; and then, Sir, we shall indeed begin to realize the blessings of living under a Government administered on the plan of those great statesmen, THADDEUS STEVENS, JOHN SHERMAN, and their compeers.

Respectfully yours, DICK BROWN.

TOWN HILL, STATEN ISLAND, *July 4, 1866.*

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

MR. EDITOR,—I see that the New York *Times* ardently supports the call of MESSRS. RANDALL and HENDRICKS for a National Convention. The Hon. HENRY J. RAYMOND is editor of the *Times*, and he is also Chairman of the Union National Committee. Now does he mean us to understand that the RANDALL and HENDRICKS Convention is a Convention of our party? If so, why doesn't he say so? If not, why doesn't he say so?

If, as the *Times* says, the time has come for remodeling the party, does the Chairman of the National Committee intend calling in our most constant political enemies to do the job? If he does, why does he not resign? If he does not, why does he not consult with his colleagues, and call the National Union Convention from all the States and Territories—a Convention to which such Southern Unionists as the Governors of MEXICO, of TEXAS, and his friends would be welcome? Or, in the judgment of the *Times*, are Governor HAMILTON and those who agree with him, and who voted against THADDEUSISM in TEXAS, not sound and trusty Union men?

Is the true way to enlarge and nationalize the Union party to abandon the Southern Unionists or to be absorbed by the Northern Copperheads?

Yours, A LINCOLN VOTER OF '64.

LITERARY.

"Drift: a Sea-shore Idyl, and other Poems," by GEORGE ARNOLD. (Hurd & Houghton & Fields.) In one of the "Misses from an old Manse" HAWTHORNE imagines a letter from a friend who has lost the bread of his life by mercantile insanity, and who writes a letter from London, in 1845, describing grotesquely BYRON, SHELLEY, COLERIDGE, and the other noble poets of their time, as if they were still living. In the same vein he speaks of those who are still living as dead, and says of one of them: "I remember, when a boy, I got from Goldsmith's LONGFELLOW by name, who scattered some delicate verses to the winds, and went to Germany, and published a Book of Sonnets, and became at the University of Gottingen." Here, too, in this unusually beautiful book, are a handful of delicate verses scattered to the winds by a young man who, in no disordered fancy, but in sad fact, died last autumn, and whose friend literary comrade, Mr. WILLIAM WINTER, in a simple and touching sketch, relates the few dates and facts of his life, which have a strangely mournful and even melancholy of the impression that the book produces.

Mr. ARNOLD was born in the city of New York, in 1838, and at the age of three was taken by his parents to the West, and returned with them to the neighborhood of New York in 1840. In 1852 they went to live in a lovely country—soon relinquished the attempt, and thenceforward, until his death, in November, 1865, was a writer for the periodical press. He wrote with little facility prose or verse; squib, satire, or sentiment; living by his pen, and quietly accepting all the conditions of his profession. A hundred lines of his writings was probably the series of M'ARTHUR letters in *Vanity Fair*, but the best of them were undoubtedly the poems which, after his death, have been edited. They are full of a pensive, delicate sentiment, and a graceful music, which shows how easily and naturally his reveries and his thoughts flowed into rhyme. If the poet were a Bohemian, in the vulgar sense, there is yet no touch of Bohemia in his verses. The playful attempts at cynicism are very transparent. The real thing in them is a pathetic grace, a genuine sadness. Whether the poet were more than the luxury of "dreamful youth" does not appear. There are hints—not, however, in Mr. WINTER'S memoir—that he was a man who, while the young author never recovered. Mr. ARNOLD'S poetry is in no imitative strain. It is not an echo of a familiar voice, but is truly his own, and is sure to awaken a melancholy interest in the poet. We can copy but one little song, written in a sunny mood, which is a good illustration of his rare grace and felicity:

"JUBILATE.

"Gray distance hid each shining sill,
By ruthless breezes borne from me;
And, homeless, farings, fates, and pain,
My ships went forth to sea.

"Where misty breakers rose and fell
I stood and sorrowed hopelessly;
For every wave had tales to tell
Of wrecks far out at sea.

"To-day, a song is on my lips;
Earth seems a Paradise to me;
For God is good, and, lo! my ships
Are coming home from sea."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 28:

In the Senate, after several attempts at amendment the Freedman's Bureau bill was passed, and sent back to the House.

In the House, the Pacific Railroad bill was passed—56 to 99.

June 27:

In the Senate, Mr. Morrill called up the bill introduced by Mr. Wade on the 25th day of the session, to grant universal suffrage in the District of Columbia. A memorial was read, remonstrating against the right of suffrage all who voluntarily left the District to go to the rebellion. An amendment to limit the franchise to such persons as can read the Constitution of the United States and write was offered, but was rejected. Final action on the bill was not reached.

In the House, the Senate bill to prevent smuggling was passed.—Mr. Morrill, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported their amendments to the Tax bill, and proceeded to state the important features of the report. The amendments were especially voted on, and as the House refused to concur in several of them, a Committee of Conference was asked for. Among the non-concurred in were the rebate, cigar, income, and Bank tax amendments.

June 28:

In the Senate, Mr. Brown offered a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the Committee on Public Military to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for such appointments in the military establishment as the Post-office, Treasury, and Interior Departments, as will secure competent clerks and proper examinations and a reputable demobilize and promotions as they are regulated in the War and Navy, to the end that the appointments in these Departments may not be used as reservoirs of political power.

In the House, the Missouri contested election case was taken up, Mr. Rollins, of Missouri, in the chair.—The Senate amendments to the House bill to continue in force and amend the act to establish the Freedmen's Bureau were taken up. On motion of Mr. Eliot the amendments were concurred in, and a Committee of Conference was asked.—The House then proceeded to the consideration of the Tariff bill.—Mr. Morrill addressed the House in explanation and support of the bill. He urged a higher duty on the articles reported additional, especially wool.

June 29:

In the Senate, a committee of conference was appointed on the Freedmen's Bureau bill. The points to be considered relate to the disposition of the Sea Island lands. The House forbids the surrender of the lands now held by the Freedmen under General Sherman's order. The bill as passed by the Senate contains provisions under which the Freedmen may purchase the lands now in hands, except such as have been sold for United States taxes.

NEWS ITEMS.

Dispatches from Galveston, Texas, give Mexican news to the 23d of June. Maximilian had been reinstated by the Imperialists, and occupied by the Liberals. Mejia had left for Guatemala, followed by 1,500 of the troops of Maximilian. Seven hundred Liberals occupied Hueuitla, and a force was preparing to attack Tuxpan.

Morton, the Republican candidate, has been elected Governor of Nebraska by 145 majority. The majority in favor of making the Territory a State was 111.

Governor Swann, of Maryland, declines calling an extra session of the Legislature to act upon the Constitutional Amendment.

The "Conservatives" have carried the election in TEXAS, and Throckmorton is elected Governor. The Union men seem to have polled one-third of the vote.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

The German Diet at Frankfort having, on June 14, passed the act for the mobilization of the Federal army, Prussia has declared the Confederation dissolved, and that she regards all the States as voting for the act.

The vote was nine in favor to six against—eight votes, according to Austria, being necessary—the majority a plurality of 18,789,711, and contingents of 177,768 men; while the votes excluding Prussia against the proposal represent a population of 2,054,580, and contingents of 20,000 men.

The members of the Confederation voting for the adoption of Austria are Austria, Saxony, Austria, Bavaria, Hanover, Wurtemberg, the two Hesses, with Liechtenstein, Nassau, Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Meiningen, Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the two Mecklenburgs, Oldenburg, Anhalt, Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, Waldeck, Reuss, Lippe-Detmold, and those voting against it, Prussia, Luxemburg, Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Meiningen, Brunswick, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the two Mecklenburgs, Oldenburg, Anhalt, Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, Waldeck, Reuss, Lippe-Detmold, Schaumburg-Lippe, Hesse-Homburg, Lubeck, Bremen, and Hamburg.

The Prussian Government has diminished the neutrality of Saxony in the conflict, the retention of the Saxon army in a peace footing, and allowing the Crown Prince passage for concealing a German parliament with the view of founding a new Confederation, has been rejected by the Saxon Government. Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and Nassau rejected the Prussian summons.

The *Bremen* arrived here on the 3d inst. with a budget of news, which in the most exciting circumstances.

Prussia and Italy each declared war against Austria on June 18. The announcement was received here on the fact that Prussia has been sending gold to Italy, contrary to the Austrian Emperor and the Prussian King have issued royal manifestoes—the former to the Austrian people, the latter to the Prussian army, which breathe much anger.

A new Italian Ministry has been organized, with Ricasoli at the head. Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi have met, and, it is said, Garibaldi, the Pope's friend, has resigned.

Turkey has announced that she will interfere in the Danubian Principalities; and France, England, and Russia have protested against it.

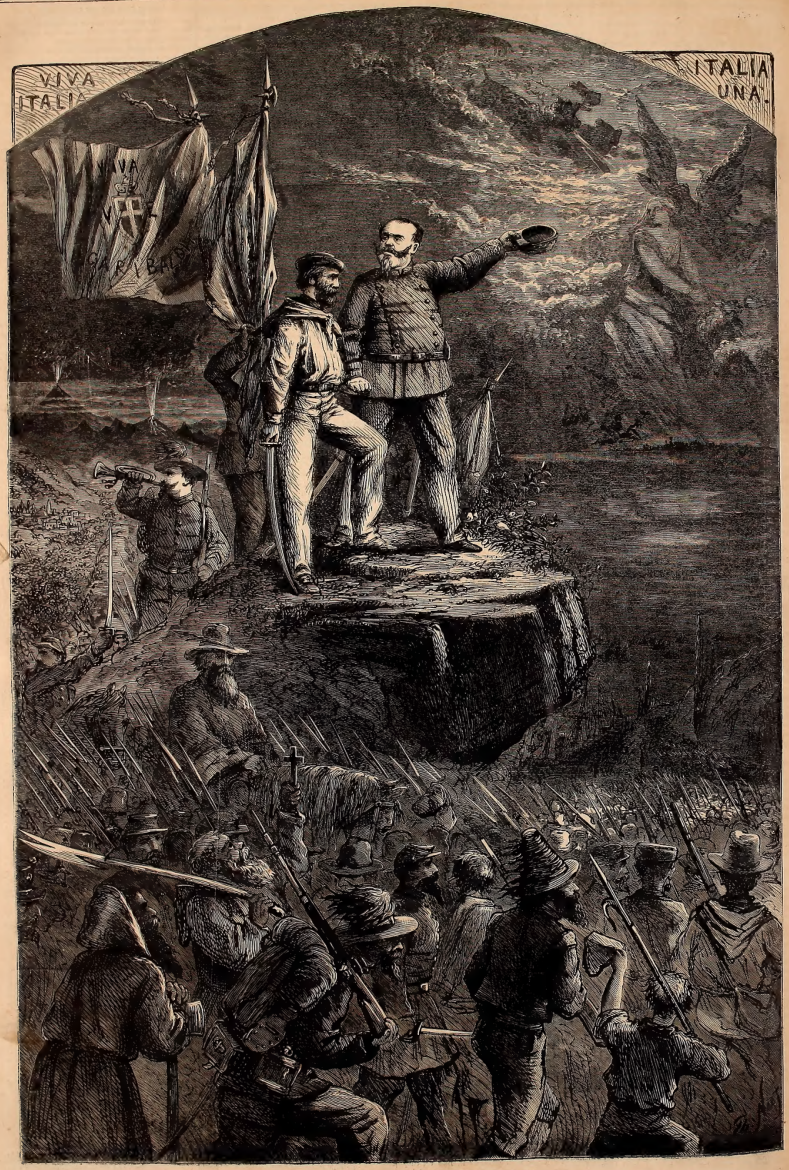
Russia has thrown a force on the Austrian frontier, and has given notice that in case of interference by other neutral Powers she also will interfere.

Spain has declared herself to withdraw from the Peiric.

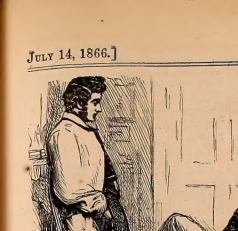
The Atlantic Telegraph Expedition was to start on the 8th of July.

ENGLAND.

By advices from England of June 28 it appears that in consequence of the heavy majority against Gladstone Government Gladstone had put himself in connection with the Queen for dissolution, and Parliament had adjourned until June 29.



THE UPRISING OF ITALY.—[DRAWN BY MR. THOMAS NAST.]



THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS.

We were inconvenientiy situated, Phil and I. In a situation indeed that would have rendered more susceptible individuals in a state of mind quite unfit to enjoy the Christmas festivities as closely approaching.

Phil had been, I must say, awfully extravagant; and much as I sympathized with him, I could not blame the "gov'nor" for sending him a check for £50, with the information that he might right himself as he could, for that he (the "gov'nor") was sick of paying his bills and setting him going again, and was firmly resolved to wash his hands of the whole "affair."

The "affair," who happened to be seated beside my fire, with a glass of brandy-and-water near him, and a cheroot in his mouth, folded up the check carefully and slipped it in his waistcoat pocket, and then tearing up the paternal letter, quietly relighted his cheroot, and remarked,

"It's shabby of the gov'nor, I must say," he said, with a patience that, compared with my indignant disappointment, was Job-like and beautiful. "But it's no use making a row about it, so there we are where we were before."

"I've seven pay your tailor's bill," I muttered, thinking selfishly to myself, "much less leave you a pound to send on."

"Of course it won't; the gov'nor didn't intend it should. It's a Christmas-box," Phil answered, as friendly as may be like a Turk.

I pointed to a little basket that lay beside my writing-table. "I don't know how full yours is," I said, sternly, "but mine won't hold any more. I've about a dozen by each post from those confounded tradesmen, graduating in insolence."

"So have I, for matter," Phil interrupted Phil. "But I never read them. I never could stand being blackguarded, and that's what dunning's been allowed to rank in a country that prides itself on its freedom and its constitution. Why," continued Phil, warming with his subject, and gesticulating in a manner that lent additional grandeur to his sentiments, "don't we pride ourselves on the sacredness of the domestic hearth? Is not every man's home his castle? And yet, through the medium of this liberal, this enlightened Government, the post is allowed to invade its sanctuary, and pour on the pure white breakfast-cloth a heap of insults sufficient to make the blood boil within one, and spoil one's disposition for the day!"

"There should be some law," added Phil, more quietly, and sinking back meditatively in his chair, "to prevent this intrusion on a man's privacy—some fine or even heavy punishment should be inflicted for transmitting, by such means, insults dishonoring equally to the British tradesman and British gentleman. Blackguarding's forbidden in the streets, why should it be permitted in our homes?

"Never mind the whys and the wherefores," I answered, rather crossly, "the thing is, and there's an end of it. The question is, Phil, what are we to do? Do you know I'm deucedly hard up?"

My friend did not answer for at least twelve whiffs; then he said in his calmest manner:

"You're not of a reflective disposition unfortunately, Jack, or else I should recommend you to light your pipe and leave it to Fate to suggest some idea. With me the case is different. Provide me with a weed and a glass of grog, and if you were to perch me at the top of Mont Blanc, or plunge me in the depths of a coal mine, reflection would claim me as her own."

"I think then, my dear Phil," I replied, with the shadow of a sneer, "it is time you set your reflective powers to work. Fifty pounds won't do you much service, if I am rightly informed as to the extent of your liabilities."

"I am perfectly aware of that, and yet you see I am calm as a marble Jupiter. Such is the force of my self-reliance."

"Come, Phil, what's up!" I exclaimed, in a coaxing tone, for I knew enough of my friend's affairs to value his self-reliance at its proper worth.

Phil raised his glass to his lips, and for a moment there was silence. Then laying it down, he said, energetically, "Jack, I am disgusted with my kind! I feel almost Byronic."

"So do I," I grimly responded.

"There are times," continued Phil, again falling into those gesticulations which he had acquired at the best private theatricals, "when I feel that I could almost—"

"I thought he was going to say 'commit suicide,'" and as I was contemplating entering the Church, I thought it an excellent opportunity to begin preaching; but he only added, after another communication with the glass beside him, "*Merry!*"

"Good Heavens!" I said, fervently. "At your age, Philip! Why you must be mad; besides, find yourself" would neither salt nor mustard me."

"Then what do you mean? I hate guessing riddles—speak out." I fear I did not speak with my usual amiability, but circumstances were trying, and so was Phil, particularly when he had on the "marble Jupiter" mood.

Instead of answering, my friend took from his pocket a small note written on delicate pink paper, and scented with the delightful odor that had once been sweeter than the rose to my senses, as pervading every article that had the felicity of belonging to Gertrude Thornly, Phil's youngest sister.

This he threw at me in a manner that, had he not been my dearest friend (and Gerty's brother), I should have quarreled with him on the spot.

Smoothing it out, for the wretch had crumpled it up in a way that he certainly would not have done Blanche's embossed notes, I cast my eyes over the dashing calligraphy, and after some difficulty, for I must say Gerty wrote with the same dash she did every thing, I made out the following:

"THORNLY HALL, *Dec.*

"MY DEAREST PHIL,—What have you been doing, you silly, extravagant boy, to put papa so terribly out of sorts? He has not spoken a civil word to any one since he got your letter; and when I asked him how you were, and what news you gave, he spirted out some very naughty words, which made the Rev. Mr. Blinks, who was dining with us, use his handkerchief vigorously. Now, my dear Phil, you really should not do whatever you have been doing, and I hope you won't again. I and Blanche were talking it over last night, when we were undressing (Blanche always says she's a dog's body when she's undressing, and she thinks it may be that you have been spending too much, which of course one is apt to do when things are so dear, and dress-makers so exorbitant in their prices; and papa should not expect one to buy every thing at one's own to charity sermons too. And Blanche says her papa is so bad, and she only wishes for your sake and her own she was a Queen of Diamonds. By-the-by, that reminds me, the Queen of Diamonds, Miss Howney, is coming to stay with us at Christmas; and so is Captain Johnson, and Clara, and all the Holmeses. I hope you will manage to get away too, as you do make theatricals go off so well. And now good-by.

"Your affectionate sister,

"GERTRUDE THORNLY.

"P.S.—Don't do it any more, for papa is so cross."

I was so interested in the perusal of that note—taking me back as it did in the presence of that being, who, by my mind, was the sweetest woman I had ever met—so engrossed with the pleasant fancy, that I again heard her gay laugh and happy fresh voice, almost indeed felt the flutter of her ribbons, as during those few days of the preceding September—that I continued gazing at the writing, and forgot that my friend was waiting my comments on it.

"Well?" at length he said.

I started.

"Well?" he repeated; "do you understand now my meaning?"

"I must confess that I do not."

Philip's lip curled contemptuously, but he was too lazy to be more violently abusive.

"I suppose you can understand that Blanche Grey is not a Queen of Diamonds, however much her devotion to me, dear angel, may make her wish it."

I did understand that perfectly, knowing that Miss Grey was the daughter of one of the greatest spendthrifts going, who never had a penny to pay cash for any thing; for what all this nonsense about queens and diamonds meant I was still as much in the dark as ever, and I said so frankly.

Phil still looked contemptuous, but he condescended to be more lucid.

"Gerty writes abominably," he said, puffing out his cigar smoke in that imperial manner that Jupiter would probably have rolled out his, had the blessing of tobacco been known on High Olympus; "but she's a sensible girl for all that, and with an eye to business, which she most certainly inherits from the paternal side. She means kindly to hint to me that if I am in difficulties I could not do better than make up to Diana Rowney. She goes rather round about, and brings in Blanche in a way I do not quite like, but she means well, I dare say."

Now, knowing as I did, that Gerty Thornly was the frankest, simplest, heartiest girl in the world, and the bosom friend of Blanche Grey, I felt this translation of her letter to fit in to the suggestion of his own mercenary thoughts malicious in the extreme, and I girded myself up (figuratively of course, for it was after dinner) for a combat in her defense.

But Phil raised himself immediately, and energetically for him. "Don't, for Heaven's sake, don't! I know all you are going to say, and I am in a mood in which it would drive me to distraction. No; let us be sensible, Jack, and talk things over without any romantic sentimentalism."

"That's what I have been wishing you to do for the last hour," I answered, crossly.

Phil waved his pipe in that calm oratorical manner which I know prefaced a rather lengthy speech; so I lay back and made myself comfortable.

"Jack," said Phil, in the way he would have said "Mr. Speaker" in addressing the House of Commons, "Jack, we are in difficulties; I say say difficulties of an intricacy which even passes our powers of solution. Those difficulties, however, all centre in the one point, want of money; and the question is how to supply this want."

"Come, Phil, you're getting prosy," I remarked. "It's a prosy subject. I am not a Gladstone, and finance is a subject I abhor. Why not, therefore, turn it into something more romantic? Now I know Diana Rowney is not to compare with Blanche in a robe de chambre, but in her ball dress, with all her fortune flashing about her, she is perfectly dazzling. Blanche hates to a mere shadow."

"I wish you would explain who this Diana Rowney is, and what you mean about her diamonds," I interrupted a little testily, for, truth to tell, I was beginning to fear that Phil had some prize in view which I could not share.

"Why I thought the girls had told you about her. She is the daughter of some Indian merchant who made a fortune, and came just before he died turned it all into diamonds, which he left to his daughter on the condition that she did not attempt to sell them before she married. He made her take an oath; I believe, at least so she says, and she lives moderately on £60 a year, while she keeps her fortune in her pocket for a husband."

"How much are they worth?" I inquired, with interest; "and what kind of a girl is she?"

"You had better come down to Thornly Hall and judge for yourself."

As he spoke, Phil fixed his eye on me in a manner that I knew had a deep meaning.

"Well," I said, "what?"

"Shall we make a bargain, Jack? We've held to each through a good deal; shall we hold on still? We both want money, we both have a fancy for—well perhaps for a prettier girl than Diana Rowney; suppose we agree to toss up who is to be the sacrifice, and agree that the other shall receive a thousand pounds on the wedding-day."

"Phil, what a horrible, almost immoral idea!" I exclaimed, virtuously.

"Well, I did not say it was agreeable, or particularly moral, did I? All I say is, it is necessary for me to get money somehow, even if I have to do something as bad as marrying an heiress. There!"

And Phil reared up his great person, gave his mustache a savage pull, and prepared to put on his great-coat.

* * * * * *

The result of that conversation was that, on the 21st of December, a couple of tall (and I thought I say it, who should not), good-looking fellows, took first-class tickets by the Great Western down to Bridgewater.

I must also confess that on the previous night, after having passed a dreary hour looking over my entangled accounts, Philip had also contrived to beguile me into that immoral "toss up," which was to decide whether the heiress or the bank accounts were to be mine; and I was in uncommonly good spirits from having won the money. I could still meet Gerty Thornly with a free conscience.

Phil, I must say, bore his fate with a calmness truly philosophical; but I noticed even he avoided the subject of Blanche Grey, and if he ever mentioned love or woman, spoke of them in a Byronic manner quite painful to hear. His feelings, however, must have been rather tried when, on arriving at Bridgewater, we found a whole party from the Hall come to meet us, among whom was Miss Grey, but not the Queen of Diamonds.

They kept up the old style of things at Thornly Hall. There were plenty of servants about table, silver plate, and Christmas festivities; and besides the three daughters with moderate portions, timber that must not be cut, and an eldest son, who, unfortunately for himself, was not Phil. I knew all this; and I was accustomed to the ways of the place, and I went to my room to dress for dinner in a frame of mind perfectly satisfied with my own position, and indeed that of all the world.

Alas for human selfishness! I must confess I was so engrossed with my own pleasant meditations, that I had quite or almost forgotten that Phil was about to be sacrificed; and when he just poked his head into my room, and growled that "he had just had a talk with the gov'nor, who was still savage as a bear, and that he must go in for her," I scarcely remembered who the "her" was. I was a little horrified when I did remember, for I must confess I had found Gerty more charming than ever (I think winter costume, especially that black-plumed hat, became her even more than airy summer millinery), and it made me almost shudder to think how I had tempted Fate.

It is astonishing what a purifying effect female society has on our brutal, male natures. Ten minutes after I had been in the company of the Misses Thornly and Blanche Grey round the blazing fire, while we waited the summons to dinner, gold had become dross in my estimation; those luxuries of bachelor life I had been accustomed to consider necessaries the most insipid vanities that a man could burden himself with dost for, I grew virtuously strong; so much so, that I blushed when I thought of the object of that Christmas visit among those unsuspecting damsels, and resolved in my no best to prevent this evil-doing, even at the cost of my thousand; but even as I determined the door opened, and in came Phil, in his most disrupt toilet, with a lady. Well, she was not handsome, unless an overdoing of every feature she possessed gave her a title to beauty. She had a very high Roman nose, very large black eyes, very, very bushy black eyebrows, very black hair, very large white teeth, and very red lips—lips and teeth which made you shudder and call to mind the old story of Red Ridinghood.

"What large teeth you have, grandmamma!"

"All the better to eat you up, my dear!"

Somehow, whenever she opened her mouth, and



"SHE GUESSED SHE HAD LOST PHIL."

turned her head in the snappish way which seemed peculiar to her, I fancied she was going to say that.

All the ladies made a move as they entered.

"Come and sit near the fire, Diana!" exclaimed Miss Thornly.

"Here's a cozy little corner, Di," said Gerty.

"So there is here," said Edith Holmes. "Come by me, Diana."

The Queen of Diamonds seemed a great favorite even among her own sex—that was comforting. However, Diana Rowney smiled graciously, and the buffet at that moment announcing dinner, she accepted Phil's arm, and we all made a move to the dining-room.

Again I must acknowledge that the charms of my own position made me insensible to the trials of my friend; and it was only when he called to me, in rather a rough voice, to pass something at the dessert, that I observed, in spite of his smiles, Phil was looking any thing but contented.

Phil was a very handsome fellow in his way, and had brass enough to give cash to his soft attentions and sweet speeches, which quite distinguished him. He was handsome, too, and had a peculiarity about the eyes that pleased us men, so it was not to be wondered that the women adored him.

I watched him a little after that call, and I saw that he was going through the regular process with dark Diana, and apparently with success; for the great eyes were glowing like red-hot coals—I can't say stars—and she was laughing and talking, and paying him an attention as flattering as it was expensive.

They grew a little noisy, too, and attracted general attention, approving I could see, from the bottom of the table, but not quite so much so from either Gerty or Blanche Grey. Indeed, the fair face of Miss Grey had looked very much worried ever since she had been at table; and Gerty now and then made wrong answers as a louder peal of laughter than usual came from Phil and Diana's corner.

Still, when Miss Thornly made the move, and the ladies left the room, Phil took his cambric handkerchief and pressed it across his brow with a sigh, as if he had concluded some Herculean labor. He took a good deal of wine too afterwards.

That evening he was very assidious in courting dark Diana, and showed, indeed, a firmness of purpose worthy of a better cause; but whether it was that the sharp fresh air of morning cooled his ardor, or that he found Diana still less inviting with that large Roman nose protruding from under a tiny black hat, I know not; but the next morning his attention fluctuated rather, and when in the morning ride his horse fell back beside Blanche, he seemed to find it difficult to urge him forward again to the assistance of Miss Rowney, who professed to be nervous on horseback; and when we happened to loiter together in the dining-room before luncheon, he shrugged his shoulders most deprecatingly, and whispered, "If she would but come out with them all blazing about her, it would give me courage. Jack."

Three days passed, however, and "the Queen did not come out in the "blaze" poor Phil yearned for, as should the prisoner for sunshine. She wore a diamond brooch occasionally, which attracted our covetous gaze; but, as we both silently observed, that was not sufficiently tempting to make wooing with Diana Rowney in the balance against either Gerty or Blanche.

A philosopher less interested than myself might have found a delightful combination of amusement and instruction in watching Phil's conduct those three days. He would have seen an amusing struggle between the man of the world and the man of nature; the man of wants and the man of taste. In the evening, after imbibing a certain quantity of sherry and port, Phil was Diana's slave, lounging with her in private corners, bending over her while she sang (songs which put your teeth on edge), decking her hair with camellias stolen from his sister's conservatory, and otherwise pursuing the object which brought us down to Thornly; but in the morning, somehow, he could not resist Blanche's attractions; and how, I know not, but we used constantly fall into that same quarter, scrambling through the leafless woods and roads in which we had contrived to pass so many hours of the last long vacation so satisfactorily.

I think the mornings made up to poor Blanche for all the positive desertion in the evenings; and perhaps she believed what I heard Gerty assert on night, under cover of Diana's singing. "Phil was obliged to be attentive, to please you, you know."

How this would have gone on—which lady would have carried the day—I know not, but I was getting rather tired of hearing about my business.

However, Christmas-eve came. There was to be a dance, and we gentlemen had gone through the usual exercise of decking the rooms with holly and such flowers as could be got, and we had done the usual amount of flirtation likewise. I think the day had been trying to Phil on the whole, for I must say even I thought I had never seen Blanche look prettier than she did, now peeping through dark wreaths of laurel, now hanging from a high head over the shiny holly. The opportunities, too, for love-making had been very abundant, and to have to make sweet speeches to Diana, after whispering them to blushing Blanche, must have been martyrdom, more especially when connected with a guilty conscience.

Phil did seem nervous for once in his life, and I remarked that he left the society of the drawing-room much sooner than he needed to do to prepare for the dance; and on leaving myself for the same purpose half an hour afterward I saw the red spark of his cigar sauntering up and down the terrace. Now smoke in solitude proclaimed that Philip Thornly was uneasy in his mind, so I was not surprised, on descending to the hall-room some time afterward, to find that he was still absent, nor to hear from Captain Johnson that he was still smoking away like a Turk in the cold night air.

Meanwhile the room began to fill, the music to play, and the usual routine of the ball to proceed. The scene was pretty enough to please the most fastidious eye, for the decorations were perfect, the lights admirably disposed, and certainly filling on "fair women and brave men" in profusion; but it became dazzling when the door was thrown open, and Diana Rowney appeared in the blaze of all her fortune. Diamonds on her neck, diamonds in her ears, diamonds on her arms! Heavens! how she blazed beneath the lights, and how her great dark eyes shone with triumph as she saw the envious gaze fixed upon her!

Certainly, whether it was the fiend of avarice that put me on the spectacles or not I can not say; but somehow that dark woman, with her glittering jewels, did seem to cast the rest into the shade; even fair Blanche, till then the belle (except for Gerty) of the room, seemed to fade into something dim, and I must say I thought cheerfully of the thousand pounds. Why, those diamonds must be worth an immense sum!

Dark Diana was quite surrounded by an admiring crowd, but she refused all offers until Philip Thornly appeared, and then she accepted his arm and took her place in a quadrille. I did not see whether it was maliciously done or not, but she manœuvred so that for her vis-à-vis she had Blanche Grey.

I had watched narrowly for Phil's entrance, for I would not have lost the effect of the first view of the Queen of Diamonds upon him for the world. I should be able to judge of my chance of the thousand pounds by it.

He bore the dazzling sight, however, with admirable composure; and Diana's eyes must have been more acute than mine if she could detect in their unconcern, surprise, or admiration in the quiet glance with which he approached her and asked her to dance. Indeed, he had her forward a hand's turn and a half, as he led her forward I heard him say, in an indifferent tone, "that he had a headache, and felt hardly up to dancing."

But he did dance—and with the Queen of Diamonds too—to Blanche's grievous anger and astonishment; and he took her out to supper, and plied her with Champagne, and quaffed copiously of the same himself; and then, when they came back again, he only took one quadrille round the room, and retired to the conservatory.

Heavens! how that woman's eyes shone as, leaning heavily on Phil's arm, she passed through the glass door beside which I stood, with my arm round Blanche, taking breath for an instant.

"What are they going to dance for?" Blanche said, quickly; and then she looked up in my face, and whether she saw any thing there ominous I know not, but I felt almost as if she would detect the shrewd guess in me, and murmuring something about being tired, went and dropped quietly on a sofa in the corner.

I think, poor girl, she guessed all about it; and I felt quite wretched as I looked at her, watching them from under the fringed fan that door. She guessed she had lost Phil.

Gerty did too, I think; for suddenly her face lost its gayety, and she went and sat down by Blanche, and wound her arm round her silently, but in a manner very protecting and sympathetic.

I was not sorry when the quadrille came to an end; and I must acknowledge I went to my room feeling almost as guilty as if I had abetted a Gunpowder Plot.

"Come in!" I exclaimed; and the door opened and Phil came in.

"I've done it!" he said, throwing himself on the sofa, and beginning to pull off his necktcloth as if it choked him.

"Done what?"

"Proposed to Diana Rowney: we are to be married in a month."

I was prepared for the news, and so listened silently.

"Of course," continued Phil, "it's trying—very trying; not only for poor Blanche, but for me. Champagne only could have given me courage, I'm sure, and I see I must send an enormous supply to wherever we fix on for the honey-moon. The honey-moon! only fancy a month of spooning on Diana, and from that to emerge into a family man! By Jove! Jack, I don't know now whether I shall have the nerve to get through it."

He took a cigar from my box as he spoke, and began to smoke vigorously.

The position was rather embarrassing, and I really scarcely knew whether to condole with my friend or congratulate him. I took a middle course in the philosophical.

"The diamonds are magnificent, Phil, and I dare say you'll get used to domestic life in time."

"Suppose not," said Phil, with a little blank, perhaps; but Diana! And then, suppose—"

Phil hesitated, and his face grew perplexed.

"Suppose what?"

"Oh, nothing; only a ridiculous idea!" But he got up from the sofa and his candle, with the same expression of countenance and perplexity; and I knew he took himself off so hastily because he was afraid of letting out the reason of it.

He came down the next morning, though, looking very calm and composed; and neither he nor Diana displayed any of the usual embarrassment, when, in a slight pause in conversation, Phil quietly announced at the breakfast-table the happiness with which he contemplated adding so charming a daughter-in-law to his family circle. Certainly Blanche Grey was not there, having gone home with her father the night before; so there was no one to forbid the banns, but Gerty, and she dared only do it by her indignant eyes.

The two went to church together, and otherwise behaved themselves like an engaged couple; and apparently all was going on in a satisfactory manner so long as I was at Thornly to keep my watch on them.

When I went back to London I left Philip still courting away firmly and philosophically, and his last words to me at the station were, "Good-by, Jack; as soon as possible, after the 14th of next month, you shall have a present."

I saw very little of him again till I received the important invitation. He came to my lodgings two or three times, but was always in a desperate hurry; and, beyond a hasty sentence or two that all was going on well, he seemed to avoid reference to what neither of us had much business to be proud of. I gathered from Gerty—who I met at a friend's, to my inexpressible delight—the intelligence that, though Phil was a good deal at the Hall, Miss Rowney did not often come; she was making a round of visits among her Irish friends previous to her marriage, I believe; but she and Phil corresponded regularly. About settlements Gerty did not know much; but she said Phil was quite satisfied, and papa had promised to allow him £300 a year.

I must say I looked forward to the 14th with some anxiety, however. In spite of things looking so rosy and comfortable, I could not quite believe that the marriage would take place. That Diana Rowney would wish to withdraw from it was seemed impossible. But day after day passed, and I heard nothing of the affair being either broken off or delayed. The 13th of February I found myself travcling down to Thornly Hall to fulfill my promise of acting best man to my old friend.

The party I found gathered ready for the wedding was small, but just what it ought to have been; and, apparently, all was going a great deal smoother than the course of true love is properly supposed to do. The bridegroom elect was very handsome, looked quite calm, and not at all *triste*; the bridesmaids good-tempered, and the papa ditto. We were not quite so merry, perhaps, as at Christmas, but we were very cheerful. The only time when my spirits flagged at all was when I found the bride's great black eyes fixed on me, or when I caught the sound of her "well" lips. Diana did not like me. Whether she suspected any thing or not I do not know; but I felt that when Miss Rowney became Mrs. Philip Thornly, I should be allowed to see very little of her domestic felicity.

I think Phil saw this too, ah! and a few other things; and I suppose that was why he would walk up the terrace for the solitary smoke, so indicative of mental depression. He avoided me still; and it was therefore with some surprise that I found his heavy quick step coming along the corridor toward my door the eve of the wedding.

"I may come in, and have my smoke, Jack, I suppose?" he said, poking his bearded, handsome face into the room.

"Come, old fellow, and I shall be honored by your company. You don't often favor me now," I returned, pulling my own chair toward the fire and pointing to the other opposite.

Phil seated himself and carefully lighted his pipe, and then smoked away in silence for at least ten minutes.

"I feel, Jack," at length he said, looking unutterably wretched, "as if I were come to say the last few words to you previous. I had no idea matrimony required such nerve—as much, ay, more than having a tooth drawn."

"Phil, unfortunately, it's not so soon over," I remarked.

"No, indeed!" with a groan that followed each puff of smoke. "I'm quite miserable."

"Must it be, Phil? have you quite made up your mind? After all a wife's a wife, and one soon spends one's money; and then suppose—"

"Suppose what?" said Phil, with a start that made me jump so I let my moerschaum fall into the fender.

"Thank Heaven it is not broken!"

"Suppose what?" reiterated Phil, inconsiderately enough.

"It's real," I began, pettishly, alluding to my pipe.

"Of course it is, and does not leave one's face so one unless, particularly after all the fuss I made. I don't know much about—poor Blanche—"

"What has she to do with me about?" I interrupted. "Your head is quite turned by Diana's diamonds. I was talking about my pipe."

"Your pipe! well," Phil spoke quite viciously, and I felt so offended that I became solemnly silky for five minutes. At length, however, Phil, with a sigh of relief, brought the subject round, bear it no longer. "Jack," he said, "to tell you the truth, I came to consult you."

I condescended to look more affable. "I am not a philosopher, Phil, but you're welcome to my advice, such as it is," I said, with modest dignity.

"Well, look here."

As he spoke, Philip took from his pocket a tiny morocco case, opened it, and handed it to me. It contained a diamond ring elaborately set.

I must confess I do not understand gems, and, though I tried to examine it with the air of a connoisseur, I am afraid I failed signally.

"Come, Jack, you know you know no more about diamonds than I do. Tell me what to make of it."

This afternoon Diana gave me that ring."

"Very handsome of her, I'm sure."

"Well, I don't know. Philip," and I began talking about the jewels, you see, and though I tried not to appear too much interested, I don't know that I succeeded, for I found Diana's eyes were on me in a awful manner, and then, after making some excuse for keeping the best of the diamonds in her own pocket, she brought me this, and begged me to accept it."

"Well—"

"Well, Jack, I must confess I do feel horribly uneasy. Ever since I have been engaged I have been haunted by an awful suspicion. Suppose, Jack, suppose those diamonds were false!"

He uttered this in a low, awful tone; and then, lying back, puffed away violently.

"It would be horrible," I said: "but the same idea has occurred to me."

"It has! Ah, then, that decides me! To-morrow, Jack, I shall take that ring to a jeweler at Bridgewater. I am not going to marry Diana for nothing."

As he spoke Phil rose up; and in spite of my invitation to remain a little longer, prepared to take himself off, in a mood of desperate resolution, to his own room.

"The—the ceremony doesn't take place till eleven o'clock," he said, as he gently opened the door. "I shall start early, Jack; and if I am not back before you all get to church, meet me at the western door, will you?"

"Oh, you're sure to be back; Bridgewater's not five miles off."

"I shall try, you may be sure. Good-night. And away he went.

I was prepared for some of what came to pass the next day; but not for all.

There we were, all waiting in the church; the clergyman in his surplice, the bride surrounded by her bridesmaids, all waiting for the bridegroom. Phil had not appeared. A quarter of an hour lengthened into half, and still he came not; and then the three-quarters struck, and still he came not.

Mr. Thornly grew nervous, and, as usual, began to use bad language. Gerty turned pale, and the guests began to whisper. Only Diana Rowney sustained perfect composure, sitting in her pew. It was only when the caught sight of Blanche Grey (who had proudly demanded to be present at Phil's wedding) that she looked the least troubled. For Blanche was pale, and looked very anxious to the western door.

The clock had just struck the quarter to twelve when I saw a man on horseback riding quickly toward the church, and I immediately signaled the information to the rest, who thereupon placed themselves in positions to see at the altar.

I never felt so relieved in all my life; but as I stood watching my blood grew chill. That man was not Phil Thornly!

He came up and dismounted, and then gave me a paper. I knew what is contained before I saw the words—and, in truth, he need not have snatched from my hands by Mr. Thornly, I don't know that I should have done more than throw it down and walk off—Phil

"The ring *is* false. I am off to Paris.—P. T."

Mr. Thornly read out the words in a perfect fury. "What does he mean?—what the deuce does he mean?" he cried.

"I can explain, Sir," said Diana's voice, calmly, while a scornful smile spread itself over her pale face. "Your son has imagined I have deceived him about my diamonds, and he has left me; he declines the alliance."

"But this is scandalous."

"It is a little more than I expected, certainly. However, come, Mr. Thornly, let us return to the Hall; and as my lawyer rate let us indicate my honor, send for a jeweler, if you please."

Diana looked really dignified for once; and I think she was the only one of the party to whom my left the church with any thing like dignity. As for Blanche, she was terribly flushed, and kept repeating over and over, "Surprising," "I should think horrid marriage would never come off"; and then poor Philip was so dreadfully hard-up!" She was the only one, I believe, who felt the slight excuse in Philip's escape at all hazards.

We were soon all assembled in the old Hall, with Diana, still in her bridal robes, unlocking her jewel-casket solemnly, and pompously delivering jewel after jewel into Mr. Thornly's hands to be examined. The silence was great, the excitement equally so, and I myself scarcely dared breathe or to consider Philip and myself as villains or fools when, after careful testing, the jeweler pronounced Diana Rowney to be a Queen of true and excellent Diamonds!

She waited till the man was out of the room, and then, turning her great eyes triumphantly upon us all, she said:

"This is not the first time I have gone through a similar scene. I know now to whom to send Philip Thornly has, for my diamonds; and this is the test I put them to. The ring I gave Philip was false. This, however, has been a mass of diamond cut diamond." And then, without another word, she walked out of the room, and an hour after had left Thornly in the same carriage which was to have borne her away a wife.

I telegraphed the news to Philip—whom, I believe, his friends expected to be spell-bound—and retired myself immediately to my own lodgings.

The Queen of Diamonds had been too much for us; and, to use Philip's words, "there we were where we were before."

Fortunately for him, two of his good aunts died a few months after this, leaving him a handsome legacy; whereupon he returned to England, and, I believe, contemplates Blanche again. Otherwise he would be at this moment repenting, or, as Diana Rowney is "pining," at Boulogne.

GEORGE PEABODY'S BIRTH-PLACE.

WE give on page 444 a sketch of the Birth-place of Mr. GEORGE PEABODY, the distinguished American banker of London, whose munificent scheme to household word in England, on account of his princely benefaction to the London poor.

The house is located in the town of South Danvers, Massachusetts, on the "old Boston road," now Washington Street. The building, although still a one hundred and fifty year old-appears like the dwelling of a thrifty farmer of about twenty-five years ago. It burn of more antiquated appearance standing where the house is located when, and is a prominent object of interest both to the citizens of this thriving town and to strangers. In the immediate rear large old well has been established, in this native place, of a library, to which he contributed $100,000.

As a token of her appreciation of his gift to the poor of London, QUEEN VICTORIA, a short time since, addressed to Mr. PEABODY a letter conveying her special acknowledgment of his charity, and a now sitting for a portrait to be presented to him.

Mr. PEABODY is now in this country. It is said that his residence is so beset by loggers of every description that he has been compelled to refuse admittance to all except such familiar friends as must venture to enter without the formality of ringing the door-bell.

FENIANA.

I.

THE O'Mahony sate in an easy-chair
At the grand Head-Quarters in Union Square,
With rumpled hair
And an air
Of care,
And a gloomy glare
In his eye's fixed stare
As he gazed into vacancy, unaware
Of the luxuries rare
That surrounded him there.
There were mirrors in plenty and some to spare,
And the furniture—none of your common mohair—
Was brocaded and gorgeous beyond compare;
And every where,
From the foot of the stair
To the top of the roof where the flag-staff upbare
The emerald ensign of Erin the fair,
The house had been put in most thorough repair,
And the larder and cellar had each its share
Of edible and potable ware:
Not ill-cooked food to produce nightmare—
Not *"cras ordinatur"*—
But such sumptuous fare
As might satisfy aldermen feasting a may'r,
Or tempt even the Pope from his fasting and pray'r.
Yet the President's aspect was one of despair,
And his thoughts had wandered away elsewhere;
For the Fenian affair
Was quite *"en arriere,"*
And every thing "*à sort à traverse.*"
The Senate had met and had sword a swear
His financial functions to overbear,
And to oust himself from that easy-chair.
No wonder, then, that his face should wear
A look the reverse of debonair.

"Be the worth o'me worrud! I vow and declare,"
Said he to himself, "it's remarkably quare,
Not to say unfair,
That thim baggarly blagyards iv Senators dare,
In spoite o' me warnin,' to plot their nefar-
ious schames for the success of our cause to impair
By impeachin' meself. Let the thraitors beware
How they rouse up the Tiger (that's me) from his
lair!
Though I'm bothered intoirely how to prepare
An adequate scare
That shall make them forbear
For the future to meddle or interfare
In matthers that don't appertain to their spare.
You'll have to abolished, nor own my vicar-
ious power, and render my station precar-
ious—Stay! May I ne'er
Become glory's hoir
But I'll write to Jim Stephens a letther severe,
Indorsin' meself and their plans layin' bare,
And ask him to extinguish their flare."

So he wrote a note whose contents were:

"Tres chèr
Confrer,—
We're in a wonderful pair—
I agent *in loco*, you centre in eyre—
And we've laid a snare
For the Saxon corsair;
And we've lighted up Erin as Liberty's phare
(Or will when we've found an *embarcadère*).
But I give you word that there's no *secret faire*
To be found in the lot
Of the colleagues I've got
On this side the Atlantic. A malcontent faction,
Whose action
Would drive to distraction
Any less earnest and virtuous patriot—
Is making a great riot,
That's true; but all the fat is in the fire land,
And play the Old Boy with the fortunes of Ireland.
They've recalled all my bonds, they've denied my authority,
And asserted their own senatorial priority,
And boldly assuming a *coup d'état*,
Have wrung me out short my triumphant career,
And depose me from office, appointing instead
One Roberts as President over my head.
Why wouldn't I use the right? Didn't I earn it, sure?)
Devil a cent
That we've spent
Or lent
But the villains have something to say anent.
To be brief, they've created, in country and city,
schisms,
And given the papers occasion for witticisms.
So, wherever you've leisure,
I'd like, if you'd please, your
Emphatic assurance that I'm quite immaculate,
And that if you don't yield to my sway the whole pack you'll hate.
Hoping that soon your injunction you'll lay on, I
Remain yours fraternally,
(*Signed*) THE O'MAHONY."

* * * * * * *

"Is 'tis quite impressin' to be witnessin'
The crowd that's pressin' in the dirty shtarles,
As howldin' his* the British Lion down,
The Sinators his in and take their saites;
An', bedad! 'twould alarm ye, if it didn't charm ye,
To hear all the army an' the privateers
That Gin'ral Sweeny an' some naval Fenian
Is about convenin', with guns an' spears.

But whin they mintion the Fenian distribution,
Oh! 'tis that you'd thrimble for to hear with grief
Thim Bonarges a-preferrin' charges
Agin O'Mahony, their worlike chief,
An' that grate civilian, D. Doran Killian,
Who controlls each million that the coffers bear
(Sure of every sou he reasved in St. Louis,
If what they say's thrue, he tuk the best o' care).

Abuse of *they* two their tongues they lay to:
What's more, they say, too, they can bring their proof.
Wid the way they're jeerin' if ye wor in hearin'
Ye'd be silv fearin' that they'd raise the roof.
(Ye see, O'Mahony was after sayin' he
Desired in Ireland to create no strife;
While the Roberts faction finds more attraction
In immayjate action on Canayjan soil.)

Want of veracity, with incapacity
And foul rapacity, is the cry they route, and
Their rage is kindled, and they swear they're swindled,
For funds is dwindled to "eleven thousand."
Of O'Mahvy's "whist, oh!" sorra word they'll list to,
Though he puts his fist to a deludherin' tale;
An' they tell poor "Barney" to hould his blarney
Or they'll up an' sind the pair of 'em to jail.

* * * * * * *

II.

As in your pre-amble you showed yourself lusty,
Acsin let us canter," my Pegasus trusty!
The verse you're averse to I'll, versatile, alter:
Hibernian metre's an unstable halter,
Whose short two-foot tether
Has chafed us together.
To pen you in suchwise might make you "ride rusty,"
Umbrell with the brogue, be your feet fastly back sent:
Our shafts need no traces of Irish broad accent.

The O'Mahony sits in his chair of state;
And he feels that he's now in a desperate strait;
And he pores on his plan as he scratches his pate
In search of a feasible plan
Whereby to renew Paddy's martial excitement,
And show the belief that of late there's a light meant:
For he thinks to himself, "If I can't contrive
The public confidence to revive,
And keep the sale of my bonds alive,
I'll be a ruined man."
He looks very black, for he knows full well how,
And he says to Killian, "What'll we do?
I'm sither fearin', my son, we and you,
That we're like two *beets* in an Irish stew,
And sorra one o' me seas the way through.
Advise me, if you can."

Then up speaks Treasurer Barney D.,
And he says to his colleague, chief, says he:
"Look here, old fellow,
There's Campo Bello,
A nate little island, convaynient of access,
That nayther to Saxon nor Yankee pays taxes:
A neutral ground for our canvas tints
And sickly crowd with its pitiful expline,
Sign me a commission as Lieutenant-General—
Barrin' some powdhers and muskets, our men are all ready to stay by the war next train,
And display our might on the coast of Maine!"

"Arrah! Barney, you've hit it!" O'Mahny responds,
"'Tis *yourself* is a jewel, the devil a lie in it!
Maybe 'twould sind up our Fenian bonds;
Any way, honey, there's no harrum thryin it!"

Like the monarch of France, of whose up-hill advance
Our land has told us the story,
Bold Killian sets out on his conquering route,
To add to Odd Ireland's great glory:
But, alas! like that monarch, his retrograde fame,
At Eastport he right about faces,
And leaving in peace Campo Bello's police,
His course to New York he retraces.
For though with all speed he's prepared for the deed,
The British somehow get there sooner;
And the Yankees make prizes of arms and supplies,
Which were sent on by sea in a schooner. *

The astounded Head Centre one morning sees enter
The mansion that's named after Meffit
A turbulent pack, who have begged their way back,
And who, failing their leader to catch,
At first he says nay to their clamor for pay,
But when Walsh shuts the door to and locks it,
And bellicose Gaynor with language of "demayne"
Produces a pistol and cocks it,
And all of them vow that they'll murther him now,
And as "swindler" and "imbecile" flout him,
He wisely retracts 'neath "the logic of facts,"
And hands over what cash is about him.

Tare an' ages! Murther an' oons!
All through the country cities and towns—
There's a growl and a bowl and a mighty uproar.
Never was heard such a tumult before!
The circles about Wall Street run down,
And they curse O'Mahony up and down.
They curse him living, they curse him dead;
They curse him at home, they curse him in bed,
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
They curse him in speech, and, where spoken words fail,
They curse him by telegraph, curse him by mail:
They curse him behind his back, curse to his face;
And when he endeavors to shift the disgrace
To Killian's mismanagement (though 'tis unfair of them),
Doubling their fury, they curse at the pair of 'em.
Donnybrook Fair on a magnified scale
Would be a mere trifle—a spat to a whale—
Compared with the strife that is ev'rywhere rife,
The abuse and recrimination.
Pat Killian calls Kettle O'Mahony black,
And O'Mahony flings a "*tu quoque*" back,
And the Fenian masses, who've quite a knack
In the art of vituperation,

* From Blaghastiche instant I ra far am
That "sending" and "sent" are the "correct" form for Shrdlu.
Of using it find he's
Where classical authorities spendeer
To smooth acsperitie (the measure that we're in)
If His Muse, like mine, have become hard of fein.

Rave and revile in a furious style;
While to add to the tribulation,
Stephens, the Brotherhood's recognized chief,
To whom the culprits have looked for relief,
Only brings them to further grief
By fresh denunciation:
He says they've been false to "the men in the gap;"
Finds "weakness" and "crime" in the recent mishap,
And lets O'Mahony understand
That the only course worthy of Ireland's approval
Is to put in writing "out of hand"
His own resignation and Killian's removal.

Roberts and Sweeny are blithe and gay
When they hear that their rivals are out of the way;
And they marshal retainers in goodly array
And lift Erin proudly once all hate for the fray:
"To death or to victory! Forward in order!
To frighten the Blue Noses over the border!"

Sing, Muse of Battles! in tones loud and cheery,
The names of valor performed at Fort Erie!
How, led by O'Neill, the great Fenian host
Disperses a sentinel guarding the post;
How the Stars-and-Stripes banner is dragged to the ground;
How the hen-roosts are captured for miles around
Shout, Caldwell! exultant, in honor of Spear,
Thee hero whose soul is impervious to fear,
Who o'er Canada's fields with Hibernia's green
With his gallant army of seventeen!
But let your voices to a whisper sink
When you tell how the Fenians homeward slink.
Let the record be made in invisible ink
Of the bloodless defeat
Of the inglorious retreat
Of the Celts ere the Saxon oppressor they meet
Pass over in silence
That dreadful stampede,
And the peace-making vilence
Of General Meade.
How the Fenians' fierce fury coolly repressed;
How Sweeny, caught napping, is put in arrest;
How the carpet knight, Roberts, who scorns bond or tie,
Is a self-sainted martyr in Ludlow Street jail;
How Stephens is more than suspected, they say,
Of being at "the head centre's" play:
These things, O Muse! are unfitting your last strophe:
Leave to Grand Jurors the final catastrophe.
Pegasus halts at the sound of woe,
And in spite of our urging no further will go.
Be the Irish Republic consigned to the courts,
And its archives preserved in police reports.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"Curse stalks abroad in the land." Modern sex envy for conventional propriety, under various pretexts of fashion, of a single individual, but a new fashion, if we may so speak, seems to prevail. While families are slaughtered in all parts of Europe, and unopposed horror follows each other in fearfully quick succession. But among all the awful records which have crowded the newspapers, none has sent such an indignant thrill of horror through the veins as the recent report that a *Presbyterian clergyman*, in our own State, had whipped his son, *not three years old, so severely, because he would not wear his pinafore*, that the child died after a few hours afterwards. Furthermore, the minister—much religion has such a minister!—was now *heavy weighted by his grief*, was indeed little more than a baby, using a *shingle* for the purpose!

This is more shocking than the murder of the Innocents by Herod of old. No circumstances can make such an act otherwise than in the highest degree atrocious! To force a child, by punishment, to "*keep his pinafore aware of Sunday ajee.* It is stated that several of the child's fingers were broken, also, in consequence. The father tied the hands behind before placing it in the coffin. While physicians were making the post-mortem examination, the infuriated monster sat by, coolly watching the proceedings. It is said that he justifies his horrid deed, thinking it his duty to punish the child while still alive "to save his soul." And this poor little victim of a father's wrath, had, according to report, been in every way a child of unusual promise, as to the heart, does not appear to have objected to the punishment.

There are many fathers and mothers—unworthy the name of parents—who are habitually cruel to their children. It is not often, we are thankful, that extreme cases occur among the civilized nations. But, wherever they do occur, whoever they are who do not have enough to treat children humanely, they should be visited by some public society analogous to that for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

A few years ago it was reported that a little girl of five years old was "*kept in*" by a teacher in one of our city schools for a whole afternoon, until she was so exhausted that she fell into a prolonged fainting fit, which left her deaf. We believe that the perpetrator was afterwards made to establish the fact that the little creature had not been shamming, but thoroughly. Very little doubt. And that would have been a good reason why she should have been tenderly dealt with, instead of being "*kept in*" for study. Helpless children are often more helpless from more thoughtlessness, carelessness, and neglect than most of us imagine.

The general health of the city, notwithstanding the heat, has been remarkable. The very few cases of cholera here have been promptly reported, and attended to by the Board of Health. Almost without exception they resulted in the victims' intemperate habits, or extraordinary indulgence. There is good reason to believe that this disease, which has been so dreaded, will not prevail in our city, from the prompt and efficient measures taken by the Board of Health for keeping the city clean have served a good purpose. We suggest, however, that all be not yet accomplished. On the western side of the city, somewhere in the vicinity of Thirty-third Street, there are still to be found, in the boiling establishments, whose nauseous odors pollute the air. Some of these loot days scarcely a breath of air is stirring, and the atmosphere, until after we are exhausted that the fell into a prolonged fainting fit, which left her deaf. We believe that the perpetrator was afterwards made to establish the fact that the little creature had not been shamming, but thoroughly. Very little doubt. And that would have been a good reason why she should have been tenderly dealt with, instead of being "*kept in*" for study. Helpless children are often more helpless from more thoughtlessness, carelessness, and neglect than most of us imagine.

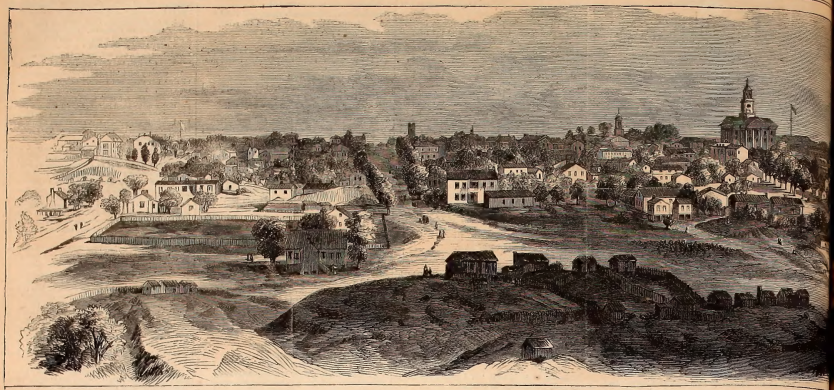
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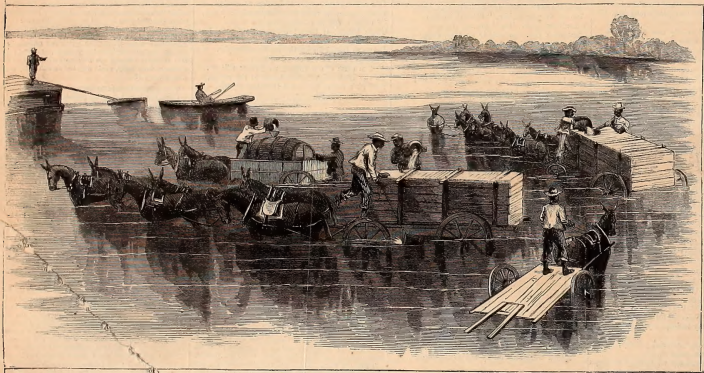
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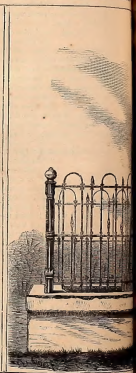
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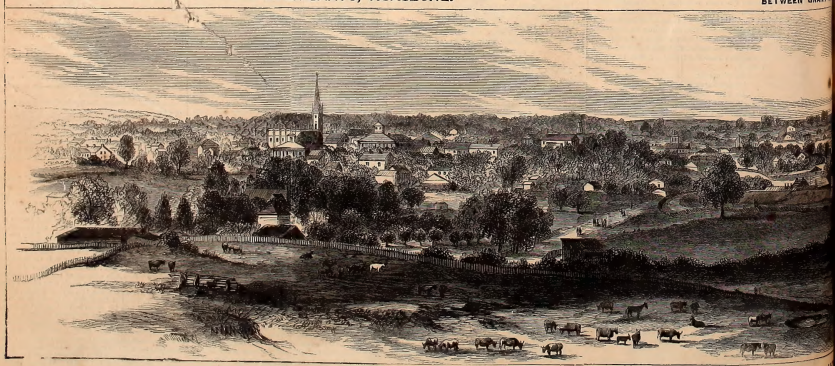
VICKSBURG, FROM



WATER-CARTS, VICKSBURG.



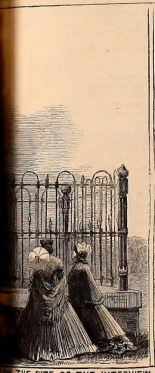
THE VICKSBURG MONUMENT—
BETWEEN GRANT A



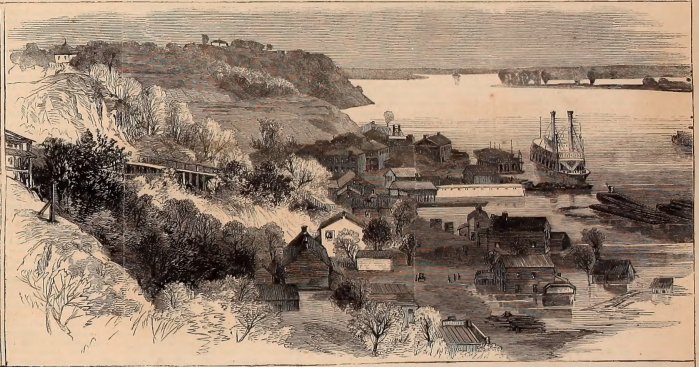
NATCHEZ ON THE HILL, FROM THE MARINE H



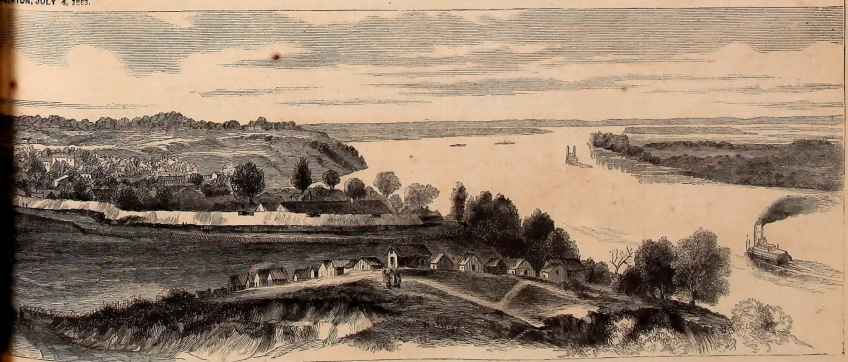
OLD SPANISH FORT.



ON THE SITE OF THE INTERVIEW
RETON, JULY 4, 1863.



NATCHEZ UNDER THE HILL.



TAL.—Sketched by our Special Artist, A. R. Waud.—[See Page 442.]

THE JUNE DREAM.

A GARDEN in the burning noon,
Green with the tender green of June,
Save where the trees their leaves unfold
Against the sky, less green than gold—
A garden full of flowers, as bright
As if their blooms were blooms of light!

There, while the restless shadows play
Upon the grass, one comes to-day
Musing and slow, but fair of face,
Gentle and winning as a Grace,
Rosy and beautiful to see,
And in the June of life is she.

Among the flowers and by the trees
She comes, yet free nor flower sees—
In vain the golden pansy blows,
Vainly the passion-hearted rose,
And—trembling in the grass-dew swells—
The campanula's purple bells.

Those in her fancies have no part:
She wanders dreaming in her heart,
And ever, while around her flow
A silken ripple as she goes,
The sound of winds and waves it takes
And helps the pictures that she makes.

Wide underneath the June-blue skye
She sees the breadths of ocean lie,
And with the opal's changeful tints
From blue to green alternate change,
While still the sunshine on it rests
Trembles and glows in its surest.

And on the far horizon—white
A sail is shining in the light,
And what she hears is not the breeze
That treads on in the shimmering trees,
It is the wind that fierce and strong
Harries that yielding ship along.

It cuts its way with creak and strain,
The sail is wet with spraying rain;
But o'er the side one seans the foam,
And dreams and ever dreams of home,
And of the heart that, madly press'd,
Still seems to throb against his breast.

Oh, brave young sailor! Eyes of blue
Like thine were never aught but true;
And truth dwells on those lips that kiss
Scarce with the salt sea-brine are wet,
And in that pen-ih-like cheek the flame
That burns can never burn with shame!

In all the fears that wring her heart
Doubt of thy truth can have no part—
She fears the flush of angry skies,
The winds that roar, the waves that rise,
Wreck, death, whatever ill may be,
But, no, she has no fear of thee.

A tender melancholy lies,
A shadow in her downcast eyes,
While by the trees and through the flowers
She thinks of the departed hours—
Regret her loving heart wear bear,
But anguish has no portion there.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

VICKSBURG

is called the "City of Hills," but it would be equally appropriate to name it the City of Flats. Built on one of the bluff formations of the Mississippi Valley, it presents a picturesque sight from the river and neighboring heights. The sketch is made from a hill once the site of a Spanish fort, and during the siege of Vicksburg a portion of the Confederate line of defenses. Prominent is the Court-house, still showing the marks of the peppering it got from the Yankees. Below the left facade is Jones house, formerly a Rebel, now the quarters of the Freedmen's Bureau. To the right is a flag-staff and a fort, the highest in the line, and where "Whistling Dick"—a gun well known to the Union army—had its eyrie. Another flag-staff, away to the left of the picture, shows the headquarters of the commander of the Department. A fine old warrior, General Woods. Negro-huts dot the middle distance, while to the right the river stretches off into the distance, showing a little of the opposite shore, where GRANT camped a large portion of his army and tried to cut a canal.

The trees and gardens of Vicksburg give it a delightful appearance. Choice flowers and shrubs flourish almost spontaneously, blossoming even through the winter. As it rained all the time I was there I can testify to the superior capabilities of the soil in the matter of mud. At other points the inhabitants say the dust is unbearable, which, indeed, is the case in all the Mississippi towns and cities. Deciduous culverts are there to carry off the water, but for all that it cuts ravines through the roads, and occasionally renders the streets impassable. One block from the Washington Hotel there was a gully cut through the street by the rain, ten or twelve feet deep. The Post-office and a number of stores and houses were flooded by leaky roofs without, however, disturbing the equanimity of the owners to any degree.

Vicksburg is governed about as badly as Memphis. The city government, like that of Memphis, is in the hands of foreigners, the police being among the worst specimens. All but one or two of the City Council are foreign-born, and so is the Mayor. The abuses of the New York city government all exist here, but upon a meaner and more ruffianly scale. Nothing is apparently too dirty or mean for these police; for instance, they are constantly arresting negroes on the plea of vagrancy, fining them, and letting them go; or, if they have no money, hiring them out till it is earned. Often, however, the colored man pays the fine and says no more about it. Good job, too, when you think of it—vagrants paying fines! This is a trick which I find the police and constables every where play upon the negroes. If they suspect they have money they take them up and let them off again (often without examination), for hard cash.

Of real beggars—negroes—I have seen none. There may be such; but all the beggars I have met were white. As slaves the negroes were too dear to have few wants, and wages being good, they find it easy to satisfy them. Ignorant and used to forced labor, it is hardly to be wondered at that they love to indulge their ease, although it would be better for the country and themselves if they would work more. The Bureau is doing all it can in this department to attach them to regular labor, and a number of planters have acknowledged to me that it was an advantage to them. As an instance of the appreciation for it of the intelligent men of the South—those who wish to see their country prosper again—I may mention the case of a planter above Vicksburg, where a previous officer of United States Volunteers has been engaged by the planters themselves, there being at present of the Bureau there, to remain to the end of the year, they agreeing to pay him three thousand dollars for his services, under the rule of the Freedmen's Bureau, being a practical recognition of its usefulness in keeping the contracting parties to their duties. It is true, however, that this is an exceptional case. The majority of the people are bitterly opposed to the institution, many still hoping to yet establish a harsher system, if not one of actual slavery, as soon as the troops shall be withdrawn and the States in full possession of their former rights. I have also seen ever prevail it will only cause much trouble in the future; and it does appear as if the Government was merging too hastily in the withdrawal of the troops. It would have been decidedly better to let them remain till a calmer and more settled feeling ruled the inhabitants of the South.

The black soldiers in Vicksburg do not enjoy altogether amicable relations with the white soldiers, and with the police it is worse. They hate, fear, and hate them. While I was in Vicksburg I saw several small *encounters* with the police, for which they were most to blame. One evening a policeman proposed to arrest a negro soldier for being too noisy outside the theatre. The negro claimed that he had no authority. The policeman then drew a pistol and ordered the soldier to march to the station-house, and on his refusing shot him through the neck, inflicting a probably mortal wound. The white soldiers, probably a little influenced by "firewater," occasionally undertake to push the colored volunteers off the side-walk. This frequently ends in a row, in which the negroes usually get the best of it. The people are much opposed to the possession of arms by the negro, but they have no fear, as at Memphis, that they will, if made desperate by persecution, use them.

There was nothing to stay in Vicksburg, a Masonic procession, several Union officers participating. A gentleman on the sidewalk audibly expressed his disgust that d——d Yankees should be permitted to join the procession.

Your artist was severely taken to task by the ladies for holding up the Southern ladies to ridicule in pictures. The only defense open to that luckless citizen was, that if all the Southern ladies had exercised that dignity to which they have laid claim there would have been less chance to exhibit them in any light compromising their pride and self-importance.

NATCHEZ.

Having already sketched Natchez under the Hill, to make sure of it before the Mississippi had carried it into its bosom, the next thing was to take the picture of the more aristocratic portion on the bluff. So numerous are the steps to ascend that it is difficult to see much of the buildings from any point. This view from the cupola of the Marine Hospital is probably the best.

The River is a prominent as well as necessary part of the picture, as in all views of cities upon its banks. Then there is the Court-House, its inclosed buildings, surrounded by a ditch and palisade; and in front of that a knoll covered with tents, occupied, I believe, by white soldiers. On the left the Catholic Church is most noticeable. The Market-house, the Episcopal and other churches, can also be made out by the initiated. Natchez-on-the Hill was always claimed to be a very aristocratic place—in fact, the most select upon the River. As far as my observation goes it is clean, healthy, and pleasant, and appears to be more orderly than towns higher up the river. There is no drunkenness, and the opening of stores and places of business upon Sunday—so you do not meet a flaunting saloon on every square with open to the street, as the custom is in so many places in Louisiana. The air of Sabbath stillness in the city of Natchez was very grateful after having been for months accustomed to the every day obtained in other places upon the river. A number of gaps exist in the streets of Natchez, where houses have been destroyed by fire, and many of it a ruined appearance—probably the effects of private incendiarism, as Natchez has not suffered from any battles being fought near it, although a gut bombarded once by the fleet, owing to the folly of some citizens who fired upon a boat which came ashore for ice. It is needless to state that the rapscallions who perpetrated that outrage were not property-owners, and if the inhabitants had been wise they would have given them up to the commander of the naval force. It was such tricks as this which brought destruction upon so many of the finest places along the river; although, if you ask a citizen of those parts why it happened, the answer is sure to be to the effect that it was all done in wantonness. The responsibility is mainly with those high-spirited young men who staid away from the army to indulge in a little safe shooting from behind the bushes. Of course it is not to be denied by an impartial witness that many cases occurred where no excuse existed for destruction.

Along the edge of the bluff—a fine cliff of about 150 feet in height—the city of Natchez has reserved a strip of land, broken and planted with trees—a delicious place for a walk at sundown in the fresh breeze, and affording a fine view of the river, stretching away to the right and left till it disappears in the bends.

The river has been so high here that, on the other side, the deer have been driven from their accustomed coverts to the levee, and in one place some twenty lay rotting where they had been shot in mere wantonness.

SUNDAY DUEL IN NEW ORLEANS.

The last Sunday your artist was in New Orleans he selected several scenes illustrative of the day, the last being a duel, to which he was hurried out at four o'clock in the morning. This was fought at the Half-way House, on the usual ground, such little settlements having by no means uncommon in the Crescent City, although but seldom reported for the news columns of the daily papers. This one was not mentioned in any way, although known to a good many folks before the day was out. The challenger was the husband of an actress at the French Opera-house. The provoking party, and married but three weeks—had already caused him to regard with jealousy a young actor named Hinton, who had been playing in the theatre. After the usual preparations the first shots were fired at fifteen paces, without results; the husband—who used his left hand, the right arm being disabled in some former duel—advanced a little, and another round followed with equally ungratifying (?) results. Infuriated husband approached still nearer, and at the third fire went down, shot through the leg. His opponent, clapping both hands on his head, fell insensible immediately, the ball having struck through the brain; it was, however, but the effect of his horror at, as he supposed, having killed his man—the latter meanwhile declaring that he would have another round. It was sufficiently dramatic; and experts declared the men to have acquitted themselves very creditably. So the event proved an excellent topic for breakfast, and was revived with fresh interest at intervals throughout the day; the jealous husband meanwhile nursing his teeth over his wounded leg and disappointed revenge—a beautiful instance of the utility of dueling!

A. R. W.

A SUNDAY A CENTURY AGO.

AN old brown leather-covered book, the leaves yellow, the writing scarcely legible, from time and decay: evidently a diary in MS. To the fire or to my private shelf? Which?

These were my reflections as I looked over the papers of my late uncle, the rector of a Somersetshire village.

I liked the look of the book and decided for the shelf; and I am glad I saved it, for I found in the crabbed characters a simple story, evidently written toward the close of the writer's life. This story I give as transcribe into a more modern style.

"He'll be fit for nothing," said my father; "an awkward booby who holds his arm in a bad cuts his food with his left hand."

So said my father, and, so, alas! I felt. I was awkward. I was left-hand; black-set, strong, but terribly clumsy. I could not make a collar, nor sew a pair of blinkers, nor stuff a saddle, nor do any thing that I ought to be able to do. My fingers seemed to have no mechanical feeling in them. I was awkward, and I knew it, and all knew it.

I was good-tempered; could write fairly, and read any thing; but I was awkward with my limbs; they seemed to have wills of their own; and yet I could dance as easily and lightly as any of my neighbors' sons.

"I don't know what he's fit for," said my father to the rector of the parish. "I've set him to carpentering, and he cut his right hand nearly off with an axe; then he went to the smith, and burned his hand till he was laid up for a month. It's all of no use; he spoils me more good leather in a week than his earnings pay for in a month. We have, as he, like other Christians, use his hands as the good God meant him to? There! Look at him now, cutting that back strap for the squire with his left hand."

I heard him; the knife slipped, and the long strip of leather was divided in a moment and utterly spoiled.

"There now! look at that. A piece out of the very middle of the skin, and his finger gashed into the bargain."

The rector endeavored to soothe my father's anger, while I bandaged my hand.

"You'd better let him come up for that vase, Mr. Walters; I should like a case to fit it, for it's very fragile, as all that old Italian glass is; and like it with the softest leather, please."

And so I went with the rector to bring back the vase, taking two dressed leathers to bring it in.

We reached the house, and I waited in the passage while he went to fetch it. He came back with it, and I was soon engrossed in the leathers. Alas! At that moment there came from the room, against the door of which I was standing, the sound of a voice singing. It was a female voice, although—a voice I hear now as I write these lines—so clear, so sweet, so pure, it was as if an angel had revealed itself to me.

I trembled, and forgot the precious burden in my hands; it dropped to the ground and was shattered to pieces.

How shall I describe the rector's rage? I fear he said something for which he would have blushed in his calmer moments, and she came out.

She who had the angel-voice—his niece—came out, and I saw her. I forgot the disaster, and stood speechlessly gazing at her face.

"You awkward scoundrel! look at your work. Thirty pounds! Fifty pounds! An invaluable treasure gone irreparably in a moment! Why don't you speak? Why did you drop it?"

"Drop it," I said, waking up. "Drop what?" And then it flashed upon me again, and I stammered out, "She sang!"

And if she did sing, was there any occasion to drop my beautiful vase, you doubly stupid block-head? There, go out of the house, do, before you do any further mischief, and tell your father to horsewhip you for a stupid dolt."

I said nothing, did nothing, but only looked at her face, and went shambling away, a stupid and altered being. There was a world where horse, collars and horse-shoes, tenons and mortices, right hands or left, existed not. That world I had seen, I had breathed its air and heard its voices.

My father heard of my misfortune, and laid the strap across my shoulders without hesitation, for in my young days boys were boys till eighteen or nineteen years old. I bore it patiently, uncomplainingly.

"What is he fit for?" every one would ask, and no one could answer, not even myself.

I wandered about the rectory in the summer evenings and heard her sing; I tried hard to get the old gardener to let me help him carry the water, dig pits, and when I succeeded, as I often did, I entered the rector's garden, that I was entering a paradise. Oh happy months when, after the horrible labor of the week was over, I used to follow the carriage and hear her sing! My old withered heart beats fuller and freer when the memory comes back to me now.

Alas! alas! my awkwardness again banished me. She met me one evening in the garden as I was coming along the path with my cart full of water, and spoke to me, and said,

"You're the boy that broke the vase, aren't you?"

I did not, could not reply; my strength forsook me. I dropped my cart on the ground, where it was upset and flooded away in a moment some seeds on which the rector set most especial store.

"How awkward to be sure!" she exclaimed. "And how angry uncle will be!"

I turned and fled, and from that time the rector gate was closed against me.

I led a miserably unhappy life for the next three years; I had only one consolation during the whole of that weary time. I saw her at church, and heard her sing there. I could hear nothing else when she sang, clear and distinct, above the confused, sound sensation that came from the voices of others, hers alone pure, sweet, and good. It was a blessed time. I would not miss a Sunday's service in church for all that night offer. There good words were expressed; as a mother knows the tones of her child's voice, to the minutest shade of difference, so I could tell when her heart was light and when sad.

One Sunday she sang as I had never yet heard her, not loudly, but so tenderly, so lovingly; I knew she changed home—she was to be wed; it thrilled in her voice; and at the evening service he was there. I saw him. A soldier, I knew, by his bearing, with proud, head, gray eyes and dark mane. I knew it. I detected a tremble and gratitude in the notes. I felt she was to suffer as I had suffered; not that I sang. I had no voice. A harsh guttural sound was all I could give utterance to. I could whistle like a bird, and often and often have I lain for hours in the shade of a tree and joined the concerts of the woods.

One day I was whistling, as was my wont, as I went through the village, when I felt a heavy hand on the shoulder by an old man, the cobbler of the next parish. I knew him from his coming to my father for leather occasionally.

"Sam, where did you learn that?"

"Learn what?"

"That tune."

"At church."

"You've a good ear, Sam, my boy."

"I've nothing else good, but I can whistle any thing."

"You can whistle me the Morning Hymn?"

I did so.

"Good; very good. Know any thing of music, Sam?"

"Nothing."

"Like to?"

"If I can all I have in the world to be able to play any thing. My soul's full of music. I can't sing a note, but I could play any thing if I were taught."

"So you shall, Sam, my boy. Come home with me. Carry these skins, and you shall begin at once."

I went home with him, and found that he was one of the players in the choir of his parish, his instrument being the violoncello. That was my first lesson, and from that time commenced a new life. Evening after evening, and sometimes during the day, I wandered over to his little shop, and while he sat, stitch, stitch, at the boots and shoes, I played over and over again all the music I could get from the choir.

"You've a beautiful fingering, Sam, my boy, beautiful, and though it does look a little awkward to see you take your bow with your left, it makes no difference to you. You ought to be a fine player, Sam."

I was enthusiastic, but I was poor. I wanted an instrument of my own, but I had no money, and I earned none—I could earn none. My parents thought, and perhaps rightly, that if they found me food and clothing I was well provided for, and so for some twelve months I used the old cobbler's instrument, improving daily. It was strange that the limbs and fingers, so rigid and stiff for every other impulse should, under the influence of sound, move with such precision, ease, and exactness.

"Sam, my boy," said the cobbler, one day, "you shall have an instrument, and your father shall buy it for you, or the whole parish shall cry shame upon him."

"But he don't know a word of this," I said.

"Never mind, Sam, my boy, he shall be glad to know of it;" and he told me his plans.

At certain times it was customary for the choirs of neighboring churches to help each other, and it was arranged that the choir of our parish should play and sing on the next Sunday morning at his parish church, and that he and his choir should come over to our parish for the evening service.

"And you, Sam," said he, "shall take my place in your own church; and, please God, you do as well there as you've done here, it will be the proudest day I shall know, Sam, my boy, and your father and mother will say so too."

How I practiced, morning, noon, and night, for the great day; how the old man darkly hinted at a prodigy that was to be forthcoming at the festival and then the day itself, with its events—all is as vivid before me as if it were but yesterday.

The evening came; and there, in the dusky-lit gallery I sat waiting, with my master beside me.

"Sam, my boy," said my master, "it's a great risk; it's getting very full. There's the squire and my lady just come in. Keep your eyes on your book and feel what you're playing, and think you're in the little shop; I've brought a bit of lavender to help you," and he put a piece of that black leather that has a peculiar acid scent in front of me. The scent of it revived me; the memory of the many hours I had spent there came back to me at once, and I felt as calm as if I were indeed there.

She came at last, and service began. Oh, that night! Shall I ever forget its pleasures?—the wondering looks of the florists and neighbors when they and found in me, the despised, awkward, left-handed saddler's apprentice, the prodigy of which they had heard rumors. Oh, it was glorious! The first few strokes of my bow gave me confidence, and I did well, and knew it, through the hymn, through the chants, and to the anthem before the sermon. That was to be the gem of the evening; it was Handel's then new anthem, "I know that my Redeemer lives!"

It began—harsh, inharmonious, out of tune—I know not why or how; but as it progressed it seemed upon all her and myself; one by one the instruments ceased and were silent; one by one the voices died away and were lost, and I was left alone, bowed together and driven on by an irresistible impulse, went through the anthem; one soul, one spirit, seemed to animate both, the whole congregation listened breathless as to an angel; and she, self-absorbed, and like one in a trance, sang, filling the whole church with a delicious sense of exultation, the like of which I have never known since.

It came to an end at last, and with the last triumphant note I fell forward on the desk in a swoon.

When I recovered I found myself at home in my own room, with the doctor, the doctor, and my parents there, and heard the doctor say,

"I told you he would, my dear Madam; I knew he would."

"Thank God!" murmured my mother. "My dear boy, how we have feared for you!"

What it was to have I was counted and made much of. "Genius!" and "Very clever!" and "delightful talent!" such were the expressions I now heard instead of "stupid!" "awkward!" and "unfit for any thing!"

My fortune was made a fine instrument; and I was the hero of the village for months.

It was some days after that Sunday that I ventured to ask about the rector's niece.

"My dear boy," said my mother; "the like was never heard. We saw you there and wondered what you were doing; but as soon as we saw you with the bow, we knew you must be the person there'd been so much talk about; and then, when the anthem was and we all left off singing, and they all left off playing, and only you and Miss Cecilia kept on, we were all in tears. I saw even the rector crying, poor girl, she seemed to feel it in a dream, and so did you; it was dreadful for me to see you with your eyes fixed on her, watching her so eagerly, and then to look at her, raised as she sat at the stained glass window as if she could see through it, miles and miles away into the sky. Oh, I'm sure, I never was! and then, when you fell down, I screamed, and your father ran up and carried you down and brought you home in Farmer Slade's four-wheel chaise."

After this I had an invitation to go up to the rectory, and there, in the long winter evenings, we used to sit and while I played she sang, with those happy times! when she loved me, but only as a dear friend; and I loved her as I never had loved before, and have again. I do not know the kind of love I had for her. I was but a little older than she was, but I felt as a father might feel to his daughter; a sweet tenderness and love that made me pitiful to her. I knew she loved a man unworthy of her, and I think, at times, she felt this herself, and knew I felt it.

I was perfectly free of the rector's house at last, and was used to find in our music a means of converse that our tongues could never have known. Ah, me—those days! Gone! Alas! they are gone.

She left us at last, and in a few years her motherless child came back in her place, and as I again sit in the old rectory parlor, years and years after my first visit, with her daughter beside me singing—but, alas! not with her mother's voice—all the old memories flood back upon me, and I feel a grateful, calm joy in the openly-shown respect and affection of the daughter of her whom I loved so silently, so tenderly, and so long.

I sit in the old seat in the church now and play; and, once in the year, the old anthem: but the voice is gone that it!—at the old church as with a glory on this day. And, as the sounds swell out, and the strings vibrate under my withered fingers, I am but waiting to hear her under the old yew-tree outside, and it may be, nearer to her still in the longed-for future.

UNFORGOTTEN.

SWEET Lady mine, the faded rose
Is often dearer than the flower
Fresh-gathered; so each memory grows
More precious since the parting hour:
And all Love's untold pain can give
Of glowing tint and tender shade
Is with me, that your face may live
In colors that can never fade.

And still my fancy paints you near,
Though all the room is lone and bare;
And oft at eventide I hear
Your phantom footstep on the stair;
A presence in the gathering gloom
Thrills all my pulses with delight,
And seems to glorify the room
With loveliness denied my sight.

And little reck I that long miles
Of smiling lands and foamy sea
Divide us; love at distance smiles,
And holds the willing winds in fee;
And every wind that racks the clouds,
Or gently moulds them in the blue,
Bears love-thoughts in numberless crowds,
Or softly wafts a prayer for you.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.)

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

Next day Lily and Primrose had gone out to the work-day world, and Clover was left to see the new tools looked by daylight, when Clover came running out, her face beaming with pleasure.

"Now just listen, please, but hush! Don't say a word, mamma says she thinks white is quite as pretty."

"I don't," said Lily. "What a nice note! Oh, isn't it charming!"

"Yes," said Clover; "and I think we can learn so much about flowers, because they have so many. Is Maria Kelly white or red?—I've forgotten."

"Chestnut Hill," said Lily, studying the note.

"Yes, we've never been that way," said Clover, "because the water-cart's so bad; and the family were away too. But mamma says it's a mile or two beyond Hicory Corner, so it's at least six or eight from here. Mamma don't know exactly."

"The farther the better," said Lily. "I'd like to get ever so far from home, for once."

"Why, Lily," said astonished Primrose. "And from mamma, and all?"

"Just for once," Lily repeated. "To see how it feels. Clover, I do think we're the happiest children! There were the tools last night—our dear tools, and here it's Saturday, and there may something will come to-morrow—our seeds, maybe."

"Oh no! *they* won't be here for several days," said Clover.

"I would not expect them for at least a week more," said Sam, who came in just then.

"But why?" said Lily.

"It takes so long for letters to go and for answers to come. And then a seedsman must serve his customers in proper order, and there may have been fifty names down in his book before yours got there, and then there would be fifty packages of seed to send off before yours. I dare say there have been fifty names down in his book before yours got there, and then there would be fifty packages of seed to send off before yours. I dare say—"

"Fifty people wanting seeds!" said little Primrose, with whom the world seemed to be all turning on a question of seeds.

"Ay, and a good many fifties!" said Sam, laughing. "Never mind, Prim, the fifty-first parcel will come to us."

"But, Sam," said Lily, "do you know we're going away to-morrow?"

"I have heard. Here—that box is about finished."

"And, Sam," said little Primrose, eagerly, "if we go we go beyond Hicory Corner, don't you think we might stop just one minute for the watering-pots?"

"Doubtless," replied Sam, "or three minutes. Perhaps a mantle for each watering-pot will not be too much. Never, young ladies, I beg you to part toward your green-houses, or window-boxes, or whatever you choose to call them, you must do the cost."

"You haven't told us what to do yet," said Lily.

"These boxes," replied Sam, "have, you perceive, a sloping top made of glass. You will also observe that the panes of glass are movable. Now when the boxes are in use the sloping roof must be turned toward the sun, so as to get the light and heat. But if the heat becomes *too* great—in a very warm day, for instance—then a pane of glass can be lifted, so—or taken quite off, to give the plants fresh air."

"What a beautiful contrivance!" said Clover.

"But the seeds aren't to be planted just in the box, are they?" said Primrose.

"Ah!" said Sam, "that brings us to another branch of the subject. But you must come to another work-shop for that."

So Sam laid down his hammer and led the way to another little outhouse, which seemed to be for the express purpose of holding every thing that would not go any where else. Odds and ends of all sorts were piled up and strewed about; and among the rest there stood a great box of earth and a quantity of flower-pots.

"Learned people do say," observed Sam, "that beginners would never plant their seeds in pots; but when nothing else can be had beginners must do as best they can."

"What should they use?" said Lily.

"Shallow boxes or pans. But, as I said, these must do. Here are the pots all ready, you see, and here's the beginning of the earth you want to fill them."

"Why, Sam," said Primrose, "I should think that was earth enough to fill a thousand flowerpots!"

"Yes, and more too," said Lily. "Pretty large beginning, I should think."

"But the thing is," said Sam, "that there isn't earth here to fill one flower-pot—not of the right kind. This is only sand and old sifted manure. It wants earth, common earth out of the garden, and some vegetable mould out of the woods; and we can only get either till the ground thaws a little, so it's just as well the seeds are not here."

"Sam, what is vegetable mould?" said Clover.

"The earth that's decayed leaves and wood."

"What's the use of mixing so many things together?" said Lily. "It's a great deal of trouble."

"It will be some to me, for I must get the mould from the woods myself," said Sam; "but the use is, that plants are supplied with the richest soil, others thrive half so well upon bread alone, or one kind of meat, as you do upon meat and bread and vegetables and fruit."

"Why, do plants eat?" said little Primrose.

"Of course they do; and they're almost as different in their tastes of apples are. Some are called "gross feeders," because they eat every thing before them—" exhaust the soil," as gardeners say; some can eat very well after other plants, because they want so much; or perhaps those other plants are "gross feeders," and starve them out. Some must be constantly supplied with the richest soil, others can pick up a living any where and any how. Some must have sand, some demand clay; some are always thirsty, and love like dry weather; and some do nothing but drink for one part of the year, and then never care to drink a drop all the rest."

"Oh, Sam!" said Clover, "it's perfectly delightful!"

"Then I guess I'll have to be careful with my little watering-pot," said Primrose. "Because I might water something that would not like it at all."

"Not many garden plants are so very particular," said Sam. "You'll see some of the notional ones to-day, I dare say, to-morrow to-morrow."

"Sam," said Clover, "at all these notions, as you call them, derived—I mean do they all come equal as the days of the week, and half-hardy nature, from the native country of the plant?"

"I think," said Sam, "that it's the nature of the plant that has the native country, or its native soil. Plants are made to to just so notional, I think, so that some one of them may grow on every sort of earth—in every climate, wet or dry, rich or poor. We put all sorts together in a garden, and they live on together, and that's rather a fashion; but to itself, each wild plant chooses its home. The seeds of water-plants will not open on the dry land, nor those of land-plants in the wet; and in the woods, where all places look so much alike to us, you will find one sort of flower blooming here and another there; and some in the second patch of ground kind within half a mile. Now there are, for instance, two kinds of squirrel-cups—one variety chooses to grow on the sunny side of hills and ridges, and the other almost always on the south side.

"Oh, what are squirrel-cups?" said Primrose.

"Dear little flowers—yellow flowers—you'll see by-and-by, when we've had a little mild weather. I saw a pretty thing of that sort—talking of notions," Sam went on—"when I was at Thornblake. There was a beautiful wild flower in the woods there, called the chimaphila; but it never grew any where but in the woods under the pine-trees, and would not live in the garden at all. Well, three or four years before, Mr. Austin had set out a young silver pine on his lawn, and by the time it was growing well, and now a little bunch of chimaphilas had suddenly come to establish themselves at the foot of this one tree, where there on the lawn all by itself. There they grew and bloomed in its shade."

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HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE RATS FOR WEASELS.—Jews.

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TO A YOUNG LADY, ON HEARING HER SING A FAVORITE SONG.

You "wish you were a bird?"
Free, dear, to be stirred
A glut of your airs and ags
Wouldn't that be a cage
And fed on canary seed?
A fine bird you'd make, indeed;
Shut up with your fellow,
Obliged to live in a tree,
Robbed of your very best,
With flies and worms to eat!
You were a bird, my sweet,
Yoked up in a vastly neat,
Tidy basket to hang on strings,
Where you'd never get wings.
And in all sorts of weathers,
And even a change of feathers.
With what you manage to speak,
With such very ridiculous beak,
To do out without picking your neck,
Nothing up and down to fix a peck?
Ah no! for nothing to do
Round about in the sky,
Nothing to sail up and fly!
To drive off being absurd,
Nothing to be a bird.

The very polite Lord Chesterfield happened to find himself in company with the Countess of Huntingdon and Mrs. Pendarves, a female blue-stocking, with her cousin, who endeavored to introduce the subject of various religions, and declared himself to be a Deist. Lord Chesterfield replied, which gave his Lordship the much wished-for chance of showing off his learning, a most profound bow, and retired with these characteristic words: "I never put you in my own company when I can help it, and only half-hardy nature, from the native country of the plant?"

"I think," said Sam, "that it's the nature of the plant that has the native country, or its native soil. Plants are made to to just so notional, I think, so that some one of them may grow on every sort of earth—in every climate, wet or dry, rich or poor. We put all sorts together in a garden, and they live on together, and that's rather a fashion; but to itself, each wild plant chooses its home. The seeds of water-plants will not open on the dry land, nor those of land-plants in the wet; and in the woods, where all places look so much alike to us, you will find one sort of flower blooming here and another there; and some in the second patch of ground kind within half a mile. Now there are, for instance, two kinds of squirrel-cups—one variety chooses to grow on the sunny side of hills and ridges, and the other almost always on the south side.

"Oh, what are squirrel-cups?" said Primrose.

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RESIDENCE OF MRS. VAN LEW.

AMONG the many points of interest to be shown to every Union man visiting Richmond there is, perhaps, no one more deserving of notice than the one selected for illustration on this page. The late war called forth many heroic characters, whose deeds have been proclaimed through the civilized world; but there are many whose works, although unobtrusive, and hitherto unheralded, have been such as to do honor to the American name—indeed, to the human race; and of that noble band we know of none more deserving of a nation's gratitude and applause than the estimable lady and her daughter who form the subject of these remarks. As long as a FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE or a GRACE DARLING are remembered with love and respect by all possessing a human heart the names of MRS. VAN LEW and her daughter will be treasured.

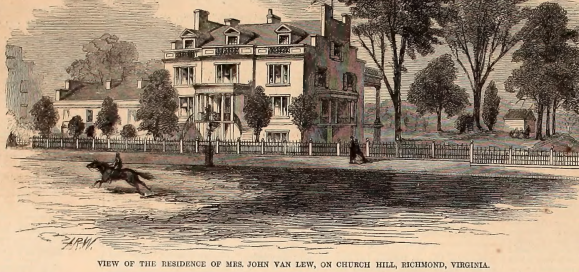
Every Union soldier who has ever pined in the prisons of the Libby or Belle Isle will remember well and bless the very sight of these names; but for the benefit of the general reader it may be well to state who and what they are.

MRS. VAN LEW, now an aged lady, is the widow of Mr. JOHN VAN LEW, a wealthy hardware merchant of Richmond, who died, much respected and lamented, in September, 1843, after a very long residence in that city. The estimation in which he was held in that community can best be gleaned from the following obituary notice, clipped from one of the leading Richmond papers of that day:

"He sunk to rest lamented by a large circle of friends, and will long be remembered alike for his useful and well-directed energies as a citizen, and for the goodness and charities of his heart. His good deeds had a reward here, but 'in the rising blossom promise more.'"

MRS. VAN LEW and her family, consisting of a son and a daughter, succeeded to large property by the energy and enterprise of her deceased husband. She is the descendant of an old Huguenot family, and is understood to have representatives, on both father's and mother's side, in the old Revolutionary War. She was always one of those who held the most intense—indeed, almost romantic—attachment to the Union of these States; and the principles she ever entertained toward her country have been profitably instilled into her no less zealous and enthusiastic daughter.

The situation of two ladies so situated during the war, and among a whole community entertaining opinions well known to be perfectly hostile to their own, is such as few in the North can even imagine. The few prominent Southern men which the war revealed of the stripe of ANDREW JOHNSON of Tennessee, PETIGRU of South Carolina, JOHN MISON



VIEW OF THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. JOHN VAN LEW, ON CHURCH HILL, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

BOTTS of Virginia, TALLIAFERRO of Louisiana, CHARLES ANDERSON (late Governor of Ohio), and A. J. HAMILTON, both of TEXAS, are beacon-lights of high moral and physical courage that will go down to history as heroes. But what estimate shall be put upon the moral courage of WOMAN when subjected to similar dangers, trials, and social proscription? Perched on their quiet and ostracized homestead, on the summit of Church Hill, overlooking the turbulent sea of frenzied passions rolling beneath their feet, there were oftentimes when these brave ladies—for merely being known to be antagonistic to the destruction of their whole country, and administering to the necessities of those who had bled and suffered in its defense—were in imminent personal peril. They were the subjects of constant espionage, and the most slanderous abuse in the public papers. They were constantly receiving the most threatening anonymous letters; their friends of long years' standing deserted them as they would lepers; and "men" have been even known to shake the forefinger upbraidingly in their faces on the public street.

How far public feeling in Richmond ran against them during the war can best be seen by the one or two following extracts from the public papers, taken from a number of similar ones:

"SOUTHERN WOMEN WITH NORTHERN SYMPATHIES.—Two ladies, mother and daughter, living on Church Hill, have lately attracted public notice by their assiduous attentions to the Yankee prisoners confined in this city. . . . The largest human charity can find ample scope in kindness and attention to our own poor fellows who have been stricken down while battling for our country and our rights. The latter, we should have been just under charge of competent surgeons and provided with good nurses. This is more than they deserve and have any right to expect; and the course of these two females in providing them with delicacies, buying them books, stationery, and paper, can not but be regarded as an evidence of sympathy amounting to an indorsation of the cause and conduct of these Northern Vandals."

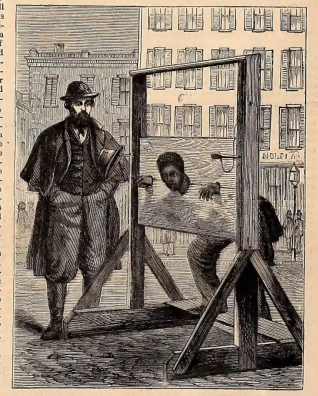
Another paper, after the grossest personal abuse of them, says:

"If such people do not wish to be exposed and dealt with as alien enemies to the country, they would do well to cut stick while they can do so with safety to their worthless carcasses."

How the writers of such paragraphs, if still living, must blush at a reperusal of them in calmer and more sober moments! To them, most assuredly, can not be applied the poet's magnificent boast that they never penned

"One word which, dying, they would wish to blot."

These ladies are now living in most peaceful retirement, and spending their means—painfully reduced through the war—as they have always done, in quiet acts of individual charity. Their home is a perfect picture of rural beauty—as lovely a spot



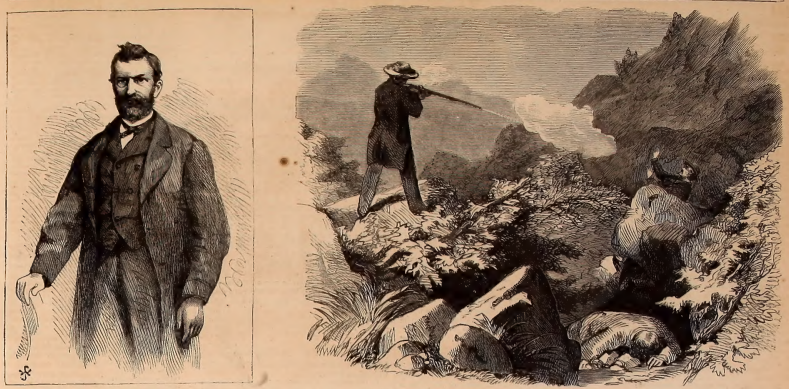
NEGRO IN STOCKS.—A SCENE IN FLORIDA.—[SEE PAGE 446.]



STATUE OF COMMERCE, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 446.]



BIRTH-PLACE OF MR. GEORGE PEABODY, AT SOUTH DANVERS MASS.—SKETCHED BY J. W. THYNG. [SEE PAGE 458.]



STEPHEN VENARD, THE NEVADA DETECTIVE.

"VENARD SENT A BALL CRASHING THROUGH HIS BRAIN."

as is to be seen about Richmond, prolific as it is in beautiful sites. From its spacious gardens, exquisitely terraced along the declivity on which it is perched, a sublime and spacious view of the winding James is embraced, extending all the way to Drury's Bluff, while the magnificent shade trees, cool alcoves, and rich lawns present, in summer, one of the most tempting and delicious resorts it is possible to conceive.

AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

THE subject of this sketch, STEPHEN VENARD, was born at Lebanon, Warren County, Ohio, in 1834. He was once elected Marshal of Nevada City, California, and for several years past has been a policeman at that place, in which occupation he acquired an enviable reputation as a man of courage, nerve, and judgment in every thing pertaining to the ferreting out and capture of desperadoes, such as infest the mining localities of California. But it was on the fifteenth day of May last that VENARD succeeded in accomplishing one of the most daring exploits that have ever been recorded.

Nevada County, famous for the productiveness of its gold mines, has for years past been infested with a number of daring highwaymen, and scarcely a day passed but that the papers chronicled some robbery on travelers, and not unfrequently the stages plying between the mountain towns were stopped, and express treasure and passengers robbed of thousands of dollars. These "road agents," as they were called, collected more toll than the toll-keepers, and they made toll roads of free roads.

At four o'clock on the morning of May 15, as the San Juan stage was within five miles of Nevada, three men armed with revolvers appeared in front of the horses and ordered the driver to halt. The passengers, eight in all, were compelled to get out of the stage, searched for their arms, marched to one side of the road, and were guarded by two of the bandits who covered the party with their revolvers. WELLS, FARGO, & Co. had $6000 in treasure on board, which was in an iron safe, built in the coach under the driver's seat. This safe they attempted to break open with a sledge but failed. They then used powder, and after trying twice, succeeded in blowing the safe open. After taking out the treasure they ordered the passengers to get in and the driver to drive on. In thirty-two minutes from the time of starting the stage arrived at Nevada City, and the news of the robbery was made known. By six o'clock Sheriff GENTRY, VENARD, and four others started for the spot, which was on the down grade near Black's Bridge, on the South Yuba. The party divided in order to scour the country. VENARD, and a man named LEE, found the trail of the robbers, which seemed likely to lead to another road crossing the Yuba, about three miles below the road above-named. LEE went back to take their horses around to the other road, and give information to others of the party if he should see the robbers, and of the course they appeared to be taking. VENARD followed the trail alone till it struck the Yuba, near the mouth of Myers's Ravine. On examination he found that the robbers had not crossed the river or the ravine. The face of the country at this point was exceedingly rocky and precipitous and rapid progress was impossible. VENARD was impressed with the fact that he was in the vicinity of their retreat and proceeded cautiously. With his sixteen-shooter rifle (HENRY'S patent) in his hands cocked, he stepped a few feet above him on a rock. Huge rocks were above and around him, and smaller ones between. An opening or fissure in the latter led to the larger ones, and sitting at the base of the latter, and within 14 feet of him, he saw two of the robbers. Their eyes were upon him, their hands even grasping their revolvers. Not a second was to be lost, and to attempt to retreat was death. VENARD had no wish to retreat and no desire to die, and so he shot one of them through the heart. The second robber slipped into a cleft in the rock, while his hand and pistol showed over the top, pointing at VENARD. The latter had his trusty rifle at his shoulder, aimed at the very spot where he anticipated the robber's head would appear in order to take aim. The instant his head came partly above the rocks VENARD sent a ball crashing through his brain. And here was another wonderful instance of coolness.

VENARD was aware that there was still another close by, and for aught he knew might be concealed behind some rocks and might fire upon him at any moment. He was alone. None of his comrades were within a mile of him. The thought flashed into his mind that if he should retreat from his position the third robber (and for aught he knew there might be half a dozen left yet) might take the treasure and escape with it, in which case he might be charged with murdering two innocent men. Acting upon this thought he went to the spot where the men were shot and found the treasure—the best evi-



SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS AT NEW ORLEANS—DUEL AT THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 442.]

dence of their guilt. Taking this and their revolvers he hastily covered them with some leaves and boughs. He then proceeded with cautious steps up a steep point on the other side of a torrent of water that was pouring down the ravine to discover, if possible, the remaining robber. About 100 yards above he saw him clambering up the almost inaccessible side of the mountain. He fired, and the man fell for an instant, and then continued on his way. Another shot and the robber stopped his course, stared at Hance for a moment, and then his head fell, and his body rolled down the hill about forty feet.

Shortly after this Sheriff GENTRY and his party arrived, the dead bodies were visited, and the bags of money brought to Nevada and delivered to WELLS, FARGO, & Co. before one o'clock on the same day the robbery was committed. During the afternoon a coroner's jury was summoned and went to the scene of death, accompanied by a large number of citizens. A more lonely, rugged, inaccessible spot could scarcely be conceived. The bodies were carried by hand with great difficulty for three-fourths of a mile, and then brought to town in a wagon. It is needless to add that the coroner's jury rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide, and exonerated Hance from all legal responsibility for the commission of the act. Immediately after the robbery was made public WELLS, FARGO, & Co. offered a reward of $8000 for the recovery of the treasure, which VENARD obtains. When we consider the importance of VENARD'S following alone on the trail of three desperate men, fully armed, and on the alert for the avengers of the law, that they knew were on their track, trusting to meet their den, miles from any human habitation, and by coolness and celerity of action saving his own life and killing the two lieutenants of the gang, all mid mountain jungle, we confess our admiration of such heroism. No romance could depict greater bravery.

The following closing notice of SETTLER VENARD we take from a copy of the Nevada *Transcript*, published immediately after the occurrence:

"It can not be denied that the feat of private VENARD'S is a splendid one, and never excelled in the State. It displays a coolness, courage, and skill of a most extraordinary character. It must live as an event in the history of our county, and be criminal history of the country. A rifle is robbed at half past four in the morning by three robbers of $8000. At seven before the daring villains be taken, kills them all at four shots, and restores the money to the owners at two o'clock of the same day. If life as it is not worthy of reward we know of no act that is. We hope, in addition to the reward offered by WELLS, FARGO & Co., that the Board of Supervisors will vote a handsome sum. It is true that those who fell by the rifle of the good of society should receive the reward of their merit."

VENARD has since received an appointment as officer on the staff of the Governor of Nevada.

STATUE OF COMMERCE, CENTRAL PARK.

MR. STEPHEN B. GUION has presented to the Central Park Commissioners a bronze STATUE OF COMMERCE, to be placed in Central Park as soon as the pedestal is finished. This statue cost $20,000 in gold; and from what we learn is a splendid affair. It was on exhibition in Paris after it was finished, and was highly commended as a work of art. It is now at the Central Park.

Mr. GUION is a native of this city, but is now one of the leading merchants in Liverpool, England—of the American house of GUION & CO. and a liberal part of his time this method of testifying his devotion to the place of his nativity.

NEGRO IN STOCKS.

THE illustration shows a mode of punishment common in Brazil. It is copied from a photograph taken in the streets of Apalachicola. The negro was thus punished for an assault upon a white man. The white man represented in the picture is the sheriff who is carrying out the sentence of the court, according to which the negro was to be kept in the pillory for one hour and ten minutes. Is this the way in which white people are punished for assault and battery in Florida, we wonder? If not, and there is a different class of penalties for black men, is it not proper that Congress, if necessary, should take measures to abrogate a distinction so manifestly unjust?

THE PASTOR.

SOME years ago the pulpit of St. Peter's, one of the principal German churches in St. Petersburg, was filled by Pastor B——t, who, like most of the preachers of that wealthy sect, had amassed a considerable fortune, and was much esteemed and beloved by his congregation. Not a day passed without numerous applications to him for assistance of various kinds, and none were sent away without a word of consolation or a more substantial gift.

One day, as he was completely indisposition to keep his room, a woman came and craved his interference. She had lately removed to St. Petersburg with her husband, who was a goldsmith, and who had succeeded in establishing himself so well that he earned an ample support for both of them; but he made her extremely unhappy by his persistent and outrageous ill-treatment, without the slightest provocation or retort on her part—all of which she had until now patiently endured.

The Pastor expressed his regret that indisposition prevented him from leaving the house.

"Bring your husband to me," said he.

"That will be no easy matter," returned the woman; "for if he suspect that a rebuke is waiting for him he will not come. No, Sir, you know nothing of it beforehand. But if I tell him that you wish to buy something from him, then he will not fail to wait upon your reverence."

"That is a lucky thought!" said the Pastor, "for I am about to purchase a complete tea-service of silver."

"And he has just finished a very beautiful one!" exclaimed the woman.

"Very well, then, tell him to bring it."

The next day the goldsmith came with his chest, accompanied by the woman.

The Pastor was secretly surprised to see her with him, but continued to meet him, saying: "Ah! the silver?"

"Yes, your reverence, I have brought the service as you desired."

"Very well," said the Pastor. "Be so good as to come with me into my study."

When they were alone the good clergyman began to speak urgently upon the duty of a husband, and dwelt with impressive eloquence upon the sacredness of the vows which married partners make before the altar to each other.

His listener seemed very much astonished, and several times attempted to interrupt his discourse, but the Pastor begged him to hear him to the end. "What excuse can you make for your conduct?" asked he, in conclusion. "What is the cause of it? You look so mild and so good-tempered, my friend. How comes it that you are such a bad husband?"

"But let me say just one word, your reverence, I en——"

"I know what you mean to say. You are usually as meek as a lamb, and only impetuous at certain times; but to go so far as to beat your wife!"

"You have mistaken the person, reverend Sir, I have never beaten my wife—"

"How! do you deny it?—for——"

"Because," continued the man, "I am not married!"

"Why, your wife is at this moment waiting in the next room!"

"Who? my wife? Your reverence is mistaken. I have no wife. The woman who has been my housekeeper; she came to me with a commission from you to bring a service of silver for your inspection."

The Pastor began to feel uneasy. "She must be a mad-woman," said he.

"Or a thief!" exclaimed the goldsmith.

They went hastily into the next room—but it was empty! The woman had disappeared with the chest of silver, and all the efforts of the police to recover it were in vain.

This incident is calculated to give rise to many weighty considerations. The trick was so well devised and executed that it would have succeeded with the most prudent and circumspect. The goldsmith left the silver in the outer room under the charge of the supposed housekeeper, at the express desire of the Pastor; while the latter confided it to the keeping of the *so-called* wife of the former. Had the matter been investigated, the question whose would have been the loss? Fortunately the good Pastor lost no time, and could say, with a good conscience, that he had done his duty. The grieved parishioners, who gained a precarious living by his labor; and as he, on the contrary, was rich enough to bear the injury, he bore it alone.

THE HUSKING.

THE room is lofty, large, and wide
Where we are met to husk the ears,
And heaped in rows on either side
The yellow ripened corn appears.
The stendy lamplight softly falls
On graceful forms and faces bright,
On clerks at ease 'neath home-spun cloth,
And eyes which do outshine the light.

The fairest maidens here are met
In all the neighboring country round,
No handsomer eyes of deepest jet,
Or brown or blue, can be found.
A lovelier girl than Mattie Price
Throughout the land you will not meet;
In stature form and face they're
In all the city's crowded street.

There's Maggie Gray with golden hair,
She never was without a bean;
Whit stronger proof that she is fair
Than all the lads around her see!
And Stella Vain with hair as dark
As are the shadows in her eyes,
And lips whose perfect shape seems formed
To utter Love's expressive sighs.

With giddy mirth the rafters ring,
The room resounds with shout and laugh;
Sometimes a merry song we sing,
The sparkling cider, too, we quaff,
And deftly strip the husks away
While speed the winged hours along,
We heed not time, so swiftly flies
The Autumn night with cheer and song.

One ear I find whose polished grains
Are turned red instead of gold;
The envied now of all the swains,
Aloft she looked-for prize I hold.
Then from each maid I claim the boon,
And last of all from Mattie Price;
I twine my arms about her waist,
And kiss her lips once, twice, and thrice.

Oh, Mattie Price, a time will come,
Although just now you may say "No,"
When I shall fold you to my heart,
Never again to let you go—
Never again as Mattie Price!
For you shall be my sweet comfort there:
Already blooms the orange flower
Which you shall twine within your hair.

THE ENGLISH EMBASSADOR.

NEW YORK is celebrated for its gangs of burglars, Paris for its pickpockets, St. Petersburg for its thieves, and London for all the three. St. Petersburg bears away the palm for comparative security from such depredations; but let it not be thought that this great city is deficient in brilliant examples of that talent which is displayed in the ingenious appropriation of other people's property.

An English embassador some years ago, doubted the existence of this popular class of operators, and made a singular wager with a Russian prince upon the subject. The latter bet him a large sum of money that he should be robbed of all the orders on his breast, in the day-time, in the open street, without his perceiving it; and all that was required from him was that he should walk for three days, between the hours of twelve and one, adorned with all his decorations.

The wager was made, and resolved to avoid all suspicions contact, the noble man commenced his promenade. Soon after setting out a laborer placed himself in the street, and appeared to need a roof, from which depended a slate tied to a string, as a sign that workmen were engaged upon it; and as my lord followed the gesture with his eye the man made an awkward attempt to approach him. The thought suddenly flashed upon the embassador that this was a disguised thief, and as he hastily retreated he read plainly the disappointment of detection in the others face. Some days after still laughing at this adventure, he was importuned by some beggar children, and just as he was giving them some coins a drunken man nearly fell upon him; but he was upon his guard and stepped quickly aside, upon which the inebriate staggered off, but soon recovered his natural and steady gait.

"Aha!" thought the Englishman; "so much for the second attempt!"

Some days further on he saw a large crowd of people, in the midst of whom the driver of a drosky was disputing with a gentleman about a trifling difference. While he was looking he forcing his way through the throng the latter, still venting his expletives upon the extortioner, attempted, as if by accident, to run against him, but he thrust the stranger aside with the exclamation, "Number three!" Just then the clock struck one, his ordeal for the day was over, and he reached home safely with all his orders.

In the evening he met the Prince at the English Club, who was still smilingly related the satisfying attempts which had been made upon him, he perceived that the former was evidently embarrassed and even vexed.

"Let us see what the morrow will bring forth!" said he, as he rose to leave the house.

"I may add," said the Prince, a difficult matter to take advantage of you," said his friend, with a serious air.

The next day he was followed and surrounded by all sorts of people. Some slunk behind him, others met him and then, suddenly turning, passed close to him. One suspicious-looking person offered him a fine handkerchief and asked politely if he had not lost it. A handsome, well-complexioned young man urgently pressed upon his notice some remarkable English publications, which he entreated him to purchase. The Englishman was passionately fond of rare books, and fell into an ecstasy over the beautiful specimens before him; but suddenly he bethought himself of his orders, and turned away with he was about to rush to his rescue he suddenly perceived a string (skillfully concealed behind the certain) which had been fixed to a little creature's foot, and he quickly avoided the crowd, who had gathered upon hearing the child's screams, and who would evidently have taken advantage of the opportunity.

"It was a very ingenious device!" said he, that evening, to the Prince; "and quite appropriate, for the boy was so strikingly like my own son in England that I came very near forgetting myself."

"I confess myself vanquished," said his adversary, in a low voice. "My accomplices have played their last trump. They have speculated in vain upon your well-known love for rare books, upon your paternal tenderness. They have failed, and I will pay you the bet at once."

"By no means!" answered the Englishman. "The terms have not yet been complied with. I can not consider the wager as regularly won until I have walked three days in the streets."

On the third day he commenced his last trial; but this time he met not one single auspicious countenance. He continued his walk quietly and uninjured for an hour, and had nearly reached his own residence, when a large ladder wagon, loaded with household furniture, came lumbering out of the "porte cochère" of his neighbor, a distinguished Polish Count. The wind was high, and a bolster was so poised on the top of the load some of its contents upon the pedestrian; upon which two liveried servants, who were standing in the doorway, immediately offered him a handful of the feathers from his dress.

"Is your master at home?" asked he.

"He is, Sir," answered they, as they proceeded with the cleansing process.

"Then I will go up."

As he entered he found the room filled with company, among others the Russian Prince, who advanced to meet him.

"What! without your orders!" exclaimed the latter, laughing.

The Englishman looked down, and rushed impetuously to a looking-glass.

"Damn it! I have lost. They are gone! But who, how, where? Not a soul has touched me except the Count's liveried servants!"

"I have no liveried servants!" said the Count. "Do not distress yourself, my lord! They were my worthy thieves."

"With all due deference for their talent," replied the Englishman, "I must say that you managed less adroitly in the beginning, for your friends of yesterday and the day before were mere bunglers!"

"How unjust!" exclaimed the Prince. "They had strict orders to be as awkward as possible, in order to throw you off your guard, my lord!"

"I have learned a lesson," said the Embassador. "Here's your money, and I promise you that henceforth I shall hold in respectful admiration the thieves of St. Petersburg!"

"BUT IS IT RIGHT, FATHER?"

IN a pleasant suburb on the Surrey side of London there lived a married couple, whose early life had been passed in a very busy district of the borough of Southwark. They were fruiterers, and had from year to year carried on their business without ever thinking of the claims of the Sabbath. One great trouble had clouded their lives. Out of a large family only one child had survived beyond the first two years, and little Annie, who had most probably have laid beside her little brothers and sisters in Norwood Cemetery, but that she had been taken into the care of Sunday-school aunt who lived there, and who not only had to rejoice over seeing the little child's character developed to her care grow into a blooming, active, happy child, but was successful in teaching her little charge some Divine truths, that, when received into the mind, fill it with heavenly light. Annie was, both in body and soul, a healthy child. The parents naturally pined after their darling, who was likely now to be their only treasure. Mr. Richards, the father, took a house a few miles from London, and, having established his wife there, brought his little girl, now seven years old, home to be the joy as well as treasure of the dwelling. On the very first Sunday after the family's return, she came down stairs dressed in her best, thinking that her father was going to take her with him, as her aunt had been to church. He kissed her kindly, and, to her surprise, was going away.

"Where are you going, father?" she said the child.

"Oh, I'm going to business, child."

"But it's Sunday, father."

"Yes—yes—I know that, my dear, but I'm obliged to go. I'm very sorry, but I must—now don't cry; I'll be home early, my child."

"But is it right, father?" the words kept ringing in his ears. He could not silence them. He felt that if he had told his child yes, he would have attained a life-long influence over her words, and a lesson. No, it was not right. Was he then to keep on doing wrong, when even his little child had, by her question, convicted him?

Was he?

For hours that day these thoughts troubled him in the town's. It was not right, father's

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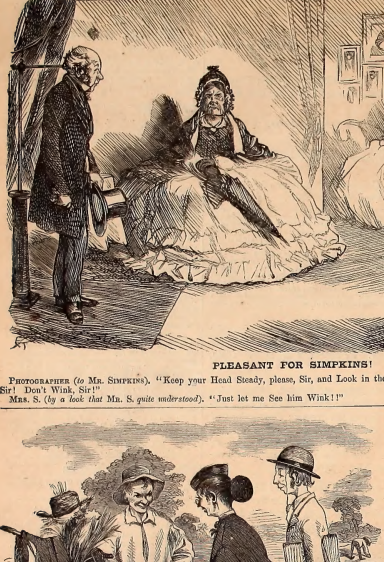
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MRS. S. *(by a look that* MR. S. *quite understood).* "Just let me See him Wink!!"



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RUSTIC *(with great presence of mind).* "Fidgy?—Oh; yes! we calls 'em Skeer-Crows up here, and we doesn't use them after the City Folks comes up!"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 499.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE rapidity with which this place is being rebuilt certainly shows that there is still left in the South money and energy, with the men to remove, almost within ten years, all traces of the late struggle.

The sketch of Richardson Street, down which SHERMAN marched when he entered the city in February, 1865, is taken from a point near the ruins of the convent. A few months since one could see from this spot only the wreck which had been left by the great conflagration that took place on the night of the 17th February, 1865. Now, new buildings are going up with great rapidity. True, many of them are not so well storied as those destroyed, being roofed at one or two stories, as the owner's purse holds out.

Many of the freedmen who are laboring in this rebuilding find house rent so high that they construct for themselves, in some convenient corner, their little huts, using for their erection brick, sod, mud, and sticks, and for the roof large masses of tin, formerly the covering of some stately mansion. In these little huts large families live, all that are capable doing their portion of the labor which is to earn their scanty livelihood.—The sketch is taken near the ruins of the Court-house, in which locality there is a large number of squatters.

T. R. D.

SUNDAY IN NEW ORLEANS.

Military rule having been withdrawn from the city of New Orleans the people are once more enabled to exert their ancient rights and privileges. Among these the Sunday opening of all the markets, groceshops, places of amusement, billiard and gambling-rooms, takes a prominent place. General BUTLER, among other deeds which he enacted in that city, caused the Sabbath to be observed after Christian notions of the subject; and it is only just to the New Orleaners to say that they considered it a high-handed act, and one which they have pretty effectually reversed since.

Opposite the French Market is the Cathedral; an effort to hear the services there ended in failure, owing to the noise of a neighboring billiard saloon, and a canvas-covered show, with a big drum, to which was added the constant rattle of carriages.

After the passage of a German procession, bound out of town for a day's dancing and picnicking, it became matter of grave consideration whether the horse-races or the cockpit offered the greatest attractions for a sketch. The verdict being in favor of the latter, we were driven along Esplanade Street, and not far from BEAUREGARD'S mansion stopped at a place where, right upon the street, entrance-money was taken at a little ticket-office window before the spectator was admitted to the pit, where a fight between two game chickens was progressing fast and furious, the spectators around betting as furiously in English and French. Here full-blooded negroes and elegant mulattoes sat side by side with whites, and among the latter were Yankee merchants, Southern planters, professional gamblers, Mexicans, Cubans, Frenchmen, and Spaniards.

One of the unfortunate chickens being soon killed the business of matching and weighing others occupied a little time; which our party expended in visiting the cages where the stock of fighting cocks were kept; a special privilege, the proprietor himself accompanying us in the inspection.—These, as the reporters used to say of the army, "were all aching for a fight; fine healthy birds, with no immediate occupation other than crowing lustily. Two more fights and the sketch was finished: once in a while the attendants would pick up the bleeding roosters, sprinkle water from their lips upon them, and revive them for another round.

The afternoon is a season of comparative quiet till it is cool enough for a drive out on the Shell Road. As New Orleans during the hot weather usually has a fine breeze off the Gulf this is a very pleasant trip, and all who can raise a light wagon and a pacing horse take it; trotters are quite rare, and not at all fashionable.

For those who have not means for the above amusement there are horse cars to the Half-way House, and boats—towed by men or mules indifferently—to the lake. In the evening all the theatres are open.

The creoles—by which is usually understood the light-colored natives speaking the French language—occasionally give a theatrical entertainment at the French opera-house, where all the actors, and the greater part of the audience, have colored blood in their veins. These and the creole balls in the winter are considered quite "distingué" affairs, and it is openly said that you will find as much or more taste in dress, as rich jewels, and as good-breeding, as in the most aristocratic circles of New Orleans.

A. R. W.



AMONG THE RUINS OF COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

AMONG all the bold and romantic scenery for which our country is noted, there is none more attractive than that of the Catskill Mountains, which we illustrate on pages 456 and 457. The picturesque, wild loveliness of the falls, the ever-changing beauty of the vast landscape spread out before the preserving pedestrian on the highest peaks, the profusion and variety of foliage which covers the lofty mountains, the quiet charm of the placid lakes, are all prominent objects of interest well known to our summer pleasure-seekers, and their praises have often been made the subject of pen and brush.

Our picture shows many of the most frequently visited places, some of which will be familiar to our readers—the Kaaterskill and Haines Falls; Fawn's Leap in the Clove; the view from the North Mount-



THE RUINS OF COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA—RICHARDSON STREET, LOOKING TOWARD THE CAPITOL.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

ain, showing the two Lakes and Mountain House in the distance; also, the view from Sunset Rock. Another view is given of the Laurel House, a hotel kept by Mr. Schutt; and on the road up the mountain we pass the Half-Way House and the Rip Van Winkle House. At these last-mentioned houses the weary steeds need no invitation to stop, but come to a halt of their own accord, and refresh themselves with some of the sparkling water which flows over the rocks into the little spring basins. Others are other stronger beverages to be had for the thirsty travelers also. For the last few miles the ascent is so abrupt as to make it necessary to lighten as much as possible the load of the panting horses, and those who can walk generally do so. A sudden turn of the road brings us in view of the Mountain House, kept by C. L. Beach, and a most welcome sight it is after the toilsome journey. Our picture shows us sunrise among the mountains, that wondrous effect, when the clouds all lie in the valley beneath you; Mr. Nast has faithfully represented the appearance of that soft, rolling, billowy sea, and one vainly expects to hear the roar of the waves; but there is not a sound, the most solemn stillness reigns over all.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1866.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

THE most earnest advocates of the proposed Philadelphia Convention announce that it is to form a new party. They assert that the Republican party was purely a sectional, and not the Union party, a war party. It is now the country, they say, in their judgment, to assemble delegates from every State and Territory, and lay down a common national platform. This is all well. This seems very simple. But declarations of intentions have always a most unless tone. The late rebel leaders, Davis, Toombs, and their allies, always insisted upon being called "National Union Democrats," and while their mouths rang with patriotic vociferation they were plotting disunion. It is necessary, therefore, to look at the basis on which the Convention likely to represent the true and saving union sentiment of the country? Will it be composed of those who have been proved by experience to be the most faithful, intelligent, and consistent friends of the Union? If so, every honest man will rejoice. But it is not enough to say that it will be so if such men choose to send delegates. The question is, whether the terms and circumstances of the call, and the manner in which it has been received by the country, show that it is intended and likely to include such representatives.

The first significant fact, then, is, that the call is issued by the three Democratic members of a separate Conference from the Union majority in Congress, by the Assistant-Postmaster-General and two or three gentlemen who approve that separation, and by two Senators who have uniformly opposed the action of the Union party, and who supported the Chicago policy of surrender to the effort to destroy the Union. The second fact is, that it is regarded in the country by the whole body of what are known, for good reasons, as the Copperhead members of Congress, excepting Senators Saulsbury and Riddle of Delaware, and Representative Harris of Maryland, and the members from New York city. The third fact is, that it is not approved by the Union members of Congress in either House, nor by the conspicuous and representative Union journals of the country.

The Convention, therefore, will be composed of three classes; *first*, those whom, not for offense but for distinction, we may call Mr. Thurlow Weed's party; *second*, the Democratic party of the North; and, *third*, the Democratic exrebels of the South. It will not represent such Union men as Senator Fessenden and ex-Governor Andrew in New England; Ward Hunt and Charlie J. Folger in New York; Senator Sherman and Chief Justice Chase in Ohio; Senators Logan and Senator Yates in the Northwest; Governor Fletcher and Senator Brown in Missouri; Horace Maynard in Tennessee; Judge Bond in Maryland; Ambrose Spencer and the original Unionists in Georgia; Andrew J. Hamilton and the voters against Throckmorton in Texas. The question is, therefore plain, Is a Convention which, by the nature of its call, excludes such men and those who sympathize with them, a representative National Union Convention? If the three classes that we have first named, the party of Mr. Weed and the old Democratic party, compose a more truly Union party than that which is now known as such?

We say that they are excluded by the call and by its general interpretation. The call is issued in intentional disregard of the equal rights of the loyal Union colored population of the Southern States, whom it proposes to abandon to those who were lately in rebellion. It does this under profession of regard for State rights, and in defiance of the truth, now terribly demonstrated, that absolute equality of individual rights before the law is vitally essential to the harmony of the national Union. Governor, Mr. Seward, who favors the Convention, in his letter to Tammany Hall, speaks with perilous and reckless rhetoric of "sovereign States." Thus the Convention proposes to prefer the rights of States to the rights of citizens of the United States; or to leave the protection of the latter solely to the States, when our experience has proved that that course is nationally disastrous. Nor can the Convention point us to the Civil Rights bill, for the callers of the Convention all opposed it and supported the veto.

Composed of such representatives and holding such views, who are likely to attend the Convention? Will it be Mr. Thurlow Weed and his friends, or the allied Democrats from the North and South? The question may excite a smile, but it deserves a serious answer. But if the Democrats control it, can the Convention have any other result than a reorganization of the Democratic party? And is such the purpose of the organizers and the co-operation of Mr. Weed and his friends that party should return to power, is there any reason to suppose that the old policy of pacification with its Southern wing would be changed? Clearly not, because since the beginning of the war the only hope of that party has been the return of its Southern members, and to cement the alliance it must yield to the demands of those members. In the North the Democratic party is virtually dead as a governing force. It is, indeed, a large vote. It disputes three or four States; but it is generally defeated in them, and always in the others. The reason is, that in the Democratic party is merely a resentment reaction and protest against progress and reform, and as the public opinion of the Northern States is educated and intelligent it is constantly distrusted and rejects it. Hence, also, the steady and uniform opposition of the Democratic party to the elevation and education of the colored population at the South. The Democratic party is the outpost against the "Democracy." To educate the whole population of the South Carolinas and Georgia and Mississippi is amongst those Senators from the "Democracy" which held its last Conventions in Chicago, and which speaks now by the lips of Vallandigham, Pendleton, "Jack" Morrissey, Augustus Schell, Garrett Davis, the Tammany orators, and the members of Congress who approve the Philadelphia call. That Democracy, Tammany Hall itself, whatever it may have been before by the ignorant vote.

It was the slums of the city of New York that elected Horatio Seymour Governor in 1862, and Fernando C. Wood local majority in 1864. Abolish the slums in the whole country, and you abolish the Democratic party.

It is a very useless folly to suppose that the spirit which has been so long dominant in our politics is destroyed. It has been routed by argument and the ballot in one part of the country, but it is the spirit of slavery, and having been defeated, will now betake itself there also to argument and the ballot; and it remains for the intelligence and patriotism and moral sense and faith of the country to accept the battle in this form also, and complete the victory. The Democratic party could not save slavery nor secure rebellion, but it was still strong enough for ignorance and unequal rights. It will not change its name, and it can not change its nature. In a deference to the Democratic party at Philadelphia it may call itself Union Democratic, or Democratic National; but it will still be the Democratic party. The "Last Rose of Summer" is added to the leaves of "Auld Lang Syne" played slowly. The party may not make Mr. Ben Wood or his virtuous brother President of the Philadelphia Convention, and may nominate Mayor Hoffman or Senator Morgan for Governor of New York. But it is still the organized reaction against the development of the Union party; *second*, the Democratic party of the North; and, *third*, the Democratic exrebels of the South. It will not represent such Union men as Senator Fessenden and ex-Governor Andrew in New England; Ward Hunt and Charlie J. Folger in New York; Senator Sherman and Chief Justice Chase in Ohio; Senators Logan and Senator Yates in the Northwest; Governor Fletcher and Senator Brown in Missouri; Horace Maynard in Tennessee; Judge Bond in Maryland; Ambrose Spencer and the original Unionists in Georgia; Andrew J. Hamilton and the voters against Throckmorton in Texas. The question is, therefore plain, Is a Convention which, by the nature of its call, excludes such men and those who sympathize with them, a representative National Union Convention? If the three classes that we have first named, the party of Mr. Weed and the old Democratic party, compose a more truly Union party than that which is now known as such?

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The Democratic party is not dead, but it is dying. Its conduct in the present crisis is the most significant proof of that fact. It is not dead, because it is a party of principle, but it is dying because its principle is wrong. It is not dead, because it is a party of principle, but it is dying because its principle is wrong. It is not dead, because it is a party of principle, but it is dying because its principle is wrong

false. This will come about; but it will take time. The New York *Times*, which has opposed free trade in times past, is now feeling its way to its support. A strong free-trade sentiment is developing at the West. Even Mr. WILSON of Massachusetts shrinks appalled from the enormity of the proposed tariff, and on behalf of the section disclaims all responsibility for the proposed increase in the duties. These signs indicate the future; but the end may yet be far off.

"An Original Republican" fears that the mistakes which are being made at Washington on this tariff question will enable the Democrats to regain their old ascendency in the Government, and will ruin the Union party forever. This is, no doubt, the calculation of many Democrats both in and out of Congress. And it is not altogether without a basis. For though many good Unionists, including leading members of Congress and leading newspapers of the party, have denounced and do denounce the proposed new tariff, yet still a majority of the House of Representatives, which is overwhelmingly Union, are voting it through, paragraph by paragraph, with disciplined acquiescence. For this action the Union party will be held responsible. It is the action of a majority of the recognized representatives of the party, and the protest of the minority will not exonerate the party as a whole from the responsibility. It is the height of folly to insist that the country will regard the Union party as committed to protection.

"A Manufacturer" inquires whether increased protection may not in reality damage the interests protected? Of course it may. All legislative interference with the freedom of trade and industry is hurtful to the objects of that interference. Trade and industry thrive best when left to themselves—nay, thrive only when left to themselves. The very boon of protection now claimed of Congress by the manufacturers will prove fatal to them, as it is, our manufactures are inferior to those of England, with the single exception of machinery, which is protected, and the few articles which we make for export, and which, of course, enjoy no protection. In countries beyond the Cape American cottons compete successfully with the Manchester article. Why? Because they are not protected, and our manufacturers know enough to make them as well and as cheaply as the English can. As regards those articles which are consumed at home, iron and steel goods, woolens, cottons, etc., our manufacturers have no such incentive to exertion. If they can make an article one half or one third the corresponding foreign article, the law of the land will compel the consumer to pay as much for it as for the other. Why need they to excel in such a case? The reason why our manufactures of cloths, hardware, etc., are now inferior to those of England is that our manufacturers have always been protected, and so has tended to dull the energy and quench the ambition of the makers, while foreigners, having nothing but their own merits to rely on, have sought unremittingly to command success by superior skill. If our people had had to struggle against as many obstacles as the English our goods would now have been superior to theirs. It is the old Eastern story over again. Two men were running a race, and each relying on himself alone, was straining every nerve. Presently came the Prince, recognizing one of the runners as a fellow-townsman, and wishing to "protect" him, ordered a rival to carry on his shoulders a bag of sand. Exulting in this advantage the Prince's townsman, made sure of victory, ceased to exert himself, and ran carelessly. His rival, on the contrary, stung by the injustice of his treatment, made superhuman efforts, and, overladen as he was, succeeded by matchless agility in winning the race. The story may serve when the accounts we read of a want of prosperity in some branches of industry which have been highly protected for a generation.

PORTLAND.

THERE were few more beautiful cities in the country than Portland, whose heights, covered with gardens and delightful houses, looking under noble trees and surrounded by green gardens, the spectator looked to the sea or landward on a fair valley." Its trade is prosperous; its society cultured; its public spirit and generosity famous; and very many of its ways are universally known and honored for conspicuous acts and gifts. The great calamity which has befallen the city has awakened the widest sympathy, and no American but must be honored by the full and prompt relief of that sympathy. Boston, the nearest large city, instantly sent a large sum of money. All the other large towns and cities simultaneously stretched out their hands. Providence told its mayor to ask the mayor of Portland to draw upon him at sight for ten thousand dollars; Brooklyn and Bangor did the same. Buffalo, Philadelphia, and New York did not delay. Within a week hundreds of thousands of dollars were ready for the relief of the sufferers; and not the least pleasant fact was, that many of the citizens of Portland most earnest in promoting measures for the succor of the unfortunate victims of the disaster was Mr. J. R. BROWN, the head of the Sugar Works, himself by far the greatest loser of all.

The destruction of the City Hall was peculiarly a misfortune. It was one of the finest, most spacious, and convenient public buildings in New England. Its great hall was not surpassed by any in the country in all the desirable qualities of such a room. But the spirit of the noble city will not quail, we are sure, even under so dire a blow. Its prosperity was not a chance. It was the result of great natural advantages admirably improved. Those advantages and that indomitable will remain, and from them a new city will arise. *Esto perpetua!*

Our artist, who is upon the spot, has sent us a series of striking and faithful views of the great fire, which will appear in our next issue.

HOW MUCH SHALL WE EXERCISE?

WHILE with the sedentary man the question is how much exercise is required for the maintenance of health, with the laborer it is how much can be borne without impairing the health. The danger of excess in labor is not sufficiently appreciated, and many a man does himself vital injury in this respect almost daily who does not suspect it.

Let us look at the rationale of the matter. In all muscular action there is some wear and tear, or destruction, of the muscular substance; but repair is continually made, and especially during the hours of rest. Now if the labor be too severe, or be so protracted that the muscles are not fully sufficiently long, there must be deficiency in the repair, and a very little lost in this way every day will at length amount to a great deficit. The laborer will even be thoroughly broken down long before old age comes on.

Especially is there liability to injury from excessive labor in childhood and youth, when, besides the daily repair, there is daily growth or enlargement to be provided for. The muscular system is governed by recognized in regard to children as it is in regard to young horses. So little is it realized, that it has been found necessary to prevent parents from putting the pressure of law to prevent parents from putting their children to work at too early an age, and from keeping them at work too constantly. The law says:

Much has been said of late years of the number of hours that men ought to labor. Undoubtedly ten hours are enough—and often even less than ten, either be overwork, or, what is perhaps more often the case, be done really by no more than he would do in the ten hours. Indeed, it is a question for laborers, as a whole, accomplish more now than when than he was for the same time. The object of the law should be to use it. This proviso is significant, for in the present condition of common education in the learning of words, and forms of statement, and rules and processes, that are not understood, while the study of the things, the realities, the facts, to which all these refer, is neglected—a neglected there is little encouragement for mental improvement in the laboring classes of society. We hope to see a great change in this respect, and in consequence an extensive *individual* adoption of the eighthour plan, so that time may be had for carrying out the mental cultivation proper to the new school-room. This is the effectual way of giving dignity to labor.

When labor is all of one kind much less can be done than when there is variety. There are two reasons for this. Sameness makes labor tedious, and none one bores himself. But, besides, the muscles acting in one way alone soon get tired out.

Turn over the digs, and hoes, and rakes, etc., will not get so tired as if they were all used in one thing alone, though the amount of work may be the same in either case. So the speaker who has variety in his speaking will not tire his audience so readily as the monotonous speaker, and will not be liable to debility and disease of the quarter.

With all that has been said about the necessity of exercise for persons whose occupations are sedentary, very few will be found to take enough of it. This is true even of those students who are quite earnest enough of it. This is true even of those students who are quite earnest enough of it. This is true even of those students who are quite earnest



SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS IN NEW ORLEANS—A CREOLE NIGHT AT THE FRENCH OPERA-HOUSE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS IN NEW ORLEANS—THE COCKPIT.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

HON. JAMES H. LANE.

A few days ago a brief telegram told us that JAMES H. LANE had been prostrated by a paralytic stroke while sojourning in a hotel in St. Louis. Next we learned that he had arrived at his home in Leavenworth, KANSAS. On the 2d inst. Representative CLARK, of Kansas, received a telegram at Washington, from Leavenworth, saying that Senator JAMES H. LANE had shot himself through the head on the Sunday night previous. Later in the day Mr. CLARK received another dispatch that Senator LANE died at 9 o'clock on Monday morning. Although a still later dispatch announced that Senator LANE was not yet dead, it gave no hope of the Senator's recovery.

The following dispatch from Leavenworth, July 2, gives the details of this melancholy event:

"Senator LANE had been acting strangely for several days, and a careful watch had been kept over him; but while riding last evening with his brother-in-law, Mr. M'CALL, and Captain ADAMS, brother of his son-in-law, got out of the wagon, which stopped at the government farm residence of Mr. M'CALL, and stepping to the rear drew a pistol and shot himself in the mouth, the ball passing out through the top of the skull. The deed was undoubtedly the result of a temporary mental derangement. This is the third member of the family who has destroyed himself. The occurrence created an unusual sadness here."

Mr. LANE was born in Indiana, and was in Congress from that State in 1853, 1854, and 1855. He went to Kansas and took a very active part in the excitements attending the settlement of that Territory. To recount his participation therein would be to rewrite almost the whole story of one of the most extraordinary periods in the history of the country. When the Territory became a State he was sent as a United States Senator for the term ending 1865. He was re-elected, and his term would have expired March 4, 1871. During the late civil war he was commissioned a Brigadier-General. He was a member of the Baltimore Convention of 1864. As a Senator, his committee labors have been chiefly in agricultural and Indian affairs, and during the present session he has been quiet to a noteworthy degree, taking the floor but seldom, and always voting with the STEVENS faction.

Senator LANE has lived for the last ten years in the midst of the most exciting events of our history. In these events he has taken a prominent part. Though not always wise in his political opinions, he has always been straightforward and honest in their expression. He leaves behind him many friends—men of his own mould, hardy, stern, and unyielding — in whose hearts his memory will long be cherished.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

From a Photograph by John Moore.

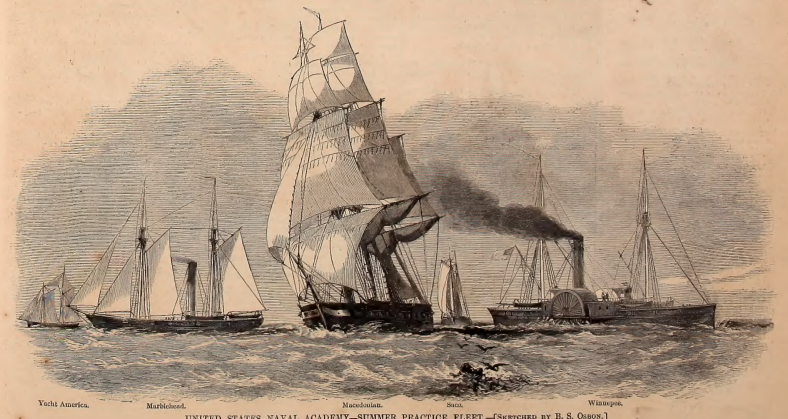
TAKING THE OATH.

THE subject of this beautiful statuette, by Mr. ROGERS, is so familiar to our readers as scarcely to need explanation. In the progress of our armies through the South supplies were freely given to such citizens as were willing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. This work of art is one of the best of a large number of beautiful groups which have come from the hand of Mr. ROGERS.

THE NAVAL SCHOOL EXCURSION.

On the 26th of June the fleet of vessels selected for the three months' summer cruise of the Naval Academy pupils left Annapolis. These vessels are the old frigates *Macedonian* and *Savannah*, the side-wheel double-ender steamer *Winnepec*, the screw propellers *Marblehead* and *Saco*, and yacht *America*. Within the past three months such of these vessels as needed repairs have undergone thorough overhauling at the Portsmouth Navy-yard; so that all are now in good condition to enter on the duties assigned them.

Scattered through the vessels constituting the fleet are the present pupils of the Naval Academy, besides the late graduating class, numbering seventy-



UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY—SUMMER PRACTICE FLEET.—[SKETCHED BY B. S. OSBON.]

four members, in all some four hundred and twenty-five adolescent middies. The classes are mixed up on the various vessels, and the number on each is not uniform, but varies according to the size of the different vessels. On each ship they are arranged in divisions, for the greater convenience of instruction, and in this regard the most perfect system prevails.

The first or graduating class have decidedly the most agreeable time. Their position is that of middlemen, and their duties those of this class of subordinate officers. They stand watch on deck, and, when on the steamers, in the engine-rooms also. On the lower classes devolves, while on the sailing vessels, the duty of going aloft and adjusting or removing the sails, and doing all the work of ordinary seamen, except cleaning the decks. Those on the steamers have to go into the fire-rooms, and, with coats off and sleeves rolled up, perform the dirty and disagreeable duty of shoveling the coal and feeding the furnaces. The theory is to familiarize all with the duties of managing sailing and steam vessels, and the fullest practical knowledge of either theory is the paramount if not sole object of this cruise. Before the cruise terminates those now on the steamers will be transferred to the sailing vessels, and vice versa, so as to give all a chance to familiarize themselves with the minute details of the diverse branches of navigation.

The graduating class flow into the full-fledged costume allowed them in naval regulations—that is to say, the blue jacket, with two rows of buttons, anchors on the lappels, and stars on the sleeves. Straw-hats, white vests and pants, and the white regulation gloves are largely indulged in, with variations to the blue pants and cap, as the weather may vary. The under graduates wear the "jumper" jacket or pea-coat at the Academy, the members of the various classes being distinguishable by the length and wordings of the ornamental tapes. All these sport the naval blue pants and the Scotch cap—a recent academical innovation, but, in connection with the low turn-over collar of the blouse, forming a costume as neat and jaunty as it is striking and pleasing. Of course the full-grown middies sport sword and frock-coats as occasion may require or personal pride suggest.

The command of the yacht *America* was promised to the one of the graduating class bearing away the highest honors. The recipient of these honors was S. N. Kane, of Rhode Island, and present commander of the yacht. He is a cousin of Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer. There are nineteen officers on the various ships, all having the rank of lieutenant-Commanders. The fleet goes to Portland, Maine, and cruises up and down along the Atlantic coast.

A VEETIAN BRIDAL.

Say is dancing in the palace,
In the dance on the sea;
Down, far down, the sullen water
Floweth silently.
She is radiant in her beauty,
Pearls her clson ringlets twine,
Rubies glisten on her finger,
Sapphires her bosom shine.
She is queen of every heart there,
Envy of the beauteous train;
On her looks are fiefdoms pending,
Deadliest loss and loftiest gain.
Princes for her sake are sighing;
She is fairest, first of all
Who are dancing in the palace
At the Doge's festival.

Dancing in the Doge's palace,
In the dance on the sea;
Down, far down, the turbid water
Rolleth sullenly.

For her love a royal bosom
Beats with fierce desire;
Unrequited passion, burning
Like consuming fire.
Wherefore does she shrink and quiver
When He breathes her name?
Wherefore is her cheek and bosom
Dyed with crimson shame?
And her eager eye turns from him,
Glancing far astray
For some absent one, regretful
Of his long delay.
Fix'd upon her with dark meaning,
Glare those baleful eyes;
Fast clench'd, by the wrist, he holds her:
"Thou art mine! My prize!
Vainly from the fowler's clutches
Would the bird take flight;
Gainst the strong is no appealing,
Here, where might is right."

They are dancing in the Doge's
Palace on the sea;
Down, far down, the cruel water
Murmurs mockingly.

But her cheek grows white: he comes not,
Come not, whom she loves.
Drooping, vacant, 'mong the dancers
Listlessly she moves.
Heard in the heavy footsteps
Cross the bridge of doom?
Nor the iron fetters clanking,
Of the living tomb?
Hears she not a sudden splashing
In the tide beneath?
Drown'd in tones of mirth and music
Are the sounds of Death.

She is leaning from her casement
O'er the dark polluted tide,
Orp ere set of sun to-morrow
She will be a prince's bride.
Little seems the royal bridegroom
Dreaming of her in his sleep,
How she watches at her casement
In the dead of night, to weep.

"O thou dark and dismal channel,
Father's net was never cast
In thy gulfy waters, shrouding
Bloody secrets of the past.
In the day of retribution,
When thy waves are backward roll'd,
What an awful revelation
Shall the startled world behold!
Yet my spirit yearneth o'er thee,
And my envious eyes would peer
Through thy mysteries, to recover
All my broken heart holds dear.
What a pearl lies hid beneath thee!
I would venture fathoms deep
To regain my stolen treasure
Which thy gloomy secrets keep.
They have made me fast, their victim
But I scorn their utmost might.
I will break my chains, Believe!
And will be with thee to-night!"

They are waiting in the palace,
Bridegroom, kinsmen, guests and all:
Wherefore does the lady tarry
From the wedding festival?
What a rare and splendid pageant!
What a scene of pomp and pride!
Nothing at the marriage wanting,
Wanting, but, alas! the bride.
Hearts grow sick with hope deferred;
Livid is the bridegroom's cheek:
Near and distant for the lady
High and low they search and seek.
Bridegroom 'twixt thy dreams and waking—
Blissful dreaming of thy bride—
Hearest thou not a splash, a ripple
Break the stillness of the tide?
She is safe forever from thee.
Will thou ever in the deeps
Of the foul forbidden waters
Where thy FAVOR'D rival sleeps?

Roll on, woeful, wicked waters,
Bear them out into the sea;
Let them lie at undefiled
In the blue immensity!

There is mourning in the palace,
In the palace on the sea;
Down, far down, the doomed waters
Throb lamentingly.

RECOMPENSE.

"Is that Oldtown church yonder, if you please, Sir?"

A girl spoke to me. I turned and looked at her. There are women of sixteen and children of sixteen. This one was a child. She wore the scantiest of cotton dresses, belted at the waist, a pair of leather boots, and a white apron. In her hand she carried a sun-bonnet, and her hair, cropped close like a boy's, curled in flaxen rings about her head. The face was a baby's face in sweetness and in innocence, the little brown hands the hands of toil. No young baby this, yet there was simplicity, nature and vulgar about her unless it were those hands.

"That is Oldtown church, my dear," I said, "Are you going there?"

"Yes, Sir, to see the wedding. Are you?"

I was, more fool I, though I did not say so to this child. The bride for whom the bells were ringing was to be mine once, would have been but for the accident which had crippled me and changed her heart. She had done nothing openly treacherous, but I saw the truth and set her free. She took her freedom gladly, and we were two. She had quite forgotten me, no doubt. I believed I never could forget her.

I knew exactly how she would look in snowy silk and lace and coronet of pearls. I had dreamed of her in bridal robes so often.

I nodded to the little thing beside me trudging over the meadow path with the tall grass almost to her waist, and looking at me wistfully.

"I never saw a wedding," she said.

"No?"

"No, Sir. Grandfather said I might come. He didn't care himself. It's a long walk too from the tavern, and it's very old."

"Does your grandfather keep the tavern?" I asked.

"No, Sir—I wish he did!" said the child. "He has only his fiddle, and people half the time don't care for tunes. What you call 'em though? To-night there's a dance, and he's to play for them. That's why we stopped."

A poor fiddler's ragged grandchild—as poor as decent poverty could be—yet her presence somehow cheered me. Half child, half woman, and all a child at heart. Innocent, unsuspicious, and kindly. I encouraged her to linger at my side. I said to her:

"I will show you a place where you can see the bride well. It is in the gallery. Will you like that?"

"I don't know," she said. "I haven't often been to church. We pray mostly in our houses, grandfather and I. Will you be there, Sir?"

"Yes."

"I know I should like it."

"Come with me then," I said, and she followed me.

I had meant to hide myself in the gallery, and see my lost love married quite unseen. This companionship had not been in my plan at all. But I liked it. No friend, no relation, not my own sister, would I have had beside me; but this child thing was too innocent to harm me. I led the way up the dark old stairs, and toward a spot quite sheltered from general view. Then I sat down and she stood leaning over the balustrade.

The church was full of bonnets. Here and there only a masculine head. The minister was in his seat reading, in a voice taken for effect. He was a handsome man, and knew it perfectly well.

Girls whispered and giggled, matrons fanned themselves, and men yawned. Soon the soft roll of carriages on the gravel-path was heard, and the bridal party entered. I saw her at last. Aletta.

"Is that the bride?" half-sobbed the girl's voice at my side. "Is it a real lady? She looks like wax. Oh, how pretty, how beautiful! Look! look!"

She touched me with her little brown hand, and looked at me, her eyes sparkling:

"Did you ever see her before?" she asked. "Is she like the lad in everyday clothes? Oh, how pretty! how pretty!"

Men have no right to weep. I put my head down upon the cushion of the pew and hid my eyes. I felt the child creep close beside me.

"Poor thing, he's tired!" I heard her whisper, and put her little hand out and patted me softly by the sleeve.

Soon I looked down into the church again, and saw Grant Stanton kiss his bride.

"Is it over?" asked the girl.

"Yes, it is over," I said.

"Then I must go," she said. "Thank you for being so kind to me, Sir. Good-by."

"Good-by," I said, and her little feather shoes pattered over the aisle and down the stairs, and I had seen, as I thought, the last of her. When she was gone I opened my Bible.

I went home when the church was quite empty. It had not been as hard to bear as I had feared, and oddly enough I found myself thinking of that child's little gipsy head, and those beautiful long-fringed eyes. I wondered at myself, but it was so.

"I should like to see the child again," I said, and as I spoke I spied a crowd about a tavern door upon the road.

It was a poor place, and poor rough people made up the group. But it was plainly no common quarrel or drinking bout which had brought them there, for their faces were all grave, and their voices suppressed. I crossed the road.

"What has happened, friend?" I asked of a tinker near me.

"Only a blind fiddler dropped dead," he said, "But there's a gal there that's cryin' rt."

And then I pushed him and went in. An old man lay upon the floor, and across his body a girl had flung herself. I knew the gipsy hair and the brown neck, the scant cotton dress and the sunbonnet, flung with a handful of wild flowers upon the floor; and I bent over her, touching her little despairing head.

"My child," I said, "he is happier than we are."

And she looked up at me.

"He was all I had," she said; "all, all!"

So had I thought when Aletta gave me back our betrothal ring. I knew exactly how her face looked other word, but I led her to an inner room, while two men bore the dead man up stairs. She wept wildly, but not uncontrollably—comfort her.

After a while she drew closer to me, and, sitting on a low stool, leaned her forehead on my knee. Soon my hand rested on it, and in an hour she had sobbed herself to sleep.

"The girl shan't go until I hear from you, Sir," I said. "I know where she will go. She seems friendless, and such a child for her age. Thank you, Sir!"

And I went on my way again, thinking not of Aletta, but of the dead fiddler's grandchild. This sun-browned waif, so simple and so ignorant, so friendless and alone.

I was turned yet—not five-and-twenty—a bachelor, and likely to be one my life long. I had no proper person to take her to be my friend to all me. At last, in my extremity, I thought of Betty—old Betty, who had once been my nurse, and who loved me as she might her own child in the goodness of her heart.

I made my way to her poor home. I found her trimming her vines in the bit of garden-ground, and I told her my plan across the fence even before the gate was opened.

"I've been thinking of you," she said. "I knew it was you as soon as I heard some one coming. Then every young gentleman would weary himself to see an old body like me. Sit down, honey, and rest."

"I came to ask a favor, Betty," I said.

"Just name it, Master Bertie."

"Will you take a little girl, Betty?"

"Bless me! In my two rooms?"

"Only a child, Betty."

"A child—Master Albert!"

I told her of the fiddler's death, and of the girl. "I have money enough," I said, "but no female relatives. I can only come to you."

"You always were kind-hearted from a boy," she said. "I'll take the little girl, Master Bertie."

Then she looked up on my shoulders.

"You haven't fretted, have you?" she asked.

"At least I have not," I said.

"Fretted?" I asked. "Why?"

"Nay, why indeed?" said old Betty. "Bet fish in the sea than ever were caught yet." Then in a moment more she added: "I've been to see the wedding."

I felt my face flush. "Shall I bring the girl to-morrow after her grandfather's funeral?" I asked.

"Do, Master Bertie," said Betty. "But, Master Albert, what do you mean to do with her? You are doing all this in a hurry. Just think a bit."

"I mean to adopt the child," I said. "It will make me happy to have a young thing to care for."

Betty laughed. "You'll have young things of your own, please God, some day," she said. "Why, Master Bertie, she's a beggar. Just think a bit."

"I shall never marry, Betty," I said.

She caught my fingers in a close clasp with her horny—looking hand.

"you was back again a baby on my knee, Master Bertie," she said. "I'd like to sing you to sleep as I did then. Ah! it's a grief to an old woman to see the young we've nursed grow up to tall and old, with their troubles so shut up in their own hearts that we can't come at 'em. Going? Well, then, good-night! I'm ready for the child when you will. I'm ready for any thing that will please you, Master Bertie. I ought to my Master Albert always now, I suppose; but the old times do come back so!"

I left her leaning over her gate looking wistfully after me, knowing as a mother might the grief which I had buried in my heart. And if her words had given me a pang, it was like some ointment which makes the wound smart in its very healing. It was something to be loved so even by my old nurse.

Late the next day I led my young stranger from her grandfather's grave to Betty's cottage. She kept my hand upon the road as a little child might. I had no thought but that she was one, until old Betty's cry of tenderness, Bertie, I thought you said a young child! Why, *this* is a grown girl!" startled me into consciousness.

"It don't matter, does it, Betty?" I asked. She turned to the girl.

"Take off your bonnet," she said, a little grimly. "I want to look at you. What is your name?"

The girl obeyed. "I'm only Nelly Hay," she said, and stood to be looked at. Betty looked stormy at first, then pityingly.

"I La, no! Master Bertie, it *don't* matter," she said. "I don't see any harm in her. There's a peg behind the door, child. You can hang your bonnet on that." And I left the two together.

Not long, though; every day found some new errand to take me to the cottage. I put on elderly airs, and gave advice. I had her sent to school, and went through grave examinations on Saturday afternoons. I told old Betty that when I was a man of middle age I should take my little daughter home, and she should keep house for us. And I began to fancy, very soon, that there could be no such happiness as that a parent felt. The girl was growing tall, it is true, and I was only ten years older than she was; but when she checked her light tread to keep pace with me, when the childish laugh hushed and stifled at something which could only make me smile, I felt that years are not the only things which age us.

I was working hard at my profession too. I had hands and heart full. In a year I found that I could pass Aletta on her husband's arm without a pang. I was not sorry when I discovered she had really changed, or whether I fancied black curls more than I did golden bands, for I found myself thinking my little daughter must be pretty.

In the sultry summer evenings I used to leave rett tape and parchment and go to the cottage to take tea with Betty and her and my adopted child. Then, while she polished up the cups, Nellie Hay and I used to walk down to the river. I talk as we walked slowly. I had a way of holding her hand still; and we had such pleasant talks! such old, unworldly chatter! Those were the days when I should have rested the brain, wearied with law business, quarrels, and quibbles, and stratagems, more than I can tell.

The rough hands had grown softer now, the waist taper, the bust full. The sweep of woman's robes, the trained air of woman's light-shod feet had taken the place of clumping leather boots and scant cotton skirts.

I knew this, but Nellie was a child to me all of the same. Was I not by adoption her father? Had not my early grief and the staff on which I leaned aged me before my time? Of course she always would be young to me; and why I felt so angry if by chance some gay young farmer chatted with her after the church service was over, or walked home from church, I could not tell. "An old man's temper, I suppose," I said, and sighed like a young one.

So three years passed. At the end of that time Aletta's husband died. They had quarrelled, and she had made him woefully jealous, it was said; and he, in his peppery, savage, a mere puppet, was willed to strangers.

One day a lady in black walked into my office; when she lifted her veil I knew Aletta Stanton's face, closer to me than it had been since we parted. My heart gave no wild throb. I felt as though I were a mere statue.

Courteously and quite calmly I heard her business. She intended to contest the will and needed advice. I gave her what I could. I referred her to a brother-lawyer as the one who would best espouse her cause. As for myself I told her truly that my time was too completely occupied to undertake any thing more, and I wished her success.

She looked at me wistfully, with her great blue eyes full of tears, but I was firm.

"It was cruel of him," she said, "very cruel to leave me so poor; but he was always cruel, nevertheless. The honey-moon was short."

"I regret to hear it," I said.

"I could expect nothing more," she said; "I did not love him—I never loved but one, and that one—"

She paused and looked at me.

"That one I love still," she said.

And Heaven knows no feeling of revenge or petty triumph was in my heart when I looked in Aletta Stanton's eyes as if I did not understand her and courteously bowed her out.

"Did I ever care for that woman?" I thought. "or is it all a dream?"

I took my adopted child to the theatre that night and we saw the Lady of Lyons together. I saw her first play-going experience, and she enjoyed it immensely. She wore a white dress and bonnet and the coral drops I had fastened in her ears before in her father's. I was very proud of her. I could not help looking into her eyes, touching her hand with mine. And after all, let her I kissed her.

"Good-night, my child," I said.

And she answered, "Good - night," with a cheek dyed on the instant deeper scarlet, and ran away as Betty came out to chat with me.

From that night I dated an odd change. My adopted child seemed dearer and better to me by her hand—shy even of chatting as she did. She was graver, more womanly. I fancied she did not care for me as she did. Perhaps some of those farmers who leaned over the gate at sunset, some of those young fellows who so often escorted her home from church, had won her from me. I grew a little moody. I found myself in brown studies when I should have been at work. At last I determined to discover whether I was really to lose my child.

and went down to the cottage. I found her there sitting at work with Betty.

After all, it was no easy task. I could not do it as I had hoped. I tried jesting, and spoke of one and of the other of the young fellows near. "We shall have Nellie stolen from us, I suppose?" I said.

"There is nothing so easily lost from a family as a pretty daughter. But who is to have you, Nellie?"

She looked at me as children look before they burst into tears—her chin quivering, her throat swelling—then she dropped her work, and stole from the room without answering me.

"What ails the child, Betty?" I asked. "Have I offended her?"

Old Betty stood before me sturdy and stern—a look in her face I had never yet seen there.

"Master Arthur," she said, "whatever she was when she came here, Nellie is no child now. Oh, Master Albert, I can't believe you've done it on purpose! You couldn't—such a sweet, innocent thing!—but it's done. All I can say is, go away, or let her go, and maybe the wound will heal. It ought to have gone in time. I was an old fool. Oh, you how could you, Master Albert?—how could you?"

"What have I done?" I cried. "I would rather die than harm her."

"And yet you've made her love you," said Betty, sternly. "You who knew you never would love her. You've been very selfish, Master Albert."

A new light dawned upon me, a radiance brilliant beyond my hopes.

"Betty," said I, "you are dreaming. She must think me old enough to be a grandfather, with my long face and bald crown and this crutch. I've had one dream only, don't set me dreaming again like Heaven's sake!"

Old Betty looked at me; then caught my face in both hands and kissed me.

"Master Bertie," said she, "I shan't tell you a word more. The child is under the grape-vine, two yonder; go and find out what you want to know for yourself. You silly, handsome, good-for-nothing fellow!"

I found my child under the grape-vine, her face wet with tears. I sat down by her and put my arm about her waist.

"Nellie," said I, "don't shrink from me. I am your true friend. Your friend, whatever answer you may give me now. I am older than you, and am not vain enough to think myself a young girl's beau-ideal. But I love you dearly, Nelly. Can you love me enough to be my wife? If you can not, if another claims your heart, do not say yes from gratitude. Tell me the truth, and still retain a father's, a brother's, a friend's affection. Nellie?"

I bent over her, and my life seemed in her keeping. Until that moment I had not known myself. I loved her dearly. I felt it now better, far better, than in my youth I had loved Aletta Stanton.

She spake no word.

"Nellie?" I said. "Nellie?" and a brown hand was laid of its own accord in mine, and beneath my gaze the dark eyes dare not lift themselves, but hid their sweetness under my breast. Nellie was mine.

I sat with her beating heart so near my own, and thought it all over. I remembered the child in her cottage standing in the gallery of the church on that wedding morn. I remembered the child whom I had taught; the girl with whom I had passed such happy hours. And I felt that this living love, sprung, phœnix like, from the ashes of the dead one, was the purest feeling of my life.

So my old fancy of keeping house with my child came true at last; only when she crossed the threshold of my home she was not a child but wife. And still the touch of her brown hand brings comfort with it; still her sweet voice is better to me than all the music in the world. And, as in my youth I fancied myself old, surely in my age I shall believe myself young, for while we love and are beloved youth can never die, and while we live I and my Nellie must love each other.

HALF A BREATH.

AT an upper window of a beetle-browed building, in a certain manufacturing town, there is, or there was, a man of odious and unwinking look, perched on a platform before a desk; a man of more than Roman integrity, not to be seduced by the glance of the surest bribe, by so much as the blink of an eye, aside from the ledger, in which he eternally wrote, through all hours of the day and night; a wooden Sir Isaac Newton Stylites, in cutaway coat and lank trowsers; object of much childish speculation on my part; subject, also, of a current legend, which though no one ever to be caught in talking of, was in some mysterious way was perfectly known to all our townsfolk.

The legend is of two wooden men. One, the Stylites just described; the other walked about on two legs that could bend, and did; and if you had poked him, by no doubt your finger would have rebounded his flesh; a most respectable man also, as our townsfolk will assure you when I name I. T. Minor; and I. T. maintain, a man of worth, as he lived in the nineteenth century, and behaved in it like Cæsar, Hamilton's goose on the truck. After an entire train had passed over her, sitting between the rails, "she arose, looked over her shoulder, as who should say, and saw no I heard something, and waddled off with placid but evident contentment for all such flummery." He used his little shred of life as the Chinese ladies did the new trousers, which he patched precisely where the old ones were patched. Wooden! why if the legend be true, the Stylites was infinitely the most impressionable of the two. I say if the legend be true, for I vouch only for my two men of wood.

One night, lying in his bed, I. T. Minor heard himself loudly called—I. T. Minor! I. T. Minor! It was not an hour at which people are apt to be called; half past twelve by the little clock on the mantle; and the voice sounded from without; without the house was silent; besides the night was wild with rain and wind, coming with voices that clamored, and voices that wailed, and bursting against the house with a wet rush, like waves and breaking surf; and yet I. T. Minor felt himself irresistibly compelled to get up out of his warm bed and pop, shivering, out into the wet street; and as he stood at the window came the voice again: I. T. Minor! I. T. Minor! more loudly and imperatively than before; and though Mr. Minor certainly intended to get back to bed at once he got into his boots instead; and though assuredly he would never venture out on such a night and at such an hour, he found himself pulling on his trowsers, and urged by the terrible voice, and in spite of himself, he hastened his great-coat and took down his hat, though groaning all the time.

"Oh dear! what is it would stop." I shall be obliged to go! I can't stop myself! Oh dear! what will the neighbors think, hearing my name sounded all over town? And why don't somebody wake up?"

As if people ever waked when wanted, and the wife of your neighbor, for example, ever did, and always more at night through your visitations of toothache and ghosts! The voice rang out on the night like the long strain of a steam-whistle, yet nobody stirred. No windows were opened on the opposite side; no night-capped heads peeped out after I. T. Minor as he unwillingly stepped from his door into the street; but then, inconsistently enough, from shame and confusion, at the public nature of his mysterious summons, he hoped no one within they would look out and stop him if they could. He remembered certain garroting legends, and looked suspiciously at arms and alleyways, and dead-quarters of the blackness about him. He observed to himself that it was at once disagreeable and delicious to be a recipient of regular habits to be prowling about after midnight of the worst night of the season. And then the unfeeling world, not to mention Mrs. Minor, would lend a doubling ear to stories of ghostly voices and irresistible impulses, and would not be convinced but once—in spite of all which he went steadily forward.

To his astonishment he presently discovered that he was not alone. Familiar front-doors opened, one after the other, and familiar great-coats came swinging heavily down the steps. Mr. Screwby, Mr. Screwby, Box and Cox, almost every man in the row, in fact. I. T. Minor rubbed his eyes with

"Why, where the deuce are you going, Coger?"

"Don't you hear it?" returned Codger, with an air of listening. "I thought it would wake the whole town with its "I. T. Minor! I. T. Minor! David Codger! Ellis, Screwby! what pious ears you've!"

"Don't you hear it:" cried Screwby, with the same air of listening. "I know it was called me, Screwby! I tried to stay in bed but I couldn't, so here I am!"

And they marched on together, while Minor stared incredulously after them, doubting his senses, all the time more front-doors opening, more people crowding into the street. Mr. Minor was hailed and jostled on all sides by a crowd, for which I must use capital letters to express the awful and supernatural effect it produced there, made up of the very Best Men, speaking after Mammon, each and all answering, when questioned, Hoosed, and hurrying on. Done, each wrapped in himself and unconscious of his neighbor, with the same air of listening clearly in his own face, as they hurried on. And still Minor heard only and continually I. T. Minor, above all the stir; and all, urged by the same mysterious impulse, pressing onward—where?

Minor was asking himself that with some perturbation, when he found himself in front of his own warehouse, at whose door stood the wooden Man or Man at his desk. How it was that he could see distinctly in that pitchy darkness; how it was that the Wooden Man had not been left behind; and looking straight at the crowd; how it was that he no longer wrote in his ledger but held up a hand as if to appeal with the other to the lofty effigies of painted fingers, or what brought that pale girl there on the platform beside him, I. T. Minor did not even ask. He accepted it all as he may do the unnatural conditions of a dream, and understood that here was a court of inquiry: that here in the ledger was a record against him that he, in the pale girl, was a witness against him and the other highly respectable gentlemen on trial with him. What he did not comprehend was a fact he had as they could have been guilty. He glanced at his neighbors, but Codger, Screwby and the rest, were intent on the pale girl about to speak. A half recognition stirred in I. T. Minor's mind. Where had he seen her?

"I am sorry," commenced the girl, nervously, "I do not desire to complain. I did not come here of free-will, and I know you will not be remember it against me, for though my salary is small I should not like to lose it. I have a bed-ridden brother and a mother to support, and though twenty-five days out of seven is certainly wearing work, yet I have continual reason to be thankful that I am in possession of such a situation, and I quite believed the gentlemen when they told us at the end of the quarter that there was positively no money in the treasury, and that we must wait. I make no wait. But it was a bitter disappointment to those not so poor as we; and to us, who have always to struggle so—gentlemen who are not obliged to live three times over every penny can hardly tell how bitter" continued the girl, warmly. "I could have spared about a quarter, out of which I lay aside so much for rent, and so much for fire. With the rest we buy of course just flour enough for bread, just sugar, just every thing enough to last till relief comes again, that is, next pay-day, and patch, and darn our shoes, and stockings, and last one hour, and lights, lest any thing should give out before; so you understand how it is that every thing runs out together just before pay-day. There is no more medicine for the sick one, you are half-way down your last pail of coal, you have kneaded your last quart of flour, you are at the bottom of your tea can, you have promised to pay back the money you borrowed to-morrow, and to settle certain bills, and can hardly, perhaps, keep the old shoes on your feet in which you go for the money that you have earned by three months' hard work; and—the city has built a new hall, or a tower, or the proper appropriation has not been made, and gentlemen give us drafts, payable in—what matter does it make to the eager, anxious ones at home how many months, when they have already stinted and pinched to its utmost tension and can wait no longer? Gentlemen will cash our drafts at a discount—that means seven, or ten, or fifteen dollars, as the case may be: but when it is hardly possible to keep alive on ninety-three dollars, all told, how is it possible to do it on seven or ten dollars less? Shall we wait, then, till the proper pay-day, and live on credit? That means, gentlemen, getting behindhand every day a little and a little more. Impossible to economize, and use discretion and dis——"

"And if it is," burst in I. T. Minor, who was deeply interested, and recognized in the girl a teacher or a school of whom board he was a member, "a quarter cause for which to rout men like us out of their beds at midnight! What can we do about it? Is it our fault if the proper appropriations are not made?"

"We are very sorry—"

"Yes, very sorry," echoed Codger & Co.; "but what can we do?"

"Do!" cried the Wooden Man. "What would you have done, if in your salaried days—for I take it, most of you, at one time or other, have been glad enough to receive a salary—I say what would you have done if, after three months' faithful labor, your employer had said he was 'very sorry,' and so he presented you with a draft, due three months from date, because he really would not have the money before? If your employer was 'very sorry' in this manner, once and again, sometimes for three quarters running, as has happened to this girl and hundreds of other women in similar positions—and what you would have done for yourselves, it is not your duty, Christian men, to do for your brothers—and more for those who, being women, especially appeal to you, as weaker than yourselves? If the laborer is worthy of his hire, then, when he fails to get it, there is a wrong somewhere, and it is your duty to find it out; and that the girl has spoken within the bounds of truth I bear witness, for here, as I stand above your heads, I write down, day after day, the sighs, the struggles, the tears, the disappointments, the groans, of men and women in positions like hers; and the dullness, blindness, hardness, and stupidity I regard them as I do the sighs, groans, and tears of your beds, indeed! Why, it has roused a Wooden Man to speech. I protest I am hearthily glad of the condemnation of you, gentlemen!"

At the word "condemnation," Codger, Screwby, I. T. Minor, and the rest, looked blankly at each other, while the Wooden Man made a mounting motion, instantly checked by the Wooden Man.

"There has been lately," he went on, in his dry, hard voice, "a deficit of air unparalleled since the earliest days of the world. Of the cause I am unable to speak, but I can confidently assure you that the deficiency will be supplied in three days' time at the least. Meantime, by accurate computation, it has been discovered that there is not sufficient air about the city to supply each individual with his usual quota, and it has been decided, for very evident reasons, that the atmospheric dearth shall fall principally on you gentlemen here assembled."

Here there was a murmur and commotion in the crowd, quickly silenced by the Wooden Man, who continued with the same unpleasant chuckle:

"We are aware that you are fully entitled to as much air as will sufficiently inflate your lungs at every breath; but what can the Board of Works and Currents do? We have not the air on hand; and we can only pledge you our honor that in three days time sufficient will return to their usual course. Meantime you will receive but half the usual amount of air at each breath. Take it well, also, gentlemen, and husband your strength; you will, also, accordingly need your entire powers without any breath at all, and will then be obliged to borrow of some more fortunate neighbor, or of some seller of inferior mixable stories, or an incurable scold. We are very sorry, but really, gentlemen, we are doing for you the best we can."

"Shameful!" commenced I. T. Minor, indignantly; but his protest was cut short by a new and disagreeable sensation, almost precisely that of choking, but a continual impression and apprehension that he should shortly come to that. He inflated his chest to its utmost capacity, his mouth at its widest, but the result was quite as unsatisfactory as before. He looked about on his neighbors; they were gasping like himself. He glanced appealingly at the Wooden Man, but he was again as stolidly intent on his ledger as ever.

Day was breaking when Minor reached his home, but nobody had observed his absence; neither did any one at breakfast perceive that he was in a half-strangled condition. He gave down-pour at business-hours, from force of habit, he found no one sharpened his ears at home, all evidently talking; nothing arose in his wardrobe, as the Wooden Man had warned him, he lost breath entirely.

"Hest ailed you, my dear? what is the matter with you?" cried old Brown, who was talking with him, jumping backward in a fright.

"Give—give me—breath!" Minor; but not another word could he get out till, catching a chance breath of his alarmed companion, he recovered as suddenly as he had been seized.

"Singular attacks—very!" remarked old Brown, suspiciously.

"Oh, it's nothing—nothing—subject to it—hereditary, you know!" explained Minor, confusedly; but a few moments after he was seized again—breath entirely gone, and black in the face. Men ran on all sides to find remedies and a physician.

"No; air—air!" gasped Minor, faintly.

"Yes, yes; give him air," said every body, getting away from him, and so removing from the unlucky man all chance of borrowing a breath, and he kicked out against it in a frenzy of despair. Just then Codger passed by, but, as Minor looked imploringly at him, shook his head—had not breath enough for himself, good fellow! and if it had not been for a friendly puff of wind the next paragraph would have been I. T. Minor's obituary. As it was, he lost his bargain, his wealthy customer not having time to wait, and gained the desirable reputation of being subject to fits.

"I shall be ruined—ruined and dead before the three days are half over," said Minor, mournfully, to himself, trying to make half a breath answer for a whole one, and quaking in anticipation of no breath at all, when he felt himself seized by the shoulder, and heard Mrs. Minor's voice:

"Why, I. T., wake up! wake up, I say! What are you groaning about?"

At least that is the way in which friends of the family try to blunt the point of the story: rather dull in nightmares, per se, than absurd, as some say, that I. T. Minor was actually wandering abroad all night, and came home at daybreak, haggard and miserably dead, declaring that he had lived three birthdays in one night. To this ending I incline, but, as an impartial historian, give both versions. Take your choice. I vouch for the first two things—and those, as I said in the beginning, my two wooden men. For two things? No. For three: for the sad truth of that pale girl's troubling story also.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

POLICE "INTELLIGENCE."—"There isn't any!"

Why are the ladies of the Ballet very kind to their relatives?—Because they are so fond of their grandjetes.

Love is as necessary to a woman's heart as a fashionable bonnet to her head. Indeed, we think, rather more so; for nothing but love on a large scale will ever cause her; whereas the recent fashion has shown that she can be satisfied with a very little bonnet.

Milton was asked, "How is it that in some countries a king is allowed to take his place on the throne at fourteen years but may not marry until he is twenty-one?" "Because," said the poet, "it is easier to govern a kingdom than a wife."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

At the next meeting of the Zoological Society a Paper will be read on "The Face of the Skull," with a view to its Gallup.

Also a corresponding meeting of the Pharmaceutical Society a Paper will be read "On an Infusion of New Blood."

The last day story is of two dogs who fell to fighting in a saw-mill. In the course of the tussel one of the dogs went plump against the circular saw, which cut him right in two instantor. The hind legs ran away, but the fore legs continued to fight and whipped other dog.

STRIKING TO THE LAST.—The robbers of Nantes have recently been on strike because the name of their patron saint, Orlando, has been struck out of the Roman Calendar. The authorities, out of regard for the ears of the people, corrected still further, and the pride of the thieves was healed. The disturbance was thus allayed, and the robbers, who threatened to come to blows, returned to their work.

RISSING.

"Oh, girls—get out!—you sure don't you—
I really wish you wouldn't!
Oh, girls—will you stop?—I declare
You know you ought to shouldn't.

"There, now, you've got it—oh, be still!
You're a bold one, Sally!
You've got—ah, take away your face!—
What an awful fuss about!

"Once more!—there—that'll do—don't.
You've ruined up my hair!
If you'll but quit, I'll give you one—
Now take that—there—there!"

NEW TAXES.

For each curl on a lady's head above ten, five cents.

For wearing a low-necked dress, one dollar.

For wearing loops larger than eight feet in diameter, eight cents for each loop.

For shooting a duck, ten dollars.

Seeing a lady home from church, twenty cents.

For every limb torn off, ten cents.

For kissing a pretty girl, one dollar.

For kissing a fat woman, ten hundred twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars, she to fix the estimate of her own beauty.

Old bachelors over thirty are taxed ten dollars, and the widowers twenty-five dollars.

A wag that eulogizes his musical attainments: "I know two tunes: the one is Auld Lang Syne, and the other is I don't know the latter."

When are two potatoes precisely alike?—When they're pared.

The best of men are but men at the best.

BEWARE! LANGUAGE.—He lives.

A PARTING INJUNCTION.—A decree in the Divorce Court.

You needn't have such reverence for truth as always to stand at an awful distance from it.

A MAN MAY OPEN TO CONVICTION.—The prisoner at the bar.

—A petroleum family has lately started in fashionable life, whose manner is said to be so brilliantly furnished that they look at it only once a month, and then they do not see how it burns.

Mrs. Says the anatomist, changes entirely every seven years: "therefore," says Joana, "my tailor should not ask me for the same bill twice." Indeed! I'm not the same person—hence I owe him nothing."

When your wife is silent, hold the baby for her. Perhaps it is so much for her to do to hold her tongue.

"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this cause." "Ah, Sir," replied the conscientious witness, "but just think what I didn't say!"

"Why do you drive such a pitiful-looking carcass as that?" said Wag-don't you see it will break on him, Pat?" "A heavier cost of flesh! By the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him now!"

Sound is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as much to be whipped as he who coins it.

Some men are like eels. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all manner of home truths come to the surface.

"Who's there?" said Rubinson, one cold winter night, disturbed in his repose by some one knocking at the door. "Me, Sir—Mr. Jones." "What do you want?" "Want to stay here all night." "Queer taste of yours, sir!" But stay there by all means," was the benevolent reply.


IN THE WOODS.


THE LAST MILE OR SO.


CHILDREN'S PLAYING GROUND.


ARRIVING.



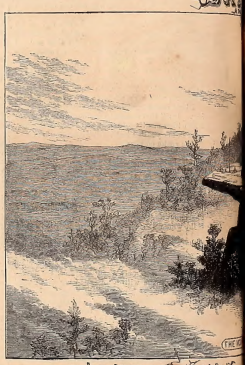

HALF WAY HOUSE.


KAUTERSKILL FALLS.


VIEW FROM NORTH MOUNTAIN.


THE RIP VAN WINKLE HOUSE.


THE PIAZZA.

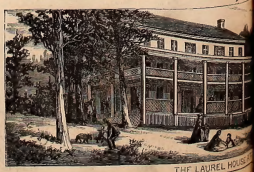



DIFFICULT TRAVELLING.


SUNRISE


THE STAIRS TO THE FALLS.


THE PHOTOGRAPHER.


THE LAUREL HOUSE





DEPARTING.



IN THE CLOUDS.



THE ARTIST IN THE MOUNTAINS.



THE BEAR AT THE LAUREL HOUSE.

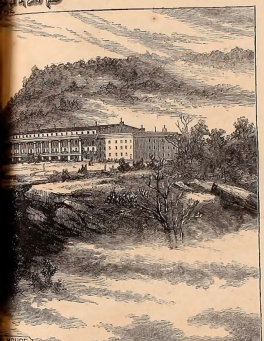


VIEW FROM SUNSET ROCK.





LAST ON NORTH MOUNTAIN



HOUSE)

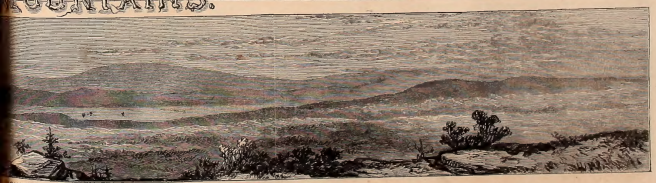
OUNTAINS.



NEARING THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE.



FAWNS LEAP



OUNTAINS



DREAM AFTER A DAY'S ADVENTURE



KAUTERSKILL FALLS.



GOOD-BY.



UNDER THE KAUTERSKILL FALL

A TALE FOR THE TIME.

Two dogs, one day, adown the street
Were trotting, holding converse meet;
For dogs, whatever man may teach,
Have wondrous faculty of speech,
And tell each other many a story
Not too much to their masters' glory—
Two bull-dogs, a good-natured race,
When man their nature don't debase.

Says Bob, "I heard them say last night
They've made a match, and we're to fight.
Quiet beneath old Scroggins' chair
And stretch'd out with a sleepy air,
I lay, while they with pipes and gin
Belch'd smoke and suck'd the poison in:
And first they talk'd about our weight,
And then our pluck; and long debate
They held about our several ways
Of 'going in' with just such praise
As, if we were both fools as they,
Might make us vain of what they say."

Quoth Tom, "I'm sorry, Bob, to hear it:
A bite or so, mind, I don't fear it:
If any stranger dog should come
Lurking about my place at home,
Thinking to cut me out with Rose,
Or match me before my nose,
I'd pitch into him with a will,
And prove I have both pluck and skill.
But you and I, old Bob, are friends;
Each in a quarrel always lends
T'other his help, and when we rally
Fore best be off—we'll clear the alley.

"What can we do, Tom? 'tis our trade;
High bets upon 't the event are laid:
My master's pride sack as a beagle,
Clears all before him at the Eagle;
Yours is not quite in such high feather,
But, Tom, when they've sit on together
Both cash and credit will be flowing,
Though where cash comes from there's no knowing.
As if they are the end of toddies
And grub out of our mangled bodies."

"I tell you, Bob," says Tom, "they're brewing
Fun for themselves, but our undoing.
Why, boy, master's voice we're set to win
Nor you nor I shall e'er give in;
Wherever once we fix our teeth
We hold at least to have breath:
Of one of us the death is sure,
The other main'd beyond all cure.
And all because those two-legged brutes
Live of our sufferings on the fruits.
Now look you, Bob, if I and you
Were only to each other true
We'd read these varmints such a lesson
They'd never find the sense to guess on."

"What would you do?"

"Serve them as they'd make me serve you—
Show them your teeth. Don't look dismay'd.
You say 'you're out of death afraid;'
The worst can happen is to die,
And let them kill you, Bob, not I."

What happen'd after this converse
It might be irksome to rehearse.
But out of a low bowel rush'd
One eve, a crowd together crush'd,
Following anon with sticks and staves
Two dogs, and furiously raves
One ruffian, "Why, the curs are mad!
Kill 'em!" Each passing man and lad
Joins in the cry, "Mad dog! mad dog!"
One brains the foremost with a log.
The other, maimed with many blows,
Lays by his old friend's ear his nose,
And just growls out, "So let 'em think.
To us who're just upon death's brink,
A word is naught; but 'mad dog's' bite
Shall haunt our sleepers day and night.
And these who've left us in this sort
Learn not to madden us for sport."
With that he left his comrade's face
And died—with bull-dog hero's grace.

THREE OF THEM.

EVERY thing in this world goes by comparison. Amidst the dead level of the prairies it would take a very little mole-hill to make a mountain; and it would require a very different girl to be queen in New York society from the one who finds it no task to be queen of hearts in a country village. Hetty May was quite a belle in Danbury. She was just a piece of pink and white prettiness. Her father and mother had been charmed by this same prettiness from her babyhood, and had unconsciously done homage to it all their lives. Her two older sisters, Hannah and Huldah, had never been too good to help their mother with the housework. They had baked and brewed, scoured floors and washed milk-pans, and been healthy and happy and womanly in spite of it.

Hannah married first, and Huldah two years afterward. Then the neighbors thought Hetty would have a day expressed it, "to come into it." But Deacon May and his wife had other views. They hired a stout woman in the kitchen; for Mrs. May said she "wasn't so strong as she used ter be, and she needed somethin' more'n a girl;" and Hetty, at sweet fifteen-years-old Miss Hetty away to boarding-school. In two years' time she finished her education. I use this term advisedly, for Hetty was not one of those to whom life is a continual schoolmaster. She would remain, mentally, very much as those two years left her. In them she had learned to paint flowers, and work worsted, and embroider collars and cuffs. This, besides acquiring a certain amount of taste in dress, was about all. She had recited lessons, to be sure, in botany and history, and some of the jingles, but they had passed into one of her pretty pink ears and out at the other, and left her the same empty-headed little Hetty after all.

But her parents saw no lack. To them, at least, she was

"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls."

And not to them only. Every unmarried man in Danbury was in love with her. Phil Rawson, the clerk in the dry-goods store, always grew sentimental when she bought a calico dress of him; and when the posthouse was a pair of boots, and he was permitted to try them on, his emotions transcended expression, and his expressions transcended description. Mr. Nichols, the clergyman-master, thought her voice the divinest music in the world, though she always sharped a little, and quite often sang out of tune. Tom Mansfield, who owned his own farm and drove a stylish pair of horses, wanted nothing so much as to see her mistress of all; and, indeed, Tom was a good fellow, and might have done very much worse. Sam Reeves, also, worshipped her from afar, with silent devotion; as indeed he ought, for he was the village blacksmith, and there was an aristocracy even in Danbury.

No wonder Hetty's pretty, foolish, little golden head was almost turned. If the little heart had not been tender and loyal, in spite of its lightness and vanity, she would have been unbearable. As it was, somehow, every one loved her, even the rest of the girls in the village, though she charmed their lovers away, and had so many beaux to her string that she amused herself by counting them, as she might have counted the beads on her rosary, if she had been a devout little Romanist, content to save for one of them than another. Her parents were in no hurry, either, to have her make her choice. She was but young as yet, and loved to each other, and it did them good to see her round. She didn't do much, to be sure, but somehow the house would be a different place without that pretty face, her bits of worsted work here, her vases there, with a sprig of honey-suckle in one, a bunch of violets in another. Sage-matron grumbled at her inefficiency in the daily ways in which "Miss May" let her daughter go on; but for my part, considering that the Deacon had money enough, and was generous also to afford the indulgence of something pleasant just to look at, I really think the aforesaid pink and white prettiness of Hetty's was worth much more than any thing she could have done with her hands. Do we complain of a rose-bush because it does not bear gooseberries, or a lily because it is not a pumpkin-vine?

Just at this juncture a new minister was settled in Danbury. He was a single man, and, therefore, as was but natural, he came to the Deacon's to board. Hetty had never seen quite the like of this Reverend Cuthbert Gallthorp. He was not at all after the Danbury pattern. She saw him first at supper in her father's house; for she had not been well, and so had missed the first Sunday when he preached his trial sermon. She had a little vague dread of ministers—an association of dullness and stiffness and severity. Perhaps connected with the intention of disarming this one that she made a ravishing toilet before she appeared in his presence; and came down, a pink-and-white vision, with the daintiest of delicate muslins, with ribbons as blue as her eyes at her throat and in her bright hair. Her cheeks crimsoned when they blushed before Mr. Gallthorpe's admiring gaze, and he thought he had never seen any thing so pretty in his life.

It was the first of May when the new minister came, and his acquaintance with Hetty progressed rapidly. It grew with the flowers, and blossomed with the roses; or, at least, by the time the Rev. Edward Waller had put the first one in her hair he thought himself very deeply in love with her indeed. He probably would have told her so if he had not been a minister; but he had a sort of creed that ministers must be above the basty impulses of ordinary humanity; and he had so thought that he behoved him to wait until he had considered the matter a little more thoroughly. It did not know, however, how long this thoroughness would have likely to hold out if another actor had not appeared upon the scene of affairs.

About the middle of June Deacon May received a letter from Mrs. Vandervere, his only sister. She had married well and was living in splendor. She seldom came to Danbury, and had not even written to him for nearly two years. This letter, therefore, was something of an event. The Deacon brought it home from the post-office unopened, and did not take it from his pocket until supper was over, and Hetty and Mr. Gallthorpe had wandered into the porch, as usual, and sat there enjoying the balmy beauty and stillness of the summer night. Then the good man drew his chair to the light of the lamp, put on his spectacles, carefully broke the seal of his sister's epistle, and read it aloud. It contained a request that Hetty might come for July and August, her youngest daughter. Violet, she said, was not well—a little tired with the past winter, in which she had been much in society, and wanted to go into the country to recruit, and thought she could not be so happy any where else as with her nearest relatives. Hetty, of course, would have smiled, at least, over that passage in her mother's letter. It was certainly an embellishment, but then Mrs. Vandervere was fond of embellishments of all kinds. Good Mistress May listened with some disappointment as her husband read. At last she said, rather fearfully,

"I spose there ain't no way but ter let her come?"

"Why *should* there be any other way?" the Deacon asked, with surprise in his tone. "Ain't Hetty you, Hetty not to hev a welcome ready for enny of my friends."

"Tain't that, you know it ain't, Abijah. I was only thinkin' about the consequences."

"Wa'al, he won't interfere. We've got more rooms than one in the house. She needn't disturb him."

"No," with a doubtful pause; "but you see I do think he's beginnin' to like our Hetty, and seems ter me she's just fit for him. There ain't nobody else in Danbury that she is fit for, any way."

If one thing vexed Deacon May's righteous soul more than another it was the thought of a broach to match-making. It was almost enough to make him cross, even to his wife; but he was determined to bring out her idea more fully. So he only uttered, after the manner of a true Yankee, an interrogative—

"Wa'al?"

"Wa'al, I've heard that Violet Vandervere is a regular high-flier, and mighty hansum to boot."

"All the more reason she should come here, then," the Deacon said, with Jove-like solemnity, and a crowl in his forehead which his wife understood. "If the minister can't like Hetty with Violet Vandervere beside her, *I* don't want him to like her at all. If he has eny notion o' Hetty, I look on it as a kind o' special providence that t'other one's comin' just now. For my part I ain't in enny hurry to lose my one gal."

Mrs. May saw that there was nothing more to be said; so, like a woman both meek and wise, she held her peace while her husband answered his sister's letter.

Just as he was finishing it Hetty—out on the porch—came in, followed by her man Mr. Calthorpe—was saying—

"It's curious how different you are from all the other ministers that I ever saw."

"And it's stranger still how different you are from all the other girls that *I* ever saw," the minister answered, with a true both of gallantry and of tenderness in his manner.

He might have said something yet more pointed, but if the Deacon had been struck with his letter, had not fancied it to be bedtime, and appeared in the doorway as a hint that he was ready for family prayers.

Two weeks after that Miss Vandervere came. Mr. Calthorpe saw from his study window a tall, graceful lady, clad in long, gray coat of the magic coach; but the face was so wrapped in blue veil that he could catch no glimpse of it, and he went back to his sermon with a feeling of half vexation that he should not have Hetty to himself any more. Habit is so much; and he had got quite used to enjoying her pretty, coaxing ways, and depending on her for his entertainment.

It was at tea that Miss Vandervere first dawned on him, as Hetty would have said, very different dawning this, however—one of Church's tropic scenes, full of mysterious splendors, after one of Bellows's cool, pearly twilights. Some people said Miss Vandervere had been called violet in a spirit of prophecy. I do not agree with them. Nothing could be less violet than was this dark, radiant Violet to her simple namesakes of the woodland, in all except the one item of the color of her eyes. Even there, by night, purplish blue—not violet. She wore the same color, too, as if she meant to make her name seem symbolical, and always threw back her veil in a faint breath of that sweetest of sweet odors which every one knows who has ever held in his hand a bunch of freshly-gathered English violets.

She did not say much this first night—she impressed rather by silence than by speech, by manner than by demonstration. But Reverend Mr. Calthorpe caught himself watching the languid grace of her motions; listening eagerly for her low tones—and then, with a consciousness for the compliments of the table, and the inquiries made about her journey—as, with the impression he thought Hetty had made upon him, he had certainly never watched and listened to her.

"I did not think there were such women in the world," he said to himself that night.

"I fancy I can get through the two months." This was Mrs. Vandervere's thought after Hetty had left her alone. "This country parson will do excellently to keep me in practice. I guess he and Hetty have made desperate fools of themselves in love, and it would be too bad to take him away from her, especially since I don't want him myself, only that I know Lucy would be much better utterly miserable. When he got satisfied with looking at her pretty face, and expected to find a companion in her, he would be horribly bored; and his weak heart with trying in vain to come up to his standard. So I shall do them a good turn by breaking it all up. I'll write to-day to break."

Satisfied in her own mind, by this reasoning, of the complete rectitude and harmlessness of her intentions, she kept her word—yesterday's mail was the far wrong in her estimates—the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.

After breakfast the next morning Mr. Calthorpe tried to go back to his unfinished sermon, but somehow it was of little work—yesterday's zeal and inspiration seemed to have left him. He heard Hetty laughing and talking gayly below, and now and then mingled with her voice a softer, less voice, low as it was, stole very clearly to his ear. He could not descant to his own satisfaction upon predestination, or the predestined to fall in love, he asked himself, and then was unutterably shocked at the irreverence of his own thoughts. He got up, unlocked a door, and looked over the two years' sermons he had preached at his other parish. Hitherto, ever since he came to Danbury, he had preached a new sermon every Sunday. Hetty's freshness had been of the mild kind, and had never interfered with his preparations. He took and went he called her now in his thoughts; and then he wondered if the other were not more like the potent draught which the Deacon's wife had—was she going to intoxicate him against his will?

The fresh air would do him good, maybe. At any rate why should he grieve himself a second vacation, since his parish had made no such generous arrangement? He might preach old sermons for the next two months, and no one would be any the wiser. Without doubt the old ones would be a great deal better, and do more good, than any he could write now, with those summer boats opposing him. So he went down stairs, and there the two girls were in the entry. Of course that was why he had heard their voices so plainly—how wonder he couldn't write.

"Are you afraid of rattlesnakes, Mr. Calthorpe?" Miss Vandervere asked, as she got up from the lower stair to let him pass.

For a moment, as he met her glittering, danger-

ous eyes, with a strange, subtle ray in them, he wondered if she were talking in metaphor; but she quietly explained herself.

"Because I wanted to climb Blue Hill—it looks so lovely in the distance—and Hetty is afraid. She says a man went there once and saw a rattlesnake, and she was just telling me whether the man killed the snake or the snake ate the man—which was it, Hetty?"

"The man killed the snake," Hetty answered, simply, quite innocent of all comprehension of badinage; "but I believe the snake would have bitten him, only his fangs were so thick—somehow."

"Have you any cowhide boots, Mr. Calthorpe?" Miss Vandervere asked, looking so gravely into his face that he felt the corners of his mouth quivering in spite of himself with laughter.

"No, but I have a stout cane, and no fear of snakes before my eyes just now. Shall we go to Blue Hill?"

"'My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.'"

Miss Vandervere quoted; then she looked at him again, flashing a subtle, magnetic ray from under her long lashes. "Yes, Mr. Calthorpe, we will go to Blue Hill."

"And Hetty?" Mr. Calthorpe questioned, turning to her with a smile which brightened the girl's day, though she hardly knew it.

"I must keep far enough off from the snakes," she answered, laughingly. "I will go with you, though, to the meadow, and sit on the foot of the hill with my tatting till you come down."

"And we will climb the Hill Difficult," said Mr. Calthorpe, whose eyes were kindling a little. "Come, Sir Knight!"

So little Hetty sat contentedly at the hill's foot, and Mr. Calthorpe went up into the clouds with Violet Vandervere. Into the clouds, indeed; and I think in the enchanted air his head grew dizzy, and he wondered a little where he was. They stood on the summit of Blue Hill, and Miss Vandervere took off her hat and let the sunbeams glitter in her bronze hair and the winds toss it. Her cheek eyes kindled with a sort of inspiration; for—and herein, I think, was the secret of her power—underneath all the coquetry and recklessness of her nature lay an inborn, passionate worship of the beautiful and the true. Mr. Calthorpe felt this in her—understood it without any words. He would never have cared to stand on the hill-top with Hetty, but it was very pleasant to stand there with Violet Vandervere. It seemed that earth and air and sky had new meanings; and yet he looked at none of them so much as at the face of his new friend, with its play of light flooding them like the sea, her parted, tremulous lips, the color coming and going in her cheek.

"Let us go down," she said at last. "One does not care to feel like this too long."

So they went down to Hetty and her tatting. Could Mr. Calthorpe help it if he felt that it was going down in more senses than one?

My story is almost too simple to tell; and yet it must be set down—simple as it is—for there was not even the excitement of rivalry. Very soon Mr. Calthorpe ceased to think of Hetty at all. Violet Vandervere was the sort of night-shade that when the sun shines you can see no star in all the heavens. She talked, she sang, she walked, she sat still, she went in search pearls—glorified by some mysterious grace, seemed mere bewildering than the other. It was well that he had those two years of sermons to fall back upon, for I do not think he could have written one that summer. Miss Vandervere was not hypocritical. She really liked him—liked him for his talents, for his taste in music and sing with him; and all the while he did not ask her to love him. He was waiting—afraid, perhaps, to try his fate.

Hetty saw it all, understood it all, but her heart did not break. She was shielded not so much by her unvarnished tale into a heroine, as by her own romantic. She would be a true wife and tender mother by and by, doubtless; but her natural imagination enough to be in danger of any sentimental maladies. Her mother watched her with silent solicitude; but then she saw to it that the regular meals as well as ever—bowing, as usual, a decided preference for dainties—and that she came down in the morning with healthy cool and fresh, as the leaf rises from untroubled slumbers, good Mrs. May ceased to alarm herself.

The bright days passed, and "all the hay was down." August followed with its sultry splendors; and it was the last day of summer—Violet Vandervere's last day in the Danbury sky.

She spent the afternoon in the parlor with Mr. Calthorpe. Hetty had offered to pack up for her, but Violet had told the housekeeper that she was the way of doing her service. So she sat and read a little, talked a little, sang a snatch or two now and then. Mr. Calthorpe whose conscience would haunt the Reverend Walter for many a day. Overhead, moving to and fro, they heard Hetty's light, quick step. Mrs. May's voice quite ceased to be heard at her with a vague wonder whether he should ever sit beside her thus again. She was dressed in violet—he had seen her first. Some shade of fancy was it because they were to part—veiled the brightness of her dangerous beauty. She looked pale and tired. Ill? Did she love him? He could hear his own heart beat. He moved a little nearer to her, and asked, timidly in a low voice,

"Do you, could you love me, Miss Vandervere?"

There was, after all, a curious honesty in the girl. Being her straightforward to one point, she never deceived you. She returned his look for a silent moment. He was good and chivalrous—he had never thought of her as any thing else than bad ever met; he had made her short summer happy; but there must be winters as well as summers. She never could love him well enough to share the life he had marked out for himself, and she had too much conscience, in spite of her coquetries, to try to woo him. A tress of her glorious darkness fell over and trembled on her voice as she answered him.

"As you mean love no; I never could. I don't

think I could ever care enough for any one to marry for love alone—and yet I do like you, so very much. You have made for me such a pleasant summer."

"A pleasant summer!" Was that, then, all it meant to her? He wished he had only kissed her just once before he asked her that question. No matter if she had been angry, it would have been a memory to keep for all his life. And now she would be nothing to him any more. What was life worth? She seemed to read his thoughts. She said, with a strange, sad gentleness:

"It is best as it is, Mr. Calthorpe—believe it. If I had loved you with all my heart I would have hindered you in your work. I am not good enough to be your wife."

Then she gave him her hand, and he *did* kiss that—held it for one will, swift moment, trembling with his own emotion. Then she drew it away, and went up stairs to Hetty.

The next Sunday the Reverend Mr. Calthorpe preached a sermon on "Love." Little children, keep yourselves from idols." In it the anguish through which he had passed found its sole utterance to human ears. At the power of his words the congregation wondered—only Hetty comprehended its source, and pitied him with a gentle pity.

Fifty days—but gently. It was a lesson that would not be lost; and yet he did not have to pay for it too dear a price. His fancy had been touched by pretty Hetty. Miss Vandevere had gone deeper, and captivated his imagination, roused all the romance and poetry of his nature. But the strength, the full of his manhood—a love which must satisfy soul as well as sense—will awake some day, and find its own queen. Her kingdom will not be lost by barter because once a usurper reigned over it in a summer holiday.

Tom Mansfield began, after the grain harvest was finished, to persuade Aunt Hetty to drive behind his splendid horses. She learned soon that she could satisfy *him*, without effort, and evidently. That nature was smooth, poetical enough, romantic enough—just right, in short, for this lover. She found it a very pleasant thing to receive such worship; and before the autumn leaves had fallen she came to the conclusion that, grand as it might have been to marry the minister, it would be a very deal more comfortable to marry Tom; so all the wounds in her kind little heart were healed without so much as a scar.

I think Miss Vandevere was, perhaps, the most to be pitied of the three. She had, after all, a nature which fashion and frivolity would never entirely satisfy; and I think there will come now and then, all through her life, lonely hours when she will remember Daubury, and a true heart she held once in her hand.

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

NOTHING could be more perfect than the drive to Hiccory Corner with such double pleasure at the end of it. The day was as fine as possible, the roads fast getting into good spring order, and the horses trotted along admirably, their bright harness jingling in the sun. Even the dark face of Hannibal on the box shone with satisfaction, and the three children were in a bounding state of delight. Lily, to be sure, was most entranced with the thought of spending a day with Maria Jarvis; while Primrose's heart was in her watering-pot; and Clover, with her two choice bunches and plans, ate into a very happy combination. She even found time (which the two others scarce did) to notice the dainty fringes of green grass that began to show themselves here and there, and to see the blackbirds, and the rich tint of the uncovered earth, and the look of careful lingering on the fields—thinking between-whiles very earnestly of the proposed work at the tinman's, and of great possible advantage from the social existence of Maria Jarvis. Sam was of the party, to see the children safe to Chestnut Hill; but on the express understanding that he was not to interfere with their plans or purchases at Hiccory Corner.

"It's so delightful to do it all ourselves!" said Lily. "Don't you, Sam, you are not even to advise us."

"No, I!" said Sam. "I have po such stock of good advice on hand that I can afford to waste it. I shall take myself off to the shoemaker's the minute I have set you among the pint-pots."

"Does the tinman have pint-cups too?" said Primrose.

"Pint-cups, and quart-cups, and all sorts of things. So if you change your mind, and want a nutmeg-grater instead of a watering-pot, you can have it."

"I guess I sha'n't!" said Primrose, with one of her gladsome laughs. "But, oh! Sam, would you get a blue watering-pot—or a pink one?"

"Upon my word," replied Sam, doing his best to keep a grave face, "I don't know. It's a wonderfully practical sort of thing. I think, just for the novelty of the thing, I should choose a pink one—if I could find it! Unless, indeed, I should be fortunate enough to come on a delicate sky-blue!"

"Now, Sam, you are advising," said Lily.

"Truly I am not," honestly replied Sam. "As far from it as possible."

"Yes, blue would be beautiful!" said little Primrose, with such a grave, contemplative air that her brother laughed outright; and stooping down to kiss her, bade Hannibal drive to the tinman's just as fast as he could.

"Fast little Missy won't find 'em *there*," said Hannibal, touching up his horses. "Missy can try—but this ole chap don't keep 'em."

"What other place?" said Lily.

"De green-house, Miss Lily—old Scipio's green-house. Every body at Hiccory Corner know old Scip. But here is the tin-shop, and here's Miss Sim all she want here."

Not *all* she wanted. To do that one must needs go about the world with far more moderate visions than those of pink and sky-blue watering-pots. Red ones, indeed, the tinman had—a dark brick red; and others of a dull lead color; but Prim turned away from both in great disgust.

"Let's go to the other place," she whispered to Sam, with forgetting all about the shoemaker's, stood silently looking on. "Pleas 'em to do at all."

"But such an entire, pure, sad Clover," examining the tinman's shelves with her eyes. "Will you let me see that one with the very long spout, Sir?"

"This 'ere long-nosed feller?" said the tinman, handing it down. "Well, I guess you might as well take it, for they don't seem to. Tain't of a kind nobody wants."

"Why, Clover, what *could* you do with such a looking thing?" cried Lily.

Clover took the queer watering-pot in her hand and surveyed it. It was not very large, just a nice size, the right kind, but the nose, or spout, was as long as three or four common ones put together; stretching itself out into the air, for no imaginable purpose but to see the world. Was in the way. And as if that were not enough, just at the end, close by the rose, the long spout bore a sudden sharp bend to the right side with the rest of its course; as if having set out to see the sky, it had suddenly received by the way the cent. There was no sense in it—just, altogether, that as Clover held the pot in her hand it weighed quite down, and touched the table.

"Sam, it wouldn't do that if it was full of water, would it?" said Clover, looking up at him.

"No, but the pot itself would be heavy, and so balance the nose."

"Wouldn't it be convenient for watering distant plants, to have a watering-pot with a tail?" said Clover, with her face of grave consideration.

"Couldn't say whether 'twould or not," said the man. "That's what it's made for; and it's a fine rare article."

"I think I'll take it," said Clover.

"That leaf-cutting bee," said Lily, "with its long nose." And just look how fine the holes are in the end. Why, it would take the water a week to come out!"

"Those fine holes are excellent," said Sam; "they can hardly be too fine!"

"Well, I don't think so," said Lily. "I don't want to be all day watering one plant. And the nose is all bent to."

"Bend it straight," said the tinman. "Saves water. When 'tain't bent you just go pourin' it round between things."

"Pour, I see. Is that one off there in the corner," said Lily. "How would you like that?"

"Tain't hardly a bit," said the tinman, bringing it forward. "I seastways not a sky color. And 'tain't much of a pot neither. Spout's too big and holes too coarse."

"Now I like that," said Lily, handling the blue watering-pot; the color of which was indeed rather dark and deep for the hue of the sky. "I should like to come out all the quicker, and then one would get done. I guess I'll have this. It's the nicest we've seen."

"One likes a gentle shower, and t'other a pourin' rain," said the tinman, nodding at the two children. "Suit yourselves, and I'll suit you."

Sam paid for the watering-pots in silence; and as he stood waiting for the change, little Prim's hand crept softly into his.

"Sam," she whispered, "do you think that'll be the only blue one?"

Sam looked her up in his arms and bore her away to the carriage.

"This is not a very pretty blue, Prim," he whispered, in return, "and if you don't like—never you want it blue—I'll paint it blue myself!"

And away they drove in triumph to old Scip's, the long nose of Clover's watering-pot looking contendedly over the rail, and the two pots were put and carry out its search after knowledge.

"To go visiting with such a thing in the carriage!" said Lily; "what will Maria Jarvis think!"

"I don't know," said Clover, merrily; "but I dare say she'll like it."

Which was as near being a severe speech as often came from the gentle lips of Clover.

"And you're all going to see!" said Primrose, her eyes beaming with thoughts of the pleasure to come, as they drew up before the little house that was half a greenhouse as well.

"All suited but you," said her brother, lifting her down; "so you can march in and ask for what you like."

"I think we won't get out," said Lily; "please don't, Clover! It takes a long time, and Clover yielded her rest; "please!" to Lily's without a word.

Primrose waited no urging, but walked straight up to the door and knocked, and became at once forgetful of all sublunary concerns. This was not the home-door with the brass knockers, but the side and back door of the green-house, through which green leaves and plants beckoned her lovingly. And as the door did not open at once, she pushed it softly, with a timorous entrance. Prim began to gaze up at the leaves in turn, and at once, as I have said, lost remembrance of every thing else. For the whole left hand side of the room, and the tall white flowers of a Calla and brilliant red blossoms of some other plant, were fairly entrancing; and Prim looked and looked, nor even heard Lily call to her to make haste. Then presently the sash-door stirred and opened, and Prim saw instead of the geranium-leaves the figure of a little gray-headed black man —very black, and the hair very gray, but every dark wrinkle on the old face full of gentle pleasure. He bowed low to Sam, standing behind the child; but then all his attention came back to her.

"Little lady," he said, "come to see old Scip? What de little lady likes to have? Scip gives right in not see."

And in Prim went, and the old man shut the door and limped slowly along his green-house walk past the beautiful flowers.

"Dere," he said, with a sweeping gesture of his hand, and turning round once more to Primrose, "little lady only say what she like, dat's all."

"Please, Sir," said Primrose, gravely, "have you got any watering-pots? Hannibal said so. And I can't find one."

Little lady can't find a watering-pot?" said old Scipio, with a broad smile. "Guess she can here —don't know, but see." And once more he limped off and found a door into a sort of outer room, where he kept his empty flower-pots, and then began to rummage behind this shelf and under that, bringing forth at last a dozen bits some fresh tin specimen for Prim to see.

"How do do now? little lady want it for de wash'woman, or to make de clothes, hey?"

"Oh no!" said Primrose, "we've got one for that. It's for myself."

"Little lady got one to have a garden?" inquired the old man.

"Yes, Sir," said Primrose, lifting the last specimen with great difficulty, "and I'm afraid this is too large. I'm going to have a garden, and a great many flowers."

"Little lady want to water de flowers all herself?" said the old man, with one of his gentle smiles.

"Oh yes! all myself," said Primrose, "won't it be lovely? And you see, Sir, I can hardly lift this."

"Little lady can't lift dis?" said old Scipio to himself as he moved away, "ain't got noting small enough for de child, no how! Guess I'll jes' give her Tudy's. She'll be quite happy. She's allus better so den rust." And with a smothered sigh he opened a cupboard in the wall, and brought out to view the very thing he had pretties! little watering-pot that Primrose had ever seen, even in her dreams—a little fairy concern, that would hold about a pint of water in all, and all things in the world, it was painted pink on the inside, but without was a bright green.

Primrose was in a state of rapture, hugging the watering-pot up in her arms, and exclaiming in her soft way, and looking up at old Scipio with eyes too full of joy to see the tears that shone in his.

"Dere—dere!" he muttered to himself, turning hastily away, "she wid de Lord—what need to cry 'bout dat?"

Prim did not hear the words, but her heart felt something of the tone, and she was grave in a minute.

"Can you spare it, Sir?" she said. "Have you got any more like it?"

"Yes, yes, dear! I'll spare it; no, dere ain't one like it in all de world. I'll spare it for de little white blossom. Little lady mustn't cry. Better so den rust," he repeated, softly.

Prim held out her hand to the old gardener, making him a little courtesy and thanking him with her face yet more than her words, and then ran away to the carriage to show her treasure, leaving Sam to finish the business. But it soon appeared that there was nothing for him to do.

"No, I couldn't; 'scuse me, Sir, but I *couldn't* take nothing for the use of a watering-pot," said Scipio, "noting but de joy of seein' her once'n a while. *Couldn't* take money for Tidy's watering-pot. She feel like my child," repeated old Scipio, looking tenderly after the carriage from which Prim waved her little hand to him, "she *jes'* like Tidy! Beth de souls white!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"ONLY once a year!" was a consoling thought to the unfortunate possessors of nerves on the late "Glorious Fourth," for about the hour of noon they found their patriotism, without which there was to long for some safety book where they might bear no more the ceaseless crack and bang of revolvers, crackers, and fire-balls. Many hours had performed their mission with unstring vigor. But where was the open within the city limits, or without, the open from which the sound of the cannon's blare was suggested itself, though a crowd was surging thither. To be sure the cannon was there, but it was a Saturday, began, or rather on that day, to gather round the appointed hour for music; but they suddenly recollected themselves, and pushed their faces into the crowd.

The eager throng drinking in the lively strains which heralded the "Star Spangled Banner" failed to see the illustrative at the picturesque groups that dotted the Mall and Terrace. Not the fashionable butterflies of Saturday afternoon, but *real* citizens, with their wives and children, *et cetera*, radiated the lurking classes, to whom it was a rare treat to hear the music of beautiful Park. Helmet and sabre and punctilious etiquette were absent, genuine good-nature, intelligent appreciation, and natural grace were not wanting. Each one had overflowed. The soft green grass of the Mall seemed to grow more delicate by contact with the more delicate flowers

ANDERSONVILLE RELICS.

WHATEVER relates to the Andersonville dead is not likely soon to become void of interest, at least not to the loyal North. That bit of history is just now especially suggestive when a certain school of politicians are trying to create sympathy for "the noble martyr" at Fortress Monroe. Any whining about the variety and delicacy of "the martyr's" food inevitably suggests the grim horrors of the slow starvation of the immortal twelve thousand, coolly planned and remorselessly carried out by those whom "the great martyr" controlled. If the sentinel's footfall so hurt a sensitive ear as DR. CRAVEN suggests, it is a great pity and wonder so sensitive an organ could not have caught something of the unpitied groans of those thousands, tortured with deliberate intent forever to disable or slowly murder.

The nation, perhaps, ought not to act from the savage precedents of these same rebels toward Union men in their hands, or from the swift, terrible retribution of the English on the Sepoys, or, perhaps, to fall short of Mr. BEECHER'S idea of magnanimity. But ought treason to be honored—ought it to be so much honored as to sanctify other horrible crimes done in its name and to carry out its designs?

If, as seems likely, we are about to give treason special impunity from the risks attending other crimes, can we quite afford to allow even treason to gloss over Andersonville, Salisbury, Libby, and Belle Isle?—We thought of such questions as we stood before the Andersonville Relics at the National Fair now going forward at Washington.

These Relics vividly suggest the extremity of suffering, the despair, the hoping against hope, the fertility of pitiful helplessness during those awful days. Andersonville is a word of horror to the civilized world to-day; but a sight of these poor mementoes, that suggest the facts as no words can do, will give definite form and substance to what before was in many cases vague. One needs to examine them slowly and in detail to get the full purport and significance of each implement and the use it was intended to subserve.

Here is a number of pig troughs in miniature, dug out of little blocks with some hard, dull implement, and made to hold soup or mush.—Here is a piece of the "dead-line" board, to touch which was death. Here a bit of tin punched full of holes to sift the corn-cob meal a little. Near by is a bit of metal bent up for a spoon; the shell of a little turtle scooped out for an enviable soup bowl; pudding sticks and wooden spoons; a wooden mail box; a checker-board, and gourds and horns, and wattled flat basket-work for plates; water-buckets; soup bones, etc.

We could wish to see the culinary arrangements of "the martyr" at Fortress Monroe photographed by the side of these pitiful memorials of twelve thousand true Union men, dead victims of this man now imprisoned at the mouth of the Chesapeake.

The authenticity of these relics is placed beyond question by the source from which they come to this fair. To the forethought and care and rare good womanly sense, tenderness, and tireless activity of MISS CLARA BARTON the American people owe very much, as they will learn some day more fully. These relics were, of course, part of her care at Andersonville last summer when her expedition visited the stockade to mark the graves of the Union dead, and were collected by her then and there. She herself is near them in the Fair, and we would, if we dared, give the great American people, who so love and cherish her, a slight sketch of her appearance. It seems that as one is born with a gift for poetry, or music, or beautiful activity, so others seem born to be photographed. To this latter class our noble friend does not belong, at least we have seen no photograph that does her any justice. Sitting here this moment it seems as if we could, with a few words, make any one see her better than any photograph does. Crowning a firm, symmetrical figure, rather over than under medium size, are a large head and full face to which your attention is drawn by the *positive character* they betoken. A sweet smile that easily ripples into laughter lights up a face marked by rather prominent cheek-bones; she has large dark eyes that seem the smaller by not being prominent, and a mouth rather large and filled with fine teeth. Positive character—large capability, reticence, quiet, self-reliance, good health, and a tenderness that is at once womanly and strong—all specially manifest and all give assurance that she will do well and beautifully whatever she undertakes, and that she will readily undertake whatever needs to be done. The soldiers know and honor her most, for they recognize her as their efficient, persevering, and most unselfish friend.

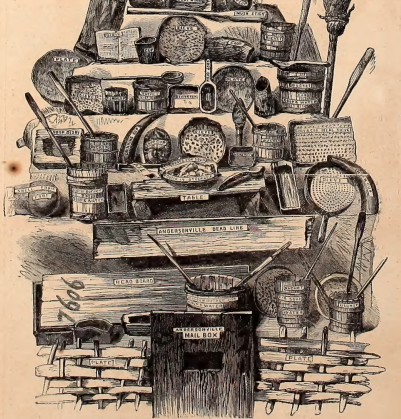
The Congress of the United States never have done a more



THE ARCHDUKE ALBERT, COMMANDER OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY IN ITALY.—[SEE PAGE 472.]



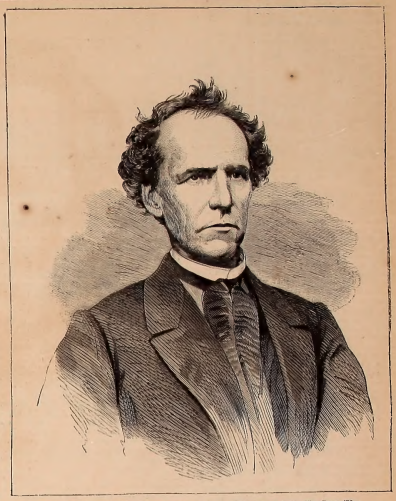
MISS CLARA BARTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



RELICS OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.



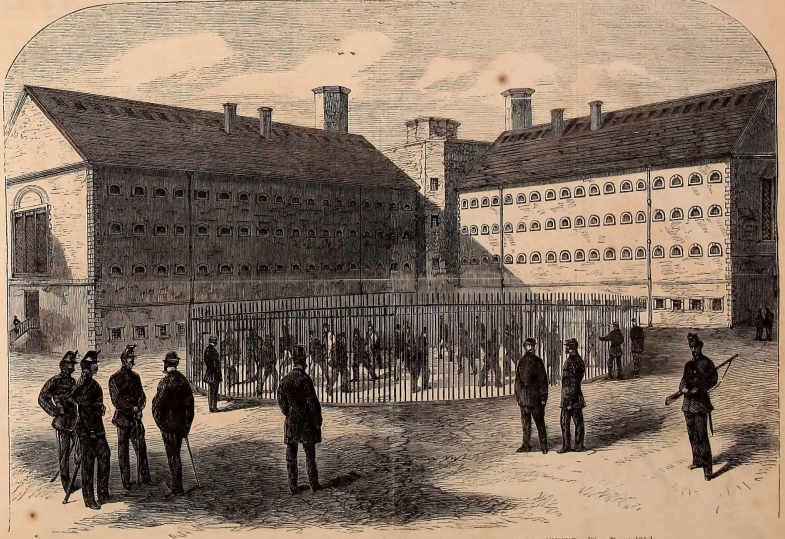
KING JOHN OF SAXONY.—[See Page 462.]



HON. JAMES H. LANE.—Photographed by Brady, Washington, D. C.—[See Page 463.]

worthy, wise, or beneficent thing than when, unanimously and without one word of remonstrance or unfavorable comment from any source, that body granted her $15,000 to continue her present work of searching for the missing men of the army. In carrying out her beneficent plans of gathering up from surviving comrades the news of these men she had spent many thousands of dollars of her own funds. The number of these missing men is prodigious, and the work of searching for them has been very great; but the methodical, sagacious, and patient Miss Barton has filled large ledgers with her laborious researches in which thousands in the nation are vitally interested.

One thing we must not forget to mention in connection with the Andersonville relics. It is the original copy of the death register at Andersonville, made by Dorrence Atwater of Perryville, Connecticut, when he was confined there as a prisoner of war. This copy contains over 12,000 names of those dead, and furnished the first authentic intelligences our Government received of their fate. The public are getting a little familiar with the story of his making this copy at great personal peril, and of his bringing it through the lines to the Government; of his being dealt with in a most miserable, captious spirit by certain subordinates of the War Department; of his trial by court-martial for *theft*, in keeping these rolls which he had made and with the property in which he had never parted; and, finally, of his being found guilty, and of his being sent to Auburn State Prison, and of his detention there at hard labor for about three months—forming, in its full particulars, a record of peculiar cruelty and hardship, to which the attention of Congress may be profitably turned before its adjournment. Justice, though late, can not be forever delayed, even though the victim be a young soldier and the real malefactors hold official positions in the War Department.



INTERIOR OF MOUNTJOY PRISON, DUBLIN, IRELAND, WHERE THE FENIANS ARE CONFINED.—[See Page 462.]

KING JOHN OF SAXONY.

We give on page 461 a portrait of KING JOHN OF SAXONY, who, by reason of the Prussian invasion of his realm, is now an exile from his throne. He was born December 2, 1801, and was the son of KING MAXIMILIAN, who died in 1858, and of Princess CAROLINE OF PARMA. At the age of twenty, entering upon the duties of a Minister of Finance, he was elected President of the Council until 1831, when he retired to take a military command. As a member of the Upper Chamber he took an important part in the debates in the SAXON Diet, especially during the discussion of the Constitution, in 1831. He is a distinguished scholar, and in 1824 became President of the Society of Antiquaries of Saxony. He has twice visited Italy, and has published, under the pseudonym of PHILALETHES, a German translation of DANTE'S Divine Comedy. He succeeded upon the throne on the death of his brother, FREDERIC AUGUSTUS. He has three children—FREDERIC AUGUSTA MARY, born in 1828; MARIE ELISABETH, born in 1830; and FREDERIC AUGUSTUS GEORGE, born in 1838.

CAGING FENIANS IN DUBLIN.

We give on page 461 a view of the interior of Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, where the Fenian conspirators who were arrested, by way of precaution, under the Lord Lieutenant's warrant at the time of the *suspension of the habeas corpus*, are still kept in confinement. The railed inclosure, like an iron cage, in the centre of the yard, is the place where they are allowed to walk for exercise. They are obliged, even here, to keep at a certain distance from each other, and must not speak, but they contrive to make signs of talk on their fingers. A guard of two officers and thirty-six soldiers, besides the prison officials, is always on duty, so that the prisoners have no chance of breaking out by force. They are permitted to see their friends once a week, in the presence of two officials of the prison. The number of Fenians at present in Mountjoy Prison is 160, who will probably be discharged at the expiration of six months from the date of their arrest.

ARCHDUKE ALBERT.

ARCHDUKE ALBERT, whose portrait we give on page 460, has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army in Venetia. He has an army under him which numbers upward of 100,000 men—an army which bears the same relation to Italy which that under BENEDEK bears to Prussia, with, perhaps, the exception, that the former will, for the most part, maintain a defensive attitude. The Archduke has taken military possession of Verona, where he has his staff are directing the movements of the troops destined to defend the possessions of the "Tedesco" in Italy. The old town, so famous in story as the classical, is one of the bulwarks of peace in Italy, and is celebrated no less for its magnificent public buildings than for the beauty of its environs, for that it is so unrivalable place to be garrisoned, and the Austrians may well object to be turned out of it. Sixty-three miles west from Venice, with which it is connected by railway, Verona is situated where the last slopes of the Alps merge into the plains of Lombardy on both sides of the Adige, which traverses the town in a rapid torrent, and is crossed by four noble bridges. The fortifications, constructed by SANMICHELLI, were of great strength until dismantled by the French after the Treaty of Luneville; but others have taken their places, and the town is surrounded by lofty walls flanked with towers and bastions, and is entered by five gates remarkable for solidity and beauty.

Archduke ALBERT FERDINAND RUDOLPH, the eldest son of Archduke CHARLES and the Princess HENRIETTA of Nassau, was born on the 3d of August, 1817. Like all his peers, he received a complete scientific and military education, and, entering the army as an ensign, he advanced during years of peace, grade by grade, to the rank of Lieut.-General, and was at one time the commander of Upper and Lower Austria and Salzburg. He came into collision with a mob, which led to bloodshed. He gave orders to a portion of his infantry to disperse the crowd; the soldiers were attacked with clubs, and it is asserted by some and denied by others that he gave orders to his command to fire into the mob. At any rate, the affair became the occasion of so much ill-feeling that the Archduke resigned his command.

At a later period Archduke ALBERT joined the Italian army and accepted a division, but RADETZKY, although he was entitled to a much higher rank. He fought with great distinction at Mestara, where he came at an opportune moment to RENEDEK'S relief, and prevented the latter from being surrounded; also at NOVARA, where his cool circumspection contributed materially to the decisive victory of the Imperial army. After this latter battle ALBERT recommended that the Archduke should be made a Knight of the Order of Maria Theresa. In the course of the same year the Archduke was appointed Governor of Mantua, military commander in Bohemia, and a General of cavalry; and two years later he became Military Governor of Hungary. In this latter and most unenviable position he solved no party. The Magyars found fault with his strictness, and on the other hand he was blamed for want of promptness in suppressing the insurrectionary movement which, beginning in 1858, the next year grew into a formidable affair. In 1860 the Archduke retired from his Hungarian Governorship. In the mean while he had been engaged in diplomatic service at Berlin.

In the war of 1859 the Archduke took no part. He has lived since 1860 in Vienna, or in the castle of Weilburg at Baden. For two years he has been a Field-Marshal. In 1848 he married PRINCESS HILDEGARD, daughter of LOUIS, the Bavarian king; but his wife, April 2, 1864, and grief on account of his loss has so altered the Archduke ALBERT that he looks like a man of more than forty-eight years of age.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN.

SCARCELY a week had elapsed after the declaration of war by the two allied Powers against Austria, when, on the 24th of JUNE, the Italian army, under VICTOR EMANUEL, ventured upon a general battle with the Austrian army on Venetia. The battle was fought on Sunday. The movement of the Italians was bold in the extreme; but it was just what every body expected, and the result also had been just that which might have been certainly predicted as inevitable under the circumstances. The Italians suffered a terrible defeat.

The Italian army, divided into three corps and a reserve—making up a force of from 80,000 to 90,000 combatants—after crossing the Mincio at Goito and other points on Saturday afternoon, and sealing or considering parties toward Peschiera and Verona, encamped from Pozzolengo to Solferino and Cavriana, between the two fortresses. On the ensuing morning an attempt was made upon those high positions of Sona, Somma Campagna, and Santa Giustina, which commands the fifteen miles' railway line joining the two strongholds, Peschiera which played a conspicuous part in the campaign of 1848. The object of the Italians was evidently to take possession of the railway, so as to isolate Peschiera and secure a basis of operations against Verona.

The Austrians, however, who were massed in great force at Verona, sallied forth from the place at daybreak, and, anticipating the Italian movements, took up their positions on the heights, which are now every where bristling with bastions and redoubts, and may be looked upon as mere outworks of the two citadels, Peschiera and Verona, or of one to those of the other. After a severe and bloody fight, as the Italians describe it, "desperate" struggle, which lasted nearly the whole day, the longest of summer days—the Imperial army was victorious along the whole line. They stormed the summit of Monte Croce, which is the highest of the line, the last, and at the close of the engagement, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, they also carried the position of Custozza, a spot fatal to Italian arms on their encounter with RADETZKY in July, 1848. The victors captured several guns and about 2000 prisoners, and beloved, as the Archduke CHARLES's soldiers assures us, and as we may readily believe, with ever more than their ordinary bravery and endurance.

On the same evening the Italians were obliged to recross the Mincio, where it took up a position behind Goito, at Volta, Cavriana, and Solferino, or Castiglioni, and the Austrians occupied and closed the up to the latest accounts, and the intelligence of the disaster at Custozza will almost certainly induce Italy to abandon the campaign in Venetia.

On the Alps, while the Austrians have secured possession of the Stelvio Pass, and come down upon Bormio, in the Valtelline, the Garibaldians have pushed forward from Brescia to the Bridge of Caffaro and Ledrone, on that mountain pass, whence two roads branch off, the one to Trent and Riva on the Lake of Garda. At Ledrone they have driven the Austrians from their positions, not without bloodshed. This Alpine warfare has, however, only in accessory to the movements of the main armies in the plain, and these must be looked for in the paralyzed by the heavy blow with which the inconsiderate haste of the Italians has been visited, and by the reluctance of Austria to act otherwise than on the defensive.

In the battle of Custozza the Italians had seven of their Generals wounded, among others the King's second son, PRINCE AMADEUS, who has received at Brescia.

"An advance across the Mincio," says the London *Times*, "rightly into the heart of the Quadrilateral, is an enterprise which no other European army would undertake. Had Austrians been captured upon, beta-freely to do something seems to have possessed the whole Italian nation; and the men in command were not to be blamed, because their dashing their fields against those formidable stone walls. There may be bravery in no desperate an attempt to take the line of the Mincio; but we believe it would be impossible for the King or LA MARMORA to say what results they expected from their ill-concerted and ill-executed movement. It was a battle in which they staked the very existence of their army, while their enemies in the worst event had no other risk than that of losing what they already retired behind the shelter of their bastions. The least that may be said of it is, that, like the Balaklava charge, it was 'magnificent, but it was not war.' Ever since 1848 and 1849 the Austrians have strained every nerve to strengthen those fortresses, and have succeeded in making them so that the line between Peschiera and Verona especially is a vast intrenched camp. There is every probability, also, that the Austrians were on this occasion outnumbered by their enemies; for the Austrians have from 200,000 to 250,000 men in Venetia, and they had in front of them not only the Sardinian army, all engines of modern warfare, the railway, they had probably massed three-fourths at least of their troops in Verona, ready for the most powerful ballistic inroad. The Archduke's bulletins, in fact, spread visions of garrisons, "the bravest of the Imperial army" was in the field. The King of Italy has fallen back behind the Mincio, where he is not likely to be attacked, and where perhaps, with the condition of his shattered army enable him to resume the offensive for some time to come. We have no information as to numbers, but the Austrians crossed the Po at Polesella on the 23d. The tidings of the King's retreat, however, ought to disconcert all the plans of the commander of the Fourth Corps, as he would at Padua, or any where else on the line between Verona and Venice, fall in with forces with which his 60,000 men would be unable to contend. The Italian fleet, we learn from Florence, steamed from Taranto on the 23d; but if its destination be Venice, PERSANO is not likely to find any one to co-operate with him on the main land. The failure of the King on the Mincio will probably break down the whole enterprise."

The same journal indulges in the following comments on the situation:

"If there ever was a chance for diplomacy to step in with good effect between the ranks of the combatants it will be afforded now by this inevitable pause in military operations. The idea of an eventual, however remote and conditional, cession of Venetia has been entertained by the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH, and it has been under utterance in the moderate and dignified notes and manifestoes which have won so many partisans to the Austrian cause. Austria, we understood her to say, would not yield to compulsion, but would make the sacrifice of her rights, she would maintain the prestige of her military power. It was only after a battle and a victory that she could afford to be magnanimous. But she has come to pass sooner than could be expected. Three days have barely elapsed since the Austrians gained their victory, and she already fought her battle and won her victory. Enough has been done to gratify her pride: enough to show the heart toward those Italians whom she has found upon experience to be no contemptible enemies, and whom she must be aware that the Italian power to turn her out is staunch and very valuable friends. By merely opening a negotiation she would at once secure the support of Italy from the Franco-Prussian alliance, and be enabled at once to move from more than 200,000 of her best veteran troops, with an immense amount of *matériel*. All the success achieved by Prussia in Northern Germany during the last week has been more than overshadowed by the sudden and enormous accession of strength to her already powerful enemy. Indeed, Austria would at once find herself in the presence of such fearful odds that it may be questioned whether she would any longer feel equal to the contest.

"The settlement of the difference between two of the belligerent states, and the bringing the third to it—as Prussia and Italy only ventured on hostilities on the assurance of the support of powerful allies—would find Italy would not only free Austria from the necessity of fighting in the South, but even of maintaining an army on a first footing in Venetia. The Adriatic would be thrown into the scale against her adversary, and Prussia would be relieved from the fear of a hostile *coup de main*. Whatever leaning the German people may show toward Austria in the struggle, they would hardly refuse assistance to the Bund they may be in the South, or partial to Bismarck's scheme of a national Parliament in the North. Such a setting up of the Austrian power would be unjust to all, and that is their unqualified abhorrence for this fratricidal war. And the way to stop it before begun: hardly drop of German blood has been spilt; nothing has been done that may not be undone. Austria has only to relinquish, with a view to peace, between Austria and Italy covenant. Prussia of the hopelessness of a single-handed struggle, nothing more than to retain the Gastein annexation on the *uti possidetis* principle. They would be taken of the Austrian Southern frontier, and would have brought the two contending Powers to that point at which they might have arrived after a more severe struggle, to that frontier of the Main which will in all probability consider divide the North from the South of the Fatherland. Germany is now at war with Italy, and all the Austrian dependences too powerful, ever to be one; and it will be a happy day for Europe when that day shall arrive which has for more than a century distracted her councils and neutralized her power comes to be established, once and forever, on a natural and intelligent basis. If Prussia have the North, and her ambition will be at rest. Austria will exhibit a stronger determination than before her victory to humble both her enemies, if she be left to herself to achieve. Before this meets the eye of our readers the matter will probably have been already decided.

THE BROTHERS.

Nor far from Geneva there stands a fine old château, built in the seventeenth century, with its rose, misanthropic man, who mixed in no society, though, at the same time, he appeared to derive little pleasure from the profusion and luxury of the amenities with which, with a most lavish hand, his beautifully situated mansion had been surrounded. It was a fine property for sale, and much to the surprise of those who knew its value, passed—at a very moderate price—into the hands of a jeweler, well-known to many an English tourist, resident in Geneva.

Delighted at his bargain, Monsieur G. lost no time in making the necessary purchases to render the château to the taste of some "milord Anglais," who was certain to covet so lovely a spot for his winter residence.

He was right in his anticipation. A gentleman, with his wife and two daughters, soon established himself in the château, thus making the place not for the summer only, but by the year.

A few weeks elapsed, and they had begun to feel themselves at home in their pleasant dwelling, when, one evening Mr. M., while reading aloud to his family, encountered a difficult phrase, which it was impossible for him, by means of the context, to vary, and the younger sister, Emily, hastened to the library to procure that work.

She was gone much longer than was expected, and, when she did return, looked so pale and agitated that her mother anxiously inquired the cause.

"Well," was the reply, "I have had a fine adventure; but my ghost (for I have certainly seen one) was by no means terrible, and I don't know why I should feel afraid of it. It was a very handsome young man."

Pressed for details, the young lady related that she had seen nothing in her way to the library, but that on her return, just as she was descending the flight of steps which led to the terrace, she heard a step and, looking round, observed a young and handsome man in a naval uniform. He looked sadly at her for some moments, during which time she moved her eyes from his face, pointing with his finger to the side of the corridor, and vanished, as it seemed, into the wall.

This story was received, as the majority of such are destined to be, with some incredulity. Nevertheless, so much impressed was Mr. M. with what he had heard, that, when their daughters had retired, he and his wife rediscussed the matter, and came to the resolution that Mr. M. should visit the "haunted" corridor about the same hour, and see if any similar appearance would be vouchsafed to him.

Accordingly, on the following evening, he mounted guard, and walked to and fro for a considerable time without result. Tired at last of his vigil, he was wheeling round to commence what he had resolved should be his last turn, when he almost ran into the arms of a young naval officer, precisely answering the description given by his daughter. The figure pointed to the wall, and, before Mr. M. had fully regained his self-possession, disappeared.

Mr. M.'s countenance, on entering the drawing-room, sufficiently denoted that his search had been successful, but he declined to say what he had actually seen, and requested his family, for the present, to control their curiosity.

Early next morning he proceeded to Geneva, and called upon his landlord.

"I am come, Sir," he said, "to ask your permission to remove a portion of the wall in the corridor of the château." And finding the proprietor desirous, he at once related the whole apparition, adding that, unless his proposal were complied with, he must decline to continue a tenant of the mansion.

The landlord shrugged his shoulders, extended his palms, and, deciding within himself that this was but a new whim of that English eccentricity which it is equally impossible to comprehend and resist, gave the permission required.

Some persons being sent for, the work at once began. As it proceeded Mr. M. was much struck by the singular manner of the master mason, who, having first discharged the idea of disturbing the wall at all, threw every imaginable obstacle in the way, and subsequently, when his men had actually set to work, watched their proceedings with the utmost care, and face gradually becoming deadly pale.

An hour, however, elapsed before any discovery. At last one of the men at the end of the corridor was turned forth to the light the upright skeleton of a man, which, as the wall was removed, fell toppling forward into the visible world. At this sight the master mason reeled, and sunk upon the floor in a swoon.

Restoratives were administered, and the man was conveyed to Mr. M.'s study, where the latter, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, questioned him as to the meaning of the strange thing that, in the event of his not relating all he had previously known concerning the bricking-up of the body, the authorities might attach to his own share in the business.

Under the influence of such arguments the man rallied, in a measure, and gathered courage. The circumstances here given he communicated in full.

A former possessor of the château—Monsieur Fermond—possessed a beautiful wife. They had no children.

One day Monsieur F. received a communication from the vote of a neighboring parish to the effect that his (Monsieur F.'s) brother had died suddenly, and that in his last moments he had expressed an earnest hope that Monsieur F. would assume the charge of his two sons.

A reply was forwarded, requesting that the boy might immediately repair to their uncle's house. In due course they arrived. The elder was a fine handsome youth, with frank, engaging manners; the younger, though handsome also, was reserved and unsociable, and the regards of the whole household were perfectly centred in the former, whose gayety soon dissipated the gloom of the château.

The younger brother, François, saw, with concealed jealousy, the decided preference which his uncle and aunt for his elder; nor was this sentiment likely to have been lessened by a fact that, before they had resided a year in the house, had by some means come to his knowledge—viz. that the whole of the property had been left to his elder brother, with the exception of a sum just sufficient to start him (François) in any profession he might select in which to earn his bread.

By the great kindness of Monsieur and Madame Frémont, Cécile, the elder, conceived a passion for the naval service, and, carrying his point, quitted the château, taking with him all the light and mirth it contained.

At first his letters were frequent, teeming with affection and contentment; then long intervals of silence would excite the apprehensions of his loving friends. The second winter after his departure was unusually severe, and the health of the old people began to fail.

One sad morning François, entering with a countenance of assumed grief, announced that the heartrending tidings, received, he said, through a shipmate of his brother's, that Cécile had died at sea. Already wretched by illness, the news was too much for the kind old people. Madame Frémont died within a few weeks; and before the close of the year her husband followed her to the tomb, having previously settled all he possessed upon his surviving nephew.

The latter, now at the height of his ambition, lorded it grandly over his dependents; and profound was the regret that the kind, mirthful Cécile had not lived to enjoy the master's position.

One evening François was sitting alone, moody and out of sorts, sipping his favorite wine, when he was startled by a voice speaking without the window, which looked upon the garden.

Advancing with caution, François demanded who was there.

"It is I, François!" replied a voice that blanched the heretofore cheek; but with trembling hands he opened the window, and his brother, radiant with health and happiness, bounded into the room. He had intended a surprise for his relatives, one whom (François having intercepted the correspondence on both sides) he had not heard for many months.

In one instant François comprehended his position and took his resolution. To his brother's eager inquiries he answered that their uncle and aunt, not being quite well, had dined up stairs, whither, after Cécile had refreshed himself, they would presently proceed.

Contriving, while Cécile was divesting himself of his over-coat, to secure the door, François returned to his brother, and, affecting to be overjoyed at his arrival, ordered wine to drink and talk until, wearied with excitement and his journey, the latter sank into a temporary doze.

It should be mentioned that at this time some confusion reigned at the chateau on account of altercations that were making in the house, and which necessitated the removal of a portion of the wall of the corridor. During this operation most of the domestics were quartered in an outbuilding some distance off.

No human eye witnessed the manner in which this true descendant of Jim that did the first murder completed what was in his mind. He presently quitted the room, locking the door, and desiring that he might be disturbed no more that night.

When all was still he crept forth and made his way to the lodging of the master mason. What passed between them was never exactly known, but on the following morning, the mason, assisted by his tenyter, contrived to wall up the remains of the victim, where they were subsequently discovered.

Tormented by remorse, the form of his brother ever before him, the wretched criminal at length dismissed his household, sold the chateau, and proceeded to Paris, hoping in that lively city to drown the remembrance of his flagrant guilt. But vengeance "suffered him not to live." A quarrel with the Comte de C, in a gaming-house led to a meeting next day in the Bois de Boulogne, in which François was killed. Singularly enough, among his papers was found a confession of the murder, though bearing his assumed name.

The remains of poor Cécile were decently interred in the cemetery of Charonne. The M. family continued their residence at Belle D., and certainly, up to the time when I (the narrator) made their acquaintance, nothing extraordinary had ever again disturbed their tranquillity.

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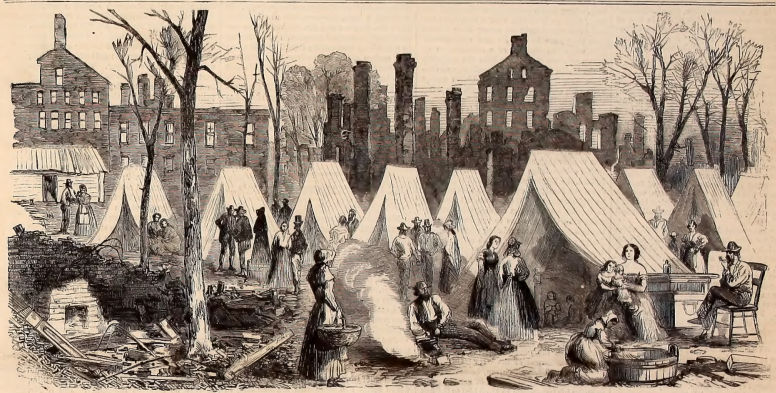
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THE PORTLAND FIRE.

No fire which has ever been inflicted upon an American town has been so ruinous, in its proportion of loss to the wealth of the city, as that which, beginning in Portland on the evening of July 4, raged with unabated fury for over twenty-four hours, destroying before its close one-third of the city. When the morning papers of this great seaport announced on the morning of the 4th that the pyrotechnic display of that evening would be of unusual magnificence, they did not foresee in what direful sense their prediction would be fulfilled before the day closed.

The fire began, it seems, in a small boat-builder's shop between Commercial and Fore Streets. It



GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE—DISTRIBUTING FOOD TO THE CITIZENS AT THE OLD CITY HALL.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

spread to UPHAM'S flouring mill, and thence to the sugar-house of JOHN B. BROWN & SONS. Thence the flames were caught by some Irish huts at GRAHAM'S corner. Short work was made of these; and the fire, fed by a gale from the south, marched on, fighting its way through the principal retail business houses of the town to the new City Hall. Every thing in its path was reduced to a smoking ruin.

The City Hall, a magnificent structure with a depth of 250 feet, and a façade of Nova Scotia freestone 175 feet long, was supposed to be fireproof, and fortuitous to the value of a quarter of a million of dollars had been stored in it to secure it against destruction. But this fine building was almost entirely destroyed, only the front walls being left standing.

The fire swept completely through the city from High Street to North Street on the Company, destroying every thing on its way so completely that the lines of the streets can hardly be traced, and a space of one and a half miles long and half a mile wide, appears like a forest of chimneys, with fragments of walls attached to them.

More than one-third of Portland was destroyed. All the banks, newspaper offices, the wholesale and dry-goods stores, the telegraph offices—in fine, all places of business, except the busy haunts of Commercial Street, were destroyed. Seven hotels were burned and eight churches. The loss in property was over two millions of dollars.

All the German families in the city were made homeless. The number of people of all classes who were thrown into the street was upward of 12,000, of whom only about one hundred had a part of their in the tent's which had been promptly sent to their relief. The whole city, in fact, had been rendered homeless were in houses, open fields, and in tents, barns, and sheds. Many of the people of them upon the watch their little stock of goods. Some had saved a hoop skirt and a stove; other a tin dipper and a couple of chairs; a tea-kettle and a pair of parlor pictures, a washstand and boots, and all such miscellaneous collections in small quantities. Famous were numerous, and quite a number of families saved their piano and a cat. One man, worth in the morning over $50,000, pulled a pair of his wife's boots out of his pocket, and said, "I was all he had saved."

The scene presented at the old City Hall, where the rations were distributed, was worthy of note. Here all day long were men, women, and children, American, Germans, and Irish, all huddled together, each awaiting their food, which had been sent from various quarters, and which they received with hearty thanks and joyful countenances.

ZEBULA CRESSEY, a truckman, and his mother, were burned to death in their house on Larch Street. The bodies were discovered on the 9th.

Portland, Maine, is ranked as the fourth or fifth city in the Union in exports. Her progress has been rapid for the last twenty years. Every great city in the country has been visited by nearly with her loss by forwarding contributions for the benefit of the homeless. Montreal, in Canada, has contributed over $40,000. Those contributions can not be too prompt or too generous. Every dollar will go to the alleviation of real distress.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1866.

THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

THE question to be decided in the autumn Congressional elections of 1866 is hardly less important than that of the Presidential election of 1864. At that time the question was whether the Democratic party, whose policy had produced the war, whose Southern leaders conducted it, and which, as a party, although with conspicuous exceptions of certain individual Democrats, justified the rebellion and opposed the war measures of the government, should be intrusted with the control of the Government. The response was prodigious. Every loyal State but Kentucky, Delaware, and New Jersey sustained the Union party. At this time the question is whether the Democratic party, with its tendency and policy clearly understood, shall determine the principles upon which the late rebel States shall resume their full relations in the Union. Is the Democratic view of the situation true, is the Democratic interpretation of the Constitution more just, is the spirit of the Democratic party more favorable to justice, equal liberty, and reverence for law, than those of the Union party. These are the questions which must determine our votes in the coming elections.

It may be true—indeed for ourselves we have not hesitated to say that it is true—that many foolish words have been spoken and some unwise measures adopted by Congress. Nor do we care to exterminate and upset that this Congress has been more fiercely vituperated than any of its predecessors. We have not to deal at the elections with the politeness or tact either of Congress or the President, nor do we need with the uniform wisdom of the Congressional measures. The point is a fundamental principle. Every measure of the action of Congress might have been improved in certain ways, is it probable that the action of the Democratic minority would have been, either in detail or in general policy, better for the peace and union of the country? Had the party of that minority been in the ascendant the test oath would have been repealed; Senators and Representatives like ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON would have been admitted; the Civil Rights Bill would have failed; and in a word, the men who, supported by their States, five years ago repelled and withdrew from Congress, and engaged in the rebellion, would have returned by the "continuous right" of those States, and those who had tried to destroy the Government and still declared their right to do so, would have voted upon every measure touching not the future security of the Union and country against the logical consequences of their doctrines.

Would this have been a wise policy or safe for the country? Yet this is the policy upon which the autumn elections are to pronounce. The Democratic party holds that, having been driven their country, the States lately in rebellion are exactly where they were before. The consequences of such a doctrine are plain. It assumes that a constitutional right remains to them to destroy the Union by war, and that the people of the loyal States who defeat the conspiracy in the field can rightfully take no further step whatever to secure the victory they have won. The Union party claims that loyal citizens, after so long and vital a war, have exactly the same right to secure their victory that they have to win it; and consequently that when the attempt of a combination of States to wrest themselves from the constitution of the Union fails, none of those States can resume their full functions in the Union except upon such conditions as a truly sagacious policy shall determine.

It must be remembered that it is not a question of more or less conditions, but of any condition whatever. The Democratic orators and papers ask distinctly what right have the insurgents have not complied with certain conditions. But neither they nor those who have been defeated acknowledge that right to compliance. Indeed, the Democratic theory and policy condemn the President equally with Congress, for to lend no more verbal constitutional authority to require assent to the emancipation amendment than Congress has to require assent to the new amendment regulating representation. States with what Mr. SEWARD calls the "inherent right" of equality with all other States can no more be required to adopt one amendment than another. The present co-operation of the Democratic party with the President, therefore, does not spring from love of him but from hate of Congress, and a very natural wish of our opposition party to divide the Executive and Legislative power.

Can a party which holds and proclaims the policy which we have described be safely intrusted with the government of the country that the sentiment of the war? Ought any thoughtful and honest citizen, however impatient he may be of the follies of certain men, to suffer his impatience to blind him to the fact that the elections are to decide whether the friends and the spirit of ABRAHAM LINCOLN shall recognize the Union, or the friends and spirit of HORATIO SEYMOUR and VALLANDIGHAM. There are not two parties—there can not be. Under the circumstances a Philadelphia orthodoxy must be as fatal to the cause of equal rights and just government and constitutional peace in this country as a candidate of Tammany Hall. Let us improve Congress in the ability and purity of its members as much as possible. But let all true men beware of a sophistry which would make Mr. "JACK DOLEFUL" the leader of a majority instead of a minority.

"FASTENING A QUARREL" UPON THE PRESIDENT.

WE are surprised and sorry to see in the New York *Evening Post* an assertion that Congress has "fastened a quarrel" upon the President. Certainly the facts do not justify the statement.

At the time of the President's accession to office leading members of Congress had the very best reason for believing that he did not seriously differ with them upon the vital question of the Union party. During the following summer the President's speeches to various committees from the Southern States, and such acts as the pardoning of General HUMPHREYS that he might be Governor of Mississippi, created some uneasiness as tending to complicate the situation. But the Executive action altogether was regarded as an experiment; and it was undoubtedly supposed by the Union party that the whole question of the resumption of their full relations in the Union by the late insurgent States would be referred by the President to Congress, in accordance with the views of the lamented LINCOLN, whose mild wisdom and generous fidelity to the fundamental principle of the American Government it was hoped and believed his successor would follow. "I distinctly stated," said President LINCOLN, in his last public speech, alluding to his action in Louisiana, "that this was not the only plan which might possibly be acceptable; and I also distinctly protested that the Executive claimed no right to say when or whether members should be admitted to seats in Congress from such States."

It was not until Congress assembled and immediately proceeded to act upon the subject, that the unpleasant probability of a difference and division between the Executive and Legislative branches became apparent. It then gradually appeared that the President considered the case to be virtually closed; that he thought he had a right to require conditions, but that Congress had not; that he was of opinion either that no security for the future could be taken, or that he had taken all that was necessary; and that Congress was only competent to receive or reject members claiming seats from South Carolina, as it did of those appearing from Iowa or New York, that they should take the oath. Until this was perfectly evident, this paper certainly counseled forbearance and a determination of co-operation upon the part of Congress. The harmony of the two branches of the Government was a point of so great importance as to be worth a strong effort, even to the surrender of unimportant details. Differing in theory, we still hoped that some common ground of action satisfactory to the saving Union sentiment of the country might be found. This was the hope of wise men in Congress. It was only a hope, however, and was shortlived. Both Mr. SEWARD and Mr. STEVENS were unquestionably rude and exasperating in the terms in which they spoke of the President. But had they spoken with the suavity of Mr. RAYMOND, does the *Evening Post* think the "quarrel" could have been avoided?

Unless, therefore, to disagree with the President upon the question of the scope of the executive power, and upon the necessity and true constitutional policy of the situation—in a word, upon the principle which required no surrender its views to the wishes of the President be to "fasten a quarrel" upon him, it is impossible to sustain the charge of the *Post*.

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS ABROAD—AND AT HOME.

MORE than two months have elapsed since the financial crisis broke out in England, and yet failure succeeds failure, the bank-rate is still ten cent., and New York correspondents of London houses are urgently requested to remit as largely as possible. The trouble, it seems, was more deeply seated than appeared at first. Overtrading, in the first place; a system of banking which reminds one of our wild-cat banks of the past; and a series of mercantile and financial operations based upon a prevailing belief in the final disruption of the United States, seem to have sapped the foundations of British credit, and gradually created a state of things so rotten as to be almost without parallel.

The chief trouble now comes from Bombay, where banks and merchants are breaking in rapid succession. This is a direct consequence of the termination of our war. Bombay rose from a third to the fourth place of trade in consequence of the cessation of cotton exports from this country. Merchants accumulated immense fortunes in a single year. The town grew like magic. Public buildings—all erected since 1861—vied with those of the ancient capitals of Europe. It became the best market in the world for large diamonds. All this was the work of cotton. A rational observer, noting this magical development of wealth and its cause, would have expected a reaction. Not so the English, who own Bombay and control its trade. They were sure that the American cotton trade was done forever, or at all events for a generation or two, and they invested their money in Indian plantations, mercantile houses, banks, public improvements, etc., in Bombay, without stint or condition. The consequence is, when cotton fell 50 per cent. in a few weeks, can be readily imagined. One house is mentioned, which lost £15 a bale on 30,000 bales—a bagatelle of £450,000 sterling. One after another the great houses and banks which grew up on the outbreak of our war are going down upon the suppression of the rebellion, and are carrying down with them their British correspondents.

As to the limited liability banks of London, they seem to have done business with a looseness which would have horrified even GEORGE SMITH of Chicago. They received money on deposit subject to call after a given notice (10 to 30 days), and allowed 3 @ 5 per cent. interest. With the money they speculated in miscellaneous securities—rebel cotton bonds, Peruvian mines, Mexican scrip, Turkish debentures, Atlantic and West Western bonds, Erie debentures, railroads in Europe, Australia, and Africa, telegraphs in India, blockade-runners running to Charleston or Wilmington, plantations on the banks of La Plata, and copper-mines in New Zealand. Nothing came amiss to them. The more prudent among them did not actually buy these securities, but lent money on them—which, as the case turned out, amounted to the same thing. Any bank clerk in New York could have foretold the result. A day came when the depositors wanted their money. As always happens, at that particular time there was no market for the miscellaneous securities in which these banks had invested their capital and their depositors' money, and they went down one after another. If such a thing had happened here what homilies our British friends would read us on the unsoundness of American banking, and the criminal misappropriation of other people's money!

A banker in Paris writes to a friend on this side to say that the recent bank failures in London have checked the flow of Continental capital to that centre, and that were our financial system on a sounder basis much more would come here. We commend the observation to the notice of the Secretary of the Treasury. Were a United States bank at the present time really worth a dollar, instead of sixty-five cents, we should now be receiving a steady flow of capital from Europe, and the movement would have begun which, sooner or later, will render New York the financial centre of the world. But how can we expect capital to come here while we refuse to take no measures to rehabilitate our depreciated currency, but actually prohibit by statute the only process by which it can be restored to its full value? It would be folly for Europeans to send money to us just now. What is money with them is merchandise with us; a European capitalist sending money here to be invested in trade or industry necessarily takes the risk of a further depreciation of the currency; when he wants his money back he may find that 25 per cent. have been lost by the exchange in gold which he could neither foresee nor prevent. How can we expect sagacious capitalists to invest their money in a country whose legislators know so little of political economy that they try to limit its importations by imposing heavy duties on foreign manufactures, and at the same time offer every facility for the coordinate bank expansion?

A careful study of the commercial crisis in Europe may not be without benefit to the Secretary of the Treasury warned us, in his annual report, that we had the option of what measures which do not seem in the least likely to be adopted, a financial crash was inevitable within a given period. That opinion is shared by all reflecting persons in commercial circles. And there are not wanting superstitious people to remind us that by some strange accident we have had a panic of late in this country every ten years: in 1827, in 1837, in 1847, and in 1857. These fatalists warn us to set our houses in order for the coming year—1867.

The public is entitled to the more weight than Mr. MILLER'S announcements of the approaching end of the world, for the simple reason that every one knows that we can not go on trading and speculating on a paper currency basis for many years without a crash. If every body expects it to come off next year and prepares accordingly, it will be postponed. If Mr. M'CULLOCH uses the powers invested in him, and locks up currency enough to bring gold down and check importations and speculation, it may be averted altogether. But if Mr. M'CULLOCH continues to keep money easy, and people generally act as though the crisis were a thing in the indefinite future, it is quite likely that the commercial history of the coming year may prove as momentous and as full of disaster as that of any of the past ill-omened "sevens."

FREE SPEECH.

WE have a letter from an esteemed correspondent in a Southern city, informing us that the public sentiment of the community in which he lives is so intolerant as to be selling *Harper's Weekly* that his business has sustained serious injury. We are sorry to hear it, both for the sake of our friend and of the people of his neighborhood. A year or two before the war there was a silly fellow named HAMBLETON, or BUMBLETON, who came all the way from Montgomery to New York to get a library on a black-list of the merchants in this city who were not friendly to "the South"—meaning those who did not believe in slavery and support it by their votes and acts. Is there a race of HAMBLETONS or BUMBLETONS who suppose such folly can result advantageously for any body?

We do not suppose that the views which are advanced in this and pen in this paper are approved by all who buy and read it any more than we approve the opinions or the method or the tone of scores of papers that reach us from the South, West, and East. But what then? We ask any sensible Southern man, however heartily he may have supported the rebellion, and however ready he may be to assert our opinions, whether he does not know that henceforward the only safety for all of us lies in the open and constructive discussion of. He may not choose to read books and papers and magazines whose sentiments he dislikes, but does he seriously believe it advisable that they should be suppressed? Is it safe for him or for any one that only a literature favorable to what are called "Southern" interests and views and principles shall be known in his neighborhood? This policy is but a lingering relic of the old despotism of slavery, which hung and burned and tarred and feathered those who said what it did not like to hear, and succeeded in keeping the mass of the Southern people in that profound ignorance which alone made the rebellion possible. It is the absurd old attempt to ostracize opinion which can have but one result, and that is general disaster.

There are very profound differences of opin-

ion in this country upon the most important questions. We have our own convictions, and we are very sure that our fellow-citizens at the South and elsewhere have theirs. When we differ, we propose to use every honorable means at our command to expose the weakness or the danger of our adversary's opinion. By wit, satire, argument, ridicule, and appeal—by faithful picture and allegory and caricature we intend to bombard and harass whatever seems to us opposed to the public welfare. And we expect and invite an equal opposition, which we have not failed steadily to receive for a twelvemonth past from those who do not like our views or our methods of enforcing them. But what could be more exquisitely ludicrous than for us gravely to advise our friends not to buy the *Atlantic*, or the *Examiner*, or the *New Era*, or whatever the paper may be, which abuses us and the "North," and to invite all loyal Union people not to buy their books of Mr. JOHN P. MC. SMITH, for instance, because they sell those naughty papers?

If those at the South who do not like certain views refuse to have them discussed, they will be beaten again and again, and remain forever impotent and ridiculous. Wake up, gentlemen! It is no longer yesterday. Read the papers. Find out what people are thinking of and talking about. Stand your ground bravely. Don't give us who oppose you a triumph by trying to gag instead of argue. Let every man among you at the South, as here at the North, say and hear and write and read what he will, and we shall all be the gainers. But make up your minds, after all, that the great questions which divide us are to be settled, and to be settled only by the most serious and intense discussion. You have never had it in your part of the country. No man dared to call his soul his own, for instance, in talking about slavery. Those who went from other quarters to discuss the subject you shot, or hung, or rode on rails, or tarred and feathered, or sent off by Vigilance Committees. You had it your own way. Your opponents in speech upon the point must yield to your own interests and to ours. And you have learned, what will be always true in this country wherever a similar experience is had, that your words were merely stirring on the safety-valve. It is a process which may postpone the explosion, but it can not prevent it, and it multiplies the havoc a thousandfold. And all that you are now invited because injustice and a false political philosophy are zealously attacked, and by every kind of weapon, to think the attack unfair, prove it to be so. If you think the philosophy true, defend it. Stand to your guns! But don't pout and sulk and spite yourselves, like foolish children.

THE OTHER PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

THE importance of the call of a Convention of Southern loyal Union men issued by General A. J. HAMILTON of TEXAS and others can not be overlooked. It is one of the most promising signs of the times, for it reveals the existence of two parties in that region. It shows that there is a body of citizens there who intend to contest the political supremacy of the late rebel chiefs, who, since the surrender of LEE, have controled political action in their States.

Thus the manly and heroic call, which is echoed from all the ancient dominion of slavery in favor of equal rights, is not only full of hope in itself, but it immediately defines the RANDALL-BROWNLOW Philadelphia Convention to be merely a movement, as we stated last week, for the reorganization of the Democratic party. Governor ORR, an old Democratic and Secession leader of South Carolina, Mayor MONROE, of New Orleans, who, on the Fourth of July, called the Declaration of Independence a lie, and other gentlemen of the same principles and of similar record will be present at that Convention. But those whom neither Governor ORR nor Mayor MONROE nor Judge SEMMES nor Governor HENDERSON will introduce into secession—those whose properties were destroyed, whose families were hunted, whose friends and neighbors and children were hung and shot and tortured and exiled by the followers of ORR, MONROE, SEMMES, and HUMPHREYS—these are the men who will be represented in the other Convention.

And it is with them and their friends, with the voters against THROCKMORTON in Texas, and the supporters of free papers in the Southern States, that the political alliance of the Union party must be made, so that the party may have an efficient organization in every State. Whether the Republican party has done its work or not, it is very clear that the Union party has not. For it must not be forgotten that those who will send delegates from the late rebel States to the RANDALL-HENDRICKS Convention—that is to say, the Southern and the controlling wing of the Democratic party—still maintain the sovereignty of States, and the consequent constitutional right of secession. Whatever individuals may have said, the ordinance conclusively proves that, while the mass acquiesce in the superior power, they deny the superior right of the Union. Indeed, they ask, and their friends echo, whether we suppose they have changed their views?

Certainly we do not; and certainly men who have not changed the views which, in their minds, justified what we hold to be so senseless a war upon the Union can not wisely be trusted with the control of the Union. Men very arguments they use incontestibly prove that the most stringent political opposition to them is essential to the national welfare. We hope, therefore, that the Philadelphia Committee will take every step necessary to secure the active organized co-operation of that large body of American citizens who are represented in the Convention of the Southern loyal Unionists.

THE CASE OF THE "METEOR."

THE decision of Judge BETTS condemning the *Meteor* is a declaration that United States ship-owners can not sell them to belligerents with whom we are at peace. The Neutrality Laws of 1818 denounce the "fitting out and arming" vessels in our ports against such powers. But do they, by implication, forbid certainly do not expressly, forbid such trade? This is the point which Mr. BOUTWELL of Massachusetts proposes shall be made perfectly plain in our laws.

The *Meteor* was seized on the 21st of January last on a charge of being "fitted out" in defiance of law. It was not alleged that this was being done directly by the owners or agents, but that there was an understanding between them and certain Fenian agents that the ship should be set to Panama and there transferred. Of this intention no evidence was offered at the trial; but even had it been conclusively proved, it is not plain in law, to precedent, and good policy that such traffic with belligerents should condemn the ship?

The earlier decision did not deny the legality of the trade. The Supreme Court of the United States in 1822 declared, in the case of the *Santissima Trinidad*, "There is nothing in our laws or in the law of nations that forbids our citizens from sending armed vessels, as well as munitions of war, to foreign ports for sale. It is a commercial adventure which a nation is bound to prohibit, and which only exposes the persons engaged in it to the penalty of confiscation," of course, by one of the belligerents. As lately as 1863 Judge BETTS held in his annual Message, said, "The laws of the United States do not forbid their citizens to sell to either of the belligerent powers articles contraband of war, or to fit out armed ships of war or soldiers on board their private ships for transportation." If this be lawful, can the law be infringed by selling the vessel when a ship before it is fully armed or equipped?

Judge BETTS reverses the decision of Judge STORY in the case of the *Santissima Trinidad*. Doubtless the Attorney-General of the Department, which may wish to urge in an *Alabama* controversy our neutral superiority. But the strength of such unquestioned precedents is not to be lightly regarded, and it can only be weakened by manufactured precedents. It is, however, clearly desirable that the point shall no longer be open to doubt. Let Congress determine whether an American citizen may sell a ship adaptable to war to a belligerent with whom we are at peace.

The fullest and much the ablest review of the case of the *Meteor* was lately communicated to the Boston *Advertiser* by GEORGE BEMIS, one of our most accomplished and patient students of international law.

A DANGEROUS ARGUMENT.

IN his closing speech upon the tariff we observe that MR. MORRILL spoke of "hired hack writers" as "particularly active in defaming the motives of the tariff men." Surely Mr. MORRILL should choose so to describe the papers which support free trade; and why "hired hack writers?" Suppose that we should say that the free trade papers are bought by foreigners, and particularly active in defaming the advocates of free trade. It would be following a very bad example, but it would surely be a very good argument.

A writer who expresses the conclusions of the most acute thinkers upon political economy, because his clear-sighted mind sees the reasons of them, and who has no pecuniary interest which could affect his views, ought surely to be safe from aspersion of his motives. Such a writer might be tempted to retort. If the question were of "hired" advocacy, he might inquire whether Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS or Mr. GREELEY were interested in the iron manufactures, whether Mr. GRINNELL were a wool-grower, whether Mr. RICE were interested in paper, and whether Mr. MORRILL held any stock in marble quarries or works. This kind of argument is a two-edged sword. It cuts before and behind. It is quite as likely to wound the assailant as the assailed.

In the same style the tariff papers call the free trade journals "hired presses," "purchased journalists," "political hacks," "interested politicians," "pecuniary interest," "dumb dogs of free trade," while the free traders retaliate by calling the tariff "monstrous," "plunder," "robbery," "swindling compromise," "atrocious swindle." This is absurd. The impression conveyed by each side is that the other is venal, and the argument is consequently incalculably weakened. We have no doubt that Mr. MORRILL is sincerely persuaded that protection is the true policy for this country. But if, upon that abstract question, this journal or any other disagrees with him, is it necessarily because the writers are "hired hacks," or "paltry pettifoggers," or "liars," or "dogs?" May it not be because they are just as competent to have and able to maintain an opinion as Mr. MORRILL? Good manners never hurt a good cause.

INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

July 19:—

In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull called up the House bill defining the number of Judges of the Supreme Court and changing the judicial districts, and moved an amendment, which was agreed to, reducing the number of Associate Judges to six. The bill provides:

Sec. 1. That hereafter the Supreme Court of the United States shall consist of one Chief Justice and eight Associate Justices.

Sec. 3. That the First and Second Circuits shall remain as now established; that the districts of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware shall constitute the Third circuit; that the districts of Maryland, Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina shall constitute the Fourth circuit; that the districts of Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas shall constitute the Fifth circuit; that the districts of Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, and Tennessee shall constitute the Sixth circuit; that the districts of Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin shall constitute the Seventh circuit; that the districts of Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, and Arkansas shall constitute the Eighth circuit; and the districts of California, Oregon, and Nevada shall constitute the Ninth circuit.

The amendment which Mr. Trumbull was instructed by the Judicial Committee to offer provides: "That no vacancy in the office of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court shall be filled by appointment until the number of associate justices shall be reduced to six; and the said Supreme Court shall consist of the Chief Justice of the United States and six associate justices, any four of whom shall constitute a quorum, and the said court shall hold one term annually at the seat of government, and such additional special terms as they may find necessary for the dispatch of business." Mr. Trumbull called up the bill to change the public grounds surrounding the Capitol, which was passed. Its provisions are as follows:

That the public grounds surrounding the Capitol shall be enlarged according to the plan approved by the committee on Public Buildings of the Senate and House of Representatives, submitted to Congress at this session, and to be deposited in the custody of the Secretary of the Interior, by extending the same from Sixth and First Street West, in the following manner: Northwardly, to the south side of B Street North, and southwardly to the north side of South B Street, including, in addition to the ninth of the square now occupied, such other as are necessary for such extension, the two square designated on the plan of the city of Washington as Nos. 637 and 638 respectively.

Sec. 2. Provides that it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Interior to purchase from the owner or owners thereof, at such price as, according to the actual cash value as may be mutually agreed on between the Secretary and such owner or owners, or ascertained by the appraisement made by the commission of him in their report to Robert Todd, United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, on the twenty-first day of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, all the private grounds as are necessary for carrying the act into effect, the value of the property so purchased to be paid to the owner or owners thereof out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, on the delivery of the deed thereof, provided that before such payment shall be made the owner or owners of such property shall execute, duly, good and sufficient deed or deeds, in due form of law, and approved by the Attorney-General of the United States, releases and convey to the United States all their and each of their several and respective rights in and title to such land and property as aforesaid.

The third section authorizes the appraisement of such property, if the Secretary of the Interior and the owners shall be unable to agree as to price.

The seventh section appropriates fifty thousand dollars to carry the act into effect, and requires grounds so purchased.

In the House, the Tariff bill was passed, 84 to 53.

July 11:

In the Senate, the bill regulating the time and manner of electing United States Senators was passed, 25 to 11. The bill does not affect the present choice by ballot, and requires an open or viva voce vote in all cases.—A resolution vesting the right and privilege of using the Washington Atlantic telegraph cable in the American Atlantic Company of New York was passed.

July 12:

In the Senate, the Tariff bill was received from the House, and referred to the Committee on Finance.—A report next December.

July 13:

In the Senate, the Niagara Ship Canal bill was postponed until December next, by a vote of 24 against 13.

In the House, the bill making appropriations for the support of the army for the year ending June 30, 1867, and other amendments passed was one appropriating $10,000 for additional light-houses and light-boats along the coast of New Jersey, between Sandy Hook and Little Egg Harbor, and $5,000 for repairing the light-house and light-boat at Tucker's Beach, on the coast of New Jersey. The bill was then passed.—Mr. Morrill, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a new tariff bill, which is a revision of the one lately passed and committed.—The Pennsylvania contested election case being under consideration, a resolution retaining Mr. Dawson in his seat was adopted.

July 14:

In the Senate, the House resolution to appoint a joint committee on the subject of retrenchment, to sit during the recess, was adopted, with amendments so as to apply to the military and naval as well as civil service, and charging the committee to inquire into the expediency of changing the method of appointment to civil office so that it shall be by election instead of by.

In the House, the bill authorizing the construction of a railroad bridge over the Mississippi was passed.

July 16:—

In both Houses, the President's Message, vetoing the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, was read, and with most precipitancy both bodies assembled in the room over the rotunda.

July 14 to 23; in the Senate, 23 to 12.

RETURN IN THE CABINET.

Postmaster-General Randall has resigned his position in the Cabinet July 11. Three days afterward his resignation was accepted, and the First Assistant-Postmaster, A. W. Randall, was nominated to succeed him. Attorney-General Speed has followed Dennison's example. The following is the correspondence between Mr. Dennison and the President:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., July 21, 1866.

"SIR,—I have the honor to tender you herewith my resignation of the office of Postmaster-General, to take effect upon the appointment of my successor. In thus withdrawing from the Cabinet it is proper to say that I do so chiefly because the difference of opinion between us in regard to the proposed amendment of the Constitution, which I approve, and the movement for the Convention to be held at Philadelphia on the 14th proximo, to which I am opposed. My relations, as the representative of the Union Republican Party, and conviction that upon the permanent control of the Government depend, in a large measure, the peace and happiness of the country, will not permit of my holding an equivocal attitude in respect to it.

"Assuring you of my personal regard and appreciation of the uniform courtesy I have received from you, I am, "Very respectfully, yours, etc.,

"W. DENNISON.

"To the President."

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 14, 1866.

"SIR,—Your resignation of the office of Postmaster-General, tendered in your letter of this date, I have hereby accepted. Thanking you for the kind assurances of personal regard, I am, very truly yours,

"ANDREW JOHNSON.

"To Hon. William Dennison, Washington, D. C."

NEWS ITEMS.

General Dix has written a letter to Senator Doolittle, fully indorsing the Philadelphia Convention.

The vote on the Virginia ordinance of the amendment to the State Constitution has been officially declared as follows: For ratification, 23,794; for rejection, 19,361.—Majority for the amendment, 4,433.

General Steedman and Fullerton were to leave Washington on the 24th for New Orleans. They have visited portions of the District of Columbia on two days previous with the former and present management of the Freedmen's Bureau.

Southern papers exhibit a very general disposition on the part of the people to respond to the address for the Philadelphia Convention. State mid Democratic meetings have been called in Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, and other States.

Senator-elect Patterson, and Representatives-elect Cooper, Campbell, Lehlbach, Taylor, and Thomas have issued an address to the people of Tennessee, urging them to send delegates to the Philadelphia Union Convention to assemble in Philadelphia on the 14th of August.

The Seventh District of Alabama has adopted an ordinance prohibiting colored persons from entering the public lands. Persons having white families may settle them. Policemen at the gates will enforce the order.

The army organization of the Revolution, from 1775 to 1778, amounted to 231,791, the militia adding one-half to that force, and the navy consisted of seventy-five ships. In 1812 the regulars numbered 29,360, the volunteers 6000, the militia 30,000, and the navy consisted of 8 frigates and 170 gunboats. In 1815 we had 578 vessels, with 1056 guns. In March, 1865, we had 671 vessels, with 4477 guns; and the aggregate number of men raised for the Union armies, by the close of the rebellion, was 2,859,132. It is the above to added the quotas constituting the Confederate armies, and the total number of men in arms approaches nearly 4,000,000 of men at arms—the largest force ever put on a war footing in any one country, in any age of the world.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN GERMANY.

THE Prussians on the 24 of July gained a signal and decisive victory over the Austrian army at Sadowa. During the last three days of June there appears to have been some pretty severe fighting between the two armies in the northeastern corner of Bohemia in the neighborhood of Gitschin and Nachod. On the 27th there was a slight advance of the Prussian army, headed Bohemia on the 28th of June. The Crown Royal, Frederick Charles, Steenbeck, Steadily the Prussians gained ground, forcing Austrians back on the Austrian fortress of Josephstadt. The following official dispatch from the Crown Prince bears date July 28:

"The result of the three days' fighting in which the Army of Bohemia has now been engaged is to be unhighly estimated. On the 27th it was opposed by the Sixth Austrian Corps, under General Ramming. A letter was found addressed by the latter to General Benedek, the Commander-in-Chief, in which he says that the fire of forces since his command were thoroughly exhausted. He therein requested General Benedek to put into ten fresh Brigade in order that his troops might likewise enjoy the necessary rest. Benedek replied that they would not be able to fight on the following day. The Fifth Prussian Corps was the first to oppose on the 28th and 29th by the Corps of the Archduke Leopold and General Festetics. The Austrians were defeated with considerable loss with much greater line than on the 27th. The Austrian Corps under General Leichtenstein was completely broken up. Here innumerable prisoners, 59 guns, five colors, and two standards belonging to the Corps of Count Leichtenstein, fell into the hands of the Prussian troops."

On the 29th the Prussians stormed the town of Gitschin, and compelled the Austrians to fall back to Josephstadt and Koniggratz. They subsequently effected a junction of the two Prussian armies, against which Benedek concentrated his forces, and the Austrian army was driven. Four days afterward, on the 3d of July, a great and decisive battle was fought at Sadowa, in which the Austrians were totally defeated, losing no less than 14,000 prisoners. Besides the loss in men, the American loss was estimated at 40,000 men. Austria, after this crushing defeat, agreed to the terms of Napoleon and Emperor of France, during his mediation. Napoleon at once communicated with the belligerents and proposed an armistice. The terms of Italy and Prussia to this proposition have not yet been received.

The London *Times* of July 23 has the news of the battle at Sadowa, written as follows: "The war in Bohemia is awful work. The Austrians, we are told, lost 15,000 men in their various encounters with the army under the Crown Prince of Prussia; they had 20,000 more for combat in their vain attempts to arrest the progress of the army under Prince Frederic Charles—altogether 40,000 men in five days. The prisoners are computed at 20,000, and the guns at 100. Whole regiments, whole battalions have been annihilated; whole corps—the Clam-Gallas, the Festetics, and the Saxon corps—have been the Kaiser Franz—are so utterly broken up as to be unable to make a stand for some time. Benedek's army has fallen back behind the Elbe, taking up its position between the towns of Josephstadt and Koniggratz, greatly disheartened and disorganized, according to the accounts of the prisoners and the fugitives from inside. The desertion of Italian soldiers from the Austrian ranks is on the increase."

ENGLAND.

The new minister under Lord Derby's new ministry, which is constituted as follows:

Premier—Lord Derby.
Chancellor of the Exchequer—Mr. Disraeli.
Foreign Secretary—Lord Stanley.
Home Secretary—Mr. Walpole.
Colonial Secretary—Lord Carnarvon.
Secretary for War—Lord Cranborne.
Secretary of War—General Peel.
First Lord of the Admiralty—Sir John Pakington.
President of the Council—Duke of Buckingham
Privy Seal—Lord Malmesbury.
Lord Chancellor—Lord Chelmsford.
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—Earl of Abercorn.
President of the Board of Trade—Sir Stafford Northcote.
President of Poor Law Board—Mr. Hardy.
The Princess Helena was married on the 5th instant.

SPAIN.

The late insurrection in Madrid was unusually extensive and sanguinary. The soldiers massacred their officers, and distributed arms to the people, who threw up barricades. Several officers of high rank were executed.—many of a lower grade were killed. There was artillery firing in the streets for several hours. Five killed and wounded are said to have amounted to 100 or 200. The insurrection was put down by prompt energetic, and the shooting of the leaders in the insurrection. Thirty of the insurgent officers were shot and their graves dug, and thirty or forty more, including some of the non-entries of the privates to follow. The Progressive papers have been suppressed.



GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE.—THE POST-OFFICE AND SURROUNDING RUINS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY M. F. KING, PORTLAND, MAINE.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE.—RUINS OF THE CITY HALL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY M. F. KING.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



GENERAL DELLA MARMORA.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

FREDERIC WILLIAM NICHOLAS CHARLES, the Crown Prince and heir-apparent to the throne of Prussia, is the son of King WILLIAM I., who ascended the throne in 1861, succeeding his insane brother FREDERIC WILLIAM IV. The present King was born in 1797, and is consequently 69 years old. The Crown Prince is 35 years old, having been born in 1831. At the age of 17 he was sent to the University of Bonn. His University career being ended, he was recalled to Berlin and commenced his military career as a private in the Guards. The Prussian princes must serve from the pike up. He soon received the command of a company. After a while he was sent on his travels, and spent some time in Italy. Going to England, he married the Princess Royal in 1858. About this time King FREDERIC WILLIAM having become incapacitated, the father of the Crown Prince became Regent. As Lieutenant-General and Commander of the Second Army Corps, the Crown Prince made the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, but was not engaged in any action. He, however, shared in all the hardships of his troops during that winter campaign, and achieved in consequence a great popularity with his troops, and acquired the reputation of being an accomplished soldier. Upon the conclusion of this war he returned to his post as Stadtholder of Pomerania. When the present war was determined upon he was appointed General and Governor of Silesia, and commander of the Second Army Corps.

ITALIAN GENERALS.

WE give on this page portraits of the principal Italian Generals belonging to the army under the more immediate supervision of King VICTOR EMANUEL.

General DURANDO commands the First Corps, which did the fighting at the battle of Custozza. This army corps is composed of the first division, commanded by the Piedmontese General CERALE; of the second, by General PIANELLE, a Neapolitan, of great military skill, and the last Minister of War of FRANCIS II. The third division is commanded by General BRIGNONE (head-quarters at Castiglione della Stiviere). BRIGNONE is a member of the Italian Parliament, and has the well-deserved reputation of being one of the ablest Generals in this army. The fourth division is under the leadership of a famous Garibaldian General—Medici, because he was a Roman Catholic priest, and still more so for the courage he displayed in the defense of Venice in 1848–49, and in the Neapolitan campaign of 1860. DURANDO was a comrade of CIALDINI in Portugal and Spain.

The Second Corps is commanded by General CUCCHIARI, whose portrait is not given.

General DELLA ROCCA commands the Third Corps. He is a man of great military and scientific talents. Four divisions belong to this army corps: The seventh, under the command of BIXIO, the well-known and audacious General of GARIBALDI; the eighth, under General CUGIA, formerly Minister of the Marine in MINGHETTI's Cabinet; the ninth, under GOVONE, the able General who was the negotiator of the Prussian-Italian treaty at Berlin; and the sixteenth and last division, under the leadership of Prince HUMBERT of Savoy, the eldest son of VICTOR EMANUEL.

The strongest and most powerful Corps of all is the Fourth, under the command of CIALDINI. This corps seems destined to accomplish great deeds, and it may be almost considered as an independent one. CIALDINI is to the regular army what GARIBALDI is to the volunteers. General PROLA, a very able officer indeed, acts as CIALDINI's chief of the staff; while Prince COLONNA, Count MOSTI D'ESTE, Count SERBISTORI, Count MICHEL, and Count BORROMEO—five of the most illustrious noblemen of Italy—are among his staff-officers and aids-de-camp. Five divisions, and perhaps the most brilliant, form this corps. They are the eleventh, under General Count CASANOVA; the twelfth, commanded by General RICOTTI, undoubtedly one of the most distinguished artillery generals of Europe; the thirteenth, under General MEZZACAPO, a Neapolitan; the fourteenth, under General CHIABRERA; the fifteenth, under MEDICI, a Garibaldian General of great repute. General Count MAURICE DE SONNAZ, the hero of Montebello, commands the reserve of cavalry, and General MATTEI that of the artillery.

The following detailed sketch of General DELLA MARMORA, VICTOR EMANUEL's chief of staff, is from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 27:

"ALPHONSE FERRERO DELLA MARMORA, whose family belongs to the Piedmontese branch of the ACCIAJOLI of Florence, is the youngest but one of the sixteen children of the Marquis CELESTIN DELLA MARMORA, whose wife was a Mdlle. DE BEREZE. He was born in November, 1804, and is now in his sixty-second year. At twelve years of age, an orphan, he entered the military school of Turin, left it in 1823 as commissioned officer in the artillery; in 1831 he became Captain, and soon afterward Major, and from that time began zealously to work in the remodeling and reconstruction of the branch of the service to which he belonged. He visited most of the European and other military schools, and returned to Piedmont to give a decisive and profitable impulse to reform in the Sardinian army. In 1848 he proved himself an able and trust-worthy officer. CHARLES ALBERT dispatched him to Venice in order to support MANIN, but between the latter and LA MARMORA there was but small cordiality and confidence, and the Sardinian soldier was recalled to command a division under DURANDO, and was replaced at Venice by General PEPE. On the heights of Pastrengo, April 2, 1848, he attacked very unexpectedly the Austrian rear-guard, and by this happy stroke enabled the Piedmontese to recover themselves. This latter feat brought him some favor with CHARLES ALBERT, who up to that time had been rather bored, and even irritated, by the unremitting exertions of this military reformer. After the reverses of the Piedmontese arms the revulsion of feeling at Milan raised by an excitable populace was very great. The King's person was in danger; he was, as it were, a prisoner in the Palazzo Greppi, and it is not too much to say that the agitation was chiefly conquered by the faithful and resolute courage displayed on that occasion by LA MARMORA. He was immediately made Brigadier-General and chief of the staff under CHIZZANOWSKI, who was then under the King and commanded the army.

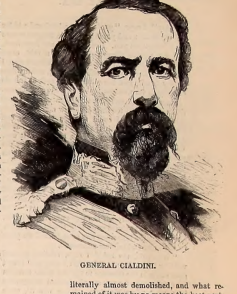
"LA MARMORA soon resigned, and while on a mission in Tuscany received intelligence of the disasters in Lombardy, with orders to return instantly. He arrived too late to witness Novaro. The abdication of CHARLES ALBERT quickly followed, and as soon as VICTOR EMANUEL succeeded he made LA MARMORA Lieutenant-General and Minister of the War Department. The latter post he had already twice filled, the first time for about three weeks, the second for about as many days; and now he saw before him a task which nature had qualified him to perform well. The army was literally almost demolished, and what remained of it was by no means the best part. It was necessary to purge it of all that swarm of refugees who, poor, discontented, and in debt, resorted to the army from the least creditable of motives. The Hungarian, Polish, and French soldiers formed an extremely explosive and untrustworthy element, and in time of peace demoralized the regular troops not a little. 'Discipline was lax, and habits of irregularity, insubordination, and a great confusion of ideas on the subject of property prevailed; the men were ill clothed, ill armed, and there was little money with which to mend matters. All this did not deter LA MARMORA; he performed his work with a severity, resolution, and industry which was expected from him, but also with a patience and caution in giving needless offence which had hardly been hoped for. As soon as Piedmont embarked in the Crimean war LA MARMORA enjoyed the legitimate fruits of his labor. He resigned his port-folio and received the command of the contingent forces. His services at that period will to recent in the public mind, as also his exploits, which were not less considerable, in 1859. It is somewhat suggestive that LA MARMORA was in 1861 charged with a special mission to Berlin as embassador extraordinary, and was immediately afterward selected to notify the proclamation of VICTOR EMANUEL as King of Italy to the Court of the CZAR. He afterward took the command of the 2d corps of the army, but he and General FANTI could not come to an amicable understanding on military matters, and LA MARMORA abruptly resigned. It was not without much difficulty that he was prevailed on to become Prefect of Naples, the population of which was at that time in a state of transition so-called, but in reality utter disorder, anarchy, and reactionary conspiracies. His best friends do not accuse him of a too suave, easy, and politic temper: it can not be said that he was successful in this office, and to judge by results his two years there were a distinct failure. The camp and the barracks, not the town, are the proper field for his capabilities. He assisted in the repression of the riots in September, 1864, which arose on account of the change of capital to Florence, and has since then generally held a place in the Italian Cabinet. He has now once more resigned his post to follow his king to battle. He is understood to be a sincere admirer of LOUIS NAPOLEON, to whom his appointment was ascertained to be acceptable. M. RICASOLI, who replaces him in the Ministry, is supposed to have more English tendencies. In person General MARMORA is tall and slight, remarkably florid for an Italian in complexion.



GENERAL DURANDO.



CROWN PRINCE FREDERIC WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.



GENERAL CIALDINI.



GENERAL DELLA ROCCA.

FAR AT SEA.

I.

"AH!" I says, "you've been a hard and a bitter mother to me; and yet it goes again the grit to turn one's back upon you. I've toiled on, and lived hard, and yet you've always showed me a cold, cruel face;" and as I said that, feeling quite heart-sick, I leans my elbows on the side o' the ship, and my chin on my hands, and has a long, long look at the old country as we was leaving—perhaps to see no more.

I looked round, and there stood plenty, tearful-eyed and sad, with all the lines of sorrow marked in their foreheads, while I could see lips trembling and breasts working with the pain they could hardly keep down. And then I don't know how it was, but it seemed to me that we thought together the same sad things, and that I knew their thoughts and they knew mine. There was all the old life—plain as could be; and then came the long, long struggle with sickness, and death, and want; and I knew that people said such poor folk should not marry, and many another bitter word, as if it was wrongful to love and try to be happy. The wind whistled through the ropes above our heads, and the clouds seemed gathering, too, in sorrow for though the bitterness was gone I could see plenty of sorrow and sadness all round.

"Won't do, my lad!" I says, rousing up, and wetting both hands as if I meant work; and then I goes down in the steerage to try and make things a bit comfortable, for you see all the poor fellows had to put up with a miserable state. Some was ill, some down-hearted, some drunk and foolish, some drunk and noisy, some drunk and quarrelsome, and there was children crying, and women scolding, and altogether it was any thing but a cheering prospect for the night—for, as you may say, we were "locked down into shape yet.

"Good time coming!" says I, cheerily, and having my own notions of my own, I set to to help them as had. I got hold of a young shaver—about two and a half, I should think—and he was a-letting go right away, as if he'd got all the troubles in the world in his precious young head. But he soon turned quiet, playing with my knife, and all at once I finds as he'd made a hammock o' me, and had gone off as sound as a church. During the next three days its mother was very ill, poor thing, and I had to regularly mind the little one; and I did, too.

Well, 'tisn't a very pleasant life in the steerage of an emigrant ship bound for New Zealand, 'specially if the weather's a bit rough; and we was in for it. For the next morning, when I went on deck, there was a stiff breeze blowing, the ship heeling over; and as I thought the night before as it was, there was nothing in sight but waves all round. One sailor did point to something which he said was home, but I couldn't have been a cloud.

The fourth night had come, and as I lay in my berth listening to the "wash, wash" of the water past the side of the ship, the creaking and groaning of the timbers, and every now and then the heavy bump of a wave against the side, I considered to myself that what the ship was that between us and death; and somehow or other the serious thoughts that came kept me wide awake.

It was two bells, I think they call it—for they don't count time as we do ashore—when all at once I could hear as there was a great bustle on the deck, where all through the watches of the night every thing is mostly very quiet. Then there came a good deal of trampling about and running to and fro; and I got out of my berth, slips on one or two things, and goes cautiously up the ladder and gets my head above the hatchway, and then in a moment I saw what was up, and it gave me such a shock that I nearly let go my hold and fell back into the steerage. There was a thick cloud of smoke issuing out from between the hatches, right in the centre of the ship; and almost before I could thoroughly realize it all, or make myself believe as it was true, a woman ran shrieking along the deck in her night-dress, and calling out those fearful words as heard ship:

"*Fire! fire! fire!*"

Hundreds of miles from land, standing on a few inches-deep pieces of wood, and then burning beneath your feet.

I couldn't help it: all my bitter feelings of being ill-used came back, and I says to myself:

"Your usual luck, mate; wouldn't be you if you weren't unfortunate. But never mind; you have your choice—fire or water." And then I thought of the danger, and I catches hold of a shroud to jump in the chest, and rolling up my sleeves, and goes up to the captain as was busy giving his orders.

"What shall I do?" I says.

"Pump!" he shouts; "and fetch a dozen more up!"

Lord bless you! I had 'em up in no time from among the young women; and I found plenty to get the women and children up on deck in the poop, which was furthest from the hatches, where the smoke kept pouring out; besides which the wind took it away from them.

There was plenty of shrieking and screaming at first; but they had got the right man to the right place when they chose that captain, for he runs to the poop, where all the shivering things was a-standing, some with a few words to keep them. Then he runs to the men as was scuffling about, here, there, and every where, and gets them all together; and then at last he gets a line of buckets with buckets, a lot more at the pumps, and some more at the little engine as was there; and then, when all was ready, and every man standing at his post, he goes with some more to the hatches and drags up a couple, when up rose a regular pillar of fire and smoke, with a murky, quiet movement, and in a moment every face was lit up, and there was quite a glare spreading far out to sea. Sails, cordage, masts, every thing seemed turned into gold. For a moment I couldn't help forgetting the danger, and thinking what a beautiful sight it was; and directly after there was a regular ringing cheer, the engine and pumps went "clang-chang," and the water was poured into the burning hold from bucket and engine-nozzle.

How the water hissed and sputtered! while volumes of smoke and steam rushed up where it had been all flame but a moment before, and as we saw this we cheered; but we'd nothing to cheer for; it was only the fire gathering strength; and then, as though laughing at the water we poured in, it came dashing, and crawling, and running up, licking the edges of the hatchway, and setting on fire the tarpaulins at the sides, and then it began to shoot and leap up as if to catch at the cordage and sails.

"Pour it in, my lads," says the captain.

"Don't be afraid; we sha'n't run short of water, like they do at your London fires."

"No," says a chap on deck; "and there ain't no running away into the next street."

Then I saw the captain run to the man at the wheel, and he changed the course of the ship, so that all the smoke and flame went over the side; and then at it we went, sending in the water as fast as regular splash as far as I could every time; and the captain nodded at me every now and then, and, "Well done!" he says, when it was him as ought to have had the praise.

It was like locking down into the mouth of a furnace; and, as far as I could see, the fire had got well have been playing with a couple of loy's squirts; but I knew enough of duty to feel what I ought to do; and though I'd been a-fighting the hose aside the wife to comfort her, my thoughts was then start a pouring in that there water till I couldn't do it no longer; and the more I did, the more no good, the more I warmed up—obstinate like—and meant to try; for I didn't see any fun in being beaten off by a few flames and sparks when I'd got such a lot on 'em and then from the captain went right through me, and in went the water.

All at once a lot of the sailors stops pumping, and one shouts out:

"Ain't no good, mates. Boats out!"

But he hadn't hardly said it before I saw the captain dart back; and then there was a bright light as the copper branch of the hose-pipe flashed through the air, and then down it went, and I got hold of it and struck it right off him by the scruff of the neck and strap of his trowsers, and afore he knew where he was I had him by the collar, and was a-shoving him where the flames were pouring up, and so close, too, that he could feel the scorching; and then—I ain't much given to swearing, 'specially before such-like thing fierce, that if he didn't work I'd hurt him in.

Lord, you should have heard what a shriek there was as the fellow struggled and fought to get away, and then I put him a little nearer; when he begged and prayed to be put down, and he'd work till he dropped; and the captain—I believe as he'd bolted off into the cabin, but now rushed out again with a revolver in each hand.

"Well done, my man," he shouts to me, for he saw what I did; and then he gives me one of the pistols, and swore like fury the first man as disobeyed, and I'm blessed if I didn't believe he would, if they'd have tried it; but they didn't, but began pumping away like mad, and I went back to mine, and instead of a quiet crawling flame now there was a regular roar, and the wind set toward the great fiery tongues, which leaped up higher.

"Stick to it, my man," says the captain, in a low voice. "It's our only chance."

"Ain't I wouldn't give much for it, Sir," I says, in the same tone.

"Hush!" he says; and then to the men, "Pump away, my lads!"

They pumped away hearty enough, and kept trying on a cheer; but it soon could be seen with half an eye that the fire was gaining. Presently it burst up, and, almost before you knew it, the rigging was on fire, and the tongues like leaping from rope to rope, till the heat was terrific. Presently I looks up to the mainmast-head, and little fiery drops of burning tar kept falling on to the deck, or issuing into the sea; while just above my head into the night sky, the great flaky sparks went flying along, for all the world like a beautiful golden snow-storm.

"There," says the captain, throwing down the copper branch with which he had played on the fire, and shaking his fist right in the flames, so that they seemed to dance with it, "there," he says, savagely, "I've fought it out with you, and you've beat! Now for the long-boat."

And then, quietly and coolly, he had one boat lowered down, with the first mate in and a crew of sailors, and the shrieking women and children lowered in, while the quiet ones he kept back. Then there was a water-cask and a lot of biscuit-bags thrown in, and that boat, well loaded, pushed off on the calm sea, and lay to, watching us. Then the second mate was ordered into the second boat, with a crew of sailors; water and bags of biscuit were thrust in; and then, well loaded with women and children, and one or two of the men passengers, that was carefully lowered down, unhooked, and pushed off.

The other two boats were not swung over the sides, but lay between the masts of the ship, right in the middle of the deck, and were full of stores and odd things, and the rest of the way; but the captain and men left soon had tackling fastened to the boat that was right in front of the fire, and it was hauled up, swung over the side, and lowered in a couple of men in, and they rowed it back to the hinder part of the ship, while we who had been thumping it down with regular dash through the flames, which now extended nearly across the deck. One man, however, did not dare come through, but plunged overboard and swam after the boat till he was took in.

"Now then," said the captain; and the rest of the women were hauled down.

I did not mean to go as long as I could help the captain; and then half a dozen of the men passengers were hooked down, and they were just going to shove off, when I shouts out:

"Stop!" and the captain turns round angrily at me; and I says, "Any more in wife?"

Sure enough they had none, and a little cask that stood on the deck was being down, and they were going to shove off, when I heard a shriek as I went through and through me, and saw a bright glare; the man at the rudder leaned over, while at the same moment there was a rent and a flash as fearful light, and the great mainmast blazing from top to bottom, and covered with rope and tar and pitch, flaring over toward where the boat lay, for the fire had been eating into it below deck for long enough. It was a fearful sight, and I felt as though my eyes of some great sheet of lightning, as in the midst of a wild and fearful cry it fell right toward the boat.

II.

THAT was a fearful moment, that was, and we held our breath with terror; and I—I could not help it—I covered my face with my hands, and would not look, till I heard a loud cheer, and saw the boat safely floating within a very few yards of the halfextinct mast as had narrowly missed falling upon the little haven of safety.

And now they were going to get the last boat out, and the three others lay off at a little distance, while above the hoarse orders of the captain there was the crackling and roar of the flames, now leaping up at a fearful rate, and as it was a splendid night, in spite of the horror; for every now and then pieces of the copper wire rope used in the rigging forgetting he caught fire, and went with a most beautiful blue light, brighter than in any fire-work I ever saw; while now the foremast had taken fire, and the flames were leaping from it to the bowsprit, and then running and glowing into the sea, to send up little columns of hissing steam. The whole of the centre of the ship was now one mass of the flames rose prodigiously, floating off, and flashing amidst the clouds of smoke; while far away, still lightly tilted and quiet stood the gallant ship, now evidently among fire and smoke, and darting far on high, in the most beautiful way imaginable.

I think I forget before how the tremendous heat caused a regular draught to set toward the fire, so that as you were almost scorched before, the wind came with such force from behind; but this, as it made the flames roar again, and burn more fiercely than ever! It was a sickening sight; for every now and then, as the ship lunged, the tongues would keep lapping at and threatening us, and then dancing and licking every thing up, as if in devilish joy at their success, and wanting us poor sinners, too.

It was a horrible sight, and though I didn't show it, yet I could feel my heart sink every time I was idle for a few moments, when I went at it again like a savage. "I don't go down without a struggle, my boy!" I says. I don't know—I *think* I prayed earnestly in my heart then, and though I would gladly have been with the rest of the crew in the other boat, yet I couldn't feel as it was suited with a fellow's duty to leave such a man as that captain had showed himself all in the time of danger and trouble.

"Bo a man, too, Phil;" and I did try to, any how.

All at once the flames seemed to veer round, and began blowing toward us, while the position of the boats was changed; and I couldn't understand it, till I saw the captain from helping to get the last boat—the one as was on the deck close to the mizzenmast—over the side; and then I found it was the man had left the steering-wheel, and had run up toward the boat.

"Back!" I heard the captain say; "back, or I'll fire!"

"Fire away, cap," says the man, sulkily; "one may just as well die by fire one way as another, and it won't stand to be burnt by the flames darned

the breeze; and at length, panting and exhausted, he hung on motionless, and said we must risk it now.

Then we were both silent, and watched the boats never further away from us, and the blazing ship seeming to be the centre of a glorious ring of light, on the outside of which like sparks we all lay waiting for the end we knew was soon to come. Every where else was dark as pitch, not even a star to be seen, while the waves just rose and curled a little over as they washed against our raft.

For a good piece the silence was as deep as the darkness, and then the captain was the first to break it in quite a cheerful voice:

"Can you lay your hand on the rope?" he says; and I pushed to him, and then I could hear him in the dark busily at work tying and fastening; and at last he says: "Now crawl on again; it will bear you better;" and faint and weakly I managed to crawl on and lay with my legs in the water and my head on the bag of biscuit; and directly after I felt him come to me, and we took hold of hands and lay there in the deep darkness while he said that prayer out aloud in such a soft, deep voice—that prayer as we first learned kneeling down years ago by our mother's knee. When he came to "Deliver us from evil" he stopped short; and soon, worn out there in the great ocean, floating on a few pieces of wood, we both felt in Whose hands we were, and slept till the warm bright sun shone upon us and told us that another day was here.

The first thing the captain did was to stand up and look round, and then he said he could see only one boat; but he hoisted up one of the pieces of wood and wedged it in the coop with a handkerchief flying at the top, after which we made a hearty meal of the biscuit, raw bacon, and water. After this the captain got one of the coops on the other, and by bobbing and lashing he made a much safer and better raft, so that we could keep our biscuit and bacon out of the water and sit dry ourselves.

And so we lay all that day till toward evening, when we found that the boat was coming toward us, and just at dusk it was within hail; and if ever I'd felt hopeful or cyeful before in my life, it was then. They had no room for us, but they took us in tow, and the weather keeping calm, we all roved and worked in turns, steering according to the proper direction for the nearest land; for when our turn came we two went into the boat, and two others came out on to the raft, and so we took on for days, when one morning there was a joyful cry:

"A sail! a sail!"

And it was, too, within a mile of us, plainer and plainer as that glorious sun rose; and then some laughed, some cried, and one or two seemed half mad with joy, for after a while she ran down toward us, picked us up, and proved to be a British man-of-war, homeward bound.

In seven week I was back in the port I left without clothes, without money, but with as good and true a friend in Captain Ellis as ever walked. I had life, and with it came hope; and somehow since then things have prospered with me in the old country—the old home that I once left to go far at sea.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER X.

I THINK it will not do to follow the three children to Chestnut Hill on this occasion—another day, perhaps; but really the season is running on so fast a rate that it is more than time our readers were in the ground.

It was so late when Sam got home that night that Mrs. May would not let the children sit up to table a bit, but sent them all off to bed at once; and even the watering-pots were left but up till morning. But as soon as the birds were fairly astir, and the sunbeams gleaming across the brown fields and wind-frisked, the house, too, was filled with a little hum of business and pleasure. Not too quiet a hum either; for it does now and then happen that wide-awake children disturb other people's slumbers; and Lily and Clover and Primrose ran about the hall, and laughed and talked and sang, in happy unconsciousness that there was such a thing as sleep in the whole world. It was a pleasant disturbance after all; Mrs. May found no fault with it at all mines; and though the door stood open into the breakfast-room, where Sam sat with his books, nobody got up to shut it. Indeed, you could even see upon the student's face now and then a smile which was certainly called forth by no treatise on astronomy that ever was printed.

Jack was on the hall, helping the confusion, and making himself, as Lily said, "generally useless;" though, indeed, there was little to do but unpack the watering-pots and scatter the garden-seeds about in every direction.

"So you had a grand time yesterday?" said Jack, looking critically with one eye through the long nose of Clover's watering-pot.

"Splendid!" said Lily. "Only I wish we had gone there before we sent for our seeds, then we could have got something worth while—air-plants and things."

"But those air-plants wouldn't grow in our gardens," said Clover.

"Yes, they would; they *must* like fresh air, child. The wonder is, how they can live in that close place. It almost smothered me."

"I didn't mind it," said Clover, "it was so very interesting. I suppose that was meant for the natural climate of the plants."

"I'm sure I don't know what it was meant for, but I know it was suffocating," said Lily. "Jack, just think—Maria Jarvis's sister has a gold bracelet made just like a snake, with green enamel scales and two diamond eyes."

"Has she, indeed?" said Jack. "Ha!"

"Yes," said Lily, "and you needn't say 'ha!' either, for you never saw any thing so splendid."

"Haven't I, though?" said Jack. "Why, I've seen the real thing."

"What's the real thing?" said Lily, slightly offended.

"You just tell Maria Jarvis, with my compliments," said Jack, screwing up his eyes as before, "that next summer you'll beat her sister all to nothing; for you'll have real snakes in your garden."

"Jack! how horrid!" said Lily. "What do you mean?"

"Yes, put down my watering-pot, and talk and look like a rational boy," said Clover. "What *do* you mean?"

"Just that," said Jack, coolly. "Real snakes, with real scales, and shining eyes, and a tongue that'll run out and in at you so—!" And Jack made his little mouth very small, and drew about in a way that was very unruly indeed. The three children stood aghast!

"Jack, there'll be earth-worms," continued Jack, seeing the impression he had made; "long, slimy, wriggling red things, coming right up out of the ground before you know where you are. And it's no sort of use to cut 'em in two with your spade, for each piece just grows out into a new earth-worm, and so you only have more to manage."

There was another minute of dismayed silence, and then Primrose darted away up stairs to her mother.

"Jack," said Clover, "you ought not to frighten Primrose. She's such a little thing! and you know she can't bear even the sight of a caterpillar."

"She'd better quit gardening, then, before she begins," said Jack, decisively. "I say, Clover, how much did you give a yard for the nose of this watering-pot?"

"Oh, here's mamma!" said Lily. "Mamma, I was only telling Jack about Sarah Jarvis's beautiful bracelet—made *just* like a snake, mamma, with scales and all."

"I am glad it is not mine," said Mrs. May, with a slight shiver. "And was Jack quite lost in admiration?"

"No, indeed, mamma," said Clover; "but he told us some very unpleasant things about what we should have in our gardens if we cultivated."

"Snakes, mamma!" said little Primrose, clasping her mother's hand, and looking up appealingly. "And other horrors!"

"They are not very pretty things, certainly, to my eyes," said Mrs. May, with a smile, as she sat down and took the little girl on her lap; "but to a robin, Prim, the earth-worms are extremely attractive—quite as much so as oysters are to you! And I shall leave it to you to say, when in your garden, will be to eat up a leaf now and then. You can bear that, I hope?"

"Mamma," said Prim, with a long sigh; "but I didn't want to have any thing in my garden that wasn't beautiful."

"Beautiful they are, in one sense," said her mother, "with the beauty of perfect fitness for their place—the wonderful make and adjusting of every part."

"And the snakes, mamma?" said Prim.

"They have their own perfection and finish, like every one of God's creatures," said Mrs. May, "and they have often, too, great beauty of color. Still, I do not like snakes, Prim, I must confess, but I would much rather see a real one than wear such a snake bracelet on my arm, if that is any comfort."

"Mamma, mamma!" said Lily.

"Jack, what have you been telling these children?" said his mother.

"A little possible truth, mamma—slightly highcolored."

"Ah, please to tell them nothing but positive truth for the future; and remember, young eyes are not skilled in colors."

"I don't believe there'll be a snake seen in your garden all summer," said Jack, with his mouth full of breakfast-room; "and if there is, I'll show you how fast he can run!"

"Oh, have they got feet?" said Primrose.

"You'll see, if one comes," said her brother. "And then we can study it all out, and learn how a snake can do without feet, and all about it; and you'll see why, Prim, they're ten times as curious as your Chinese puzzle. I dare say we shall see some of 'em to-day, for I mean to begin digging this very morning."

"In our gardens?" cried Lily.

"To be sure. I've tried the ground, and it will work."

There was nothing to do after that but dispatch breakfast as soon as possible, to be ready for digging; and all disturbed thoughts were brushed away. Sam went off to the tool-house and came back with a great spade on his shoulder nearly as big as the three little spades put together, and Lily followed, dragging a rake of corresponding size.

"Why *don't* you take our tools, Sam," she said, "and not these great ugly things? These aren't pleasant."

"Yes, and suppose I came against a stone and broke one of them," said Sam, "how pleasant *that* would be! I don't know what's in this ground yet; I haven't proved it."

And Sam threw off his coat as if he meant the spading should be an earnest one.

"You'll catch cold," said Clover.

"Not I! What with exploring the ground, and giving you a lecture on digging, I shall be warm enough. But where am I to begin?"

"I think you had better begin with mine," said Lily, promptly. "It's the largest, you know, and so you can give us a good long lecture."

Sam laughed a little, and shook his head.

"It's high time your garden was dug, Lily," he said; "that hedge wants planting badly!"

But he strode away down the hill toward Lily's patch as he spoke, with his spade on his shoulder, and the young ones trooped after him. Jack mounted the fence, and the others stood here and there on the gravel-walk to look on. Jack, and Sam began his work and his lecture together.

"The object of digging the ground, young ladies," he said, "is to bring it all to a fine, soft state, free from lumps and hard places, so that the light and air can make their way down into it, and the smallest roots of your plants can wander just which way they like best."

"Do roots wander?" said Clover.

"They're the greatest travelers *I* know, for their size," said Sam; "finding their way all about, after water, and food, and whatever else the pretty plant above ground may need. But then you must give 'em a fair chance, you know, to go its own road."

"What queer things you do talk!" said Lily.

"All true," said her brother, measuring off the little patch and dividing it carefully in two. "Some of the fortunes, like to grow straight down into the ground; these are called tap-roots. And unless the ground is dug very deep, they have a poor time of it. The tap-root sets off on its travels and presently comes to a stone; well, it either crooks round the stone, or else it forks and goes both sides of it. Or it wrought hard and tried, and the beauty is gone. I have seen radishes that were shaped as much like a breakfast-fork as any thing. The poor root wanders again, and by and by meets a great clod of unbroken earth, and then is gives up, discouraged. No use to try any further, no use to think of growing any more; it just stands still till the end of the season, and comes out of the ground at last a little, ugly, crooked thing, and good for nothing. Just because the ground was not half dug."

"I guess ours will be dug!" said Prim.

"Sam, what do you divide the patch so for?" said Lily.

"I will tell you presently," said Sam, going on with his measuring. "Then other roots are fibrous, like a bunch of little delicate threads; and they like to dig about, near the surface but out of sight; and if you wall them in with stones or hard ground the plant will be sickly and miserable all its life, or else die outright. And as Prim would if I should put her in a cage and never let her stir more than three inches from home."

Prim nestled herself about as if the very idea was uncomfortable.

"I'd like to dig too," she said.

"And so you shall," said her brother. "I'll go over the three gardens first, to break up the ground once thoroughly, and then whoever likes may dig it after me. And now to begin."

THE ROSE AND THE TOMB.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

"SWEET flower of love, gayly garden and field adorning,
What mak'st thou of those dewy tears of morning
That on thy glistening leaves repose?"
So spake the Tomb, and thus replied the Rose:
"What should they be, but sweet-weeping Tomb!
Of all that falls into thy gulf of gloom?
I of these tears can fabricate a scent
Of sweetest odors all together blent;
But *thou*"—" Reproach me not, O plaintive Flower!
But learn that, by a deep mysterious power,
The forms which hastening to my charge are given,
I change to glorious angels, meet for Heaven."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

BEING "BACK."—Sheet trousers.

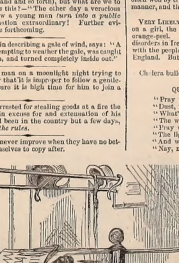
MAGNETISM.—We do not believe in spiritualism or magic (except a delight in hard and so forth), but what are we to say to a fact such as this?—"The other day a vexatious witness *attended* on a young man *turn into a public house*."—Transformation extraordinary! Further evidence will shortly be forthcoming.

An Illinois chap, in describing a gale of wind, says: "A whizzing, while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with his mouth open, and turned completely inside out."

When you see a man on a moonlight night trying to convince his shadow that it is impolite to follow a gentleman, you may be sure it is high time for him to join a temperance society.

A man who was arrested for stealing goods at a fire the other day, pleaded in excuse for and extenuation of his conduct, that he had been in the country but a few days, and *hadn't learned the rules*.

MODELS.—People never improve when they have no better model than themselves to copy after.



MAKING THEM LOOK SHEEPISH.

WAITER (*shouting down Pipe*). "Now then, who are them Pease coming for these two Lambs?"

RATHER PRETTY.

A pretty little maiden had a pretty little dream,
A pretty little wedding was the pretty little theme,
A pretty little bachelor to win her fower tried,
And asked her how she'd like to be his pretty little bride.

With some pretty little blushes, and a pretty little sigh,
And some pretty little glances from the pretty little eye,
With a pretty little face bedined a pretty little fan,
She smiled on the proposals of this pretty little man.

Some pretty little "terms," and some pretty little "dears,"
Some pretty little smiles, and some pretty little tears,
Some pretty little promises, and some pretty little kiss,
Were the pretty little troubles to some pretty little bliss.

This pretty little lady and her pretty little spark
Met the pretty little parson and his pretty little clerk;
A pretty little wedding-ring united them for life,
A pretty little husband and a pretty little wife.

The husband of a pious woman having occasion to make a voyage, his wife sent a written request to the minister of the parish; but instead of spelling and pronouncing properly, viz.: "A person having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation," she spelled and printed it as follows: "A person, having gone to sea his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

Different sounds travel with different degrees of velocity. A salt fur dinner will run over a ten-acre lot in a minute and a half, while a summons to work will take from five to ten minutes.

A quaint writer says: "I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride for fear the horse running away; afraid to sail, for fear the boat might upset; afraid to walk, for fear the day might be hot; but I never saw one afraid to be married, which is far more fearful than all the others put together."

The best case of indigestion is related in one of our exchanges. It is that of a man who had eaten his wife. He was to say that, in writing his name, he simply used the letter "I," and that proved a bone to choke him.

RECIPE FOR CHOOSING A GOOD WIFE.

As much of beauty as preserves affection,
Of modest diffidence as wards off contempt;
A docile mind subservient to correction,
A temper led by reason and virtuous love,
And every passion kept in due subjection,
And faithful energy to tame and form her action:
Find this, my friend, and then make your selection.

The following is a copy of a bill posted on the wall of a country village: "A lecture on total abstinence will be delivered in the open air, and a collection will be made at the door to defray expenses."

In reasoning, if you wish inferences that will not follow, *draw them*.

Want less than you have, and you will always have more than you want.

EPITAPH ON A MINER.

Beneath this crooked stomp is laid
A widdow and a brider of the trade;
Called J. A. Miner, from Bonkelde;
He lived to manage till he died.
Provoked one day, Death, in a rage,
At fifty stopped the mining race,
With chills and fever made him sick,
Called at the stomp and took his place.

A muscle dignitary of great eminence in t'w order lately left Edinburgh to attend a celebration of the laying of a cornerstone, forgetting the cockade hat. He discerned his omission presently and telegraphed from the first station, "Send me a cockade hat by express immediate." His disgust may be imagined on receiving the next day a parcel containing *cocked hats*, on account of the operators having made a mistake in two of the letters of his message.

A miller, in giving a testimonial to the proprietor of a powder for destroying vermin, certified that it was excellent. A fortnight since I was full of rats, and now I don't think I have one!"

When is a prince not a gudgeon? When it's one pound two—at sixes!

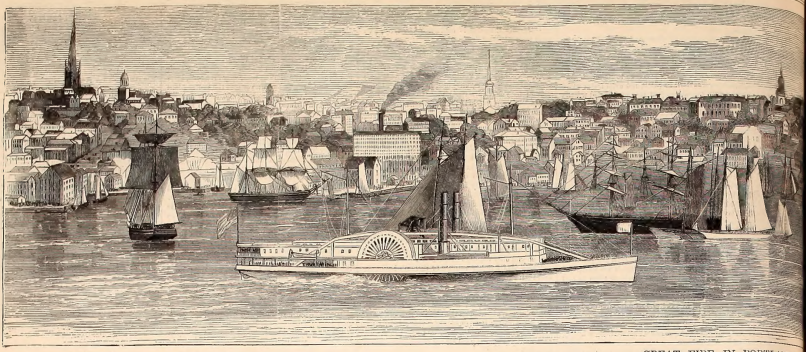
The "heart" is the best card in the chance game of matrimony—sometimes overcome by diamonds and knaves, often won by clubs, and occasionally treated in a shuffling manner, and then cut altogether.

VERY LIKELY.—The *Gordon Sentinel* reports an inquest on a young man who died from the effects of eating orange-peel. The Orange has caused many dangerous disorders in Ireland; and we know the Pats did not peel with the people, in fact it is not confined wholesome in England. But we never expected such fatal effects.

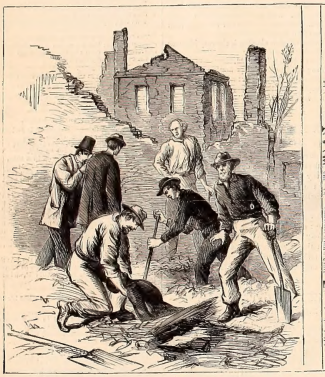
Oh, lera bullets—green apples.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

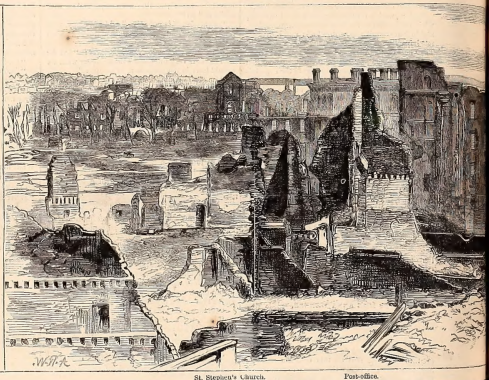
"Pray what is lighter than a feather?"
"Dust, my friend, in direct weather."
"What's lighter than the dust, I pray?"
"The wind which wafts it far away."
"Pray what is lighter than the wind?"
"The lightness of a woman's mind."
"And what is lighter than the lass?"
"Nay, now, my friend, you have me fast."



GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, M

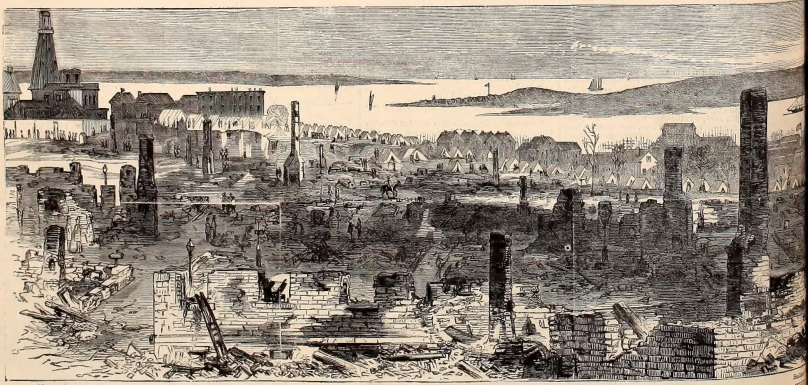


DISCOVERING DEAD BODIES.



St. Stephen's Church. Post-office.

THE RUINS FROM THE JUNCTION OF FORE AND MIDDLE STREETS LO

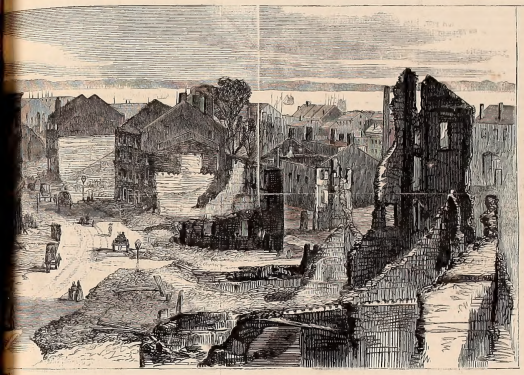


Observatory.

GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE—GENERAL VIEW OF TH



OF THE DISTRICT DESTROYED.



AND THE POST-OFFICE.—[Photographed by B. F. Smith & Son, Portland, Maine.]



WORKING-PARTY IN THE RUINS.



FROM MUNJOY HILL.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See First Page.]

LOTTA SCHMIDT.

On an evening of September, when there was still something left of daylight at eight o'clock, two girls were walking together in the Burgplatz in Vienna, a large open space which lies between the city palace of the Emperor and the gate which passes thence from the old town out to the new town. Here at present stand two bronze equestrian statues, one of the Archduke Charles, and the other of Prince Eugene. And they were standing there also, both of them, when these two girls were walking round them; but that of the Prince had not as yet been uncovered for the public. There was coming a great gala day in the city. Emperors and empresses, archdukes and archduchesses, with their archduchesses and grand-duchesses, and princes and ministers were to be there, and the new statue of Prince Eugene was to be uncovered by the art critics of the world. There was very much thought at Vienna of the statue in those days. Well; since that statue has been submitted to the art critics, and henceforward it will be thought of as little as any other huge bronze figure of a prince on horseback. A very proper prince he is poised in an impossible position on an enormous dray horse. But yet the thing is grand, and Vienna is so far a finer city in that it possesses the new equestrian statue of Eugene.

"There will be such a crowd, Lotta," said the elder of the two girls, "that I will not attempt it. Besides, we shall have plenty of time for seeing it afterward."

"Oh yes," said the younger girl, whose name was Lotta Schmidt; "of course we shall all have enough of the old prince for the rest of our lives; but I should like to see the grand people sitting up there on the benches; and there will be something nice in seeing the cannon fired, and all that kind of small come. Herr Crippel has said that he would bring me, and got me a place."

"I thought, Lotta, you had determined to have nothing more to say to Herr Crippel."

"I don't know what you mean by that. I like Herr Crippel very much, and he plays beautifully. Surely a girl may know a man old enough to be her father without having him thrown in her teeth as her lover."

"Not when the man old enough to be her father has asked her to be his wife twenty times, as Herr Crippel has asked you. Then you ought to have given up his holiday afternoon to you if he thought it was to be for nothing."

"Then I think you are wrong, Marie. I believe Herr Crippel likes to have me with him simply because every gentleman likes to have a lady on such a day as that. Of course it is better to walk there alone. I don't suppose he will say a word to me except to tell me who the people are, and to give me a glass of beer when it is over."

It may be as well to explain at once, before we go any further, that Herr Crippel was a player on the violin, and that he led the music every night in the orchestra of the great beer-hall in the Volksgarten. Let it not be thought that because Herr Crippel exercised his art in a beer-hall therefore he was a musician of no account. No one will think so who has once gone to a Vienna beer-hall and been attracted by such music as is there provided for the visitors.

The two girls, Marie Weber and Lotta Schmidt, belonged to an establishment in which gloves were sold in the Graben, and now, having finished their hard work for the day—and indeed their work for the week, for it was Saturday evening—they were going for such recreation as the evening might afford them.

Marie Weber was elder, and not so tall, and less attractive than her friend; but as her lot in life was fixed, and as she was engaged to marry a cutler of thousands, I will not endeavour to introduce her reader specially in her personal appearance. Lotta Schmidt was essentially a Viennese pretty girl of the spoiled Viennese type. She was not a tall slender, but still had none of that appearance of feminine weakness which is so common among us with girls who are tall and slim. Her face was full, black and very plentiful, and was worn in long curls, which were brought round from the back of her head over her shoulders. Her eyes were dark—very dark blue—and were clear and deep rather than bright. Her nose was well-formed, but somewhat prominent, and made you think at the first glance of the tribes of Israel. But yet no observer of the physiognomy of races would believe for half a moment that Lotta Schmidt was a Jewess. But, overriding every thing in her personal appearance, in her form, countenance, and gait, was that singular fearlessness of independence, as to which we were constantly asserting that she would never submit herself to the inconvenience of feminine softness. And yet Lotta Schmidt was a simple-hearted, true girl's heart, looking forward to find all that she was to have of human happiness in the love of some man, and expecting and hoping to do her duty in life as a married woman and the mother of a family.

When the two girls had walked round and round, hoarding within which stood all those tons of bronze which were intended to represent Prince Eugene, they crossed over the centre of the Burgplatz, and under the other equestrian statue, and came to the gate leading into the Volksgarten. There, just at the entrance, they were overtaken by a man with a fiddle-case under his arm, who raised his hat to them and then shook hands with both of them.

"Lotta," he said, "are you coming in to hear a little music? We will do our best."

"Herr Crippel always does well," said Marie Weber. "There is never any doubt when one comes to hear him."

"Marie, why do you flatter him?" said Lotta.

"I do not say half to his face that you said just now behind his back," said Marie.

"And what did she say of me behind my back?" said Herr Crippel. He smiled as he asked the question, or attempted to smile, but it was easy to see that he was much in earnest. He blushed up to his eyes, and there was a slight trembling motion in his hands as he stood with one of them pressed upon the other.

As Marie did not answer at the moment, Lotta replied for her.

"I will tell you what I said behind your back. I said that Herr Crippel had the finest hand upon a bow, and the surest fingers among the strings in all Vienna—when his mind was not wool-gathering. Marie, is not that true?"

"I do not remember any thing about the wool-gathering," said Marie.

"I hope I shall not be wool-gathering to-night; but I shall doubtless—I shall doubtless—for I shall be thinking of your judgment. Shall I get you seats at once? There, you are just before me. You see I am not coward enough to fly from my critics." And he placed them to sit at a little marble table, not far from the front of the orchestra in the foremost place in which he would have to take his stand.

"Lotta dear thanks, Herr Crippel," said Lotta. "I will make sure of a third chair, as a friend is coming."

"Oh, a friend!" said he; and he looked sad, and all his sprightliness was gone.

"Marie's friend," said Lotta, laughing. "If you are not knowing I will tell you."

Then the musician became bright and happy again. "I would have got two more chairs if you would have let me; one for the fraulein's friend, and one for his own. And I will come down presently, and you shall present me, if you will be so very kind."

Marie Weber smiled and thanked him, and declared that she should be very glad—and the leader of the band went up into his place.

"I wish he had not placed us here," said Lotta.

"And why so?"

"Because Fritz is coming."

"No?"

"But he is."

"And why did you not tell me?"

"Because I did not wish to be speaking of him. Of course you understand that I did not tell you. I would rather it should seem that he came of his own account—with Carl. Ha, ha!" Carl Stobel was the dismal-countenanced man whom Marie was betrothed. "I should not have told you now—only that I am disarranged by what Herr Crippel has done."

Then the music began, and, suddenly, as the first note of a fiddle was heard, every voice in the great room was hushed and the waiters ceased to talk, to sit smoking, with their long beer-glasses before them, and women sat knitting, with their beer-glasses also before them. Every one was quiet, except us. The waiters went about with silent feet, but even orders for beer were not given, and money was not received. It is better than the best, working up with his wand as carefully—and I may say as accurately—as a leader in a fashionable opera-house in London or Paris. And he knows it well. But in the course of the piece, he would place his fiddle to his shoulder and join in the performance. There he was hardly one of the band, but rather a conductor or girl, who did not know, from personal knowledge and judgment, that Herr Crippel was doing his work very well.

"Excellent, was it not?" said Marie.

"Yes; he is a musician. Is it not a pity it should be so bald?" said Lotta.

"He is not so very bald," said Marie.

"I should not mind his being bald so much, if he did not try to cover his old head with the side hairs. If he would cut off those loose, straggling locks, and declare himself bald at once, he would be ever so much better. He would look to be fifty then. He looks sixty now."

"What matters his age? He is forty-five, just for I know. And he is a good man."

"What has his goodness to do with it?"

"A great deal, I think. It matters for nothing, and he makes two hundred florins a month. He has two shares in the summer theatre. I know it."

"Bah! what is all that when he will plaster his hair over his old bald head?"

"Lotta, I am ashamed of you!" But at this moment the further expression of Marie's anger was stopped by the entrance of the diamond-cutter, and as he was about to be introduced he entered, not pleasantly. We must give Lotta her due, and declare that, as things had gone, she would much prefer that he should not have come there at all. Herr Planken was as handsome a young fellow as there was in Vienna, and one who dressed with the best taste, and danced with the most graceful agility, and could speak French, and was confidential clerk at one of the largest hotels in Vienna, and was a young man acknowledged to have a good social importance—and had, moreover, in plain language declared his love for Lotta Schmidt. But Lotta would not be ashamed of her acquaintance with Carl Crippel, and she was generously glad when Carl Stobel, the diamond-cutter, came by himself. Then there was a second and a third chair to be found, and that Herr Crippel came down, according to promise, and was introduced to Carl Stobel.

"Ladies," said he, "I hope I have not gathered wool."

"You have surpassed yourself," said Lotta.

"At wool-gathering?" said Herr Crippel.

"At sending us out of this world into another," said Lotta.

"Ah! go into no other world but this," said Herr Crippel, "lest I should not be able to follow you." And he shook his head and looked big.

Before another piece had been commenced Lotta saw Frix Planken enter the door. He stood for a moment against the end of the hall, with his cane in his hand and his hat on his head, looking for the party which he intended to join. Lotta did not say a word, nor would she turn her eyes toward him. She would not recognise him if it were possible to avoid it. But he soon saw her, and came up to the table at which they were sitting. When Lotta was getting the third chair for Marie's lover Herr Crippel, in his gallantry, had brought a fourth, and now Fritz occupied the seat which the musician had placed there. Lotta, as she perceived this, was sorry that it should be so. She could not even dare to look up to see what effect this new arrival would have upon the leader of the band.

The new-comer was certainly a handsome young man—such a one as inflicts unutterable agonies on the hearts of the Herr Crippels of the world. His boots shone like mirrors, and fitted his feet like gloves. There was something in the make and sit of his trowsers which Herr Crippel, looking at them as he could not help looking at them, was quite unable to understand. Only twenty years ago Herr Crippel's trowsers, as Herr Crippel very well knew, had never looked like that. And Fritz Planken wore a black-and-white silk lining to his waistcoat, which seemed to have come from some tailor among the gods. And if the waistcoat-lining were not enough, he had a bright pink satin handkerchief, joined by a ring, which gave a richness of coloring to the whole thing which nearly killed Herr Crippel, because he could not but acknowledge that the coloring was good. And then the hat! And when the hat was taken off for a moment, then the hair—perfectly black, and silky as a raven's wing, just waving with one curl! And when Fritz put up his hand, and ran his fingers through his locks, their richness and plenty and beauty were conspicuous to all beholders. Herr Crippel, as he saw it, involuntarily flushed his hand up to his own pate, and scratched his straggling lanky hairs from off his head.

"You are coming to Sperl's to-morrow, of course?" said Fritz to Lotta. Now Sperl's is a great establishment for dancing in the Leopoldstadt, which is always open of a Sunday evening, and which Lotta Schmidt was in the habit of attending with much regularity. It was here she had become acquainted with Fritz. And certainly to dance with Fritz was to dance indeed! Lotta too was a beautiful dancer. To a Viennese such as Lotta Schmidt dancing was a thing of serious importance. It was a misfortune to her to have to dance with a bad dancer, as it is to a great whist-player among us to sit down with a bad partner. Oh, what she had suffered more than once when Herr Planken had induced her to stand up with him!

"Yes, I shall be there, you will go?"

"I do not know," said Marie.

"You will make her go, Carl, will you not?" said Lotta.

"She promised me yesterday, as I understood," said Carl.

"Of course we will all be there," said Fritz, somewhat grandly; "and I will give a supper for four."

Then the music began again, and the eyes of all of them became fixed upon Herr Crippel. It was unfortunate that they should have been placed so fully before him, as it was impossible that he should avoid seeing them. He stood up with his fiddle close to his shoulders his eyes were fixed on Fritz Planken, and Fritz Planken's boots, and coat, and hat, and hair. He knew that Lotta's face was over against him, was thinking of his own boots and of his own hair. Fritz was sitting, leaning forward in his chair, so that he could speak to Lotta's face, and to Lotta's face only, playing with a little amber-headed cane, and every now and then he dropped a word which Herr Crippel could hardly play a note. In very truth he was wool-gathering. His head became unsteady, and every instant he would draw a wrong bow.

"Your old friend is making a mess of it to-night," said Fritz to Lotta. "I hope he has not taken a glass too much of beer."

"He never does any thing of the kind!" said Lotta, angrily. "He never did such a thing in his life."

"He is playing awful badly," said Fritz.

"I never heard him play better in my life than he has played this evening," said Lotta.

"His hand is tired. He is getting old," said Fritz. Then Lotta moved her chair and drew herself back, and was conscious that Fritz at the table should see that she was angry with her young lover. In the mean time the piece of music had been finished, and the musicians had thrown their energy in performers' inferiority by withdrawing those pluralis which they were so ready to give when they were played.

After this some other musician led for a while, and then Herr Crippel had to come forward to play a solo. It was on the occasion the violin was to be to his instrument. He was a great favorite among the lovers of music in Vienna, not only because he played, and that in a high way, those airs which by his hand he could keep a band of musicians together, but also as a player on the zither. It was not often he would play in the hall which he filled in the concert-hall in the Volksgarten; for he would say that he had given up that instrument; that he now played as only in private, and that it was not fit for the concert-hall, as a single voice, the scraping of a foot, would destroy its music. And Herr Crippel was a man who had his own fantasies, and whose wishes were always yield to entreaty. But occasionally he would send his zither down to the public hall; and in the beginning of the evening it had been put forth that Herr Crippel's zither would be there, and that Herr Crippel would perform. And now the zither was brought forward, and a chair was put for the zitherist, and Herr Crippel stood for a moment behind his instrument. Lotta glanced up at him and could see that he was very pale. She could even see that the perspiration stood upon his brow. She saw his hand trembling, and that he would have given almost his zither itself to be quit of his promised performance for that night. But she knew also that he would make the attempt.

"What, the zither?" said Fritz. "He will break down as sure as he is a living man."

"Let us have no more," said Carl Stobel.

"I love to hear him play the zither better than any thing," said Lotta.

"It used to be very good," said Fritz; "but every body says he has lost his touch. When a man has the slightest feeling of nervousness he is done for the zither."

"Ih—sh; let him have his chance at any rate," said Marie.

"Heaven did you ever hear the zither? When played, as it is sometimes played in Vienna, it combines all the softest notes of the human voice. It sings to you of love, and then wails to you of departed love, till it fills you with a melancholy from which there is no escaping, from which you never wish to escape. It speaks to you as no other instrument ever speaks, and reveals to you with a wonderful eloquence the sadness in which it delights. It produces a luxury of anguish, a fullness of the satisfaction of imaginary woe, a realization of its mysterious delights of romance, which no words can ever thoroughly supply. When Herr Crippel began, while the music is still in the air, the ear seems to covet greedily every atom of tone which the instrument will yield, the slightest and most evanescent sound becomes an offense. The noted ear and sink so low and be heard no more. Herr Crippel was not the slightest fear of such a thing. He knew well that in the struggle of listening. There seemed to come upon the large on his sense of hearing, which he fears will shut out from his brain the last, breathe, sweetest strain, the very pearl of the music, for which he has been watching with all the intensity of prolonged desire. And then the zither is silent, and there remains a fond memory together with a deep regret.

Herr Crippel seated himself on his stool and looked once or twice round about upon the room almost with dismay. Then he struck his zither, very, mainly, weakly, and commenced the melody of his piece. But Lotta thought that she had never heard so sweet a sound. When he passed from the strokes there was a sound of applause in the room, of applause intended to encourage by commencement of the great trinkets. The musician looked again away from his music to his audience, and his eye caught the eyes of the girl he loved; and his gaze and also upon the face of the young man who was young Adonis who was by her side. He, Herr Crippel the musician, could never make himself believe that that young man could ever think of approach that outward triumph. But then, he could play the zither, and Fritz Planken could only play with a cane! He would do what he could. He would play his best! He had once almost resolved to put up and declare that he was too tired that evening to do justice to his instrument. But there was an insolence of success about his rival's hat and trowsers which spirited him on to the fight. He struck in zither again, and they who understood him and his zither knew that he was in earnest.

The old men who had listened to him for the last twenty years declared that he had never played as he played on that night. At first he was somewhat bolder, somewhat louder than was his wont; as though he were resolved to go through the necessary track; but, after a while, he gave that up; that was simply the effect of nervousness, and was conquered only by the fullness of his strength to prove with him. But he soon forgot every thing but his zither and his desire to do it justice. The stirring of all performers was over him, and he was mild have heard a pin fall. Even Fritz sat perfectly still, with his mouth open, and forgot to play with his cane. Lotta grew pale, and trembled, and sighed, and before long they were rolling down her cheeks. Herr Crippel, though he did not look at her, knew that she was aware that it was so. The cause upon them all there an ecstasy of delicious sense. All the musicians around him were standing that no softest sound might escape unheard. And then at last the zither was silent, and no one said a word, but all knew that the moment when it had ceased to sing.

For a few moments there was perfect silence in the room, and then the musician rose from his seat, his face turned upon his instrument. He knew well that he had succeeded, that his triumph had been complete, and every consciousness that applause was suspended was an added jewel to his crown. But it soon came, the loud shouts of praise, the cry of bravos, the clapping of hands, the stamping of feet upon the floor, and the applause of the hall, the clapping of hands, the sweet sound of women's voices, and the waving of white handkerchiefs. The applause stood up, bowed thrice, wiped his face with a handkerchief, and then sat down on a stool in the corner of the orchestra.

"I don't know much about his being so old," said Carl Stobel.

"Nor I either," said Lotta.

"That is what I call music," said Marie Weber.

"He can play the zither, certainly," said Fritz; "but as to the rest, he is most absolutely."

"He is excellent with both—with both," said Lotta, angrily.

Soon after that the party got up to leave the hall, and as they went out they encountered Herr Crippel.

"You have gone beyond yourself to-night," said Marie, "and we wish you joy."

"Oh no. It was pretty good, was it? With the zither I do not know where on the atmosphere; whether it is hot, or cold, or wet, or dry, or of Good-night Sir!" And he took off his hat, and bowed—bowed, as it were, expressly to Fritz.

"Herr Crippel," said Lotta, "one word with you." And she dropped behind from Fritz, and returned to the musician. "Herr Crippel, will you meet us at Sperl's to-morrow night?"

"At Sperl's? No. I do not go to Sperl's any longer, Lotta. You told me that Marie's friend was coming to-night; but you did not tell me of your own."

"Never mind what I told you, or did not tell you. Herr Crippel, will you come to Sperl's to-morrow?"

"No; you would not dance with me, and I should not care to see you dance with any one else."

"But I will dance with you."

"And Planken will be there?"

"Yes; Fritz will be there. He is always there. I can not help that."

"No, Lotta; I will not go to Sperl's. I will tell you a little secret. At forty-five one is too old for Sperl's."

"There are men there every Sunday over fifty—over sixty, I am sure."

"They are men different in their ways of life from me, my dear. No, I will not go to Sperl's. When will you come and see my mother?"

Lotta promised that she would go and see the Frau Crippel before long, and then tripped off and joined her party.

Student and Marie had walked on, while Fritz remained a little behind for Lotta.

"Did you ask him to come to Sperl's to-morrow?" he said.

"To be sure I did."

"Was that nice of you, Lotta?"

"Why not nice? Nice or not, I did it. Why should not I ask him, if I please?"

"Because I thought I was to have the pleasure of entertaining you—that it was a little party of my own."

"Very well, Herr Planken," said Lotta, drawing herself a little away from him; if a friend of mine is not welcome at your little party I certainly shall not join it myself."

"But, Lotta, does not every one know what it is that Crippel values at you?"

"There is no harm in his wishing. My friends tell me that I am very foolish not to give him what he wishes. But I still have the chance."

"Oh yes; no doubt you still have the chance."

"Herr Crippel is a very good man. He is the best son in the world, and he makes two hundred florins a month."

"Oh, if that is to count!"

"Of course it is to count. Why should it not count? Would the Princess Theresa have married the other day if the young Prince had had no income to support her upon?"

"You can do as you please, Lotta."

"Yes, I can do as I please, certainly. I suppose Adela Brühl will be at Sperl's to-morrow?"

"I should say so, certainly. I hardly ever knew her to miss her Sunday evening."

"Not I. I am fond of dancing—very. It delight in dancing. But I am not a slave to Sperl's, and then I do not care to dance with every one."

"Adela Brühl dances very well," said Fritz.

"That is as one may think. She ought to; for she begins at ten, and goes on till two, always. If there is no one nice for dancing she puts up with some one that is not nice. But all that is nothing to me."

"Nothing, I should say, Lotta."

"Nothing in the world. But this is something; last Sunday you danced three times with Adela."

"Did I? I did not count."

"I counted. Fritz, if you dance to-morrow with Adela you will not dance with me again—either then or ever."

And having uttered this threat she ran on and found Marie, who had just reached the door of the house in which they both lived.

Fritz, as he walked home by himself, was in doubt as to the course which it would be his duty as a man to pursue in reference to the lady whom he loved. He had distinctly heard that lady ask an old admirer of hers to go to Sperl's and dance with her; and yet, within ten minutes afterward, she had peremptorily commanded him not to dance with another girl! Now, Fritz Planken had a very good opinion of himself, as he was well entitled to have, and was quite aware that other pretty girls besides Lotta Schmidt were within his reach. He did not receive two hundred florins a month as did Herr Crippel, but then he was five-and-twenty instead of five-and-forty; and, in the matter of money, too, he was doing pretty well. He did love Lotta Schmidt. It would not be easy for him to part with her. But she, too, loved him—as he told himself, she would hardly push matters to extremities. At any rate he would not submit to a threat. He would dance with Adela Brühl at Sperl's.

At about half past ten the next evening Marie and Lotta entered Sperl's dancing-saloon, and paid their footing, and set themselves down on seats in the further saloon, from which, through open archways, they could see the dancers. Neither Carl nor Fritz was there as yet, and the girls were quite content to wait. It was to be presumed that they would be there before the men, and they both understood that the real dancing was not commenced early in the evening. It might be all very well for such as Adela Brühl to dance with any one who came in the way; but Lotta Schmidt would not care to amuse herself after that fashion. As to Marie, she was to be married after another week, and of course she would dance with no one but Carl Stobel.

Soon after this Carl and Fritz came together, and Fritz, as he passed across the end of the first saloon, spoke a word or two to Adela. Lotta saw this, but determined that she would take no offense at so small a matter. Within two minutes Carl and Marie were dancing, and Fritz had asked Lotta to stand up.

"I will wait a little," said she; "I never like to begin much before eleven."

"As you please," said Fritz; and he sat down in the chair which Marie had occupied. Then he played with his cane, and as he did so his eyes followed the steps of Adela Brühl.

"She dances very well," said Lotta.

"H—m—m, yes." Fritz did not choose to be now any strong praise on Adela's dancing.

"Yes, Fritz, she does dance well—very well indeed. And she is never tired. If you ask me whether I like her style I can not quite say that I do. It is not what we do here—not exactly."

"She has lived in Vienna since she was a child."

"It is a pity she has, then, I suppose. Look at her fair hair, all blowing about. She is not like one of us."

"No no, she is not."

"That she is very pretty I quite admit," said Lotta. "Those soft gray eyes are delicious. Is it a pity she has no eyebrows?"

"But she has eyebrows."

"Ah, you have been closer than I, and you have seen them. I have never danced with her, and I can not see them. Of course they are there—more or less."

After a while the dancing ceased, and Adela Brühl came up into the supper-room, passing the seats on which Fritz and Lotta were sitting.

"Are you not going to dance, Fritz?" she said, with a smile, as she passed them.

"Go, go," said Lotta; "why do you not go? She has invited you."

"No; she has not invited me. She spoke to us both."

"She did not speak to me, for my name is not Fritz. I do not see how you can help going when she asked you so prettily."

"I shall be in plenty of time presently. Will you dance now, Lotta? They are going to begin a waltz, and we will have a quadrille afterward."

"No, Herr Planken, I will not dance just now."

"Herr Planken, is it? You want to quarrel with me then, Lotta."

"I do not want to be one of two. I will not be one of two. Adela Brühl is very pretty, and I do not wish you to go to her. I was told nicely yesterday her father can give her fifteen hundred florins of fortune! For me—I have no father."

"But you must dance with me to-morrow."

"Yes, that is true, and a good one. Oh, such a good one!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"You go and dance with Adela Brühl and you shall see what I mean."

Fritz had some idea in his own mind, more or less clearly developed, that his fate, as regarded Lotta Schmidt, now lay in his own hands. He undoubtedly desired to have Lotta for his own. He would have married her there and then—at that moment, had it been possible. He had quite made up his mind that he preferred her much to Adela Brühl, though Adela Brühl had fifteen hundred florins. But he did not like to endure tyranny, even from Lotta, and he did not know how to escape the tyranny otherwise than by dancing with Adela. He paused a moment, swinging his cane, unbeknown to him, by his side, and lost not his manhood and yet not offend the girl he loved. But he found that to assert his manhood was now his first duty.

"Well, Lotta," he said, "since you are so cross with me, I will ask Adela to dance." And in two minutes he was spinning round the room with Adela Brühl in his arms.

"Certainly she dances very well," said Lotta, smiling, to Marie, who had now come back to her seat.

"Very well," said Marie, who was out of breath. "And so does he."

"Beautifully," said Marie.

"Is it not a pity that I should have lost such a partner forever?"

"Lotta!"

"It is true. Look here, Marie, there is my hand upon it. I will never dance with him again—never—never. Why was he so hard upon Herr Crippel last night?"

"Was he hard upon Herr Crippel?"

"He said that Herr Crippel was too old to play the zither. Well! Some people are too young to understand. I shall go home, I shall not stay to sup with you to-night."

"Lotta, you must stay for supper."

"I will not sup at his table. I have quarrelled with him. It is all over. Fritz Planken is as free as the air to me."

"Lotta, do not say any thing in a hurry. At any rate do not do any thing in a hurry."

"I do not mean to do any thing at all. It is simply this—I do not care very much for Fritz after all. I don't think I ever did. It is all very well to be engaged to a man nicely, but if that is all, what does it come to? If he could play the zither, now!"

"There are other things except playing the zither. They say he is a good dancer."

"I don't like book-keeping. He has to be at his hotel from eight in the morning till eleven at night."

"You know best."

"I am not so sure of that. I wish I did know best. But I have now such a girl as you are. How you change! It was only yesterday you were not to me because I did not wish to be the wife of your dear friend Crippel."

"Herr Crippel is a very good man."

"You go away with your good man! you have got a good man for yourself. I do not think there was waiting for you like a gander on one leg. He wants you to dance, go away." Then Marie did go away, and Lotta was left alone by herself. At last Fritz returned to her and bade her come to supper. He was resolved to see how far his new mode of casting off tyranny might be successful, so he approached her with a smile, and offered to take her to his table as though nothing had occurred.

"My friend," she said, "your table is laid for four, and the places will all be filled."

"The table is laid for me," said Fritz.

"It is one too many. I shall sup with my friend, Herr Crippel."

"Herr Crippel is not here."

"Is he not? Ah me! then I shall be alone, and I must go to bed supperless. Good-by, Herr Planken."

"And what will Marie say?"

"I hope she will enjoy the nice dainties you will give her. Marie is all right. Marie's fortune is made. Woe is me! my fortune is to seek. There is one thing certain, it is not to be found here in this room."

Then Fritz turned on his heel and went away; and as he went Lotta saw the figure of a man, as he made his way out, straightway into the saloon from the outer passage. He was dressed in a close frock-coat, and had on a hat of which she knew the shape as well as she did the make of her own gloves. "If he has not come after all!" she said to herself. Then she turned herself a little round, and drew her chair somewhat into an archway, so that Herr Crippel should not see her readily.

The other four had settled themselves at their table, Marie having said a word of reproach to Lotta as she passed. Now, on a sudden, she got up from her seat and crossed to her friend.

"Herr Crippel is here," she said.

"Of course he is here," said Lotta.

"But you did not expect him?"

"Ask Fritz if I did not say I would sup with Herr Crippel. You ask him. But I shall not all the same. Do not say a word. I shall steal away when nobody is looking."

The musicians came wandering up the room, and had looked into every corner before he had even found the couple at which the four were sitting. And then he did not see Lotta. He took off his hat as he addressed Marie, and asked some question as to the absence of Lotta.

"She is waiting for you somewhere, Herr Crippel," said Fritz as he filled Adela's glass with wine.

"For me! Herr Crippel, as he looked round. "No, she does not expect me." And in the mean time Lotta had left her seat and was hurrying away by the door.

"There! there!" said Marie; "you will be too late if you do not run." Then Herr Crippel did run, and caught Lotta as she was taking her hat from the old woman who had the girls' hats and shawls in charge near the door.

"What, Herr Crippel, you at Sperl's? When you told me expressly, in so many words, that you would not come! That is not behaving well to me, certainly."

"What, my coming? Is that behaving bad?"

"No; but why did you say you would not come when I asked you? You have come to meet some one. Who is it?"

"Yes, Lotta, you."

"And yet you refused me when I asked you! Well, and now you are here, what are you going to do? You will dance with me?"

"I will dance with you if you will put up with me."

"No, I will not dance. I am too old. I have given it up. I shall come to Sperl's no more after this. Dancing is a folly."

"Lotta, you are looking at me now."

"Very well; if you like you may have it so. By this time he has brought her back into the room, and was sitting down by her side at the table as the saloon with her. "But it is no use our walking about here," she said. "I was just going home; and now, if you please, Herr Crippel, I will go."

"Not yet, Lotta."

"Yes; now, if you please."

"But why are you not supping with them?"

"Because it did not suit me. You see there are four. Five is a foolish number for a supper-party."

"Will you sup with me, Lotta?" he did not answer him at once. "Lotta," he said, "if you sup with me now you must sup with me always. You know what I mean."

"Always? no. I am very hungry now, but I do not want supper always. I can not sup with you always, Herr Crippel."

"But you will to-night?"

"Yes, to-night."

"Then it shall be always." And the musician marched up to a table, and threw his hat down, and ordered supper for two. And that evening—Herr Crippel bowed courteously to the diamond-cutter, and asked him when he was to be married.

"Marie says I shall be married," said Carl.

"And I will be married the Sunday afterward," said Herr Crippel. "Yes; and there is my wife, I declare!" and across the table with both his hands to Lotta Schmidt.

Herr Crippel, how can you say that?" said Lotta.

"Is it not true, my dear?"

"In fourteen days' so, certainly not. It is out of the question." But nevertheless what Herr Crippel said came true, and on the next Sunday but one he took Lotta Schmidt home to his house as his wife.

"It was all because of the zither," Lotta said to her old mother-in-law. "If he had not played the zither that night I should not have been here now."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EVERY summer the weather—as if it were an impertinent lawyer employed by our editors—is the stated recipient of the most vituperative abuse. Every summer brings an excess of heat to which there has hitherto been no parallel, and every summer is conspicuous. So many degrees hotter than has been known within the memory of the oldest inhabitant! The mercury is declared to have gone up out of sight; and eighty-seven degrees of Fahrenheit, following some more "fearful temperature," is pronounced "awful weather." "Fierce." "Fervid," "awful," "terrible," "infernal," are the terms used, and language is exhausted, and new epithets coined, in the apparently vain attempt to depict the sufferings of dissolving humanity.

In truth, we have had a couple or so of excessively hot "heated terms;" and, according to well-established rule, the quicksilver has shot up higher than in many years before. Consequently there is much more suffering, especially among the laboring classes, who are exposed to the intense rays of the sun, and who, when they rest, have no low, oven-like shanties. But those who have shelter in large, high, comparatively airy rooms, would do well to bate their complaints, and think of those who have no such accommodations. The truth is, that half the discomfort we experience is due to our own unsatisfied. We fret, and fume, and worry, and scold, and fan ourselves, until the hot blood boils! The only way to endure a hot day is to keep cool! "Keep cool!" somebody sarcastically remarks, "and how, pray?" Shall we take a bath in an ice-house? Why, no; but how many millions of times have I been told that the way to endure a hot day is to keep cool! He had fired two hundred rounds of bad shot.

It seems that the war does not altogether prevent people resorting to the German watering-places even thus early in the season. Ems already reckons more than a thousand visitors—Germans, Swedes, Russians, and English. The French will arrive in large numbers, according to custom, in July. The *bains des folâtries*, we are told, is very conspicuous at Ems; and the rivalry carried on between the two bathing establishments is something astonishing. The elegancies of *les gentlemen Baigneuses* at the fashionable watering-place will not fail to claim their full share of admiration.

Outside of our own latitude it brings a sort of cooling breeze to hear that a short time ago there was a fall of snow three feet deep on the mountains in Utah, covering them down to their base. The snow-storm was preceded by a terrific hail-storm in the lowlands.

It also has a wonderfully refrigerating effect to read the recent announcement of an "Excursion among the Icebergs" in the vicinity of "Labrador," even down to, "For particulars address Franklin Dane & Co.," etc.

A happy individual writing from Savannah, Georgia, a short time since, declares that "for ten days past outside winter clothing has been comfortable, and at night a blanket;" and he grows rhapsodic about the "delightful sea-breeze blowing through his windows." However, we do not think that even this will tempt many to exchange New York for Georgia just now.

Saratoga in a cool urban thus was quite a contrast to the Saratoga of our day. A visitor to that place in 1797 gives the following account:

"We mounted our horses one day and rode seven or eight miles through the pine forest, with its delightful fragrance, and arrived at a place where they said there were some mineral springs. There was not even a village, but only two or three log-houses standing among the pinetrees. The people were civil, and provided hay for our horses and some bread and cheese and eggs. They piloted us into a morass where Nature was unsubdued, and stepping cautiously from bog to bog, we soon arrived at a spring which they called the Congress Spring, which tasted as it does now."

Now the resident population is numbered by thousands, to say nothing of the annual throng that deluges the place in the months of July and August. The "season" there is now fully inaugurated, and thirty mortals are freely quaffing their several libations of health. A new spring has been discovered this season near the "High Rock," and the old ones have not lost their parks. Many will be interested to know that a movement has been started toward the rebuilding of Congress Hall, with the intention of having it in readiness for the next season. It is expected that at least $100,000 will be secured at once. Assurances are given that large subscriptions will be made in New York, Boston, and other cities, among those who were patrons of that hotel.

There is something exceedingly pleasant in the substantial and unostentatious way in which New York, and all the larger cities have rendered aid to Portland in hour of need. But it is really touching to hear of little towns in Maine and other States—towns that have an wealthy men with pockets full of money—calling meeting, and with earnest sympathy contributing their mite for the sufferers. It is good to see the hearts of people opening to such a call on their benevolence and sympathy.

There are thousands all over the country interested in the prosperity of Amherst College who will be glad to know that it is the intention of the trustees to erect immediately a new building, for which purpose a son of President Stearns, a wealthy merchant of Bombay, has donated thirty thousand dollars. Also there is to be erected a new Library building, for which nearly forty thousand dollars has been subscribed; and a new building to be devoted to the International and Philosophical apparatus. This latter will be the finest building, and will cost two hundred thousand dollars, a gift from Dr. Walker, late of Newport, who has during his life gave to the College another hundred thousand dollars. The associates of the College have contributed those buildings and the land, et al once. It is intended to convert the present Library building into an Art Gallery, for which it is admirably adapted, and all of the College have already promised valuable contributions to it.

Not many months ago sundry communications appeared in the columns of the London English Journal in which, in English schools, girls, and even young ladies, were frequently subjected to degrading corporeal punishment. The facts were evident, and a good deal of indignation was manifested in regard to the matter. But recently an open discussion has taken place in the best conference in one of our most enlightened New England cities. In one of the public schools of the city of Cambridge, Hyperas—or was, indeed, the report runs false—that a young lady, now in her seventeenth year, was detected in whispering in a class called up for punishment by one of the assistant-teachers. To this she refused to submit. The principal was consulted, and it was determined to whip the delinquent. Two assistants undertook to administer the blows. A struggle ensued, and the principal came to the aid of his subordinates. The young lady was held until a dozen or twenty blows were inflicted upon her person with a leather strap. The parents of the young lady appeared on the scene of action, but they contented the course of the teachers; and the case has been laid before the General Court of the county. Undoubtedly the authority should be maintained in schools; but if a young lady of sixteen does not yield to it willingly, she better be expelled. Such degrading punishments as this stain the noble system of public education in America.

A Richmond paper warns with indignation because a certain number of colored ladies and gentlemen were recently seen, on a Sunday, riding in all the style that the livery stables could furnish, with fashionable dresses and drivers worn upon the box and the negroes upon the cushions behind—a strange reversal of former situations.

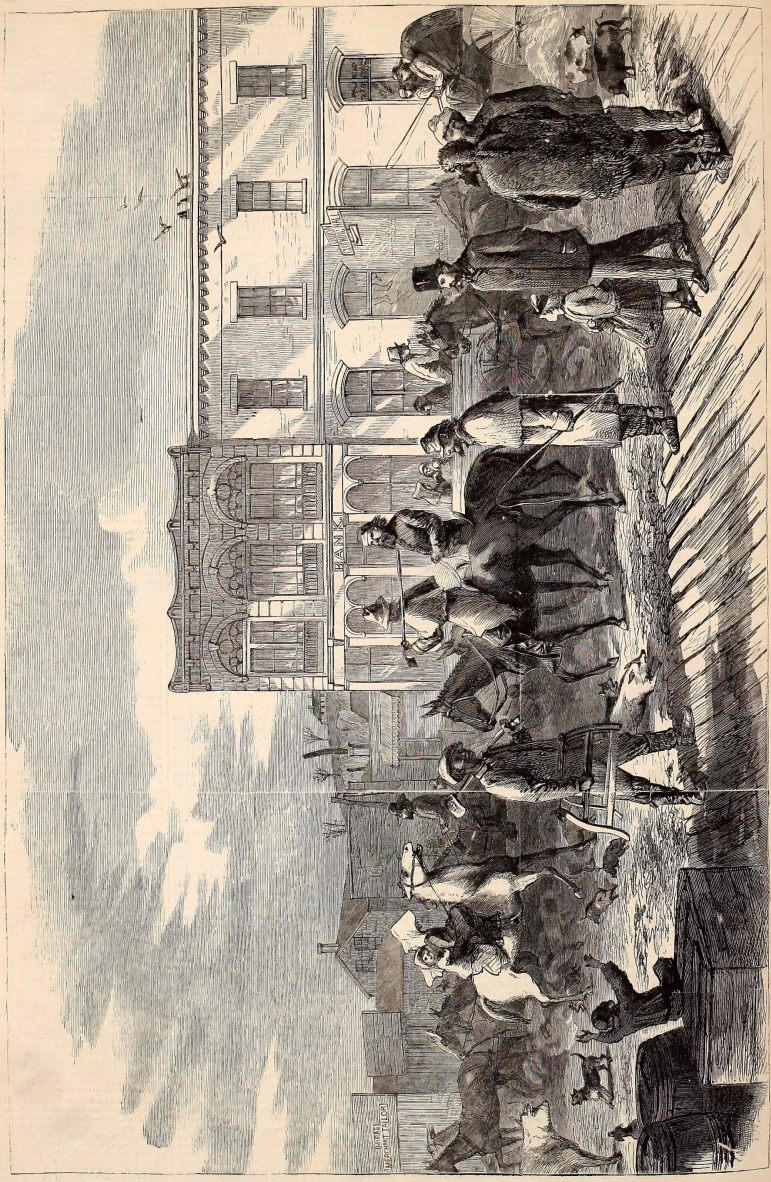
The following quaint words of old Robert Southwell are worthy of being committed to memory:

"Sloth delays, they breed remorse:
Take time while time is lent thee.
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their fault, lest you repent them.
Good is best when soonest wrought;
Lingering labors come to nought;
Hoist up sail while gale doth last—
Wind and tide stay no man's pleasure.
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After wits are dearly bought:
Let the world guide thy knowledge."

The European war, which will cause such misery to thousands who have had no hand in bringing it about, rebuilds us of a few more wardens, old, but good.

"What are you thinking, my man?" said Lord Hill, as he approached a soldier, who was leaning in a gloomy mood upon his firelock, after the second long day of hard thousands of French and English; it was a few hours after the battle of Inkermann, and the soldier was a Highlander. The soldier started, and after saluting his General, answered: "I was thinking, my lord, how many widows' cruses I have this day made for one shilling." He had fired two hundred rounds of ball that day.

It seems that the war does not altogether prevent people resorting to the German watering-places even thus early in the season. Ems already reckons more than a thousand visitors—Germans, Swedes, Russians, and English. The French will arrive in large numbers, according to custom, in July. The *bains des folâtries*, we are told, is very conspicuous at Ems; and the rivalry carried on between the two bathing establishments is something astonishing. The elegancies of *les gentlemen Baigneuses* at the fashionable watering-place will not fail to claim their full share of admiration.



COMMERCIAL STREET, ATCHISON, KANSAS.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM M. MEEKER.—[SEE PAGE 477.]

THE HEROINE OF FREDERICK.

WHEN "STONEWALL" JACKSON invaded Maryland in 1862 there was found in Frederick, through which his troops marched, one fearless Unionist, an aged lady, whose name was BARBARA FRIETCHIE. Faithful among the faithless she held out the "Stars and Stripes" from her window in the very faces of the rebel raiders. The story is well told in WHITTIER'S beautiful poem, which we have taken the liberty of copying below. The portrait is from a photograph sent us by Mr. BRADY of Washington, to whom we were indebted for the photograph from which "The Andersonville Relics," given in our last Number, was engraved.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The noble nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

A CRUEL PUNISHMENT.

THE letter which we give below is from a gentleman in Richmond, Virginia, who sends us the photograph from which our illustration is engraved. The case stands on unquestionable authority, and the time is now gone by when things of this nature are to be hidden from the public:

"RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, *July 5, 1866.*

"*Editor Harper's Weekly:*

"Inclosed I send you a photograph showing in part the effects of a punishment by a hot iron on the back of a negro girl about 13 years of age, inflicted by a virago by the name of Mrs. A——, living in King William County in this State, a few weeks ago. The case is at present under investigation by the President's Bureau of this Department. The negroes who lived on the place all testify to the cruelty and fiendishness of this woman while they were her slaves and since they were liberated. This girl was locked up in a private room, for some trivial offence, and kept in there over a week, during which time the burning was inflicted upon her. Her screams were frequently heard by the servants. Live coals were laid upon her back and the back of her head, and the flesh on her back and limbs was burned so that when she was released she could scarcely stand and was nearly crazy. The case was reported, the girl brought to this city, and Mrs. A—— arrested.

"The papers of this city all with one accord sang out against the Bureau for its interference, and Mrs. A—— instead of the fiend that she is, was a martyred and chivalrous Southern lady. She was required to give bail in $2000. All the counsel of the city tendered her their services. The Judge-Advocate of this Department, Captain LAYTON, Eleventh United States Infantry, conducted the examination. If the evidence were all published it would present one of the most cruel and heartless episodes of history that have disgraced civilization."

A BATHING COSTUME.

HAPPILY the days have gone by when lady bathers made frights of themselves when enjoying that most healthful and invigorating of recreations—a dip in salt water. Ugly blue flannel gowns, cut so scantily that it was difficult to squeeze into them, and which never fulfilled the object for which they were intended, as they generally rose to the surface of the water directly after their wearers plunged into it—these ungraceful garments, with the hideous oilskin cap which crowned them, may now be looked upon as things of the past. They have been succeeded by a far superior style of dress, which, in fact, is a picturesque costume, consisting of tunic and knickerbockers. We give an illustration of one of the most approved and convenient forms of bathing dress which has yet been introduced. It answers its mission, for it conceals the figure without impeding in the slightest degree the actions of its wearer when either bathing or swimming, and, added to these advantages, it looks well. The tunic fastens at the left side, and the knickerbockers in front. There are various opinions as to the best material for bathing costumes. For summer wear we recommend the stout brown holland. This does not cling to the figure when wetted, neither does it hold the water, as flannel, and so become cumbersome and heavy. It should be trimmed, as in our illustration, with scarlet worsted braid of two sizes. The binding of the knickerbockers and tunic, and the trimming on the shoulder seam, consist of strips of brown holland cut on the cross, and two rows of narrow scarlet braid run upon them; the box pleatings round the arm-holes and ankles are of scarlet worsted braid, from an inch to one inch and a half in width. The waistband and sash are likewise of brown holland bound with braid, two waved lines of narrow braid being added as an ornamentation. The buttons are black horn. The cap is black oilskin, bound with scarlet. French ladies wear small black glazed hats to protect their complexions when swimming, as they do not deem it imperative to dip their heads under water when they bathe. Dark blue serge, similar to that worn by sailors in the British navy, we also recommend as a suitable material for this costume. It likewise can be trimmed with either white or scarlet worsted braid, according to our engraving.

STREET SCENE IN ATCHISON.

THE picture which we give on page 476 illustrates an everyday scene in Atchison, Kansas. The locality which our artist has chosen is Commercial Street, and he has faithfully depicted the style of buildings in the business part of the city. These buildings are a medley of brick structures and cotton-wood shanties. The figures are drawn from life. Here in the fore-ground we have a Kan-



MARKS OF PUNISHMENT INFLICTED UPON A COLORED SERVANT IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.



NEW BATHING COSTUME.

ses farmer; the shaggy cronies on horseback are returning to their homes in Missouri after a hunt, which it would seem has not been very successful. The woman and girl riding "double" is a common sight, though to Eastern eyes it may appear strange and somewhat ludicrous.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PORTLAND FIRE.

PORTLAND, July 16, 1866.

You would like "a stereoscopic view of the burned district." Well, to see the burned district you had better come in at the Boston depôt—for best that is what I did—and take a walk. The fire broke out not far from the point where we start and burned over a broad swath, as the mower's say diagonally across the city. How it caught, how it burned, and how it stopped, you will have learned from the papers of the time. How it looks to-day is what is best learned now. *The extent of the fire* is the first thing that impresses the mind. It is built-ings—not as in the New York—a few burned out what we often see in New York—a few burned buildings—but it is a good many burned buildings merely; but a long, broad track of ruined chimneys, demolished walls, and rubbish—buried streets.

The *topographyness* of the burning is what you next notice. Several things illustrate this. First, the buildings are entirely in ruins. They are not standing gap in shape, with blackened windows and charred interiors, as is commonly the case when a house is burned—but demolished. As a rule the chimney stands; but the walls of each building have fallen entirely in, so that only a vague notion of the general ground-plan is all that one can form respecting the edifice. In a two-hours' walk through the district we find, perhaps, ten spots where we get a show somewhat of the size, shape, architecture, and uses of what has been destroyed. But these are the rare exceptions: for nearly every where one can not guess whether the buildings, by whose ruins we are passing, were high or low, round or square, old or new, big or little, many or few.

Then again, all wood and wood-work is destroyed, excepting here and there large beams have left a fragment of charcoal. There is nothing to show where of door or rafters for the owner to save for rebuilding; nothing even for ragged children to carry away for fire-wood. Then, again, there is no trace any where of any goods, wares, merchandise, or furniture saved. What the affrighted inhabitants may have snatched away from the advancing flame we can not tell from any thing we see to-day. but the fire has left them nothing of all they left to it. Iron safes have preserved their shape, as you can see, their contents. Ironware, pipes, rods, kettles, tools of various kinds, can be distinguished, half melted, half twisted up, wholly ruined, but still substance; but of nothing else do we see characteristic traces.

Yes, here is one thing saved! One stock of goods has resisted the fire and remains in its shape and substance. In the very heart of the burned district was an ice-house. The wooden shell was burned away, the thick lump of stone-work was singed and burned outside, but workmen are digging through the blackened top, and underneath all is cool and cut away great blocks of ice, as good as new. In all our two hours' walk we see nothing unspoiled but this. Still more we realize how the green freshness of this fire when we observe how the green trees were burned. In all the region over which the fire spread we do not see one tree left alive. Those of the largest size, elms of twenty inches thick and fifty feet in height, are standing in their shape, smoked and shriveled, dead but not destroyed. The trees of the second size are burned to a short charcoal stump. Leaves, boughs, and branches are gone; a few feet of the main trunk of the stem, with perhaps stubs of the main branches surmounting it, only remain.

The activity of fire-fighters impresses the mind before one advances far up the burned district. On the outskirts, and in all the region formerly occupied by dwelling-houses, the ruins remain in a quasi untouched. But in what were business streets are many signs of energy and activity in repair. In many lots workmen are picking out of the unbroken brick, chipping the calcined mortar from them, and piling them up for use. Carts and wagons are traversing their embarassed course through the choked streets, carrying off rubbish, or bringing on materials for new erections. Here and there wooden buildings are being rapidly put up; in all already there are some of good size standing with frames completed, and partly boarded. Here and there—in the site of what was once a large dry-goods shop, or perchance a bank, a knot of men are digging in the ashes for melted fragments of metal, or trying to open the safe. Additional to the numerous squads of workmen, are throngs of persons strolling back and forth to see what they can see; and these heighten the apparent activity of the scene. Working our way gradually through this region—turning aside to see a more extended ruin, to avoid an impassable street there—we come upon what was a region of dwellings, and where reconstruction is here advanced; and beyond this we come upon a camp.

Destitution and suffering have now been measurably relieved. The outward tokens of them, to the casual visitor, are chiefly gathered at this spot. We are at the northeasterly end of the city, where there has a broad slope of land ascending somewhat sharply, and culminating in a bold terrace or brow of land. Upon this terrace are many substantial buildings, but on the slope below very few, and in this slope the fire stopped for want of fuel. On this slope are thickly scattered the tents, which are the temporary homes of many houseless families.

That Portland is not quite all burned is what we see at the very last; for now, returning to the depôt, and turning aside from burned streets to avoid ourselves of unobstructed ones, we find we have a long and weary walk through streets of intact shops and dwellings, beyond all sight and suspicion of the GREAT FIRE.

REPUBLICAN CONGRESSIONAL CAUCUSES.

On the evening of July 11 a caucus of the Republican members of Congress was held in the hall of the House of Representatives. General Banks was elected chairman. Only eight Senators were present. Mr. Hendricks, of New York, said that the meeting was called at the request of himself and others, and its object was to have an interchange of views as to the best course to be pursued in regard to the removed removal of office-holders by the President. He had no doubt that such removal was intended as soon as Congress should adjourn. He deemed it the duty of Congress to stand by the law, and to make any sacrifice necessary to keep them in office. He thought Congress should remain in session so as to prevent removals.

Mr. Farnsworth, of Illinois, offered a resolution, declaring that Congress would remain in session until December, and that no appointments should be made by the President without the consent of the Senate. Mr. Hendricks said he was not sure that he could vote for the resolution, but he was ready for any action that would keep the Government into the hands of friends.

Mr. Churchill, of Ohio, indorsed what had been said about the treachery of the President, and the necessity of adopting some measures of prevention. But he thought adopting some measures of prevention. But he thought adopting some measures of prevention. But he thought it important that members should go to their homes and counsel with the people. He was glad to hear the assurance to say, was already broken up. He had resigned, and that Postmaster-General Dennison, if not dismissed, would have nothing more to do with the Administration. He was glad that other members of the Cabinet would follow his example. He thought they should strip to the naked and fight like Spartans.

Mr. Ingersoll, of Illinois, denounced President Johnson as a traitor, and declared that he was rebels and Copperheads, and insisted on measures of pre. ution against Copperheads.

Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, denounced the President. His Convention as a conspiracy to destroy, and said he believed the President had got it up for the purpose of defeating the Union party in the Congressional and City periods into power. The rebel newspapers North and South were for it. The New York *Herald*, the New York *News* and *World* advocated it as a means of destroying the Union party. He had his eye on the New York *Tribune*, the New York *Times*, although it had not yet gone quite as far as the others, also upholds and favors the Convention. The President, as is well known, regards every bill passed by Congress, while absent, as unconstitutional, and as void, so that nothing short of the admission of the rebel members will satisfy him.

Mr. Raymond, of New York, said Mr. Kelley had not been aware of a right to meet in caucus for any such purpose or motive as breaking up the Union party. He (Raymond) thought that the Union party was safe, and was most unusually way of making an injurious and unjust attack. He had his own opinions of the Philadelphia Convention, and he had not, thus far, considered it to be the duty of Congress to interfere with it. He believed that, properly managed, the Convention would strengthen the Union party. He thought the Union party would be had reason to think so, he should continue to advocate it. He was opposed to any resolution that was calculated to destroy the Union party, neither the Times nor his editorials would do it.

Mr. Broomall, of Pennsylvania, offered a resolution declaring it to be the duty of every Union man to denounce the Philadelphia Convention, and under it citizen to the people.

Mr. Bromwell, of Illinois, followed in favor of this resolution—denouncing the President, and saying we ought to stand with the laws under the Constitution, and sustain it. the President can fill—and that salaries should be abolished, and appointments be made by the people of appointment unless in his hands. Congress could sit all winter—we were paid by the day, and it was no object to us.

Mr. Hale, of New York, objected to the resolution as unjust to true Union men.

Mr. Raymond again took the floor. When the Philadelphia Convention was first announced he believed it would prove a failure. He had no apprehension that the party, and in placing its action upon a broader and safer basis. He had never entertained the opinion that because the party was thus nationalized and liberalized, it would have a short duration. Congress could do little to relieve those of its opponents; and he had therefore looked with favor on the call for the Philadelphia Convention. He had no reason to change his opinion so as to object and effect he should not support the resolution.

The resolution was then adopted. Mr. Hale, of New York, voting against it. Mr. Raymond moved that the appointment of the Committee of Nine—Senators Morrill, of Maine; Fessenden, of Michigan; Ryan, of Kansas; Grimes, of Iowa; Doolittle, of Wisconsin; Farnsworth, of Illinois; Hotchkiss, of New York; Brown, of Pennsylvania; Garfield, of Ohio; Boutwell, of Massachusetts.

Governor Hamilton, of Texas, then addressed the meeting, by its invitation, on motion of Mr. Stevens, after which the caucus adjourned, to meet at the call of the Committee.

A second caucus was held on the evening of the 16th. The proceedings of which are reported in the following letter to those of the first caucus.

The report of the Committee, in spite of the efforts of Speaker Colfax, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Farnsworth, Mr. Hotchkiss, and others, was not received. The report of the caucus received, by a vote of 64 to 40, to adjourn on the 23d.

THE PROMISE REDEEMED.

My friend, Mrs. H., recounted to me the following remarkable incident in her life:

She was married at a somewhat early age, and, shortly thereafter, accompanied her husband to India, where she remained until delicate health compelled her, after the birth of her second child, to return to England.

A deep despondency seized her at the idea of the approaching painful separation from her husband; but there was no alternative, and, at the appointed time, the latter accompanied her to the ship, doing his utmost to cheer and reassure her with the hope of a happy reunion.

"It is in vain, William," was her pathetic rejoinder, "I feel convinced that, in this world, I shall never see you again."

"You *shall* see me, love," replied H. "I feel that I can not, and will not, part. Nothing—no, not death itself—shall prevent your seeing me again. Be comforted with that assurance."

On her arrival in England Mrs. H. joined her father and sisters at Brighton, where the salubrious air quickly restored her health and strength. A twelvemonth passed away, which period the accounts from India were regular and satisfactory, and Mr. H., in his later letters, expressed his joy at his recovery, and his hope that she would return to him at the first moment her health permitted.

Her father was an early riser, and somewhat imperative on that subject with his household. His daughters, consequently, were sometimes compelled to defer the more elaborate duties of their toilet until after the matutinal meal, and it was upon one of those occasions that all three had returned to their dressing-rooms—Mrs. H. and one of her sisters in a large apartment looking to the front, the other lady in a room adjoining.

Mrs. H., in her dressing-robe, was walking about, brushing her hair, when she happened to approach the window. The house was situated in the crescent of Kemp-town, and, facing the sea, commanded both approaches—right and left. Her eye fell upon a mail-phaeton, rapidly approaching, that seemed to attract her attention. It contained no one but the driver—a gentleman. As he came nearer she uttered a cry of delight that brought her sisters to her side.

"It is William! It is William!" was all she could say.

Her sisters recognized the familiar face as well as herself. Mr. H., as the carriage drew near, looked up at the window, inclined his head, and smiled. Much excited at this sudden arrival, his wife hurriedly completed her dressing, and ran down stairs into the drawing-room. Her father was then alone.

"Why—where is he? Where is William?" she hastily asked.

"William!" repeated her father. "Why, in India, my dear. Where should he be?"

"No, no, papa! He is here! We have seen him! Perhaps he has gone round to the stables. He might have spoken to me first," sobbed the disappointed wife.

After remaining silent, in pique, for a minute or two, she could brook the delay no longer, and, throwing the room in which the servants were dining, she hastened to the rear round to the stables and bring word who was there.

The messenger returned. Nobody had been seen. On the contrary, the policeman and road-sweeper in the crescent both denied that any private carriage had passed through that morning.

Mrs. H. was now in a state of the most distressing uncertainty. At that time the three sisters had seen Mr. H.; and the news which, shortly after, reached them of his death proved that he had, indeed, kept his promise—his latest words expressing an intense desire to see once more the face of the wife he loved so well.

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN and childhood have been surrounded with an atmosphere of poetry, and have been invested with all the charms of poetic fancy:

"Angels are talking to them in their dreams—
A sight to make a stranger gaze and stare."

They are supposed to hold some intercourse with the world of spirits, and their very smiles are interpreted to mean communion with a world unseen. Their gestures, and broken sentences are the constant theme of poets, and moralists take them for their text. For ordinary mortals like ourselves they possess a fascination which we can not but accord to the man of business or the student, who can unbend to them, when to all the world besides they are but children. Many have written them his study, and they have been among his most successful works. Rings and baby sayings become household words, and their elders learn to speak a language which they have caught from children. They are, indeed, early years, a source of the greatest amusement and interest. The old grow young again in their presence. They are to them like the green leaves of a second summer. Even they who profess dislike or indifference toward them have been known to betray a love for children by stealth, almost ashamed of a weakness to which nature has prompted them. The affection of a little child is almost the only thing that a suspicious world does not distrust. There is something in the simple, untutored, spontaneous return with which a child will meet your advances that is at once a test that reserve with which more or less it surrounds itself in all its intercourse with the world. But there is another side to the question which, in all fairness, ought not to be attributed so much to the children themselves as to those who are their natural protectors. What do we mean when we meant by an *infant terrible?* and who that has suffered from it can be blamed for rolling against children as a nuisance? A child of quick intelligence and much observation, who has a certain faculty of putting one and one together—who hears and listens attentively to all that is passing around, both in the nursery and in the drawing-room—who is suffered to live on too familiar terms with its elders—who has but little reserve, and less self-control—who blurts out all that comes into its little mind without regard to time or place, and says the most *outrageous* things that are to be found in nursery—who is allowed to engross all the attention with its stories and its questions, to the evident annoyance of others who are prattle, to the evident annoyance of others who are no charm to it—such a child is indeed one of the greatest nests of society.

But it is, we repeat, more the fault of others than of the child. Amused by the smartness of its sayings, or by the quickness of its perceptions, parents encourage it for their own amusement, and laugh at it; while in the nursery it finds favor, because it is one of the means by which nurses and nursery-maids know what is going on in "grown-up" rooms. But this is a two-edged sword, which cuts both ways, for if it reveals the tactics of the drawing-room, those of the nursery and housekeeper's room do not escape. With eyes and ears well open, ready tongue, and a retentive memory, children become dangerous to friend and foe. What is more detestable than a child divested of every particle of *nauseuse honte*, who obtrudes its remarks and its nursery news upon every one, and forces itself upon all people alike? It rears perhaps in the nursery some comments that have been made upon a dinner-party, or the conversation that has passed between Jane and her cousin, who have, in the innocence of their hearts, imagined that it had escaped the ears of all who have no particular wish that the attention of the authorities should be directed to it at that moment. The *infant terrible* announces, in its own sweet way, to her dear grandmamma, in the hearing of her grandpapa, that her aunt and cousin are fond of each other, and, with a certain amount of self-importance, attracts attention to the existing state of things. The nurse has been sparing—the murder is out—and Miss has been dismissed in a severely reprimanded, while the latter is dismissed, and the former is never suffered to stir beyond the watchful eye of the grim Cerberus that is placed on guard. It is vain to hope that, in the presence of such inquirers, any thing can remain secret or capable of being withheld from the hostess. The house-maid and her "follower" suffer equally from the same penetrating eye, listening ear, and garrulous tongue of "mamma" in daily intercourse of the conversation which took place between the under nursemaid and the young man on the other side of the silk. Such mischiefs may be these when to know the minutest details of their household, and therefore they are not corrected.

No bland amenities can be successful while one of these "sweet little pets" is at hand with its revelations, its explanations, and its glosses, for it was but the remember how mamma said she was glad to hear that Mrs. Scand-so was going away. An amusing story is told of a baby who once penned a friend's letter in the country. On his arrival at —— he was at once shown to his room, the dressing-bell, as it was believed, having already rung. On entering the room in which the company assembled before dinner, he found himself alone with a little girl about three years old, as the event proved, who quite up the occasion. He spoke to her in language which he supposed to be suited to her years, but the little lady was not even very forthcoming, when she presently bethought herself that she would like to know the name of her new friend. He at once replied that he was Mr. Somebody, and told her name, to which she instantly replied, with the utmost *naiveté*:——"Oh, then, you are the man that mamma says has a *wonderful appetite* for a joke!" Such announcement in the first moments of an arrival at a strange house! especially when it suddenly flashed across our friend's mind that it had been a special proviso in the invitation that he should bring all his music with him. But there is no end to the various witty sayings of every one of the *bon-mots* sayings of these blessed little pests. If a friend is pressed to stay, and regrets his inability to do so, the *infant terrible* is sure to be glad of it. It is in vain to be to dissemble your love or your aversion, if in a unguarded moment, no matter how long before or either. "Little pitcher have long ears," and people are apt to forget this when they talk over the things which most deeply interest them, forgetful that the tongue of the young and old alike is an unruly member. Precocious children, who have not been kept in proper subjection, and whose tongues have been allowed to run on *ad libitum*, have not unfrequently been the disturbers of domestic happiness. Such a petted child who was suffered to accompany her father in a round of visits which he proposed to make. His visiting hour arrived, he brought her to her mother, with the evident expectation of some praise for his punctuality. Mamma, in her gladness, drew the child toward her, gave it a kiss, and was on the point of expressing a hope that she had been amused, when she was cut short by the "sweet child" saying, "Oh, that is just what I told papa!" Mrs. ——" It was impossible for her unfortunate father to contradict or explain. There he stood, convicted.

We think that, in connection with this subject, the duty to children is twofold. First, that they should be taught from their earliest childhood that it is both dishonorable and wrong to repeat what they hear; and secondly, that care should be taken not to place upon them a burden too heavy to bear, by talking too openly and indiscriminately before them of things which we do not wish to hear repeated again. If their elders are sufficiently enough to talk rashly before them, let them be taught the virtue of that reserve which prevents tale-bearing; but let it be remembered that it is unfair and wrong to try the temper of children by forcing upon them a habit which is opposed to the free nature of childhood.

THE WORD OF AN EMPEROR.

ONE day, at the parade of his guard, the Emperor Paul I. was excessively indignant with one of his officers, who was not a good horseman.

"Cashier him and send him to his estate!" said he to the commanding general.

"Pardon me, Sire," answered the latter, "he is a poor man and has no estate!"

"Dat jesnit!"—(Then give him one!) exclaimed the Emperor, as he rode away.

This answer not only was original, but imperial; for having once been uttered the Emperor must keep his promise. The officer therefore was made possessor of an estate, in order to live in banishment upon it.

A BRAVE SOLDIER.

It is seldom that those who have passed through a campaign can show more than one wound. Such a case, however, there is now in this city an Italian, named Frederick Guscetti, who fought bravely on the Union side during the rebellion, and received no less than twenty-four wounds, several of them of the most dangerous character. The breast, side, and neck of this unfortunate young man are literally seamed with scars. Besides these certificates of his devotion to the Union cause, he bears written testimonials from Surgeons Packhurst, Sloan, Moore, and Packham, and also from Major-General Ferrero. Broken down in health, and unable to earn a living in this country, he desires to return to his native land, but lacks the means to do so.

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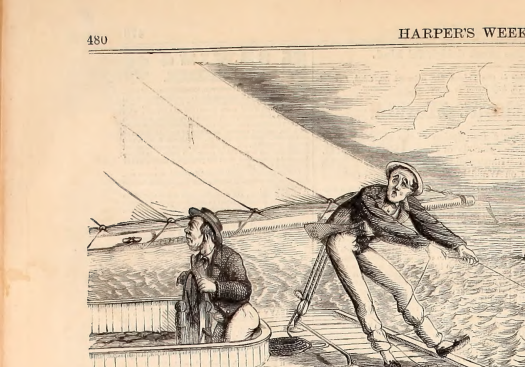
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 501.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



"PAPA'S COMING!"—[FROM A PAINTING BY T. F. DIXER.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1866.

THE CASE STATED.

THE rupture between the President and Congress is lamentable, but it is decided. As his policy failed to command the approval of the Union party, and it can not be denied that it has, his only alternative was to relinquish it or to await other support. That could come from one quarter only, from the Democratic party. It was not to be expected that the President would relinquish what he deemed the sole constitutional and sagacious policy; and therefore the elected candidate of the Union party of 1864 has no other party support than that of the Democracy.

Regrets and recriminations are equally vain. It is too late to wonder whether, had he worn and patient LINCOLN lived, the party which sustained him and the war would not have settled without serious opposition the great question of reconstruction. It is vain also to blame the action of reunion. Men act from mixed motives, and it is both unmanly and unwise to trace those with whom we profoundly differ, and whom we most steadfastly oppose. The welfare of the country, through the triumph of the fundamental American principle, which Mr. SEWARD well defined in a letter of resignation as "the political liberty and equality on mankind under the law," this is the end which every thoughtful citizen will constantly bear in mind, and it is therefore of very little importance whether the President is influenced by the desire of re-election, by the wish to live his future years peacefully in Tennessee; by unextinguishable hostility to what is called "Radicalism;" by incapacity to comprehend the situation, or by the most conscientious desire to do his duty faithfully. It is vain to turn upon him the fire of his own words when he was military Governor of Tennessee, or when he accepted the Presidency; for a man of ardent temperament and of utterly undisciplined mind says many things under extraordinary excitement for which he can not fairly be held responsible. Whatever the President's motives may be, he has distinctly declared his policy. That policy will be sustained by the Democratic party, and must be estimated not by his personal character, but by its own merits and by the necessities of action which the new coalition will impose upon them.

This is true also of the policy of Congress. Our judgment must be determined not by our opinion of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, or of Mr. SUMNER, or of any other ardent or unwise declaimer; not by the ill-humor of debates, or by the occasional folly of certain acts. Neither is it of present importance that Congress has been too slow or too fast in arriving at its conclusions. Congress has been maligned, derided, and denounced as the President has been. It is enough that each has declared its policy of reunion. Upon those policies the country will decide at the autumn elections; and every sensible man will weigh them well.

The exact point, then, is this: The President holds that the States lately in rebellion, having accepted certain amendments to the Constitution without consultation with the representatives of the people, have now the right to be admitted to Congress upon the same terms as the other States. Congress holds that the Legislative and not the Executive department of the Government is the rightful judge of the situation, and that the public safety requires another condition as the necessary complement of those already accepted, and opposes admitting any late insurgent State to an equal share in the Government until it adopts the amendment proportioning representation to voters, and excluding from office at the pleasure of Congress certain conspicuous offenders. The object of this amendment is of vital importance. To state it is to prove it; for it proposes merely that no State which has tried to destroy the Government shall, as a result of its abortive effort, gain increased power in the Government.

There is thus no difference of *principle* between the President and Congress, although there is that difference between him and the Democratic party which denies the right to impose any conditions whatever. But the President has done it. It was the necessity of the case, and he could not help it. Either South Carolina had the right to demand to possess her old share in the Government without accepting the Emancipation Amendment, or revoking her act of secession, or repudiating her rebel debt, or she has no right to demand it until she has satisfied any other condition which the Government may require for the same purpose of security to the Union. The President, indeed, claims that his conditions are the only constitutional terms that can be asked. But that is merely his opinion. No inaugurated has any system of finance. One of the first men to realize the necessities of the occasion, and to discern the practical methods by which money could be raised for the prosecution of the war, was JAY COOKE. He went to Philadelphia, and opened a little bank there. By degrees he won the confidence of the Secretary, became a subscriber for public loans, bought and sold the various classes of securities issued by Government at the beginning of the war, was frequently, by reason of his early information, enabled to operate without risk in bonds and stocks, and in the course of a couple of years won for himself such a position that he obtained the office of agent for the Five-Twenty and then for the Seven-Thirty loan. With made his fortune. How much he realized from it no one knows; probably not less than five—perhaps ten million dollars. Recently connected with Northern Pacific. As for himself, he was enabled to buy islands, to run churches, to support colleges, to live in a style which extinguished even the ASTORS. All which he deserved his reward. Mr. EDMUNDS tried to negotiate the second series of Seven-Thirties without him, and failed miserably; JAY COOKE took up the moribund scheme, breathed life into it, and it succeeded instantly. Any body might make the egg stand when they learned how; but, you see, nobody chanced to learn learned how at the right time except JAY COOKE.

But now that the war is over, and no further emergency exists for the Treasury Department, it seems to be pretty generally felt, even among those who justify JAY COOKE'S sudden wealth, that his house ought not to engage advantages over other banking houses, or, at all events, that the Treasury officials ought not to throw money into the hands of JAY COOKE & Co. when there is no necessity for throwing money into any one's hands. If the Government desires to exchange Five-Twenties for Seven-Thirties, Mr. VAN DYCK can do it, without communicating the market will push the exchange; if the market will not justify the exchange, MESSRS. JAY COOKE & Co. can not accomplish it. Within the next year or two some $800,000,000 of Seven-Thirty notes will have to be exchanged or disposed of in some way or other. The mercantile community and tax payers generally are most prepared to pay MESSRS. JAY COOKE & Co. a commission on effecting this exchange, and if Secretary M'CULLOCH contemplates throwing this business into their hands, he will not find it easy to justify himself before Congress and the country.

Senator SHERMAN's bill prohibiting further secret sales of gold is a fair indication of the public temper. Mr. SHERMAN is a friend of the Secretary, and the best man in Congress to object, when any policy which affords well-informed people a fair chance of making a little money. But the public disgust at the blunder of May last was too unmistakable not to be discouraging to any kind of secret negotiations, which are always suggestive of fraud. They want the operations of the Treasury Department to be as open and as public as those of the War Department, or the Navy Department, or the Navy Supply agency.

Nothing is ever gained, in the long-run, by secrecy, in the matter of large operations. The idea that the Government could not sell its gold or its bonds if it were generally known to be a seller, is a fallacy which experience contradicts at every point. It sustains but the private opinion of the brokers whose commissions depend on the continuance of secret sales. Suppose Mr. VAN DYCK had, on 22d March, 1865, announced that gold for sale to the highest bidder. Is it not clear he would have got nearer 140 than 135 for it? Certain Treasury officials, in a recently published correspondence, expressed the opinion that if the purposes of Government were known Wall Street would combine to defeat them. This childish sneer does deserve notice. Every adult of sound intellect can see that Government requires to convert $800,000,000 of Seven-Thirty notes within two years. Can this fund be raised without the knowledge of the Seven-Thirty market, and any secret operations which the Government may attempt through JAY COOKE & Co. or any one else, will be denounced at once, and telegraphed throughout the country before sundown, just as the Government sales of gold were detected and telegraphed. A secret operation is one which begot hostile combinations. Let Mr. M'CULLOCH openly advertise that he will give Five-Twenty Bonds for Seven-Thirties on such conditions as he may deem fair and the market may justify—not through this or that pet banking house, but at his own office; and he may rely upon it he need fear no combination. If the market be in a favorable condition he will succeed in effecting the exchange without paying any share; if it be in a favorable condition and he will have to pay more than he would have fared had he placed himself in the hands of one of his pet bankers. If the Five-Twenty Bonds command a premium when the Seven-Thirties mature every one will convert, without the least effort by Government, if they are at a discount every one will want his money, and all the capitalists of Europe and America in the world will not avail to alter one single mind.

We speak of the maturity of the Seven-Thirty notes, because we have no idea that Congress will adopt or the Supreme Court justify the repudiating scheme of Senator JOHN SHERMAN, by which holders of Seven-Thirties would be compelled to elect four months before the maturity of their notes whether they proposed to demand money or bonds. Whatever straits may await the Treasury Department, we are not yet prepared to believe that the Government is going to cheat its creditors, either in the rate of interest on its obligations, or the period of time which its options have to run.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

THE result of the first campaign in the European war is prodigious, but the problem is not surprising. It has been evident for many months that BISMARCK meant to fight. He had privately consulted LOUIS NAPOLEON in Paris, and had come to an understanding with VICTOR EMANUEL. His object was the overthrow of the imperial power of Austria, and his means were all the resources of an opulent military monarchy. Of course he had not resolved without the most careful information of the available military force of his enemy, a knowledge of his financial condition, and of the disposition of other Powers. The stake was enormous: the risk was that of all wars, and therefore incalculable. But the event shows how masterly was the comprehension of the situation and circumstances, and with what marvelous skill the combinations of the campaign were drawn.

Europe has been so long destitute of a truly efficient and audacious genius that there was no mental preparation for its appearance. It was undoubtedly the general expectation that diplomacy would shrug and grimace indefinitely; that PRUSSIA was blustering and bragging to force results by fright; that LOUIS NAPOLEON had said and written nothing more than he had always said; and that, by-and-by, somewhere and somehow, the business might be bungled into a war. But that BISMARCK would see that the time could only be cut and not untied, and that his sword was not only sharpened but raised, was a fact not easily believed.

But long that profound BISMARCK forced the moves throughout. On the 14th of June he brought the cunabous Diet to a vote which he anticipated. On the 16th the armed war began between Austria and Hanover. Paralyzing the Federal army with one hand, he pushed his own force through Dresden and into Bohemia with the other. Within ten days he seized, or established camp wherever he found him. Steadily advancing, taking point after point, driving the enemy backward and arresting its every movement, he pushed on to the chief of them and crushed the great army of BENEDEK, extinguishing in a moment the fame of the chief Austrian General, and ending at the same time all hope of its extremity and surrender the prey it had so long held in Italy. It was on the battle-ground of FREDERICK THE GREAT, but FREDERICK himself never struck so or with such a blow for Prussia.

The result of this first campaign is the transfer of the treaties of 1815. It abolishes the Austrian Confederation, and leaves Italy to the Italians. Does it also abolish the Austrian empire? That a campaign of a fortnight should achieve such results and such a revolution as these is almost incredible. In the presence of such facts it is idle to speculate. Will FRANCE go to the Rhine, and Germany become a vast confederated empire? Will PRUSSIA permit it, or will Central Britain wish it? Will the great victory of Sadowa, revealing to the people of the various German States the immediate responsibility of a power on the fact of which its name, inspire them with the resistless conviction that it is a war for national deliverance? Or will the hatred between Austrians and Prussians prove to be so intense and vital as to lead to a prolonged and exterminating struggle, to be settled only by external interference?

These and other questions are inevitable. That they are unanswerable. We can see no present reason for supposing that the war is over.

CIVIL WAR.

THE Danville *Times*, the Richmond *Whig*, the Richmond *Enquirer*, the Charleston *Courier*, the Macon *Telegraph*, the *Savannah Republican*, and we know not how many other Democratic newspapers in all the disaffected section, have been suggesting late in some months that the President should call together the Representatives elected from that part of the country, who would be joined by Senators elected from the States, recognize "Conservatives" from the Northern States as the Union, and embark himself by force them as the Union, and embark himself by force of arms. The Democratic Senator GARRETT DAVIS, of Kentucky, suggested the same thing. The Democratic Chicago *Times* urged him to clear out Congress by military force. A Democratic Representative elected in Virginia, Mr. A. H. H. STUART, in an address before a college some weeks since, informed his audience that they were on the eve of another bloody revolution." Mr. S. S. COX, formerly a Democratic Representative from Ohio, then a delegate to the Chicago Convention, where he said that in his judgment "LINCOLN and DAVIS

ought to be brought to the same block togeth-er," and now an eminent "Conservative" of Tammany Hall, announced upon the 4th of July that unless moderate and judicious statesmanship should intervene, by which he meant unless Representatives from the late rebel States were promptly admitted, there will be civil war more terrible and atrocious than that just ended. The Democratic New York *World* two or three weeks ago, declared that if the votes of the late rebel States for President in 1868 should be refused by the Congress of the United States, when, if admitted, they would elect the Democratic candidate, "this right would be settled by force of arms."

And when, after this plain declaration from all parts of the Democratic party, that in a certain contingency they meant to begin a worse war than that which they have just waged against the Government, Mr. BOUTWELL said a few days since that the loyal country ought to be warned and prepare for the emergency, Mr. HENRY J. RAYMOND announces that the Radicals are plotting civil war; and the New York *World* piously thanks the gentleman, whom it had said a day or two before had lost all consideration and influence whatever, for the startling information, and begs the President to "stop these revolutionists in their hellish work!"

Is it this declared warlike intention of the Democratic party or the resistance to it which Mr. RAYMOND proposes? If the open declaration of the *World* and other Democratic authorities that, in a certain contingency, force should be used did not alarm him, why in the so applied by the assertion that such force ought to be resisted?

As for the *World*, it holds that the late rebel States have at least all our rights in the Union. They had then the same right to vote for President in 1864 that they have until Congress recognizes them in their new law. And if the Southern Democrats had stopped fighting loyal men long enough to vote for their most friendly foe, MCCLELLAN, are we to understand that, if enough Southern votes could have been counted in the North to elect him, his right would have been asserted by arms?

The only civil war which this country has ever known was waged against the Government by the Southern wing of the Democratic party, supported, as MR. HENRY J. RAYMOND informed us in the recent speech, by the Northern wing. To save slavery the Democracy plunged the country into war. To save the spirit of slavery they would sink it into Mexican anarchy. They threaten that if they can not have their way in the coming elections there will be war. But they threaten a people who have once shown themselves afraid either of war or the rumor of war—a people who for the last ten years have seen the Democratic party in every light of infamy; who have placed their feet upon the copper land, and will keep it there until the last feeble hiss escapes.

A VERMONT SENATOR.

VERMONT has many sons who would serve her well in the United States Senate; but there is one honorably known to the whole country for varied public service; for remarkable and universal scholarship; for the utmost modesty and purity of life and character; for peculiar familiarity with our political history, and for the soundest and most truly American political principles. He would bring to the Senate knowledge, experience, conviction, and character worthy the representative of the true liberal conservatism of his State; and his presence there at this time, and for the impending questions, would be hailed with sincere pleasure by the most liberal citizens of every State. We speak, of course, of the HON. GEORGE P. MARSH, now minister to Italy.

INFLUENCE OF MENTAL EXERCISE ON HEALTH.

It is a common idea that it is no matter how little the mind is exercised so far as health is concerned, and many go so far as to think that the busier a man is the less labor his intellect has to do, the better is his chance on the whole for long life. For it is supposed that mental culture is always at the expense of physical, and that labor of the mind is dedicated a sacrifice more or less of the development of the lower nature for the benefit of the higher. That idea is scientifically and economically in situation we admit, but we do not admit the necessity of it. On the contrary, we contend that education, that is, mental development, need not be so managed, even in the case of the hard student, as to contribute to physical development—that better health, as a general work, a better organization of the system, may be obtained with an active and cultivated mind than with a boorish one.

Let us be understood on this point. We do not say that the more active the mind is the better will be the physical condition. But we do say, as we said in relation to muscular exercise in a previous article, that a certain amount of mental exercise is necessary to the best condition of the system, that is, to its highest and most confirmed health, and then, beyond this, the exercise can be extended in the case of the student, as with muscular exercise in the case of the laborer, to an amount which will not be inconsistent with the best condition of the system.

This is the natural and rational view of the matter. The Creator could never have designed that the soul, which he has so intimately connected with the body, should, in its legitimate activities, do damage to that body. On the other hand, it is in consonance with what we ordinarily see of the works of the Deity that mind and body should be of mutual benefit. Indeed we have abundant evidence that they do exert genial influences upon each other.

This is true in regard to the influence of the mind upon the body, not only of what directly concerns enjoyment and the use of which we may be called purely intellectual operations; for there is intellection in intellectual acquisition, and this will, like muscular exercise, exert an influence upon the body. And if the knowledge acquired be connected directly with the labor which is performed, it will strip that of its character of drudgery, and therefore substitute an enlivening in place of a depressing influence. And that knowledge, which has not this connection will lighten labor, by the consciousness of power and dignity which it gives.

Suppose here are a hundred farmers who have but little mental cultivation, and who therefore have not an idea of scientific knowledge of their business. The only satisfaction which they can have in their labor comes from its results and the anticipation of them, and the thought, moreover, must be for the most part mere drudgery. Suppose another hundred, who work in the same way that the first do, but, from their early education, or from what they have had, understand to some good extent natural philosophy, chemistry, geology, zoology, and vegetable physiology. They will find a pleasure in something else besides results—the processes by which these are reached and the influence of fertilizers upon them are subjects of interest and pleasure as they watch the progress of the vegetation under their care. Their employment furnishes them with continual food for thought; and though it has degraded and rendered interesting, is not wearisome, monotonous drudgery, as it is when performed with little thought beyond that which is absolutely necessary to its performance.

This latter company of farmers will be on an average live longer and have better health than the first company, simply because their labor would be performed under more genial and sustaining influences. Indeed, few persons have any amount of labor than the uncultivated and unthinking, for there is less wear and tear of the system when it works cheerily than when it performs its functions come task.

Suppose farther, that the wife and daughters of an intelligent farmer understand all the chemistry concerned in the dairy, the composition of milk, the character of the various grasses and the physiology material for all the different organs of the body, and, besides this, the phenomena of vegetation, and other allied subjects, in connection with the farmer himself, how would their labor be lightened, and how would the consciousness of intellectual pleasure produce a genial influence upon the whole field of promoting health! And in the rest of evening, after the labors of the day are over, how would the intelligent conversation of such a family be of the benefit of rest by giving it the character of an agreeable diversion!

What we have said of farming is true also of the mechanic arts. If the mechanic understand the principles that lie at the basis of his art he has an interest in his work which he can not enjoy but not. His work is not simply skillful manipulation the mind does not merely think enough to guide the hand, but is busy with itself either on the principles involved in the work, or on some other subject, and this agreeable occupation of the mind lightens the toil. It actually becomes recreation! were properly educated, and their families also, how much would the consequent intelligent conversation of the family and its visitors add to the joy and comment of life, and therefore benefit their physical as well as mental and moral condition!

The education which we have supposed is far from being an impossibility. It is within the range of our common schools. The knowledge which is absolutely lost in loading the memory with words and forms of expression and processes, that are not understood, would, if understood, bring about the conscious things with which the pupil will have to do most in after-life, such as air, water, light, heat, mechanics, chemical effects, vegetation, etc. Then such mechanics and farmers as we have spoken of would abound in the community, and this change in education would, we have said, add vastly to the health of those classes and to their average length of life.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

THE beautiful poem by WHITTIER which we copied last week to accompany the portrait of BARBARA FRIETCHIE was originally published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, and should have been credited to that periodical.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

July 18:

In the Senate, Mr. Sherman called up the bill to fund the public debt. The first and second sections, giving the legal-tender notes the same character as five-per-cent bonds were stricken out.—The death of Senator Lane was announced.

In the House, the contested election case of Kountz and Cobden, from the Sixteenth District of Pennsylvania, was called up and decided in favor of the former.—The Revised Tariff bill was considered and passed under the operation of the previous question by a large majority—yeas 88, nays 34. The 25th of July was fixed for the adjournment of Congress.

July 19:

In the Senate, a bill directing the President to place $50,000 at the disposal of the Governor of Maine for the relief of the sufferers by the late fire in Portland, Maine, was passed, 22 to 18.—The bill for the funding of the public debt was resumed.—Mr. Trumbull declined to recognize the State Government of Tennessee, and announced that the Legislature of that State had just ratified the Constitutional Amendments.

In the House, a bill granting lands to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the Central Pacific Railroad in California to Portland in Oregon was passed.—Mr. Shellabarger called up the report of the Select Committee on the charges made by Hon. Reverdy Johnson, in his late Baltimore speech, against General GRANT and Mr. BOUTWELL. The report briefly exonerates Mr. Conkling and severely censures Mr. Ely. It was adopted with only four dissenting votes.

July 20:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner presented the report of the Conference Committee on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill, which was agreed to after considerable discussion.—The Tennessee bill, to compromise by gross for the coming year to the United States Minister at Lisbon, Portugal.

In the House, the joint resolution for the admission of Tennessee was passed—yeas 125, nays 27. The following names were voted nay—Alley, Benjamin, Boutwell, Eliot, Higby, Hooker, Kelley, Morrill, Orth, Sloan, McVeigh, Palmer, Williams.

July 21:

In the Senate, the Committees on the Judiciary reported back the House joint resolution declaring Tennessee entitled to representation. The Committee with an amendment in the form of a substitute which briefly alluded to the several points of the House bill, but moved unconstitutional, and which had paved the way for its restoration. Mr. Sherman objected to the bill in its present form as it would probably be vetoed by the President. Mr. Trumbull supported the substitute.—Mr. Johnson thinks the substitute ground, and was rejected, but a change was made in the body of the bill which would restore it to the House. The vote was 28 to 4, Messrs. Sumner, Brown, Buckalew, and Saulsbury voting in the negative.

In the House, the Russian case being under discussion, Mr. Stevens moved to strike out the appropriation which he said had been manifestly tossed into in debate. He thought it improper to interfere between the Czar and his people. Mr. Schenck said that he had sent to the Governor of Alaska all the information in his possession.

July 23:

In the Senate, the Civil Appropriation bill being taken up, the Committee on Appropriations reported back the bill to put out of the consolidation draft fund, for every slave being, to help defray the cost, to exceed $300 each, was adopted. An amendment increasing the pay of clerks in the Treasury Department to $1,800 was agreed to.—An amendment abolishing the mission to Greece was adopted.

NEWS ITEMS.

Cholera has broken out on the steamer *San Salvador*, which arrived at Savannah on the 18th of July with 800 recruits for the Mexican Imperialists. There were 25 cases among them and 3 deaths during the voyage. One death occurred after the arrival. The vessel will not be allowed to land the troops but landed at Tybee Island. There was no sickness among the troops on shipboard, but the steamer was ordered to remain in quarantine 15 days.

The Commissioners appointed by Governor St. Joseph, Missouri, on the 16th, and report considerable disorder in society there, because of the threatening proclamations of the rebel element. Loyal citizens find it difficult to live in peace.

In the Lower House of the Tennessee Legislature the Constitutional Amendment was passed, July 19, by a vote of 45 to 18. Governor Brownlow sent the following telegraphic dispatch to the President:

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, *Thursday, July 19—11 M.*

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

My compliments to the President. We have carried the Constitutional Amendment in the House. Vote 45 to 18; two of us took refusing to vote.

W. G. BROWNLOW.

Senator Lane having died, and Senator Pomeroy's term expiring with the present session, the Legislature of Kansas legislature must elect two Senators to fill their places.

A dispatch announces the appointment of KINNEY as successor to that Major E. G. Rose, editor of the Lawrence *Tribune*, has been elected United States Senator for that State, in the place of the late James H. Lane.

The Commissioners of Public Accounts state that George Peabody intends to bestow $50,000 each upon Harvard, Dartmouth, Yale, and Williams Colleges of Massachusetts, and the sum of $1,000,000 upon Boston for homes for the poor.

The death occurred on the 19th, at 1115, of Major-General Barlow, of wounds received in the battle of the Wilderness.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

THE LONDON TIMES of the 20th publishes a telegraphic dispatch consist of the great battle of Sadowa at once from the tower of Koniginhof, which is the highest point reached since then the Austrians, for they incurred the chance of being surrounded by the Prussian army, if they never could succeed in withdrawing their army in the face of the enemy through Koniginhof, which was the only line of retreat they had entered Bohemia. Benedek, on the other hand, had a wide retreat open to him through Olmutz and Prague, and, Benedek to his splendid cavalry, was able to avail himself of it. Dr. Brandt, who had visited the battle-field, says the density of the smoke did not obscure the whole field of action in which the movements for the Prussian turning of the Austrian flank without being seen. Between 11.30 and 12 o'clock the Austrian army was all broken, and successful on the centre and on its flanks, although the fury of the conquering Prussian troops rendered it impossible to follow up the front from the front of Neuhaustz to the platform of Koniginhof, although the Austrians were making the most obstinate resistance of the Prussians. At one o'clock the Prussians, having driven the Austrians out of the ground on the right. Then as the Austrian left and centre gained ground the right yielded, and after considerable fighting Benedek came upon the ridge fitting as they advanced, while their guns on the left were still very retreating but not disorderly Austrian with shrapnel and case.

"It was now about two o'clock, and I thought that there could be no hesitation in declaring that the Prussians were all but victorious. I assured as if a change as could of the bone dredged for miles on the plateau could still be kept up. Benedek, or, rather, his staff, could not be ignorant of the fact that the Austrians from the right of the centre to oppose the last effort of the Prussians to force the open interval between the centre and the extreme right resting on the Koniginhof ground near the river, but the Austrians did not perceive it, or if they did could not protect the advance of the Prussian flag the plateau that the big tree toward Kim. The Austrian right and reserve became more and more broken, their artillery coutre very fast of ground. Suddenly a spattering of musketry broke out on their extreme right. A short fight ensued, and the Austrian gunners and on the columns of infantry drawn up on the plateau. The latter cannot fail on all sides—their losses are dreadful—the fire increases in intensity—the Prussians are on the left—the Austrians in the centre—in an awful catastrophe—two columns of Austrians are led against the Prussians, but they are not stand the fire, and after three attempts to carry it retreat, leaving the hill-side covered with dead and wounded. The Austrians—The Prussians see their advantage; they have got into the very centre of the position. It is with the staff-officers fly to the reserves and horses to get back some of the artillery from the front. The Austrian artillery-horses in the open ground between the centre and the extreme right rushing on the Prussian flank, and from the slope take both the Austrians on the extreme right and the reserves in flank. The spread away to the woods near the Prague road and fire into the rear of the Austrian gunners. Then a wedge-shaped mass of Prussians drives in more deeply every instant was forced into the very body of the Austrian centre, which is now in full retreat, dividing the left and centre from the right. The troops in the centre and left of the Austrians, which is now completely gone in the rear, and are soon exposed to the fire which most of all destroys the moral and the Austrian army. The Austrians on the right, previously broken up and discomfited, hurry toward the Prague road in something like confusion, and spread alarm among the reserves of the left and right. The regular lines of the columns have also gradually lodging out, and are at last swallowed up in disordered multitudes. Officers give orders about trying to restore order. Some regiments hold together, though they are losing men in large every instant. The left wing is arrested in its onward progress. The Prussian generals in front of them and on the centre, seeing their enemy waver, throw their battalions against them and encourage their artillery to final efforts, but the formidable Austrian cavalry prevents any hasty or enthusiastic demonstrations on the part of the Prussian right whose long-continued fighting and heavy losses must have exhausted their energy.

Even then Dr. Russell and in this opinion the military correspondent of *The Times* evidently thinks that a decisive charge of Austrian cavalry might have restored the fortunes of the day; but the cavalry were not called on for this service, and were used merely to prevent the retreat of the infantry. A combination of recklessness and slowness on the part of the Austrian generals, to the former of which Dr. Russell attributes the defeat, ingt. to prevent the Austrian left, ingt. to prevent the order of battle being changed, and especially to prevent the Austrian centre by the Prussian right, by which long-continued fighting and heavy losses must have been avoided.

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It appears from Dr. Russell's account that the needle-gun was of very little avail in the battle, the country not being favorable to its use. About 70,000 Prussians were engaged on the field, and the Austrians are computed that many 200 Prussians as an equal number. It is estimated that many 200 guns were in action, of which 150 were Prussian. The Prussians had the night of the enemy fell by one hundred and fifty; but each side must have suffered terribly. The woods offered shelter to the Austrians, and the ground, in some degree, from the needle-gun, while at the same time it afforded an excellent artillery position. The Austrians lost 18 guns, which the Prussian Regiment of Guard, Captain Count Stolberg, was the first to enter. Twenty-eight officers and nearly 300 men fell with him. They promptly blew up all the works and fortifications defending the town, and had a large number of the guns which formed the bridges. The next morning the Austrians made a renewed demonstration before Kaya, with artillery, in the direction of London. They were driven back with the bayonet by the Prussian Guard, and the bridge over which place was occupied by the volunteers. Gerlitsch was present, but had not engaged in a carriage in consequence of his wound. Gerlitsch had been wounded in a stream on the 29th June. Dr. Russell is of opinion that the excellent staff reports that it is to performing wound by a small shell at the close extremity of the left flank. The distance between the points at which the ball entered and passed out is about four inches.

The negotiations for an armistice have not arrested the progress of the Prussian into Austria. The army of the Crown Prince, which forms the *tête-de-pont* of the invading force, is now at Brunn, the Moravian capital, already far beyond Pardubitz, and within a short distance of Vienna.

The *Times* gives the following as the conditions on which the Italian army is prepared to be transferred to the Emperor Napoleon:

First, That the question of the District of Trent should be referred to Italy to be discussed.

Second, That the question of the Duchies of Trent should be referred to Italy to be discussed.

Third, That the Austrian fortresses in the Quadrilateral should be given up to the Austrians.

The Prussian conditions contained in the letter of Prince Napoleon are stated to be as follows:

The exclusion of Austria from the Germanic Confederation.

The exclusion of Austria from the Germanic Confederation.

The Confederation of Austria.

The Confederation of the military and naval forces of the Confederation by Prussia.

The diplomatic representation of Germany abroad, and the annexation by Prussia of the Duchies and part of the territory already occupied.

The following are the basis of the negotiations suggested by France, and communicated to Count von Goltz and Prince Metternich, by whom they have been transmitted to Berlin and Vienna:

The Germanic Confederation to be dissolved and another constituted in order to establish a line of neutrality Prussia nor Austria should form a part.

The territorial integrity to be respected of Austria.

The abandonment by the latter of her rights on the Duchies, and to place the war indemnity to be first demanded by Prussia.

Prussia to incorporate Schleswig-Holstein, Hesse Cassel, Hesse Darmstadt, and Brunswick. The population of the Prussian Monarchy would thereby be raised to 24,000,000—the Rhine to constitute the western frontier of Prussia, and the Austrian Netherlands to be given to Prussia or else as an indemnity to the sovereigns dispossessed by the latter.

An exchange of territory to take place between Baden and Bavaria, whereby the latter would give the whole of the Rhenish Palatinate; Saxony, Hanover, and the Electors of Hesse to constitute military alliance with Prussia. The inhabitants of London to choose whether they shall belong to Prussia or Austria, the boundary line in the Valley of the Saone to choose between France and the Germanic Confederation.

The Florence journals of the 10th assert that Prussia had declined the Austrian proposals.

The same journals announce that the Prussian Government has officially declared to the Italian Cabinet that Italy can not accept an armistice which, being based upon the cession of Venetia, would be concluded and separately concluded peace, and would disengage to the detriment of Prussia and to the ruin of Italy.

The Austrians are to be allowed to send no more troops after the battle of Sadowa as was expected. We have therefore reason to believe that the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH'S negotiations for an armistice have failed. The Prussian Government cannot be induced not to make any humiliating concessions. The Austrian army has been driven from the interior of Bohemia to Olmutz before the enemy to make peace with the Prussians before he will consent to the cession of Venetia. Fighting is feared by a very large and influential section of the people in the provinces of Austria and Bohemia. Nor is the confidence of the Austrian government in the valor of its troops in the very formidable force at their disposal. The army of the Archduke ALBERT, which consists of 150,000 men, including some selected from the troops which have been engaged in Italy, is there and its troops are employed on garrison duty. Another 50,000 men, and the reserve of nearly 100,000 more, will be drawn from the following districts: Hungary proper, which has a population of 9,000,000 and can supply 40,000 men and 60,000 more from the military districts of Transylvania, Croatia, Slavonia, and the Military Frontier. Another 50,000 men will be drawn from Lombardy, 30,000 men from Venice, and 60,000 men and some hundreds of guns from the provinces of Austria proper and Bohemia. Besides these troops, which are to be employed in the defense of the country, the Austrians have still an army of 100,000 troops, well equipped, provided with strong reserves, and with artillery and cavalry. They are to be reserved for an army of that strength.

The Archduke has been superseded in the chief command by the Archduke ALBERT.

The Vienna official of Tuesday reports the loss at the battle of Custozza on the 24th ultimo: Officers, 69 killed, 203 wounded, 30 missing; 20 missing. Total loss in men, 631 killed, 2968 wounded, and 4462 prisoners and missing.


H.S.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN.
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS HELENA.



SECRET MEETING OF SOUTHERN UNIONISTS.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. R. WAUD.]

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

MEETING OF UNION MEN.

THE Union men of Louisiana say: "The Government has deserted us; WELLS, our Governor, has crushed us, and General CANBY has helped him to do it. When the armies of the United States occupied our State we were encouraged to come forward and proclaim ourselves; needful elections were held, and the general result good and faithful civil officers.

"The people found themselves free to vote as they pleased; a privilege seldom exercised in this section; and we rejoiced in the absence of the fearful power of the rebellion, par excellence the poor man's enemy. Now the progress of reconciliation has returned the power to the hands of the old dominant slave-owning class, the same that has always kept the poor white man ignorant and useless. And now they vote as Major this or Colonel t'other tells them to. As for the Union men they are proscribed, outlawed; if the Confederacy had succeeded, JEFFERSON DAVIS could not have done worse for them. And in thus sacrificing the interests of Union men the Government has not attracted an atom of devotion or loyalty from those who were lately rebels. Conciliation here means neither the improvement of the black nor white race, but simply the placing means of mischief in the hands of the old domineering class which produced the rebellion, and is now only abiding the time when it may once more have the power to do the country an injury."

It was with astonishment that I found how complete is the re-establishment of the old "Reign of Terror" for Southern Union men, the wistful glance at strangers, the constraint upon their speech—for none dare to speak out who wish to live in the South—with the exception of those who live in large cities, where numbers make men bold. These, and an air of depression and suffering, are the present characteristics of the "native Unionists." In some places, where they are few in number, employment is kept from them, and covert insult—sometimes more—is heaped upon them. Being invited to attend a meeting of them—for obvious reasons I need not state the precise spot—I entered a little house, where the accommodations were very limited, and a look-out was kept in case any chiv-



THE "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT"—CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, JUNE 24, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

alric folks might be in the neighborhood to repeat the little trick of letting off their pistols through the thin boards of the house, and then running away in the dark; the accidental discharge of fire-arms at night being a thing no one can count on—not if he is a Union man, certainly.

The sketch gives but a faint idea of the air of secrecy and distrust with which these good fellows meet. As far the business which brought them together, it was simply benevolent and self-protective; but, being Union men, they could not meet openly without increasing the hatred against them, and becoming objects for further persecution.

THE "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT."

In nearly all the cities of the South such scenes as this are occasional occurrence, only failing to assume the proportions of the Memphis slaughter by the action of the military authorities.

This affair commenced on the afternoon of Sunday, upon the battery at Charleston, where large numbers of both whites and blacks were congregating. Some colored men and boys, on the top of a mound, being boisterous, were ordered away by the police. A one-armed man among them was abusive, he was arrested, and, for showing resistance, beaten till he was covered with blood. This led to excited remarks from the populace, and in a short time, to the throwing of brickbats; the favorite weapon in these little skirmishes. The Provost Marshal, Captain Fielden, drove himself between the combatants, and begging them to desist, called upon them not to disgrace Charleston by making it the scene of a Memphis riot. The whites professed to heed him till he turned to address the retreating negroes, when they again commenced to throw brickbats. "Take care, you will hit the Captain!" said one. "That's the man I want to hit," answered another. "Kill the Yankee son of a b—h." The police could not use double quick; came right upon the leaders of the white mob in the act of throwing, but made no effort to arrest one; pushing through them, they endeavored to reach the negroes, and some were arrested. Now in Charleston and its vicinity there are some very bad characters among the whites, a number of them turbulent fellows were in the crowd, but it is equally true that the whites were quite as bad, and very desirous of battle with the "niggers." As was one of the white men died of his injuries. And the Charleston papers insinuated that the matter was aggravated by the actions of the Provost Marshal. A, who was a spectator, knew better; with much risk to himself, he succeeded in stopping the onward fight, police came up, and the work of fire-arms, the usual result of these brickbat fights, was prevented.

As stated before this is not an isolated occurrence, but a characteristic incident; and it requires but little reflection to consider in what condition the South would be if the military influence should be so speedily withdrawn.

A. R. W.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN AND PRINCESS HELENA.

WE give on page 484 portraits of her Royal Highness the Princess HELENA, third daughter of Queen VICTORIA, and of PRINCE CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, to whom she was married on the 22d of January, 1866, at Windsor. He holds, or held until lately, a captaincy in the Third Regiment of Prussian Uhlans of the Guard. He will now, however, probably retire from the Prussian service, if he has not already done so, as it is understood that the Princess and her husband are to reside permanently in England. The Prince has had the title of Royal Highness conferred upon him, and has also been made a Major-General in the British Army.

The following description of the marriage is taken from the London *Times*:—

"There was no pomp in the chapel where pomp could add to them to command a view of the regal train as it swept through the long corridor, but there was no fortunate enjoyed a spectacle of great magnificence. The corridor was from end to end of the building, and was open to all the apartments along its course, and forming a means of communication with the chapel royal. Every Prince heightened approach, lined by the Gentlemen-at-arms, with their richly-faced uniforms, their drawn swords and tall bullet-caps, formed a splendid avenue for the procession, which moved onward to the music of Handel's Triumphal March.

On the first entry of the royal party there was a slight hesitation as to places, caused, no doubt, by the absence of the Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who was the attack of gout, but this was speedily rectified. Louis Napoleon, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Steward, and Lord Churchill, employed the interval in proceeding to the Red Room, from which they returned with the bridegroom. MRED HIGNESS'S march from "Athalie" was gilding as they entered the chapel. Then followed the most Prince CHRISTIAN wore the uniform of a Major General in the British service, the only mark of distinction as a foreign uniform being the ORDEN RANDAU, h' gentleman of honor.

Advancing to the altar-rails and making the slight inclination required, they took their places—on the left the Royal Highness knelt for a few seconds in prayer, and then, rising, were presented to their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians. The photographs, as usual, convey but an inaccurate idea of the bridegroom, who is a very tall man, apparently between 25 and 40 years of age, with a good forehead, but the upper part of his face covered by a heavy moustache, peculiar of the features are visible wearing a calm, determined expression that never forsook him, but appears to enter into the solemnities of his actions.

There was a pause of nearly ten minutes before the procession of the bride made its appearance, also heralded by a stately march. This time from HANDEL'S "Scipione." All present rose as the Princess, supported by the Queen and the Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, entered the chapel; and the members of the different processions, with now considerably elevated the sound-screen in front of the apartment, proceeded to take up new positions.

The train, in entering the chapel was visibly doubled, but regained its proper upon reaching her place at the left hand side of the altar, and subsequently, with the necessary exception with a clearness and audibility to be heard in the theatre of speeches from the throne to day when those were read by the sovereign in person.

The Queen wore a dress of black moire antique, embroidered with a long crape veil falling from under a crown of diamonds, with necklace and diamond ornaments. The Princess HELENA wore a wedding-dress of rich white satin, trimmed with Honiton point lace, and trimmed with bouquets of orange blossom and myrtle, under a white satin veil of Honiton lace, fastened with orange blossom and myrtle. Wedding-wreath of orange blossom and myrtle under a splendid veil of Honiton lace, in pattern similar to that worn by her sister, the Princess ALICE, on her marriage. The service was performed by the Lord Primate. The queen, in person, gave away the bride, responding to the inquiry made by the Primate with a gentle inclination of the head and a smile.

The ceremony over, the bride was formally embraced by Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales; and, leaning upon the arm of her husband, her Royal Highness was led to the altar-rails, where the Archbishop, the royal procession, clergy, and attending officers, and in presence of the accompanying and attending them, and in presence of the remainder of the guests, the registry of the marriage was attested in due form.

HONEY.

CHESTS as brown as chestnuts could not blush, of course. At least they could not, but as Honey stood there, her kinky head dropped down, two dimples framing her full mouth, and her eyes just glimmering under their curved lids, it was a plain that she blushed as if you could have seen her do it. She tugged at the corner of her white pinafore, and then dropped it, wriggled her fat shoulders and tried to get away, but Sam held her fast.

"Can't go yet, Honey; can't go yet. Dere is no time like de present. Dere's a question I want to ask ye."

"Dunno what kin be," said Honey, knowing well.

"Jes only whether you don't like me a little, Honey?"

"Dere now! No, of course not!"

"Don't I like it, Honey."

"Dunno why you should presumptuate I do."

"Well, Honey, 'cause I'm so berry fond o' you."

Honey relented a little.

"You see," said Sam, holding her fast still, "Massa tell me some time ago to pick out a gal I liked, and dere an't no gal I like but you. You's jes de purtiest and smartest in dese parts, and I don't marry no one else. I's neber repent it; fas as I kin. I'll make you happy, Honey."

And then his voice fell a little, for at that instant he crossed the dusty threshold a man who did not, even own *himself*, who never *could* own even his children, might find it a little hard to make his wife happy under some circumstances.

Honey just then only thought of him. She lifted her great soul-brown eyes and gave him a look that stopped them again. Sam put his arm a little further around her waist.

"Honey, if you *will*, Massa'll give us a regler wedden'. He said he would, and you dunno how glad I'll be. Years like I shouldn't take no heart in nuthin' if you liked Bill best."

"I don't like Bill a bit," said Honey.

"Then you'll like me?"

"Oh, go way!" said Honey, "spect I'll hab to go to be shet of you."

And then Sam kissed her, and Honey tried to laugh, and made a little uproar, and Sam tried to, and ended by blowing her head in his dusky waistcoat and crying there like a baby. She hardly knew why herself.

The next minute a bell rung, a voice was heard, and both flew to answer the summons. Sam was Mr. Brusle's own man. Honey was Mrs. Brusle's fitting-woman. Both had been pampered and petted. Both possessed extensive wardrobes, both were as handsome as they could be, both thinking making a fashionable view of matters one might have said that Sam was an exceedingly desirable *parti*, and that, on the whole, Honey could not have done better. Some jest of this kind passed from mother to son when the matter was spoken of at the breakfast-table. But Sam and Honey were a white dress. Young Mr. Brusle tossed Sam a suit which had graced a fashionable ball-room with its presence.

The Rev. Oliver Huile was invited to dine for the purpose of performing the ceremony, and afterward there were congratulations and feasting in the kitchen

"Those Northerners talk of our cruelty to our slaves," said Mr. Brusle, who was in a most generous fan softly to and fro, sitting between her son and the divine, on the veranda; "but I fancy *they* don't have such a comfortable set of servants as we. I'm sure I've really exerted myself to please Honey." And the Rev. Huile patted his lips with his cambric handkerchief, and looked as if he were sympathizing with the lady, partly in derision of the fancies of the North.

"Those Chinese, you know, think all other nations barbarians, my dear lady," he said, "and we humor their fancies and buy their fans. Let us have no more discussion of the matter. Sam and Honey are fortunate folks, and we ought to be glad of their felicities!" and he sipped his lemonade. Young Brusle taking his cigar from his lips to say:

"Sam and Honey will make themselves whether we are bad masters. Hark to that! You don't hear any thing like it in a Yankee factory."

And in the parlor Honey was trying to laughter swept across the court-yard from the kitchen.

Just then, certainly, it would have been a safe question to put. Old Sam would have had a piece of pure perfection; Massa Charles the best master on earth. Work was light, food good, society had been sold for cash, and nothing but a wedding and a feast, and dancing and a fiddle!

Honey thought of nothing further; Sam had a kind of vague, troubled consciousness that Honey was not as entirely his as a freeman's wife would have been, but he dismissed off in a double shuffle, and refused to believe that he was not perfectly content.

"As happy as a clam, Massa, tank you!" he said, when questioned by that gentleman. "Neber har 'spec to be no happier toder side o' Jordan! Jes wish dey was all like Massa Charlie!"

"What is it, Sam?"

Sam was two years Massa Charlie's senior, and, in long past days, had been his playfellow.

"I wish," he said, brushing his master's hair artistically, and stepping back to get a better view of the general effect, "dat young Massa would find out some party young lady for to be his lady, and be jes as happy as me—will all respect to de difference o' de position."

"Perhaps I shall some day, Sam," said Massa Charlie, "if our connubial bliss continues, and you assume me of the fact."

And Sam, still smiling, made his best bow, and resumed the expression, "connubial bliss," as a very fine one, to be repeated on the first suitable occasion.

Meanwhile Massa Charlie had his own little affair under consideration. It was a troublesome one, too. There were the parents, and parents to win over. Grace Gordon was an heiress and a beauty—such a beauty as one does not often meet; and though the Brusles were rich as Jews and "niggers," the Gordons boasted far more bank-stock, and were altogether better off. Then, years before, two great grandfathers had quarrelled, and the quarrel had clung its shadow down even to the present day; so that young Oakum had actually booked a bet, laid with young Cayman, that Brusle would have to give up marrying Grace Gordon; while Charlie's mother, between her pride and her love for her son, had anxiously agonized and secretly abetted the union.

But Charlie had one important personage in his favor—the girl herself. His great black eyes and brown cheek, with the scarlet lips which he was spoke to her; his voice, very music, and mellow, and a certain frank way, all his own, had won the blonde belle's heart. She tormented him a while; then, seeing him grieve, relented; then coquetted with him again; and finally entrapped into a tête-à-tête with a gentleman who had decided to Charlie a wooing, and promised to be his—his, as a free man's wife may be, owned so entirely that only God has any greater claim. It is the woman on whose finger he has placed the wedding-ring.

And at last, after some opposition, the course of their love began to run smoothly as possible. Mrs. Brusle called on Mrs. Gordon, and the two families dined together. The betrothal was a settled thing.

A great difference, of course, between a well-bred gentleman of good old family and an exquisitely lovely lady, and a "nigger" and a "couple of niggers." But when Honey, in the idle time of twilight, found herself with Sam, his arm about her waist, his voice in her ears, she used to ask:

"Sam, do you reckon Massa Charlie and Miss Grace is jes as happy as we is?"

And Sam would, I reckon," keeping to himself that thought, "She belongs to him. He owns himself and her. There's no danger." But Honey was not satisfied. Sam would not allow it to go further. "Love, Honey? No; that couldn't be.

Ten months his wife, and he loved her better than ever. She was lovelier, more bewitching. She grew fonder and fonder of him. A glad, joyful-hearted, came into her eye when it rested on him. She thought of him night and day. She talked less, and fell into a quiet, gentle brooding over her work when he was not near her.

Grace Gordon called her the prettiest creature the Brusles could have imagined as they were, their well-fed, well-dressed slaves were *all* good-looking.

It never entered Massa Charlie's mind that Sam's love was any thing like his. Perhaps he was not quite sure how near a "nigger" came to being a man. They were certainly not of one blood. But he honored his piece of ebony, gave him "lots of time" and handfuls of small silver. So he allowed Honey to have a little room for her own pet canary. He never whipped either horse or nigger unnecessarily, and prided himself on his good-natured treatment of both.

But now, as the time of his own marriage drew near, there were important things to think of. Handy money was wanted and no doubt was owing. As yet he had made no costly present to Grace, and that was one of the great necessities.

For pride's sake he must not seem make her offering also to the bride, and how it was to be done without selling land or "niggers" neither could guess. The first thing was to thought of; the world would know it. But who would miss a darkey or so? Ned and Jack might go, and those heroes Julius Cæsar and Brutus could do none the wiser. In fact, as Ned had tried to run away one day, *that* was excuse enough for selling him, and as for Jack, he was getting too much in confidence over their evening meal one day, when, *apropos* of their resolve, Satan, or his emissary, Sam, had suggested that Jack, in a coatee, lurly man, with a general air of being ashamed of himself, and daring any one to find it out, dressed in white for a wedding-present, "A gemplemen, Massa;" and stood, trying to look as nearly as possible like the description.

Sam, by the way, he said, a moment being asked to take a seat, sucked at his cane-handle in silence a while, and then, despairing of introducing the subject neatly, fell into it with a splash, as into a pond.

A gentleman, a friend of his, name not to be known at present, and gentleman, wanted a gal of theirs, by name Honey. He knew it was a favor to ask; but he made an offer worth something, and he would be glad to know if Massa Charlie saw a quick glance at her son. "Not the thing to do when a gentleman had not spoken of parting with his people, but a matter of offence. There was the offer—so much for the gal Honey. That was what brought him, and there he was. Well now?

The mother looked at her son, the son at her. "We must talk it over," he "Excuse us a moment;" then the two left room together. Neither spoke until they had the door of a little room upon them; then Sam broke the silence:

"It's just the sum we want, le."

"Yes; but can we?"

"I shall miss Honey's voice—I shall mad."

"Sam will be furious," said Mr. harlie.

"It's a wonderful offer. Who is it? I can't imagine."

The anonymous buyer was Rev. Oliver Huile, who had had a call to South Carolina, and was fitly ordering his household.

"She's a girl who would command a price," said Charlie; "but I never thought of selling her. You see, Sam is a pet of mine, and he hasn't been used to thwarting. I wonder whether he wouldn't take a notion to Fan if this one was sold? I reckon we'll have to tie it;" and he put the sum offered into words instead.

They made Madame Brusle's eyes glisten.

"We want," she said; "it's no humored our niggers too much, and they went back to the trader arm in arm.

A few more words—then money clinked upon the table—a receipt was signed—"the girl Honey" was made over to the unknown buyer through this his agent, and the bargain was struck.

Take her this afternoon as quietly as you can," said Massa Charlie. "The fact is"—and he put just one little pang at his heart—"she has a husband on the place, and I want to get him out of the way. It won't inconvenience you to wait, I hope?"

"Not a bit," said the man. "But you are tender with your niggers. He'll have another in a week."

Massa Charlie was not so sure of that as he appeared to be. He gave the trader a cigar, took out himself, and lounged away. In the hall he met Sam.

"Get yourself ready Sam," he said. "I'm going over to Oakum, and you'll go. Sam bowed.

"Soon, Massa Charlie?"

"Immediately."

Sam's light step was on the stairs in a moment; but I before he reached his own sleeping-place, where his wardrobe was stored, he passed Honey at work in her light room on the top, every white work of her own, and stopped and kissed her.

She looked up with a tear in her eye.

"I wonder, Sam, if I do of their work to you," she said. "Dere me to be suthin before I knowed ye! Now there ain't nuthin only you."

"Yes, I is," said Sam, "and I is, too," said Sam; and the haunting terror fell on him again—the terror born of the fact that "a nigger" couldn't even own his wife.

He whistled it off and dressed and went down to his master, a dandy of the first water. Honey peeped at him from a window. Over the veranda the trader looked at him also.

"A likely fellow," he said.

"Yes," said Madame Brusle; "Honey's husband."

"Oh, the gal, eh?" Then the trader laughed, as at a joke. "Let him out of the way of the society, I say; he's not the kind to make a great row. I know 'em, I do. No, this here 'll take it cool."

An hour passed there came a cart to the door. A cry, wild and fearful, that froze the listener's blood; then sobbing words:

"Sam, Sam, help me, Sam! You couldn't take me if Sam was here. I'm his wife. Sam, Sah!" Then the voice was smothered down, and those children of the house saw Honey borne out of the door and carried a carriage, which, with windows closely shut, was driven rapidly away. It passed the Gordons on the road.

Massa Charlie and Sam came home at nightfall. Massa Charlie was nervous. It was not exactly the time a lover would be pleased to leave his bride Miss Grace Gordon spending the evening with his mother; but he was glad to see her, nevertheless. He wasn't easy, he fancied, between Sam's tone and the "scene" which must soon come. He remembered it again when Sam came bowing to the door.

"Excuse me, Missus; can you tell me what I shill find Honey?"

"Indeed I can't, Sam," said Mrs. Brusle, kind to say more. Sam went round, he returned in ten minutes with a frightened face. "Missus," he said, "I can't find Honey." The three looked at each other. Miss Gordon knew that a girl had been sold, and guessed the rest. Nobody answered.

"Honey, Honey!" called Sam, growing pale and loud. Then trying to laugh, "Seems me, ladies and Massa," he said, "fas' is, dem ne'count niggers in de kitchen has been tryin' to skeer me. Fak is fun, I s'pose, not understandin' how folks feel. Dey told me—law now—dem niggers—dey say—Honey's gone. Ha, ha!" and he set words to a laugh that forced from lips on which white froth had gathered as the negro stared at his master.

Charles Brusle knew the grave what he had done.

"Sam," he said, "don't take it hard. I've been kind to you. I've—"

"She's sold," gasped Sam.

"Yes, Sam, she's sold."

Sam was black no longer, the hue of ashes had spread upon it.

"I knowed it," he said, in a kind of crushed despair. "Kep' a thinkin', arter all she don't belong to me, and I don't belong to myself. But I didn't know Massa could do it. Massa just gives to bab a wife himself. What's dat de matter wid?" Then Old Sam fairly fixed her on her self-pity. Dem's words for white folks, not for niggers.

Then out of the calm, as from the hill of a storm, came a sudden flash of human nature to his white father, the barbaric fierceness of those who were his black mother's ancestors. "Sold to—where in hell?" turning fiercely on his master, he cursed him with curses horrible as those of the Pepsin excommunication. "Dere's a gal named Miss Massa Charles," he panted at last. "One dat kin take dem you love as you've took Honey. And I'll do it, Massa Charles—I'll do it any body kin be to you. But He'll take some from you afore you die."

Then a wild sob came like the breaking of a wave upon the shore, and he had flung himself upon the ground, writhing with the agony of his awful woe.

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Then a wild sob came like the breaking of a wave upon the shore, and he had flung himself upon the ground, writhing with the agony of his awful woe.

Grace Gordon stood over him, Charles Brusle kept beside him. He under-stood now. "Sam," he cried, "Sam! I didn't know you felt so. The trader isn't cruel. I'll have her back, Sam—I swear it!"

And his brotherhood turned toward him.

"I hold you to your oath," she said. "Restore this man's wife to him or I will never be yours."

And there, humbled in the dust, kissing his master's feet and the hem of the lady's robe, knelt the slave-man.

The little carriage was at the door, the horses harnessed by fingers trembling with eagerness. Mason Carlisle and Grace sat within, and Sam begged to drive.

"I'll drive faster than any body else," he said. "I need all I think me, and think Honey knows it."

And the whirling wheel flung the dust on high, and half hid the horses in a gray cloud. Soon dusky in half hid the horses in a gray cloud. Soon dusky in the moonlight loomed the trader's house.

They could see the lights in its windows, hear voices within. Sitting at the verandah they saw a figure upon it—to their surprise the Rev. Oliver Hale. He only gave them a gloomy bow. Then the door opened, and they faced the trader.

"The girl—Honey—you have her yet?" asked Charles Brusle, in a breath.

The trader nodded.

"That was a good spec of yours, Sir," he said. "You're one for luck, I reckon. Tain't on my hands though, it ain't a Master."

And filling them with an and-fluable terror, he opened another door and ushered them in. An old negress sat crouched upon a low stool. Her head burned dimly. By its ray they saw a cot with a coarse check covering, and a woman lying upon it with a sort of linen shroud at her breast. Sam gave a scream of joy. He rushed forward; he flung aside the drapery and bent over the cot, looking into the face of the wife he loved and the child he had begot—ay, years ago.

He bent lower. He looked closer. He stood motionless as an ebon statue of Despair; for under his passionate gaze, unbreathing and unanswering, Honey lay dead, with her dead babe upon her bosom.

"Sis that it lies her arms when it comed," crooned the old negress from her seat; "and say she, 'We longs to Sam,' say she, 'and no one else sha'n't ever us bet de Lord,' and shet her eyes, and died like goin' off asleep. Dem's her las' words.—We longs to Sam, and nobody else sha'n't us but de Lord."

To-day there are no slaves beneath the Stars and Stripes, thank God! but long before the reign of Slavery was over Charles Brusle and his wife had washed their hands of the black shame. From Honey's grave, from the crushed life of that black chattel, Sam, Grace fell strang to her every duty, and poverty and the sneers of those who watched them were as nothing to her wounds. Each man, woman, and child who called them master and mistress they set free, and spending their wealth to aid them, ended their lives in Northern homes, where Heaven blessed them with health and love and the meed of honest, earnest industry.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

BY MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

"Now don't ask too many questions," said Sam, as he stood in a hole into the ground, "but look on and learn. See if you can not find out for yourselves why I divide the ground into two parts."

"It's a great deal easier to have you tell us," said Lily.

"And a great deal easier for you to forget, if I do," said Sam. "No, I will not answer any questions until I have dug at least one square yard."

And with that he began to work in earnest, but in a way that seemed very mysterious. All over the end of one of his two divisions Sam dug a sort of trench, taking out each spadeful of earth and laying it smooth at the end of the other division, and so to form a ridge. Then leaving division number two to take care of itself for a while he went back to the line he had made next his trench and dug that up—turning each spadeful quite over into the trench, breaking the lumps with his spade, and bringing it to a fine smoothness; and heaping also a new trench to receive the next line of earth. But all this time the other division was left to itself, with the ridge of earth at one end.

"Why don't you dig straight across?" said Lily, when trench after trench had been filled with the pulverized earth. "There you've left all that ridge. What will you ever do with it?"

"What should I do without it" said Sam, digging on.

"I know, I know!" said Clover, joyfully. "Sam, please stop a minute and listen. And, Lily, you too. You'll dig divine and taste to the end of this division; and then to fill the last trench you'll take earth from across the lower end of this other division. And then you'll begin to dig that one down there, and dig on and on back to the top again. And then when you come to the last trench of all you'll be on the ridge of earth to fill it. Isn't that right?"

"Right as a glove," said Sam, looking pleased. "You'll make a gardener yet."

"But, Sam," said little Primrose, "if you were digging a great field you'd have to carry the earth clear across to make the ridge."

"Not so, little sister," said Sam. "I should never be digging a great field; fields are always plowed, Prim; but if it were a large piece of ground instead of a small one, I should divide it into many parts instead of two—only taking care always to have an even number. Two divisions, you see, take care of each other; but if I had a third or a fifth or a seventh all by itself, there would be no place to lay the earth from my first trench, and all I could do would be to carry or wheel each spadeful round to the other end."

"It's quite beautiful!" said Clover, looking lovingly at the brown earth.

"Well, I didn't know digging was so very easy," said Lily. "I don't see why people ever have lumps in their gardens. The earth seems to crumble right up when you touch it."

"Appearances are peculiar things," said her brother, with a smile. "Don't you want to try how much they are worth?"

"What do you mean now?" said Lily.

"Get your spade and help me dig."

"May I?" cried Clover.

"Certainly; it is your garden."

Away flies Lily after her spade. Sam set his in the ground and stopped to rest.

"In this way of dividing off the ground, Clover," he said, "you must be careful of two things: first, to dig your trenches straight; and secondly, to make quite sure that the edge of your division I dig quite into the edge of another, else you will have a balk all across your ground."

"What a balk?" said Clover.

"That is what some gard-ners call a bit of unbug ground left in the middle of that which has been dug."

"It balks the plants if they can't grow," put in Jack.

"Isn't Jack smart?" said Clover, softly to Sam.

"But, Sam, if you are not too tired, will you just dig one more row across mine?" asked Lily comet. I must remand about the trenches, but there's something I want to see."

"I'm not a bit tired," said her brother; and away he went across the strip of earth again, while Clover looked on more intently than before, watching how Lily had thought so "easy." She saw that the earth by no means "crumbled right up" of its own accord, on the contrary, it had to be well separated. Sam's spade went into it, and through it, and into it again, with a light skill before which most of the lumps presently gave way, but now and then there was one so hard that nothing but a good sound tap from the flat of the spade reduced it to order; and every large, round stone that showed its head was picked out and thrown aside.

"Sam," said Clover, suddenly, "why do you turn every spadeful of earth quite over, so that the top goes to the bottom?"

"Why, just to bring the bottom to the top," said Sam, pausing with his spade in the air. "Don't the sun burn gets the benefit of the sun and air, and it grows mellow, and more fit for the plants."

"Here comes Lily's spade-full of stones. Now there'll be sights!" And Jack settled himself on the fence with renewed satisfaction as lily came trudging down the hill, spade in hand.

"No bonnet, Lily?" said her brother, looking at the uncovered head.

"No, I guess I dropped it in the tool-house," said Lily. "Never mind; I don't care for the sun."

"And no shoes nor gloves, and a light pink frock," muttered Jack down on the fence.

"Be quiet," said Lily. "I've got shoes."

"But not our garden-shoes, you know, Lily," said little Primrose.

"Our garden-shoes!" said Lily. "I wonder how many pair I can wear at once! Where shall I begin, Sam?"

"Choose your place," said her brother, stepping aside.

"I suppose I may as well begin right here where you left off," said Lily, plunging right across the soft bed with more than proper haste, and shoveling her bright house-boots with soil. Clover gave a little cry of dismay.

"I've walked over walk across newly-dug ground if it is possible to help it," remarked Sam; "for it packs the earth again, and you lo e your labor."

"Oh!" said Lily. Never mind, I'll not go again. Now for it!" And Lily struck her spade vehemently into the ground, but with such a glancing slope that the effort was more than part of a handful of earth and r ow it high into the air.

"I plendid! first-rate!" exclaimed Jack, clapping his hands. "Clover is a splendid gard-ner, Sam."

Sam did not laugh, but stood by to give counsel.

"If you se your spade straight down, Lily," he said, "instead of at such an angle, and put your foot across the cross-piece and press it down, and then draw the handle down toward you—so—and lift the spade gently up, the soil will be loosened to begin with it, instead of flying off at a tangent. Don't try to take up too much at first."

Which wise advice Lily disregarded; measuring off for herself a spadeful of about extra size that she could not stir it, and was obliged to pull her spade ignominiously out, with the whole digging in safety.

"Lazy, isn't it?" said Jack from the fence. "Gets along so fast!"

"Take heed, said Sam, kindly; "and take a little at a time. There—that is better; now turn it well over into the trench." And Lily, stimulated by the cheerful tone, proceeded to get up a small spadeful of earth and overset it into the trench. She was much elated.

"I do believe I could do it all myself now," she said. "And I'd much rather do it myself. So you may go, Sam—you needn't dig any more for me."

A queer little movement among the earth in Sam's eyes, but he took his coat and began to put it on.

"Very good for me," he said, looking at his watch, "I'll have something to do in the house, Jack, so have you. And as for you, little Prim, your only chance of a ride on my shoulders before dinner is by cheerfully consenting



ST. PETER



[See Page 494.]

JULY.

Throughout the house a dreamy stillness stole,
The warm-day sign, source heard the lazy fly;
The clock ticked on with solemn measured tone,
Counting the drowsy moments of July.

Through quaint-shaped panes the mellow light crept in,
And noted rare brown-gold shadows on the floor;
The air was heavy with the scent that hung
Around the damsels that framed the door.

Through the chipped arches of the olden yew
I peeked, and eyes of silence reigned around;
Although the earth by some enchanter's spell
In magic trance was bound.

The peaches slumbered on the garden-wall,
The deep open their crimson cheeks was wet;
The ruby grapes clustered amid their leaves
Like rubies in a dazed coronet.

The feathery wheat stood still as fairy spears,
Borne by a million hundred-armed soldiers;
The harebell was asleep, nor woke to ring,
In honor of July, her tiny bells.

The flame-tongued nightshade droop'd her purple pride,
Yet held aloft amid the hedges where she clung;
And wearied there our trails of blossoms white
The wild convolvulus flung.

The river with its wayside waters lay
All motionless, as a pure crystal sea;
Another landscape painted on its tide,
With spire, and mill, and tree.

Close by the rush-grown bank a boat was moor'd,
So still, it seemed not on the river's breast;
The world was hush'd, and Nature's self
Lay wrapp'd in perfect rest.

Like to the pictures in the story old,
Since by her beauty skept—oh, sight of bliss!
Waiting until some poet-heart should come
And wake her with his kiss.

O wake! O wake! and breathe into my soul
The spell that rightly I of thee sing!
O—deep forever—by beauty veil'd,
Sleep Julys wing.

THE PARTY IN SPECTACLES.

I.

"There he is! That's the very man!"

"Where?" Which man?"

"That party—don't look while I point—that party in spectacles."

I cast my eye discreetly in the direction indicated by my companion, and beheld a stout, rosy, smooth-shaven gentleman, apparently turned of fifty-seven, with very gray—almost silver-hair, a fine Roman nose, a rather large, sensuous mouth, with a teeth, and blue spectacles.

After a moment's quiet inspection of the "party" I think my head confidently and replied:

"I have not a bit of it. What! he—he—he—?"

"Hush! I tell you it is. Wait till the passengers settle down a little. I'll introduce you, and you'll see."

"But—but you don't know him yourself."

"Pooh! that isn't of any consequence," said my friend, laughing. "I know who he is, and that's enough. Under the circumstances, you know, we're favored by such recognition when discreetly shown. And our object being serious—oh, never fear, it will be all right."

But he's all alone. No one else seems to recognize him; whereas, if he really were—" I'm sure we're mistaken, and we shall "still ourselves meet-ing."

"Nonsense! I can't be mistaken. And as to his being alone and unknown, don't you see the blue spectacles? It's a uncog."

"Which?" Why should he—if it be he—"I mean," do you call it? It's absurd. Tell your—"

"I don't like it right," interrupted my friend, disdainfully. "I take the responsibility. There, he is by himself now, looking at the capstan. Come along; we'll join him as if we were accidental."

Let me own a pardonable, before we go further to explain the scene and characters of the foregoing dialogue.

We—that is, my friend Sam Chellis and *his* friend Will Wyndon, *red-hot* myself—were upon the deck of a car-ain steamer, which was gallantly steaming up the tide of the well-known river (by name neither I otenue nor Mississippi) between two populous cities within the territories of the Re-United States of America.

Mr. Chellis was (and is) a rising member of the bar.

Mr. Wyndon was (and is) simply a youngish gentleman of leisure, and your very humble servant.

Both were travelling in pursuit of health, happiness, and other illusive phantoms unnecessary to detail.

Both were enthusiastic admirers of true greatness and anxious ever to approach and hold communion with the good, the noble, and the wise and their fellow-men.

Mr. Chellis's enthusiasm, indeed, was apt to outrun his discretion occasionally, and, without being at all a celebrity-hunter in the vulgar meaning of the term, he still was prone to seize every opportunity, even upon apparently impossible, occasion of profiting by the intercourse, no matter how limited or unusual its character or opportunity, of the eccentric personages that chance threw in his way. Not infrequently had this surely praiseworthy proclivity of his subjected him to embarrassment, and even to temporary mortification. But nothing had ever damped his ardor, or lessened his righteous confidence in himself.

It was not long before this that Chellis, reading aloud a grateful and richly-deserved tribute, in a great English journal, to a certain noble-hearted fellow-countryman of ours, whose name is an honor to mon-mity, exclaimed to me:

"By Jove!" Wyndon, I'd give my left hand to meet that man! If I could only say three words to him and shake him by the hand—you know how mechanically once shattered the glass that a certain illustrious personage had just drank from, saying it should never be touched by less worthy lips! "Will, Will, upon my life, I should feel like keeping the hand that had clasped that man's noble palm inviolate from human touch ever afterward!"

"The sentiment, though slightly exaggerated, does you credit, Sam," I replied. "But there will be little difficulty in your gratifying your wish, by and by. You are here now, you know, and must meet him. He is ever here now, you know, and will doubtless be the subject of much public attention. You can easily say your few words to him. We'll subscribe to his first public dinner, or—"

"Well do nothing of the kind. At least I shall not. I would not give a copper to meet him in such a 'bunkum' way. None of your public flummery for me. I want no formal introduction, no "set form of speech," and all that sort of bosh. I wish to meet him just casually, by chance—off his guard, as it were—and have him to myself for five minutes. In the street, for instance, or at the barber-shop, or in a rail-car—say where in an indirect sort of way, you know, I've seen his portrait in the papers, and thought, of course, it's an execrable wood-cut, I'm sure I'd recognize the original at once."

"Perhaps so. But you remember your little mistake with reference to Garibaldi. And how you took the—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Chellis, testily. "What of that? Mistakes may happen to any man, especially when the likenesses published are so ill-executed as they often are, when I thought I met Garibaldi. At all events, I shouldn't be mistaken in this case, as you can see for yourself, so let me have a chance to obtain the opportunity I long for. That isn't probable, however, for I doubt if he will ever visit our city. There is no time to be hanging around after him, even if I had the inclination—which I haven't—for such tomfoolery."

As I knew my friend as to the improbability of the accidental meeting he referred to, I said nothing in reply, and the matter was, so far as I was concerned, dismissed.

A short time afterward, however, Chellis found himself unexpectedly at leisure for a fortnight, and eagerly accepted my invitation to join in passing glimpse of nature and art (especially of art) at a few of the so-called "fashionable watering-places."

"By George, Will!" cried he, "we must meet *him* after all! In fact I have a presentiment that we shall. So keep a sharp look-out, my boy, and be sure I shall do the same."

In this disposition we had been loitering by rail and river, from "spa" to "spa" (to use a fashionable term) for days in a desultory way, but without encountering any adventure whatever, in the celebrity line or otherwise, when Chellis, one day unusually out of spirits, and for a lucky chance to turn up in accordance with one of his several presentiments, suddenly startled me by the exclamation, quoted at the commencement of this chapter, on board the steamer as above described, and caused the dialogue that ensued, which we will now resume at the point where we've left it—in chapter

II.

"Come along," said Chellis, seizing me by the arm; "we'll 'bolt' up to him, you know, and do a thing genteelly, for a glorious chance, isn't it?"

"Certainly a very pleasant opportunity," said I, suffering myself to be led onward somewhat reluctantly by Sam; "but it is a glorious chance, isn't it?"

"Certainly a very pleasant opportunity," said I, suffering myself to be led onward somewhat reluctantly by Sam; "but it is, if the gentleman really should be the—"

"Confound your skepticism, Wyndon! to say nothing of your insult to my perspicacity. But I shall expect an ample apology, mind! when it's over, and gratitude besides. Now, then, old fellow!"

We slowly neared the solitary traveler in blue spectacles. He sat contemplating the captain, apparently in rapt contemplation of something in the distant perspective.

Chellis followed the direction of his gaze a moment, then, in a respectfully cordial tone:

"A glorious outlook, Sir!" said he; "a splendid sight, Sir! Those noble mountains, the many towers of a great commercial city, and the myriad spars of her vast commercial navy looming through the blue ocean-haze. We are, without vulgar vanity, Sir, a very great nation."

The stranger started slightly as Chellis accosted him, and keenly eyed my friend through his spectacles while he was speaking. When Sam paused interrogatively, the old gentleman gave himself a sort of shake or two, as to resettle his wandering thoughts, and, smiling blandly:

"Immense! immense!" he exclaimed. Then a smile gravely overspread his fine, intellectual countenance, and drawing himself up slightly, "Excuse me," he added, quickly, "but I really beg your pardon, sir—I—I do not believe you have the advantage of me—"

"Certainly!" interrupted Chellis, with enthusiasm. "I have, indeed, a very great advantage of you; the advantage of having the proud honor to know by sight, as well as by name and fame, that most large-hearted, the philanthropic, the munificent, the princely Mr.—"

At the moment I am about to write the name which my friend Sam Chellis pronounced with such unction I am suddenly withheld by a perplexing example of delicacy. This name, which is the personal property of a modest private gentleman; although by his noble character and actions a household word of honor and gratitude in the circles of earnest lips, in millions of prayerful hearts, still, a private gentleman's name, not to be lightly used for selfish purposes or in connection with unworthy trifles" like myself. What shall I do? Though the tale I tell be true, will its truth justify me for placing a veritable personage, in the actual scene by the side of others whose identity is concealed by fictitious description and nonsenclature? Though what I say of this personage be—but else could it by any possibility be?—the simple and familiar truth, and therefore honorable to him—if—is it is pleasant to me that say it, will this be sufficient examination for the liberty I take?

I positively can not take the responsibility of a decision.

Under these circumstances I see but one resource, and that is, to seek such refuge as I may find under the, perhaps transparent, shelter of a simple initial.

This much indiscretion will, I humbly trust, be forgiven me.

"The princely Mr. P.," concluded Chellis, raising his hat with respectful courtesy.

The gentleman in blue spectacles started back, and "blushed celestial rosy red." Then, plunging both hands in the capacious pockets of his linen overall, he started forward again, and ejaculated:

"Dat's it, Sir? Is dat it? Is dat de hourse whisper, like the "asidc" of the stage villain.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Chellis, hastily. "I have no intention of intruding—of interrupting you. I respect your privacy, Sir, your modest desire to be unrecognized; believe me, Mr. P., I simply desire to offer my tribute of admiration, and to have the honor of shaking hands with you, in the quietest way. I and my friend, Mr. Wyndon, Mr. P., my own name is Chellis, Sir, permit me"—he grasped the old gentleman's hand as he spoke—"to express the proud satisfaction I feel in thus taking by the hand a fellow-countryman whose noble philanthropy has done honor to two hemispheres, and made the name of American sympathy world-wide—"

"Hush! H—ush!" interrupted the traveler, casting an uneasy glance around him. "Don't—don't talk so loud. Hey good Sir!"

"Certainly not; excuse me," murmured my friend, sinking his voice instantly. "But I must be heard the conversation. He seemed in deep thought, his glance wandering from one to the other of us abstractedly; but in a moment or two he suddenly nodded, laughed a quick, low laugh, and in a brusque, though cheerful tone:

"How did you discover, ha?" said he.

"By having seen your portrait, Sir," replied Chellis. "I know I couldn't be mistaken, though my skepticism would have denied it that you were not Mr. P. Aha! Wyndon, what do you say now?"

"Yes, ha! what do you say now, Mr. Wyndon?" echoed Mr. P., laughing, and giving me a slight tap on the waistcoat with his forefinger.

Of course I replied suitably pleasantly, and expressed myself charmed at this unexpected opportunity of informal converse with a gentleman so widely and deservedly famed for his many private acts of charity and benevolence; while I added at the same time that I was delighted, though not surprised, to find him affable and familiar—so unreserved and even jovial of manner.

"Not surprised, certainly no!" said Chellis, sententiously. "Genius and true worth are the true indices of a good heart and approving conscience. And these Mr. P. must possess in an eminent degree, if it be true that he is the man of sufficient reward. Ah, Sir, what a magnificent monument you have erected—a pyramid of Good Works which shall endure when time itself is no longer hoary wonderlist into the sands of the desert!"

Mr. P. looked at Sam, then at me, and laughed again.

"You flatter me, gentlemen," said he. "But I—yes, I'll tell you a secret!—will you keep it, hi?"

Of course we somewhat surprised, but still more pleased by such an unexpected mark of confidence.

"Sacredly, sacredly, my dear Sir" exclaimed Chellis, looking as if he were ready to take a solemn oath of secrecy on the spot.

"Ah, Mr. P.," said I, "and not Mr. Chellis," said Mr. P., giving each of us a tap with his forefinger as he named us, "listen! I've done something, as you say, for the poor—men. But what I have done, Sirs, is nothing—the veriest trifle—to that which I am going to do. The most insignificant trifle in the world, I assure you, Sirs!"—and as he said "ha!" cheerily, he leaned back and looked at us with the brightest of smiles, as if he were hugely enjoying our selfless embarrassment. Chellis first recovered himself.

"Excuse me," said he; "that though I am prepared for any conceivable amount of humanitarian munificence on the part of—on your part, Sir, still I can not for a moment entertain the idea that you really unprecedented liberalities to your suffering fellow-mortals in the light of trifles. My dear Mr. P., they are gigantic, simply gigantic, in their size and influence!"

"Ha! but only by comparison; only by comparison, my friend," repeated Mr. P., archly. "Now, Sir, when you shall hear what I am about to do—hush! here comes some one! Pray don't say a word—don't mention my name, I beg of you, gentlemen!"

"Of course not—certainly not!" we both hastened to assure him, with a perceptible evident nervousness at the idea of being a centre of public curiosity or attention at such a moment.

The interruption was by one in number: one a slender, bright-eyed, sharp-featured gentl man of middle age; the other a short, muscular man, with a round, good-humored face, and a pair of bushy flaxen whiskers. This person had the air and dress of an intelligent mechanic, or perhaps a sort of confidential overseer or steward upon a professional gentleman, such as his companion was at once decided to be by both Chellis and myself.

"He has a doctor's eye," said Sam, *sotto voce*, as the pair halted a few paces off, and seemed to retire, though not at all offensively, our scrutiny.

"A lawyer's, rather," I retorted, for I had studied—or, more properly, had not studied medicine, but had flounced through a couple of courses at a Medical University, some years before, for want of other occupation.

"A doctor, for deuces!" muttered Chellis.

"A lawyer, for any thing you like!" I re pond-ed.

"Champagne?" queried Sam.

"Done!" said I.

But how shall we find out? Perhaps Mr. P. will be good enough to—"

At this moment the subject of our wager made an almost imperceptible sign with his hand toward our distinguished companion, and smiled pleasantly.

"Ah! you know the genuil-man, my dear Sir," said Chellis. "Then, then, that is if—"

"I—yes—that is—a casual acquaintance—never saw him before in my—I mean I never saw him but once before, you know, ha?" exclaimed Mr P., in his stage-whisper, at the same time molestely avoiding the stranger's eye.

The short man said something to the sharp-featured gentleman in an under-tone; the other nodded and smiled again, and both walked away.

"At all events you know his profession, I hope?" resumed Sam.

"His profession?" Ha! I—I believe he—he's an undertaker—yes, I know he's an undertaker; measures dead people and buries them, you know—horrible!" and Mr. P. fairly shuddered.

"It is a repulsive trade!" said Chellis. "But you, at least, can have no fears of death, Sir. The great and good deeds of your life must assuredly outlife you, Sir, to the blessed reward—"

"Hush! hush! Don't talk of death; pray don't," interrupted Mr. P., earnestly. "I don't intend to die; I really don't, indeed." Saying this Mr. P. once more applied his forefinger to our waistcoats, and laughed in his quick, low manner.

I saw that I was considerably surprised by the increasing eccentricity of our famous fellow-traveller; but, though as of my man has a right to be odd, that man is surely the great and good Samaritan before me.

Chellis, however, did not seem to notice these little peculiarities; his whole mind was absorbed in the problem of what stupendous enterprise of benevolence Mr. P. was about to engage that could possibly eclipse the splendor of his recent achievements in this line.

"Pardon me, my dear Mr. P.," said he, in a moment; "but you were about to honor us by confiding to our admiration and discretion a project for which more extensive manifestation of your beneficence—a work that should cause your previous princely efforts to appear—but that is not possible. However, as I remarked, you were good enough to propose—"

"Ha! yes; so I was, so I was, my dear friends; laughed the little waffle-man, that confounded undertaker has driven it all out of my head—all, upon my soul! Singular, isn't it? Ha!" And Mr. P. looked from one to the other of us in indescribably comical perplexity.

I could not forbear laughing for the life of me, and Sam followed in my hearty cachinnation, though scarcely with an equal unaffectedness.

But what was our surprise—our amazement—our confusion, when Mr. P. suddenly sprang up from the bench, his face violently flushed, and frowning majestically upon us, exclaimed: "Laughing! laughing at me! You will find it no laughing matter, Sirs!" and before we could recover our presence of mind sufficiently to start after him he was down the wharf-side in a way, and was lost to the crowd at the further end of the boat.

For some minutes we sat in the silence of abashed astonishment. What Chellis was thinking of I can not say; but my mortification speedily gave place to resentment, and I exclaimed:

"Confound his stupidity! Though he were Mr. P., or any other man, great or little, he is a most insufferable old muff, and if he were twenty years older—"

"Pshaw! Wyndon. It certainly was very disrespectful in you to laugh. It was natural that Mr. P. should fancy you were laughing at him; equally so, that he should be sensitive as to his memory and more so still, as to his evident prejudice against the undertaker, which he is, no doubt, conscious of as a weakness. You were very wrong to laugh."

"Why, Sam, Chellis, you laughed too," cried I, rather nettled at his putting all the blame on me.

"I know I did, but it was only an echo; your merriment was so confoundedly catching. But seriously, what do you think he will do? He threatened we should find it no laughing matter, you know."

"I neither know nor care," replied I, tartly. "He's a fool, anyhow, except cut our acquaintance. What can he do?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Sam, mournfully. "Well, Sam, what shall I, my good humor returning, "you'll admit that the great philanthropist is a very different sort of man from the idea you had formed of him. Such a one would not follow it up, I presume, by a meeting of death, or even a challenge to mortal combat before. However, as you said, he is traveling incog., and perhaps his known manners are a part of the disguise. At all any rate, we've had the fun of meeting and talking with him. You've shaken his 'noble palm,' too, Sam—a fact I envy you the kindled whatever comes of it."

Just as Chellis was going to answer, probably to rebuke my irony, the alarm sounded for dinner.

"Come and dine," said I, "I'm hungry. No doubt we shall see our distinguished fellow-voyager at table. We'll sit near him, if we can, just to see what he will do or say."

"I hope he will accept an apology," said Sam, walking with me into the dining-saloon.

III.

The tables were nearly full. There were but five seats vacant; three together on one side of the board, and two others directly opposite, but separated by a pillar. We advanced toward the unoccupied triad of chairs.

"Seats me, gen'lmen, these seats is engaged," objected the polite African of American descent who officiated as chief waiter. "Take them two seats, gen'lmen, please!" he added, pointing to the vacant twain on either side the column.

We obeyed, and seated ourselves.

While we were tasting our soup the expected

occupants of the opposite chairs came in. They proved to be the sharp-featured gentleman and his muscular companion, and — yes — our susceptible friend, the great philanthropist.

He came forward first, alone, and swiftly, and took the centre seat without looking at us, or, apparently, at any one else. The other two followed, and placed themselves one on either side of him. Neither of them paid any attention to Mr. P., nor did he seem to notice them, save by a slight, and, as it were, involuntary shrinking, as they sat down.

"Your position, Mr. Whipped Chellis;" "he'll never be able to eat with that underjaw beside him. I've half a mind to offer to change seats with him. Perhaps he'd take it as an *awande honorable*, eh?"

"Don't do any thing of the sort," said I, earnestly. "It would surely offend his neighbors and be ridiculous besides. Keep quiet, and don't annoy him by disagreeable remarks."

I added this caution, for I just then caught his eyes fixed for an instant upon us, and its expression (for he had all his blue spectacles up on his forehead at the moment) was by no means amicable. As soon as he saw that I noticed him he dropped his glasses quickly over his eyes again, and began playing with his table-spoon while waiting for his soup.

The soup was brought, and he fell to with apparent appetite.

In another moment I heard a clatter and an exclamation of impatience, and, looking up, saw that Mr. P.'s blue spectacles had fallen into his soup-plate, from which he was nervously fishing them out.

Chellis also perceived it, and, resting his glance for an instant on the old gentleman's fishing operations, he smiled very maliciously at the disaster.

At the same moment Mr. P. looked up his eyes and those of Chellis met, and, quick as lightning, he caught the plate up and flung it, soup, spectacles, and all across the table at poor Sam's head, exclaiming at the same time in a gleeful tone,

"Ha! laugh, will you? take that!" and was proceeding to follow up his volley with his tumbler, when his arm was suddenly arrested by the waiter-man beside him, who snatched the tumbler away, saying, in a stern voice, "None of that, Sir, or we'll put you out, Sir, in a minute!" At the same time a person whom we supposed to be an undertaker looked steadily at the excited old gentleman, and said, very quietly but firmly:

"Calm yourself, my dear Sir. I entreat you, I *command* you to be calm!"

The flash passed away as if by magic from Mr. P.'s face; he held down his head, and waited, like a shamefaced school-boy, till his spectacles were rescued and another plate of soup set before him; when he resumed his meal in the meekest and most decorous manner possible.

Fortunately for the old gentleman's aim had been less deadly than his intention, and Chellis got off with a sprinkling of soup on his garments and the tablecloth but firmly.

But fancy, if you can, his feelings, and the expression of his countenance as well as my own, to say nothing of the general effects produced by this extraordinary explosion upon the other guests at the table. Fancy the scene if you can, for it is beyond me to paint it, or even an intelligent idea of it.

As soon as order was restored the sharp-featured gentleman rose and made a brief apology for his friend's conduct — he called him Mr. Tangi — and said that his friend was unhappily afflicted with a malady — here he smiled, and slightly touched his forehead, meaning that he was at times, but not often, to some momentary control of his temper; that he was extremely sensitive — foolishly so, he might say, without offence to his friend — to ridicule; that he could not bear to be laughed at — few men could, for that matter — but that his friend was apt to fancy that people were laughing at him when in fact they had no such intention. That such had been no doubt his friend's belief when he saw the gentleman opposite smile at a little accident of the eating tables; but that now, when he was assured that no such incivility had been intended, his friend would be, as it ought to apologize, he knew, and he supposed the apology would be accepted. Here he sat down and looked at his "friend," who had listened intently to this speech with his table-spoon balanced across his forelmger. The old gentleman no sooner caught his friend's eye than he dropped the spoon, and said, in an unsteady voice: "Yes! but I certainly — most sorry — did not mean — of course — hoped it was all right — ha!" and quickly picking up the spoon again went at the soup more quickly than ever.

After dinner Chellis and I went upon the upper deck to smoke our cigars. To us presently came the sharp featured gentleman, and spoke as follows:

"I am exceedingly sorry that my patient's violence has caused you annoyance. He is generally a most harmless, and in many respects a pleasant and entertaining person. Nothing ever moves him but laughter which he supposes to be aimed at himself. I trust you were not hurt, Sir?"

"Oh no, not in the least," replied Chellis, who looked very wolfeomne and clop-fallen. "But—do you mean to say that that gentleman is not—I mean that he is a—a—an insane person?"

"A mild monomaniac, Sir; nothing worse, I assure you; but incurable, I fear. I saw him talking pleasantly to you before dinner, and did not like to trust you. I always forbear to restrain his liberty, or to mortify him uselessly by my authority or recognition when we are traveling. By-the-way, what was he telling you? How did you scrape acquaintance?

I was about to give the Doctor (for such he evidently was) a brief account of Chellis's comical mistake and its strange consequences, for I thought it, after all, a pretty good joke. But Sam frowned and winked at me savagely, and I stopped.

"Oh!" said Chellis, in as off-handish a way as he could assume, "nothing worth a chance word of you know, something about the view or the weather, that brought us together—travelers' ordinary civil—"

"Though your friend," interrupted I, a little malicious ly, "your patient, Doctor, seemed to think we took him for some one else; and I rather think we—or at least Mr. Chellis here—encouraged him somewhat in this fancy, for—"

"The fact is," said Sam, cutting me short in time, as he supposed, to prevent my betraying his secret — "the fact is, Sir, that your friend certainly did imitate we mistook him for a distinguished philanthropist of our acquaintance—I would say, whom we were desirous of becoming acquainted with."

"Ah! ha! ha! indeed!" exclaimed the sharp Doctor, smiling. "Pray, who—what distinguished person did you—that is, did he conceive himself to resemble?"

Sam hesitated rather sheepishly.

"To the reverse be it said, Mr. P.," said I, "Oh! ha! ha! ha! capital!" cried the Doctor. "Wasn't it? ha! ha! ha!" echoed I.

"Really!" said you have quite made me out to be fancied you took him, for our honored countryman, the famous Mr. P.?" repeated the bright-eyed Doctor, with a look of a sort of likeness now, isn't there?" This to Chellis.

"I—can't say I see it!" growled Sam.

"I do," said I, with much mock gravity. "I think your patient looks very like Mr. P., or, rather, very much as Mr. P. might look if he were traveling alone, disguised in blue spectacles, you know—eh, Chellis?"

Sam walked off, muttering something that sounded decidedly like a wish that we were both—

We didn't see the bogus Mr. P. again, nor have either of us yet had the pleasure of meeting his illustrious original. But I have my own opinions as to the possibility of some passing stranger being any celebrated personage I pleasantly remark. "Remember the party to-morrow!" and my friend's enthusiasm oozes away, like Bob Acre's courage, instantly.

A "TANGI" IN NEW ZEALAND.

LADIES, when making a great merit of offering their tears as a precious gift to man, accompanied as not by other indications of sympathy and emotion as tits case may be, [illegible] to be considered in the luxury which is to be found in a "good cry," and the readiness with which the charming sex has always indulged in its favorite enjoyment is as old as the age, and in all parts of the world. As it was in the days of the Old Testament writers, and of Xenophon, Sophocles, and Euripides, so all through mention not only of emotion publicly expressed, but of professional "howlers," ready to provide tears, sighs, groans, and shrieks, whether real, made for exportation; so, happily for all of us—for a woman without sympathy is a garden without flowers — the same luxury is to be found to this very day. We need not stir out of the enlightened kingdom of New Zealand to find instances of professional mourning by the side of tears of a warmer nature; and if we take the trouble to survey mankind "from China to Peru" we shall find the London belle to our Antipodes, which will, perhaps, answer our purpose as well, we shall find that woman relishes her "good cry" as keenly and enthusiastic as she does her dinner or a settlement of savages when squatting, wrapped in a dirty blanket, over the smoke of a wood-fire indulged in a luxury of tears as free as a fashionable coudoir in London or Paris, with eau de Cologne and sal volatile at hiitman. When, therefore, one of our correspondents tells him of a peculiar practice of the native village in New Zealand, and found all the female inhabitants engaged in a "Tangi," or howling concert, preparatory to a great festival or ceremony, I need have discovered nothing singular therein, though it seemed at once to carry the tale right down for nearly four thousand years. In the days of the patriarchs, when Jacob "kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept," as he rolled away the stone from the pretty face that was to be his bride, the scenery around, and the air, like a bath of liquid gold, with the murmur of the adjacent forest, he fostered a belief that tears could be used still, and that we were all patriarchs together, performing an everyday observance.

A chief, a fine looking fellow with aquiline features and the appearance of a ruler of men, who was a personage of rank among the northern tribes, had just returned from a long absence, and was being welcomed on his arrival by the customary "Tangi," indicative of affectionate joy, performed by the ladies of his settlement. The gentlemen have expressed their sentiments by rubbing their noses against his.

The ceremony may be described as follows: Upon the death of a relative or friend, or his serious illness or misfortune; or upon any occasion of rejoicing similar to the one in question, the old women of a tribe assemble for an affectionate "Tangi," or cry together. What a cup of tea is to some of the fairer gender, soothing to the spirits, a cure for spasms or little tempers—and, in fact, a general panacea for all the ills, pains, or sorrows of the female, a number of women sitting on the ground in a circle, some with their face wrapped in the blanket with which they are all clad fashion, some carefully exhibiting with ostentatious vanity great circular head-dresses of turkey's feathers or "parky" hair, others appear to be sewing their faces together at intervals, at the same time raising their hands and dropping them on their laps with gestures of hopelessness, great grief, or weariness. On a nearer approach they are heard to be keeping up a kind of wailing chant of a dreary repetition of three notes in a minor key, sung in chorus. Every now and then, at a particularly affecting part of the impromptu recitation, they will bring all their faces together, and, pressing nose to nose, maintain that attitude for nearly ten minutes, while they continue the wailing in a murmur. One old woman may generally be observed taking the lead, who is evidently the most experienced "blubberer," knowing exactly where to bring in the nose business with the greatest effect, and able to keep it up longer than any one else; she will be making the most tremendous and fearful contortions of the face that can be imagined, as an accompaniment to the act of weeping, if that be not a word suggesting too deep a feeling to be used here. With her head raised, her mouth drawn from ear to ear, and her eyes squeezed up and swollen with tears, she lets out a howl that would discomfit a dog at the fall of the moon, only stopping for—in point of fact "so muchee," in the primitive manner of patriarchal times—wipe her eyes, when the latter will expectorate freely and noisily previous to beginning over again with renewed vigor, the whole party seeming to think it a point of honor to produce the most disgusting amount of grimacing ever witnessed out of a nightmare. At another moment one woman perhaps may be sitting with her head bent forward and inclined on one side, her eyes cast down, and her hands clasped over her knees, silently sighing, the very picture of quiet, absorbed, heart-broken misery; while next to her an old lady will be nodding, wriking, and exchanging facetious remarks with a friend for a moment's interval, after which she will take up her crying again with tenfold violence.

The "Tangi" never interferes with business; any of the old ladies will at any time leave off the work to sell a basket of peaches, or take a turn at peeling and boiling the potatoes for her lord's dinner, afterward upon the return of friends, and will screw up her features into their former grimace, and continue her performance precisely where she left off. Real grief or trouble, however, should be respected and sympathized with, but the "Tangi" is so much real than the polite exoderance of the world of London. It is only a ceremony, a required indulgence in the luxury of shaus, and it can no more be relied upon as an evidence of the warm or affectionate nature of the Maoris than the first funeral met with in London can be accepted as a proof of the ardent bereavement of English relatives. In fact, a Maori would no more hesitate to knock out the brains of a man with whom he had previously rubbed noses and wept in a "Tangi" than in former times, he would have felt compunction about serving up a fricasee of his grandmother as a chosen dinner for a favored friend. At the present moment occasion, dinner and business both being pressing, the "Tangi" was not allowed to occupy too much time. Enough having been done to satisfy the most accomplished and punctilious of formalists, the ostensible cause of the meeting was introduced, the head-dresses laid aside, the countenances of the ladies smoothed and composed into their customary beauty, and decorated each with a short pipe, the sorrow of all the world was consigned and the tears dried, till they should be again ordered and paid for.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An English mariner lady has consulted her lawyer on the question whether, having married her husband for his money, and that money being all spent, she is not a widow and so an heiress to marry again. Decision reserved.

"The other day a member of Congress wielding to say, in fine English, that a friend of his had died, and the House of Representatives that "he gentlemanly spirit winged his way to its Maker."

A REVERSE.
When the defeated Austrian flies
Across the Alpine ridges,
Fair Venice, with her Bridges o' Sighs,
Will soon be her sighs sledges.

It is stated that a man in Indiana obtained a divorce from his wife because she could not stand against his wishes. He conducted to "fetch her sticks."

CONDITIONS OF SALE.—Wind and tide permitting.

A gentleman from the country on the Fourth of July took eight glasses of soda-water, waiting a while with each one for the "scum to settle."

A VERY STRONG OPINION.—At the Police Court, the other day, one Mylton Onion was committed for trial on a charge of violently assaulting a policeman. He had been in the habit of pocket-ed eight times for assaults on the police. Mr. Onion was described as "a tall and athletic looking man. Onions generally are strong. This Onion appears to be abundantly justified.

A young woman, on the important occasion of making her little boy to fit a pair of trowsers, contrived to trim that it would be more economical to make them of the same dimensions behind and before, so that they might be changed about and wear evenly. Their effect, when donned by the little fellow, was very ridiculous. Puzzled, the fond sight of the baggy garment, burst into a roar of laughter, and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, how could you have the heart to do it? Why, the poor little fellow won't know whether he's going to school or coming home."

"Bring me some cold cream," said a gentleman to a stupid waiter at a fashionable restaurant. "Yes, uncold cream," repeated the man. "Oh! some ice cream?"

"No, some cold cream, for this," pointing to his face.

"Ah!" returned the enlightened waiter; "some shaving cream."

"No," persisted the gentleman, rather sarcastically, "some ice cream."

What word is that in the Lord of the Isles—The patron's gleke.

MISTAKEN.
One summer's noon, while yet the dew
Lay glittering on the lawn,
I spied a maiden fresh and fair,
Come tripping like a fawn
Across the lawn-in-scented meads
With step so light and airy,
You really might have fancied her
A wood-sprite or a fairy.

"Sweet girl!" I cried, all powerless
To check my admiration,
As she, with trailing skirts, raised
My morning salutation.
"Sweet girl! of all the lovely flowers
In Flora's diadem,
Then, while thy wealth of glowing die
Art the most brilliant gem.

"Surely the Queen of Beauty nurse"
"Who while her nymphs behind her
And fed them on Olympian food—
Ambrosia and nectar?"
"Bother," she haughtily replied,
"I feed 'em, then bent mistaking:
Are them on good strong wholesome brown
Wi' lots of bone and sinew."

HOW TO MAKE THE HOUSE SO FAST.—Let the "cut of the mouse."

PURSE-PICK-SOME.—We have seen some good-sized purses in our time, but we never had the luck to see a purse a purse-monstrule be the one described in the following sentence, clipped from a police report in an English paper:

"Ruth Jones, of a yard in Hawley-croft, said she left her house and locked the door on Friday afternoon, and when she went out on Monday morning she missed a purse containing *four pawn tickets and a clothes brush.*"

REFLECTION BY AN IRISH LOVER.—It's a great pleasure to be alone, especially when you have your sweet-heart with you.

What is the best flower for a doctor to cultivate? Cyclamen (sickly men).

"Here's a riddle for you," said Jon to Jack. "Be quick, and let's hear you guess it right away. Why are you just like your father's nose?" Give it up? You're under his eye."

A dandy acquaintance of ours was refused admission to a gunpowder magazine by the sentinel on the ground that he was a quick.

Old Rose kept a hotel, where he used to say one could get any thing that was ever made to eat. One day in came a Yankee, who asked old Rose what he could give him for dinner. "Any thing you like, Sir, from a pickled elephant to a canary bird's tongue."

"Well, I'm a Yankee, eying Rose, "guess I'll take a piece of pickled elephant."

"Well, you've got the only right here in the house, but you'll have to take a whole un, 'cause we never cut 'em."

The Yankee thought he would take some codfish and potatoes.

RAILROAD LYRIC.

If an engine meet an engine
"Coming round a curve,"
If they smash track, train, and tender,
What do they deserve?
Not a penny's paid to any,
So far as we observe,
But all accept the incident,
When "coming round the curve."

If an engine meet a steamer
"Coming through the deep,"
If they crash or drown the public,
Need we go to law?
If the engineer was careless—
Perhaps he's rather true—
They don't darkingen on honest fellow,
"Coming through the deep."

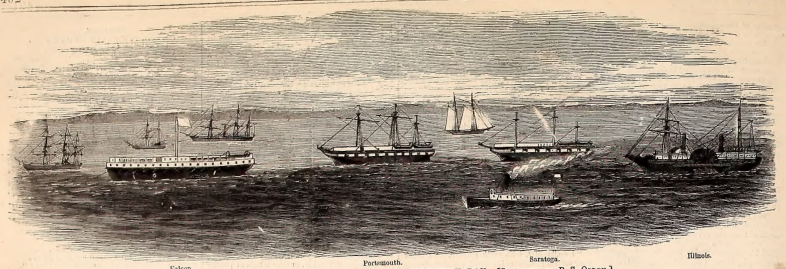
If a steamer chase a steamer,
"Running up to time,"
If they burst their boilers and boiler,
Where's the mighty crime?
Should a fool spy in a fury
Make them try one dime,
Or send the others to prison,
"Running up to time?"

If they make or kill a body,
Or a body's wife,
And a body runs a body,
For luggage, limb, or life?
If you sue for damages,
For pay for wrap you lost,
You get a broken neck or leg,
And have to meet the cost.



DENMARK AVENGED.

Denmark. "FIGHT IT OUT, GENTLEMEN! I'VE THE PLEASURE TO LOOK ON!"



HOSPITAL SHIPS AT THE LOWER QUARANTINE, NEW YORK BAY.—[SKETCHED BY B. S. OSBON.]

HOSPITAL SHIPS IN QUARANTINE.

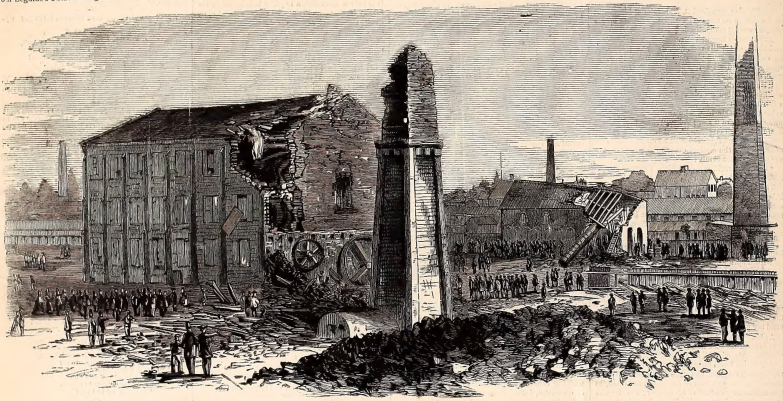
THE expulsion of the Quarantine Commissioners from Seguine's Point has again left them without any adequate accommodation for their patients. They are therefore compelled to resort to Hospital Ships. We give on this page an illustration representing the Hospital Ships at the Lower Quarantine.

The side-wheel steamer *Illinois*, 2040 tons, was built by SMITH and DIMON. The engines were constructed by the Allaire Works of this city, in 1851. She was employed in the California trade, between New York and Aspinwall, till the late war broke out. In the war she became a transport in the service of the Government.

The *Saratoga*, 22 guns, was built in 1842. She has been attached to almost every one of our squadrons. In the war she belonged to the South Atlantic Squadron. Since the war she was employed as an ordnance vessel till she passed into the hands of the Quarantine Commissioners.

The *Portsmouth*, 26 guns, was built at Portsmouth in 1843. She was attached to FARRAGUT'S fleet in the attack on the forts below New Orleans. She lay at New Orleans for a long time as receiving-ship and temporary flag-ship, and has been lately used as an ordnance vessel at the port of New York.

The *Falcon*, formerly a steamer of 878 tons, was built in 1848. She was not a good sea-boat, and after making a few voyages was condemned. When purchased by the Commissioners she was named the



EXPLOSION IN WILLIAMSBURG, JULY 18, 1866—RUINS OF LAWRENCE & SONS' CORDAGE FACTORY.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 493.]



THE UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD MONITOR "MIANTONOMOH" OFF QUEENSTOWN, IRELAND.—[SEE PAGE 493.]

Florence Nightingale, and fitted up as a hospital ship. She has excellent accommodations for a limited number of patients.

EXPLOSION IN WILLIAMSBURG.

DURING the violent thunder-storm of July 18, a singular accident occurred in Williamsburg, Long Island, which we illustrate on page 492. The New York *Tribune* gives the following account of the affair:

On Bushwick Avenue, between M'Kibben Avenue and Boerum Street, is located the rope factory of HENRY LAWRENCE & SONS, a firm doing business in this city. The factory consisted of one three-story building, and a one-story building, in which were four boilers and engine. At one end of this boiler-room was a large chimney 75 or 80 feet in height. This chimney was the cause of all the mischief. The lightning struck the chimney, completely demolishing it, and then ran down the interior of it into the engine-room, striking in its course the supply pipes, which at once caused the boilers to explode with a fearful crash.

At least this is the theory, but the precise facts will never be known, as the engineer, the only person who could possibly throw any light upon the matter, was instantaneously killed. At the moment of explosion there was a loud and tremendous peal of thunder—indeed, so appalling was the crash that many persons living in the immediate vicinity of the disaster were not aware that a boiler explosion had taken place till some time afterward.

Two of the boilers were driven with frightful velocity through a brick wall to a distance of 600 feet, ploughing in their course large and stalwart trees like so many twigs. The other two boilers took an opposite direction, being hurled across the street, and through a brick stable, which they completely destroyed, fatally burying themselves in the rope-walk of Messrs. WALES & SONS.

To add to the terror of the scene, the buildings caught on fire, but owing to the prompt arrival of Hose Carriage No. 2 the flames were quickly subdued without doing any further an out of damage.

Captain SELLEN, of the Forty-sixth Precinct, with a squad of men was quickly up in the ground, and he found Engineer WILLIAM BOYLE lying upon the sidewalk, outside the building, face downward, with a heavy plate of iron resting upon his back; before raising him he was found quite dead. His left leg had been cut off just below the knee, and both arms were shattered, hanging to his body by mere shreds of skin.

Deceased was about 40 years of age, and leaves a wife and four children, the eldest not more than 10 years of age, to mourn his untimely death. The grief of these little ones and their mother was heart-rending to behold, and it was a relief when some kindly-disposed neighbors led them from the scene.

It is a matter of wonderment that no more casualties occurred, for in the factory proper, the roof of which was torn completely off, there were over 300 people employed, all of whom escaped without the slightest injury.

Coroner SMITH held an inquest during the afternoon, and from the testimony elicited it was shown that the deceased, WILLIAM BOYLE, was not killed by the explosion of the boilers, but by lightning, and a verdict to that effect was rendered.

The damage done to the building and those in the immediate vicinity is estimated at about $5,000.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY.

THERE are but few changes in fashion to chronicle this month. As the weather has grown warmer, dresses lighter and brighter in color and lighter materials have become more general worn; but, with this exception, there is little to notice. Muslins, of course, are greatly in fashion, chiefly, though, for indoor wear; not many elegant printed robes with deep borders of flowers and extremely rich shawl patterns, but plain white muslins trimmed with sky-blue or rose color ribbon, up the centre of which some running pattern is embroidered, and the edges of which are bordered with Valenciennes lace. The "peplum," the new capuchin-shaped jacket, with long pointed ends falling frequently in front as well as behind, is generally worn with robes of this description; and, when so, is invariably made to match the robe itself. Taffeta robes with long trains and jupes cut *fourreau*, and with casaques of the same material or of white lace, are very commonly worn on grand occasions, those of a delicate green tint shotted with violet appearing to have the preference. One observes, too, in the Bois de Boulogne, numerous robes of gaze de Chambéry of rich pale tints or embroidered over with Lamballe blue, mauve, rose, or amber-color spots, or perhaps of maize-color, with watered ground, all having casaques to match; these casaques being frequently trimmed with long pearl drops. The above-mentioned robes are all made without pleats and are worn without crinolines, the jupon being of white cambric muslin, with one or two small flounces or plaited at the bottom, and having an extra deal of gathering.

There is nothing new in the way of chapeaux; indeed, so endless is the variety at this moment in vogue that it would seem almost impossible to introduce any novelty that was not in too striking contrast to the present mode to stand the least chance of being adopted. Chapeaux of black straw, with yellow straw trimming that more than partially covers them, and occasionally a single flower or small bunch of fruit at the side, have just been introduced. They are evidently intended for country or sea-side wear.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. Casaque and robe cut *fourreau* of fine gray muslin, the jupon ornamented at the bottom with a row of puffings of light porcelain blue taffeta fastened with small buttons. The robe is raised by a band of blue taffeta, which catches it up at regular distances and gives the idea of a tunic. The casaque is ornamented in the same style as the jupon. The chapeau is of rice straw, bordered with plaits of pink taffeta, and with strings to correspond; at the side is a cluster of roses. Parasol covered with imitation silk.

Fig. 2. Robe, with casaque and double skirt en suite of violet silk trimmed with white lace or a straw-colored passementerie. The chapeau is of gathered tulle of the same shade of color as the robe.

Fig. 3. Robe and paletot of striped foulard (green on a white ground), ornamented with guipure Cluny. Chapeau Lemballe of fancy straw, with a large bow of green satin ribbon bordered with black lace placed in the centre of the crown; green satin strings.

Fig. 4. Robe of blue taffeta with a double row of straw-color dentelle fringe at the lower part of the skirt. Paletot of the same material as the robe and trimmed to correspond. Chapeau of straw with rows of blue ribbon diverging star-shape from the centre of the crown, and on which are arranged single ears of corn that take the same diverging form.



"LITTLE BO-PEEP."

THE "MIANTONOMOH."

THE Monitor *Miantonomoh*, with a paddle war vessel called the *Ashuelot*, and the sloop of war *Augusta*, arrived at Queenstown, Ireland, June 16. They came from St. Johns, Newfoundland, whence they sailed on the morning of the 6th inst., having thus made the voyage across the Atlantic in ten days and a few hours. The *Miantonomoh* is a new ship, built in the naval dock-yard, New York, in 1865, and, though never tried in any engagement, is considered to be superior to any other vessel of the kind constructed for the late war, both as a sea-going and a fighting ship. Her hull is in shape like any ordinary vessel, but from a distance is scarcely perceptible above the water, and resembles nothing more than a huge raft of timber, with two immense turrets and a funnel. The armament consists of four Dahlgren 480 lb. guns and one 12 lb. howitzer. The crew numbers 100 men. The *Miantonomoh* proved herself a first-rate ship in her ocean passage. She brought as passengers Mr. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy Department of the United States Government, and an Attaché of the English Embassy at Washington. The *Ashuelot*, which accompanies the *Miantonomoh*, is a paddle-



PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1866.

steamer, capable of steering from either end. She was built at Boston in 1865, and is of 700-horse power. The armament consists of ten 48-inch shell guns, two 60 lb. rifles, two 20 lb. rifles, two 24 lb. howitzers. The *Augusta* is employed as tender to the *Miantonomoh*, and, previously to being purchased by the United States Government, was a passenger-ship from Charleston to New Orleans, watching likewise-runners, having captured property to the value of over a million of dollars. The American ships were visited in the harbor of Queenstown by frequent and large parties of excursionists, greatly to the profit of the railway and steamer companies.

The *Miantonomoh* has two turrets, 38 feet in diameter, each of which are two 15-inch guns. Each turret carries, as a second story, a pilot-house. The sides of the turret consist of eleven inch-thick plates of iron laid upon each other. On the withdrawal of the guns the port-holes can be instantaneously closed by large masses of iron. The armor-plating of the ship extends vertically from her deck downward about 9 feet, and is composed of six inch-thick plates bolted together, and backed with a solid solid thickness of 2 feet 6 inches. The iron plating overlaps the general line of the hull four and a half feet. The hull is of timber, 3 feet 6 inches thick. The ship's deck is planked with 3-inch deal, under which are iron plates 2½ inches in thickness, resting on 18 inches of beams and wooden backing. The ship is 60 inches of beams and wooden backing. The general dimensions of the *Miantonomoh* are as follow: Length over all, 259 feet; breadth, 57 feet; depth of hold, 19 feet; tonnage, 3,990. The *Monadnock* is of the same size and class, but two screws, one under each quarter, of 10 feet 6 inches diameter and 15 feet pitch. She has no fan-tail screw-tree: separate gear to work her screws, turrets, ventilating-fans, steering-gear and capstans. Her speed may be safely stated at 10½ knots, though in fair weather and under favorable circumstances she has made 11½ knots.

The presence of this Monitor in a British port has occasioned a great deal of excitement, and the vessel has created an almost universal admiration. The general impression made was that the Americans much ado about their armaments were far to those of the British Navy. On the other hand, it writes in the *Daily Mail*, are, taking exception to the general opinion, speaks lines of the guns of the *Miantonomoh*:

"Without attempting to pronounce offhand on opinion as to the respective offensive and defensive powers of the *Miantonomoh* and our own ships of war, we may say emphatically, and with all confidence, that the artillery arrangements of the two were to choose pieces, we should unhesitatingly give much broader encomiums and assign them rated at present. The *Miantonomoh*'s guns are not only superior, but it is probable that at no very distant date, but infinitely inferior, there is little doubt, to the whole of our English ships of war which will be effectively so much ease and expense. They are also smoothbore guns, whereas, by actual experiment, not by theory alone, within the scope of a short article, we have described, each have and adopted for the British naval ordnance type of our heavy naval guns a very efficient system of rifling. Further, these guns are breech-loaders, and by simply the velocity with which the 450 lb. shot of the *Miantonomoh* are capable of being propelled by the comparatively few charges used is very much below what it is necessary to use to obtain similar results with the very shortest ranges, and although we are told that the American naval strategy, the theory of heavy metal and striking velocities, in opposition to direct penetration, it already borne in mind that this theory, just at one time many old supporters in this country, that the experience which we have made—the only experience entitled to have applied to it, and to-day, that its retention by the Admiralty is probably rather a compliment than a reproach of the system of heavy artillery which we have adopted.

"It is not impossible to conjecture that the success of this system is somewhat as follows: Powerful ships-guns were required when the means of propelling them were not known, and when there was little time for experiment. Large cast-iron guns, therefore, were the first that were cast, and shot with massive charges remembered themselves, and could be pointed; and for the present day we seem, with the strongest theory, and the best of the system, with the strongest theory, and the best of the Admiralty to publish

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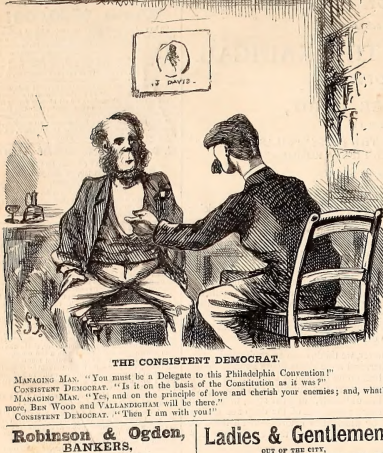
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THE CONSISTENT DEMOCRAT.

MANAGING MAN. "You must be a Delegate to this Philadelphia Convention!"
CONSISTENT DEMOCRAT. "I is it on the basis of the Constitution as it was?"
MANAGING MAN. "Yes, and on the principle of love and cherish your enemies; and, what's more, BEN WOOD and VALLANDIGHAM will be there."
CONSISTENT DEMOCRAT. "Then I am with you!"

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2d.—The Low Instep.
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4th.—The Ankle.
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Fig. A. *Fig. B.*
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 502.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE REVIEW AT LONG BRANCH.

THE review of the New Jersey Militia by Governor WARD, on the 25th of July, was not an ordinary parade. The occasion made the day one of very great interest to the whole State. Long Branch was thronged with the beauty and fashion of New Jersey. It was also announced that General MEADE, who has been spending a few days at this popular place of summer resort, would honor the troops with his presence and criticisms. But owing to other engagements General MEADE was not present. For several days Major-General RUNYON's Brigade of New Jersey Militia have been enjoying at Long Branch their annual encampment. The encampment is pleasantly located a short distance from the beach, and presents a clean, neat, and most creditable appearance. The officers preserve excellent discipline, and drill their men regularly. We did not hear a complaint made by any of the citizens of the conduct of the men. The men look brown and sun-burnt, but, notwithstanding their exposure to the sun and their hard drills, seem to enjoy the sport very much. The encampment is visited daily by the ladies stopping at the Branch, and the dress parades in the evening have become an attractive feature in the daily programme. Two good brass bands belong to the Brigade, and contribute greatly to the entertainment of visitors.

At 5 o'clock the line was formed facing the hotel. At this time the square and the streets were packed with eager sight-seers, while the front of the hotel, and every available window and balcony in the vicinity, were occupied by bright and smiling ladies. General RUNYON took command of the parade immediately, and exercised the men slightly in the manual of arms. Governor WARD shortly arrived upon the ground with his brilliant staff, and was received with regulation honors. The Governor and the General, accompanied by the officers of their respective staffs, rode up and down the line, expressing great satisfaction with the appearance of the troops. The Brigade then marched past the Governor in review, with company front. Their marching was excellent; but the First and Second Regiments divided the honors for steady marching and neat and soldierly appearance. The Brigade marched past a second time at "route step" and "right shoulder shift," after which the line was again formed. After a little more exercising in the manual of arms the troops were marched back to camp. The Brigade consists of the First Regiment, of Newark, Lieutenant-Colonel A. B. PROVOST commanding; the Second Regiment, of Newark, Colonel JOSEPH W. PLUME commanding; the Third Regiment, Colonel URIAH DE HART commanding; First Battalion, Major D. D. BUCHANAN commanding; Second Battalion, Major A. B. M'KEON commanding; the Newark City Battery (two brass 12-pounders), Captain MATTHEW WATERS commanding, and Captain W. F. GERD's company of Newark City Cavalry. The review was admirably conducted throughout; the Brigade looked admirably, and showed a degree of proficiency highly creditable to all concerned.

THE NEEDLE-GUN.

DURING the Crimean War, and more especially in the war in Italy in 1859, "arms of precision"—that is, guns that would carry a projectile far and carry it sure—were the great desideratum. In both these struggles attention was particularly given to having cannon of far and accurate range; the French and English infantry were armed with rifles, and though these were all muzzle-loaders, and were mainly valued for picking off sentries and in rifle-pit practice, they were found to be a most efficient weapon in the hands of the bulk of the army. The possession of Lancaster and other guns of long range gave the English the advantage over the Russians in the contest before Sebastopol; but it was reserved for the campaign in Italy in 1859 to demonstrate the vast superiority of rifled cannon over the old smooth-bore pieces then still in use in the Austrian army. The French cannon *rayés* largely contributed to winning the battle of Solferino, and showed that "arms of precision" conferred an enormous advantage upon troops so armed over opponents who had adhered to obsolete patterns.

That was one great step in the practice of war. But another, equally if not more important, has since been introduced, namely, the construction of breech-loading cannons as well as breech-loading rifles. At Solferino it was the greater rapidity as much as the higher range of the French cannon which told upon the Austrians; and through the whole of the battles in Bohemia it has been the rapid fire of the needle-gun which has enabled the Prussians to conquer. The Prussians do not appear to have displayed in any marked manner superior generalship, greater bravery, or better discipline than the Austrians. They won battle after battle chiefly because they outnumbered the Austrians, but no small measure of their success is to be attributed to their possession of the needle-gun. It is doubtful whether the Prussian needle-gun is at all superior to our Spencer repeating-rifle. But if we are to judge from our experience with the latter, these breech-loading rifles are chiefly available on the skirmish line. It is frequently the case in a great battle that, from one cause or another, their superiority is of no avail. This was the case at the battle of Sadowa. It is very doubtful whether the needle-gun of the Prussians was any very great advantage—the last he was won, we think, not on account of better rifles, but by reason of greater numbers and superior strategy.

The latest story about the needle-gun and the



REVIEW OF THE NEW JERSEY STATE MILITIA BY GOVERNOR WARD AT LONG BRANCH, JULY 25, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

furore it is exciting in Paris is told by the correspondent of the *Star*: "The Prince Imperial asked his father to explain the difference between the needle-gun and the ordinary fire-arm to him. Wishing to give example to theoretical demonstration, the Emperor went down to the court of the Tuileries, and telling the sentinel said to him, 'Mon brave, load and fire to amuse these children,' the children being the young Prince and Princesse. Meanwhile his Majesty, who had a needle-gun in his hand, loaded and fired five times before the little ones had the simple shot. 'How quick!' exclaimed. 'Hein,' said the Emperor, 'it's quicker work with this gun than with yours; would you like to have one?' 'Certainly, Sire.' 'Then so you shall,' answered the Emperor."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1866.

POP-GUNS SPIKED.

THOSE who think that when the late insurgent States sink down their arms all our dangers and difficulties ended, if we would only consent to see it so, and who denounce Congress as maliciously or stupidly delaying measures to ensure it thought that in the gravest political crisis we have ever known it was not unwise to act only upon patient reflection, constantly repeat certain questions as if they were conclusive arguments.

Thus, speaking of those who have been foiled in their efforts to destroy the Government, it is asked whether, by excluding them from a share in it, we expect to make them any more friendly to it? Certainly not; nor is there any wish to exclude them. But the very terms of the objection imply that they are not now well-disposed toward it. Is it, then, unwise to take reasonable, and only reasonable, security against acknowledged evil dispositions?

Or it is said that they are now as fit as they ever will be to resume their relations in the Union. It is, then, unkind to the country to make that resumption as harmless as possible?

Or it is asked whether we admit "that the people of the United States are deficient in either the wisdom or the virtue necessary to continue the existence of the republic?" No more than Mr. SEWARD, who asks the question. The wisest in eleven of the States are that half of the people which has proved its hostility to the republic are to vote, is it distrust of the people to demand that they shall not be left to speak for half who are the truest friends of the Union, and who are to have no voice?

Or we are asked whether the total failure of the rebellion, the emancipation of the slaves, the terrible bereavements and ruin of fortunes, and the overwhelming defeat in the field are not sufficient pledges of future fidelity? Is it unjust, in view of such facts, no generous man would be harsh. He would be as conciliatory as possible, but he must not be blind. The wounded rebel prisoners whom the Union army captured were tenderly nursed in the Union hospitals, but they were not dismissed with their arms to return to the enemy's camp. Did King GEORGE THE THIRD say the less endeavor to assert the royal prerogative because KING CHARLES THE FIRST was beheaded? "Ambition," says BURKE, "though it is not the same general views, has not at all times the same means nor the same particular objects.... There are very few statesmen," he says, "so very clumsy and awkward in their business as to fall into the identical snare which has proved fatal to their predecessors." Now the motives and purposes of the late insurgents have not changed. We do not expect them, indeed, to renew the rebellion to destroy the Union; but we do expect, and we have every possible man, that, in connection with the Democratic party, they will try to control the Government in the spirit of caste which created the rebellion. It is not unjust or ungenerous to insist that they shall not have an unfair advantage in the contest? Granting that it is good policy under all the circumstances to allow every late insurgent State to determine who of its citizens shall vote, does good policy also require that if it excludes from the polls thousands of true friends of the Government those friends shall be counted in the basis of national representation? Because the South Carolina planter has been ruined by his own recklessness, and because it is good policy to tax by-gones be by-gones, is it, therefore, vindictive to insist that he shall not throw two votes for one cast by the farmer of Illinois or New Hampshire?

Or we are asked whether it is honorable, when the insurgent States have accepted the principle originally proposed, to insist upon others? But when until now have the loyal people of the Union represented in Congress offered any terms upon accepting which the late insurgent States might resume their national relations? The President, indeed, without consultation with Congress, during the summer and autumn of 1865, mentioned certain conditions which he said he considered indispensable preliminaries to such resumption. But even he did not say that acceptance of them would entitle the States in question to that resumption. So late as the beginning of November, 1865, he telegraphed through Mr. SEWARD to Governor PERRY of South Carolina that "it is impossible to anticipate events." His opinion of what it might be necessary for a State to do could not possibly bind Congress. He did not suffer it to bind himself. And if later these expressions of opinion were called a policy, and the President assumed that, having done what he suggested, the States were entitled to representation, the situation was not in the least changed. The honor or the country could not be engaged until Congress approved his opinions and authorized his action. If, as the last surgeon thought it was, they were plainly mistaken, and their error could not bind the country to its peril.

Again we are asked whether it is constitutional or just to govern States without representation? But this objection is an international sophism. Was not the legislation of Congress during the war constitutionally and justly binding upon the States which were not represented? May a State by refusing to be represented absolve itself from the supremacy of national law? And if a State withdraws its representation for the purpose of destroying the Government and succeeds, may not the States that remain loyal and save the Government rightfully determine upon what terms, consistent with a republican government, such representation may be resumed? Moreover, what is the force of this objection, urged as it is, for instance, by Governor ORR of South Carolina, a State which has now half its adult male population of representation?

If the war were an exhilarating little tournament, which, being ended, the knights ride jingling home to dinner, pardons and restitution are plainly impertinent. But if it were a serious and radical conflict of principles and tendencies which, whatever the result of war, still remain because they are rooted in human nature, then to insist that every thing is settled by a surrender of arms is simply in turn to surrender common-sense.

FINANCIAL ASPECT OF THE TELEGRAPH.

THE Atlantic Telegraph is once more a success. At the hour we write these lines we have been received from Queen VICTORIA, congratulating the President on the successful accomplishment of this great international enterprise, and from certain merchants at Valentia, Ireland, announcing the restoration of peace in Germany, and the outbreak of riots in London. The Queen's dispatch of course will not be the first telegram of the Atlantic Telegraph open to the suspicions to which a similar reticence exposed them in 1858. Possibly, by the time these lines are before the reader they will be a regular working order, and we may have quotations day by day from London and the other European markets.

It would be a idle to descant upon the advantages of the Telegraph, should it prove a practical success, as to commend the operation of the instrument's company as applied the multiplication table. All will admit that it is an advantage to shorten communication between the two worlds from ten days to minutes. Indeed every body concedes the vast importance and substantial glory of the achievement with which the name of CYRUS FIELD will always be associated, though we do not generally realize how the Telegraph is going to affect business. And it may, perhaps, be worth while to show that its effect, in the main, will be to depress our trade with Europe of its speculative character, and to establish it on as safe and as certain a basis as the internal trade between New York and the interior.

Let us illustrate the case. We ship to England breadstuffs and cotton. It is a maxim in both trades that, if you wish to make a profit, you must ship in the face of a loss—in other words, you must ship your goods at a time when the ruling quotations abroad are lower than the ruling quotations here. The reason is very simple. We have cotton and wheat are higher in Liverpool than they are here, every one ships, the foreign market is glutted, and cotton, and American shippers are more likely to lose than to make money. On the other hand, when cotton and wheat are quoted lower in Liverpool than in New York, the great bulk of shippers hold back their stocks; and there is a chance that the few adventurous merchants who do send forward their property may find that by the time it arrives on our foreign market, and consequently a fair demand at advancing quotations. This has been the history of the export trade in cotton and breadstuffs for years, not to say generations. One of the oldest and wisest bankers in New York used to ask—when he heard of a house going into one of these two trades—how much capital have they got? If they had $100,000, he would tell his clerks to trust them—i. e., to buy their bills, for a year; if they had $200,000, for six months; if they had $200,000, for two years. His experience had taught him that, at the expiration of these periods, their capital would, in most cases out of ten, be exhausted, and they would fail. Now, the Atlantic Telegraph will put an end to all this speculative business and all these losses. Any sporting merchant will sell his cotton in Liverpool the day he buys it in New York, and will ship it at his leisure without fear of risk. A provision dealer will not buy a barrel of flour or a bushel of grain for export until he has secured his profit by Telegraph. The trade will change entirely. Profits will be smaller but certain, and there will be but few losses. People will cease to assume, as a matter of course, the biennial failure of cotton and produce shippers.

On the other hand the foreign dry-goods trade will undergo a similar change. Hitherto importers and agents of European manufacturers have always been gamblers to some extent. They have been forced to probable condition of the spring and fall markets; they have theorized as to the state of the money market; they have guessed at the probable bank expansion; and as the result of their theories they have ordered goods. They have often been mistaken. Losses have not been as large as in the cotton trade, partly because the importation of dry goods in this country has seldom been in excess of the demand, and partly because our dry-goods men are by far the shrewdest merchants in the country. But still there have been many seasons when the dry-goods importers in this city would have paid the entire cost of the Telegraph if they could have countermanded the orders they had sent out only a fortnight before. With the Telegraph all this will be altered. No orders for goods will be sent by mail. They will all go by Telegraph, and as a general rule the importer will secure a bid from the jobber before he transmits his order to Leeds or Rouen. Thus the element of speculation still adheres to the trade will vanish, and it will become as steady, as devoid of excitement, and as clear of great failures as the business of any banking or the domestic dry-goods trade.

Those old men who can remember the state of things which existed in the United States before the establishment of land telegraphs can easily realize the change. In those old days—they seem as ancient as COTTON MATHER or the Crusades—a bank trade was driven in Hartford by Southern merchants, and LITTLE was at the head of it. There were no telegraphs, and the mails were leisurely. No one could say for sure what kind of funds were worth, or how the Vicksburg Bank stood. JACOB LITTLE made it his business to know—by means of horse expresses and fleet couriers—and in the course of a few years he made a million out of the merchants engaged in the Southern trade by his early information. By-and-by telegraphs were established, every one could ascertain the facts as soon as Mr. LITTLE, and there was no more gambling in Southern money. It had its value, fixed and certain, for the day, and it made it became as safe and as free from excitement as the manufacture of horn buttons.

It will be so with all our foreign trade if the Atlantic cable prove a practical success. The smart German bankers who have made money by speculating between New York and London or New York and Frankfort in Five-Twenty bonds will find their vocation gone. It is an open question whether, in the long-run, they have ever made any thing; but there is no doubt that they have rendered severe losses both on American and on European holders. This business—or at least the speculative part of it—will cease when the Telegraph transmits the daily London and Frankfort quotations side by side. We shall cease to see Five-Twenties five cent. lower here than in Europe, or Erie eight per cent. higher in London than at the open Board of Brokers in this city. These anomalies will disappear, and the New York and London markets will show no greater variation than the markets of New York and Philadelphia.

THE POSITION OF ITALY.

AS experience constantly proves that the class calculations of "practical men" and others "practical men" are the most visionary and foolish of all, it is not surprising that the news of the cession of Venetia to France by Austria should have caused the London Stock Exchange to shout that peace was virtually concluded. All the elements of the situation were at once forgotten. That Prussia and Italy were close allies, that one could not act in the matter without the other, and that the object of the cession was the release of the Austrian army in Italy to act at Prussia in Bohemia, were obvious facts which controlled the situation and made peace extremely doubtful, except upon the assumption that its terms were to reduce Austria to a secondary position, and that she voluntarily accepted her defeat at Sadowa as a death-blow to her imperial power.

But apart from the more complicated view there was another, very simple and painfully evident, which should have moderated the crude transports of the Stock Exchange. The cession of Venetia to France was the humiliation of Italy. To expel Austria has been for years the inspiring motive of Italian politics. To encircle Austria in the person of METTERNICH, so long its evil genius, the wish of Italy was

"To feel his red wra throat doffi
And see his bowels and wy tees hanging."

It had for six years maintained an immense army at vast expense and political risk, to undertake the work of deliverance, and improving the first favorable hour, with Prussia as alliance, with France in sympathy, and the world hopefully looking on, it struck a brave blow, and was defeated. The moral reaction of that defeat we can conceive; but the total demoralization of accepting from France as a gift what it could not wrest from Austria as a right is inconceivable. If Italy gave Sardinia or any other province in exchange, it merely cut off one end of a field to add to the other. If Italy received Venetia as a free gift from France, it held it not by its own prowess but by the favor of France. The act of reception would acknowledge its own incompetency, when its second competency was the whole moving ground of its claim. *Italia fará da se;* Italy can and will look out for itself, has been the Italian rallying cry. Can it consent, without the utmost self-contempt, to have the cry turned to "Here, little fellow, I will take care of you"

Nothing is plainer than that Italy can not repose upon the battle of Custozza. That battle showed, indeed, the valor of Italian troops, which had been doubted; and the incompetency of their leaders, which had been feared. It was unquestionably an honorable battle to the Italians, but it was none the less a defeat, and a defeat which must be repaired. It was a matter of course that the French and Austrian sentiment was one of profound discontent" when the news of the cession reached Milan. A thoroughly independent and high-minded Italian would feel that assent would cost VICTOR EMANUEL his crown and the country a revolution. No wonder, then, that CIALDINI, the soldier of prowess and a statesman, who two years ago said, "We are to-day the allies of France and the avowed enemies of Austria," but who knows what may happen to-morrow? If does not mean to allow the fruit of France to be the tenure of Italian nationality, and advances into Venetia. Without rashly refusing to receive Venetia on suitable terms from France, he knows that the imperative condition precedent is the self-respect of his country, and that that condition is impossible while the present situation remains.

It is hardly possible that there was not an understanding upon the part of Austria that the condition of the cession of Venetia to France should be the cessation of hostilities in Italy. To that condition Prussia would not assent, and Italy could not. We anticipate, therefore, further war, unless Europe should insist that Austria be reduced from her position as a great power.

WELCOME, TENNESSEE!

EVERY good citizen must be glad that Tennessee has again resumed her full relations in the Union, and that it has been done deliberately and to the satisfaction of Congress, who are the immediate representatives of the loyal people of the country. It would have been better done, we think, by a simple concurrent resolution than by a joint resolution, but the latter requires the signature of the President, which it was evident could be given, only under protest, as the event proved; and as the precedent created that a State could only be restored by the consent of the Legislative branch it was superfluous to ask that of the Executive. Moreover, the formal declaration of Congress that the State was restored was unnecessary, and therefore unwise. Congress, supported by the loyal Union people, have definitely concluded that the late rebel States may exercise all their functions under certain conditions. That decision being reached, as fast as those conditions are satisfied the States in question should be restored, with as few words as possible. Mr. BINGHAM's preamble in the House was unnecessary, therefore, to have been wiser than Mr. THADDEUS's in the Senate.

But these are points of mere detail and taste. The President's conduct in the matter is open to graver objection. Had he replied to the resolution of either House, that when he signed the resolution he could not agree with the preamble, his course would have been precisely what was to be expected. But he undertakes to argue the point, and fails ignominiously. He says that if a State can only be restored to its national relations by the consent of the Government, it is not very consistent to assume that before that consent is given the State is competent to pass upon a Constitutional Amendment. If this be true, the President must first

settle the account with himself. Either the Government may impose conditions or it can not. If it can, the conditions must seem such as are necessary, whatever form they may take. If it can not, if the late rebel States by the mere act of surrender resumed every relation in the Union, no part of the Government had any authority to require any condition whatever. This was so true last October as it is to-day. Yet on the 28th of that month the Secretary of State telegraphed to Provisional Governor Jonnson of Georgia, "The President of the United States will not recognize the people of any State as having resumed the relations of loyalty to the Union that admits as legal ordinations contracted or debts created in order to promote the war of the rebellion." Whence did the President derive authority to make such a condition?

The truth is, that this question is a point of mere political casuistry. It is unbecoming practical statesmen. It is what Mr. LINCOLN, with true insight, called "a pernicious abstraction." The President can not taunt Congress with inconsistency, for he is himself utterly illogical. He should certainly have learned that there are vital words in the life of nations that transcend technicalities, and that the readjustment of relations after so fierce a civil war, under a Constitution susceptible of such various interpretation as ours, is a matter to be approached in the calm spirit of fundamental principles, and not in the temper of hair-splitters. In the problem of reconstruction the Constitution is to be interpreted by the necessary intention of all government, and by the declared purposes of this Union. When the war began, speech, both rebels and Copperheads insisted that it could not be constitutionally resisted. Now that it is over, the same alliance contends that necessary and reasonable conditions of peace can not be constitutionally required. The loyal people of the country differ with them. Constitutionally they fought with, constitutionally they conquered them, and constitutionally they will do what is necessary to maintain their victory.

MAWWORM.

The New York *Times* informs us that "Progress with the Abolition leaders means, first, Emancipation; next, Suffrage; and, finally, Amalgamation." Yet the *Times* knows perfectly well that where there is one of what it calls "the Abolition leaders" who theoretically holds that Government had better let people marry whom they choose, there are five hundred of what it calls "Conservatives" who are practical amalgamationists. Why does not the virtuous *Times* thunder against those who notoriously practice what it denounces, instead of snarling at those whom it assumes to theorize upon the subject?

In one of his speeches in the great Senatorial campaign in Illinois, Mr. DOUGLAS, in the spirit of *Times* and *Journal* News, insinuated that Mr. LINCOLN was an amalgamationist. Mr. LINCOLN replied that he really could not see why he should marry a woman whom he did not fancy simply because he believed in the Declaration of Independence. So say the friends of Mr. LINCOLN now. They really can not see why marriage should not continue to be regulated by inclination merely because they believe that the peace of the Union requires the equality of all citizens before the law.

A LITTLE COMFORT.

Mr. Percrutin V. Nassy, that zealous laborer in the democratic vineyard, is cheered by the political prospect. A stanch adherent of the chief dogma of "the great Democratic party," that every white man is born with an indissoluble right "to wallop niggers," his words of encouragement to all true Democratic believers must be most timely and refreshing. We leave our readers not to omit his letters, in which he examines his observations and hopes and fears. His comments upon that jubilee of the Democratic brethren, the Philadelphia Convention of Messrs. Randall, Pendleton, Wood, Vallandigham, Raymond, F. Wood, &c., we shall anticipate with pleasure. In a late letter Mr. Nassy says:

"I notice with joy the work in this part of the Democratic vineyard which cheers me. The demonstration our friends made in Memphis, the resolv ns drafted by Rosse, and the call for a Jackson Convention in Philadelphia, all tell how competent to comfort the souls of the Democracy will encouraging words be received. It is bringing forth fruit. Only last week five Northern men were seen within our or thi section—they stayed in the night to engage hanjin, leavin' their goods as a prey for the vigilantes; six niggers saw his killed, and one Jhorse or other died. Truly there is every thing to encourage us."

PUTTING TOO FINE A POINT UPON IT.

One of our excellent "conservative" journals, the earliest and strongest supporter of the Philadelphia Convention, objects to the admission of what it impolitely calls "Copperhead" delegates. But this is the very ecstasy of folly.

The worthy "conservative" is going with all his heart into a convention with the late rebels, and refuses to sit down with the late friends of rebels. If Governor Jonnson should come, the "conservative" would offer him a pious welcome; but the Honorables Fernando Wood, Clement L. Vallandigham, and George H. Pendleton must be shown the door, or the "conservative" will exclude himself!

But will our good friend explain of what office the Honorable F. Wood is guilty that His Excellency Governor Orr has not committed? Is it pardonable in Orr to have taken up arms against the Union, and unpardonable in Wood to have cheered him on at a safe distance? Is a rebel competent to advise upon the true policy of reconstruction, and a Copperhead incompetent? Our "conservative" friend puts too fine a point upon it. May not a Copperhead repent as well as a rebel? How is the power and territory of this Union not been as distinctly demonstrated to Mr. Pendleton as to Mr. Alexander H. Stephens? "Those whose sympathies were with secession are not ashamed in the call," says our conservative. Yet the secessionists themselves are not excluded. The inference is plain. Only those whose sympathies were with secession are invited. And they will come. Our "conservative" friend will discover that the men and the spirit that controlled the Democratic National Convention of 1864 will control the Philadelphia Surrender Convention of 1866.

LITERARY.

The Harpers have just published "Felix Holt, the Radical," by George Eliot, the author of "Adam Bede," the author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Romola." The first impression upon reading it is of exquisite relief from a grievous incubus of sensuality and crime in which so many of the popular current novels immerse us. It is a great delight to be lifted out of this miasma into the serene air of great principles, to feel yourself in the hands of a master, and to balance your pleasure between the earnestness of the story and the profound human interest of the tale upon one hand, and its rare literary art upon the other. The simplicity, the insight, the delicate appreciation, the tender sympathy, indeed the high and spiritual qualities of the book, are such as belong only to great gifts and deep experience. Miss Evans has what may be called a manly mind, yet with the most thoroughly feminine sensibility. She is so thorough, indeed, that every man must learn from her books what he did not know, and revere in woman a still greater and nobler quality than intellect can be had suspected. This fascinating complexity of nature is nowhere more subtly portrayed than in Esther Lyon, who is the heroine of the new novel.

Felix Holt himself is a true radical, a thought without whose conscious flexibility the most wise or outline which gentler conditions of life would have given him. But he is neither a saint nor a cognizance. Indeed, he has all the faults in his character so grand as almost to outrun sympathy. An educated man of the working-class who deliberately sacrifices the resources of the method of his energy, ambition, and intelligence usually accord to wealth and distinction, and who devotes himself, without interest, or ambition, or hope, to the welfare of any kind, to poverty and his own class in order that, feeling him to be one of them, they may heed what he says, and believe that he is the best good also be, is not a common man; and to describe him and take up and that you will express with him do not disturb your faith in his simplicity and admiration for his nobility, shows a very uncommon talent. To trace with delicacy the subtle influence of each a man upon a woman seemingly his opposite, to show the forces of such a nature, gradually developing a head of gain in it, in taking the measure than the beauty and grace which were already apparent in her, and which merely concealed the other, as the original elements of a palpitating power which lay like lighter modern lyric over-written—this is an intellectual feat and a triumph of art which the author of "Felix Holt" has fully accomplished. For new novel seems to us in many points superior to any she has written, and it must rank among the very few really good novels in English literature.

"Inside: a Chronicle of Secession," by George F. Allen, Boston, 1866, is a tale which is not new to readers of *Harper's Weekly*. Those who read it as it serially appeared in our columns will agree that we have had no picture of the inside history of the war in "Confederacy" during the war which could be in any way compared with the vividness and mental variety of this. Numerous books and publications we have received many letters from the section of the country in which the scene of the story is laid, that as a rare delineation and blank fury of some of these were plainly the wincing of an uneasy conscience, while to the fierce and unrepentant rebels one of others showed how true and tender was the touch of the author. Written by one born and bred and always living as a Southern slave State, yet always faithful, by the most profound patriotic instinct, to the country, one who during the ragings of the storm of secession and civil war was not in the least unkind or ungenerous to whatever is noble in character and life in that part of the country. And the word was kept, and the life of are what may be called renegade Yankees. The true Yankee, of which Abraham Lincoln was the type, is one of the truest of men. But a renegade, a Yankee who is ashamed of the influences that make him such, and of the essential significance of the word, is among the most contemptible. "Inside" delineates also with remarkable skill the various shades of secession feeling within the "Confederacy." The honest of purpose; the sophistication of prize; the assumption of arrogant ignorance; the dubious fanaticism of superstition; the sincere doubt; the sturdy conviction; the sentimental sensitiveness, every aspect of the feeling is fairly presented. Moreover, the universal and insensible influence of slavery, which inspired the war, is every where evident although nowhere intruded. The novel is wholly American. Its startling reality and power of delineation of the aspect of one part of the country is monstrous a period will give it kind of bias—value entirely unique in our literature. The reader is indeed no man who, however heartily he may have aided the rebellion and honestly thought that Yankees were mere vermin to be exterminated, will not be glad to read this book honestly thank God that whatever the present feeling of sore exasperation may be, the cancerous root of discord between us all has been cut away with the knife.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

July 24:

In the Senate, the Civil Appropriation bill was considered, and an amendment was adopted increasing the salaries of members from $5000 to $7000.—The amendment appropriating $1,000,000 for a bull pavilion for repairing the levees on the Mississippi was adopted.—The bill for the equalization of bounties was debated, but this action was afterward reversed.

In the House, a message was received from the President on the joint resolution admitting Tennessee. He had signed the measure. The resolutions and papers from that State were referred to the Committee on Elections without debate, in a favorable report, and the three members were sworn in.

July 25:

In the Senate, Mr. E. G. Ross was sworn in as Senator from Kansas, vice Lane deceased.—Mr. Joseph S. Fowler, Senator-elect from Tennessee, took his seat.—The bill (No. 4, 1867, had the credentials presented by Mr. Sherman, and took the oath.—The Senate then went to the 4th day of adjournment on Saturday at noon.

In the House, the Senate bill to amend a bill to incorporate the National Farm School for Orphan and Destitute Children of Soldiers and Sailors, and other related objects, which was read a third time and passed.—Mr. Williams, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a bill to restore the possession of lands confiscated by the authority of the United States to their owners. It makes it the duty of the President or commanding officer of the military forces of the United States in the late rebellious States to issue a proclamation of any person dispossessed of property for enforcement in the name of the United States, on the application of the owner. The bill was passed without a division.—A bill was reported and passed, providing that the Secretary of the Interior shall have power to grant writs of Ashera copies in all cases where any person may be deprived of liberty in violation of the Constitution of any treaty or law of the United States. The act is to be in force in the States lately in rebellion, with any military officers, or with having aided or abetted the late rebellion, until the reinstatement of the United States prior to the passage of this act.

July 26:

In the Senate, the credentials of Mr. Patterson, Senator-elect from South Carolina, were laid from the table and read. Mr. Sumner moved that they be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, with instructions to report whether Mr. Patterson can take the oath required by the act of Congress and the test oath.—Mr. Sherman moved that the motion was carried: yeas 30, nays 14.—The House amendments to the resolution for the relief of the suffering territory of the rebellion were concurred in, and the resolution was to be forwarded.

In the House, a bill was passed, directing the Secretary of the Interior to cause to be laid down Minor lines for a rifle-ste mook and statue of the late President Lincoln, and the Adjutant-General to the Railway Company, was passed. Mr. Price stated that as this road would run on the Interior line, it would be necessary to cut down a number of four hundred miles between each of the three lines of communication.—The amendment was lost by a vote not be competing.—The House joint resolution in relation to the appointment of Cadets at West Point, declaring that no such appointment shall hereafter be made without a non-accompanying statement in detail of the services, was set aside in consideration of which the house is a Democrat, was adopted.—The House joint resolution in relation to the release of the Fenian prisoners in Canada,—stated the action which the United States have sent taken,—and gave rise to a debate of much interest. Mr. Banks favoring the resolution, and Mr. Stevens taking the opposite view of a Committee, to whom the subject should be referred, and to report at the next session. The bill was passed by a vote of 120 to 37.—The Senate amendments to the Conference Committee on the Tariff bill was disagreed to.

July 27:

In the Senate, the House bill amending the Neutrality laws was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

—Mr. Patterson, of Tennessee, was admitted to his seat, and took the oath.—The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the bill (No. 4) to admit Nebraska into the Union, but it was not signed by the President.—Nashville Convention.

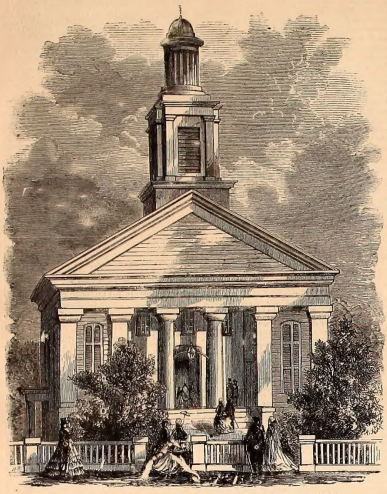
—State into the Union.

In the House, Mr. Bestwell, of the Judiciary Committee, made a report on the alleged complicity of Jefferson Davis in the assassination of President Lincoln.—Mr. Stevens reported back the Senate's amendments to the bill providing for the payment of Pennsylvania claims, $50,000 for repairing and building levees on the Mississippi River were passed.—The Senate bill was passed to increase the salaries of members of Congress to $5000 per annum, and the Senate's bill was passed.

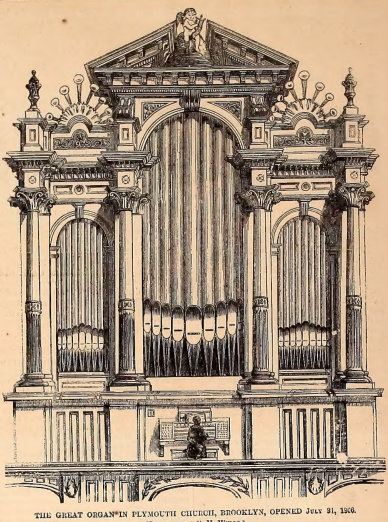
July 28:

The Senate, after agreeing to the report of the Conference Committee, increasing the pay of members of Congress, and providing that the increase shall not apply, agreed to the report of another Committee, and granted the boundary line between Nebraska and Dakota that they were entitled to their pay for the three years, and either served the whole term or were discharged by the President previous thereto, $100, those for less than three years, $50.—After the passage of a resolution declaring the 28th inst. to be a legal holiday, and appointing officer, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, a question of privilege of interest during this last day of the session was the question of the bounty to soldiers. The Senate had passed a bill to amend and extend the bill increasing the salaries of members of Congress from $5000 to $7000, and the House bill, which was the House bill, but modifying the existing pay for mileage of members. The House had refused to concur in the Senate's bill, but modifying the existing pay for mileage of members. The House had refused to concur in the Senate's bill, but modifying the existing pay for mileage of members. The House had refused this. A Committee of Conference was appointed, which recommended that the House recede from its disagreement to



HENRY WARD BEECHER'S CHURCH AT INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, 1848-9.
[SKETCHED BY EDWIN DEARIN.]



THE GREAT ORGAN IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, OPENED JULY 31, 1866.
[SKETCHED BY C. H. WELLS.]

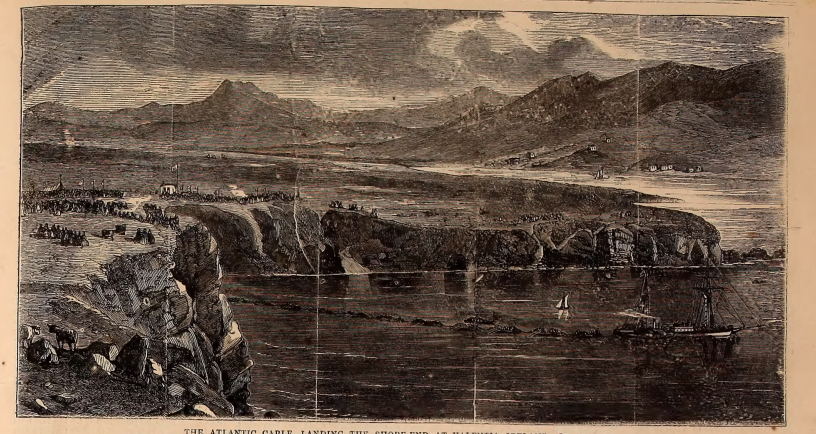
BEECHER'S CHURCHES.

As an interesting contrast we print, this week, a picture of the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S meeting-house at Indianapolis, Indiana, where he passed the greater part of his ministry at the West; and a picture of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, where he has drawn crowds of listeners for now nearly twenty years. The Indianapolis church was Presbyterian; the Brooklyn is Congregational. Mr. BEECHER'S settlement at Indianapolis lasted from 1839 to 1847. He then left a pulpit which he had made famous throughout the West, to occupy another which he was to make famous throughout the world.

HENRY WARD BEECHER and his sister, Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, are the most gifted and distinguished of thirteen children of Dr. LYMAN BEECHER. The mother of both was Dr. BEECHER'S first wife, ROXANA FOOTE, a woman of extraordinary intellectual ability, and equally extraordinary strength of personal character. Dying in HENRY'S childhood, his impressions of her are derived through his imagination rather than through his memory. To this day he bears her in his thought as his chief



PLYMOUTH CHURCH (HENRY WARD BEECHER'S), BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.—[SKETCHED BY C. H. WELLS.]



THE ATLANTIC CABLE—LANDING THE SHORE-END AT VALENTIA, IRELAND.—[See Page 502.]

ideal of womanhood, and as the chief guardian genius of his life: nor, in his sermons, does he ever pour forth a nobler eloquence than when, in some rapt and fervid moment, he rejoices, like Cowper, "his mother's picture."

Mr. Beecher is now fifty-three years of age—almost entitled to rank as one of the venerable celebrities of old Litchfield, that famous birth-place of successful men. But probably no man ever crossed the half-century boundary of his mortal life more thoroughly a boy than Henry Ward Beecher.

The date of Mr. Beecher's settlement in Brooklyn was October, 1847. In the summer of the next year his church was burned. Like generals whose horses are shot under them, both he and his father had their pulpits consumed from under their feet. While the present Plymouth Church was building the congregation worshiped in a large one-story tabernacle in Pierpont Street. If the present edifice should follow the fate of its predecessor, perhaps out of its ashes would arise that once projected but now abandoned new structure which was to hold six thousand persons, and overlook Brooklyn Heights as a monument. Mr. Beecher's congregation is always too large for the building. The 900 pews, together with the aisle and wall seats, give sittings for about 2700 people. After cramming the doorways and stairs the total audience numbers about 3000. The sum-total of new-cents for the current year is the rather as smiling figure of $42,000. In 1862 the Sunday School-room was rebuilt and enlarged at a cost of $14,000. The school now numbers 1100 scholars and teachers. The church has about 1700 communicants.

In 1863 Mr. Beecher made a trip to Europe between the months of May and November, and performed in England a service to the United States which can never be forgotten by his grateful and admiring countrymen.

From the beginning of Mr. Beecher's residence in Brooklyn he has been an incessant public speaker in all the New England lyceums, and has frequently made short and quick journeys into the Western States to speak on the great public questions of the day. He has probably given more public lectures than any other man in America.

On the establishment of *The Independent* in 1848, Mr. Beecher became its familiar weekly "Star Contributor"—so called on account of the (*) appended to his articles. During the years 1862 and 1863 he was the Editor-in-Chief of that journal. He now contributes to it every week a sermon. These sermons are taken down by a short-hand reporter, and are sometimes revised by the author, and sometimes not. Mr. Beecher is great in many and various respects, but is nowhere so great as in the pulpit. He is undoubtedly the most brilliant preacher who has ever appeared in this country. As a man of genius, as a Christian minister, as a practical worker among men, as the most delightful of companions, in short, as just Henry Ward Beecher he is one of the rarest of the rare men of our time.

Just at present, however, the chief lion of Plymouth church is not its minister but its organ—a sketch of which we herewith append:

In January, 1865, Plymouth Church Society, of Brooklyn, made a contract with a Boston firm for an organ, which was to be the second largest in America, and to be finished in January, 1866. The original sum voted by the Society was ten thousand dollars, but since it has been increased to about twenty-five thousand dollars. The organ is now completed, and was opened July 31. This instrument, constructed by E. and G. G. Hook of Boston, measures from the basement to its highest point forty-eight feet four inches; its depth is twenty-three feet, and the width from side to side twenty-nine feet. The organ has four manuals, in each of which are fifty-eight keys. The compass is from C to A; in the pedal there are thirty keys, from C to F. This embraces the entire range of the musical scale—ten octaves—which is as great a difference in sound as the human ear can easily appreciate. The tone of the lower notes, which are very often so muffled as to give but little variety, are expected to be very clear and distinct.

The wind is supplied by four bellows and two reservoirs putting in motion a pneumatic lever, which is applied to the organ. The couples throughout are attached to it, so that all four manuals can be played at once almost as easily as the key-board of a grand piano. Every register in the organ is operated by the pneumatic power, and secures a uniform and very easy motion in all weathers. The cost of this arrangement has been great, as it involved the making of a large number of small bellows placed in different parts of the organ. Its advantage is obvious, and is an improvement on the many organs in which is required a weight of some five or six pounds to bring down a key. Four engines, with upright cylinders six inches in diameter, with a 12-inch stroke, move levers attached to the four bellows. The engines are perfectly automatic in their motion, the water being supplied from the main pipe of the Ridgewood aqueduct.

One feature in this organ, which belongs to it alone of all the organs in this country, is a stop called the Tuba Mirabilis. All the pipes of this stop are made of pure tin; the bass pipes, which are shaped as trumpets, project over the top of the organ horizontally, and form a pleasing effect by the peculiarity of their position, and by the fine contrast with the black walnut. They are reed stops of eight feet and four feet pitch, of enormous power, at the same time recommended as smooth and musical in their quality. They have somewhat of the effect of a trumpet in their tone, but are of greater power. Some idea may be formed of these two registers by the fact that the two combined are almost equal to the strength of the remainder of the organ.

The organ, as it now stands, is the largest ever



THE ATLANTIC CABLE—VIEW OF HEART'S CONTENT, NEWFOUNDLAND.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 502.]

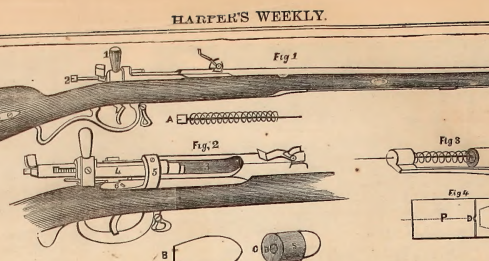


Fig. 1.—A, Lever that locks cylinder; 2, Needle drawn back ready for projecting into cartridge.—Fig. 2.—3, Chamber for cartridge; 4, Cylinder holding needle-case; 5, Cylinder that passes under bend; 6, Trigger that pushes on spring F in Fig. 3.—Fig. 3.—Case containing needle; F, Spring lifted by trigger 6 in Fig. 2.—Fig. 4.—Section of cartridge; P, Powder; D, Detonating powder; S, Hole of subst; S, Subst holding the ball: Dotted line shows the passage of needle on to detonating powder at D, through the gunpowder, marked P.

THE PRUSSIAN NEEDLE-GUN.—[See First Page.]

built in America. The Boston Music Hall organ is the largest on the continent, but was built in Germany. The cost of the instrument is about twenty-five thousand dollars—a very low figure considering the immense labor expended on its construction.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE LAID!

We think we may now assume that this great international enterprise is at length successfully accomplished. On pages 501, 504, and 509 we give several illustrations of this work, which need no explain'thensheets. From the London *Daily News* we abridge the following description of the landing, July 6, of the shore-end of the cable at Valentia, the European terminus of the line:

"At 1 P.M. the line of boats was perfect, and before 3 the cable was successfully landed, and to the breach up into the white hut. Signals were interchanged between the ship and shore immediately. Mr. Willoughby Smith and Mr. Collett, accompanied by Mr. Curtis Field, who, with characteristic energy, had seen Glengariff, hurried through a two days' land journey in ten hours, went into the receiving room and in a few minutes, working beautifully, all well," was announced as the message from the ship. The Grey Dam stood out to sea, and proceeded to lay the rest of the shore-end, consisting of some 20 miles of thick and heavy cable. At 3 this morning she telegraphed that her work was done, and after buoying the spot intended to be her lifeless return, steamed for the *Great Eastern* at Berehaven. The whole affair was accomplished before those on board the *Great Eastern* or those who were journeying thither by way of Glengariff, knew it had been commenced, and in its beginning and end presented a striking difference to the ceremony of last year. Earnest gravity and a deep-seated determination to repress all show of the enthusiasm of which every body was full were very manifest. The excitement was there, but instead of above the surface. Speech-making, hurrahing, public congratulations, and vaunts of confidence were, as it seemed, avoided of a set purpose.

"The 40 knots, each a boat's length apart, were first steadied by a guide-rope from the ship, which kept them in position. Mr. Temple, Jun., superintended the arrangements of them, and made constant flag signals to the ship and to those in charge of the boat next to it. Before commencing operations the local boatmen were extensively exhorted not to regard their error of last year, when they delayed matters at a critical time for nearly two hours, by dragging the cable into the sea that they might show their own success at having so nearly landed it. The faithful promise they made were duly kept, and with the exception of an unimportant misapprehension of a signal, which meant nearly delayed the paying out, the cable was laid with the single hitch. Strong and heavy as was the shore-end of 1865, that brought from the *William Corry* yesterday was more gigantic and ponderous still. The few boatmen who remained from last year nearly made it stiff by their electrical rosin were, it is true, dwarfed by their size to the same trench. The cable, though similarly strong, are comparatively slender, having been made with more care as the cable designed to remain for all time, and for a double reason. First, as they are to lie buried in the earth, unsubmerged by tides or weather, it would have been a useless waste of money and material to manufacture them of the same enormous weight as those intended to brave the fury of Atlantic waves breaking upon their coast. Secondly, more weight would have required to carry it up the cliff. It is the strongest made it difficult to carry it up the cliff. It is the strongest wire cable ever made, and, in short, long, is as little flexible as cable and rope can be. Thanks to its enormous weight, it was payed out almost straight from the ship, and for the first very few yards, from the line choked out for it. There was something far more touching in the quiet and reverent solemnity of the proceedings yesterday than in the slightly boisterous joviality of the passatory last year."

We may heard that on Friday, the 13th of July, the deep-sea line had been spliced to the shore-end, and that the telegraphic fleet, consisting of the *Great Eastern*, with the cable on board, accompanied by three other vessels, had set out upon its voyage. On Sunday morning, July 29, brief dispatches reached New York from Valentia. The Times, announcing that the *Great Eastern* and her consorts had reached Heart's Content—now well named—on the morning of the 28th, and that the cable had been laid, was in perfect working order, and that they were then in telegraphic communication with Ireland. It seems that the operation this time was a perfect success, not having been marred by a single important misadventure. The whole distance sailed by the fleet was 1864 nautical miles; the whole length of cable payed out was 1866 miles, showing a "slack" of only 32 per cent. The rate of sailing was very uniform, the least distance run in a single day having been 105 miles, the greatest 138 miles, the average rate being a little less than five miles an hour. During the fourteen days constant communication had been kept up between the *Great Eastern* and the station at Valentia Bay.

The first message sent over the cable after being laid was this: "*A treaty of peace has been signed between Austria and Prussia.*" This message ran had Heart's Content on the 29th, having been sent from Valentia, we suppose, only a few minutes before. It is of intelligence eleven days later than had been received by steamers. The telegraphic line to connect Heart's Content with St. John's, and thence with the United States, has to be completed. Until this is done dispatches must still be sent by vessels between these two points; so that as we write (July 30) New York is still distant a full day from Europe. The missing telegraphic link will be soon supplied; when this is done, if the lines work as is anticipated, there will be almost instantaneous communication; indeed, taking into account the difference of time between the two places, we may receive dispatches from Europe a little earlier than are received by the use of chronometer—they were sent.

It is also announced that the *Great Eastern* will immediately be sent to endeavor to recover the cable lost last year, and to relay it. If this succeeds there will soon be a double line across the Atlantic.

The first attempt to stretch a telegraphic wire across the bed of the Atlantic was made in the summer of 1857. The cable was coiled half on board by the United States steamship *Niagara*, and half on the British steamer *Agamemnon*. They began to lay it in mid-ocean on the 26th of June, the *Niagara* proceeding toward the American coast, the *Agamemnon* toward Ireland. After 146 miles had been laid the cable broken the attempt was given up. The following August it was renewed on a different plan. The shore-end was laid from Valentia Bay, and the *Niagara* began paying out on the 7th, the purpose being that the *Agamemnon* should begin operations when the *Niagara* had exhausted her half of the cable. On the 11th, after 335 miles had been laid, the wire broke again. The third attempt was made with the same result in 1858. The end of the cable were joined in mid-ocean on the 29th of July, and on the 6th of August the two ships arrived simultaneously at their respective destinations. This cable worked for a time, but the electric current grew weak and finally failed altogether.

The cable, in 1858, had a breaking strain of a little over three tons, or was capable of bearing five miles of its own length in water. The present one will bear a strain of eight tons, or twelve miles of its own length in water.

JEAN RATHBURNE'S LIFE.

A spring long and cold, a short and fervid summer, an autumn bearing scant fruit—that was Jean Rathburne's life. And one shade of the dead, and the long, wild grasses are tangled above her grave by vagrant winds which wanton through them.

It was the will she left behind her that was the key-note to her life, and made it significant—a strange will, yet perfectly legal, and proved in court like the rest of them. She bequeathed, after a few trifling legacies, all her fortune—some three hundred thousand dollars—under the supervision of competent trustees, to further the happiness of seven young orphan girls. It was, of course, the income which was to be used thus, the money itself was to be a permanent fund, and those whom it enriched, when they married or otherwise ceased to need its aid, were to have their places filled by the trustees. She chose the seven girls herself, and made provisions, when any of the number should die, for the election of others in their stead.

So much for the bequest, briefly. It was not to make the girls good merely, or respectable merely, or well-clothed and well-fed merely; but, if possible, to make them happy, to indulge their whims, and give their individualities a chance. For she said, and this voice from her very grave was the only expression of affection she ever knows to utter:

"One woman, who has found life very sad, would like to make it brighter for some of those who will live after her."

That was all, a quiet, calm statement of facts—she had found life very sad—but did any wail ever come out of bitterer depths?

Her parents had died before she could remember them, and left her a fortune and a guardian; left her, too, with a nature at once shy and sensitive, with a tendency to moodiness and hypochondria, which needed, sorely, the influence of a warm, loving, cheerful home.

Instead of that Sampson Dreddils and his wife starved her and froze her. I do not mean literally; there was fire and food enough in their great, comfortable house, and Miss Rathburne, as an heiress should, was served with the best.

But she was always Miss Rathburne—never Jeanie, or darling, or mother's blessing, or heart's delight, or any of those fond, foolish names familiar to the lips of happy mothers. She knew well enough that no one loved her, and that strengthened her shyness, and deepened her despondency.

So she grew up to twenty-one—a long, cold, cold spring, as I said. Then her fortune came into her own hands, and with a certain Widow Dreddils, a sister-in-law of Sampson?to matriculate the establishment, she went into a house of her own. The widow carried with her the old Dreddils influence, and the new home was at first scarcely other than a repetition of the old. Except that now Miss Rathburne began to go into society, and was enough of an heiress to be received there with favor.

She was not pretty, yet her figure was lithe and slender, her complexion was clear, and if she had ever been animated might have been bright. Her eyes were large and dark, but the fire in them smouldered rather than sparkled. If she had had a little self-esteem, if some one had told her now and then that she was handsome, she might have been so; for many a woman sets up for a beauty on far less capital. But compliments never flowered for the Dreddils soil, and Jean had grown up feeling herself hopelessly plain, till the feeling had affected the very line and lineaments of her countenance.

She had no taste in dress either—women seldom have who do not see any charm in their own faces. She wore colors which neither her skin nor her hair nearly always, and her gowns detracted from the grace of her figure instead of being skillfully chosen to enhance it.

According to some creeds all this should have made her good by making her humble, but it had not. She grew morbid. It nourished secretly a bitter, cynical pride, a grudging sense of injustice, a hard self-contempt—noxious weeds which do not flourish in healthy natures. The poison of Jean Rathburne's pilgrims walked, and "the herb called heartease flourished."

This was just the state—sick of herself, at odds with the world, yet desperately bent on wringing happiness out of something—in which Jack Brevoort found her.

He did not love Jean Rathburne—you are not to suppose that for a moment. At her brightest and best she would never have been his style; besides, a little blue-eyed girl, at home in his mother's nursery, a poor cousin, held so much heart as he had, and was more to him than any one else ever would be. But *she* lacked money just as entirely as he did, and it is not in such cases that two impecunious make an affirmative. Of course, he could be much more dangerous to Miss Rathburne's peace than if he had really loved her, for his coolness would enable him to take advantage of all openings. He sorely needed money, and he had settled it with himself that he must marry it. He thought for it, which should, of course, have a special kindness for the old Brevoort blood, had placed her in his way on purpose.

He meant to make her in love with him; so he commenced, like a skillful tactician, by trying to make her in love with herself. For the first time in her life herself studied with unmistakable interest. He noticed her tastes, and showed quietly his appreciation of them. He gave her hints about dress, and she grew handsome rapidly—much to his satisfaction; for, though he would have been ready to marry her in any case, it would be much more agreeable to have a wife who furnished to spectators an excuse for one's choice in something besides dollars and cents.

It was not altogether the new colors that she wore which improved her. A subtle flame ran through her veins which kindled the smouldering fires in her eyes. Her cheeks were pale no longer, or her face spiritless. When she looked in his direction it seemed to her, in contrast with her old self, a radiant vision. And when with this new Jean Rathburne Jack Brevoort began to fall in love he did not dream of the startle her.

This was the summer of her life—fervid as short; it lasted three months. This time only, to her sad, careless existence knew happiness!

Brevoort was an ardent lover. He was gifted in the art of seeming to a degree amounting to positive genius. Then Jean was too wordily honest herself to doubt the honesty of others, and too delicately generous ever to remember that she was rich and he was poor. So her summer was warm and bright, and all her roses bloomed!

It was something to see her in these days—her old, dead-and-alive self no longer; in its stead a sparkling creature, melting into the unspeakable glory of a mutual understanding. How a man who truly loved her would have delighted in what Jack Brevoort watched with the cynical coolness of Mephistopheles!

He hurried on the preparations for their marriage when once she had accepted him. He could not do without her, he said, longer than till fall. It was the truest word he had uttered since he began his courtship; but the need he had of her was of a nature he would not have found it pleasant to communicate. *She* thought it was the eagerness of love.

It was to make some of the arrangements which his approaching marriage rendered necessary that Brevoort went out of town for a couple of days; and of course, in his character of impatient lover, he must write day by day to his betrothed. The first letter—Jean Rathburne's first love-letter—was full of subtly sweet words, tender phrases, allusions which made her pulses beat fast. She read it till she knew it by heart, and then kept reading it over to see if she had forgotten any thing.

The second she opened with fingers trembling with expectation. It commenced with "Dear Hal!" Her delicate sense of honor made her fold it up again, for she understood at once that it had been sent to her by mistake. But as she doubled it over she caught her own name. She would have been more than woman if she had not read it then.

It was simply the letter of one fast young man to another, about betting and debts and losses. It was not her taste; but she loved him enough to have excused it but for this passage:

"George can not say that I am not making effort enough to pay him. I am to marry Miss Rathburne in October splendid woman as she is, she is not my style. I would have been, I verily believe, if she had been a little finer. However, a man who owes forty thousand dollars, and has some eighteen months left short pay, can't afford to indulge in the luxury of a heart. I believe I got rid of that superfluity some time ago."

Those were words which no sophistry could ever beguile her into forgiving. Her summer was over. The untimely black frost had come.

Who "Nell" was she did not care, or "George," or "Hal." She had no curiosity at all. Enough for her that love had fallen here.

She looked in the glass with cool, clear, sad eyes, and lost forever all the fond self-complacence of recent days. There was nothing about her to love, after all. She had been deceiving herself yet more utterly than she had been deceived. The very depth of her self-abasement made her patient.

It was morning when the letter came, and at night Brevoort was to return. So she sat all day and waited, without knowing how long the hours were, or feeling once the weariness of delay. She felt as if her heart and her pulses were standing still, waiting also. She was too much benumbed to care for any thing. Through the weary day the only thing like occupation which she attempted, was to draw one check for fifty thousand dollars in favor of Jack Brevoort, and sign it.

At last he came. She heard the well-known ring, the firm, quick step in the hall—how she had loved to note and remember every one of his peculiarities! Then he opened the door, and came up to her as usual.

She made a slight gesture of warning, and that, or something in her face, repressed the enthusiasm which would otherwise have expressed itself in caresses.

"I believe forty thousand dollars is the amount of your debts?" she asked, in a clear, metallic tone.

For once his self-possession failed him. His knees shook under him, and he sat down.

"Who told you?" he gasped.

"Yourself."

She took out the letter, and laid it in his hands. He looked at it, and knew Jean Rathburne well enough to give up his game.

"I am sorry you found it this way, though I'm not quite so heartless, perhaps, as that letter makes me seem. I *should* have been kind to you. But you may as well despise me through and through."

"Just as well," she answered, dryly. "Of course I withdraw from my promise to marry you; but your gentlemanly debts must be paid. I never debts must not be frustrated by my troth-breaking. Here is a check for fifty thousand dollars. Make your terms of time, but don't ever overestimate of your liabilities will cover any little items you may chance to have forgotten, and make you a free man again. You can afford to have a heart."

"Do you think me mean enough to take it?"

"I think you *will* take it. There is a kind of justice in it too. I would have given you several times as much, freely, if you had loved me as I loved you. You deserve something for the sweetness I must have seem to you to act a part so long."

Her voice softened while she spoke to a tender, womanly pathos. He looked at her, with her sad, downcast eyes, her heavily-falling hair, her pale face.

in its very wee wee sweet, and he came nearer to loving her than he had ever cared before.

"You can't forgive me," he said, "and I won't ask you."

Then he took his hat and went away, leaving the check lying on the table.

She sent it to him next day in an envelope, without an additional word. Pride bade him return it; but his generosity constrained him. Jean Ralli burns smiled grimly when the check came back to her from the bank, punctured, like a railroad ticket, with little round holes.

Pride would have kept some women, in her place, in the midst of the world. *She* was prouder still, and disregarded the world altogether. She never was seen any more in society. She had had her day—her summer was gone, with its roses. She chose to pass the autumn alone. She purchased off the widow Dreidle, and sent her away. She did not feel young or volatile enough to need a nursemaid any more.

If she suffered, no one knew it. As I said, the only complaint she was ever known to utter was that sentence in her strange will.

She died young. Natures like hers wear out fast, when no spring of hope sustains them. Without doubt she was thankful when "the life that had been so sad" was over. She did not know, there under the linden, that the first tears Jack Brycott had wept in years were shed above her grave.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.)

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

Now, little readers, before we go any further in this pleasant yard in work; I must tell you one thing—you will find two sorts of hard words in my chapters. One sort I put in myself. Not very often, but just now and then one, which perhaps gives my purpose better than a short word, and likewise gives little readers something to do. I like to send them to the dictionary once in a while—it is a good habit. But there is another sort of hard words that creep in—very hard words; for they are not to be found in any dictionary at all, nor even in any other books, nor learned once. So what are little readers to do then?—why just ask the printer! Perhaps he knows the meaning of "-sulimmary," which I put in one of my last chapters, but I confess I don't —so you must just ask him.

It was not the fashion in Mr. May's house for the children to take the lead in conversation. A strange, old-time notion prevailed there, that those who had lived longest in the world knew best how to talk about; or at least "had the right of way," as they say on the railroads. So, though the children were always allowed to express their opinions, and make known their wishes in proper time and place, it was well understood that mere opinions nor wishes were of importance enough to take position in the front rank of affairs, but must wait, slowly folded and held in, until their turn came. And thus it fell out to-day that dinner was over and the dessert set on, and even that nearly finished, before a word could be said about Lily and her strange appearance. Mr. and Mrs. May were discussing some matter of which the young ones understood not a word, but to which Sam gave his undivided attention; and the children were obliged to keep pretty quiet, and to speak softly—when they spoke at all—to each other. Jack, indeed, contrived to say a good deal without speaking a word—knitting his eyebrows, and rolling up his eyes, and making all sorts of inconceivable signs of wonder and admiration; which Lily could not help seeing, do what she would. Little Primrose whispered,

"Oh, Lily! did you really get it done?" and Lily deigned no reply whatever either to words or looks, but went on eating her dinner as fast as she could; so that Clover, really anxious to know the history of such a strange-looking face and neck, yet ventured to ask no questions, but just showed her sympathy by helping Lily to every thing she wanted, and that Clover herself could reach.

At length Mr. May, having finished both his discussion and his apple, found leisure to notice the children, and very soon saw the contrast between the delicately-clean hands of Clover and the dirty, imperfectly-scrubbed ones of Lily. Mr. May was very particular about hands.

"Had you no soap and water in your room, Lily?" he asked.

"Yes, papa—but—I couldn't get it off!" Lily stammered out with much difficulty.

"It's these diggings, papa," explained Jack.

"Oh! But I thought they were to have gloves?" said Mr. May, looking across the table at his wife.

"And they have," she said, with a smile.

"I could gloves they must be," said Mr. May, in an ironical tone. "And the sun-bonnet also, extremely valuable."

"Papa, I didn't wear them," said Lily, in whose eyes the drops were gathering fast.

"I inferred as much."

"It was the first time, you know, papa," pleaded Clover, her own eyes growing very misty. "And Lily was so eager—and I think she forgot all about it till she was quite down there."

"No," said Lily, resolutely, "no, papa; I only forgot for a minute—just till I was three steps down the hill. And then I was in a hurry, and I wouldn't go back."

"No excuse at all is the best one that ever was made," said Mr. May, his good-humored smile coming back on his instant. "The whole truth always. But believe me, my dear, hurry is a bad digger and planter and every thing else; let rose help you about that. And be content to have tiger-lilies in your garden; don't transform yourself into one."

"Papa, I don't feel cross," said Lily, understanding the "tiger" in a very literal way. "At least I didn't till Jack made faces at me."

"No, no," said Mr. May, laughing; "that is not what I meant. A tiger-lily, my dear, is a fiery red flower, with black spots. Come away, Jack, and let your sister alone. I have an errand for you."

Poor Lily! such a picture of herself was too much; and her father's amused tone gave it full effect, and was even worse than Jack's laugh. She controlled herself just for one minute, until they were both out of the room, but the next found her on her knees, sobbing out her grief in Mrs. May's lap.

"I hate digging!" she burst forth, "and the spade, and the garden, and every thing else! And I don't care who has it all, for I don't want it."

"Oh, Lily!" exclaimed little Primrose. "Not your beautiful garden?"

"No!"

"But where will you put your seeds?" said Primrose, while Clover stood silent and sad.

"In the fire!"

"Poor Lily!" said Mrs. May, gently stroking the head that moved restlessly in her lap; "she is tired and troubled, Prim—don't talk to her just now. When one is troubled, you know, nothing seems pleasant."

Lily burst into a gentler fit of tears at that, relieving her head with a hand and muttering it with kisses; and Clover drew Primrose softly away to the other side of the room. Sam was standing by the mantelpiece, but he did not speak a word; and the silence was first broken by Lily herself.

"Mamma, I didn't speak truth—I don't hate my garden—I don't hate it! I—I don't! And I tried so hard, and I was so disappointed!" and the hot tears dropped down again very fast.

"Yes, I know all about that," said her mother, soothingly; "I watched you all the time, Lily, from my window."

"Oh, mamma, why didn't you call me?" said Lily.

"I thought you were learning so much that I would not interfere."

"Mamma, are you laughing at me?" said Lily, raising her head.

"Indeed not, my child."

"But I think you were mistaken, mamma; I don't think I learned any thing," said Lily, sighing. "I dug it *carefully*—and so little!"

"Who thought she could dig her garden without help and without teaching?" said Mrs. May.

"Mamma, is that what you mean? Yes, I did learn *that*," said Lily.

"And you learned the value of a spade like my grandmother's needle," said her mother, smiling.

"Ah, mamma! how well you know me," said Lily. "You thought that was coming."

"Yes, I thought. And you have learned, too, that the way to enjoy one's garden is not to stay in it the whole morning."

"Yes, indeed," said Lily, laying her face wearily on her mother's knee. "I'm as tired as I can be."

A little lesson on self-control, a little lesson on patient perseverance, a little lesson on self-control, said Mrs. May. "That is the morning's work, Lily."

"Yes, mamma. And a great big lesson on obedience; for if I had worn my sun-bonnet and gloves papa would have called me a tiger-lily."

"Mamma," said Sam, "if lessons are over, may we have a little play? I have a new game in my pocket."

"Play away," said his mother, "if you will only let me look on."

"A new game!" cried Lily, forgetting all her sorrows in a moment.

"Yes. Come, Clover, come, Prim;" and Sam drew up a chair to his mother's side, and the children clustered round him. Sam put on a face of grave importance, and took out of his pocket a rather large package, carefully done up and tied.

"Now," he said, "before we begin our game I must distribute the contents of my package." And carefully opening one end Sam took out a very small paper bag with something printed on the outside.

"Convolvulus minor—mixed," said Sam, reading off. "Who is the happy owner of this?"

"Oh, it's our seeds! our seeds!" cried Lily, while little Primrose clapped her hands and said, "Oh, mamma!" and Clover's face fairly all over with pleasure. "Sam, you're the very best fellow that ever was! That's mine, Sam—give it to me, please!"

Sam laughed, and tossed the little packet into her lap; and Lily looked at it, and read the name with a joy that fairly sparkled in her eyes.

"Convolvulus minor," she repeated. "Yes, you dear little beauty, you belong to me. What comes next, Sam?"

"Oh!" cried Primrose, with a long-drawn breath of intense gratification, "that's mine!" And no packet of gold dust could have been so received and handled and smiled over.

"Hyacinth bean," read out Sam, turning with bright eyes to the now quite oldest little sister, standing so quiet at his side, but with every finger trembling with eagerness. And how they closed upon the little packet! and felt of the bean through the paper, and knew they had never handled such riches before!

Then followed "Zinnias," again for Clover, and "Asters" for Lily, and "Sweet Peas" for Prim; and then one and another, through the whole fracas of labor-dirt and sun-burn, which made bear was full of happiness as it well could hold.

"Mamma," said Primrose, "they feel so different! Some are hard and sick all out, and some don't feel as if there was any thing at all inside. Do you think they can be empty, mamma?"

"Listen," said Mrs. May, shaking one of the "empty" papers at Prim's ear.

"Oh, I hear them! It's not empty! The seeds go rattle, rattle!" cried Prim. "And look, mamma, when I hold it up to the light, so, I can see such little, little seeds inside! Are they not?"

"Such pretty papers!" said Lily, admiringly; "white ground and pink names. But how can some of these seeds grow? They look just like dust. Mamma, what makes seeds so different?"

"What makes plants so different? At the command of the Lord 'the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed *after his kind*.'"

"How wonderful it is!" said Clover, using her favorite phrase. "But I wish I understood how such little dust-seeds can grow to make plants."

"That will be good work for a rainy day," said Sam. "To-day we must put some of these in the earth, so that they may grow."

"Mamma, will all the little seeds make little plants, and all the big seeds big plants?" said Primrose.

"I will see. If I were you," said her mother, "I would write down a description of each kind of seed, and then of the sort of sprout or leaf that each sends up first, and then of the full-sized plant."

"Oh, that will be perfectly delightful!" said Clover. "I like to write about things. Mamma, what a useful person you are to Lily!"

"Ay, and to do," said Sam, wrapping his arms, child-fashion, round her neck. "But now, children, I would have room for a while by myself, and then we'll go out to the work-shop and sow seeds."

BABY CASTLE.

BABY owns a tiny castle
On the carpet plains of home,
And its walls are woven willow,
Fine within from floor to dome;
Snowy curtains at the window;
Downy couch where baby dreams;
Lucca, too, that softly glimmer
In the sunlight's golden beams.

That's the heritage of baby,
And he's held in state so grand,
Mother says—if no one else does—
"He's the king of baby-land."
Here he bravely fights his battles,
When old puss would slyly creep,
Over guarded meat or tarret,
Just to curl herself in sleep.

All is still in baby's castle,
Not the slightest noise we make;
Surely, now the rogue is napping;
Peep! the blue eyes wide awake!
See! the dimpled arms are round us,
Hear the "cooing" mild and low;
May the angels keep you, darling,
Every where your feet may go!

Baby's man-at-arms is mother,
And she wears his dainty long;
When his babyship would slumber
Then she sings a loving song.
Soon comes "papa" home at evening,
Storms the castle all so gay,
Makes a prisoner of baby,
Bears him joyfully away!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

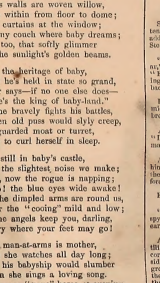
HOW was Jonah punished?—Whaled.

They are fond of titles in the East. Among the other high-sounding titles, the King of Ava has that of "Lord of Seventy-four Umbrellas." This looks as though he had prepared for a long reign!

COUNTER-ATTRACTION.—A pretty saleswoman.

A gentleman, residing near Boston, drew the attention of the town-crier to a dough in the road as a nuisance, but no notice was taken of it.

One day at dinner, for his amusement, that two councilmen had walked into it by accident, and were meandering about in the ruins, when he addressed them thus: "Gentlemen of the town council of Boston, I have often appealed to your honorable body against the nuisance, but I never had any attention paid to my petition. I now come forth to express my delight to see you at last moving in the matter."



The mayor of a country town was questioning the boys at the ragged-school, and he asked them what were the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. He asked them one by one, but they could not tell him. At last a little boy near the bottom said, "I know, Sir. The mayor and corporation going to church, Sir."

A Chinese widow fancying the soul of her deceased husband, and being asked the cause of so singular a mode of showing her grief, answered that in lopping the head made her promise not to marry again while the mortar of the tomb remained damp, and as it dried she slowly drove on harm in aiding the operation.

A QUEER PARCEL.—The following somewhat remarkable advertisement appeared in the columns of a recent number of a newspaper: "Lost, by a poor lad that up in brown paper with a white string, a German flute in an oversack, and several other articles of wearing apparel."

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR THE SCOURGE OF CATTLE.—A pound.

THE WOODMAN'S REPLY.

No mamma this 'ere tree
Can't be no longer spared;
It ain't no odds to me
If Mister Brown has squared;
But Muster Brown sez, "Green,
You chop that there tree down."
And when he say he means
Sure-ly, do Muster Brown.

I don't possess the 'tel
To bargify with you!
A lady born and bred
Is safe to speak what's true.
But put a value I
A job from Mr. B.,
And little 'tis I makes
Out of the likes of Ba.

Your heart-strings, and all that,
Round this 'ere tree you may clasp—
To contrastize you flat
Would not be quite the thing!
But if you talk of shade,
There's other boughs than these,
And other folks have played,
Mayhap, round other trees.

It's werry good to feel
A fair lady's arms around
Yer stains of oak or deal,
And old straw hats therefore—
To keep, if you've a mind,
The flithy thief makes you weep;
I've got no fault to find,
If they're your own to keep.

But this 'ere old axe-stick,
As you don't want cut down,
Becuse me, mum, you see,
Belongs to Muster Brown.
To him you should apply,
Though 'tain't no use, I think;
And if you love, you do,
Should like your health to drink.

SOLUTION OF HAUNTED HOUSES.—A haunted house is a testament of any number of ordinary stories, to which is added an extra-ordinary one, in the form of a Ghost Story.

"Johnny, my dear, run to the store and get some sugar," said a mother to her precocious son of eleven years. "Excuse me, ma; I am somewhat hollowed this morning. Either bring me a cold bun to bring, piper of tobacco along."

It was a starving corset maker who then rented his miserable complaint: "Shame that I should be without bread—I that have stayed the stomachs of thousands."

A young poet out West, in describing Heaven, says, "It is a world of light, flooded with girls." Where's the man that won't repent now?

A shiny doctor of divinity, whose physician had ordered him for a time on a purely vegetable diet, declared on the ground that "he should not be able to say grace before meat."

FACES IN THE FIRE.—Hob-Goblins.

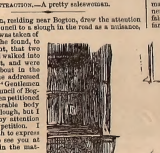
"A stethoscope," says a young medical student, "is a spy-glass for looking into people's chests with your own ears."

A Tennessean, in London, being asked about the fertility of the soil of his State, declared that they "raised corn enough there to make whiskey for all the world, besides what is wanted for bread; and that the pumpkins grew so large it was customary to split a full-sized one in the middle and scoop out either half for a flat-boat, while the little ones made admirable canoes."

"Master," said the clown of a circus, "what is the difference between composition and baldness?" "Difference? there is none." "Oh yes, there is. Eh? give you an instance: Macduffius's sticking composition of Rowland's an occupation, isn't it?" "Yes." "Well, he hasn't any business there, sir!"

FASHIONABLE.—The latest style of bonnet has turned up. It is described as consisting of two straws, tied together with a blue ribbon on the top of the head, and two tassels suspended at each of the blue ends of the straws.

The latest novelty in the "feminine line" is patent epaulettes, now for sale in many city fancy stores. A married old bachelor says that the way things are going now, a man that needs a wife will only have to step into a milliner's shop, purchase a waterfall, "plumpers," false cheeks, false calves, etc., put them together, and have one without further trouble.



QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Mamma. "WHO WAS THE FIRST MAN, 'LINA?"

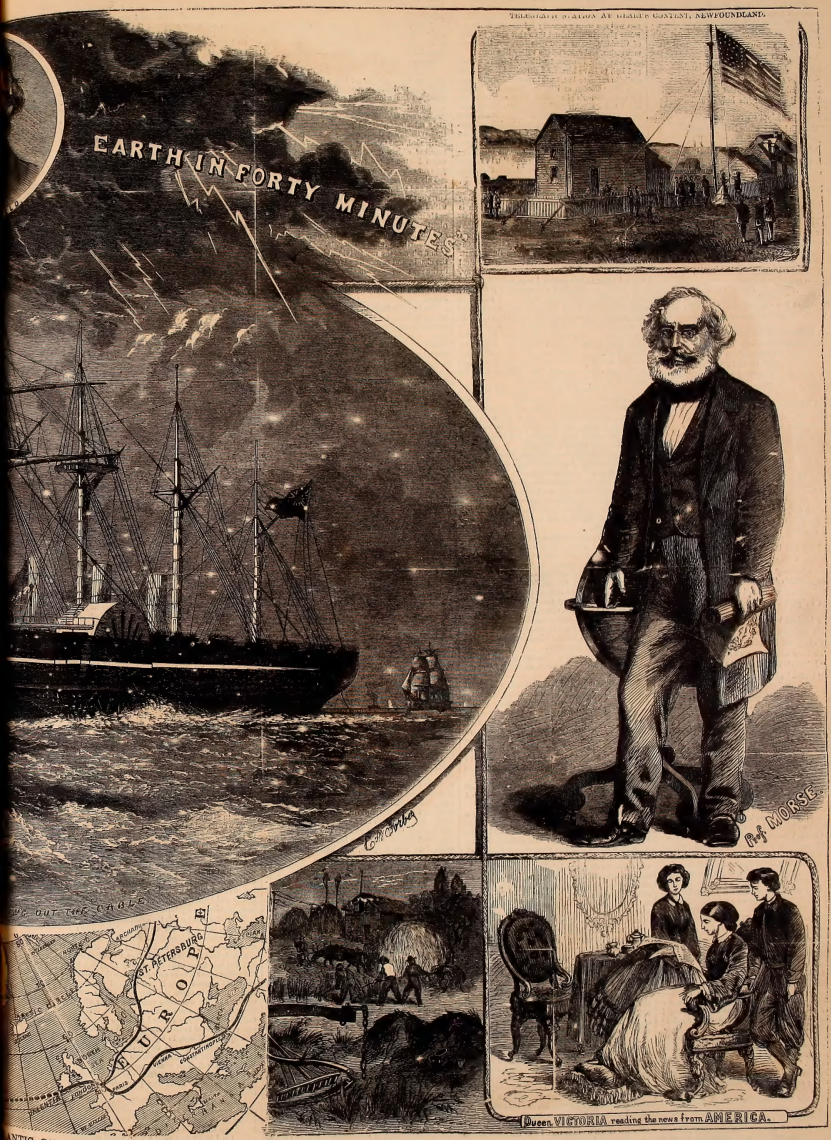
'Lina. "I FORGET."

Mamma. "ALREADY? WHY, ADAM, TO BE SURE! AND WHO WAS THE FIRST WOMAN?"

'Lina (after a thoughtful pause). "MADAM!"



THE GIRDLERS OF THE EARTH.



ANTIC CABLE LAID.—[See Page 502.]

THE WELCOME.

(Respectfully dedicated to the Signers of the Call for a "Convention of Loyal Southerners," which is appointed to meet at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on Monday, September 3, 1866.)

Room for the Spartan Band
Of brothers true and tried!
The joy and hope of this fair land,
Its glory and its pride!
Faithful amidst the faithless found,
Where'er they trend 'tis holy ground.

From Mississippi's streams,
Hurrah! they come! they come!
The eagle of that State
Well knows its ancient home;
From Carolina's groves of pines,
And where the dark "Palmetto" shines,

City of Penn! thine arms
Extend, and wide unfold;
With welcome greet the trusty ones,
The loyal and the bold!
Honor the vet'rans brave who fight
In treason's camp for Truth and Right!

Come from Virginia's shore,
Where, standing o'er the chain,
Fair "Liberty" exults
That "Tyranny" is slain.
From where the orange-blossoms blow,
To where Arkansas' waters flow.

Let maidens' smiles reward
The banner-bearing bands
Who carry "Freedom" in their hearts
And "Union" in their hands!
Bring forth the best from "Beauty's" bowers
And strew their thorny paths with flowers.

In Alabama's chart
Dwells many a gallant son,
Tennessee's mountaineers
Are valiant every one:
Let the loud summons read the air
Where the Lone Star is sparkling fair!

As in the noble hall
They weigh their hopes and cares,
With cheers we'll gild its wall,
And carpet it with prayers.
Meet guerdons to such men of worth
From the free millions of the North!

Call all our brethren forth:
From sea to sea
And where the bird broods on her nest,
Louisiana's land.
Call all—and on the roll of Fame
Blazon in gold each loyal name!

Now hushed be every voice—
No sigh, no sound be heard;
Let every soul rejoice—
To hear the whispered word.
'Tis "Liberty" from shore to shore,
And "Union" now and evermore!

JOHN.

INCH BY INCH.

ONE fine morning in August I arose at early dawn, and had just finished dressing myself, when an old black woman put her head into my room, exclaiming: "Hy, is you dressed, massy?" and seeing that I was, she went on: "I bring de coffee and cigars; how de dis morning, massa?"

"Come in, Judy," I answered; "I'm all right. But what is the matter? You don't look well."

"I is rader poorly, tank God!" she replied.

Judy did not leave the room, as usual, when I had taken my coffee; so, knowing that she had got something on her mind, of which she wished to disburden herself, I said: "Well, Judy, what is it?"

"Will massa look at de 'ometer bum-by?"

"Look at the barometer? What for, Judy?"

"I tink we is gwine to hab hurricane."

"A hurricane! Why, there never was a finer morning came out of the heaven."

"Dat for true, massa; but we is goin' to hab hurricane for all dat. Massa no go to Paradise dis day."

"Not go to Paradise! Why not, Judy?"

"Paradise nice place in fine weather; but him too much open for mountains for safe in hurricane."

"Well, I'll look at the glass as soon as I have finished my coffee; but as to not going to Paradise, that's out of the question."

The old woman left me; and, finishing my coffee, I stepped out to examine the barometer. It stood at 30.60, and, as I have said, the morning was a splendid one; so, knowing that there was a young Judy at Paradise who was expecting me, I laughed at Old Judy's fears, and determined to start.

At this moment my friend came bustling out of his room. "Ah!" he cries, "good, Tom! Judy says we are going to have a storm, and she's always right."

"Nonsense!" I replied. "The glass is as firm as a rock; and as to Judy's feelings, that's all nonsense."

"Ah! but I tell you it's no such thing. I've been in four hurricanes, and Judy has foretold every one of them. We may not get it to-day; but she's better than any weather-glass; so, if you take my advice, you will defer your trip to the Gordeo."

"Stuff!" I replied. "I gave my word, and go I shall! I don't want to drag you out, if you're afraid, but you must not think to frighten me."

"Ah, my dear boy!" answered my friend, "when you have had one taste of a West Indian hurricane you will not want a second; besides, there is not a worse place in the island than that same Paradise of Gordon's. The wind gets between those two mountains, and rages up the valley like mad."

I was duly impressed with my friend's advice, and loth to leave him, for I perceived that he was really in earnest; but, truth to say, there was a certain Mary Gordon at Paradise (the name, by-the-by, of her father's plantation), for whom, as sailors say, I had a sneaking kindness, and nothing short of the slightest presence of the tornado would have stopped me. Besides, I was in full health and spirits: and it was not likely that I, who had been knocking about in all parts of the world, could sympathize with the feelings of an ancient black woman, or with those of the climate-worn and sensitive old planter with whom I was staying. Mounting my horse, therefore, with a black boy for a guide, I started on my journey.

I rode at a brisk pace, for there is something in the early breeze of a tropical morning which is peculiarly refreshing, and diffuses a buoyant elasticity into your frame, which is only to be restrained by active exercise. In addition to this, the scenery through which I was travelling was of the most enchanting description; while I, with a light heart, was speeding on to seek a crede hourt in a tropical "Paradise." I had got about one-third of the way, when I came to two roads. I was somewhat puzzled which to take, for I had forgotten my guide, and had often been told that I felt certain I had left him far behind. I was about to take the one to the left, when a voice behind me exclaimed: "Him dy wrong way, massa, he left in de right way." I turned round in surprise, and there I found my little black g ide clinging to the horse's tail. The honest, generous, loving soul had run after me, and, took no notice of it, though the young rascal had in his hand a pointed stick, with which at times he gave a hard hit to the animal's rump.

The road, though it proved a very bad one, was wild and picturesque in the extreme. It followed the course of a deep gully, whose sides became more and more precipitous as I advanced, but were covered with a green and luxuriant vegetation, consisting of bushes and creepers, the blossoms on which were marvellously beautiful.

After wending for some distance through the bottom of this ravine, I at last emerged into the open country, at a spot of peculiar beauty. On my right and left rose high mountains, whose peaks, now and then visible through the clouds, seemed to reach the heavens. The whole of these mountains were clothed with a perpetual verdure, while before me was a valley spreading out in grassy slopes to the edge of the sea.

I had never seen any thing so truly grand. I was fascinated; for in no part of the world is the imagination so powerfully affected by scenic effect as in the tropics. The majestic grandeur of the mountains, the mingled beauty and variety of the vegetation, and the deep and sombre forests, were all new to me. Then the strange convolutions of the clouds, which, pressed by the wind against the opposite side of the sierra, came rolling and tumbling over the mountains, now concealing and now disclosing some of the most romantic spots in nature, excited in me such lively and rapturous interest as could not be easily forgotten.

"Massa no get to Paradise dis day if him 'top looking at de mountains all de moaning," said my little guide.

Admonished by this I again started. I had not proceeded much further when I perceived that Old Judy's prognostics were not without their significance, for a brilliant though ominous cone presented itself to my view. A tremendous bank of black clouds had risen from the sea, out of the bosom of the ocean, and hung almost stationary on the distant horizon. I was looking at this when all at once it seemed to me as if the entire body and mass after mass of murky vapor rolled up, and spread themselves athwart the heavens.

"Hurricane do come, massa, very near!" cried my little Cupid. "Ole Judy always right; and massa no make haste de rain catch we."

I did not like the look of the cloud, for it was a strange and magnificent sight upon which I was gazing. One half of the heavens was black as night, and the other half was of a deep blue, the sky without a cloud. Never, perhaps, did the eye of man rest upon a greater contrast, never was a scene of greater beauty and grandeur, and at the same appalling magnificence. The contrast reached its climax when suddenly from out the dark pall flash after flash of lightning burst forth in the sky, and the thunder, after growling hoarsely in the distance, was echoed back by the mountains, reverberating from cliff to cliff, and from peak to peak. It was Peace and War personified; but, alas! the blue sky, the emblem of peace, was being fast swallowed up by the rolling wreaths of black, and the majesty of angry nature, was hastening to blot out all that remained of tranquillity and beauty.

At last I turned to my little guide for advice and my guide seemed impressed with the necessity of exertion, and I found myself, as it were, vying with the storm; but before I could reach my friend's plantation the clouds were flying over my head, and the wind was howling aloft as though a gale was blowing; though, below, there was a fresh breeze of air, not a leaf stirred, and not a ripple ruffled the sea.

Paradise now appeared in view; and it well deserved its name, for a more beautifully situated place I had never seen. By the time I reached the house it began to rain, and, leaping from my horse, I dashed up the steps into the hall. I was warmly greeted by Mr. Gordon and his two daughters; for though Mary was not quite so demonstrative as Grace, the glance of her eye and the rose upon her cheek told me that I was welcome also.

"Very glad you are come," said Mr. Gordon, "though we did not expect you. But how is it the colonel is not with you?"

"He would not come because Old Judy prophesied we were going to have a hurricane. I laughed at her at the time, but I fancy I made a terrible mistake."

"No doubt of it. That old woman is always right; the glass has gone down like a lump of lead, so let us get our breakfast at once, or we shall be done out of it. Here's Mrs. Seuter and her girls; I think you know them."

Mrs. Seuter was the widow of a Scotch planter, very fat and very fussy; but with the remainder of the party I was on nothing to do. During breakfast the wind increased in violence, and by the time it was over the hurricane had commenced in good earnest.

Mr. Gordon seeing this, immediately set about making preparations to withstand it. Windows and doors were carefully barricaded, and the most portable articles of value, together with a quantity of provisions, were conveyed down a trap-door into a cellar, built on purpose for safety during hurricanes.

This was scarcely accomplished when the fieldhands and the whole population of the village came hurrying up to seek for shelter and companionship with their master and his family.

Meantime the storm had become as black as night, the clouds as they advanced descending almost to the surface of the sea, which was now lashed into the wildest fury by the gale. Every now and then flashes of the most vivid lightning burst from the clouds, and descending were instantly engulfed in the sea; the most massive cloud appeared from beneath the white foam, and apparently ascending toward the sky were met by other masses hovering above.

The thunder burst in appalling crashes over our heads, waking up the echoes of the neighboring mountains, and the rain came in no very feeble imitation; the rain, too, descended in cataracts: it seemed as though the flood-gates of heaven were opened and the eternal waters were pouring down upon us. To add to the awfulness of the scene, it gradually became as dark as pitch, the wind every instant increasing in violence.

About eleven o'clock the noise of the gale was something I had never before heard, and yet every moment it seemed to gain in power and strength till it increased to such an overwhelming roar that the strongest efforts of the human voice, in closest proximity, were quite unheard.

The building began to show by its quakings that from time to time we had to do battle of greater and greater fury. The negroes were therefore roused from their stupor, and by signs desired to go below.

The house by this time had become little better than a rocking vessel, while a shower of shingles and tiles was every instant swept from the roof. Very soon all, save Mr. Gordon, were safely conveyed below, Mary and I being the last to descend. As we did so I could rush proclaimed that something had fallen; and I looked back to see if any accident had happened to my host. When I got back to the room I found him uninjured; but a sudden blast in the chimney had driven down a light that closed an extraordinary sight to me. The air was filled with missiles of all descriptions—branches of trees, large stones, boards, all sorts of moveables, which were driven along with incredible speed.

Suddenly a violent shock was felt, sending a thrill through my heart, for I expected to see the whole house come falling upon us. The clouds had once more descended, but, when again convulsed the earth, the rapidly repeated flashes of lightning only rendering it more impenetrable: while the roaring of the gale and the crashing of the thunder, made up a hideous tumult such as appalled the heart, and almost annihilated the mind.

I have but a faint recollection of what afterward transpired, till I found myself descending the ladder with Mr. Gordon; but I know that before we closed the trap-door I had resumed the entire, and the vibration of the walls told me they could not stand long unless it abated. When we had done this, the sounds from above were now every now and then startling and appalling, we were in comparative quietude, and were enabled to relieve our overcharged hearts somewhat by thoughts and feelings. To hear the sound of our own voices, and communicate our thoughts by words, afforded a soothing balm by which we half for the last hour been encompassed, was a comfort which words can not express. The child to poor Mrs. Seuter must have been immense, for now she could hear herself speak, and listen to her own groans.

"The Lord preserve us!" she exclaimed; "but this is awful. I shall die with fright. If I had never left Aberdeen I should not have——Gracious powers, what's that? We shall all be swallowed up!"

At this moment there was a report, and then a rolling crash over our heads, which made the earth shake beneath us.

"Heaven have mercy!" said Mr. Gordon, quietly. "I expected it would not hold up long."

This was followed by a wail among the negresses, and a young girl rose up, exclaiming: "Oh, me God! I feel my conscience pain; warra I do now? Tan sway dee—tan sway—let me go fetch him."

"Clough-loo!" replied an old woman; "you is mad, girl; you no can pass piccaninny foo. Tan till. Garramighty tan care ob piccaninny now—nobody else can."

This, however, did not seem to afford much comfort to the poor girl, who did nothing but sit and wail.

My mind had hitherto been so occupied that I had not time to take in the peculiarities of the scene by which we were surrounded. Imagine to a large, dark vault, lit only by the feeble rays of two candles and a lamp which hung from the ceiling, there was just sufficient light to give every thing, except those within the radius of these lights, a grotesque or diabolical aspect. The negroes in the farther end of the cellar huddled on the floor, squeezed the very personification of spirits of darkness awaiting their condemnation; one old negro, tall and spectral, in the back-ground, looking like a malevolent demon gloating over their fall.

During more than an hour we remained in a state of incertitude as to what was going on above us: all we knew was that the noise of the storm had sensibly diminished. At last I could hold out no longer, and mounting the ladder, I endeavored to open the trap, that I might see what was the state of things above ground. I undid the latch, and succeeded in lifting the door; but my strength was not sufficient to lift it. I called up Mr. Gordon and one of the negroes; but our united strength failed to move it; and at last, after repeated efforts, we were fain to give over. The fact was clear that the ruins of the house had fallen over us, and till assistance could be obtained from above we were prisoners. Our provision was by no means a moveable one, for we had no idea when, even if ever, we should be released, and our stock of food was very scanty. But there was not the worst evil we had to encounter, for presently, as we sat, a low mysterious rumbling came from the bowels of the earth. A few minutes elapsed, and then the noise increased—reached us—the earth rose under our feet—the whole edifice reeled—the walls cracked—and the roof of the cellar, with the trap-plift torn away, and fell among the negroes, whose wild and despairing cries rent the vault. It was a moment of intense agony. We all stood transfixed with awe, for we expected nothing less than that the earth was about to open and swallow us up.

At some time in the earthquake passed than a new danger menaced us. Through one of the cracks in the wall water was flowing rapidly, and the floor of the vault was already covered some inches deep. At first, neither Mrs. Seuter nor the negroes seemed to comprehend this; but as the water rapidly increased, Mary, who never became alarmed, cried:

"Why," she exclaimed, starting up, "we shall all be drowned! Is there no means of escape? Must we look for no way of escaping us?" she asked of me.

"None whatever," I replied. "We are in the hands of God; He alone can help us, if it is His good pleasure."

The old lady's countenance became ashy pale, and then she threw up her arms and shrieked: "I can't die—I won't die! Will nobody save me? I'll give any thing—I'll buy your freedom, and make you rich," she continued, turning to the negroes.

"Esa, ma'am, we save you if we can; we no let backra ladies die if we help it; but negger life as good as yours, I tink, and we, when de water come ober de head, we no help ourselves: we all be like den—we all big free, and rich too, de Lord be praise!"

As the water rose it was quite a study to watch the faces of those about me, particularly of the negroes. They seemed to transition from anxiety to fear, and from that to the wildest despair, would have been ludicrous in the extreme had not our situation been so appalling.

While all around were crying and wailing, however, Mary and Grace were perfectly quiet. Their mother had not left them for an instant, though the water had now reached above their knees. In the faces of these two girls might be read that unconquerable principle of that high and enduring attitude, which is a special characteristic of Anglo-tropical women. The contrast between their calmness and the wild despair of Mrs. Seuter and the negroes was very noticeable. It was a time to try the courage of any one. Mr. Gordon I knew was not wanting in courage, but his fortitude seemed to have forsaken him. His looks were wild; the muscles of his mouth twitched and quivered, and now and then he muttered something that I could not hear.

Inch by inch the water rose till it reached my waistcoat. Now but by one the buttons disappeared, as each minute our enemy gained upon us. Still I was loth to relinquish all hope. Meantime, not a word had been uttered or a prayer made aside by Mr. Gordon or his daughters. Mrs. Seuter had ceased her cries, for she had persuaded a tall negro to hold her up against the cellar wall, and was grasping one of the candles with great satisfaction. She was in a fool's paradise, for she did not remember that the height of the vault was above the negro as in herself, and that the moment the water rose high enough to endanger the life of the negro he would in all probability leave her to shift for herself. No there was no help or escape for us, and all we could do was calmly to wait the approach of that death which, ere long, appeared to be the only moment of more awful suspense could not be contemplated. I have been through many perils, but never any which like this. A man may be brave, he may his blood is hot, and the tide of battle carries him on; but to stand still and see the grim destroyer coming nearer and nearer, minute by minute, inch by inch, requires a very different sort of courage.

The water had by this time reached almost to our shoulders, and I felt my strength giving away. I wanted to call aloud, to shriek for help; there was something so horrible in the idea of being thus drowned, like rats in a hole, to my thinking that from it. All this takes little time to describe; but the rise of the water was so slow that more than half an hour had elapsed since it first entered the vault. And now again came the rumbling of the earthquake, and the sickening sensation of its shock. The place shook, the water was agitated, and partially subsided. For a time I could not believe my eyes; I expected to see it rise again; but it subsided, and, to my great joy, I found to my joy, that it was rapidly diminishing. It was certainly a moment of intense relief, though our danger was not all over. We were not saved from immediate death; but how were we to be extricated from our living tomb? How were we to make our situation known to others?

For several hours we remained in this state—part of the time with the additional horror of darkness, for the lights had burned out, and we had no others to replace them. I can't tell if I or any one else slept, for I was in a state of mind and body equivalent to a state of stupor, for not a word was uttered. At one time I fancied my senses were leaving me, for my brain was filled with strange, unearthly visions.

time I was suddenly aroused by the most appalling shrieks.

"What is it?" asked I. "What is the matter?"

"The water coming in again! Don't you hear it?" cried Mrs. Secter.

I listened. There was a noise certainly, but it did not appear to be that of water; then it ceased. I felt about me; my senses were so numbed that I could not tell if the water was rising or falling, or, indeed, if there was any water at all. I listened again, and most certainly there were sounds, and that they came from above was unmistakable. At first they were indistinct, but each moment they became plainer, and at last I could distinguish the blows of picks, then the noise of shovels, and these at last accompanied with the shouts of human voices. Help was truly at hand. The sense of reprieve from such a situation was more than the mind could comprehend, and with indifference, and we all joined in the shouts of the negroes to their comrades above. A few minutes after this, to our inexpressible delight, the trap opened, and a gleam of sunlight lent its light upon us.

I shall not attempt to depict our feelings or the relief (as we termed it) from above and below; nor shall I be able to give any correct notion of the manner in which Mrs. Secter conducted herself in the frantic joy of her joy. I only know that Mr. Gordon and his two daughters embraced me in their excitement, and that I thought the latter experience very embarrassing.

Our final deliverance was delayed for some time for the want of a ladder. While one was being procured the women and people above were very anxious to know if we were all safe.

"Our Massa Gordon," said one.

"And de Missa Grace and Mary," exclaimed another.

"And de leetle buckra, Massa Onzon" (the nearest approximation to Spunyarn a negro could make), "he all right too."

"Mr. Spunyarn, me piccaniny!" cried the poor young mother from below.

"Ah, Psyche!" answered a man's voice from the trap, "you is hurt, girl. You let your child in de bed, and you tink nothing do him, but run way and take care ob yourself; but be all right, tank God!"

It is singular, but nevertheless true, that amidst the wreck of the negro village the child was found unhurt, and a few minutes after we reached the ground, was in the arms of its mother.

The first thing we did on arriving at the surface was to look round to see the devastation which the hurricane had produced.

The scene of destruction which our eyes fell upon was somewhat like baffles description. The whole face of the country was, as it were, changed. It looked as though a burning blast had traversed the island, for, with scarcely every thing was green and luxuriant, all was now bare and black. So marvelous a transformation in so short a time I had never seen. Vegetation, human habitations, and animal life had all vanished.

Paradise itself was a mass of ruins, and the sugar-works were greatly damaged; but Mr. Gordon bore his loss with great equanimity.

Our rescue was due to a party of hands employed at a cane about a mile and a half distant from the house, where Mr. Gordon had a landing-place, and who, although they had been exposed to the full fury of the gale, escaped uninjured, and at daybreak started to look after the safety of their master. We were immersed in the vault for more than twenty-four hours—the longest day and night, by far, that I can remember.

RESOURCES AND PROSPECTS OF AMERICA.

A most valuable work on the Resources and Prospects of America has just appeared from the pen of Mr. Morton Peto. In a volume of moderate size, he presents us with a great mass of statistical information, carefully compiled from the bulky Reports of the Commissioners of the Census of the United States, and from other sources not easy of access to readers in general. The work is, however, far from being a mere compilation; on some parts of the subject the author writes from personal observation, on every part he freely offers his own opinions and reflections.

Sir Morton Peto begins by referring to the remarkable rise in the prosperity of America even during the trying time of the Civil War; for this he accounts by attributing it to the "wonderful elasticity of the resources of the United States." The national debt, which was only sixty-five million of dollars at the commencement of the war, or thirteen million pounds sterling, is now almost three thousand million of dollars, or six hundred million pounds sterling; but such is the confidence of the people in the resources of their country that they regard it to be all paid off in thirty years, or even in a shorter time. "From the President at Washington," Sir S. M. Peto says, "down to the humblest agriculturist in the Far West, I found but one prevailing feeling respecting the debt." He was evidently the experience of the past. He was told "that the debt entailed by the war of 1812 was wholly discharged from the ordinary sources of revenue in a period of nineteen years; and that practically the burden of that debt had never been felt by any body, though, considering the difference in the comparative revenue of the population is in part due to the facility with which the means of subsistence and of comfort are obtained by all who are capable of work, but in great part to immigration. The population of the United States was only 5,305,925 in 1800, and in 1860 it was 31,429,000; but it is calculated that "of the whole population in 1863, the immigrant of the present century and their descendants number more than twenty-one million, or two-thirds of the whole." The immigrants are derived from all countries of Europe, but in greatest numbers from Great Britain and Ireland. Of late Germany have recently settled in California. The encouragement afforded to the settler is very great. If he is the head of a family, or twenty-one years of age, he receives from the Government, substantially as a free gift, one hundred and sixty acres of land; and each of his children attaining the age of twenty-one years, receives the like. If he chooses to pursue his trade, or to seek employment as a laborer in any of the large towns, he finds ready employment. In parts of the country, he finds wages much higher than in Europe, and the necessaries of life comparatively cheap. The high price of labor generally compels the settler who becomes a farmer to depend on himself and his family for the cultivation of his farm, but he can confidently reckon on profits more than sufficient for his support. The increase of population in some of the northern States has been extremely rapid. Minnesota in 1849 had a population little exceeding four thousand; in 1860 the population exceeded six hundred and seventy-two thousand; and in 1864 it was estimated at three hundred and fifty thousand. Wisconsin had only 5,316 inhabitants in 1830, and in 1860 it had 775,881. Indiana had a population of 4875 in 1800, and in 1860 a population of 1,350,428. The annual produce of wheat in this State is now about thirty million bushels, and of Indian corn upward of seventy million bushels.

The prosperity of California began with the discovery of gold, but it is already a wheat-exporting country, and seems likely to become the granary of the Pacific. The main wealth of the State is generally due to their agricultural resources. Sir S. M. Peto says: "I hope I shall not wound the susceptibilities of my American friends if I say that I regard their country as essentially agricultural, and by no means essentially commercial or manufacturing. But I think their own results establish my position. Of about 8,217,000 heads of families and other individuals whose occupation is recorded in the returns of the census of 1860, it appears that upward of three million, or more than one-third, were directly connected with the labor of the soil. . . . On the other hand, the number of merchants and clerks in America is only three hundred thousand. . . . The population of manufacturing centres does not assume a very large proportion to the whole population."

The American estimate of American manufactures, and the number of people engaged in them, is only reached "by including all the fishermen, blacksmiths, carpenters, millwrights, engineers, machinists, seamstresses, painters, varnishers, printers, hatters, masons, mariners, millers, sawyers, shoemakers, and other mechanics who work at their trade in the community." Manufacturing industry, properly so called, is almost entirely confined to a few of the Northern States.

The extent of improved land in farms in the United States, according to the census returns of 1860, was 163,110,128 acres; the extent of unimproved land included in farms was 244,101,818 acres; and the uncultivated territory not yet included in farms was 1,466,889,054 acres. The rapid progress of agriculture is shown by the fact, that while the cash value of the farms under actual cultivation in 1850 was estimated at $3,967,341,899, it had risen in 1860 to $6,645,045,000—being an increase of no less than 103 per cent. in these ten years. The improvements in agriculture have also increased even during the war. In consequence of the high price of labor, the farming is generally very imperfect; yet, making due allowance for the climate, the American farmer is able to produce a bushel of wheat at much less cost than the most scientific farmer in England. The wheat, well protected by the deep snow in winter, comes rapidly forward in the cool weather of spring, and the rich liquid sunshine of the summer months brings it to great perfection. Wheat and Indian corn are the grains principally cultivated in the more northern States of America. Rice is grown in some parts of the South. Indian corn supplies the principal part of the food of the people, both in the North and in the South. It is extremely easy cultivation, and its productiveness is far beyond that of other grains. Peas and beans are little grown in the United States. Potatoes are produced in great quantities in the Northern States, and sweet-potatoes in the South. Turnips are little cultivated, the climate being too dry. The dairy produce, both of butter and cheese, is large. The improvement of quality in American cheese since it began to be exported to this country has attracted the notice of almost every consumer. It is accounted for by the establishment of a great "cheese-factory" system in the dairy districts of the State of New York and neighboring regions. "Each farmer sends his milk to the dairy, and is credited for the quantity supplied. Skilled operatives are employed at the factories to make the cheese, and it has been found that huge factories turn out an article of far better quality than can be made in private dairies." The prices of grain and dairy produce in America depend mainly upon the prices in London. The export of wheat from the United States in 1863 amounted to 77,396,682 bushels, of which 47,082,926 bushels were exported to Great Britain and Ireland. The grain-trade was rapidly developed after the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825, and of late years it has increased with wonderfully accelerated rapidity: much grain produced in the North-western States finding its way eastward by the Erie Canal, much of it from the lake ports by the St. Lawrence, and much of it by the railways. Milwaukee, in Wisconsin, which was scarcely inhabited twenty-five years ago, and which exported only 4,000 bushels of grain and flour in 1841, exported 18,712,380 bushels in 1863.

Wool is not yet an important article of produce in the United States, although in some places there are fancy farms, where great attention is paid to the breeds of sheep; and merino sheep of unusually fine wool, and of great weight, are to be found in Vermont; but California is expected soon to become a wool-producing country. The climate of the Atlantic States is not suited to the silk-worm, and attempts at silk-culture there have failed; but Sir S. M. Peto is that it may succeed admirably in the Pacific States.

Nowhere in the world in the feeding of swine so important a branch of agriculture as in some parts of the United States. Cincinnati has long been celebrated for its trade in pork. The hog is killed, cut up, and packed by machinery. Cincinnati kills and exports four hundred thousand hogs per annum. Chicago has, however, lately acquired even greater importance as a pork-ex- rting town. A million of hogs are killed annually in Chicago. It is now, indeed, not only the largest market in the world for pork, but also for corn and timber, although it was but a mere Indian trading-station till 1830, and its pork-trade began in 1850 with the "packing" out of a couple of three hundred hogs.

The high price of labor has stimulated invention, and no people have so abounded as the Americans in labor-saving contrivances to supply the want of human hands. Many of these machines—as the sewing-machine—have been brought to Europe, and some of them are extensively used in Britain. It is though less important to us from the comparative cheapness of labor. As might be expected, many of the American machines are intended to facilitate the labors of agriculture.

Of the textile manufactures of America, that of cotton is by far the most important, but the number of spindles is not much more than one-sixth of that employed in Britain; moreover, much of the cotton spun in the States is for the cotton-producing States, to be used in the form of cordage, or made into cotton bags and packing-cloths. Woollen clothing is largely produced in the United States, great quantities of cotton goods of British manufacture are imported. The linen manufacture is inconsiderable. Sir S. M. Peto does not hesitate to condemn the whole system of protective duties, by which American manufactures are unnaturally fostered, as injurious to America itself and to the world. As to the protective duties on cotton goods, he says: "If any class of the American thereby unnaturally raising the price of an article of the largest consumption among every class of their own community, but they are thereby raising the price at their own expense as growers and exporters of the raw material from which these articles are made; and all that they are doing by raising the price is to cause the world to use less of the article, and to encourage other countries to grow it."

Sir S. M. Peto is very zealous in his advocacy of free trade. He expresses his confidence that as the people of America come to be taxed for the exclusive benefit of agriculturists, so the people of America will ere long refuse to be taxed for the exclusive benefit of manufacturers. The whole question has a special importance at present, in view of the commercial relations between the United States and the British provinces in North America. It seems almost impossible that any other system than that of free trade can long prevail between countries so situated as those on the northern and southern banks of the St. Lawrence. Under an opposite system, smuggling on a vast and ever increasing scale to a most formidable magnitude on the long line of the frontier.

The mineral wealth of the United States is very great. Gold is found in some of the Eastern States, particularly in Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia; and the gold-bearing region of the West—still very partially explored—includes the States of California and Oregon, and the Territories of Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Washington, Colorado, Montana, and Arizona—an area of more than a million of square miles, extending from British Columbia on the north to Mexico on the south, and from the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. Silver-mining may be said to be only in its infancy in Nevada, New Mexico and Arizona, which were acquired from Mexico in 1848, silver-mines have long been worked. In the bank of another river, under a better government, they will now probably soon become greatly more numerous and productive. An enormous lode of silver ore, known as the Comstock Lode, has been discovered in Nevada, and nearly one hundred different companies have obtained the right to work parts of it. A fine city, called Virginia City, has sprung up in close proximity to these mines, with a population already estimated at ten thousand; and the whole of Nevada is rapidly increasing in population, while new silver-mines are continually being opened in different localities.

Iron ore exists in great abundance in the United States, and is widely distributed. Perhaps in no part of the world is more abundant than in the State of Missouri, where great hills are entirely formed of it. Little, however, has yet been done in the State of Missouri. Missouri to account. The district is deficient in coal, and the railway system is too incomplete to supply this want. Another district, extremely rich in iron ore, but hitherto almost unproductive, lies in the northern part of Georgia, passing into Alabama. It is in Pennsylvania and New Jersey that iron ore is at present most largely worked. There are iron-producing districts also in New England, New York, Ohio, Virginia, and both the Carolinas; and during the last ten years a considerable amount of capital has been invested in coal-fields, both in Illinois, on the southern shore of Lake Superior. But the iron-masters of America can hardly hold their ground, as yet, against competition with imported iron. The vast supplies of iron ore which America possesses are rather to be regarded as a store for future ages than as a source of wealth to be largely developed in the present. There are very rich mines of copper on the shores of Lake Superior, near Keweenaw Point, where masses of native copper of extraordinary size have been found. Copper-mines have also been established in New Mexico. Lead ore is wrought, but not to a great extent, in Missouri, Wisconsin, and Iowa. Quicksilver has been found in California, and the produce is at present considerable.

The coal-fields of America are the greatest in the world. They are computed to be thirty-six times the extent of those of Great Britain and Ireland. They are chiefly situated in the basin of the Mississippi and its tributaries. The whole annual produce of coal, however, does not yet amount to much more than fourteen million tons, or about one-sixth of that of Britain. Wood is the ordinary fuel for domestic purposes, and is even employed for steam-engines, while the American engineer disperses steam wherever they can, and avail themselves of their "waterprivileges." The abundance of iron, coal, and limestone in America, however, is suggestive of great expectations concerning the future, when the country shall be more densely peopled, and able to make use of its own mineral treasures.

Sir S. M. Peto devotes a chapter to petroleum, or rock-oil, and gives a most interesting account of the American oil-wells. The oil which is derived from oil-springs was merely collected by skimming it from the surface of streams in which it floated till 1859, when a well was sunk in Pennsylvania, and at once began to yield 400, and afterward 1000 gallons a day. Numerous companies were formed, and search for oil began throughout the whole district. Many of the experiments were unsuccessful, but when oil was found the fortunate adventurers were suddenly enriched. Some of the wells yield oil without the trouble of pumping: it flows from them in a copious stream. Some wells yield from a single acre one even 3000 barrels daily. Towns have sprung up in the oil-district of Pennsylvania; and in Oil City business is now transacted to the amount of £3,000,000 annually. Other parts of America have also been found to be rich in oil. It would be out of place here to do more than merely allude to the oil-wells of Canada; but there are oil-fields in several parts of Pennsylvania, in Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, while it is said that indications of oil have been found in many other States.

Our limits do not permit us to follow Sir S. M. Peto in his review of American commerce—the foreign trade, the coasting trade, and the internal trade on the lakes and rivers—to which he devotes a section of his work. One fact claims particular attention, that no less than one-half of the export trade of the United States is for cotton. The next point to this is the export trade to France; but the third largest export trade is to the British provinces in North America, while the exports to other British possessions are very considerable. From this may be seen the vast importance to both nations of continuing maintaining friendly relations.

Sir S. M. Peto devotes another section of his work to railways. The rivers of the country, great and numerous as they are, do not afford sufficient for the purposes of its internal commerce. The railway system of America is great and rapidly extending; but the railways are as yet in most single lines, and their construction is so imperfect that the rate of traveling is far less rapid than in Britain. Sir S. M. Peto enters very fully into the whole subject. He visited America, indeed, in the capacity of chairman of the London Board of Control of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, and his suggestions on the construction and management of railways will scarcely be disputed by any American as those of a stranger, but with the respect due to one whose interests are identified with their own, and whose experience gives value to his counsel.

The South is treated in a section by itself. Differing from the North in its climate and in its products, it differs still more in consequence of slavery, now happily abolished, but so recently that the results of the change have scarcely yet begun to appear. There are as yet, few lines of railway between the North and the South. The Southern people, in the time of the past, did not wish to have them, for they were afraid of the use which might be made of them to carry away the slaves, and of the facilities for such communication with the North. The Southern States have for a long time been comparatively stationary in population. Immigrants did not flock to them, for the white man laboring with his own hands was despised both by the slaveholder and by the slaves. All this must now be changed. There is much land in the Southern States which invites settlers. Even in Virginia the "improved land" amounts only to 11,457,821 acres, while 15,679,215 acres are "unimproved;" whereas in New York the improved land is more than double the extent of the unimproved. Much of the uncultivated land in the South is adapted for the cultivation of cotton and other articles of commerce. The settlement of it also is well suited to wheat. Of the products of the South, the most important—besides cotton, rice, and sugar—is tobacco—snuff. The cultivation of the sugar-cane is limited to the most southern regions, and has of late decreased. The system of free labor has successfully introduced from China is admirably adapted to the climate, not only of the South, but indeed of almost all parts of the United States, and its cultivation has rapidly extended, especially in the Northwestern States.

Sir S. M. Peto's work is so full of information that what we have been able to extract is but a little portion of it. The spirit in which it is written is also excellent. It is the work of an Englishman who loves his own country and her institutions, but who regards America and Americans with the most kindly feeling. It is calculated to dispute prejudice, and to promote good feeling on both sides of the Atlantic.

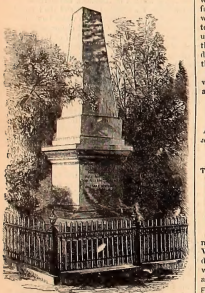
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* There is a wide error in this statement. From 1790 to 1850—a period of sixty years—the population in question was over 30 per cent. This would double the population in a little more than twenty-three years; and from there were less than 20,000 persons who had immigrated. Now, if we suppose the one-third to be derived from immigration, it would not be unreasonable to assume the population would go on in such a country as this to double once in twenty-five years. By this estimate, the population in 1870 being 4,000,000, would be: 1825 (save ben 6,000,000 (below the mark); in 1850 it would have been 12,000,000; and in 1875 there would have been fully 24,000,000 of persons descended from the original population of 1776. The present population of Britain has been at least 25,000,000. The actual population in 1869 was 31,000,000, or 7,000,000 less than the above estimate would indicate.—Ed. S. M. Peto's 31,000,000 to be accounted for as immigrants and their descendants.—Ed. HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE MEMORIAL CHURCH TO WASHINGTON IRVING AT TARRYTOWN, ON THE HUDSON, AND CLASSIC VIEWS IN THE VICINITY.

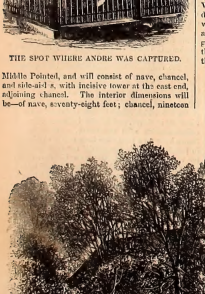


WASHINGTON IRVING died November 28, 1859, and was buried in the cemetery at Tarrytown. Since then two attempts have been made in that village to perpetuate his memory by a Memorial. One of these—a Bridge over the Pocantico, at the spot where ICHABOD CRANE, the school-teacher of Sleepy Hollow, was thrown from his horse by the dreadful onslaught of the headless horseman—failed, we may suppose, from want of interest in the plan. The other, a Church, projected by the rector, wardens, and vestry of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, is rapidly becoming an accomplished fact. The corner-stone of this memorial edifice was laid July 4, by Bishop POTTER. The site is well chosen, being on the principal street of Tarrytown, a few feet from the spot where Major ANDRÉ was captured, and ICHABOD first saw the spectre. The building is of the style of architecture known as



THE SPOT WHERE ANDRÉ WAS CAPTURED.

Middle Pointed, and will consist of nave, chancel, and side-aisles, with incisive tower at the east end, adjoining chancel. The interior dimensions will be—of nave, seventy-eight feet; chancel, nineteen



THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH.



THE OLD MILL.

feet six inches. The entire width will be fifty feet. There will be a clear-story lighted by triangular arched windows, traced. The tower will terminate with bold gables, and at southeast angle will be further support of with an octagonal stair turret, which in its turn will be carried up above the main tower, and will be finished with tall spirelet. Eventually, a marble statue of IRVING will be placed in the vestibule. The edifice will seat about five hundred persons. Messrs. RENWICK and SANDS are the architects.

Near by is the monument which marks the spot where ANDRÉ was captured. It is of simple design, and on the east side bears the following inscription:

ON THIS SPOT
The 23d day of September, 1780, the Spy,
MAJOR JOHN ANDRÉ,
Adjutant-General of the British Army, was captured by
JOHN PAULDING, DAVID WILLIAMS, and ISAAC VAN WART,
All natives of this county.
HISTORY HAS TOLD THE REST.

The People of Westchester County have erected this Monument, as well to commemorate a great Event, as to testify their high estimation of that Integrity and Patriotism which, rejecting every temptation, rescued the United States from most imminent peril, by baffling the arts of a Spy and the plots of a Traitor.
ERECTED OCTOBER 7, 1853.

In the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, a little to the north, is the burial-place of the IRVING family. Within the inclosure, ranged in two lines, are the different graves. Each has a plain head-stone of white marble, on which are inscribed the name and age at death of the occupant. As will be seen, the grave of GEOFFREY CRAYON does not differ from the rest of his family. The inscription simply tells that

WASHINGTON,
SON OF WILLIAM AND SARAH S. IRVING,
DIED
NOV. 28, 1859,
AGED 76 YEARS 7 MO. AND 25 DAYS.

Within the cemetery inclosure is the old Dutch church erected by FREDERICK PHILIPS and CATHERINE VAN CORTLANDT, his wife, in 1699. Here ICHABOD led the choir, and worshiped with the Dutch burghers and matrons and damsels of famous memory. The edifice is still used occasionally. A few feet from the church, at the bottom of the hill, stood—for a new structure has replaced the old—the ancient bridge, which here spanned the smooth and silvery Pocantico. The church side of the river was in ancient times a place of refuge for those chased by the fiends and goblins which frequented the gloom of WILEY'S swamp, now made quite safe by the improving hand of man. Here was the "opposite side" to which ICHABOD was hastening when so rudely attacked by the strange rider. Near by is the old mill, built a few years before the church by the same public-spirited individual. The walls yet show the opening through which the distrustful settlers bargained with the Indians when, with friendly intent, they journeyed from Ossining and Sepparon to dispose of their products. It continues to do its duty well, as the writer of these lines can



THE MEMORIAL CHURCH AT TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK.

testify. The photographs from which these sketches were made were taken by G. G. ROCKWOOD, 839 Broadway, New York.

RECEIVING RATIONS.

When this sketch was made in June last, more than 20,000 of the people of Alabama—whites—

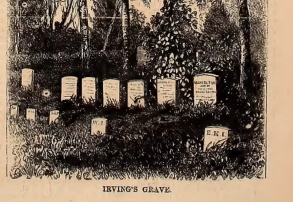


BRIDGE OVER THE POCANTICO.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

NEW IBERIA, LOUISIANA.

Is considered the head of the Teche navigation, although boats can get up while high-water lasts to Martinville, and in times of flood the navigation of the lakes and bayous is almost unlimited. New Iberia is a brisk little town, now stagnating under the prevailing dullness of business all through the South. The majority of its inhabitants appear to be French, and with the manners of New Orleans. Stores and drinking-houses are thrown wide open on Sunday, and there is card-playing and billiards all day. The churches, also, are open for the convenience of such as choose to go—principally of the female population, or young men who go for the sake of the company of their sweet-hearts. This is a point at which a good portion of the cotton lands driven from Texas arrive. The herders and Grovers—rough-looking fellows—are often seen riding along the streets. There are no prominent buildings of any account, the county buildings being at Martinsville. It has the characteristic features of many of the little towns in West Louisiana, and for that matter might be a little bit of Yorkville or Manhattanville but for the different appearance and language of the inhabitants.



IRVING'S GRAVE.

were receiving Government rations; and it is believed that 10,000 more were probably sharers in the supplies thus drawn.

The much-abused Freedmen's Bureau has succeeded in persuading the negroes to go to work; so that they no longer look to the Government for



NEW IBERIA, LOUISIANA.—Sketched by our Special Artist, A. R. Ward.—[See Page 508.]

support, except in the matter of obliging their employers to give them their just dues, not always paid with grace. With the whites the case is different; the curse of laziness, which the presence of slavery inflicted upon them, is hard to overcome; ignorant as the negroes—and even falling behind them, now that the latter are seeking education—they are almost entirely without ambition beyond the simplest wants of nature. They are, however, generally engaged in cultivating land to a limited extent, and the crops secured, the Government will withdraw its support and leave them to their own resources. Much of the money expended by the Bureau has gone to the support of the poor white people of the South, the greatest sufferers by, and victims of the war. That numbers of them must have starved to death without such assistance is undeniable; your bitter Southerner and Unionhater never thinks of this, or else chooses to ignore it, when engaged in the favorite occupation of denouncing the Freedmen's Bureau.

The picture represents claimants for relief pleading their cases, and receiving orders on the Commissary from Major Pierce—an officer, who is one of many that I have met, sacrificing their personal comfort and desire to be at home to a sense of duty; and, of all trying positions, it is hard to imagine any thing worse than that of a Bureau officer, stationed away from troops, among a covertly hostile population.

A. R. W.

DOUBLY PAID.

One very warm summer day the Emperor Paul fell asleep in his arm-chair after dinner near an open window, which commanded a view of the garden at Katchéina, while some of the court ladies were whispering together in an adjoining apartment. A daring young officer, who was a great favorite with the latter, perceiving them assembled their window, was about to commence a conversation with them, but they signed to him to beware of disturbing his sleeping Majesty.

"Do not betray me," whispered he, "and I will have some sport!"

He looked cautiously around, and seeing that he was not observed, or at most by the window of the next room and called out in Stentor tones the drowsing watch-word of the guard: "Eberhall!" then darted instantly into the bushes and escaped unperceived.

The Emperor started up from his nap in a terrible rage at such an impudent jest, but could obtain no other answer from the ladies, who naturally desired to shield their friend, than that they did not know



ALABAMIANS RECEIVING RATIONS.—[Sketched by A. R. Ward.]

who it was. He then sent for the commandant and ordered him to produce the offender within an hour. The latter interrogated each individual of the guard and everyone he met, but could learn nothing; and at last in his despair, for a command from Paul was not a matter to be trifled with, he summoned a young soldier and said to him,

"I will give you two hundred rubles if you will say that you woke the Emperor in that manner. He will probably cause you to be punished, but why should you care for that?"

The soldier, who was a resolute man, agreed to it and received the money, and exactly an hour after the order had been given accompanied the commandant into the Emperor's presence. But the man will—his Majesty's anger had died away. Looking intently at the soldier, he said, "A superb voice! give him three hundred rubles!

Via ALBANY.

JUST AS MR. Wallabout reached the wharf the boat swung off. While she might have jumped, she had not the ready-made courage; when she had acquired a stock, the distance was hopeless. It was the last boat of the morning to the last train for Jane Roseville, and Mrs. Wallabout looked after it in despair. Mr. Wallabout and the little Wallabouts were at Jane Roseville expecting her. They would drive down to meet the train, and Mr. Wallabout would be displeased. Mr. Wallabout was a precise person, who disapproved of errant females, and did not believe that people lost boats and trains except through carelessness. He had never lost a train in his life.

Mrs. Wallabout stood on the wharf, holding fast her umbrella, her travelling-bag, and her brown paper parcels, and took counsel with herself. Her guardian-angel advised her to retreat to a hotel and try a new day and a fresh start; but Mrs. W. was a bent shrunk from the notion. Hotels look bleak to solitary women; and people stare so! Then her evil genius mocked the Albany boat.

"To be sure Albany is fifty miles beyond Jane Roseville," argued this evil principle; "but then you hardly reach the fort. You take your state-room. You have a cool night on the water; and you arrive at Albany in time to drop down to Jane Roseville in one of the early morning boats, and have saved three-quarters of a day from New York."

"So I can," murmurs Mrs. Wallabout, clutching at her parcels with renewed energy, and hurrying off to the ticket-office. Mrs. Wallabout-angel is gone! and, by-the-by, is it not astonishing what a muddled race mere these same guardian-angels, and how attentive they are sure to prove to our evil genius, however absurd! The very first step brought this unprincipled principle out in its lie! He had said so! Mrs. Wallabout, "Via Albany" to state-rooms." There were no state-rooms to be taken. Mrs. Wallabout offered five, seven, ten dollars! The boat would not buy one.

"You can have a berth, ma'am," said the shrewdest, severely, evidently feeling that Mrs. Wallabout did not appreciate her blessings, "or you have will be plenty o folks that would be thankful for as much as that!" and though Mrs. Wallabout even then could have come back, she again declined the fate. Fate in the turban and meekly laid her bundles on the shelf, on which she was shortly to be packed away for the night, though she sighed to think that "Mr. Wallabout would disapprove more and more; he considered these crowded cabins so unhealthy!" and this evil genius pitilessly mocked.

Mrs. Wallabout went up on deck and sat down in the most remote place possible. Mrs. Wallabout was pretty—have I mentioned the fact?—and all unconsciously displayed a pair of trim little boots, resting on the round of a chair in front of her. A kind-hearted gentleman, seeing this pretty young woman discomfited by herself, took upon him to furnish her with an agreeable object of contemplation by marching up and down in her neighborhood, and testowing on her long and admiring glances. Mrs. Wallabout, waking up to the fact, grew rapidly uncomfortable, looked the other way, tried to feel indifferent, tried to look unconscious, wished Mr. Wallabout was there, and was sure he would think it highly improper. More ben-volent gentlemen paying under her hat-brim and darting at her perversity! Mrs. Wallabout at last settled herself to think what she had done to attract attention! wished she could box their ears—was sure if she was a man she would leave unprotected women in peace! remembered that Mr. Wallabout believed that no woman was ever annoyed by undressed attention who was not in a very disagreeable! and went down to the cabin, oppressed with a general sense of evilliness, and of Mr. Wallabout's disapprobation.

In the cabin—but prudence forbid that I should blot at what Mrs. Wallabout saw and heard that night, when frantic women without berth or stateroom strewed the floor like leaves in Vallombrosa! At the earliest dawn of day the kind-hearted lady was out on deck again, but was almost instantly driven below by more benevolent gentlemen, for whom she was now painfully interesting. The boat was late; also Mrs. Wallabout's bag was missing. Think of that, when Mr. Wallabout never lost sight of his bag! The implacable spirit had no consolation for her. "Can't answer for any thing, ma'am, that is left in the berths!" Mrs. Wallabout saw the dock-men seize them. They were very late, and her impatient little heart was fit to jump out of her bosom. She went over and over what she should do: how she would spring to the wharf the moment—no, the instant—that the boat touched; how she would run for life and the Jane Roseville boat; what streets she should take; what short cuts she could make. She had her shawl and her bundles on one arm, her ticket in her glove, and her umbrella ready for the start, and was quite worn out, dear little woman! with so much rapid mental exertion, when the *St. John* came in at her pier, just about an hour too late for the Jane Roseville boat. Mrs. Wallabout could have cried. What would Mr. Wallabout say? Say what he would, there was nothing now but to take the train. Where was the depôt? Mrs. Wallabout hired a man to show her the way—just ten steps—and she gave him fifty cents—five cents a step; and Mr. Wallabout disliked extravagance, though he was not pecunious; but this was a magnificent colored man, and he overawed Mrs. Wallabout, naturally timid, and now nervous and discouraged.

In the depôt a tall man eyed her earnestly. Mrs. Wallabout shrank away, thinking him one her benevolent gentlemen; and presently she discovered in him Mr. Pawlett. She knew Mr. Pawlett, and she was so tired of being alone that she seized on him almost as if he had been Mr. Wallabout himself. She handed him over her umbrella; she stood on him her parcels; she put him in her ticket in charge; she hung her shawl on his arm; and then she felt herself a free woman, and could have snapped her fingers at a host of benevolent gentlemen. For Pawlett, whether he was overawed with the bundles, or dazzled by Mrs. Wallabout—who can sort all the influences for her high-spirited sex—or was simply stupid, I am unable to state; the result was the same. They seated themselves in the car; they sat three hours and a half at the least; they looked about them; they could have corrected their mistake a dozen times. It is inconceivable that they should have taken the Harlem train; but they did it, and were well under way before they discovered their mistake. With such hesitation did Mr. Pawlett commit the fact to Mrs. Wallabout. Mrs. Wallabout made a wild movement, expressive of jumping out of the car window. She also devoted herself to herself whether or not to cry, and give Mr. Pawlett a piece of her mind, but concluded to do nothing of the kind—nurse in a new situation, and leaned back in her seat with a despairing "What will Mr. Wallabout say?" Pawlett laughed, but was very kind and generous. The conductor, very sympathizing except about the correspondence of the month, advised them to get out at the next station, take the train for Hudson, and wait there for the afternoon train.

Mrs. Wallabout heard in the silence of despair. "Wandering all over the country with a strange man! What was loss of train and bag to this? The next station consisted of a dispirited depôt and an intolerable grocery. Pawlett got ice in the water, and there were flies in the lemonade. What if they should meet Mr. Wallabout? Mr. Pawlett had just demonstrated that there was spiritual as well as physical storms. What if her moral mirror wind should blow her Mr. Wallabout? What if he should come on the platform at the corner? There was no consolation in a parasol. Mr. Wallabout would know the very swing of her dress-skirt. People could be known by the motion of their sky as quietly in the depôt; but then was not that like a detective? Suppose he should be in the Hudson train? And Mrs. Wallabout almost fainted over Mr. Pawlett. There was no slurring over the dreadful fact. Mr. Pawlett was a good-looking—yes, a handsome man, but he was simply not known in a lady might run away; and Mr. Wallabout was as strict in his notions of propriety. She wished the unconscious Pawlett at—not at a gentlemanly spot to make the situation tolerable, a hump and a squint —for that time only, and by particular request, of course.

Arrived at Hudson, worse yet. Mr. Wallabout had business at Hudson; others were there, and Mr. Wallabout was—yes, he was a little jealous. She heard his step a dozen times or more at dinner —that dreadful dinner, at which she could get rid of to the affliction of Pawlett. She would have liked to run away and hide her head under the bed-clothes, but Mr. Pawlett had insisted on her having had the drawing-room to themselves. Mrs. Wallabout sat down in a trouble. Why, was it not possible to say, "Mr. Pawlett, I am afraid of meeting Mr. Wallabout, who will never understand it, and I should like to be very quiet, and get down to the depôt?" Mrs. Wallabout was afraid to get rid of you, dear Mr. Pawlett, as fast as possible?"

Mr. Pawlett leaned over the piano. He fattered himself that he was playing very badly comfortable. Mrs. Wallabout commenced, and then—oh! Mrs. Wallabout's prophetic heart! in walked Mr. Wallabout. Pawlett continued playing. For Mrs. Wallabout a tingling, pricking sensation attacked her. Then she burst out in a cold perspiration. Then she fainted away, screaming that she had it! Pawlett say? What did Mr. Wallabout say? She could never have told you; but she knew what he said, and that was enough.

"I was afraid you would come."

There is no record left of Pawlett; but how pleasantly this decoy must have sounded in his ears, how soundest in his ears. Poor Pawlett! and poor Mrs. Wallabout, whom husband and wife were at last left together! Mr. Wallabout's reasoning that such reliance that demands explanation so much more significantly than words.

"I am very sorry," commenced the little woman, imploringly.

"That you met me? I suppose so."

"Sorry, Charles, you know—"

"How did you come here, Mrs. Wallabout?"

"I went to Albany."

"You went to Albany?"

"I was coming to June Roseville."

"And went fifty miles out of your route?"

"I had my dear, I lost the train, and the boat was late—"

"What boat?"

"The Albany boat. It was the last train—"

"The Albany boat was the last train? I should think it was—but the last you should have taken."

"But, Charles, I lost the last train to June Roseville, and I disliked to spend the night in New York, and I thought I could come down from Albany in the early morning, and the *St. John* was late; and I—we—I met Mr. Pawlett—"

"I saw that you did."

"Well, if you won't hear me?"

"Am I not listening with all possible attention to hear what you and Mr. Pawlett were doing in Hudson?"

"We took the train—"

"To Hudson?"

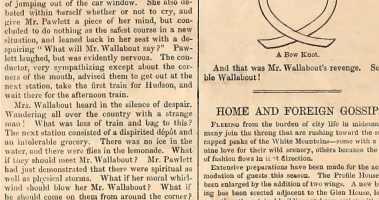
"No—the Harlem train. We thought, we didn't know, we never—"

"And do you expect me to believe such a story as this?" interrupted Mr. Wallabout, sternly. "Why not make your story at least plausible. Say you came here to meet me or something of that sort."

"That was the very thing I dreaded," returned Mrs. Wallabout, naively. "I knew you would be angry, and it does sound improbable, but it is true; and isn't truth always stranger than fiction? and besides (brightening), even if you do think that, would tell a lie? I would be a goose to prefer Mr. Pawlett to you, don't you see?" clenching this notable argument by laying her little hand in his, with a positive appeal, that only a monster could have resisted.

Mr. Wallabout was not a monster. He looked long and fixedly at his wife, and then, with a covert smile, drew out a bit of paper and fell solemnly to work. Mrs. Wallabout watched him in an agony of apprehension. What could it be? a rough draft of articles of separation? Mr. Wallabout laid down his pencil, surveyed it critically, held it up; and this was what Mrs. Wallabout saw:

PLAN OF MRS. WALLABOUT'S JOURNEY TO JUNE ROSEVILLE, VIA ALBANY.



And that was Mr. Wallabout's revenge. Sensible Wallabout!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FLEEING from the burden of city life in midsummer, many join the throng that are rushing toward the mountain-ranges of the north in the direction of Lake George in search of relief from the heat and dust. Others become the tide of fashion flows in its hot direction.

Extensive preparations have been made for the accommodation of guests this season. The Profile House has been enlarged by the addition of two wings. A new building has been erected adjacent to the Glen House, larger even than the original building, and connecting with it by a covered passage-way. Sandwich Dome, an offshoot of Hitchcock, is crowded in size; and several other hotels in the vicinity have been materially enlarged and improved.

But travelers, rushing through on wings of steam, eager to reach the mountains of interest, whether that be the Tip Top House, Franconia Notch, The Flume, The Old Man of the Mountain, or the Willey-bowl," seldom give time or thought to the beauties of nature through which they fly. The usual route from New York takes in some fifty miles of the most charming scenery in the world, along the valley of the Connecticut River. If the tourist can spare a day or a night-bed, a drive of an hour or so will bring him to the head of Memphremagog, the scenes of which is by no means difficult. Indeed there is a carriage-path leading to the top of Owl's Head, the summit of this mountain the eye is delighted by a most lovely picture—the valley of the Connecticut, in all its luxuriant verdure, the river itself, glimmering like a thread in its circuitous wanderings through the green interstices. Still further on the journey may be broken at Lyons, Orford, or some town in that part of New Hampshire. Thence a carriage drive of a couple of hours across the country affords romantic mountain views, and will bring the traveler to pleasanter railroad route to the White Hills. Instead, however, of hastening forward to them, take a down train, dine at Plymouth—there is time enough—and then be afraid of meeting—they go on to Weirs, a little village on the borders of Lake Winnipesaukee. A little steamer, *The Lady of the Lake*, is in readiness, and an afternoon could not be more agreeably spent than in sailing on this lovely sheet of water. The lake is here studded with miniature islands, and the water is clear and pure. There is a good hotel at Weirs, and on the opposite shore visitors can find excellent accommodations. Although Lake Winnipesaukee is on one of the direct routes to the White Mountains, few tourists halt here, and the scenery is thus comparatively unknown. Take a carriage and drive to Meredith, a little village on the borders of Lake Winnipesaukee. Here is a most delightful excursion, supposing always that they were to be spent a *leetry* to stop and see with a really worth seeing. *Tweezing* "is a form" in any thing but enjoyable.

The Portland Press gives an incident of the recent fire there which exhibits to much nearness of zeal that we are almost ashamed to quote it. We do it in the firm belief that the "Fireman" spoken of was not an American:

"We hear of a creature in this city, which walks on two legs and wears a coat, and resembles a man. In fact the creature may be a man and belonging for his own employer while his father's house and his own effects were going to ashes. Until o'clock in the morning they kept on the shop reel, and by unremitting efforts saved it and the house in the rear of it from taking all night in a city of the magnitude of these and others men are sometimes thirsty. These men were dry, and applied to the creature to whose house and shop they had saved if he had any water. 'No,' the creature said, 'I have no water, but I have better, went down to the ice chest, pulled out several bottles of Hostetter's Bitters, poured in the pure a little water, tolerably clean, which had drained from the ice, mingled with it sugar and sliced lemons, and they tried these cooling drinks to the deserving crowd. Next day this creature was arrested, according to his deeds, and charged to him on the bones of the concern four bottles of beer, one bottle of wine, and a demijohn!"

Ice is one of the greatest luxuries of a hot day. Although sometimes the demand for it is in great on excessive warm days, yet it is not difficult to obtain it in some parts of the city, this is not owing to any scarcity of the article, but because of the limited facilities of delivering it. It is stated that the quantity of ice required for this market is about 250,000 tons per annum, of which about 50,000 tons are shipped to the Southern cities, the West Indies, and South America; and even Spain and Portugal have been purchasers to a small extent. To secure 250,000 tons for delivery in summer, it is necessary to put up in winter at least 500,000 tons, as the wastage is equal to one-half. A great deal of ice is put up in November, when the days are cooled to put down their meat in summer as well as in winter. Notwithstanding the immense quantities of ice required for this market, the dealers estimate that at least 100,000 tons will be left over this season. It may not generally be known that ice not used during the season for which it is intended is usually thrown away. If kept over it is not so good, become caked into a solid mass in the house, and can not be taken out with facility. It is found to be more economical to throw it away, and replace it with the fresh crop. The most extensive ice-houses, among the many from which our city is supplied, are at Rockland Lake, where there are two of these houses, each 250 feet long by 100 feet wide, and 50 feet high. Each is capable of holding 40,000 tons of ice.

One can scarcely help feeling that it was almost a just punishment which recently befell a man in Jersey City. He, like, one might attempt to frighten some girls by wrapping a white cloth around his body and personating a ghost. But his ruse was too true, who pulled out a revolver, and accurately fired six balls into his head and body. At the first shot the poor fellow fell, and the excitement of the men, who then went home and related the circumstances, and parties returning to the spot found life completely extinct, and the having put the dead to the former use, and the poor the region of the heart. The sympathy of the people toward the dog of the dead man has not been evinced.

"People about to marry," who wish to know the proper age, are referred to the following precedents: Adam and Eve, 0; Methuselah, 18; Ben Jonson, 21; Bacon, 24; Mozart, 25; Dante, Kepler, Fuller, Johnson, Burke, Steele, 29; Tycho Brahe, Byron, Washington, and Bonaparte, 31; Franklin and Sir Walter Scott, 35; Lamartine, Moore, 39; Chaucer, Hogarth, and Peel, 39; Wordsworth and Davy, 40; Goethe, 41; Sir Robert Walpole, 42; William Pitt, 31; Wilberforce, 38; Luther, 42; Addison, 44; Wesley and Young, 47; Swift, 48; Buffon, 56; Old Parr, last time, 120. If Adam and Eve married before they were a year old, and the veteran Parr buckled with a widow at 120, bachelor and spinsters may safely venture on the like, and find shelter under great names for either early or late marriages.

A Southern paper is responsible for the following:

One day a Mormon woman went to Brigham Young for counsel touching an alleged wrong of an officer of the church.

"Let me see, Sister—I forget your name."

"Why, don't you know the linguist reply." "Why, I am your wife!"

"What did I marry you?"

The woman informed the "President," who referred to an examination of the fact before they were

"Well, I believe you are right. I knew your face was familiar."

Every body is launching out in terrible denunciations against the "falsities" of woman. One writer says:

"Young gentlemen, lovely lambs, with a mass of gold curls covering her neck and shoulders, and with long ladies' dresses, are not girls. They are little fibbings, and then imagine, if you can, seeing one by one of the most badass disappear within the recess of a board cradle-box."

On the same subject the *Mississippi Anchorage*, delightfully applies "false colors" to "false eyelashes," "false hair," "plumpers," etc., remarks:

"Young gentlemen should keep on hand here as regards the ladies of their acction—they are all right, and need no artificial fairing; but we do advise them never to marry a woman till she has shed her eyelashes."

When you make a quotation be sure always to give the author his due. Many a good thing is lost or original is often greatly increased by so doing. For example:

Let not good or great content
Be higher and tall Highest,
Only for the best, the greatest
Labor and endeavor,
All the Year Round.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time,
By H. W. Longfellow.

Till I will could weep, for a time so sordid and mean,
And myself so lapsed and low!
A. Tennyson.

The mountain rill
Seeks with no surer flow the far lagoon
Than my unchanged affection flows to thee.
Park Benjamin.

Farewell! I've yet one solace left, which cheers my lonely hours,
And in that thought a thousand hopes are springing into life!
How beautiful the violan comes, smiled life's glittering lie shape—A Champagne bottle, and a box of fine cigars
From J. S. WALES.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore
By Byron.

The girls are all a-fleeting slow
For some fellow's debris to follow;
Their smiles of joy, their tears of woe
Deceitful alike, unstable!
There's not one true in seven
Pages Papers.

But seen too oft, familiar to the face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace
Pope.

How guilt, once hardened in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great
Dr. Johnson.

But my friend is oh, so fine!
His legs seem'd taper'd to a line,
And I wrote 'mid anxious fears,
For I dread the thick of thin
From Harper's Magazine.

A wealthy old gentleman in Pittsburg, who had doubtless read with great interest the account of the most extravagant uncle ever suggest, awoke one morning a short time ago to find himself deserted. The dickie fair one and Storm, and Mrs. Storm behind in the distance, according to the trifle of $1000, and a note stating that the world was round and that he (Storm) would visit us in time of $20,000. She had taken the precaution to carry off her diamonds, and all her costly robes, together with a large sum of money which had been given her for her wrist.

Fortune is as fickle as fashion. A certain Mrr. Willart, of Hartford, an Englishwoman by birth, who has hitherto been in "affluent circumstances," has recently become the heiress of a large property, valued at $85,000,000. She, with her husband and children, are about starting for England to take possession of it. It is said she will return and make Hartford her permanent residence. When in full possession of her property, Mrs. Willart will probably be the richest woman in the United States.

A German professor of great learning, and patient in investigation, gives us some information, which he accepts as highly important for us to know. He asserts that an atom of oxygen under a glass is just two-hundred millionths of an inch in thickness, and that it weighs 15 ten-thousandths of a grain. And to think that for every inch of it there are a trifle we lambs $10,000,000,000,000 of them!

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300,000 Tickets, at $1 each. 75,000 Presents, valued at $250,000, consisting of Fine Residences, Lots, Pianos, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware, &c., &c.
MANAGING DIRECTORS: Major H. A. HALL, President Soldiers' and Sailors' Union; Col. CHARLES CAPEHART, Major M. H. ALBRIGHT; WILLIAM S. NOURSE, TREASURER; Riggs & Co., Washington, Cashier National Bank of the Metropolis.
TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE, WASHINGTON, June 27, 1866.
Whereas H. A. Hall and others, as "managing directors of the "Internal Revenue Concert" to be held in Washington, D.C., on the 2d of August next, have applied to me for the license required by the 9th section of the act of June 30, 1864, to conduct a lottery for the distribution of certain property by lot or chance, and have furnished evidence that the proceeds of said lottery are to be appropriated to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Home Fund, and have given the bond required by said section, with sureties satisfactory to me, conditioned for the faithful performance of the duties required by said section, and have complied with the requirements of law in relation to said lottery, and have paid the special tax therefor: Now, therefore, I, E. A. ROLLINS, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, do hereby grant this license to said H. A. Hall and others, to conduct the lottery aforesaid, at the time and place above mentioned, and for the purposes above specified, and for no other purpose, and in no other manner, and at no other time or place, and subject to the provisions of the law aforesaid, and to the regulations of this office relative to lotteries.
E. A. ROLLINS, Commissioner.
WILLIAM S. NOURSE, Secretary,
Washington, D. C.
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1	do. do.	4,000
1	do. do.	3,000
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10	Gifts in Greenbacks, $1000 each	10,000
20	do. do. 500 each	10,00
20	do. do. 100 each	2 00
20	do. do. 50 each	1,000
800	do. do. 10 each	8,00
1,000	do. do. 5 each	5,0-0
1	Gift, Residence in Chicago	25,000
1	Gift, Lot in Chicago, $5000 each	5 000
20	do. Piano, $500 each	10,000
20	do. Melodeon, $250 each	5,000
100	do. Ribbon, $20 each	2,000
200	do. Gold Watches, $150 each	30,00
200	do. do. 100 each	10,00
200	do. Silver Watches, 50 each	10,000
800	do. do. 40 each	12,000
1,000	Sets of Plated Teaspoons, $3 each	3,000
1,000	Gift Bells, $3 each	2,0 0
1,000	Plated Fruit Knives, $3 each	3,000
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REFERENCES: Hon. John Wentworth, Chicago, Ill.; Gen. Benj. F. Butler, Lowell, Mass.; Lot U. Wilford, Wholesale Jeweler, Chicago; J. B. Ingersoll & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia; J. M. T. Gobrecht & Co., Wholesale Jewelers, Chicago; John E. Potter & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.; James L. Harlem, Importer, New York; Van Valkenburgh & Co., Importers, New York; Hon. Schuyler Colfax; Hon. Holmes Conklin; Hon. Schuyler Colfax; Hon. Thurlow Weed; Hon. Horace Greeley, Publishers, Boston, Mass.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 503.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

THE cable thus far works with success, but the means of communication between our great cities and Heart's Content are provokingly inadequate, and are not to be relied upon for promptness. This difficulty will soon be remedied, and then we shall be able to read in the morning papers all the important European news of the previous day. At the office in this city, of which we give an illustration on this page, telegrams for Europe are daily received at an expense to the sender of about a dollar a letter. Already the monetary quotations in this city and London are becoming equalized, and the uncertainty and suspense which have hitherto acted as disturbant elements are being obviated.

CITY AND VALLEY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

WE present our readers with a panoramic view of GREAT SALT LAKE CITY and the VALLEY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE, taken from a point north of that city, and embracing all the table land south of it, for a distance of more than twenty miles, where the mountains bound the horizon.

Great Salt Lake Valley is about 30 miles long from north to south, and from 20 to 25 miles from east to west. On the east it is bounded by the Wahsatch Mountains, and on the opposite side by the Oquirrh, or West Mountain Range. The highest peak of the mountains surrounding the valley is about 11,500 feet high, and is said to be covered with perpetual snow.

The mountain in the distance, in the centre of the picture, is 36 miles from the city, and forms part of a chain that lies west of Utah Lake. The lower chain seen nearer is the "Divide," over which is the principally traveled road to California *via* Nevada.

The Jordan River passes between the two distant points in the centre south of this view, and flows past the city, and empties its fresh water into the Salt Lake. Very fine trout and other fish are caught in the Jordan. The Great Salt Lake is about 16 miles northwest of the city, the northern part of the West Mountains terminating abruptly near its shores.

The cultivated lands in this valley are to the south and west of the city, on the borders of the different streams that rush down the mountain gorges or cañons to the Jordan. The waters of the City Creek, north of the city, are used for domestic purposes. The other streams adjoining the city are called Red Butte, Emigration, Parley's, Mill, Big Cottonwood, and Little Cottonwood Creeks; and the roads leading for the supplies of fire-wood and lumber are made on the sides of the different streams.

The principal entrances to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake are through Parley's and Emigration cañons, and all travelers agree that the view, on reaching "the Bench" from these cañons, is one of surpassing beauty and grandeur, showing at once the city, the valley, the glittering face of the famous Salt Lake in the distance, and the chain of mountains bounding the whole panoramic landscape stretching out before them.

Great Salt Lake City is divided into 21 wards, and is, from east to west, about 3 miles long, by 2 from north to south. Each ward has its school-house, sustained by voluntary contributions. A law, however, has recently been passed authorizing each school district to impose a tax for the maintenance of a free school; and in no case is a child denied admission to the schools whose parents are unable to pay for their schooling—in such cases the Ward Fund is drawn upon. The books in common use in the schools of the Territory are WELLSON'S, RAY'S, and M'GUFFEY'S. The population of Great Salt Lake City is upward of 20,000 persons.

There are some very fine buildings fast springing up in the city, and within the last six years, in this particular, the place has made astonishing progress. In fact, within that period East Temple Street, or Main Street frequently called, has been almost rebuilt, and is now filling up with imposing-looking stores and banking establishments. The principal stores are those of W. S. GODBE, WM. JENNINGS, KIMBALL & LAWRENCE, WALKER BROTHERS, and WOODMANSEE'S. GODBE'S store is palatial in appearance, and when the ideality of its architect finds its elaboration in the finish of ornamental plastering, above the rock-cut basement it will present a still more imposing appearance. Mr. JENNINGS'S store, on the opposite side, has a solider magnificence; and KIMBALL & LAWRENCE, WALKER BROTHERS, and others, are equal to many in the Eastern States. Then there is the new City Hall, the Theatre, and on the outskirts there are some



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splendid private residences. These are all the growth of the last six years.

In the fore-ground of the picture is the residence of President BRIGHAM YOUNG. The large square building south of it is the grand theatre, capable of seating about 2000 persons; it is pronounced by visitors far superior to any theatre on the Pacific slope, and equaled by few in the East.

The large building, in the course of erection on the Temple Block, is the new tabernacle, designed to hold from 12,000 to 15,000 persons, and it will be 250 feet long, 180 wide, and 80 feet high. The foundation of the Temple lies to the east of it. This Temple will be 150 feet long by 125 wide, with six towers, as seen in the engraving from the architect's plan.

Great Salt Lake City abounds with very fine gardens, and large quantities of choice fruit are raised. Peaches, apples, apricots, pears, apples, grapes, and all the various kinds of small fruits are cultivated in great abundance.

Great Salt Lake City, from the Bench view, as it first meets the eye of the visitor, is seen looking out as from a forest of fruit trees. Irrigation is the only reliable source of watering the farms and gardens; and the waters of City Creek are conducted down the sides of each street, and ditches are cut to lead the water into each lot.

"The Pioneers," about 148 chosen Mormons, entered the valley under the leadership of "President" BRIGHAM YOUNG, on the 24th of July, 1847, nineteen years ago. To their indefatigable labors, untiring industry, a new world has been opened to colonization and commerce, and in a few years more the railway will open up the Rocky Mountains to the tourists, will, doubtless, for a time at least, make Salt Lake City the Jerusalem of the West; as the Mormons in their earliest days were free to call their favorite city.

We can not close this notice without adding that with whatever differences of opinion may be entertained of the Mormon faith, the great virtue of labor can not be denied to the Mormon population; and high admiration is universally expressed of the executive ability of BRIGHAM YOUNG, who has redeemed the wilderness, made it a fruitful field, and "made the desert to blossom as a rose."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1866.

THE MASSACRE IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE late tragedy in New Orleans, terrible as it was, will be of the most salutary effect. Thirty years ago slavery shot Lovejoy in Alton for defending the right of free speech. Year after year slavery insulted, threatened, and mobbed Northern men for preaching the Declaration of Independence. For five and six years past slavery has exiled, tortured, hung, and burned Southern men for fidelity to the Union. But the sure mills of God grind slowly on, and slavery is abolished.

We have entered upon a new era. Already men are shot by stealth in the late slave States because they declare justice to be the best policy. Already school-houses are burned and teachers hunted away because they seek to enlighten the minds which slavery had darkened. Already the New York *World* and the other Northern lackeys of slavery denounce Southern men who were true to the Union through fire and flood as "cravens and cowards." In Memphis hatred of the principle of equal rights before the law massacres the most friendless and unfortunate part of the population. In New Orleans the advocates of the same principle, meeting to discuss the subject, are forcibly murdered. But still the slow mills of God grind on. The seed of equal rights will be watered, not drowned, by the blood of the sowers. It will surely grow into a harvest which no storm can destroy. It will be the natural fruit of national peace and prosperity; and in the happy day of its ripening those who sought to destroy the seed, whatever their station, whatever their temporary power, will be remembered only as the murderers of LOVEJOY and the assassin of LINCOLN are remembered.

It is of no importance whether the members of the Louisiana Convention of 1864 were wise or unwise, fanatical or moderate. Any body of men, any where in the country, have the unquestionable right of assembling under any call whatever to consider public affairs. The desire of discussion is their authority. Any number of citizens of the State of New York may lawfully meet where in the State to propose a new Constitution. One man alone may lawfully proclaim a new Constitution. There is no law upon debate or against proposition of any kind, however sweeping or radical they may be. But when men proceed from debating to enforcing their propositions they become amenable to the law and must answer for their overt acts. The Secession Conventions of 1860-61 were properly tolerated as the dangerous aspirations of the abolitionists had been previously properly tolerated. The Fenian meetings to found an Irish republic were perfectly lawful. But when the secessionists passed from declarations to deeds, and fired upon the forts, and seized the navy-yards, and stole custom-houses; and when the Fenians attempted with arms to make war upon a peaceful neighbor, the United States justly interfered.

The President knew, as every body else knew, the inflamed condition of the city of New Orleans. He had read, as we have all read, the fiery speeches of both parties. He knew, unless he had chosen willfully to ignore, the smothered hatred of the late rebels toward the Union men of every color. He may have considered the "Conservatives" wise, humane, and peaceful. He may have thought the Radicals wild and foolish. He knew that the Mayor was a bitter rebel, whom he had pardoned into office. He knew that the courts had denounced the Convention, and he was expressly informed that they intended to indict the members. He could not affect ignorance of the imminent danger of rioting and bloodshed. Still, if, as a matter solely within Louisiana is rightfully in the same relation to the Union that New York is, he had no authority to say a word or to do an act in that State except "on application of the Legislature or of the Executive when the Legislature can not be convened." Why did he presume, then, to judge of the authority of the Convention? Why was the President of the United States to do with the manner in which delegates to a State Convention are selected? If his own assertion be correct that to the present relation of Louisiana to the Union, the President convicts himself of the most extraordinary and passionate act of executive usurpation and federal encroachment upon the part of our history.

If, however, he had any right whatever to intervene in the absence of a demand from the Legislature or the Governor, it was derived from the fact that Louisiana is held by the military power of the United States, in which case her present relation to the Union is not what the President declares it to be, and the same law and absolute power to do in that State whatever is necessary to keep the peace. This we know, as he knew his own existence, that a single word to the military commander to preserve the peace at all hazards would prevent disorder and save lives. He did not speak that word. Assuming to plant himself upon the Constitution, which by his very act he violated, he telegraphed to the Attorney-General of the State. He threw his whole weight upon the side of those from whom he knew by the nature of things the disorder would proceed, and from whom it did proceed. He knew the city was tinder, and he threw it the fire-brand. He knew better and every disloyal ruffian knew from the President's dispatch that the right of the citizens to assemble and declare their views would not be protected. The Mayor of the metropolis was a secret but distinct invitation to riot. He announced to a city seething with passionate hatred of the Convention, that he would "receive no countenance from the President." It was simply saying, "The Convention is at your mercy."

And the mob so understood it. A procession of negroes carrying a United States flag was attacked. It defended itself; and the word which one word from the President would have stopped, and which in the full authority to speak if he could speak at all, went on to its awful result. The rebel flag was again unfurled. The men who had bravely resisted it for four years were murdered under its encouragement, and while they were still lying warm in their blood the President telegraphed that they were "an unauthorized body," and that "usurpation will not be tolerated"—words which he had no shadow of authority to utter except by the same right which usurped him to leave all those lives; a right which he declined to exercise.

The President, who has undertaken by his own arbitrary will to reconstruct the States in the war without consultation with the representatives of the people, says to the murdered men in New Orleans, "Why did you assemble peaceably without obtaining the consent of the people?" The autumn elections will terribly echo that question. Surveying the Executive action of eighteen months, its plain tone of cynics and apparent inspiration, seeing that it has left the President with no other party than the most vehement of the late rebels of the South, the Copperheads of the North, and the timid and trimming adherents of the Union party, while the great mass of sturdy Unionists in all parts of the country are left without leadership, and the ground they have always held, those Union men will write upon the back of every ballot they cast at the coming elections, "Usurpation will not be tolerated" and upon its face, "Why did you assume to act without obtaining the consent of the people?"

THE FALL OF A "GREAT POWER."

THE first message by the Atlantic telegraph was beautiful and appropriate, for it was a message of peace. It was also of signal historical importance, for it announced the fate of the Austrian empire. We said last week that we anticipated further war, unless Europe should insist upon the reduction of Austria as a Great Power. The news is that war has ceased, and ceased upon what seems to us the condition we named. For BISMARCK certainly began the war to weaken AUSTRIA. He has been marvelously successful in the field, and Austria consents to peace upon the terms he dictates. A campaign of less than a month has expelled Austria from Italy, and stripped her from Germany. It has reduced her population by nearly one-sixth, and of that which remains nearly one-half is German, which will naturally lean toward Germany and be a discordant element among the Sclavonians and Magyars, which make up the rest of the population.

A "Great Power," which declines to enter a Congress that wishes to divide her territory and submits the question to the sword, and which virtually by one great battle is then forced to yield and submit to division—forced to surrender a province of 5,000,000 of inhabitants, and withdraw entirely from the Confederation of states of which she was the honorary head—is too sorely humiliated both in her own eyes and in the view of the world to be considered the same Great Power that she has been. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, says that she ought to be comforted; that she will still retain 33,000,000 of people; that she will have fertile countries; that she will still have vast spaces of undeveloped territory, and that although she has not much sea-coast, still it would be hard to insist upon depriving her of Trieste. But is this the way to speak of a "Great Power?" If France should force England to relinquish Ireland, and compel her to agree not to enter future European Congresses, and a Spanish statesman, commenting upon the situation, should say that it would be hard to insist that England should give up Ireland, would Mr. GLADSTONE, or any Englishman, be consoled by hearing that England still retained Scotland and Wales, and might devote herself to binding more closely by her good influence the feal that En-gland was still a "Great Power" or a power upon sufferance?

Lord STANLEY, the new British Foreign Secretary, evidently anticipates the erection of "a strong, compact empire extending over North Germany." He does not call it by the name of Prussia, but by that it will come a German body with a Prussian head. This power in Middle Europe, with Italy as an ally, will certainly not be less formidable than France. Germany, France, and Italy, with England, would then be a natural alliance against Russia. Austria might be an advanced-guard of Russia, but that is not to be a "Great Power." There are ever gently, therefore, the case may be stated, it seems to be clear that the battle of Sadowa was a fatal blow to Austria; while the armistice agreed upon with the enemy was within striking distance of Vienna, and the entire acceptance of his terms—if the news be true—reveals a consciousness of impotence which is an utter moral defeat.

Yet under this heavy blow Austria sinks with little sympathy or sorrow from the world. For in the world's history Austria has done little for religious liberty, nor literature, nor art, nor science, have been enlarged or illustrated by her fostering care. She has been a "Great Power" by force. She has overrun provinces and held them by military despotism. By bayonets, prisons, and terror she has maintained dislike between the various and alien peoples. The empire has been a camp. Its law was the sword; and if it falls, it falls as despots fall who have lived by blood and rapine.

THE PERFORMANCE AT PHILADELPHIA.

MR. HERRON, of New Orleans, writes to the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee of Louisiana, declining seeing the massacre, he declines to serve as a delegate to the Philadelphia Convention. It is not surprising. There was a roar which fired upon the Congress or upon the members of the Convention who does not belong to the party of the Philadelphia Convention. The "Union" represented on this party is the party which states in Philadelphia is drawn exclusively from the Union men who "hate niggers" and scorn equal rights. They denounce Congress because Congress refuses to allow them to count in the basis of their representation the "niggers" whom they despise. They claim to be "conservative," because in South Carolina and in South Carolina shall have as much power at the polls as two or three voters in Illinois. They swear at Congress as "radical," because it demands fidelity. They go to Philadelphia, shouting Union men on the way, because they know that they shall meet in the Convention VALLANDIGHAM with the Union flag, and JEREMIAH BENDO WOOD, who apologized to ROBERT TOOMBS because he could not send him arms to fire upon Union men. They are coming to the Convention because they hope to rule it, and, with its assistance, to rule the country.

We are very glad they are coming. We anticipate with great pleasure the spectacle of their assembly. It will be edifying to see MR. VALLANDIGHAM with his foot upon the flag, and General DIX with his arms around his neck whispering fondly, "If any man hauls down the flag, shoot him on the spot." It will be suggestive to observe AUGUST BELMONT, who allowed a young Englishman to wear a rebel badge in his house, graciously patronizing the neophyte SEWARD, who at last owns that Tammany Hall is the only true Union League; and the genial JOHN MORRISSEY putting THURLOW WEED in his pocket; and ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, a paroled prisoner of the Government, who still justifies the constitutionality of secession, teaching Postmaster-General RANDALL the alphabet of constitutional Union.

We have never doubted what the result of this Convention would be. It will be either nothing or the reorganization of the Democratic party. MR. WEED and MR. RANDALL and General DIX and MR. SEWARD will act with the Democrats in the autumn elections, or they will return to the Union party. If they attempt a different course they will be mere by a second-hand FILLMORE performance of 1856. If they sustain the Democratic party, which has no more intention of disbanding itself than a snake of committing suicide, they will support a policy dictated by those who, like MR. STEPHENS, hold the doctrine of constitutional secession, and who believe that neutrality is impossible while a seventh of the population are excluded from all political power, and one section of the country is politically subjected to the other.

As for purging the Convention, it is simply impossible. Every body will come except the earnest and intelligent Union men of the country. Such men from the North and South and East and West are not expected nor invited. It is a Convention of those who oppose Congress, and who hold a low view of Mormons, of New Orleans, is a truer Union man than ANDREW J. HAMILTON, of TEXAS. From such a body how can MR. VALLANDIGHAM be excluded? He hates Abolitionists and Radicals as much as he; he defends the President and JEFFERSON DAVIS; believes in the equal rights of the States, and despises those who of the people of the States of any sort of an improper complexion. What more would a "Conservative Union" Convention have? The test question must be, in the nature of the case, what sort of a Union man is a man's Unionism. And the proofs in every case will be the same. "Do you go for putting down Radicals and 'niggers?'" is the "Do you love the Union according to Delegate STEPHENS?" "I do." "Pass in."

And when once in, the positive and not the negative element will control. How will the MR. HERRONS scaled "with their perfumed moderates;" not those who don't agree with all that Congress has done, but would like to see a better spirit shown in such; not trimmers but the boiling-hot element which will stir the pot. The *Daily News* has already notified MR. RAYMOND that he must not hope to enter. The *Times*, indeed, declares that MR. HENRY WOOD must be excluded. But the political contest in this country is between active and earnest forces. MR. WOOD represents one of them. MR. RAYMOND represents the other. But whoever falls between will be ground to powder.

"ALL RIGHT" AT LAST.

THE cable is "all right," but where is DE SAUTY? A pensive public, in the midst of its gratification and delight, looks eagerly at the signature of every dispatch, and still hesitates and doubts and wonders, for how can it be sure unless it reads, "All right, DE SAUTY." Indeed it is a cruel fate. The directors owe to the world a distinct reply to the question, "Where is DE SAUTY?" By what authority did the *Great Eastern* sail without him? For what reason was he left behind? What is he doing? Where is he doing it? Is DE SAUTY "all right?" Where is DE SAUTY?

Wherever he may be, however, the cable is here. Its success of the great step is taken in here. The mastery of man over the world in which he was placed to "subdue it," and it has been taken as nobelessly as if it were the work of mere elves. The difficulties in the papers were not even leaded. The headings were less tremendous than those which often announce ordinary events. The sun rose and set as a matter of course. For so great is the confidence of men in man that it appeared nobody was surprised that it should be done. But as the attempt had failed once there was a possibility that the present effort would not succeed, and no one allowed himself too warm an expectation.

We spoke last week of the influence of the Atlantic Telegraph upon the commercial relations of this country and Europe. In his reply to MR. PEABODY'S congratulatory dispatch, Secretary SEWARD rather unnecessarily suggested what in a certain case its political value might have been. But its general influence and value is the attempt

It is not the least agreeable reflection of the many which salute the completion of the great work, that the energy and inextinguishable enthusiasm of CYRUS W. FIELD are thus justified and rewarded. There have been many fanatics, and of many kinds, in this country, such as SAM ADAMS, ROBERT FULTON, CLI WHITney, JOHN C. CALHOUN, and JOHN BROWN, and to this illustrious company Mr. FIELD'S name will be added. Fanaticism is simply that quality of indomitable tenacity and persistence which accomplishes a purpose. It is the driving wheel of the world. It is the salt that saves society from stagnation. It seems foolish and impracticable until the work is done, and then the faith and energy which are derided as FANaticism are revered as Genius. Failure could not frighten Mr. FIELD, nor skepticism disheartenen, and eight years of unflagging devotion are crowned with complete triumph. He has not only caused two continents, separated by an ocean, to touch each other, but he has given every nation a new and doubtless lasting test of faith and tenacity, and he has taught the world a more generous sympathy with what seems visionary endeavor.

It is "odd" with Mr. FIELD; but is Dr. SAUTY, also, "all right?"

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S OPINION.

At this moment it is interesting and important to know General SHERIDAN'S view of the feeling of the late insurgent section. He is not an "Abolitionist" or a "Radical," in the ordinary sense. A late correspondent says:

"He said there was an undoubted change for the worse in the attitude of the South within the last six months, and bad symptoms appeared to be increasing. It not looked as if those influential people were cure more to precipitate their action. Nothing could have been more considerate than the disposition of the nation toward the defeated foe, even in the heat of passion and flush of victory: and had the rebels only manifested a temper correspondingly reasonable, all, they was very natural to be expected after such chastisement—there could have been no further difficulty. The South evidently had no statesmen, and never would, or would not consent to be so bought; for it should be clear that no class, once set free, will ever again forfeit their liberty: they ought to have forestalled their foes in giving freedom to that class in war, as afterward emancipation seems ought to have prompted, and the latter problems in making allies of people of those with whom they are bound henceforth to live. Instead, however, a spirit existed certain that the rebels had learned nothing from experience, and would, in fact, drive the country once into unfriendly hands. The safety of the public peace and of the private rights of Union men in the South should required the mediation of a sufficient military force; and if called upon to give his testimony it should be that the United States troops ought not yet to be withdrawn from the South."

Recent events in General SHERIDAN'S Department certainly tend to confirm his view.

THE "VENGEANCE" OF THE UNION PARTY.

JUDGE D. R. CURTIS, of Boston, an eminent "conservative," and therefore a very mild supporter of the late war, has written a letter in favor of the Philadelphia Convention, in which he says that he hopes that body will rebuke "the spirit of hatred" which he is pleased to remark is becoming rife with "true love of our brethren." Other eminent "conservatives," and especially those who fomented the NEW YORK riots of 1863, are equally concerned lest our neighbors and fellow-citizens should not be sufficiently loved. The charge is sometimes insinuated, sometimes loudly asserted, that Congress and the Union party demand vengeance upon the late rebels, and that the motive of the security they seek for national tranquility is nothing but the desire of revenge. The conclusion to which it is hoped the accusation will drive the country is, that if we would immediately inaugurate the reign of Christian charity we must turn the government, at the next election, to the patrons of the draft riots, with Mr. CLEMENT, of Ohio, at their head.

What, then, are the facts? The facts are simply that the party, the party of the most successful maintenance of the Union and Government, have neither asked nor executed one solitary act of retaliation or revenge against any individual or State concerned in the rebellion. Many soldiers and some civilians still hold, as the President constantly taught, that if there be a law of vengeance, and if any civilian is convicted by an impartial trial, he should be solemnly hung as a traitor. This may be impolitic, but it expresses such a feeling as a desire of vengeance is to minute words will justify. It is to say that if WILKES BOOTH had been arrested immediately after his crime, and had been lawfully tried and convicted, it would have been vengeance and an outburst of "the spirit of hatred," which Judge CURTIS tells us is inconsistent with "true love of our brethren," to demand that the law be executed. The simple truth is, that there was never at any time in any country so conclusive a victory won, after so tremendous and vital a struggle, in which the attitude of the victors was so perfectly reasonable and humane as that of the loyal citizens of the United States known as the Union party. The cry of vindictiveness is the mere angry sheet of a baffled faction, which Judge CURTIS and others condescend to swell. And it would be a curious inquiry whether it is not a "spirit of hatred" upon their part toward certain persons and political sympathies nearer home which inspires them to lend their support to the charge.

The only revenge sought by those who have saved the Union is a security that its peace shall not be imperiled by conferring increased political power upon those who tried to destroy it; and a belief that the basis of true political ambition led the insurrection shall be ineligible to political preferment at the pleasure of the loyal people in Congress. This is not vindictiveness, confiscation, executions, nor exile for the defeated. Yet the "Conservative" party which uttered a great cry of rage when JOHN BROWN, with a handful of men, made a raid over Harper's Ferry into Virginia, and smiled grim assent when the brave old man was hung, now when hundreds of thousands of men have died for the flag, carry against the Union and Government at such fearful cost of loyal suffering and blood, call it "vindictive," and "revengeful," and a proof of "hatred" if the United States, without hanging a single hair of a single head of the rebels, says firmly and only that they shall not have gained increased power in the Union.

INFLUENCE OF EARLY EDUCATION ON HEALTH.

IF we were to announce it as a fact that the general plan of training horses is injurious to them, not only lessening their strength and speed, but laying the foundation for disease, we should think that very many of the trainers and owners of horses would earnestly consider our views. The question is whether a similar announcement about the training of children in our schools would receive much attention from parents and others. Why? For it became a horse is really estimated to be of more value than a child, for this is certainly not true of many persons. What, then, is the reason? It is found in the fact alluded to in a previous article, that it is the common notion that the training of the mind may be carried on without any physical powers. One can not realize how deeply rooted is this error in the general sentiment, unless he has considered the subject carefully and critically. We see it continually in the modes of expression used by fond parents in relation to the influence of study upon the health of their children. There is evidently a sort of satisfaction mingled with their regrets, and to be "sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought" is a mark of mental superiority, not only in advanced but in young scholars, that the temptations lead strongly in that direction.

The fact is that the error lies in the supposition that all that is lost to the physical in such cases is so much gain to the mental. The individual is in no sense allowed to gain, many of mind and body most intimately connected, so that whatever injures the one must in some degree cause the other to be impaired and deranged. It is to be remembered that it is not more depression that the mind experiences after a long effort, but that the whole deranged nerve inflict a morbid irritation upon the mind.

Sometimes the error we are combating is carried to such an extent that the idea is entertained that mind is essentially refined and elevated by the impairment of the physical energies. This sometimes is, on the contrary, positively deteriorating; sometimes even corrupting. Much of the sickly sentimentalism and mysticism common in the literature comes from this source, marring largely our current literature.

Whenever there is healthy thought with impaired and deranged physical power, it is healthy in spite of this impairment and derangement. Though vigor of body is not essential to vigor of mind, it is highly favorable to it, and at the same time is not in the least inconsistent with mental refinement. We have seen many a pale face and feeble frame possessed of the highest proper course of exercise, without any loss of refinement of the mind, but with addition to its vigor, sometimes very decidedly manifested.

The injury which is done in education to the physical powers is not confined to the period of study, for the simple reason that we have in them the accumulated results of the harm inflicted during a long course of years, beginning with childhood. Even from the worst part of the injury is experienced in the earliest years, when the brain, the chief organ of the system, suffers from the most lasting condition, and therefore easily impressed. Mind and brain are so intimately connected that we are apt to forget the importance of the latter in training the mind; and so we say that if we puzzle and addle the soft brain with things only fit for brains of a much later period of life, we have only stored it in its growth and make it liable to disease. The foundation of many an attack of inflammation of the brain or other disease in adult life has been laid in childhood in the school-room.

Much is said, and very properly, of making children sweet and cheerful times in study. Brains well as muscles may be overburdened with work. But the difficulty is not altogether in the amount of labor, but also in the character of it. The more interested and satisfied the mind is in the work the less is the liability of harm to it. The child is eminently fitted for satisfaction or interest in the school-room. Learning is made too much a wearisome drudgery. The child is subjected to lessons and forms of statement and rules, of which he understands little or nothing, while the food which his mind naturally most craves is cruelly withheld. He wants to know about *things*, and his mind is crammed with mere *words*. As well might you feed your cattle on hay baskets in place of corn.

An attempt is made to relieve the tedium of the common mode of education by various incentives to competition; but this introduces an unnatural and feverish excitement, which really ministers to the harm that is done to both mind and body by the drudgery of mere drilling. The only remedy is to be found in so conducting education that the *natural desire for knowledge may be suitably gratified*. That the mind of the child has such a desire, and is not naturally averse to acquiring knowledge, is a fact that can be learned only by furnishing proper food to the mind in a proper manner. And it is just here that a great reform in education is needed. Not only should more time be given to physical culture, but the mode of mental culture should be totally changed. The change which we advocate is necessary both for the full and symmetrical development of mind and the highest physical culture in the process. The details of this change we should like to notice, but our limits forbid. The subject is one which deserves a serious examination from all who are interested in education, and it is high time that drilling in words and forms and technicalities should give way to rational and intelligent business of the teacher, and take its proper place as subservient to the educing of thought.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE CHOLERA.

JUST as we have the news that the cholera has become epidemic in Europe, it appears in America in becoming more alarming. Still the mortality report for the city during the week ending August 11th is very high. The total number of deaths from all causes, including those which occurred in the institutions was 895, of which 359, or considerably more than one-fourth, were from cholera. The latest reports from the islands and institutions are very encouraging.

Dr. Harris, speaking of the ravages of cholera abroad, says: "The fatal character of the disease at latest date in the city of Amiens, where 1900 perished in the first ten days out of a population of 65,000; at Antwerp, where from 40 to 50 have perished in a day; at Berlin, with more than 30 deaths in a single day; at Lille, with 270 deaths to 396 cases; and in various towns in Holland, this summer, where there is a total of 1846 cases and now in Southampton, London, and Liverpool, where the infection pervades every part, and in its old centres, and where, in cases that untreated in the first moments, the disease proves fatal in the vicinity of nineteen-fifths, are proving that the nature and tendencies of the present epidemic do not differ from those of the previous years."

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

The Public Debt, of the United States, as it stood on the 1st inst., was $2,332,331,201 against $2,332,999,291, the reduction since the previous statement of June 1, in sixty days, of $668,090. The Treasury reported the former sum at $26,514,096, in the temporary Currency obligations of the Treasury, and $2,305,817,105 in bonds, interest and stock, including bearing stocks of 1868. The present is by far the most favorable statement of the progress in reduction of the debt which has been generally reported, $17,000,000 or $18,000,000 better than was generated by the Secretary of the Treasury in the maximum of the Public Debt, unprovided for in August last, of over hundred and seventy-five millions, or about $174,178,870. Since the 1st June the Gold Coin in the Treasury has increased from $90,000,000 to $97,000,000.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Assistant-Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau in Georgia has made application for authority to place Stewart County under martial law, on account of the intense excitement which prevails there on the subject of freedmen. The citizens have even joined with the officers in an attempt to arrest a man they were arrested and bound. A Judge killed with his own hands a freedman who, he alleged, was about to assault his wife. The trial of the negro was that he had defended his home against a gang of robbers.

The published report that negroes have been kidnapped in the coast of Florida and sold to Cuba is denied at the Navy Department. In consequence of the reports the Department has ordered the steamer Tuscarora, commanding the Gulf Squadron, to make a thorough investigation of the matter, and if there be any truth in the report to put a stop to the slightest foundation.

Attorney-General Stanbery has given an opinion that the nominations for public offices rejected during the session of the Senate can be legally made by the President during the recess.

John Rose died in Washington on the night of August 3, aged about 70 years. He was a native of Georgia and the next treaty between the United States and the Cherokee Nation that he was appointed by his former principal and again recognized as the Chief, which position he held for many years. He was also a delegate from the Western Cherokee Country for Interment.

The Johnson Club of Rochester met in New Haven, August 2. Nearly 200 people, including members and spectators, were present. Speeches were made, and read a lengthy address, condemning the policy of Congress and heartily endorsing that of President Johnson. Resolutions to the same tune were adopted. Thirty-nine delegates were appointed to the Philadelphia Convention.

The Republican convention at Chicago will, when completed, somewhat resemble Rock's monument on Queenstown Heights. The base will be 100 feet long, the shaft 80 feet, and a statue ten feet high, surmounting the whole. It will be built of Illinois and Italian marble.

One of three guerrillas recently captured and hung near Little Rock, Arkansas, proved to be a woman.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE GERMAN WAR.

On July 18 Austria and Prussia had formally assumed the command of the Austrian Army. In his address to the army he alluded to the "Holy Alliance," Customs, and spoke of the battle of Sadowa as an "undeserved disaster."

On July 14 the Federal Diet took its departure from Frankfort-on-the-Main for Augsburg.

Bismarck, and the support of his policy by the German States, the London *Times* says, of July 18, makes the following comments:

"Sixteen of the smaller States have accepted the Bismarckian proposals, and are said to be devoured. Three of the larger Sovereigns—Hanover, Saxony, and Bavaria—have declined. The Hanoverian Minister which 'always puts noon in the wrong,' and will appeal to the people of Europe against the violence of Prussia. There is no hesitation or doubt as to the issue of the war. The Prussians are honeycombed to be only one will in the Government, and will of the Prussian people, who, after overcoming all resistance, offers to abdicate his power into the hands of a National Parliament. It is not to be supposed that any will have no occasion to deliberate. The Executive of the future State have already been absolutely, exclusively, and irresponsibly vested in the Prussian Crown. On all other subjects the people representatives will have the power of veto, and will only be with the consent of the Royal and Ducal majorities of the minor Princes according to the pattern that seems best to them: and will doubtless give proof of more than German subtlety and ingenuity in drawing the limits of a Sovereign Power from which the prerogatives of peace and war have forever departed.

"It is no wonder if all Europe, if Germany, and even if Prussia herself seem as yet to experience some difficulty in realizing the full extent of the change which the events of the last three weeks have wrought on the destinies of that country. Germany has received the overthrow of the German action dictatorless. It is only now, when the veil laid and better examined pieces of General Gablenz have led the victorious armies of the Crown Prince and to Prince Frederick Charles to the gates of Vienna, that any thing like a consistent movement becomes perceptible among the ruins of Teutonic patriotism; and the news of the victory and Bronkowitz, of Brunen and Hamburg, of Hesse, Offenburg, and Nachtenburg, now join hands in response of Bismarck's programme of Federal Reform. With regions of North Germany, mostly Protestants, are united and heart, and, whatever changes fortune may have in store, the sufficient of the present war is to be the establishment of German nationality, at least so far as the line of the Main and the Bohemian Mountains.

"South of that river and of those highlands nothing like the same unity is seen to prevail. The victory of Aschaffenburg has thrown open to the Prussians the gates of the City of the Dead, and that mere Rump of a Diet has been driven in tumultuous flight to Augsburg. The Prussians entered Frankfort on Monday evening amidst the enthusiastic welcome of the inhabitants, and the Bavarian Commander of the Federals is so complete as to compel the Federal Government to vote for a time of truce and armistice with Prussia. It is possible that the march of invasion may continue side by side with the Diet, and that Prussia may conclude peace with the country beyond that river, and on the other hand the power over the Government of the entire kingdom will leave South Bismarck's calculations. Matters are nevertheless in a very different state even in those Transmaine and Middle districts. The appeal of the Emperor Francis Joseph to the Emperor Napoleon has produced its full effect which is to save the anticipate. The dread of a French Protectorate at the head of a new Confederation of the Rhine has acted as a deterrent through the veins even of the most reckless Democrat and Ultramontane of Wurtemburg and Baden. We hear every where of pamphlets and proclamations to the Germans, recommending a co-operation with Prussia as the very means of safety for the common Fatherland; we hear of threatened agitation against the Austrians in the foreign fortresses, Roman Catholic, half civilized States, that could not have been dared to look at the Gold of Austria which yet stands in the way of German union under Prussian supremacy, and does not shrink from the monstrous policy of calling in foreign interventies. Should the German Government, as it is expected, meet in Frankfort on Dresden at the beginning of next September, it is difficult to conceive that the resolutions from the Saxon and other States can be excluded from it. It was over for Carour and Metternich to say that they had no longer a voice in the Italian people, but when once awakened it can be silenced only by force. The first successes in Italy aroused within the limits which they would fain have pre-settled. The Austrian Army in the Italian Tyrol is now placed in the same order and alacrity as their Southern neighbors. The Archduke Albrecht Memorial have received a ghost which it may be beyond even his power to lay."

Advices by the cable of the 4th instant inform us that the Peace Congress is to be held at Prague. Some of the preliminaries of negotiations have already been agreed upon. Austria cedes Venetia to France, and France to Germany. Germany, on the cession of Venetia, the loss of the Austrian Provinces and Duchies, and the payment by her of a large share of the war expenses of her adversaries. Austria is to be divided into two Confederations, separated by the line of the Main. The Northern Union will include Prussia, Saxony, and the Southern Confederation by Bavaria.

The Morning, with news to the 27th ultimo, brings intelligence of an engagement that took place before Prague between the Austrians and the Saxons, in which the Austrians were defeated. A Hungarian legion has been formed, and it is reported that Hungary's claims to peace is not declared.

The Diet of Frankfort, with advices to July 26, gives very little news that had not already been anticipated.

The Prussian Minister of peace proposes the terms and approved by France are officially announced as follows:

The Austrian cession the liberation of Bavaria, of Germany and the organization of a new Confederation on an independent basis.

The north of Germany to form a union under the military and financial leadership of Prussia.

The annexation of the Elbe Duchies to Prussia, with the exception of the Danish portion of Schleswig.

The annexation of Hanover and Hesse Cassel to Prussia.

The maintenance of the integrity of Austria, with the exception of Venetia.

A more detailed version of the preliminaries, and perhaps the definitive terms, is given in Prussian papers.

Prussia to annex the Elbe duchies, the southern part of Hanover and Electoral Hesse, so as to establish a large and easy communication between the whole of her territories.

All the states to the north of the Main to form a confederation, of which Prussia should have the perpetual presidency, which she should represent abroad, and of which the military contingents should be under her war or her own army, should be placed under her command.

The free development of the Main States in order to form among themselves a distinct confederation, to which Austria, by means of her Germanic possessions, should be admitted.

Should these two Confederations think fit to establish relations between each other for affairs common to both, by means of mixed Parliamentary committees at Diet, the presidency to belong to Prussia, and the votes to be so arranged as to give no one to the Northern Confederation a vote to the Southern.

Austria to preserve the whole of her territory, with the exception of Venetia, *which would be handed over to Prussia, and by her to France*, to be given as a war indemnity to the latter power, but in this sum would be considered the portion of the Austrian debt which Prussia would take upon herself by reason of the cession of Venetia.

ENGLAND.

On Friday night, August 3, the bill for a renewal of the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* in Ireland was read a second time in the British House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone supported the Government, and expressed his admiration of the manner in which our Government had treated the Fenians in this country.

ARMISTICE IN ITALY.

On July 25 a suspension of hostilities for eight days was concluded between the Italians and the Austrians.

The Austrian fleet under the Italians have very successful in the Southern Tyrol.

THE NAVAL BATTLE AT LISSA.

The following is the official account, contained in a letter from Florence, dated July 21. The following official account of the late engagement between the Austrian and Italian fleets, dated "the Straits of Lissa, July 20," has been received at Florence: "The Austrian squadron having made its appearance, as expected, on the evening of the 19th, at sunset the Italian squadron weighed and steamed into the Port St. Georges. This morning disembarkation of troops and the naval victualling began, and that the enemy's squadron was in sight. The Italian fleet put out to meet them, and the engagement began. Admiral Persano hoisted his flag on the *Afondatore* and bore down upon the Austrian line, under a heavy fire. The iron-clad of the Austrian admiral's vessel was destroyed. The fight was very severe. The *Afondatore* fell foul of the ship which the admiral left, and which sank from a collision with the enemy at the commencement of the battle.

"The iron-clad gun-boat *Palestro* caught fire, and the flames reached the powder magazine. She blew up. Admiral Persano was obliged to leave the *Re d'Italia* for the *Maria Pia*, which latter vessel was directly afterwards sunk by the Austrian ram *Ferdinand Max*. The Austrian squadron remained victorious of the scene of action. The damages sustained by the enemy are considerable." Further intelligence is expected. The crew of the *Re d'Italia* were nearly all picked up by the *Volta Emmanuele*.

Further information received here (Florence) from Lissa says that the late Austrian manœuvres of the enemies were rank by the fire of the Italian squadron.

Deputy Bezzola is stated to have been killed in the engagement.



THE EXCITEMENT IN NEW ORLEANS—VIEW ON ST. CHARLES STREET.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 326.]



SUNDAY IN NEW ORLEANS—THE FRENCH MARKET.—Sketched by our Special Artist, A. R. Waud.—[See Page 526.]

THE MURDERERS AT SUNSET CANON.

I.

IN 1865- I was practicing law in Mariposa, California, with a friend and partner named Ichabod Thorne. We had a lucrative and free-and-easy time of it among the Mariposians and the wild, rough miners and cattle-raisers of the vicinity. The Vigilance Committee was then a thing of the past; there were rude court-houses, sheriffs, half-civilized policemen, and other formulæ, and frequently honest attempts at the administration of justice, to be met with even at the foot of the Sierra Nevada; and consequently my profession found employment and the emoluments of the situation arose. True, the Californians were still fond of taking justice in their own hands, and our prim, legal gallery was now and then robbed of its jury by the violence of the mob. But we were accustomed to regard such eccentricities good-naturedly, as arising from the mere force of habit, and were pretty well content so long as we could charge heavy fees, and have them paid in the bright yellow dust which was not only the cause of the presence, in that not very inviting region, of nine-tenths of the inhabitants, but also of nine-tenths of the crimes from which I reaped my own pecuniary harvest.

It was at the close of a pleasant showery Sunday, just at the commencement of the rainy season, which here endures for several months, that I sat in the "office" portion of our rude cabin in Mariposa, awaiting my partner's return. He had gone visiting the Gonzagos, some very dear friends of ours, at Sunset Cañon. This locality was about thirty miles northeast of Mariposa, in the very first of the towering Sierras, and was aptly and beautifully named, from the loveliness of the spot itself and the general grandeur of the surrounding scenery.

The cañon was the property of Santiago de Gonzago, who occupied it entirely as a residence. He was esteemed one of the best and wealthiest of the native Californians of that vicinity—perhaps of the entire country. He had a large number of acres in his employment, possessed more mules, sheep, and cattle than he could readily count, besides almost interested in large quartz-crushing claims further south, and the great cattle-like building of adobe, where he resided with his wife and his daughter Inez, was quite a primitive place of its kind. Gonzago was generally known throughout the country as "the Don."

Every claim our residence at Mariposa—a period of nearly two years—Thorne and I had been accustomed to spend our Sundays at the Gonzago Ranche, and month before this particular Sunday my handsome young partner had lost his heart, and was generally regarded as the accepted suitor of the fair Inez.

In the evening, late, Thorne came in from the Don's.

"You found them all well, of course?"

"Yes, and I had a jolly time. But have you heard the news?"

"None at all," I replied.

"Why that devil La Mort and his rangers are at work again. Only three days ago, in the Long Gully of the second ridge, four more were murdered in their cabin, and all their 'loot' seized, for, course it was the work of that French fiend; for, you know, we heard of him being near Fort Miller only a week ago, and he was then on his way up the valley."

"Pshaw! it is absurd to ascribe half the murders in California to that poor devil of a Frenchman. He's bad enough, God knows, but he is not ubiquitous."

Despite my ridiculing his suspicions I must say I was somewhat alarmed at what I had heard, and was glad enough to be assured by my friend that he had persuaded the Don to use additional precautions in guarding his house. This La Mort was a Frenchfreebooter and murderer, who had for many months been the terror of San Joaquin valley and the Tulare district. I never had the luck to meet nor exactly how he came by the terrible sobriquet by which he was widely known—for there were but few of his countrymen in California, and he was by no destroying band, of which he was the ostensible head, was mostly composed of Mexicans, with a few desperadoes from the jails and penitentiaries of the Eastern States. As is usually the case with criminals who are seldom seen, and who operate in wild and sparsely populated countries, this villain got credit for more rascalities than it would be possible for him to perform.

Just as we were preparing to turn in there was a knock at the door, and I admitted a stranger. The still falling rain, and consequent muddy ground, had hindered my hearing the approach of the horse which I now perceived standing in front of the house. The stranger was a man apparently of a dashing fellow, with short sandy whiskers, rather sinister green eyes, thoroughly dressed to meet the emergency of the weather, and with a certain official brusqueness in his manner and address. The moment I saw him I thought him to be a sheriff or sheriff's deputy from some neighboring county or town, according to his own statement, he proved to be.

"Is this Mr. U——?" he said, gruffly, but with a sort of politeness in his tone, which also appeared to contain a slightly foreign accent.

I bowed assent, and he continued:

"Farcour is my name. I am the chief of the San Francisco detective force. You have doubtless heard of me before?"

I somewhat surrendered my veracity to my desire to be polite by signifying that fame of Mr. Farcour, the famous San Francisco Detective, had penetrated far deeper into the interior than Mariposa.

"I am in the special employment at present," continued Mr. Farcour, "of a wealthy firm—Messrs. B—— & Co.—in San Francisco, for the capture of a notorious thief and scoundrel, through whom they have lost heavily. I was directed to come to you and your partner by Mr. Stanwix, their attorney at law. Here is my badge."

Detective Farcour then threw open his heavy riding-cloak and displayed an elaborately-mounted German-silver badge, or shield; but it scarcely needed this display, I thought, to determine the *office* of the wearer. In my professional capacity I had had to deal with numerous specimens of these gentry, and my present visitor's entire bearing was that of the Detective *par excellence*. Every word he uttered was given with that premeditated terseness which he would have employed in the witness-box, while confronting the criminal whom he had hunted down to justice; he accompanied himself with explanatory gestures of his left hand, nutlet, half-evil green eye of his would dance about in his head from one object to another as he spoke till you thought that he must have an interest in the owners's words, while at the same time it appeared wonderfully wide-awake. As I received and made a mental note of these observations almost immediately, and as I was well acquainted with Mr. Stanwix, my gentleman mentioned, and his client, I saw in the employment of the San Francisco firm alluded to by my visitor, I shook the latter by the hand and asked him to take a seat before the fire. On second thoughts I invited him to partake of the evening meal, the remnants of which still covered the little table in the centre of the room. He accepted my hospitality without any profusion of thanks, and ate like a very hungry man: while Thorne, very much after his own fashion, threw upon the bed in another corner of the room without undressing, and was soon sound asleep.

Detective Farcour, I found, had not intended to remain all night, if I had no objection, and, as I made none, all night he accordingly stadi—only leaving the house to attend to his horse, and had his horse in the rough shed which answered for that purpose immediately back of the house.

Farcour proved very fond of talking, and he talked well. According to his own account his exploits in his peculiar branch of niveture were of a most marvelous character. He appeared to have spent his life in chasing thieves and forgers and murderers all over the inhabitable globe. It made a wide range of country, as I said. Indeed, one or two of his yarns were, to my own knowledge, entirely without foundation; but then he was very entertaining, and I let him run, but only at times, so that I threw no cold water on his garrulity by letting him see that I knew him to be a liar. His powers of memory must also be very marvelous. By a sudden twist of his short, stumpy nose he would make himself appear nigh a century old, or another skilful contortion of the same organ would give him the fresh, blooming appearance of a country clown; while his flexibility of voice accompanied his assumed characters with equal skill.

It was some time before it occurred to me to ask him the object of his presence in Mariposa. I suppose my surprise when he did so must have implied that he was in search of the famous La Mort.

"La Mort!" I exclaimed. "Is it possible that that villain can be captured?"

"There is one man in California who can and will capture him," said Farcour.

"And who may that be?"

"Modesty forbids me mentioning names," was the complacent reply.

"Oh! Ah!"

Then this intensely modest man proceeded to give me recitals of numerous desperate exploits of his own, matters which he had had with the redoubtable freebooter, all of which bore marks, both chronologically and otherwise, of being strictly untrue. He heard my recital of Thorne's intelligence of the murder at Long Gully with an impassive countenance, and then said, knowingly tapping his nose with his forefinger, that he had known all about it hours before, and more too—a glaring falsehood, if his introductory statement that he had just come from San Francisco, were true.

Among other accomplishments of Detective Farcour his facility as a "puny" swordsman was one of distinguished merit. I always flattered myself that I was peculiarly non-committal, even for a member of my profession, but Farcour's interest, I see, was confined, I was mortified to find that my guest had actually pumped me dry. He knew all about my business, knew of the partnership with the merchants of Sunset Cañon, knew of Thorne's visit there and recent return thence, and pretty much every other thing else that could be of any interest. It was so disgraced at this that I was not displeased when he signified a desire to retire. Showing him to our "spare bed" in the back room of our shanty, I threw myself beside my partner, and was soon in a strange, grotesque dream, in which law-offices, clients, murderers, and Detective Farcours generally were senselessly jumbled up together; but not before several sonorous and healthy snores from the guest room apprised me that Mr. Farcour was fast forgetting the fatigues of his long ride in the arms of nature's sweet restorer.

II.

We were all awakefed rather early in the morning—that is, Farcour and I were—by the cool and early risers—by a messenger from Gonzago's Ranche, who thundered at the door with noise enough to awaken the dead. I, being the first awakened, promptly recognized the man below to be one of the Don's peons. He was standing at the door, with his face perfectly livid with passion and excitement, and the mule from which he had just dismounted was covered with foam and breathing hard.

"What is the matter, Pedro?" I exclaimed, dismayed at the man's horrified appearance; and at this moment Thorne also came to the casement, while I could hear my partner in the night before bustling about in the room behind me.

But the man was too breathless and terrified to speak. Thorne opened the door, and we soon had him inside, when he sank exhausted in a chair. A pull at my flask of whisky revived him, and he gasped faintly, "La Mort!"

"What's up, my man, what's up? Out with it!" said the light of Thorne.

The man spoke English very imperfectly, and we had some difficulty in comprehending him.

"They're—they're murdered!" at last we made it out.

"Murdered! who?"

"The Señor, Don de Gonzago!"

"Impossible!"

"Sí, Señor, and both the others!"

"What!" almost shrieked Thorne; "not Inez? surely not Senora Inez?"

"Sí, Señor! Sí, sí, oh, oh!" and the poor man began to rock himself to and fro, and to groan and whine, old woman like, in the extremity of his terror.

Thorne's grief and rage at this horrible news was indescribable, and it scarcely exceeded my own. While this new blow exercised, word by word, from the messenger, Mr. Farcour had said very little. He had sat in the midst of us, with a notebook in his hand, busily making memoranda, and watching every thing keenly with those little green eyes of his, but without displaying the least emotion. In spite of my grief and horror I could not withhold a sort of admiration for the utter impassibility of the detective under these trying circumstances. He was a passionate, he unquestionably at the same time possessed the best qualities of a good officer.

The horrible intelligence spread through the town like wild-fire, and in a short time our little office was besieged by the curious and horror-loving of all sexes and ages, both American and Mexican. Detective Farcour took command of every thing with the ease of a man who understands a position, and at once he took advantage of it. The people soon became aware of the nature of his office and the object of his visit to their town. They therefore looked upon him as their natural leader in this emergency, and I was glad enough to relinquish any responsibility which I might otherwise have had to myself and to assume. In a short time upward of a dozen stalwart and eager men were mounted in front of my office, awaiting for us to accompany them on the pursuit of La Mort and his gang; for at first no one doubted that this redoubtable wretch was the author of the crime. The influence of Gonzago, his wealth, and the general esteem in which he was held, served to render this tragedy doubly impressive, and every one appeared to be anxious to do something toward achieving the ends of justice.

When we were about to start Detective Farcour, in his most commanding manner, called together a sort of council-of-war in the office. He was hardly the same man, in appearance, of the night before. A broad-brimmed hat shaded one of the wicked-looking green eyes, and he wore a black wig of vast and voluminous proportions. This, he explained, with a knowing wink, was his remaining green eye, was for the purpose of deceiving La Mort and his comrades, to many of whom he professed to be personally known.

"Gentlemen"—said the wiry detective, with another knowing wink, and with the air of a Major-General addressing the members of his staff on the eve of an offensive movement requiring peculiar strategy—"Gentlemen, you have all got but vague notions of the diabolical cunning of this great criminal, while I, from my professional habits of quick, comprehensive, and lynx-eyed observation, have already grasped all the circumstances of the case, and now know all about it. This murder has been the work of no marauding band—no violent operation, you may, but it is the consummation of one individual two at the utmost. Is La Mort the chief actor? Perhaps he is; and, again, perhaps he isn't. Do not let us be easily governed by our unruly prejudices. Let us first look among ourselves, and see if there is no one at whom the long, marble, unerring finger can point. Will any of you gentlemen oblige me with the loan of a pair of wrist-bands—you understand, hand-cuffs, of course?"

As Detective Farcour approached the conclusion of this rather egotistical speech his single reddish green eye seemed literally upon my friend and partner, Ichabod Thorne. The handcuffs were drawn with a flourish from the pocket concealed by the long coat, and, with a slightly jingling the two bracelets against each other. Apparently satisfied of their soundness he approached Thorne with a sinister smile, and said, politely, "Allow me, Sir?"

I could not forbear smiling at what appeared to be the humor of the detective. Thorne, however, still intoxicated by the terrible stroke which had visited him, was in no humor for jest or play, and roughly put out both hands to repulse the detective. But, to our astonishment, there were just two little clicks, and Thorne found himself securely handcuffed.

"Take them off, you cursed fool!" he growled, with an oath. "This is no time for fooling!"

"I agree with you perfectly," said the Detective Farcour, "and that is just the reason why I am not fooling. I never fool during business hours."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Thorne, his face now fairly white with anger.

"Gentlemen," said the Detective Farcour, very coolly disregarding the question, and turning to the rest of us; "gentlemen, excuse my abruptness, but business is business. Behold, then, in this man Thorne the perpetrator of having murdered three innocent, helpless human beings. All I mean to say is that a reasonable amount of suspicion rests upon his head; and experience has taught me that when suspicion rests upon a man, guilty or not guilty, grab him; for nine times out of ten he is guilty."

"Come, come," said I, getting angry also; "let us have done with this farce, and be off!" And at this I and the other members of the party, likewise regarding the matter in the light of an unseasonable joke, began to show signs of impatience.

"Farce!" exclaimed the detective with some dignity; "gentlemen, this is no farce. This gentleman" (indicating Thorne by a motion of his head) "tried to murder me in the murderer's room, and I turned here last night at half past ten o'clock. Is *that* no ground of suspicion?"

"No, certainly not!" said half a dozen voices in concert.

"Very good, gentlemen," resumed the detective, cool as before; "but do you see those two little specks of blood on the shirt-sleeve of the prisoner; and that one big spot of the same sanguineous, red current of life on his buckskin boots? Are those, gentlemen, no grounds of suspicion?"

We all looked curiously at the portions of Thorne's dress indicated (and none more curiously than the prisoner himself), and we made no answer, for there, sure enough, were the little specks which blood alone can leave. Thorne saw them also, and was considerably confused.

"Gentlemen, what can you see this?" continued the detective; "is this no ground of suspicion?" and with these words, with a quick, dextrous movement, he put his hand in my partner's breast-pocket, and drew a long dagger, the bright blade of which was slight, by dimmed with dry blood. "Perhaps," continued Farcour, "some of you gentlemen can see this little sticker before. At any rate the jewels in the hilt are also worth a moment's notice;" and what this engraved upon the blade?" He looked at it attentively, and read in slow, distinct tones, "Santiago de Gonzago, from his friend Pedro de Calderon, 1834."

Thorne looked absolutely stunned with surprise and alarm. We had all seen the dagger often, and there was a general shrinking from my partner's side. I alone remained near, perfectly confident of his being the victim of some villainous trick. A further search of the prisoner, who submitted quietly, produced the following memorandum, hastily scrawled in lead-pencil on the fly leaf of his note book:

"*Ten steps northward from the great pine-tree: then twelve steps eastward into the chaparral; stop and dig.*"

"Do any of you gentlemen happen to know of a particular pine-tree at or near the place of the murder?"

Yes, we knew of an enormous pine just outside of Gonzago's corral, and that it had often been considered as a kind of landmark for travelers from the West to the quartz mines of the Sierras.

"Then, gentlemen," said the detective, "you may at once proceed to Sunset Cañon. If I am not much mistaken we shall find some treasure in close proximity to that big pine-tree."

"Wait," said I. "Let me see that paper." I took it and examined it closely. It was written in a hasty, trembling hand, but I had no hesitation in declaring that it was not in my friend's handwriting.

"I hope that is so, Sir," said Farcour, with a shake of his head, as much as to say that he did not believe what I asserted. "I hope that it is, Sir; but then, you know, when a man is excited, and in a hurry, and perhaps in the dark, he isn't always particular how he writes, you know."

If an assassin ever had a fiend to aid and applauded my friend's guilt in trumpet tones I would have disbelieved it. Thorne himself was now perfectly self-possessed, and answered to his every thing easily. The only explanation he designed to offer was, that he was the victim of a malicious trick, which he could not account for, and its perpetrator properly punished. But it was not without great alarm that I noticed the impression which the detective's words had made upon the wild, rough characters who thronged my office. They did not know Thorne so well as the rest of us, and how they would join with scowls of suspicion and positive hatred; while Dan Mifflin, a gigantic miner, who was the bully and acknowledged chief of the camp, suddenly placed one hand upon his revolver, and with the other made a rapid and ominous motion under his chin, accompanied by a strange sound in the throat, indicative of the operation of a hempen cravat.

Nevertheless, no violence was offered, and in a few minutes we had started for the cañon; I riding by my friend to assist him in managing his horse, as he had but little use of his hands on account of the handcuffs.

We reached the cañon fully three hours before sunset, and found the rather unusual population of the ranche in a state of great excitement, the women and children standing about in the sun in whispering groups, the men in a restless, wild way, as though their wrist was made known, was a subject of much interest. We entered the kind of rude court-yard of the ranche, and dismounted in silence. The principal building, in which the murdered Don and his family had resided, was a large one-storied adobe house, with a wide veranda in front, the whole comprising some five or six apartments. The assumptions peons had made no attempt to remove the dead bodies, which had been found where they had been found in the morning. I was even more alarmed when I saw the expressions of horror and hatred with which my friend was shackled friend when they learned from some of our party the nature of the improvised examination which had taken place in the lodging-house of Mr. Farcour, and which we were followed by our detective at our head, we were followed by nearly two hundred people, with either a sullen or fierce air, adhere to the superstition that if a murderer touch the corpse of his victim his guilt will instantly become by a sudden gush of blood from the wounds he has inflicted. Thorne bore himself even better than I had expected; for I feared that he would completely overcome by the sight of his murdered friends, and that his emotion would augment the disfavor in which he was already evidently held.

I will not dwell upon the sickening details of this ghastly spectacle. The first batchelmor we entered contained the dead body of Don Gonzago. The former had probably been slain in his sleep, and had barely stirred after receiving the deep stab which had penetrated his heart. The poor wife had probably been awakened in time to grapple once or twice ineffectually with the assassin, as the body bore a number of wounds, and inflicted, unnatural position on the floor indicated that its owner had sprang or been flung from the couch. In order to allow the Mexicans and one or two of our own party, Thorne took each of the dead bodies by the hand and gazed long and

earnestly in their ghastly faces; this action, of course, being followed by none of the anticipated gush of blood from the now cold wounds.

I pitied him sincerely at the conclusion of this trying ordeal—that is, in that portion of it where we visited the chamber of the murdered Jem, whom he had loved with all the affection of a strong and earnest disposition. The poor girl had, also, probably, never awakened to the cruel blow which had deprived her of life. She had received two stabs, both in the breast, and either one of them sufficient to have effected immediate death; and the body was now lying in an easy posture on the couch, with a pleasant, natural expression on the pale, beautiful, upturned countenance, whose loveliness, after the eyes had been closed, was not in the least distorted by the violence of the agent that destroyed her. Almost every one knew of Thorne's former intimacy, and he was narrowly watched as he approached the dead. His grief was simple and noble. He knelt down, and silently wept upon the cold, dead hand, while one or two of those strong, terrible sobs, which can only be wrung from a heavy, manly heart, escaped him; a moment more and he was himself again, and upon his feet. His action here would have created a favorable impression in sticks and stones; but Mexican peasantry are dullier than sticks, and the prejudices of wild, rough miners, ever unbending mortifiers for "sentiment" to terrify criminals, are much more insensate than the hardest granite; so my friend was looked upon with increased dislike and suspicion.

It is hardly necessary to enlarge upon the numerous unnecessary and even ridiculous examinations carried on by Mr. Detective Farceur during the afternoon and evening; but they all went to prove to every one but myself that La Mort was a myth, and that Thorne was the guilty man. I confess that my faith in his innocence was for a moment staggered when, upon following the written instructions which had been found in his vest pocket, we dug for the treasure in the chaparral, and disclosed a casket; knew it to be Don's property, containing several thousand dollars in gold checks and coin, together with some papers which, however, could be of no value to any one but Gonzago himself. My confidence in my friend's innocence immediately returned upon serious reflection; for the house had been robbed of valuables to the less than the amount discovered in the casket; and it was extremely improbable that the robber would keep a memorandum of only the most insignificant portion of the plunder. But this argument met with no favor with Detective Farceur and the rest.

"You see, there may have been other memoranda that we missed," said the detective, cocking that little green eye of his. "Certainly there is one thing to be done, and one only. Your friend [emphasizing the word *friend*] must be consigned to the jail at Mariposa—that is, if we get him there."

There was something ominous in the tone in which the latter portion of the sentence ("if we *get* him there") was spoken, and did not by any means serve to diminish my anxiety. The next morning—we passed the night at the rancho, with Thorne under a strong guard—the building in which we were quartered was beset by a mob of nearly two hundred Mexicans—peons of the murdered man, and others, who had gathered from far and near—led by two of Thorne's fellow-men, prominent among whom was the Don Militin before referred to. They were greatly infuriated, and demanded the instant surrender of the prisoner to their vengeance. To my very great surprise Detective Farceur was rather lukewarm in his resistance of the mob. He displayed a great deal about summary justice, sniffed about the law being exceedingly lax, and looked with servile obsequiousness upon the ignorant rabble who were most conspicuous and clamorous. Luckily there were six of our party upon whom I could depend. They were stout, burly, honest fellows, made miners from the mountains, some of whom were under personal obligations to me, and I placed myself at their head with confidence.

The door was securely barred in a few seconds, and the first blow against it was struck by the ruffian Militin, armed with an axe. I ripped out the casement, revolver in hand, and resolved to act promptly.

"If you strike that door once more," said I, addressing Militin, "I will put a bullet through your heart!"

"Two can play at that game!" exclaimed the villain, and, swerving back, he dropped his axe and clutched a revolver.

I instantly discharged my pistol, and, with an oath and a cry of pain, his right arm dropped nerveless at his side, broken and splintered at the elbow. The crowd at his back commenced to advance with waving knives and pistols, and I saw that no time was to be lost. Calling upon my six men to prepare for fight, I shattered the door, sprang out, and went out, still retaining my pistol in my hand, ready for further use.

"What do you want?" I asked, and they knew by my tone of voice that I was not to be trifled with.

"We want to hang that bloody-minded *friend* of yours!" cried Phil Massey, another desperado from the coast. His reply was hailed with fierce shouts and yells from the motley crew around him.

"You must prove him guilty before you hang him," I said, coolly. "He will be imprisoned and regularly tried at Mariposa, and, if found guilty, he will be hung—not before. You hang him, you dirty, contemptible cut-throats. Would you hang him the way you strung up poor Rollin, for he could be never committed, last spring? Would you hang him as you did that wretched Jew peddler, only a month ago, when his innocence was proved, and the real criminal arrested, before his body was cold? Look at your leaders now, you infernal fools! Don Militin there owes his neck to the noose for the murder of two Indians on the Kern River, less than a year ago; Phil Massey there, beat a Mexican woman to death at the Los Angeles fandangoes; and the dirty thief next to him has twice escaped the penalty for horse-stealing! You hang him! There are six true men behind *me*, armed to the teeth; and for my character, you know it well enough. The first man who advances a step for the purpose of violence is a dead man! Come on, if you want fight!"

This address had even a better effect than I had anticipated. My whole party filed out of the building, with revolvers cocked and ready for use, and the demonstration of the mob ceased almost on the instant, the Mexicans proposing it sheathing their weapons, and slinking away to their huts, and all the Americans—who were in no especial sympathy cemented in my little speech, coming toward us, and looking considerably ashamed of themselves. I cared nothing for the defection of Militin and his brother ruffians; and, after giving Mr. Detective Farceur a brief lecture, which probably did not materially increase his self-esteem, the six guards were soon mounted, and riding homeward, with the prisoner in our midst. In about three hours and a half he was safely lodged, under strong guard, in the old stone-building which answered for the Mariposa jail.

III.

There was not much "red tape" in the proces of a California criminal trial in those days. The Judge was on hand early, the prosecuting attorney "rushed" his case with earnest promptness, and witnesses for either side were rattled off without an excess of circumlocution. Through my influence—which was considerable, the trial of Thorne lasted more than one day—an unusual thing at that time.

I confess that I was downcast at the conclusion of the first day. Detective Farceur was the principal witness, and he talked to the jury for about fifteen hours on end. Seeing the strong leaning bias of his mind, in whose innocence I never ceased to firmly believe. The Judge, Mr. Y——, who was very much my friend, also confessed that there was little hope. The first day had been entirely occupied with the prosecution, and the night found me quite alone in my room, a circumstance some kind of substantial defense to be forthcoming on the morrow, when a strange chance threw the means of materially vindicating my friend's honor directly across my path.

It had rained during the day, but the night was calm and lovely, with a full moon—which, when I walked restlessly toward the banks of the little river, in a vain endeavor to obtain some mental repose. All four near the rancho which grew thickly on the margin of the stream I caught the sound of voices engaged in low but angry altercation. A strange feeling, which I had never experienced before, impelled me to approach and listen. Using great care, I got very near to the speakers without being discovered, and there listened to a conversation carried on in French which riveted me to the spot with the most breathless excitement and delight. Two horrible criminals were discussing villainies of the past and planning new ones for the future—the first of which two of them was clearly recognizable. I only listened for a very few minutes, and then returned swiftly and silently to my office, with a mountain of anxiety removed from my breast.

On the following morning the rude court-room was even more crowded than upon the first day preceding day. The Judge was on the bench, the jury in their places, and every thing ready for work when I entered the room. My friend Thorne was considerably depressed on the preceding day, quickly caught the reflex of my beaming countenance and brightened up amazingly. While the jurymen yawned, as though they would have gladly pronounced a verdict of "guilty" at once, without waiting for a long-winded argument, I arose and said:

"Are you ready with your defense, Mr. Y——?" inquired the Judge.

"I will be in a moment, Sir, as soon as some friends of mine arrive," I replied. "And here they are."

At that moment the room was invaded by twelve men, armed to the teeth, who, as previously arranged, posted themselves in different portions of the room so as to effectually guard all means of exit. Even the two windows, though placed high above the floor, were not neglected. One prosecuting attorney made a great splutter about this "high-handed proceeding," as he was pleased to denominate it, and even the Judge requested an explanation in a rather abrupt manner. But I assured his Honor, and every one present, that, before I finished my defense, the wisdom of the "high handed proceeding" would be made manifest to all.

I then took up the case and gave the learned Judge the benefit of my opinions, which I purposely spun out to ridiculous length, and in which I viewed all of the phases of the evidence for the prosecution in a humorous light, and weighed them with the finesse of a miser counting his hoard. The prosecuting attorney at first gaped, then yawned, and then fretted and fumed; and, at last, even the Judge lost patience and said, rather petulantly:

"This is entirely unnecessary, Mr. U——; your remarks produce no effect upon the jury. If you have any witnesses produce them."

"I have but one, your Honor."

"Who is it?"

"Mr. Detective Farceur, of San Francisco."

Every one appeared to be considerably astonished at this, but none more so than the detective himself. He was still disguised by the hideous black patch, but his one sharp, little grey eye twinkled nervously as he once more mounted the witness-stand, which was only an arm's-length from my own position. The reader must remember that the scene and conversation which I am about to describe occurred in California in the year 185-, and not in a very formal way of proceeding.

Q. "Mr. Farceur, how long have you been a detective policeman?"

A. "About twenty years, off and on."

Q. "Where were you on the night of the murder which Mr. Thorne is accused of having committed?"

A. "On my way to this place from the West. I arrived at your office on that night."

Q. "Are you sure you did not come from the northeast instead of the west?"

A. "Very sure I did not."

Q. "Mr. Farceur, do you speak French?"

A. "Imperfectly."

Q. "You spoke it very fluently in your conversation with a fellow-villain among the scrub-oaks on the river-bank last night."

The detective started as if he had received a load of buck-shot. His little green eye shrank so far back in his head that it looked like a shining glassbead, and he gave other indications of being decidedly ill at ease. My remaining queries were short and sweet.

Q. "Mr. Detective, did you never go by any other name than 'Farceur?'"

A. "No, Sir."

Q. "I think you have. Suppose you let the Judge and jury see your face. I will assist you."

With that I reached my hand out very quickly, and with two motions deprived the witness of his eye-patch, of his false whiskers, and of two curving wigs, which made a great alteration in his personal appearance. He now stood forth a clean-shaven, black-haired villain, with crime stamped legibly upon every lineament.

"Now, Mr. Detective Farceur," I resumed, "are you sure there is not another name by which you are best known, and to which you are accustomed to answer?"

"No," he replied doggedly, "I know of none."

"Bah! I know your name perfectly," I persisted, "and I want these people to know it. It is La Mort!"

The effect of these words, spoken in a loud voice, was magical. As one man every person in the court-room sprang to his feet. The counterfeit detective looked about wildly, and then, drawing a knife from his bosom, cleared the inclosure at a bound, and rushed to the door. But in an instant he was knocked down and dragged back to the stand.

It is scarcely worth while for me to dwell upon the summary manner in which I proved him, out of his own mouth, to be the murderer of the Gonzago family, and to be none other than the dreaded La Mort. He was hung the next morning in the open plaza, in the presence of several thousand people. I never discovered exactly whom his motives for the plot by which he so nearly succeeded in procuring the execution of an innocent man; but, of course, the golden casket had something to do with the affair. It. Lynch law was not so popular in Mariposa county for a number of years thereafter.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THERE is a man in Pennsylvania who is so forgetful of a misfortune that he is upheld in it when he comes to the end of her sons in order that he may distinguish her from other ladies. Even then he occasionally makes a mistake.

CABLE-ENDS.

Why is a happy husband like the Atlantic Cable?—Because he is upheld by his wife's ends.

"He said the present success of the Ocean Telegraph was in the field of the Atlantic Cable never lost sight of the 'grand end' of their undertaking from the start.

The inventor of "wire-puller" of modern times—Cyrus W. Field.

On the arrival of the *Great Eastern* at Newfoundland the sailors unanimously declared that the whole thing was a "humbug," and during the passage they held an indignation meeting, at which loud shouts of "*Down with the Cable!*" were heard.

Shall we call Mr. Field an aristocrat because he is so very proud of his "*connections?*"

"Dear me, Mr. Editor, Mr. Greenly," and so they have put telegraph poles all the way 'cross the ocean! I shouldn't wonder if they put a cotton bridge next."

When is a lawyer like a horse?—When he lives by Gray's Inn Fields.

Archbishop Whately once puzzled a number of clever men in whose company he was by asking them this question: "How is it that we always eat more than black?" Some were not aware of the curious fact; others set to work and tried to get into learned and long reasons; but all were anxious to have the real cause—After keeping them waiting for a while, he said:—"The reason is, because there are more of them."

SIGNS.

It is a good sign to see a man do an act of charity. It is a bad sign to hear him boasting of it.

It is a good sign to see an honest man wearing his old clothes. It is a bad sign to see them filling the holes in the windows.

It is a good sign to see a man wiping the perspiration from his brow. It is a bad sign to see him wipe his *dogs* as he comes out of the cellar.

It is a good sign to see a woman dressing with taste and neatness. It is a bad sign to see her husband send for her dressy.

It is a good sign to see a man advertise in the papers. It is a bad sign to see the sheriff advertise for him.

It is a good sign to see a man sending his children to school. It is a bad sign to see them educated at the evening school in the street.

A merchant examining a hogshead of hardware, on comparing it with the invoice found all right except one hammer. "Oh, don't be troubled, my boy," said his brother, "Sure the nager took it out to open the hogshead with."

A poor man who had been ill, on being waited by a gentleman whether he had taken a warm bath replied, "No, I ain't taken any myself, but I have taken lots of physic."

A CABLE-TASTIC LAY.

They've gone and done it!—spite of *crack*,
The cable's laid at last;
Victoria and our *Jonathan*
Are now made doubly "fast!"

A golden wedding may it prove,
Without or flaw or cracks;
Sea-monsters by fear thrilling lines,
Where once they'd only "smacks!"

A tie that Time shall never break,
Since Time itself fly the course—
Lick'st out by Lightning and the *clique*
Of that remorseless horse.

A New-found-land the twain have found
Near this new continent;
Had ever "Starke" a fairer Field,
Nor to their "Heart's-Content?"

August adieu! to augurs well,
Tide tic of sheet to shore;
Tis Bruno's tocsin, wire-drawn—
And not so much a bore.

Great Eastern, and ye battle-ships,
Ye know not what ye do!
That tiny thread of inkling wire
Shall whisper "Peace!" to you—

To Earth—to Man! Old Sol himself
May go and rest his team;
A thousand miles an hour's too "slow"
To chase a telegram!

Your cobweb aristocracy—
Grand-Bank-ers, not to dine—
E-cod, they're taken all aback
By such a shocking "line."

Your "Bulls" and "Bears" may pitch and toss,
But win no more the gamey;
Bear-baron keeps the Bulls at Bay,
By bearing all their claims.

Then here's a cheer for Samuel Morse,
His sirlets and abettors!
He hatch'd the little *strand*-bird—
But Hughes taught him his letters.

"More servents wait on Man"—still more—
Above—below—around;
Winds, water, vapor, fire!—what next?
Look up! The answer's found.

The age of wonders still is ours;
To be is but to *force!*
Soon, soon shall Man, with wizard power,
Triumphant Rule the Air!

The saying of a White Mountain stage-driver to a New Hampshire man who, "I'yeh! I'll warrant you, I should guv'k around as you folks do up here!" is not bad.

A man in Hartford advertised recently that, on receipt of a certain sum, he would by return mail send a very applicant how to make a fortune. His directions were: "Peddle cigars, half Havana and half home-made, as I did, and always be ready to pick up a stray chicken."

The Cairo *Democrat* thus pottizes the latest agony of hoops:

"These hoops are like the poet Gray;
This you at once can see;
For they, as Gray did, share the world
A handsome L-E-G-S."

Why ought a greedy man to wear a plaid waistcoat?—To keep a check on his appetite.

When has a man four hands?—When he doubles his fist.

Funny-sounding drums—Conundrums. A good one is very hard to beat.

"Party Tete."—White Chokers.

"How fast wicked men can go on in their sins!" exclaimed a good but unsophisticated old lady; "it only takes two seconds to fight a duel!"

A man out West says that he moved so often during one year that whenever a covered wagon stopped at his gate his chickens would fall on their backs and hold up their feet, in order to be tied and thrown in.

Josh Billings says he has got a good recollection, but not a good memory. He recollects having ten dollars the other night, but don't remember where he lost it.

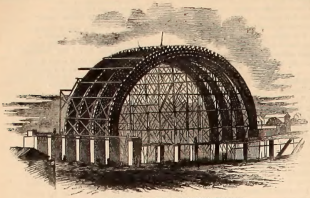


RATHER MORE THAN A BETTER HALF.

Mr. Meek. "I MAY BE A LITTLE LATE TO-NIGHT, DEAR. DON'T SIT UP FOR ME."

Wife of his Bosom. "I WON'T! I SHALL COME FOR YOU!"

[*Mr. M. is home by* 10.30.



ARCHES OF THE MORMON TEMPLE.



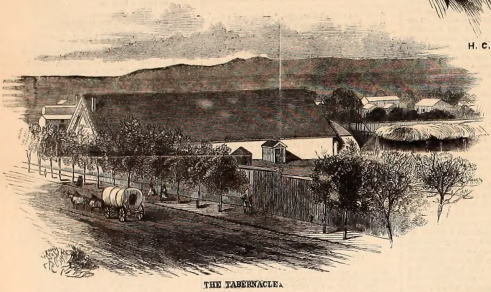
H. C. KIMBALL.



E. SNOW.



A. LYMAN.



THE TABERNACLE.



G. Q. CANNON.



BRIGH



E. T. BENSON.



O. PRATT.

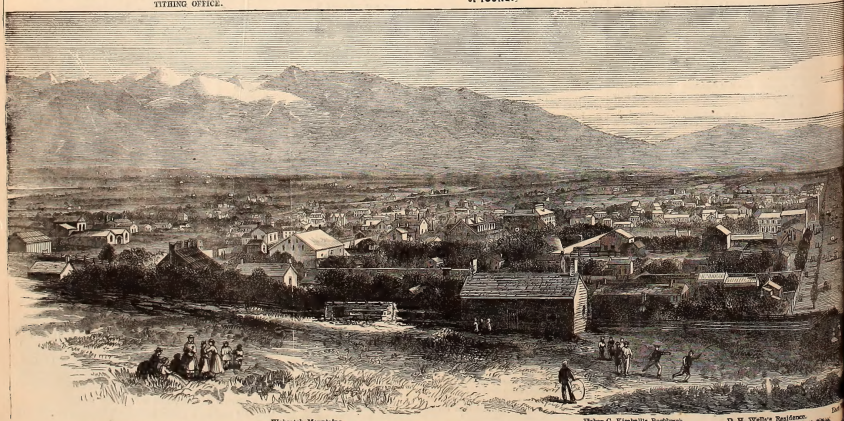


TITHING OFFICE.



J. YOUNG.

BRIGHAM YOUNG AND THE TWELV



Wahsatch Mountains.

Brigham Young's Stables, Blacksmith's Shop, School-house, Bee-hive House, Printing-office, and Lion House.

Heber C. Kimball's Residence.

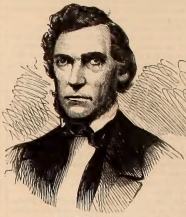
D. H. Wells's Residence. Deseret News' Office.

THE CITY AND VALLEY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE, UTAH.

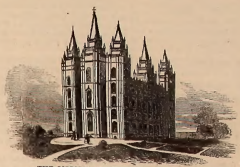




L. SNOW.



D. WELLS.



THE MORMON TEMPLE WHEN COMPLETED.



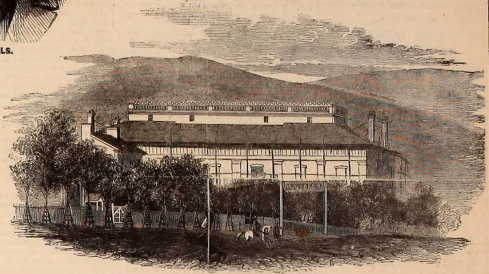
J. TAYLOR.



M YOUNG.



F. D. RICHARDS.



THE NEW THEATRE.



C. C. RICH.



HUFF.

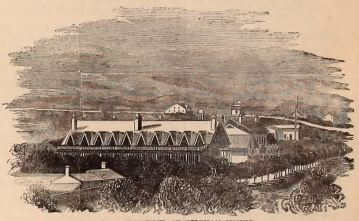


G. A. SMITH.

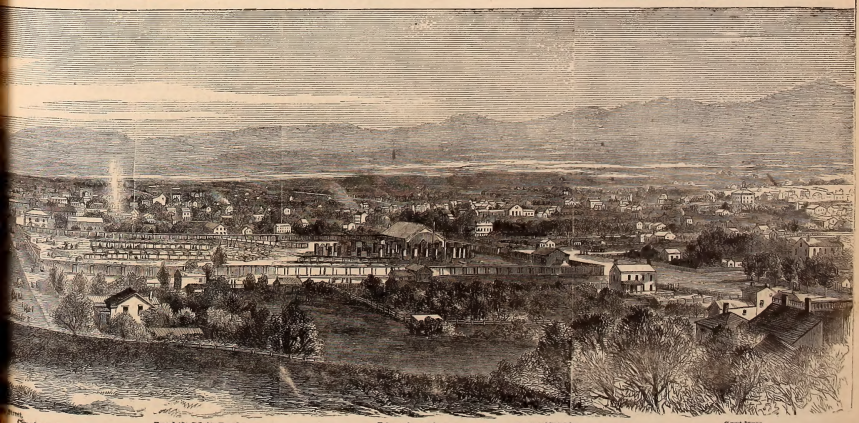


HUNTER.

APOSTLES OF THE MORMON CHURCH.



RESIDENCE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.



Council-house. Foundation of the Temple. Tabernacle now in use. Oquirrh Mountains. Endowment House. Court-house.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SAVAGE & OTTINGER, SALT LAKE CITY.—[SEE PAGE 518.]

SWEETS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

A babe at rest on mother's breast,
Too young to smile or weep,
Conscious of naught but mother's love—
So sweet is infant's sleep.

A child at play in meadows green,
Plucking the fragrant flowers,
Chasing the bright-wing'd butterflies—
So sweet are childhood's hours.

A maiden fair as early dawn,
Radiant with every grace,
Gladd'ning the eye that looks on her—
So sweet is beauty's face.

A softly blushing, downcast look,
Murmur of startled dove,
Answering another's tender words—
So sweet is maiden's love.

A white-robed virgin kneeling low,
Before God's altar bows,
Forever join'd two hearts and hands—
So sweet are marriage vows.

A youthful mother bending o'er
Her first-born beauteous boy,
Forever here till death shall part—
So sweet a mother's joy.

A matron in life's autumn-time,
With young life clustered o'er,
Her children's children clasp her knees—
So rich is autumn's store.

An aged form, whose dimming eyes
Foretell departing breath,
Are closed by grateful, loving hands—
So sweet is peaceful death.

Six feet of grass-grown flow'ry sod
On earth's kind shelt'ring breast,
Forever from grief and pain—
So sweet eternal rest.

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was the prettiest work possible to sow those seeds. First of all, Sam went over the lists carefully, shelling Vick's Catalogue, and laying aside all those seeds which were perfectly hardy, and therefore might be sowed in the open ground. A few of the half-hardy kind must also wait, because they would not bear transplanting; while two or three hardy ones must be sowed in pots, because, unless transplanted, they would not come to their full double perfection.

The next thing was to choose out flower-pots—to find how many would go in each little green-house box—or rather, how many *must* go, to hold the different kinds of seeds, and then to pick them out of such a size as the box would hold. Then in the bottom of each, over the little round hole, Sam laid a bit of a broken flower-pot, and over that several more bits. That was for "drainage," he told the children; the first bit to keep the earth from running off through the hole, and the rest to prevent its ever getting sodden and clogged beneath the plants. Then the pots must all be filled with the prepared earth—not quite full, but within an inch or so of the top; and here the new trowels came in play. It was charming work to take up a trowelful of the earth and pour it carefully into a flower-pot! and Sam showed the children how to shake it down, and pick off all the lumps from the surface, to leave a smooth, soft, even place for the seeds. But to put them in, and cover them, and press down the earth again, was really a work of art. Each kind of seeds were of such different sizes! Here were Clover's hyacinth beans, large, stout things, that looked quite able to take care of themselves; and Sam put the petunia seed, so small and fine that it seemed as if a puff of wind might blow it all away. Lily's canna seeds, too, must be soaked in hot water; and every thing must have a label; so, altogether, it was quite a complicated affair.

"Mr. Vick says," remarked Sam, "that about as good a rule as can be given for planting seeds is to cover them twice the depth of their own diameter."

"But what's their diameter?" said Prim.

"The distance straight through the seed, from one side to the other."

"Dear me! but we can't measure," said Lily.

"No, you must look well at the seed and guess—measure by eye."

"I could measure these," said Clover, handling her hyacinth beans; "but some of the seeds are so very little, Sam!"

"Well, those smallest of all you don't cover at all," said her brother; "or, at least, only in this way: See! you make the earth just as smooth and soft and even as you can all over the top, and then you sprinkle the seeds very thinly on it—so."

"Why don't you sprinkle them thick?" said Lily.

"Because if the plants come up too thick they will be crowded and weak," said Sam; "and then you would have to thin them out, and so throw away a great many plants. And that is troublesome and disagreeable. There, Lily, scatter just a few of your petunia seeds on the earth. Now if they were larger we would scatter or sift some earth over them; but as they are so very small you can take your hand, or the bottom of this other flower-pot, and press the earth and seeds gently down together. There!—that will cover them sufficiently."

"Where shall I stick my label?—in the middle?" said Lily.

"Why no! you would poke down ever so many seeds with it. Stick it in close at the edge of the pot, and next time put it in before you sow the seeds. But stay, have you written on it?"

"Yes. Oh, I guess it will do," said Lily, leveling the label with an unwilling hand. Sam looked at it and shook his head. Lily had written first a very large P, which took up so much of the little slip of wood that the following letters were quite matter of conjecture, and, indeed, she could get no further than the second syllable.

"How are you going to know that from pinks?" said Sam, whittling the letters off with his knife. "Don't you write too small a little label like this. If I were you I would put only numbers—write No. 1 on this label, and then No. 1 on the bag of petunia seed."

"What an excellent plan!" said Clover. "But wouldn't ink be better?"

"Ink will run on this soft wood. No, the pencil-marks will last long enough, if they're made on a smooth surface; but if you wanted them sure to wear out, then the way is to brush over the label with a little white lead, such as painters use, and write on it while it is wet with the same pencil; and then you have an indelible label."

So the planting went on with great zeal and success; and the little paper bags, and the boxes, and the green-house boxes grew full of pots; and the children were brimming with a delight that could hardly even talk in its rapt excitement.

"Why should I sow only part of my pinks here?" inquired Lily, in answer to some counsel of Sam's.

"Because, if these should not do well, you would have seed left to try again," replied Sam.

"Then I'd better save some of all the kinds," said Lily. "What a pity! I've got every one of my canna seeds in the hot water! Will it do to take some of them out?"

"Not after they have once been in," said Sam. "But cannas are worth nothing—will make no show—unless they are planted early, so it was best to sow them all at once."

"How many things there are to think of in gardening!" said Clover, covering her zinnia seeds with a light hand. "Sam, I'm afraid our boxes won't be very warm out *here*."

"No, indeed. Perhaps mamma will admit them to the low room."

"I'll run in this minute and ask her!" cried Prim. Which she did; and of course mamma said yes.

So when all the seeds were sown—that was to be to planted then—Sam carried the boxes into the house and set them on a kitchen table that was already placed in the window, and with very pretty they looked, with the little red pots full of brown earth, and the neat labels, and the clean bright panes of glass shining above every all. Sam darted in to look at them, and the three children stood bending over them in a half-bewitched state.

"Must we keep these panes of glass tight shut all the time?" said Clover.

"Yes, in order to-day. Sometimes at mid-day, if it gets very warm, you can raise one of them a little, or slip it aside, just to let in air."

Lily lifted one of the panes and thrust in her finger.

"Oh, Sam, it's real warm in there now," she said.

"So it ought to be. It will hardly be too warm before the seeds come up."

"Will they come up to-morrow, Sam?" said little Primrose.

"To-morrow! Have you any idea of the work that must be done down in that brown earth before your seeds come up?"

"Oh, Sam, that is just what I want to know," cried Clover. "I think there never was any thing quite so beautiful as our boxes and seeds. I'd like to study them all day."

"Well, you can study them from a new point of view now," said Sam, laughing, "for there comes Maria Jarvis. She'll give you lessons!" And Sam marched off at the sound of the bell, and threw open the door to welcome her friend, and Clover and Primrose followed more slowly. If the truth must be told, they would rather have watched their boxes just then.

"How do you do?" said Maria Jarvis, making great efforts to arrange her short hoop to her satisfaction. "Mamma had business to do in the village, and so I thought I'd come and see what you were about. I suppose you haven't done much to it yet."

"Sam has dug up part of my garden," said Lily, innocently.

"Oh, is Sam your gardener?" said Maria. "Our gardener is named William. He's a head gardener, you know; and then there's Patrick and Michael besides. William's the best gardener in the country, I suppose. A great many people call him Mr. Stubbs."

"Lily was talking of our gardens, not of pap's," said Clover; a little shocked at her sister's words. "And no words ready. "And in our gardens my brother Sam is head gardener, and we're to be Patrick and Michael ourselves. Don't you have a garden for yourself too?"

"Oh yes, but William takes care of it," said Maria. "I couldn't, you know, do such work. My! I don't know how many frocks I should want if I did any thing but walk in the garden. I've just had ten new ones made for the summer, and mamma said it was such a plague to arrange to have 'em all different, the trimmings and all—I guess she couldn't wait to get over to Miss Simmons (that's our dress-maker in town), she's really a very clever young person, mamma says; and when mamma was quite worn out with the trimmings, and didn't know what to do with my pink foulard, Miss Simmons went about and about all over town till she found some rose-bugs. Just the thing for a pink dress, you know; and she put rose-bugs here—and here—and here—all over it. Mamma was delighted. I'll show it to you the next time you come. What's your best dress?"

"White muslin," said Clover.

"White muslin's very nice if it's trimmed all round the bottom with colored ribbon," said Maria. "I've got two made so, a pink and a green; and I've got another embroidered all over with blue spots."

"What flowers are you going to have in your garden, Maria?" said Clover, trying to get upon some subject where Lily and she would feel at home.

"Oh, I don't know; just what William puts there," said Maria. "He always has something new every spring, papa says."

"I shall have pinks in mine," said Lily.

"Pinks are very old-fashioned," answered Maria. "So William says. I suppose you'll have fuchsias, of course."

"No, I guess not," said Clover; "we shall not. I don't know what papa may do."

"Oh yes, you must have fuchsias," said Maria. "And then in the green-house you must have geraniums and myrtle-bushes—things that won't grow in every village window, as papa says."

"But we have a green-house," said Clover.

"Oh, but of course you'll build one," said Maria. "Sarah had the most beautiful present the other day!—from papa, you know, she's engaged to, the same one that gave her the bracelet. It's a butterfly for her hair."

"I should like a butterfly on my hair," said Primrose, decidedly.

"Now a real one, you little goose," said Maria. "It's all gold and enamel, and ruby eyes, and diamond spots. And it claps into her hair, so—just like a brooch. It's the sweetest thing! So suitable for summer, don't you think?"

"Well, won't you come and see what we have for a green-house?" said Clover, leading the way to the house; and Sam and Prim were there before. self, and we've just been planting our seeds. And mamma is going to tell us how they grow."

"How they grow!" said Maria. "Well, you are the strangest girl! It must be a great deal of trouble to take care of such little boxes, I should think. And papa says it's no use unless it's worth much. Quantity, quantity—and what other people don't have—that's what papa likes. But I hope you'll bring them to me. Good-by. I've had a delightful time, and I'll show you all my flowers when you come, and Sarah's butterfly. Good-by!"

And away walked the visitor, after which Clover and Lily stood gazing with bewildered eyes.

QUITE UNEXPECTED.

I.—A "SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER."

Aros Wynne was simply a tenant farmer, cultivating a few acres preferable of some five hundred acres which his father had farmed before him, and his grandfather before his father. If it were known that Aros Wynne would hardly have required three generations of diggers and delvers to work at it without gaining enough to leave it and go to something better than tenant farming.

Aros had grown up steady and industrious; had married a good wife, though a poor one; after his father's death he had managed the farm prudently; and, being a man of considerable natural shrewdness, had actually saved money and was looking forward to educating his children in life a little more advantageously than he and his brothers had had to start. But unhappily he was one of those who had not the least idea of economy's old-fashioned virtues. Intoxicated with the prospect of doubling in a year or two the savings of twenty years, his head had been turned by the many many a wiser head. He had let the glozing tongue of a neighbor persuade him to buy railway shares at a great premium, he had given them up at a greater premium, and he had waited for a greater still. Then when the crash came he had been one of those who were caught and had lost actually all his savings. Just now, too, a new misfortune had befallen him which he would have thought little of a year ago, but which was making him in his present reduced circumstances. The murrain had been among his cattle and taken six of the finest beasts. As he walked in his rickyard, thinking sorrowfully for the twentieth time the probable, possible, and I doubt also impossible proceeds of the sale of those ricks, and thought of the price of the bullocks that would be left him after payment of his rent.

Winding down from the hill-fields behind the house, he saw approaching the one on whom he at once put down as belonging to the class of "suspicious characters." He was on the foot-path, it is true, and so could be ordered off. A short, strongly-built man of some sixty or thereabouts, he had the true vagabond air and carriage, with the indefinitely cautious look and activity which are so often denied to people who are not of the vagabond family. He was clean though, and seemed to take some care of his plentiful gray beard and whiskers, which contrasted well with his darkly-bronzed face—a skin that had got its coloring plainly under foreign suns.

He came up to the farmer and addressed him, speaking with the accent and with the understanding his staff to such an extent that Aros involuntarily raised his hands to protect his ears. He had a practised impediment in his speech, spoke with a strong foreign accent, and was evidently quite ignorant of his locality. Conversation, therefore, was by no means easy. Aros gathered at last that he wanted to be directed on his way to Rudyard and to be told the distance. The way was straight enough, the distance was six miles, and Aros was already growing dark and not over good road, he recommended him to lose as little time as possible. He took more unfortunately and stumbled, only a hundred yards or so back, and sprained his ankle; so before going on he sat down at the foot of one of the ricks, pulled off his boot and stocking to look at and rub the sprain; and having done so, found all his efforts to get on his boot and walk again less. Certainly Amos Wynne had to confess that he tried his best to walk and go about his business, spite of the evident torture it was to him. It was plain, indeed, that he was as unwilling to ask a night's lodging as Amos was to offer it. The request was not made at last, however, and could be no less than granted. Leading the way into his house, the stranger followed him. The refinements of drawing-room and dining-room were unknown in Amos Wynne's simple homestead. There was a large kitchen, well hung with bacon, where the family ate and lived at their every meal. And there was a parlor or "house-room," where the rest of the family spent their leisure hours. "Come in and sit down," said Amos, leading him into the kitchen at the back-door, and at once going forward himself to tell his wife in the other room of the unexpected guest. The stranger followed close upon his heels, entered this other room with him, carrying the inexpressible boot in one hand, and limping painfully. It was evident he had not understood his invitation to be to sit with the servants, and though a little taken aback, as Amos was, there was something in the man's graceful bow, and in the quiet self-possession with which he saluted all in the room, that hinted at the possibility of a servants' kitchen not being perhaps his proper place, at his having perhaps looked on better days, and even to his having been a welcome guest and friend of guest.

"Would you, madam, give me a slipper?" he asked, seating himself on one of the vacant chairs by the fire, and taking a foot on his knee as if he had known the family all his life.

Tea was brought in, and he drew up to table and evidently enjoyed his meal, and continued to be so attentive to the two daughters as to win the good opinion of those young ladies, and make their brother-in-law, Aros, his fa-vorled lover of one of them, a little sensible of their own remissness. Then, as the evening wore on, Amos naturally wished his guest to be asked his name, and to him. Whereupon out came from the stranger's pocket the blackest and best of meerschaums and a pouch of tobacco, which Amos were forced to confess was the finest of any thing he had ever smoked in his life. And as smoking by the fire is of itself dry work, in the shape of a little bottle of whisky was produced, and two modest tumblers were mixed, and Amos actually found that he was admitting this stranger, whom he had at first not seen, into a great deal of his confidence. It hardly occurred to him that he was being questioned at all; but little by little he found that he was telling him all—how old Sir Evelyn Rudyard had died a month ago, and the new hair was a cousin who had lived abroad all his life and never even saw the vast estates which had now fallen to him by the death of a childless old man; how desolate the old Hall at Rudyard had been this Christmas-time; and how the poor had missed their annual coals and good cheer. Then, encouraged by the quiet rend-ing, Amos told tenderly to old Sir Evelyn, and ask him for a reduction of his rent; and how, now the old landlord was gone, he did not like to trouble the new one; how there was a farm vacant, and he would have to struggle on. To all of which the stranger listened carefully, putting words of comfort now and then, as one who had himself known trouble.

But the younger people were inclined to merrier ways of passing the evening. Amos Wynne had brought his violin, and was in great perplexity about it. He was the only one who could play upon it, and it was clear he could not dance too; so Bertha had to dance with her brother, to the satisfaction of nobody.

"Let me try it," said the strange guest; and then, shade of Paganini! how he did fiddle! The twinkle of his elbow and the flash of his fiddle-stick were nothing short of marvelous. Amos was no dance, new or old, but he knew the measure of it; and you could see by the involuntary motion of his knee that it not been for the sprained ankle, his sixty years would not have kept him from standing up with the youngest.

At last came the hour for retiring—and that, too, no late hour, for the servants had to be up betimes. In they came, man-servants and maid-servants, and took their departure from the room with the rest of the family. The big family Bible was opened; and Amos, all seriousness and gravity, laying aside the evening's merriment, read out his usual message. It happened that he had come that evening to the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, and to that usual judgment upon the great Day, when those who have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and rocved the stranger, inasmuch as by so doing they have done it unto Him.

II.—"RAGGED AND TOUGH."

A snowy rest did the sprained ankle a world of good. Early in the morning the stranger was up and prepared to leave. But as the Wynnes were early risers too, and already about to sit down to breakfast, and as he had made himself quite popular the night before, he was urged to stay, and, with slight urging, staid. After breakfast, too, instead of going on his way at once to Rudyard, he, like a man accustomed to have no one to please but himself from boyhood, set out once on the bold resolve to walk off the stiffness of his ankle by no less an undertaking than the ascent of the Wrekin. It is hardly to be called by even the name of a hill to whose eyes—and feet too, indeed—had often rested on the peaks of Switzerland, it looked a modest hillock enough. And what were its two or three patches of snow compared with the eternal glaciers? Till now he had never seen this much-lauded "Wrekin" at all. It was all to him whether he reached Rudyard at night or earlier. No one expected him, he said, rather wearily, or would give him as kind a welcome as he had found last night: he would be as well wandering up and down

the Wrekin as any where else; so up the Wrekin he would go, lame or not lame.

Then two of the young men—Gregory Wynne and Harry Dennis—somewhat ashamed, it may be, of having spoken of the ascent of the Shropshire hill with contempt, arming as an immense undertaking to an old man who made so light of it, said that they too would go; and off the three started on their walk. Near as it had seemed, it was close upon two hours—the paths being slippery—before they reached the top and sat down upon the little mound that marks the summit to enjoy the reward of their labors.

On that day there was a meagre prospect. Indeed, for a while the three pedestrians thought themselves alone on the hill. Not another human being was there to be seen. For surely that dirty little heap of unwashed rags, that moved from time to time in and out of sight among the bushes and behind the rocks, could hardly be a human being. Nor did they quite satisfy themselves that it was one till Gregory Wynne, following it up, brought it out from its hiding-place, and revealed it as a boy.

He was a little imp of barely three feet high. Upon his head he wore the remains of what had once been a cap, but now more nearly resembled a coronet, there being but little of it left save the rim. His hair stood up through the middle of it, not unlike a bunch of shabby plumes. The actual garments, which did what they could toward covering the upper half of his body, had once been in two pieces—coat and waistcoat, that is, at some advanced period of its history, been made into one. But how many pieces it would have been in new, if luxuriantly taken off, it would have been hard to say. There was a greater proportion of leg visible than would have been reckoned decorous even by a Highlander. Indeed, had it not been for two or three pieces of string judiciously tied tight round each leg, above and below the knee, the trowsers and jacket wearer must have altogether parted company. His boots showed a novel principle of construction—or, at any rate, of adaptation —which might commend them to the notice of that father of a family of growing boys. The soles and upper leathers having long parted company, the way of getting them appeared to be, first, to place the foot firmly on the sole, then put the upper leather (which was open at the side) over it, and tie the two together with a stout piece of string. The more obvious objections to this fashion, for winter wear, naturally suggest themselves in the exposure of the toes at one end of the structure and the heel at the other. At any rate, by a copious use of string, evidently a primary article in his toilet, the small creature did entitle himself to be considered a clothed human being.

"What's your name?" asked the elder stranger.

"Jack Bolton—Jem's but at the blacksmith's shop they call me 'Ragged and Tough.' What's yours?" replied the boy.

"Mine," said the old man, "is Peter. How old are you?"

"Eight last Michaelmas. What else besides Peter? and how old are you?"

"Peter Lameley; sixty-two," said the old man. Harry Dennis was smoking—he was almost ashamed to confess it, so early in the morning, but it was an exceptional case with him. Said the youngster, "I'll give you a penny for your cigar."

Harry explained that it had cost him threepence, so he could not part with it at that rate. Moreover, he had not got another.

"I'll give you threepence for it," said the child, producing the money. But it appearing that business could not be transacted at that or any other rate, he had to be content with a promise of the reversion of the end of the cigar when done with—had to be content, or at least to seem so.

By-and-by Mr. Lameley, encouraged by the younger man's example, was seduced into lighting his pipe, and he also done so, laid his tobacco-pouch for a moment on the rock beside him. In an instant, and with a scream of exultation, it was pounced upon by Ragged and Tough, and he was bounding with it down the rocks, where no one with any regard to the soundness of his limbs could follow except at the slowest rate. They were sitting on the edge of a deep ravine, the opposite wall of which was distant only a few yards.

In less time than it takes to read these two or three lines, the lad had descended the gorge, had climbed the opposite side, had mounted a tree in front, and was grinned at from across the chasm, while he deliberately produced a short black pipe, filled it, lit it, and immediately shewed, by the methodical way in which he smoked it, that he was no new hand at a pipe.

He was still within easy speaking distance; and as it was impossible to use threatening him or scaring him away, negotiations were opened with him across the chasm.

"Now, my boy, bring it back," said the old man.

"Ca—cu—come and fe—fe—fetch it," he replied, mimicking his stammer; "will you thrash me if I bring it?"

"No."

"Will you give me another pipe?"

"Yes."

Then he deliberately helped himself to another pipe, good measure, wrapped it in a bit of his jacket that he tore off for the purpose, pocketed it, came back, gave up the pouch, and sat down by its owner, trusting fearlessly to the promise that he was not to be thrashed.

Every body has heard of the Irish lad who boasted that he watched himself once a week or twice if needed in order. Our poor little Jack, it was clear, knew nothing of such sanitary regulations, and confessed, without any hesitation, that he never washed himself at all; which, indeed, no one could have suspected him of doing. Being questioned as to his earnings, he said that in fine weather he sometimes got as much as a shilling a day, in bad weather hardly a sixpence—sometimes nothing. He produced eighteen pence in copper, threpence of yesterday's money, and threpence gained this morning. At night, he said, he generally bought a penn'orth of bread, a penn'orth of pudding, and a penn'orth of meat for his supper, two penn'orth of ale to drink after it, and a penn'orth of tobacco to smoke. His breakfast cost him threpence when he had any. Sometimes he gave his sister a penny or two when he saw her walking about in the cold; and sometimes she gave him a penny or two when she had any.

"Did he never take his money home to his mother?" Harry Dennis asked.

"No; she would drink it all."

"Nor to his father?"

"No; he would drink it faster than she would, and I would sooner drink it myself."

"What, do you drink too?"

"Yes, when I have the money to spare. Eh! I was drunk on Saturday night."

When he had not drunk all his money he hid it under a stone in the quarry, to his mother, and took it up again in the morning, if he happened to be there first; but his mother often found out where he put it.

Then turning the conversation to the subject of clothing, young Wynne tried to impress upon him the advantages of spending his spare money on the clothes instead of drink. "If you put away twopence a day for a week that will be a shilling, and you can buy a new cap," a proposition which was readily admitted and approved. "Then, if you put away twopence a day for another week, you can buy a pair of second-hand boots."

"Where?" interrupted he, jumping quickly to his feet.

"Well, at any rate you could in a fortnight," said Gregory, puzzled to answer.

"Ah, yes, but you see it's a week," he retorted, being evidently much better informed as to the price of second-hand boots than his instructor.

He had once been to a fair with a pair to sell, but because Swidby Dick kicked him on the shins. It was a Sunday-school, but he didn't remember that there taught him any thing. The next year this hill was called the Wrekin, and he knew that was Wellington. He didn't know where England was, or what a queen was. He didn't know who made the sun, but suspected it was not Harry Dennis.

They had sat longer than the old man meant to sit, and as he had engaged to meet them at the farm, he resolved that he would go straight from the Wrekin top to Rodyard. By doing so he perceived that he would have to walk about a dozen mile, which he would have had to traverse had he gone by way of the farm. But he remembered suddenly that he had a conveyance in his bedroom—a pocket-knife and some keys, I think—which he could not well dispense with. From where they sat they could see the farm in view, and beyond it a mile or so could be seen the point of junction of its by-road with the road along which the stranger would have to travel in the direct way. He pointed out these places to the urchin, Ragged and Tough, and asked him if he would run round by the farm-house, get his things, and meet him with them at the corner for the reward of threepence, a commission which the urchin undertook on gaining assurance that Gregory to produce as his credentials, and asking them also to give him something to eat.

"But can I trust you to bring me them when you have got them?" said Harry Dennis.

The lad seemed to understand at once that it was his honesty that was in question. "A man gave me half a crown once to carry a parcel, and I took it him back. Keep my money till I bring them," he said, and, tossing his coppers at their feet, started off at a run, and was soon lost to sight on the other side of the hill. They saw him here and there in the fields as he drew away from the base beneath them, and watched him in one place where he stopped for a while to stile, till at the last, with the help of a glass which one of the young men carried, they saw him, in mere specks, make the gate which led to the farm and disappear. Then they rose and went down hill leisurely on the direct road to Rodyard, the young men going with their companion's pace to the top.

Coming in due time to a cross-road which led to the Arkull Farm, the young men shook hands with their friend, who, after a brief leave-taking, turned, and he, with many kind words of thanks for the hospitality he had received, pursued his journey alone. He had not gone far when the farm-buildings he had expected to find his young messenger waiting. In this, however, he had been too sanguine, and after he had sat and waited among them hour, casting meanwhile very impatient glances toward the farm, he had, after all, to make up his mind to walk on to the farm-house for them. It was full in sight, but separated from him by a valley which, after the walk up the Wrekin, he would have rather not have seen, especially as the lamest foot began to remind him that it was as yet hardly sound again.

As he walked on with a rather visible limp, and still more visible ill-temper, he was suddenly brought to a stand by the appearance of the rain-cloud that the fire had begun, and it was too clear that but little could be done to stay the progress of the flames. The ricks stood in a group of four each, and the fire had begun in the second one of the inner row. Happily there was not much wind, but the little there was, while it bore the flames away from the house and the farm-buildings, bore them on to the other ricks, and already three of the eight were blazing furiously. The house, or any portion of them, was clearly hopeless. Amos Wynne and his family, and the men who had hurried in from the neighboring fields, were doing their best, but working without concert, or any common object. Indeed, on Amos himself the catastrophe had seemed to come so crushingly, that he was more inclined to stand by in silent despair than to struggle against it. "Robbery, and murrain, and fire," he murmured to himself; "O God! who sendest me the plagues of Job, send me his patience, too, and his happy deliverance." They had broken a hole through the back-room pane, and were running to and fro with all the buckets that could be got together, pouring their dribblets of water wherever they thought they could.

The stranger's coat and hat were flung aside in an instant. "Now, my man, to work here!" he shouted, in a voice that was clearly used to command. Loose straw was lying between all the ricks, and the flames leaped by its aid from one to the other with fearful rapidity. He saw at a glance which of the stacks were certainly lost, and which it might be possible to save. To clear away this loose straw was the first task. He did not merely order what was to be done, but he did more of the work than any two other men. Then he divided his forces—one half he set to work to pull down and carry out two of the ricks that were sure to take fire next if nothing were done to save them. But as he knew it would be impossible to get more than half of them down, he put the rest of the men to another task. Long ladders were in large hand for cutting stable manure. He had it brought as rapidly as possible and piled between the stacks on fire and the stacks in danger, more especially as Arkull lay as they could against the sides of those in danger. Then, as he saw the flames gaining on them, three cases of gin were drawn the stacks—having got them perhaps half down—and began to spread this manure thickly over the top of the parts of the stacks left standing. The shut of hard labor they managed to get these two stacks well covered, and by this time help having come from neighboring farms, they succeeded also to get the unpiled here in front of the burning stacks well drenched with water. In the midst of all it began to snow heavily, and this helped a little, forming a thin covering on the manure. Happily when the flames reached them, as they soon did, they found that their movements were being watched all better for them, but were stopped by their barricade. When the parish engine arrived and began to play upon the nearest of the burning ricks, it was seen that the worst was over.

But, indeed, the worst was bad enough for poor Amos Wynne. His fire insurance policy had expired three weeks before, and he, intending to renew it, had unfortunately not renewed it at all. Such a loss to him, coming at such a time, was little short of ruin, and he thought more wearily than ever of his poor wheat. While the burning of what was lost, however, he was not quite oblivious of what was saved, or of him to whom he owned that he was indebted. "I owe you much," he said to the old man; "pray come in and let me thank you, and thank the good Providence that sent you to me at such a time."

As they went in they overtook two of the men who had come with the fire-engine. They were carrying between them the body of a child. A poor rags that hung about him were drenched with water and littered with manure. The poor little face was blackened with smoke and ashes. The poor little limbs lay motionless. It was the body of poor "Ragged and Tough."

III.—THE NEW LANDLORD.

Turn, then, was how the old year was to end for Amos Wynne. But the new had day, and to-morrow came in the new one. What a mockery it would seem to wish him a Happy New Year! When he got into his room he sat down, covered his face with his hands, and bowed his head to his knees in silent despair.

The stranger had followed the two firemen into the kitchen, and they had deposited their senseless burden on the table. Another man immediately produced a flask, and the short black pipe which he had picked up close to where they had found the child. Gregory Wynne was standing by the old farm-house door, looking again at once, and remarked to each other that the origin of the fire was explained.

"It is so clear," said the stranger, "that your father has any thing to thank me for. If I had not sent the lad here this would never have happened."

It proved that the child was dead, though at first they had thought him so. He was indeed fearfully burned, and there could be little hope of his recovery. Presently he breathed, opened his eyes, and, the sense of pain returning with the sense of life, moaned feebly. Then he became conscious, and those from which there was most danger, were those where the fire had deadened all feeling in the poor child's body, and he felt no pain at all. The smaller and more painful burns were dressed with soothing oils and lint. Mrs. Wynne had been dressing the wounds of the mischief the boy had wrought them, seeing only his poor scorched body and his helplessness, worked with tender fingers and eyes full of tears. A little while restored him so far that he could tell his story. It was a very plain, straightforward one, and the sum of it was this:

He had got the trifles he had been sent to fetch.

"They are in my pocket," he said to the old man, not expecting to find his pocket and trowsers had been burned off his legs.

They had given him a good dinner in the kitchen and had sent the farm-servants, delighted with his precocious prattle, had also given him, unknown to any one else, some ale. Then he had left to go on his errand, but at the gate his quick eye had seen the three whom he had left coming down the hill after all, and, having time to spare, the possession of tobacco had proved too great a temptation for him. He had stolen into the rick-yard, sat down behind the second rick, and smoked part of his pipe. Then, hearing some one coming, he had run off to finish it behind a more distant stack, and there he had fallen asleep. This much he could tell of himself, the rest was easily put together. At the first of his smoking-places the fire had broken out after he had removed. His second hiding-place had only been reached by the fire in its expiring efforts, and there he had been hurled unperceived, partly with straw, partly with manure. He confessed that this burying of him awaked him, but at first he durst not come out for fear of being whipped, and he lay still, not knowing what was wrong. Then afterward, when he had tried to get out he could not; and he remembered no more.

They told him of the fire and of the damage he had done.

"You won't thrash me?" he asked, pitifully. (The attention of a thrashing seemed to be the only attention he had ever received from any one, and he could hardly believe that he was to escape without one now.) "You can give them my money, to pay for the stacks, Mr. Lameley," he added, suddenly remembering the eighteen pence which he had left in pledge for his own honesty. Poor Ragged and Tough appeared to be less conversant with the value of corn-stacks than with the value of second-hand boots. But having thus made that pecuniary amends he could, he seemed easier and more hopeful of good treatment.

Appeals reminded by the child's last words, the old man left him and went in to Amos Wynne.

"And what do you think will be the extent of your loss?" he said.

"Four hundred pounds, not less, I am sure," was the answer; "and how to replace it I know no more than you child."

"Don't despair," said the stranger; "your friends will help you, and perhaps the new landlord may be your truest friend after what you have done for him you have been pressed. At any rate I can be of no more use here, and strangers are only in the way at such a time. I will leave you a cash and a crust of bread and cheese, and then I will go."

"I shall be sorry if we never see you or hear of you again," said Amos.

"Oh, but perhaps you will! What are you going to do with the child?"

"Keep him if he is better, or till all is over with him. The doctor says he will probably linger a few days at any rate."

"Then I will be generous as well as of national calamity every one has his own special point of view from which he looks on the misfortune that has befallen him. Mine is common with that of him. As the old man passed the bay-window in which Harry Dennis and Bertha were standing, he heard Harry say, "I hope we shall have to see him off again?"

"I suppose we must," said Bertha; "but I hope it will not be for long."

They were speaking quite openly, so the stranger asked, "What is the matter which has to be seen off?"

"Only our marriage," said Bertha, very frankly, with a smile which was a good deal belied by her eyes. "He was to have come and fetched me in a month."

"Ah, well, you are young; it is only waiting and trusting, and all will come right."

And then in a little while the old man shook hands with them all, and went his way once more, comforting himself with some show of mutual kindness than before.

It was some two hours later. The melancholy dinner, of which no one seemed to have partaken, had been cleared away. Amos Wynne remembered that there was some bitter ale in the cellar which he must needs write for that night's post, and the inkstand and pen could be found. There is seldom wanting in the little bottle of ink in a country farm-house, and it is well if its contents are not either as thick as mud or watered out of all their blackness. The ale was to be found in the bedroom that had been used by the old man. Beside it lay a closely-sealed letter addressed "Mr. Amos Wynne," in a hand unknown to all of them.

"Who would have thought," said Amos, "of his taking the trouble to leave a note to thank us?"

It was not much of a note. When the envelope was opened it contained merely a half-sheet of notepaper, which was written on one side only. It simply the words, "*I was a stranger, and ye took me in*"—so signature, and no word more. Along with it was a sheet of folded paper which Amos first out and fluttered to the floor. When unfolded it proved to be a check on the local bank in the neighboring town of Wem for a sum of Seven Hundred and Four hundred pounds. This check was signed P. Rudyard. Mr. Lameley was none other than the new landlord.

That night at Arkull Farm was not so dull a one as the earlier part of the day had promised. The ale was found to be its cask, and the whole of it was welcomed to the world with all seemly mirth not unmixed with solemn thankfulness. Poor little Ragged and Tough was brought in for half an hour, and propped so that his big, bright eyes could look on from out of the bed-clothes upon the strange, wonderful sight of a well-lighted room and happy faces. Then he was taken away, patient and happy as before, to sleep.

Mr. Lameley's augury that Amos Wynne might get his rent reduced proved remarkably exact. Ragged and Tough did not die after all, but lived on, and in due time came to be as tough as ever, though never again so ragged; for Sir Peter clothed him first and last. Indeed, when "Swidby Dick" could no longer reach his shins, and had him taught where England is, and who did make the sun, and gave him more schooling than his elders and betters stacks, and even at the last promoted him to be his own boy in buttons. It was also Sir Peter himself who gave away the bride when Bertha and Harry Dennis were married—without that dreadful postponement—and who stood up at the wedding-breakfast and said, stammering as fast as ever, that he hoped (as we may surely hope for all our kindly, patient readers) that if in the unknown future, any year seemed closing on them as darkly as the last had threatened, its clouds might be chased away as quickly—that each year would be ever found to end as brightly, and be as fruitful in happiness as this one bid fair to be.



BATTLES IN GERMANY—THE STORMING OF GITSCHIN, JUNE 28, 1866.

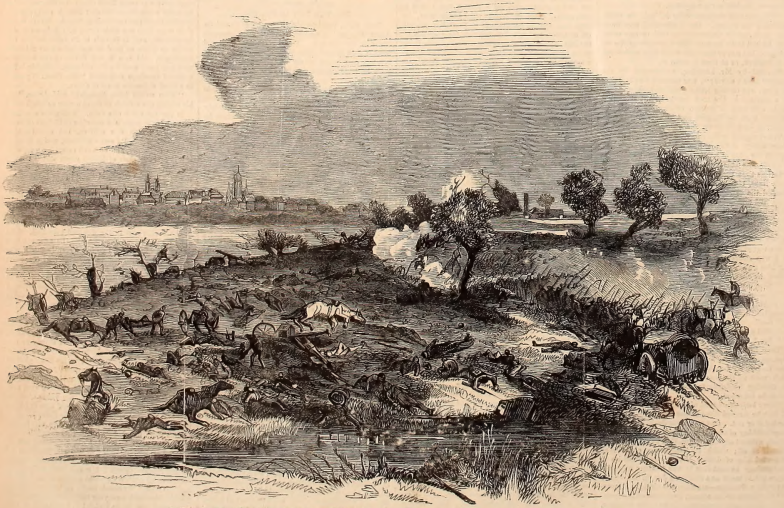
THE BATTLES IN GERMANY.

We give on this page two illustrations relating to the battles in Bohemia, by which the Prussians gaining a series of victories which were consummated on July 3, in the disastrous defeat of the Austrians at Sadowa, overcame every obstacle to their rapid and successful march against Vienna. The latest news by the cable left the Prussian army in front of Vienna, and at this stage of the hostilities an armistice had been entered upon with a view to peace-negotiations.

But notwithstanding this recent intelligence it will be interesting to our readers to turn back to those terrible contests, the results of which, in the reconstruction of Germany, are still to be made known. For this purpose we have published two engravings, one illustrating the storming of Gitschin, the other giving a view of the battle-field of Königgrätz, the evening after the contest.

THE STORMING OF GITSCHIN.

On the 27th and 28th of June had been fought the battles of Nachod and Trautenau, each of which had resulted in a victory for the Prussians. A third and equally bloody engagement occurred on the 28th, near Muenchengratz, fifty miles west of the battle-fields just mentioned. The Prussian troops employed on this occasion belong to the first army, under the command of Prince FREDERICK CHARLES, and had penetrated into Bohemia from Saxony by way of Reichenberg. The day previously Turnau, at the junction of the North Bohemian railways, had been occupied by them. Moving thence in a south-western direction, they found themselves confronted, it is reported, by 50,000 or 60,000 Austrians and 20,000 Saxons. The enemy had taken up a strong position on the top of a hill, contesting the possession of it with great obstinacy. The loss on both sides was about equal, but success remained with the Prussians, who immediately advanced in a southeastern direction to Gitschin, a place well known in history as one of Wallenstein's possessions. The great General lies buried here in the Convent of the Carthusians. The town lies some fourteen or fifteen English miles southeast of Muenchengratz and of Turnau, with which two places it forms a triangle. It is situated on the Cydlina, one of the confluents of the Elbe. From the positions occupied, according to the latest reports, by the second army under the command of the Crown Prince, Gitschin is distant about twenty-three to twenty-six English miles. It constitutes very nearly the central point of the road leading from Jung-Bunzlau over Sobotka, Gitschin, and Horzitz to Josephstadt, respectively, to Königgrätz, and which constitutes,

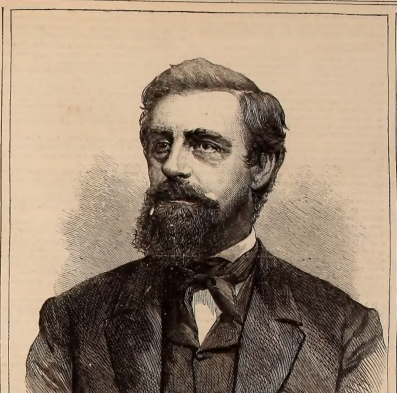


BATTLES IN GERMANY—THE BATTLE-FIELD OF KÖNIGGRATZ AT 9 O'CLOCK P.M., JULY 3, 1866.

as it were, the string of the bow formed by the railways between Jung-Bunslau, Turnau, Eisenbrod, and Josephstadt. On the 29th ult. the third and fifth divisions carried Gitschin by storm, inflicting a loss of 1,000 men on the Austrians, and making nigh upon 2,000 prisoners. The 24th and 64th regiments, well known as having distinguished themselves in the assault on Chappel, shone again conspicuous in their feats of arms. In storming the Castle of Gitschin, which was built by Wallenstein in 1610, they are reported to have climbed up the walls like cats, despite the fierce fire with which they were received. The Prussian losses in the storming of the town and castle are reported at very heavy, the position being naturally strong and the resistance of the Austrians most determined.

A correspondent writes: "The Prussians, advancing from the direction of Turnau on Gitschin, had a fight at the villages of Podultz and Diletz, which were held by Austrian and Saxon troops, supported by artillery and three of Austria's finest cavalry regiments. According to the report of the prisoners, the King of Saxony himself took part in the fight. After a severe struggle both villages were carried, and the Prussians made for the Lochow Road in order to cut off the retreat of the Austrians, who were retiring from Lochow on Gitschin. The Austrian cavalry charged the advancing Prussians, but the latter received them without forming square, and the horsemen recoiled, broken by their steady fire. The Austrian troops in Brada and the Saxons and Austrians in Diletz were quite separated by the capture of the village of Podultz, and the former were almost entirely taken; the latter were cut off from retreat in large numbers. The loss of the Saxons between Diletz and Gitschin was tremendous; they fell thickly, and the ground was covered with corpses. The Prussians suffered much, but they fought most bravely, and, with only four regiments and half as many guns as their opponents, carried a very strong position held by a much superior force; for the Prussians had in the field but 16,000 men, and the allied strength is estimated at 40,000. At Diletz the Prussians lie more thickly than at Lochow, for the more numerous artillery of the defenders plowed with terrible effect through the dense columns of the assailants as they advanced to the attack. But between Diletz and Gitschin the ground is covered with broken arms, knapsacks, shakos, and fallen men, who are mostly either Saxons or Austrians, for here the needle-gun was more used than artillery. The Prussians took about 7000 prisoners in the two combats, and the Austrian loss in killed and wounded was estimated at 2000. On the 29th the Prussian head-quarters were moved to Sobotka, and the army took up a position in front of Gitschin, prepared for battle. In the afternoon the strategic object of the movements of the two Prussian armies was achieved, and communications were opened in Bohemia between Prince Frederick Charles and the Crown Prince."

On the 24 of July the King of Prussia arrived at Pischin, where he was received by Prince Frederick Charles. The streets every where showed the traces of the obstinate engagement which had been continued within the town. The enemy had fled in disorder under cover of the night. By the victory of Gitschin the junction of the two armies under Prince Charles and Frederic William, the Crown Prince, was made possible.



ERASTUS W. SMITH, A.P.D.—(Photographed by Gurney & Son, New York.)

Benedek in the mean while, after the defeat of the Saxons, had found it necessary to fall back to Königgrätz.

THE BATTLE OF KONIGGRATZ, OR SADOWA.

We have on a previous occasion given the details of this battle. Our illustration represents the battle-field as it appeared at nine o'clock P.M. after the conflict. The battle was fought July 3, and lasted twelve hours. Early in the morning the Prussian army, commanded by the King in person, met the Austrian army under Marshal Benedek, between Horitz and Königgrätz. For six hours the Austrians obstinately defended a strong position to the south of Bistritz, which was not taken by storm until two P.M., after which the enemy was quickly driven out of his other positions. By seven P.M. the rout of the Austrians were in full retreat, and their defeat was complete. In this battle the Prussians took 116 guns and upward of 20,000 prisoners.

THE LOST FOUND.

The scene presented in our engraving on this page is one of no rare occurrence at our Police stations. It is a scene of happy reunion both to the bewildered little children, who, having strayed beyond the limits of their neighborhood, and being unable, in their alarm or by reason of their infantile years, to give the friendly policeman any information as to their homes, have been made for the night as comfortable as circumstances permitted; and also to the anxious parents, who, after a night of agonized apprehension, have at last found the unhappy wanderers.

ERASTUS W. SMITH, A.P.D.

On the 18th of May last the New York University conferred upon Mr. Erastus W. Smith, the subject of this sketch, the honorary degree of "*Doctor Philosophiæ Artium*" (Doctor in Physical Arts). In a letter, accompanying the one from Chancellor Ferris making the announcement, Professor John W. Draper designates this as the first degree of the kind ever conferred in this country, and the highest the University can give. It places the University, as he says, in connection with mechanical engineering, one of the most important and growing professional interests of our city and country.

It may be profitable for those who are toiling in the same arduous department to know how the enviable prominence, which justifies so high a recognition, has been attained.

Mr. Smith is a native of the State of Connecticut. His parents having moved to Ohio when he was at an early age, he was there employed with his father as carpenter and mill-wright. He afterward was occupied for a short time in a steam-engine manufactory in the same State, but soon becoming convinced that a better opportunity for advancement would be found in a first-class establishment, he came to New York, and apprenticed himself to the late James P. Allaire, proprietor of the well-known Allaire Works, for some years the most noted in the country. After four years of service, perceiving that a knowledge of the physical sciences was necessary to the attainment of any thing like dis-



THE LOST FOUND—A SCENE AT THE POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS, MULBERRY STREET, NEW YORK.

tinction in the profession he had chosen, Mr. Surrr relinquished his place, and pursued those studies at the New York University, graduating in the class of 1844. He then returned to the Allaire Works, and toiled faithfully for six years longer, during which period he was, in the words of his respected employer and friend, Mr. Allaire, in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, "employed in every department, from the lowest to the highest. He has been the principal in the construction of some of the best vessels that sail on our waters, sea, and lakes; for capacity and ability I am sure he has no superior (in the compass of my knowledge of men) in his profession."

After this long and diversified experience in construction and designing, Mr. Surrr determined to rely upon his talents as Consulting Engineer in preference to making permanent engagement with any one establishment. From this point his advancement has been rapid and complete. The Ocean Steam Navigation Co., the Collin's Line of steamers, the New York and Havre Steamship Co., the New York, New Orleans, and Havana line of steamers, the Merchants' Steamship Co., the Dervish and New York Transportation Co., and the North American Steamship Co., have all, at different times, been under his direction, either in the capacity of Engineer-in-Chief, Constructing Engineer, or Superintendent of Machinery. Many of the largest and finest engines ever built in our country are of his designs and drawings. Among these may be specified the steamboat *Metropolis*, of the Fall River line; the *Mississippi*, *St. Lawrence*, *Empire State*, and *Keystone State*, on the Westchester line; the *Independence*, *Favorita*, and *Oregonian*, for the Pacific Ocean.

Passing next into the domain of Civil Engineering, Mr. Surrr is at present Chief Engineer of the new iron bridge at Harlem, and also the sailing Engineer to the Board of Public Works in Chicago, in reference to the tunnel now being constructed under Lake Michigan. Seven important appointments as Consulting and Constructing Engineer are this day held by him, giving evidence of the great confidence reposed in his professional ability, prominent among which should be mentioned his position as Constructing Engineer for Mr. W. H. Webb, in connection with the United States Government for the iron-clad ram *Dunderberg*.

A consideration of the effect of mechanical engineering upon the results of the last war will convince any one that the recognition of its professors among the foremost has educated is not misplaced. It has well been styled the "Iron War." Mechanical genius gave to our military heroes the power to consummate their triumphs. Invincible ships, resistless weapons, rapid transportation, these were the means which had, at least, much to do with the glorious end.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

THE FRENCH MARKET, NEW ORLEANS.

The French Market, when I visited it, had been in full blast since sunrise, presenting the same appearance as the Fulton or Washington Markets on a Saturday afternoon. Here all the negroes speak French, and many of them wear aubots, those clumsy feet-coverings for sale at several places in the Market. Will it be put down to blind prejudice if the writer states that neither the meat, fish, vegetables, nor fruit are so fine as can be found at the above-named markets? Even in the matter of oranges and bananas they are behindhand, probably owing to the last very few licenses any given for the traffic, and it becomes a monopoly in the hands of a few Italians, who buy in the cheapest market, and sell at exorbitant prices. So well are these estimable foreigners organized that a man coming into port with a cargo of fruit has to take the first offer made him, or run extreme risk of selling at all. Whites, creoles, and negroes elbow about, unpleasantness is abound, and the sun pours over all a blistering heat.

Just in the hottest spot of the whole market the most picturesque object is found, namely, the Indian dealers in herbs and baskets. Grouped around, in stolid indifference to the heat, with heavy folded wraps resting on their heads for protection against the sun, they patiently await customers for their wares, and other herbs and roots. Years ago a large number of these aborigines ornamented the city, but as they grow tame they disappear from the city at fast as from their ancient hunting grounds.

In connection with the excitement consequent upon the New Orleans riot I have made a sketch, giving a street view in that city. The scene is laid on St. Charles Street, and represents the march of Phil Sheridan's troops through the city. The building in the distance is the St. Charles Hotel.

A. R. W.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Leaving our own bustling metropolis *en route* for Eastern sections, one can not but remark the more staid and quiet demeanor of the citizens of the New England States. Even if you chance to reach New Haven on a Commencement day, it is evident that nobody is greatly excited. The College yard undoubtedly conceal some anxious faces and restless feet, but little of this appears without. All is very proper, of course, and there is no unseemly crowd even on the College Green. Class meetings and Commencement exercises chiefly interest these unemotional and reserved strangers. To the inhabitants of New Haven these things are an "old story." So a majority of them seem to think, hence, cordially extending hospitality to the many friends who take this time to visit them! To be sure a goodly number of the young ladies show their bright faces in the galleries, or on either side of the stage, some time during Commencement exercise. But then, in general, each one has a "*friend*" who takes a part, or she has a friend who has a "*friend*" who takes a part; and, by keeping your eyes open, you can almost "guess" who is the special "friend," by watching the ingress and egress of fair, flushed faces and dainty little hats. Even the class-honored "Professor's Lady" awakens little interest among these who for years have heard the same invitation extended to "classes and strangers." So that, although New Haven is proud of Old Yale, she is not much moved from the even tenor of her way by the annual recurrence of its Commencements.

In Boston, also, there is a marked difference in the manner of the people. The universal rush and hurry and "*bubbub*" which is so characteristic of New York is quite wanting at the "Hub." Business men walk with a certain grave deliberation which indicates a sense of their stability. They do not seem to fancy that five minutes more or less can either make or mar their fortunes. Even in Washington Street, which is slowly wending its way at the corner of the street, without much danger of being knocked down by some madly-driven vehicle, though indeed the narrow sidewalks would afford some excuse for close contact.

In promenading the streets of Boston one is struck by the great abundance of fresh fruit temptingly displayed. Peaches, pears, and small cherries are common for twenty cents. The bill of fare indicates a similar difference in many articles. We wonder if the disgruntled outlines of "as we go East" and query if "as we go West" when we pay to be quartered a while among the forests of the Aroostook?

It is certainly not a bad injunction to practice upon which Dr. Hall gives in reference to the cholera: "Don't in mind always to be looking for a premature death!" will be the result of personal and domiciliary cleanliness, of a plain and regular mode of living, and of a composed, confident, and cheerful state of the mind. A special caution not to continue any labor or occupation until exhaustion follows. "The best way to avoid fear is when the feeling of tiredness first begins to force itself upon the notice."

"There are comparatively few persons who, in times of sudden alarm, whether it be of fire or water, sickness or accident, possess entire presence of mind. It is in such a natural gift, but may be cultivated to a certain degree." says A lady, living in the interior of New York State, whose handsome residence was burned to the ground last winter, told us the following story of herself and maid, who threw a looking-glass out of the window, and then carefully carry a mattress down stairs, "with the best hotel of such things, but had never been an eye-witness before. The Portland *Transcript* says that one gentleman left his office for his home during the alarm of fire with a pair of cowlpegs in his hand, when a valuable article by wife, in much wider fit of excitement, was left behind. One lady went into the street with a new tin pail in her hand, when her silver-ware, which was in the burning house, was quickly accessible. In the excitement of the moment we honestly confess that all are liable to sudden alarms, and to decide mentally what to do in certain cases.

The following is said to be a reliable matrimonial statistics in regard to the recent graduating class in Yale College. The information will be interesting to young ladies generally:

Engaged	18
Now stands in favor of promise	6
Will not marry till the governor is willing	19
Will not marry till they can get a wife	1
Will not marry till their wife can support them	92
Like children, should be seen and not heard from	9
Wedded to their pipes and slippers	25

A lady who was graduated from one of the institution has been obtained respecting five of the class—perhaps they are already married! Of these 2 days have decided to enter the legal profession, 20 the ministry, and 11 will study medicine.

Not long since a London journal commended with the name of the Atlantic Telegraph Company included Cyrus W. Field more than to any other individual man, or to any body of men. It acknowledged that he was the man who no less than thirty-eight voyages across the ocean in connection with the business of this great enterprise, was in Stockholm, Copenhagen, Berlin, and Paris. As a child he was remarkable for his promptness and energy, and could always be relied upon to accomplish what he undertook, if the result was attainable. He came to New York when about fifteen years old, and entered the store of A. T. Stewart as a clerk. When about twenty-one he commenced business for himself, opening a paper warehouse. He was then in the Wall Street business. Whatever he did he did with all his might; and this trait has been characteristic of him through life. The laurels he has won through perseverance may never be taken from him.

Unripe and stale fruit should be strictly avoided at this season. If the law can not prevent such unhealthy rubbish from being offered for sale, every honest conscience whatever common-sense they may possess. "I should judge," said a gentleman of this city, who had witnessed the burning of his eye a cart filled with little, hairy, green apples and pears, "there were about ten cents of chohera in that cart." We suggest that such "cases of cholera" be reported to the Board of Health.

The following method of making employment must have the effect of reducing the number of the beggars who make us so much: [illegible]

Two Spanish officers recently met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilbao, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents. At the moment a *portfolio* approached the seconds, and in it lamentable tones cried:

"Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan with a large family, and I have small—"

"My good man, don't trouble us now," cried one of the officers. "Can't you see my friends are going to fight? We are not in a charitable humor."

"But, gentlemen I ask for," said the man; "I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and my wife is sick; and I have applied to the gentleman on my left for alms, but the other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffins."

The great instance of jealousy recorded in a Western paper. A young girl belonging to one of the first families of Indianapolis, being jealous at an elder sister, who received a present of a watch, and declined to let her sister's wash pitcher. The result is that the latter has been confined to bed, and callers are told she is ill of a contagious disease. She will grow white again in time.

At the Paris Prefecture of Police a regular account is kept of all lost articles which have been deposited there by the finders. During the last twelve months 83,000 articles of various kinds have been deposited, amounting in value to 825,000 francs, or £33,400. In addition to this, within a single month the following articles were deposited with the police: A gold bracelet with diamonds, deposited by a working house-painter; 700 francs in bank-notes, by a female servant; port-monnaie, containing shares and bonds, found in a mean; a gold watch, found in a street; a gold watch, by a poor widow; a debenture for 500 francs, payable to bearer, by a boy fifteen years old; 3000 francs, in bank-notes; 1700 francs, by a cab-driver; 2500 francs, by a cabman; and a bracelet to gold and diamonds, valued at 15,000 francs, by a cabman. These acts tell greatly in favor of the honesty of the humbler class of Parisians.

If the following, which we clip from an exchange, is really true, the knowledge will be invaluable to florists and farmers. It is certainly worth a trial:

"A decoction of the leaves of common chamomile will destroy every species of insect, and nothing contributes so much to the health of a garden as a number of chamomile plants distributed over it. The grass-hopper or lob-house should ever be without it, in a green or dried state; either will be found equally sure a cure. It is a singular fact, that if a plant is drooping and apparently dying, in nine cases out of ten a few leaves of it will give plant immediate relief."

Among the many incidents which have been told of Gettysburg—some true, and perhaps some false—here is one which, although connected with a serious subject, is extremely amusing.

Among the wounded in the battle were several Germans from a neighboring county, and one of them having died, it was proposed that the German chaplain should perform the funeral. Accordingly a grave was dug; and the body, attended by many comrades, was borne to the place of interment. When there, the German chaplain began:

"Mine Frau, die ish do *first* time die man has *died*." Observing a titter among his audience, he began again in a tone of Christian unction:

"Mine frau, I say die ish do *first* time die man has died." The coffin-lid was closed over no more, and the boys shouted. Indignant at the disrespect shown him as minister, the chaplain left the ground, pelted to the open grave, and simply saying "Stick him in," marched away.

An English paper makes the following statement regarding sanguinary matters:

"The highest salary paid to any man in New England is received by the agent of a woolen-mill in Massachusetts —$25,000. The highest salary said to be that of a Methodist preacher, who stated at a late convention in Boston that he had his salary raised last year to $4000, and had a basket of apples."

The cholera troubles in Egypt, arising from the swarm of locusts with which that country was afflicted, seem to have been somewhat mitigated by a discovery in the art of cooking. Some genius has found a novelty that the most fastidious gourmet must acknowledge. The recipe for preparing this dish is given in a Cairo journal, and we quote it for the benefit of those who are meditating a tour on the borders of the Nile:

"Pick the locust delicately between the finger and thumb of the left hand; cut it in two with a knife, and pour into the saucepan the quantity of good sour: let them stand two days, and then cover with a fritter paste, and fry in boiling oil. Season with pepper, salt, and the fat of small quantity of Burgundy. This dish, which is called 'Cigale à la Bourguignonne,' is said to be delicious."

The following is the last form of a French sensation advertisement:

A Parisian lady of rank died lately in Paris, and her husband sent for a barber to arrange her hair as is usually done with the deceased. The barber took his young son with him, and, to punish the lad for some indiscretion during the journey, the barber compelled him to read aloud "Mon Voisin Raymond" while the hair of the corpse was being dressed. The boy was terribly frightened at the task imposed upon him, and returned home almost delirious. In a short time the barber's wife was to come, and on the following night, and for many nights afterwards, did the apparition appear to the terrified boy by his bedside reading aloud to him improper novels. At last the poor barber's hair turned white under the well-deserved infliction he was undergoing; but soon after the Civil Tribunal had cognizance of the case, the barber's pupil was set free, and the barber was condemned to pay a fine of 500 francs, to apply to Mons. — Rue —, No. —."

THE FLAG IN THE SOUTH.

Ed. Harper's Weekly:

On Tuesday, 16th May, 1865, it being definitively known that Jefferson Davis, the arch traitor, and that we were all once more in Union lines, the Union citizens of Washington Parish, Louisiana, and Pike County, Mississippi, assembled at Mount Hermon Church, in Washington Parish, to celebrate the to them joyful event.

It was determined that a lady had brought with her an old Union flag, which she had hidden for four years, like Jochebed bid Moses, the crowd became impatient for the flag to be being improvised into a flag-staff the old dear flag was brought out, and amidst the shouts and huzzas of the Unionists the free old banner flung to the first time given to the lovely breezes that fanned our sunny land.

As it went up the following original ode, written for the occasion by a lady present, was sung with the most rapturous enthusiasm:

Ay! bring it from its hiding-place
Into the light of day,
And let its starry folds once more
Its bonhere breezes play.
Last shouts of treason rend the air,
While angels smile to see
A nation, freed from tyrant chains,
Restored to Liberty.

Long have we been denied the sight,
And through our hearts the throbbing
To see our country's flag again
Float proudly in the wind.
We've cherished it in our hearts
A depth of love untold,
And hid it from the wrath of man
As misers hide their gold.

Lone has is been a banished thing,
Derided and traduced,
And those who dared to own its cause
Insulted and abused.
Drove by persecution from their homes,
And oft, when forced to flee,
Pursued with bloodhounds through those woods
Where once they wandered free.

We've groaned beneath oppression's power
And all the ills of war,
And dying on the walls of woe
Have burdened Southern air.
A pall of darkness o'er us hung
Like that which shrouds the tomb,
And Hope's faint star was almost lost
Amid the despaired gloom.

Now, God be praised, the dawn has come,
The night of terror o'er,
The golden Sun of Liberty
Shall gild our Southern shore.
Flag that we banned to the breeze,
Let all its friends rejoice,
And songs of praise to God ascend
From every heart and voice!

Gens, Mississippi, July, 1866.

"We heartily recommend them to all our readers."—Burnett's Florimel, the most delicate and exquisite Perfume in the world, and Cocoaine for the Hair.—*Leslie's Family Magazine* (New York).

Moth and Freckles.—Ladies afflicted with discolorations on the face, called moth-patches or freckles, should use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is infallible. Prepared and sold by Dr. B. C. Perry, Manchester, N. H. Sold at Depot, 49 Bond street, New York. Sold by all druggists.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPORTANT TO SOLDIERS.

A bill has passed giving additional bounty to soldiers who served their term of enlistment, or were discharged for wounds. Also, pension for invalids and widows having claims. Apply immediately to law agent. L. BROWN & Co., 1 Park Place, New York.

HUDSON RIVER INSTITUTE.

Superior advantages to English, Classics, Sciences, Commercial, French, Flute Manly and Military. Located with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months been thought that a preparation, having for its basis the inulin bark of white pine, might be a remedy for the above affection in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, accompanied by a sudden cold, and had relaxed mucous stoked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1865, I first advertised it under the name of WISTAR'S PINE COMPOUND.

As a remedy for Kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled.—*Boston Journal.*

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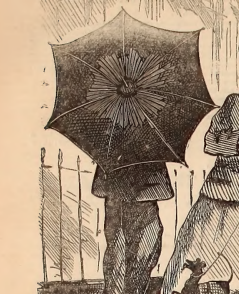
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CRUELTY TO ANIMALS IN THE DOG DAYS.

MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. "We shall have to prosecute you, Madam, if you continue to clothe that unhappy Brute during the warm weather."

INDIGNANT OLD MAID. "Prosecute me, indeed! I would like to know, if *some Brutes* are permitted to carry Umbrellas and wear Clothing, why my Dog should be denied the same privilege?"

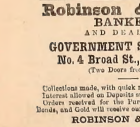
Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

Snow-White Steel Shirt Collar,
81 Cents; 2½ Inches. 28. "Self-adjusting." Patented Sept., 1865. "Sent by mail." HILLIS & FOGAN, Inventors, Patentees, and Manufacturers, Nassau St., N.Y.

POLLAK & SON Meerschaum Manufacturers, 697 Broadway, near 4th St., N. Y., wholesale and retail at reduced rates. Pipes and Holders cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send stamp for Circular. Pipes $6 to $30 each.

E. REMINGTON & SONS,



MANUFACTURERS OF
Revolvers, Rifles,
Muskets, and Carbines,
For the United States Service. Also
POCKET AND BELT REVOLVERS,
REPEATING PISTOLS.
Rifle Canes, Revolving Rifles,
Rifle and Shot-Gun Barrels and Gun Materials. Sold by Gun Dealers and the Trade generally.
In these days of House-breaking and Robbery, every House, Store, Bank, and Office should have one of
Remington's Revolvers.
Circulars containing cuts and description of our Arms will be furnished upon application.
E. REMINGTON & SONS, Ilion, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL REVOLVER.



This new celebrated Revolver excels all others for compactness, effectiveness, durability, power, and infinity to carrying. In light calibre, small (only 7 in.), with larger *metallic cartridges* (9–100 ball) than any Revolver made of same weight. Send for circular. GEO. A. HICKOCK, 73 Reckman Street, New York.

Economy is Wealth.
If you want the best-fitting, strongest, and most serviceable Paper Collar ever offered to the Public, don't fail to purchase the
PATENT REVERSIBLE PAPER COLLAR
MARCH BROS., PIERCE & CO.,
AGENTS,
WINTHROP SQUARE, BOSTON.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO SOLDIERS.
WILLIAM S. MORSE AND CO.,
Attorneys and Solicitors of Claims,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
We will forward all necessary papers for the collection of bounty on application.

From the Washington Daily Chronicle.
Major Wm. S. Morse was the author of the bill for the equalization of bounties, as originally introduced by the Hon. Geo. W. Julian, M.C. of Indiana, and passed by the House of Representatives on the 25th of July last.

The soldiers owe more to his efforts than to any other person for the passage of the present law.

Send your discharge to our address, and we will prepare and forward all necessary papers by return mail. Correspondents liberally dealt with. Address
WM. S. MORSE AND CO., Washington, D. C.
REFERENCES: Major-Gen. Rob. C. Schenk, Chairman House Military Committee; Major-Gen. John C. Ketchum, M.C., N. Y.; Hon. Geo. W. Julian, M.C., Indiana; Hon. Hamilton Ward, M.C., N. Y., and Senators and Members of Congress generally.

PEABODY'S BREECH-LOADING
MUSKETS, CARBINES, AND SPORTING RIFLES,
FOR METALLIC CARTRIDGES,
MANUFACTURED BY THE
PROVIDENCE TOOL CO. ARMORY,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
These arms are made in the most perfect manner, are interchangeable in all their parts, and are unsurpassed for symmetrical appearance, simplicity, accuracy of fire, and strength. They have been received with remarkable favor in our own and several other countries, and can now be supplied in large numbers. Send for descriptive pamphlet and illustrated price-list, printed in English, French, German, or Spanish.

Mosquito Nets
WITH PATENT PORTABLE FRAMES.
G. L. & J. B. KELTY, 447 Broadway.

UNION ADAMS,
HOSIER, GLOVER,
AND
SHIRT MAKER,
No. 637 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

50 PER-CENT SAVED BY USING
B. T. BABBITT'S STAR YEAST POWDER. Light Biscuit or any kind of Cake may be made with this "Yeast Powder" in 15 minutes. No shortening is required when sweet milk is used. Nos. 64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.

MOTT'S CHEMICAL POMADE
The best hair restorer and dressing. Sold by druggists.
MERCHANTS, BANKERS,
And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 66 Broadway.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
CAPITAL PRIZE 30,000 DOLLARS
THE NORTH AMERICAN PRIZE CONCERT
Will positively be given at
WABASH AVENUE RINK, CHICAGO, ILL., August 22, 1866.
THE FIRST PRIZE CONCERT TO BE GIVEN IN THE UNITED STATES.
NO POSTPONEMENT.
250,000 Valuable Prizes, valued at $500,000, will be presented to Ticket-Holders, including $100,000 in Greenbacks.
The time rapidly approaches, and only a few days remain before the Drawing takes place. All wanting Tickets should send in their orders at once, as only a few remain unsold. Such an opportunity occurs only once in a person's lifetime.
With the help of our numerous agents, located all over the United States, we have reason to believe that every ticket will be sold before the day designated.
Number of Tickets Issued, 500,000. Price, One Dollar.
This is the greatest inducement ever offered to the people of the United States.

EVERY OTHER TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE.	
1 Gift in Greenbacks	$30,000
1 do. do.	10,000
1 do. do.	5,000
1 do. do.	4,000
1 do. do.	3,000
1 do. do.	2,000
20 Gifts in Greenbacks, $1000 each	20,000
50 do. do. $50 each	10,000
50 do. do. 100 each	5,000
50 do. do. 50 each	1,000
800 do. do. 10 each	8,000
1,000 do. do. 5 each	5,000
1 Gift, Residence in Chicago	2,000
10 Gifts, City Lots in Chicago, $500 each	5,000
60 do. Bonds, $500 each	30,000
70 do. Melodeons, $150 each	10,500
100 do. Ribbon, $10 each	1,000
200 do. Gold Watches, $150 each	30,000
500 do. do. 100 each	50,000
200 do. Silver Watches, 65 each	13,000
200 do. do. 60 each	12,000
1,000 Sets of Plated Teaspoons, $3 each	3,000
1,000 Call Bells, $3 each	3,000
1,000 Plated Fruit Knives, $3 each	3,000
2,000 Gold Pens in Holders, $3 each	6,000
2,000 Photograph Albums, 5 each	10,000
7,000 Gold Pen Holders, $5 each	10,000
238,043 Gifts	Worth $238,043

EVERY OTHER TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE.
The drawing will take place after the concert, where 20,000 persons can witness it. A committee will be appointed by the audience to superintend the same. All applicants will be supplied with a full and correct list of the drawing as soon as published. Tickets are for sale at the principal News Agencies, Hotels, and Book Stores, and at our office, 109 Randolph St., Chicago. Tickets, $1 each, or eleven tickets for $10, sent by return mail or express. Great inducements are offered to AGENTS, who are wanted every where. Write for our terms at once. Send reference with application.
SPECIAL TERMS, or CLUB RATES.—5 tickets to one address for $4 50; 10 tickets, $8 00; 20 tickets, $17 50; 50 tickets, $39 25; 85 tickets, $75 00; 100 tickets, $87 50. In every case send the name of each ticket and their Post-Office address. Money by draft, Post-Office order, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk.

Every Other Ticket Draws a Prize.
REFERENCES: Gen. Benj. F. Butler, Lowell, Mass.; Tappan, McKillop, & Co., Commercial Agency, Chicago; Ill; Lot C. Whitford, Wholesale Paper Dealer, Chicago; J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.; M. B. Quimby & Co., Wholesale Jewelers, Boston; Peter & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia; Hon. James L. Hamilton, Importer, New York; Van Valkenburgh & Co., Importers, New York; S. B. Cobb, Chicago; Ira Holmes, Cashier Third National Bank, Chicago; Crosby & Ainsworth, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

READ WHAT THE CHICAGO PRESS SAY.
NORTH AMERICAN PRIZE CONCERT.—Among the first Gift Enterprises ever commenced in Chicago was that of Messrs. A. A. Kelley & Co., which has been perpetual for more than three years past, and has given universal satisfaction, if we are to judge by the extensive patronage accorded it. They are the proprietors of the "North American Prize Concert," now so extensively advertised in the various other papers, and indorsed by some of the best business firms in this country. From what we know of Mr. Kelley, we are positive that he will, "in the future as in the past," deal fairly and honorably with all who take stock in his enterprise. His prizes are large and liberal, and will, without doubt, be scrupulously awarded to holders of lucky tickets. Every alternate ticket will draw a prize. Call at the office, 109 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., or address A. A. KELLEY & CO., 105 Bandolph Street.—*Evening Times.*

KELLEY & CO.'S GIFT ENTERPRISE.—The first to embark in the Gift Enterprise business in Chicago was the firm of A. A. Kelley & Co., located at 108 Randolph St. Those who have seen or read their gift circulars, spread for the last three years ago, where many purchased books and other articles, and were so lucky as to find with their purchases tickets which entitled them to valuable gifts of every description, from the smallest article to a costly piano-forte, and those have the best of evidences that Messrs. Kelley & Co. always perform all they promise; that they are honorable men, and do business honorably and on the square. Their Gift Concert which has now commenced, the drawing of which is to take place on the 22d of August, promises to be one of the most successful of the series of Gift Concerts that have taken place in Chicago. Every ticket will be given to distributing agents, and all that they are required to do is to sell them. The prizes will positively be distributed to those holding the lucky tickets after the drawing. 3. There is such a very large number of prizes that every one's chances are decidedly in favor of drawing something. 4. The citizens of Chicago, who know A. A. Kelley & Co., have confidence in their honor and integrity, and are largely investing in their enterprise. These are some of the reasons why we feel safe in commending Kelley & Co.'s Gift Concert to the public. Let the people come up and buy the tickets still remaining unsold. The drawing will positively take place on the day advertised. Money may be sent by mail for tickets, and will be promptly forwarded.—*Chicago Journal.*

All communications should be addressed to A. A. KELLEY & CO., 105 Bandolph St., Chicago (P. O. Drawer 1624).

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERT,
For the Benefit of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Home Fund, at Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C., on Thursday Evening, August 2, 1866,
POSTPONED UNTIL THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 11, AT WHICH TIME IT WILL POSITIVELY OCCUR.
300,000 Tickets, at $1 each. 75,000 Presents, valued at $250,000, consisting of Fine Residences, Lots, Pianos, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware, &c., &c.
TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE, WASHINGTON, June 27, 1866.
Whereas H. A. Hall and others, as "managing directors" of "Grand National Concert" to be held in Washington, D. C., on the 2d of August next, have made due application to L. Clephane, Collector of Internal Revenue for the collection district of the District of Columbia, for permission to hold a lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise, and pay the special tax imposed by law thereon, and the proceeds of said lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise are to be devoted to charitable uses, permission is hereby granted to such "managing directors" to hold such lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise and pay said tax, they complying with the law of October 1, 1862, and the regulations thereof.
E. A. ROLLINS, Commissioner of Internal Revenue.
CARD.—A large number of tickets remaining unsold, it will be necessary to postpone the Grand National Concert until the 11th of October, 1866, at which time it will positively occur.
The many evidences that have been given the public during the past few months somewhat delayed our sales, until we were able to satisfy the people throughout the country that the enterprise was genuine, and assure the charitable public that the Directors are confident that on the 11th of October, 1866, we have sufficient tickets sold to guarantee the sales without any further postponement.
Major H. A. HALL, President Soldiers' and Sailors' Union.
All orders must be addressed, with stamps enclosed, to WILLIAM S MORSE, Secretary,
Lock Box 37. Washington, D.C.

WE REFER, BY PERMISSION, TO
Major-Gen. Winfield S. Hancock, U.S.A.; Gen. Robert C. Schenck, M.C., Ohio; Gen. Hulbert E. Paine, M.C., Wis.; Gen. John H. Ketchum, M.C., N. Y.; Gen. James G. Blunt, Kansas; Gen. J. N. Hedrick, Iowa; Gen. D. C. McCallum, D.C.; Gen. O. W. Devereux, N. Y.; Hon. Jere. Boughton, N. Y.; Hon. Geo. W. Julian, M.C., Ind.; Hon. George Ashmun, M.C., Mass.; Hon. D. C.; Major J. E. Doughty, N. Y.; Hon. Richard Wallach, Mayor Washington, D.C.; Hon. Thos. D. Lincoln, Mayor, Boston, Mass.; Hon. Geo. W. Thompson, M.C., Ohio; Hon. Samuel J. Randall, M.C., Penn.; Hon. Henry C. Deming, M.C., Conn.; Hon. Thos. M. Key, M.C., Md.; Hon. Samuel J. Randall, M.C., Penn.; Hon. B. F. Wade, U.S.S., Ohio; Hon. D. Gooding, M.C., N.Y.; Hon. Henry Wilson, U.S.S., Mass.; Hon. Ira Harris, U.S.S., Hon. B. F. Wade, U.S.S., Ohio; Hon. D. Gooding, M.C., N.Y.; Hon. Henry Wilson, U.S.S., Mass.; Hon. Ira Harris, U.S.S., Hon. B. F. Wade, U.S.S., Ohio; Hon. Edgar Cowan, U.S.S., Penn.; Hon. Wm. P. Fessenden, U.S.S., Me.; Hon. Reverdy Johnson, U.S.S., Md.; Hon. Kellan V. Whaley, M.C., Va.; Hon. William A. Newell, M.C., N. J.; Hon. George W. Julian, M.C., Ind.; Hon. Leonard Myers, M.C., Penn.; Hon. Joseph Baily, M.C., Penn.; Hon. Leonard H. Rose, M.C., Penn.; Hon. J. M. Arrington, M.C., Penn.; Major-Gen. Geo. Cadwalader, Penn.; Hon. J. K. Moorhead, M.C., Penn.; Major-Gen. Robert C. Schenck, M.C., Ohio; Hon. Thos. Williams, M.C., Penn.; Hon. Geo. W. Julian, M.C., Ind.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 504.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—MURDER OF THE REV. MR. HORTON IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—SKETCHED BY DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 535.]

A CRY FROM THE VINEYARD.

God sends his servants to bed when they have done their work!—THOMAS FULLER.

"O, Father, I'm weary—how long must I stay
In this Vineyard wood-tangled, with work for all day?
The sun is so scorching, the winds are so ill,
That I faint at the travail—or shiver and chill;
My feet ache and are wounded, my garments are torn,
And the labor grows harder than labor at morn.
For the grapes they are bitter, and quench not my thirst,
And wine is no more I know not the worst!

"Oh, child," spoke the Father, "just patience be thine,
Till the grapes thou find'st bitter formost into wine.
A robe there in weaving which can not be torn,
A robe there for wedding-guests only is worn;
A crown there is promised with jewels more bright
Than a monarch's proud diadem reflect in light!
And the tenth of the flowers which fade not nor die,
Shall heal every wound, and shall hush every sigh!

"Oh, child, well-beloved, when the evening shall come
Be sure then shalt slumber and rest in thy home;
And be preparing more soft than the cloud
Which floats in the ether one bright star to shroud,
When the white moon is shining to silver it over
As the exiles of princes were burnished of yore!
And He who once trampled the wine-press alone
Will bring thee to rest when thy labor is done!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1866.

THE PRESIDENT JUDGED BY HIMSELF.

NO event since the end of the war has so profoundly moved the country as the massacre at New Orleans, and none of the circumstances connected with it have been regarded with more painful surprise than the action of the President. Ever since the meeting of Congress last December he has strenuously insisted that the late rebel States, by conforming to certain terms which he had named, without consultation with Congress, were fully restored to their equal relations in the Union with the loyal States. He has publicly denounced Senators and Representatives as traitors and disunionists because they did not agree with him. He has vetoed the most important bills passed by Congress, assigning among his reasons for every instance that legislation during the exclusion from representation of the States in question was of doubtful constitutionality. He has undertaken to dictate those States as no longer in an exceptional situation, insisting that war was over, that all its methods were at an end, and that nothing remained to complete the normal condition of the Union but the admission of representatives duly qualified.

Louisiana is one of these States. The President told the country it was upon exactly the same footing in the Union as New York, and was to be treated by the national authorities exactly as New York is treated. He had recognized its local State Government as no less valid and independent within its constitutional sphere than that of New York, and however opinions as to the constitutionality or good policy or common sense of his views may have differed, no one, we suppose, doubted that they were sincerely held and would honestly control his action.

But the President has suddenly shown that, while he denounces the Legislative branch of the Government as disorganizing or treasonable for not submitting to his theory, he does not mean to be bound by it himself. While he and his supporters are vociferously accusing Congress of revolutionary intentions because it does not immediately recognize what he calls the lawful representatives of Louisiana, he himself calls to account and peremptorily disregards the Governor of Louisiana, whom he has recognized as a lawful Governor as much as Governor FENTON of New York. He does in that State what he knows would not be for a moment tolerated in this.

On the 21st of July the President issues the following extraordinary order to the Governor of Louisiana, but, let it be remembered, of all asserts is the peer of the Governor of Pennsylvania, of Massachusetts, of Illinois, or of any other State. "*I have been advised that you have issued a proclamation convening the Convention elected in* 1864. *Please inform me under and by what authority this has been done, and by what authority this Convention can assume to represent the loyal people of the State of Louisiana.*" This is the order of a superior to a subordinate agent. This is a message which the commander-in-chief may properly send to a provisional lieutenant. But it is a message which the President of the United States has no more rightful authority to send to the Governor of New York than the Queen of England has. And when such a missive is forwarded by a President who has been for months tediously reiterating that the rights of the States are in imminent danger of being destroyed by despotic centralization it is both ludicrous and alarming; ludicrous, because the executive act is such a ridiculous contradiction of the executive assertion; and alarming, because it shows either the President's incapacity to comprehend the limits of the executive power, or his determination to disregard them at his pleasure.

The President's "policy" thus proves to be the President's pleasure. When it is convenient for him to treat a State as fully in the Union the President's "policy" requires us to assent. When it is convenient to consider it as under absolute military supervision the President's "policy" requires us to say Amen. If the President blows hot, we must agree that it is warm. If he blows cold, we must declare it is exceeding chilly. If he denounces Congress as revolutionary for not recognizing the representatives of Louisiana, we must beg him to sweep it out of the Capitol. And if, when his head refuses to recognize the Governor of Louisiana, we must vow that he is the saviour of the Constitution.

The whole memorable history justifies Congress. It has steadily refused to act upon a visionary theory, "a pernicious abstraction." Familiar with the causes of the war, realizing standing the wrecks of violence that always attend so fierce a struggle, and knowing that statesmanship deals with facts, it has not foolishly supposed that every thing was settled because insurgents had laid down their arms, nor assumed that States still quivering with hatred and hostility could be admitted to a share in the Government without patient inquiry and deliberation. It has asked only that the facts be ascertained, not assumed. Without hostile emotion, without vindictiveness, it has required that no State deliberately withdrawing its representatives, in order to destroy the Government, shall claim to have them readmitted except upon terms of reasonable guarantee, and that rebellion shall not be rewarded by increased political power. Whether Congress, in its prudent care, is for unnecessarily delaying what is just and reasonable than the President in his immoderate haste—whether its calm and consistent policy is not as respectful of just State rights as the capricious, scolding, and utterly illogical and inconsistent conduct of the President—whether, in settling a civil war, it is more revolutionary to deprive a State of its national representation until it submits to reasonable terms, than to deprive it of its local government at the executive pleasure—are questions upon which we believe there is very little difference among the loyal people of the United States.

THE TORY BLUNDER IN ENGLAND.

THE Tory Ministry begins its term in England by a collision with the people. The Reform League called a public meeting in Hyde Park. The Chief of Police declared that it would not be allowed. To an inquiry in Parliament the Government replied by taking the responsibility. The Reform League continued its arrangements peacefully in order to dispense procession to the gate of the Park, demanded entrance, and being forcibly repulsed by the police, moved on to another spot and held its meeting. Meanwhile the railings around the Park were broken in several places by the great pressure of the crowd, and as the people poured in they were clubbed by the policemen, and for a little time it looked as if the soldiers who were present might have to interfere to preserve order.

The Government was sharply attacked in Parliament, and made a very poor defense. MR. MILL, in a few grave and pointed remarks, said that the Government had come to the name of the sovereign of the occasion, or of the very serious consequences that might follow the step it had taken. To the objection that the meeting would cause serious obstruction of the riders and pedestrians in the Park, MR. MILL replied by asking whether such a meeting would cause a thousandth part of the interruption that an ordinary day's race upon the volunteers does, and whether a meeting in a street or in a square disturbs the city less than one in a park? Besides, since the Parks are the property of the people, and the people have an incontestable right of meeting, upon what ground could they be excluded from Hyde Park that would not justify the suppression of all public meetings in public places? The *Star* plainly said that it was the thought of Reform which the Government feared. "Who holds the people to meet in the streets and squares, lest they impede traffic, or in the Parks, lest they interfere with the pleasure of loungers; and then, if they do not meet, denounces them in turn with apathy and declares them unfit for the responsibility of free citizens. It is not surprising that the Times could talk speech by saying that the Government might be congratulated on an act the consequences of which the wisdom of wiser men than they could not in many years remove.

MR. DISRAELI, for the Government, had nothing to say but that he indignantly repudiated any sinister intention, and that the Parks were unfit places for public meetings; for however honest the intention of the callers, they gave opportunity to "the scum of the metropolis" to misconduct themselves. Yet he declared himself no more opposed to public meetings than MR. MILL or any of his friends. Nothing could be more important than such an excuse, except that offered for the massacre at New Orleans. The original difficulty, in both cases, is the total incapacity of Toryism to understand the spirit and conditions of a free, constitutional government. It always strikes at free speech under pretense of preserving public order. It interprets a logical statement as a threat, and resents the drawing of conclusions as if they were swords. If the stupidity of Toryism were ever surprising—if it were not an essential and invariable part of it, we might wonder that, with the tremendous experience of 1832, the British Ministry should undertake to interfere with public meetings, as a means of thwarting the Reform spirit of the day. That spirit is the salvation of the country, and could its expression be wholly repressed, it would merely be hermetically sealed down into the boiler. Undoubtedly the Tory Ministry, by interfering with the Hyde Park meeting, has secured the passage of the Reform bill. And although it has agreed to refer the question of the right of meeting in the Parks to judicial decision, it has plainly betrayed its own inclination upon the subject.

OUR NATIONAL DISGRACE.

IT is now safe to say that the wheat crop of the United States in the current year, 1866, will be the largest ever harvested. Of the corn and pork crops it is yet too soon to speak with certainty. Thus far, both promise excellently; but early frosts may blight too confident expectations, and the most that can safely be said is that the prospect is good. The petroleum crop has been bountiful; our foreign export is over four times that of last year. Finally, of our greatest staple, cotton, the prospect is fair. Estimates vary somewhat in this section. There are those who look for a crop of 3,000,000 bales; and there are others, apparently equally well informed, who carefully based by precedent, and regarding with the unprecedentedness of free negro labor, who declare that a crop of 1,500,000 bales will astonish them. A middle party expects 2,300,000 bales; and if no accident or early frost occurs, the chances are fair that this estimate will not exceed, though it may fall short of the actual product. With a crop of 2,300,000 bales, prices might be maintained until the crop of 1867 approached harvest season, and it would thus yield to the planter as much money, even in gold, as the greatest crop ever hitherto gathered.

Our first thought, in contemplating these agreeable facts, must be a reverent gratitude to Almighty God for having so greatly blessed us, at the issue of an exhaustive war. This supreme duty performed, the second reverts to the industrial and financial nature. And the query suggests itself at the outset, how comes it, with the boundless resources of this land country, and with harvests far surpassing those of past years, that our public and private finances are still in a position of disgrace; that United States money is classed by foreigners with Austrian paper, and that every where a New York dollar is only worth two-thirds of a London or Paris dollar; that clothing and food, the necessaries and the luxuries of life, are all dearer here than elsewhere in the civilized world; and above all, that the people of the United States, who produce so largely, and among whom, in consequence—social, political, and financial independence—are so abundant and so easy to obtain, should be the most heavily taxed people on the face of the earth?

It is not easy to solve the problem. A number of semi-solutions or palliative suggestions may be made. Enormous sums were recruited on our war with a lavish hand, spent more money than was necessary, and require time to recover ourselves after our national debauch. And it may be added, having started on a false path, we are necessarily bound to retrace our steps leisurely, for fear of ruining interests which were built upon the past errors. And it may further be said that, so far as our internal commerce is concerned, our paper currency answers every purpose, while its depreciation serves to check our foreign importations. These and other arguments of the same class were effectively used in Congress by Senator JOHN SHERMAN, MR. THADDEUS STEVENS, and others, against the dominant party, in opposition to more conservative men, who desired to initiate a policy leading, within a given time, to a restoration of specie payments.

Still, to a common-sense observer, contemplating, on the one hand, the resources and the annual product of the country, and, on the other, the aggregate amount of the national debt and the annual interest charge, it seems monstrous that our country should continue in a position of disgrace. We owe but little more than half the national debt of England, and our revenue is two-thirds greater than that of England; yet British sovereigns and notes of the Bank of England command a premium of 5o per cent. in our own market in our own currency. It would seem much more reasonable that British Bank notes should sell at a discount for American money.

It may be said that MR. MCCULLOCH is not to blame for this state of things; that he frankly told the result in plain language; that he begged Congress to give him the power to contract the currency, and that the extremity was denied. There is some truth in this. MR. SHERMAN of Ohio, and THADDEUS STEVENS of Pennsylvania, acting in the interest of established industries, effectually put a stop to the Secretary's scheme for the reduction of the volume of paper-money afloat. They believed, or pretended to believe, in the language of MR. STEVENS, that there is not half enough currency afloat, and that it would be better to swell the present volume from $900,000,000 to $1,500,000,000, with little regard to the consequences in the Gold Room. And they actually succeeded in securing the passage of a bill which prohibits the Secretary from canceling more than about 2½ of the currency afloat in the course of the year.

The Secretary of the Treasury, adopting the fashion of a party which, according to his friends, is controlled by his financial opponents, has been, in his friends' opinions, relieved from responsibility by the action of the majority in Congress. In reply to hostile criticism he has simply to say:

"I foretold the fatal consequences of continued currency expansion. I foresaw a coming crisis. I urged a swift and sharp contraction —to the extent of thirty per cent. per annum of the volume of currency afloat. Congress would not listen to me. Instead of granting me the powers I asked, Congress actually passed a law forbidding me to use the small power I enjoyed to contract the currency."

On the other hand, members of Congress, when summoned by their constituents to explain the high price of dry goods and other necessaries of life, will say:

"We left the matter with the Secretary of the Treasury. He had power to contract loans at will, and so absorb surplus currency. His authority, in regard to the funding of the public debt, was the largest ever confided to any Finance Minister in the world. He has power to sell bonds when and as he pleases, and to keep or disburse the currency proceeds. He may sell gold when and as he pleases, and lock up, if it seems best, the currency received in exchange. He has the national credit independent, and prices are correspondingly high, the public must call him—not us—to account."

This is how the case stands at present. All admit that, in view of the enormous debt, the national income, and the general prosperity of the country, the premium on gold is unjustified. But while some blame the "inflation majority" for prohibiting by statute currency contraction, others hold the Secretary responsible for allowing the power he enjoys of funding the debt to be dormant. It is hardly possible, while examining the rival claims. Congress has adjourned, and its responsibility is no longer a question. If the Secretary fails to judicially determined to rest with Congress, the country had best carry the claim to "profit and loss," without further debate. At best we can only vote down the manufacturer men at the next election. But the Secretary is still there. He can still sell new Five-Twenty Bonds at a premium to any extent required. If the currency accumulated in the Treasury to an extent which provokes speculation, and he has no loan on the market, he would fairly seem responsible for the accumulation and for its consequences. Millions upon millions of new Five-Twenties can now be sold here and abroad at a premium. If the Secretary does not choose to supply them, he is responsible for the subsequent condition of the money and stock markets. If he does supply them, he is bound to keep in hand currency enough to represent them when Congress asks him for an account.

In the present condition of the currency a new loan would bring gold down to half the present premium, and would make money worth 6 @ 7 per cent. per annum.

POLITICIANS ADRIFT.

IT is a curious inquiry with whom in the late rebel States the managers of the RANDALL Philadelphia Convention proposed to coalesce. The motive of the call was declared to be a desire to promote harmony and reconciliation between those who had lately been divided by war. Obviously to the success of such an assembly a representation of all interests and views was not only valuable but essential. It was essential, of necessity, "By-gones are by-gones." But apparently those who issued the call were so blinded by hatred to the great body of the Union party, and by anxiety to create a new Presidential party, that their first step was a mistake, and every succeeding step has confirmed it.

The call virtually denounced the action of Congress; but as that action is sustained by the mass of the distinctive Union men in every part of the country, and nowhere more zealously than by the sturdy and tried Unionists of the late insurgent States, they were excluded from the Convention. There remained then the reactionary Unionists of 1864 and the Democrats in one part of the country, and the late rebels in the other, from which to construct a new party. But the managers, totally misapprehending the facts, immediately began to

discriminate invidiously among these classes. They would have only what they called War Democrats and reactionary Republicans from the North, and those who had not been conspicuous rebels from the South. This was an impossible distinction at the North; for the last party platform of the Democracy was that made at Chicago, which was the work of VALLANDIGHAM, and was equally supported by the Peace Democrats and the War Democrats.

HENRY C. MURPHY supported it cheek by jowl with FERNANDO WOOD, and VALLANDIGHAM voted for it with JOHN T. HOFFMAN. The line which divided them as Peace and War Democrats was invisible when compared with that which united them simply as Democrats. Moreover, as a matter of fact, the Democratic party was the party of opposition to the war. It acted as a unit in the national election of 1864 during the war, and at the State elections of 1865 after the war was over. It, therefore, could not submit to be divided in 1866 by any external authority. And as the Philadelphia managers must depend upon that party as the chief element in their new combination, they would of course strengthen themselves by incorporating it as a unit instead of a divided body.

The distinction which the same gentlemen attempted at the South was equally unreal. They began by counting out the original and constant Unionists there, and insisted, with Senator DIXON at New Haven, that all the intellect and information and worth of the Union had been conspicuous in the rebellion. It was with these last, therefore, that the managers proposed conciliation. But by no representatives of this class, if not men like ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, Governor BROWN, and Governor ORR; and if they were excluded, who were to speak for them? Before the Convention met it appeared that certain persons, insignificant from their numbers, who had been unable to control the Union party, proposed to exclude both that party and the bulk of the Democrats at the North, with the Unionists and late rebels at the South, and with the remainder—that is, by themselves—to construct a party of their own to sweep the country.

The result was plain enough from the beginning. If the new movement was to succeed it could only be by the support of the Democratic party. But would that party enter into an alliance of which the terms were to be dictated by a few bolters from their legislatory opponents? If those bolters were of that opinion they were no more sagacious than usual. The RANDALL Philadelphia Convention can not change the real aspect of the situation. It may be a convenient gate for discontented Unionists to enter the Democratic fold; but the great contest will still be fought out by the Union and Democratic parties. There will not in this State, for instance, be three differing parties at the autumn elections; and even should there be apparently three, two of them will be merely allies against the other.

THE FIGHT AT LISSA.

THE extraordinary war in Europe, in which the most radical results have been attained in the briefest and most brilliant campaign, is not without its episodes of romantic heroism. The chief of these was the conduct of the Italians in the naval battle of Lissa. The Italian fleet in the Adriatic had inexplicably delayed operations. It was very large, superbly equipped, supposed to be ably commanded, maintained at vast expense, and the Italians chafed with indignation at its inactivity in the very moment when, as was believed, it might have materially assisted the movements of the army. At last, on the 16th of July, the fleet sailed from Ancona, and on the 18th attacked the fortified island of Lissa upon the coast of Dalmatia with such fury that the Italians intended on the 20th to land troops and occupy the island.

On that day, however, the Austrian squadron appeared, and the Italian Admiral PERSANO instantly bore down to the attack. A heavy gale was blowing, which perplexed the operations, but both Austrians and Italians evidently relied upon the iron sheaths and beaks with which the vessels were armed, and the conflict was tremendous. The *Re d' Italia*, built in New York for the Italian Government, but plated in Italy, according to the accounts, was the flag-ship of PERSANO, but for some reason he left it at the beginning of the action. The Austrian Admiral upon the *Kaiser*, unaware of PERSANO's movement, directed his overpowering assault against the *Re d' Italia*. Three or more of the Austrian iron-clads, belching fire and iron, came crushing on to the Italian ship, struck her furiously on the quarter, the stern, and amidships, and stove her to pieces. The huge ship rapidly sank; but as she went down half a battalion of soldiers climbed into the tops, and, while bobbing on by the ropes, shouldered their rifles deliberately, as if on parade, and fired a terrible volley upon the deck of the nearest Austrian ship, killing twenty and wounding sixty. It was their fierce farewell. The next moment the roaring gulf closed over the *Re d' Italia* and four hundred of her gallant company. A private letter is quoted by the correspondent of the New York *Times*, which says that Captain ENRICO BRUNO, the commander of the ship, when he saw that there was no hope, put a pistol to his head and went down with her.

At about the same time the Italian gun-boat *Palestro* was so overpowering attacked that her capture seemed inevitable. The Captain, CAPPELLINI, called a hasty council of his officers and crew, and they resolved to blow up the vessel rather than surrender. Then gayly hanging the ship with the flag of Italy, and cheering for King and country, the fuse was lighted, and in a moment nothing remained but floating fragments of the ship and her company of two hundred. A letter to the Turin paper says that when the fate of the *Re d' Italia* was evident Admiral PERSANO in the *Affondatore* drove with steam against the Austrian flag-ship, the *Kaiser*, and sank her among his own foes.

It is not easy to determine which fleet had the final advantage. Both withdrew to refit. But Tegetthoff claimed itself for a victory, and we do not observe that any Italian town rejoiced. But that is not surprising, for under the circumstances a drawn battle was a defeat for the Italians. Indeed, all fortune has followed them through the war. The heroic but disastrous day at Custozza and the romantic valor of the sea-fight at Lissa are still long in Italian song and story. But every Italian will remember with impatience that Venetia was conquered for Italy by Prussia, and that it was not Italian arms which achieved Italian unity.

THE APOLOGY FOR THE LATE MASSACRE.

THE defense made for the massacre in New Orleans is utterly impotent and contemptible. It consists in calling the assembly of the Constitution illegal; and in slandering the Radical leaders, and in declaring that they meant to inaugurate civil war, and to do all kinds of horrible deeds. No other justification of a fierce and wanton slaughter of innocent men is attempted.

Now, as we showed last week, no meeting whatever, for the purpose of secession or deliberation, assembled under any call whatever, is illegal in this country. The right of the people peaceably to assemble to consider public affairs is unalienable. If the circumstances of the case excite apprehension of probable disturbance, the authorities are to take measures to keep the peace at the meeting. But to denounce a deliberative meeting in advance as itself threatening to the public peace, and to declare an intention of dissolving it by arrest of its members before they have done any indeed done, is a proceeding which invites the riot it affects to quell.

JOHN T. MONROE, a bitter rebel, whom the President pardoned that he might be Mayor of New Orleans, undertakes to declare in advance that a meeting of citizens to discuss public questions is criminal. He is Mayor of a public peace, is therefore unlawful, and that he shall disperse it and arrest the participants. Thus no meeting of citizens of the United States in New Orleans, for any purpose whatever, which JOHN T. MONROE may consider calculated to disturb the peace, is to be permitted. His will becomes the law legally in that city, and disregard of it was the "illegality" of the Convention, whose members were therefore justifiably and properly massacred! This is the Conservative defense of that tragedy, and it needs no reply.

MR. JOHN T. MONROE, if he were once a slaveholder, may have made fast and free upon his slave plantations, but he and his Conservative apologists will learn, as border ruffians learned in KANSAS, that a city of the United States is not his slave plantation.

"THE PEOPLE."

IT is sometimes asked with an air of triumph whether the Union party is afraid of the people of this country; and whether, if its policy can not be sustained by the people, it ought to prevail? We have no wish to differ with our friends of the *Evening Post*—but it occasionally asks this question as if it supposed it to have some meaning.

No true American citizen is afraid of the judgment of the people; but he denies the right of those in any State who have been in rebellion against the Government to assume to be "the people" to the exclusion of those in the same State who have supported it. We, for instance, deny that the "clay-eater" and "sandhiller" who can not read or write, and who are but a little more intelligent than the animals they tend, are to be taken as equals among "the people," if all the clever men of mixed or unmixed blood in their States, the blacks, the mulattoes, the quadroons, octaroons, and others are to be excluded.

Therefore, if by "people" be understood the whole male adult population of every State, we doubt if the *Post* has a livelier faith in them than its neighbors. But if it means by "people" a certain class of the male adult population arbitrarily selected, and so selected as to exclude in our lately troubled States exactly those that as a class were faithful to the Government, then it seems to us distrust of them would prove a very proper want of faith in class prejudice.

If a just majority of the people of the United States, by which we mean the male adult population, or such part of them as shall be chosen by tests equally applicable to all, are opposed to the Union and Government, of course there is no help for it. But no class created by unequal tests can be fairly called the people. We, with the *Post*, "are not afraid of the American people." But we hold honest Saxon blood to be as much one of those people as RAPHAEL SEMMES.

SIX AND HALF A DOZEN.

A PAPER which persistently denounces Congress says: "The whole Radical party declare that the South shall not be readmitted to Congress until it conforms to certain conditions to be by themselves dictated."

What is the case upon the other side? Simply that the President insists that the South shall be readmitted to Congress because it has ostensibly conformed to conditions which he has himself dictated.

Judge RUFFIN, of North Carolina, says that the President is revolutionary because he prescribed conditions. The President says that Congress is revolutionary because it prescribes conditions. Undoubtedly if Congress is guilty so is the President. And if conditions are to be dictated, as both the Executive and Legislative branches have decided, why is it such a crime to require that they shall be effectual?

HUMILIATION AND DEGRADATION.

SENATOR DIXON said, in his speech at the Connecticut Convention, to elect delegates to the RANDALL Philadelphia Assembly: "The plan proposed by Congress is before you. *It proceeds upon the ground of compelling the States lately in rebellion to submit to humiliating and degrading terms.*"

What are those terms? *First*, that they shall not have gained political power in the Government by the rebellion. *Second*, that those who were false to the oaths to the Constitution shall not be eligible to office until Congress removes the disability.

Those are the conditions which MR. DIXON calls humiliating and degrading. We ask any honest and manly ex-rebel if he thinks so? We ask him if he would not consider the Government insulted, after it had failed in its effort to destroy it, it should invite him to increased power in it; or if he would think himself degraded after he had violated his oath—however the violation may have justified him—if those whom that violation had brought to untold suffering and loss should hold him ineligible to office until they saw that all danger had passed?

MR. DIXON merely follows the lead of the Copperhead chiefs in telling the late insurgents that Congress seeks to humiliate and degrade them; assuring them that there is a party at the North which will support that view, and urging them to hold back, and refuse to enter Congress unless they can come with more power than those who have not rebelled. And this incitement to the late insurgents to remain loaded by the representatives of the loyal people MR. DIXON calls "an effort to restore peace and good-will to a distracted country." Does MR. DIXON think that calling vulgar honey makes it honey?

HOPE AND MEMORY.

Two Sisters are there—ever year by year
Companions true and dear
To meek and thoughtful hearts. Fair Hope is one,
With voice of merry tone,
With fleeting light, and eye of sparkling glance.
The other is perchance
E'en somewhat lovelier, but less full of glee.
Her name is Memory.

She wanders near me, chanting plaintive lays
Of by-gone scenes and days:
And when I turn, and meet her thoughtful eye,
She tells me mournfully
Of soft low gurgling brooks, and glistening flowers,
And other happy hours:
And then with tears and melancholy tone
She tells me they are gone.

Hope gently chides her—bids me not to cast
My eyes upon the past—
Cheering me thus, she leads me by the hand
To view her own fair land:
And soon I see where many pleasures meet,
Some close before my feet;
And some, even distant through the distant haze,
Grow brighter as I gaze.

Oh! both refresh me,—Yet not only so:
They teach—wherever I go.
One tells of fellow past, and one is given
To talk to me of Heaven.
And thus I'll cling to both. Soft Memory,
All pensive though she be,
Shall bide a comrade, cheerful to the end:
But Hope shall be my friend.

COMMANDER BRAINE.

IT was some time in October, 1861, that we spoke of the services of Lieutenant D. L. BRAINE, U.S.N., as a foreshadowing of the skill and power of the Government in dealing with the rebellion, and we are glad to know that our confidence was not misplaced. Our readers will hear with pleasure that Lieutenant BRAINE has been advanced to the grade of Commander in the navy by selection for eminent services during the war. "It is a simple illustice of justice," says a friend, "to a man who deserves much more."

S. F. B. MORSE, LL.D.

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE was the eldest son of JEDIDIAH MORSE, D.D., who was influential as a clergyman, and celebrated as the father of American geography. He was born at Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27, 1791. After a liberal education at Yale College, where he graduated in 1810, he went to England with WASHINGTON ALLSTON, to study painting, for which he had developed decided talent, under the joint tuition of ALLSTON and BENJAMIN WEST. Not content with pursuing one branch of art, he added to the study of painting that of sculpture, and in 1813 received the gold medal of the Adelphi Society of Arts for an original model of a "Dying Hercules."

After a thorough and successful course as an artstudent abroad MR. MORSE returned to the United States in 1815, and practiced his profession in New York. There was no national association of artists in this country at that time, and it was not until the year 1824 that, in connection with some other artists of New York, he organized a drawing association, which, after a variety of obstacles and struggles, finally resulted in the establishment in the city, in the year 1826, of the present honored and useful "National Academy of Design." MR. MORSE was chosen President of the institution, and was reelected to that office for sixteen years. In 1829 he returned to Europe to prosecute his studies in art more extensively, and resided for more than three years in the principal cities of the Continent. During his absence MORSE was elected to the professorship of the literature of the arts of design in the University of New York; and in the year 1835 he delivered a course of lectures before that institution upon art. But, though devoted to the fine arts, he was also deeply interested in various departments of science, and especially in chemistry. While yet a student in Yale College he had pursued the study of chemistry and natural philosophy with enthusiasm, under DANIEL D. TOMLINSON, BENJAMIN SILLIMAN and Professor DAY, and his love for scientific research and experiment continued to increase after he left college, until it became his favorite pursuit. As early as 1826 he was a colleague lecturer with Professor DANA, at the Athenæum, in New York city. He delivered lectures upon the fine arts, while Professor DANA lectured upon electro-magnetism. They became intimate friends, and MORSE learned the subject of electro-magnetism by conversation and study with his friend. The first electromagnet ever constructed in the United States is now in the possession of Professor DANA, and the spiral coil used by Professor DANA suggested the electromagnet which MORSE now used in every Morse-telegraph throughout the world.

It was in the autumn of 1832, when MR. MORSE was returning to America on board the packet-ship *Sully*, that, in a casual conversation with some of the passengers on the then recent discovery in France of the existence of obstacles to the easy spark from the magnet, showing the identity of electricity and magnetism, he conceived not merely the idea of the electric telegraph but of the electro-magnetic and chemical recording telegraph, substantially and essentially as it now exists. There is no question as to the originality of the present telegraph. MR. MORSE's testimony to his acts and drawings made on board of the ship has been confirmed before the courts by the testimony of all the passengers but one, who were with him upon the vessel, and the evidence was conclusive to conclusive by the judges.

Though the idea was conceived, and the pattern of the drawings and apparatus constructed in 1832, it was not until 1837 that he exhibited the operation of his system at the University of New York. The feasibility and usefulness of the invention having been thus demonstrated, MR. MORSE applied to Congress in 1838 for aid to construct an experimental line from Washington to Baltimore to demonstrate publicly the utility of the telegraph. Like all great inventions it was received coldly, with skepticism, and even with ridicule; and the session of 1837–38 closed without any encouragement, except the favorable report of the Congressional Committee.

By no means discouraged, MORSE proceeded to Europe to endeavor to awaken the interest of European Governments in his invention, and secure a patent for it. He was refused letters patent in England, in France he only secured a useless forest, and obtained no exclusive privilege in any other country. Thus repulsed and baffled he returned to America, to struggle again for years more with sleader succeeded frequent discouragements, but still possessed of a determination to interest his countrymen in his invention. Throughout the session of 1842–43 MORSE was indefatigable in pressing his invention upon the attention of Congress, and through the last day of the session had waited, and he had retired disheartened and weary, his object was secured by an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars, granted in the expiring hour of the midnight session. He was startled by the news on the morning of March 3, 1843, that Congress had voted this amount for the construction of a telegraph between



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, LL.D.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

Washington and Baltimore; and he immediately commenced the work, which was completed in 1844, and satisfactorily demonstrated to the world the utility and value of the Morse system of electro-magnetic telegraphs.

In the twenty-two years since its first establishment its lines have gone out through all the earth. They extend upon this continent, in various directions, more than fifty thousand miles. They climb the Rocky Mountains, and stretch across the lonely plains to the Golden Gate of the Pacific. The system is adapted in every country of the eastern continent, from the extreme north of Russia, where the wires are almost ready to be linked within the Arctic circle to those that are sweeping up the Pacific coast to Behring's Straits, down to the Italian and Spanish peninsulas: they dive beneath the seas to Egypt, and find their way over deserts and under oceans to the far East. No part of the civilized world is without the electric girdle, and even across the Atlantic the great cable, now in successful operation, has established telegraphic communication between the eastern and western worlds. And if this should fail, in a very short time the Overland Telegraph will establish a continuous line of communication by land between New York and London *via* St. Petersburg.

The immense value of Morse's invention to the world may be estimated from the fact that, while the old system of Semaphore telegraphs cost the French Government annually more than a million of francs, the Morse telegraph *added* to the revenue, in three years, more than six millions. Professor Morse's claim upon the gratitude of civilized nations has been recognized as that of no other inventor who ever lived. Besides reaping at length the substantial rewards of his invention, honors have been showered upon him by national academies and universities, by scientific associations and sovereign potentates. Yale College conferred upon him the complimentary degree of LL.D. in 1848, and in the same year the Sultan of Turkey decorated him with the diamond badge of *Nishan Iftichar*. Gold medals of scientific merit were awarded him by the kings of Prussia and Wurtemberg and the Emperor of Austria. In 1856 the Emperor of the French presented him with the cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor; in the following year Denmark made him Knight of the Dannebrog; and in 1858 the Queen of Spain conferred the cross of Knight Commander of the order of Isabella the Catholic. From the King of Portugal he received the badge of knighthood of the order of the Tower and Sword; and from the King of Italy the decoration of Knight of the order of S.S. Maurice and Lazarus. He has been elected member of all the prominent European scientific and art academies; but the most distinguished and unusual honor was the collective testimonial of France, Russia, Sweden, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Sardinia, Tuscany, Turkey, and the Roman Pontiff, amounting to four hundred thousand francs, presented as a personal reward to Mr. Morse for his useful labors.

Americans, English, and French have united in giving him banquets and ovations, and his services have been fully recognized wherever civilization has made mankind acquainted with his invention. He still lives in the enjoyment of a happy and illustrious lot, esteemed by all his countrymen, and in a green old age derives merited pleasure from the contemplation of the benefi cent results of his genius, his struggles, and his persevering industry.



"AUTUMN TOURISTS."

AUTUMN TOURISTS.

THEY were rowing over a summer lake,
A lake deep blue and without a curl,
Save just the ripple the oars would make,
And the shoreward streak of pearl.

High over the water the mountains rise,
Deep under the water the mountains fall;
You may fathom the depths and mete the skies,
But the heart is deeper than all.

Some one said, "We shall miss you so,
Robin, when you are away so far!"
And he said, with a smile, "It is hard to go,
But things must be as they are."

"He can smile, so will I," she thought,
With her rosy fingers over the brink;
"But oh! some lessons are hard to be taught;
Some cups are bitter to drink.

"The time that is past, like yonder shore,
Grows fainter and fainter under our sight;
God!" she prayed, "if I see him no more,
Help me to bear it aright!"

She groaned to herself, "I must look in his eyes,
And thrill and bear the touch of his hand,
Then go on alone 'neath the pitiless skies,
When the boat has touched the strand."

"Be a man, and care as little as she!"
Thought he, as they neared the farther shore;
"Love is not made for fellows like me,
So farewell for evermore."

"A pleasant time it has been," he said;
"I wish we could have it over again."
"Ay," all bitterly murmured her heart,
"For pleasure is kin to pain!"

"We see people better in foreign lands,
Perhaps the fogs are too thick in our own,"
She said, frankly giving him both her hands,
Not a touch of pain in her tone.

Then as the shore grated under the keel,
She said, as she lightly stepped from the boat,
"How real and solid the pebbles feel
After all one's visions afloat."

The white towns glistened and gloved in the light,
And the children gathered to gaze,
And the sun poured down with a pitiless might,
As they went their several ways.

Straining of eyes and waving of hands,
And the trifles that make or mar—
These must happen in all the lands,
And things must be as they are.

A COUNTRY STORY.

FEW things in this world are pleasanter than a far-away ramble into the country on a fair summer day, when the skies have just clouds enough to shape themselves into pictures as they float idly over the heavens. For it would not suit our quiet English scenery to have a cloudless canopy of dazzling blue raised over it. We want a sky that harmonizes with our landscape, with our feelings; that makes for itself a voice, and tells us not to forget the clouds amidst the sunshine; that gives us a sense of life whose beauty is not stillness, not a life whose sensuous beauty is so potent that it weighs us down, and we can do more than lift our heads from a delicious, enervating lethargy, and just breathe out the words, "How beautiful!" Something more than this monotone of beauty is needful to us, and without our being conscious of it our June skies tell us this, and stir up in our hearts the feeling that drew forth those golden verses of the poet:

> I slept and dreamed that life was beauty,
> I woke and found that life was duty—
> Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
> Toil on and heart courageously,
> And thou shalt find thy life to be
> A noontide light and truth to thee.



EVENING.



QUEEN EMMA OF HAWAII.—[SEE PAGE 541.]

But where am I wandering? Far away from shady lanes and hedges fragrant with wild honey-suckle, where the cool elder flowers display their tufts of tiny blossom, that make me think of Hans Christian and sunsach-trees, and tea-pots, and all kinds of things that are not a bit like them. And while I have gone into a reverie I am suddenly startled by a blaze of color, and a tank covered with lilac mallow and scarlet poppies, surmounted by a perfect wall of wild roses, meets my eye. The wild dogwood and young ivy-leaves tone it down a little, so does the wheat-field, waving like a sea of green billows, that the five-barred gate opens upon, and making me ponder what a wise provision it is that the hunting-season is over before the summer comes. And on and on I go, my eye roaming over rich pasture-lands and fields, now alive with busy hay-makers, while the last notes of the cuckoo are sounding through the land, telling us, if we will only heed its cry, "I waked up the woods to summer, and cheered it with my song; it will miss me when I am gone, and will not linger long after me." I pause to rest by the river-side, where the blue forget-me-nots enamel the mossy banks, and strive for pre-eminence with the yellow water-flags, while the white water-lilies near carry away my thoughts to "Sabrina fair" knitting lily flowers into her flowing tresses.

And through the shadowy woods I half expect to see Oberon and Titania flitting with all their fairy train—and how do I know but that Puck may not be perched on the tall bulrush opposite to me?

And then I fall to musing upon myths and mythic personages in general. How myths suit themselves to different countries! What would the classic gods of Greece do amidst English scenery? Minerva moving majestically across the plain would have no charms for an English poet, and I question much if he would even recognize Venus as his type of beauty. The Muses, too, have not met with much personal adoration since the days of Queen Anne. Old Pan alone holds his ground here as in Greece, and Fauns and Satyrs, Dryads and Hamadryads do not seem altogether out of place amidst our tangled forests.

Yet the mythic lore of England deals rather in giants, fairies, and enchantments. Instead of the labors of Hercules we have the feats of the Seven Champions of Christendom; and our want of birds with brazen feet, Hydras, and other monstrosities is supplied by the Dun Cow, and the Dragon of Wantley. A half-way station we hold between the wild rude myth-heroes of the north, and the more refined gods and goddesses of the south, and our giants are a grade between rough, unkempt Skrymner, with his uncouth brothers, and the classic Titans.

But what has this to do with the story I am going to tell you?

Just this—the foundation-stone of all my mythic superstructure was the one sentence, "It all came from a hatful of beans."

And then I sailed backward up the stream of Time, and landed at a fair haven where were three tiny urchins poring over picture-books, and the title of one of the books was "Jack and the Bean-Stalk." A curly-headed little rascal with wonderful eyes and unsmooth hair was diving into its pages, and every now and then he made his comments aloud.

"I wish I had a hatful of beans like Jack's; wouldn't I make my fortune?"

And then, returning from my mental excursion, I asked my friend,

"What came of a hatful of beans?"

"This," said he, pointing to a jolly black-timbered farm-house, of such pretension that it earned for its owner the title of Squire Bligh; though, to tell the truth, he had no more right to it than any of his neighbors.

But there was such a wealth of treasure in that house that it guaranteed respectability; and no one ever entered the doors without feeling, as Miss Matilda Tomkin, a lady who read all the periodicals of

the day, observed, that you had caught a glimpse of the luxuries and appliances of Oriental life.

This might be stretching the point a little, inasmuch as the luxurious items contained in the apartments were decidedly owing to English upholstery; nevertheless, there was no lack of ivory carving, curious screens, inlaid cabinets and ebony cushions, rich stripped fabrics, tiger skins, shells, and no one knew what; but the general impression was that it would take a fabulous time to make an inventory of the whole, were practiced an appraiser might be employed.

"Who is Squire Bligh?" I asked.

"Who not Squire Bligh, you mean," returned my friend. "Sit down, and I will tell you the story."

So I sat down, and he told me as follows: and I have been thinking of it ever since, and weaving it into my thoughts with the memory of those tiny children in rent upon their marvelous picture-books.

"Nigh forty years ago there was a widow living in this place who had an only son named Jack."

"Yes," I interrupted; "and he was an idle, good-for-nothing lad, always in mischief, and an anxiety to his mother."

"Who told you so?" asked my friend.

"No one," said I; "go on with the story."

"He went on doing little or nothing until he was a great fellow of seventeen or eighteen, his chief work being to take the horses down to water for the Squire's wood: this he did not object to, as he could ride down to the river and ride up again. One fine evening in the spring he was returning with the horses as usual, when, as he passed a certain stile, he heard some one call to him:

"'Jack!'

"Here I be,' said Jack, stopping the horses and looking in the direction from whence the voice came. 'Hoy! he ejaculated, in a tone expressive of confusion and gratification, as his eye fell upon the neat little figure of the girl who had been taken to help in the dairy.

"'What is you doing here, Nelly?'

"'Waiting to see you, Jack.'

"'That's kind, at any rate, and it's not many would do it; but I'm a ne'er-do-well, and no one need trouble about me,' said he, somewhat bitterly.

"'That's just what I came to tell you,' returned the little maiden.

"'Then you don't care about me?' said he, with a little vexation in his tone.

"'Can I why should I, for a lazy fellow like you? I should think not.'

"'But you might, Nelly.'

"'Might, indeed! I mightn't do any thing of the sort. At any rate, I don't.

"'Then what did you come here for?'

"'To tell you you ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

"'There's plenty to do that,' returned the lad.

"'Yes; but you don't heed them, and you might heed me, Jack. Won't you begin to work a bit?'

"'I don't know what to begin at.'

"'Your mother's a nice bit of garden, Jack.'

"'I've nothing to put in it,' answered Jack, correspondingly.

"'Nonsense!' said Nelly; 'what a faint heart you have! I'll give you a lot of beans to begin with. You put up the horses, and I'll be back in a minute.'

"So Jack put up the horses and waited for Nelly. Presently she came tripping along, with her apron f— of something.

"'Here,' said she, 'hold your hat.' She poured the beans into it, and he went home.

"Next day Jack took a spade and worked away diligently for two hours.

"'What's come to thee, lad?' said the widow, as he came in, all flushed and hungry, to his dinner.

"'Nelly Giles is a good lass,' quoth Jack; 'and if ever I get rich I'll marry her.'

"'Thee get rich!' said the Widow Bligh; and she held up her hands in great surprise.

"Strange things happen sometimes,' returned Jack; and he resumed his digging with renewed energy. All that afternoon he dug away as though his life depended on it.

"The next day he planted his beans. He had evidently turned over a new leaf, and the widow and her neighbors thought the lad was bewitched, as perhaps he might have been. At any rate, he had set to work in earnest, and he continued steadily to do, the farmers being nothing loth to give employment to one who, despite his idleness, was a general favorite.

"Nelly alone held aloof. Jack was getting beyond her patronage; he had suddenly become more manly, and seemed as if he had grown a head and taller all at once; and Nelly turned shy, and it was all he could do to get a stray word from her now and then.

"It was clear that she would have nothing to say to him, which Jack thought rather hard after all the trouble he had taken to please her; and the more he pondered over it the less he could understand it. Nelly used to be so friendly. Perhaps if I were a rich man she might give a thought to me,' said Jack; and so he determined to go elsewhere to seek his fortune, and return and make Nelly his wife.

"When he went to say 'Good-by' to her he did it in quite a blundering way.

"Maybe I shall find you married when I come home again, Nelly,' said the poor lad, looking wistfully at her.

"'Maybe you will,' retorted Nelly, 'if I find any one I like while you are away.'

"And so they parted, and both repented their speeches when it was too late to recall them.

"Well, what is to be is to be,' soliloquized Jack, endeavoring to find consolation therein; 'but Nelly's the only woman that shall ever be my wife.'

"When Jack was gone Nelly went very often to see the New Hall, and was a great comfort to her; and their conversation always turned upon Jack.

"A year passed away and no tidings came of him. Then another, and the two women did not talk so much now, but they sat quietly at their work when Nelly could spare time from the dairy, and it was a consolation to them to be together.

"At the beginning of the next year Nelly was summoned to her home in a distant county. Her mother was dying, and as she did not come back the Widow Bligh was left to bear her trouble alone; and through the spring and into the summer she watched and watched, and every morning, as she opened her shutters and let in the daylight, she looked wistfully down the road to bring her son home, and every evening as the daylight faded away she said, 'He may come to-morrow.'

"And at length the 'to-morrow' came, and a handsome sailor walked up the village street into his mother's cottage — and the news spread abroad that Jack Bligh had come home with bags of golden guineas.

"But that was not, of course, true. The first person that Jack asked after was Nelly Giles; but he could hear nothing of her.

"In August last year the old lady, said the widow, who was quite content, now that she had her son, and indeed did not care much for a rival, 'she's not worth thinking of.'

"But Jack was not of his mother's opinion, and he was scarcely sorry to go away again, for the old place seemed very dreary without Nelly.

"This time he was able to write to his mother occasionally, for he had brushed up his writing; and was at a great deal of pains to get the old schoolmaster came in to read her son's letters.

"A second time Jack Bligh came home; and this time a liberal check was sent to the bean and packages, stopped at the widow's door, for Jack was prospering.

"But nothing had been heard of Nelly, and Jack could not bear the sight of the fine things he had brought, for he had intended the most of them for her.

"'It's all through those beans,' thought poor Jack, 'that I came to go away.'

"Yet would he have been any nearer had he staid at home in idleness?

"Fifteen years had passed away, and Jack had prospered so well that he decided upon giving up his sea-life and settling in his native village. So he took the jolly old farm and lived with his fine ships overseas, and the Widow Bligh presided over it in great state."

"And did Jack marry?" I asked.

"Don't interrupt me," said my friend. "For a long time he did not, although his mother pointed out more than one girl in the neighborhood who would make him a good wife—at last he did."

"Oh!" said I, with a kind of sigh.

"Well," continued my friend.

"One morning a pale, thin woman entered the village, and when she was opposite the old blacksmithed home, she asked the first person who was passing whether the Widow Bligh was still living?

"'Ay,' replied the man, 'she be.'

"'And has Jack come home?'

"'Jack, indeed!' said the man. 'Squire Bligh's come home, and he lives in the fine house there.'

"The poor woman looked up at the substantial dwelling of the lad to whom she had given the bat-ed beans, and her heart died within her.

"'He'll not care for the like of me,' said she to herself, as she turned to go away again.

"But the stout lad had not forgotten her for toil and travel worn frame, and she had not taken many steps before she sank down on the ground.

"The wagoner saw her assistance. He raised her head, pushed back her bonnet, and shouted to the astonished Squire, who happened to be returning from his morning's stroll:

"'Measter, measter! if here Iean't Nelly Giles!'

"This was on a Saturday, and how it all came to be arranged I never could find out, for when I asked Nelly, I don't know; but the next Sunday at church the bans were put up, and in less than three weeks the Squire and Nelly were married. And they live at the old farm-house to this day, and Squire changed its name to the 'Bean Farm,' and as it has been called ever since. And they've one daughter, as bright a lass as need be. She does not wear little white linen caps and aprons, like her mother used to do; but, for all that, the Squire says she's the very image of what Nelly Giles was when she gave him the handful of beans."

And this was the story my friend told me, and somehow it was itself into my mind in connection with the fairy tales, and with the little ones in the fair haven were poring over, and I mingled fiction and fact until I brought myself almost to believe that I had seen the fairy and the enchantress.

"Up for away in the north with her father. He was a poor, weak body, and she couldn't leave him till he died, and then she traveled down to see if Jack had come home yet, and when she knew that Jack liked her, and would never marry any one else. Only, you see, she never expected him to prosper as he had done."

* * *

And this was the story my friend told me, and somehow it was itself into my mind in connection with the fairy tales,

The people divided into two principal parties, the *National Democracy* and the *National Conservative Union*. The first of these ignored the Constitution of 1864, and formed a new convention to frame a Constitution expressing the will of the entire State; declared that the Government was one of the white people and not to be perpetuated for the exclusive benefit of the white race;" and "that people of African descent can not be considered as citizens of the United States, and that there can in no event, nor under any circumstances, be an equality between the white and other races;" and claimed the right of compensation for emancipated slaves. The *National Conservative Union* party opposed the extension of suffrage to the negroes, and recognized the validity of the Constitution of 1864. There was also a large body of the people in favor of universal suffrage. These were known as the *Radical Republican* party. The rest of the blacks and the friends of the late rebel Governor ALLEN, who they nominated to succeed Governor WELLS, and the latter was nominated by both the *National Democratic* and the *National Conservative Union* conventions. In accepting he said he considered both platforms in unison, and doubtless they were in one particular, namely, his nomination. Governor WELLS received 22,312 votes, and Ex-Governor ALLEN 5497. In every parish but one the Democratic ticket for members of the Legislature was successful.

On November 13 the *Radical Republicans* held a mass meeting in New Orleans, at which resolutions were passed claiming the election of H. C. WARMOUTH as their delegate to Congress from "the Territory of Louisiana," in part by the votes of colored persons, amounting to 19,000. They resolved also that the State could only be restored "in the constitutional way" by petitioning Congress for admission whenever a majority of the whole people deem it expedient so to petition; and that the support of the two voters, nine-tenths of whom were disloyal, made such a petition inexpedient at the present time.

November 23, 1865, the Legislature assembled at New Orleans, in an extra session called by the Governor. At the beginning of the year Messrs. SHARKEY and R. KING CUTLER had been elected United States Senators. The Governor now repudiated their election, and called for a new one. Messrs. HOWARD, HENT and HENRY BOYCE were elected in their place. The Lower House opened the question of a Convention for drafting a State Constitution, and a majority of the Committee to whom the question was referred reported in favor of a new Convention. It was taken for granted, in the consideration of this question, that the Convention of 1864 had no longer any thing more to do with the matter. The report of the Committee was, however, never acted upon.

GOVERNOR WELLS'S RESOLUTION.

In the mean time Governor WELLS seems to have found that the confidence which he reposed in the people of his State had been abused. Lot him speak for himself:

"When Louisiana was restored to the lawful authority of the United States, what was my conduct toward the white population of eighteen parishes reclaimed? Although I had been appointed and driven from home by the rebel authorities, I expressed all feeling of rancor so natural to the human heart under such circumstances, and in the belief that a majority had been reduced from their allegiance to the flag by wiles of artful demagogues, I brought on the rebellion. I determined to try the effect of kindness and confidence in winning them back to their first love. I addressed them a proclamation, congratulating them on their restoration to the privileges of the government of law and order, and that, as far as I was concerned, I was willing to forget the past. I appealed to them to submit cheerfully and unreservedly to the new order of things, and assured them that although the Federal Government had been organized, yet I was anxious that a general election in all the parishes should be held, in which the whole State should participate. I fulfilled every word of my promises. I appointed the most conservative men to offices in several parishes; I signed their applications to the President of the United States for special pardons; I persisted in my course of reconciliation, notwithstanding the warning and remonstrance of Louisiana men whose loyalty could be depended on in accomplishing the purpose intended, and who predicted that at the very first election that took place in every Parish where the rebel powers would prescribe every man from office who had not been the rebel servant. These predictions have been realized to the letter at every subsequent election which the exercise of my power has called. And I do not blame, for it was publicly avowed, that I was put at the head of their ticket simply because I was thought I could be relied on in securing a representation of the State in Congress.

"It is further well known that the platform adopted by the Committee appointed for that purpose to the Democratic Convention held in this city, was a reiteration of the doctrines of the right of secession; and it was only through the earnestness of a few of the more moderate members of the party that this platform was made to assume the form which was finally read. At the same Convention, it was known and live Democrats were publicly censured by resolution, because, in a speech delivered before the body, I had said that secession was more than a crime, it was a blunder. Notwithstanding my nomination by the Democratic Party, another candidate was put into the field in opposition to me, who had offended as Governor the rebel authorities, and who, had he been in the country and signified his assent, I have no doubt would have been overwhelmingly elected. When the members of the Legislature met in extra session, in the month of November, 1865, they waived by me for the purpose of raising money to restore the broken levees, and to take measures to relieve the credit of the State. I found them more intent on calling a Convention to change the Constitution of 1864, than to promote the general interests of the people. Their chief objection to that instrument was the character of the men who framed it and the abolition of slavery. Having failed at the extra session to pass a bill to call a Convention, the attempt was renewed at the regular session, held in the month of January. More than half the time of that body was spent in discussing that question. Finally, a committee was sent to Washington to consult with the President, and the Legislature only abandoned the measure through his advice. I considered it unconstitutional, impolitic, and for that reason opposed it. I had learned enough of the real sentiments of the people to be convinced that if a new Constitution was made it would be less in harmony with the views of the President and more adverse than the Constitution of 1864; the result of which would be to leave the State for the admission of any representatives."

THE CONVENTION OF 1864 REVIVED.

Now let us see what are Governor WELLS's views as to the revived Convention of 1864:

"Impressed with the truth of those views, foreseeing the necessity for the future security of the Union men in the South, that the amendment to the Constitution, adopted by Congress, and submitted to the several States for ratification should prevail, and fully realizing the fact that the Legislature would never be ratified by the present Legislature, I own I was in favor of the reassembling of the Convention of 1864, as the only means of securing the ratification required, and thereby to insure the admission of our Representatives in Congress. The legal right of the Convention to continue its functions is a question, I suppose, properly pertaining to the courts to decide. Senators and Representatives in Congress of great learning, and men of high legal attainments in New Orleans, have expressed the opinion that under the provisions of enforcement the Convention could lawfully assemble. A distinguished Democratic Senator in Congress took the same view. For myself, if I had any doubt on the subject, I have deferred to the opinion of abler men. The total number of delegates composing the Convention was one hundred and fifty. The number of votes requisite was sixty. The quorum was fixed at seventy-six, this number being a majority of the whole body. The seventy-seven gentlemen unrepresented in the Convention that were entitled to be there delegates, were those who had been in session to be filled would make sixty-one delegates to be elected. Before the assembling of the Convention, those who, disapproving of the emancipation clause, refused to sign the Constitution, and those who had been elected as extreme Conservatives. Counting the sixty-one delegates to be elected to fill the same class as the members of the Convention Radical, it will be seen that parties would have been nearly equally divided. I had no hesitation in my details to show the falsity of the charges that have been made against the Convention of 1864, and have exonerated the whole State, and that it was intended to be packed. Every parish would have been represented, and every half having elected their delegates in 1864, and the other half in 1866, making a just equilibrium. Those who opposed and those who sustained the cause of the Confederacy. The same disfranchising clause in the Constitution of 1864, but the much-abused members of that Convention had it in their power to have made a Constitution as much against those engaged in the rebellion as Tennessee and Missouri have adopted, and have presented an opposite course, and trusted that these men would be actuated by a spirit of liberality and forbearance in return for so liberally shown toward them.

"This conviction as to indirectly of the party which elected him Governor WELLS to seek relief from the evils which he thought due to his too liberal policy of reconciliation. Returning to the Radicals, who were determined to revive the Convention of 1864. He therefore gave his official sanction to the revival of the Convention by the mode of petition to Congress for admission of the whole people deem it expedient so to petition; and that the support of the two voters, nine-tenths of whom were disloyal, made such a petition inexpedient at the present time.

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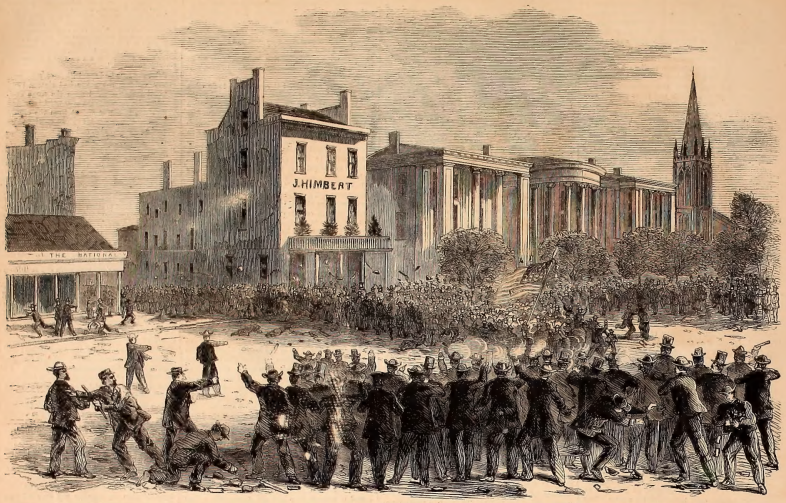
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On the evening of July 27, in the Hall of the House of Representatives at New Orleans, there was an enormous mass meeting held. There was a large audience both in the hall and outside, the majority of which were freedmen. Speeches were made in which it was represented that Congress was not satisfied with the Constitution and this because it did not give them the right to vote; Governor HAHN told them they ought to hold office as well as the white men; the JUDGE RENDELL of the hall told them they were better educated in politics than the white men and better informed as to what the Louisiana had now no Constitution, and that they were "in their primitive capacity;" Judge HEUSTAIN told them that A. P. DOSTIE, a prominent member of the Convention, who appealed to the freedmen to induce the actions of the Convention, and to come out in favor for its protection.

THE RIOT.

The Convention met on Monday, July 30, at noon. Only one-sixth of the body was present. Whatever its designs may have been, it certainly had as no committed no overt act. Nevertheless, it was ultimately the tempter of the preliminary meeting on the 27th had stimulated the resistance to the Convention among the freedmen. The municipal authorities had, upon consultation with General BAIRD, determined not to interfere with the Convention unless disturbances should ensue. A disturbance was feared, and the authorities were partially prepared for it. Mr. ATTORNEY-GENERAL HAHN gave the advice of President JOHNSON in regard to the military, and the President had replied that it must be left to them to, and that they must act with the civil authorities. Every body knew that under the circumstances, and especially if the negroes should come out armed, all the elements for a bloody collision was inevitable. General BAIRD knew it, and it was his duty to have his force ready in hand for the emergency. All the members of the police and the courts right in ordering the arrest of the Convention in case their meeting occasioned a disturbance, and declared the President, the Attorney-General, the Governor, and the Chief-of-Police, to be in insurrection. Under the circumstances, especially if the negroes should come out armed, all the members of the police and militia



THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—THE FREEDMEN'S PROCESSION MARCHING TO THE INSTITUTE—THE STRUGGLE FOR THE FLAG.

[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—SIEGE AND ASSAULT OF THE CONVENTION BY THE POLICE AND CITIZENS.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.

[SEE PAGE 535.]



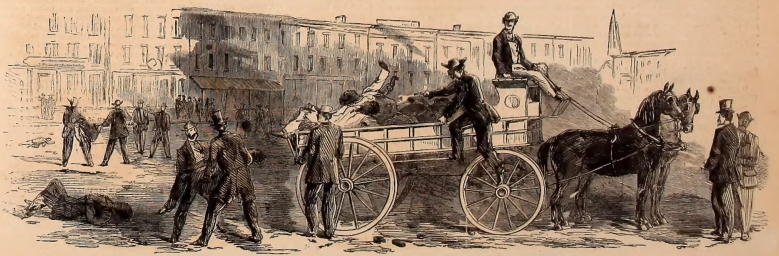
THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—MURDERING NEGROES IN THE REAR OF MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.
[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—PLATFORM IN MECHANICS' INSTITUTE AFTER THE RIOT.
[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—INTERIOR OF MECHANICS' INSTITUTE DURING THE RIOT.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—CARRYING OFF THE DEAD AND WOUNDED—INHUMAN CONDUCT OF THE POLICE.

[SEE PAGE 535.]

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

The summer blue its little drifts of round—
Tangled with wet bud-shadows and the light
Small breath of scattered morning buds—around
The yellow path through which our footsteps wound.
Below, the Capitol rose glittering white.

There stretch'd a sleeping army. One by one,
They took their pieces small thousands neat;
No leader's word had'rd on before, and none
Loud'n on his sword or staggerd with his gun.
I wonder if their feet have rested yet.

They saw the dust, they join'd the moving mass,
They entered the fierce muscle cry for blood,
Then struggled there and lay down in the grass
Were flowers for such, where whence their senile did pass;
Sing tenderly, O river's haunted flood!

They had been sick, and worn, and weary, when
They stayed to take rain lull beneath the trees;
Yet, if in some red-clouded dawn again
The country should be calling to her men,
Shall the rivulets not remember these?

Beside them underneath the mild-day skies
The dreadful phantoms of the living walk,
And lay in moans and darkness, with their cries—
The mothers, sisters, wives with faded eye.
That call still names among their broken talk.

And there is one who comes alone and stands
At the low frozen hearth—childless and opprest
By Something he has summon'd to his hands,
While the wild pallor of its many hands

Points at the rusted gourd in his own breast!
WASHINGTON, D. C.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

But the minute the carriage was fairly out of sight and the last roll of the wheels had died away in the distance, Clover caught Lily round the waist and went dancing with her all through the hall, and into the offices, room, and around that. And Lily could neither stop nor object at first; for Clover was a sturdy little piece, with strong arms, and Lily herself was quite out of breath with astonishment and exercise.

"What are you about?" she cried at last. "Do let me alone! What can you be thinking of, Clover? Let me go! I want to read."

Clover let her go and danced on by herself.

"—yes, I think," she said, demurely, and panting a little too. "I want to get—my ideas in order. Just now—I don't know whether—rose-bugs are white animals, or—pink foxhats are flower-pots." And Clover went off with another whirl and a full burst of Yankee Doodle, much to Lily's indignation.

"How you do act!" she said. "White muslins great pink foxhats—if that's what you want to know. Clover, be quiet, Clover? You do make such a noise!"

Clover stopped instantly.

"What do you want to do, Lily? Shall we go back at our seeds again?"

"No," said Lily, shortly. "I want to read. You can't see the seeds if you look." And Lily turned her back upon the bow-window, boxes, flower-pots, and all, and sat down in a corner of the sofa with her book.

Softly, and without even speaking to make a noise, Clover took little Prim's hand in hers and went toward the window; for even the outside of those panes of glass in her little box had a great charm for Clover.

"Will there really be so very few flowers?" said Primrose, looking anxiously up in her face.

"No indeed," said Clover. "I don't think so at all. I'm only afraid I sha'n't have room for them all. Why, Prim, I counted the seeds that I sowed in just one of my pots, and there were ten; and Mr. Vick says that kind must be set a foot apart when it's transplanted; and so that one little pot will want ten feet of my garden. I don't know what I'm to do, for I can't throw one of 'em away," said Clover, bending lovingly over the little box. "Oh! I wish I knew what my seeds are doing down in the earth!"

"They are growing larger every minute," said Mrs. May, for she had come in while the children talked. "That is the first thing a seed does after it is covered with the earth and begins to get warm and moist. By-and-by you will see that it swells, earth in your pots cracking open here and there, and all packed up in little heaps, because the hidden seeds are swelling and taking more room."

"Will it? will they?" said Clover, the pink tinge flashing over her cheeks. "Oh, Lily! do you hear?"

"Yes—no, I am reading," said Lily.

"But, mamma, what makes them swell?" said Clover. "I can't see, why do they? what is it?"

"Do you remember when Prim was a baby, covered up in her cradle and fast asleep, how still she lay, and how smooth and undisturbed was her little silk quilt?"

"Yes indeed," said Clover. "I used to watch and listen sometimes to see if she was really breathing."

"Well, these seeds that you have just covered with soft earth are asleep. Hid away in each one of them is a tiny morsel of a plant, all crumpled up and folded in, as still and motionless as if it had no like. Even in a large seed like a bean it is very small, just a little stem and one or two leaves; and there it lies, fast bound in the hard outer-shell of the seed, waiting its time."

"Mamma, can you see this little plant?" said Clover.

"Yes, sometimes. If you split open a bean very carefully, you will see the tiny plant folded away between the two halves of the bean; but in very small seeds you would need a magnifying-glass, or even a microscope. Well, when the seed is put in the ground the hard outer shell grows moist, from the moist earth, and begins to crack open; and the warm rays of the sun send their heat quite down through earth and seed and all, to the little plant that lies so fast asleep. And the plant awakes, and begins to stir and stretch itself out—or to grow, as we say. The wee bit of a stem lengthens, and pushes its way through the outer-wall of seed down into the earth, and the leaves shoot up into the sunshine, and unfold, shaking off by degrees the seed which held them fast before."

"Mamma, it's like a fairy tale"! said Clover.

"Yes, it's the princess in the wood"! cried Primrose. "She's asleep, and she is the prince that comes and kisses her till she wakes up."

"Something like that," said Mrs. May, smiling. "But oh how many princesses there are in every wood, in every foot of ground, on the rocks, and even in the streams! Oh, my children, what wonderful work of the world which is going on all the time —part of what the sun was meant to do when God made two great lights, and set them in the firmament of heaven to give light upon the earth. And now the little stem which shot forth down into the ground begins to branch a little, throwing out tiny fibres, and becomes the root; taking in from the dark soil a part of the food on which the young plant lives, while at the same time the leaves expand at the upper end of the stem, and other leaves come out, and they take in the rest of its food from air and sunshine and drops of dew. So your plant begins its growth—the smallest flower and the tallest tree."

"It is almost too wonderful!" said Clover, drawing a long breath. "I shall have to think about it a great deal."

"Mamma," said Primrose, "the princess slept a hundred years; would the seed sleep so long and then wake up after all?"

"Not every kind of seed; they are as different as possible in this respect. Some will not grow if they are more than one year old, and lose their life after are five or six; while others keep good at sixty years old, and others must be sowed just as soon as they are ripe."

"Mamma, I don't understand yet how the seed does all this," said Clover; "how the leaves unfold and the roots stretch out."

"I think no mortal understands it," said her mother; "it is one of the secrets of the Lord's power."

"Then blessed is the springtime!" wrote King David of the earth's rich carpet of grass and corn; and I think the utmost learning can say no more."

"Oh, Lily! oh, Lily! how much you have lost!" said Clover, looking toward the sofa, where Lily was curled up as if half asleep. "And all for that stupid book!"

The book's not stupid," said Lily, slowly uncurling herself and getting—"it's very hard to find hearing about seeds, it's nothing but seeds, seeds, from morning to night!" And Lily stretched her arms about as if tired of the whole matter.

"Did you have a pleasant visit from Maria, Lily?" inquired her mother.

"Mamma—it was very long."

"Mamma," said Primrose, "she says she's had ten new frocks made just for summer!—ten all for herself, mamma."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. May.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Lily, coming up to the window, "what makes you say that?"

"She is very young to be a prisoner," said Mrs. May.

"A prisoner!" said Lily. "I don't see how having plenty of frocks could make her that, I'm sure. I should think it would be just the other way. I thought home and mother and your people at home. What can you mean, mamma?"

"Not that people who are kept at home are prisoners," said Mrs. May, "but makes you say it."

"Ah! it's one of mamma's stories, I know," cried Primrose, as keen for a story as a pointer for game. "Mamma, dear, won't you tell it to us right away? What is it called, mamma?"

"It might be called 'A Legend of Grundy Castle,'" said Mrs. May, "if you like that name."

"What an odd name for a castle!" said Lily.

"Never mind," said Prim. "Do sit down and be quiet, Lily. Now, mamma—I'm all ready. Come, Clover."

"Is it a fairy-tale, mamma?" said Clover, bringing her thoughts back with a great reluctance from the little flower-pots that held such real wonders.

"You shall judge. Grundy Castle stood on a hill of land that was chiefly covered with buildings. In like manner many nations disputed possession of its mistress, Mrs Grundy. And in fact she was quite a citizen of the world, and had received an education (such as it was) in so many places that she was entirely at home in all. It was hard to travel in any country without encountering her, or at least without hearing what she had said the last time she came that way."

"Her castle could n't have been much, then," said Lily, "or she wouldn't have gone wandering round so."

"Perhaps she had your ideas about home," said Mrs. May. "But, however that was, she certainly did seem to prefer other people's houses to her own, and was never still a minute."

"Mamma, what sort of a person was she?" said Clover. "You said 'half-education, such as it was'?"

"She was not what I call well-educated," said Mrs. May; "for of some of the most important things she was entirely ignorant. For instance, she had never 'studied to be quiet;' she knew nothing of 'the law of kindness;' her thoughts had never been trained to think well, nor her hands to bear other people's burdens."

"What funny studies!" said Primrose.

"All that she had ever learned was to talk pretty well in all languages; to handle a spy-glass; enough geography to make her think she knew exactly where any body was at a moment's warning, and just as much arithmetic as to put two and two together, though she made grievous mistakes sometimes even in doing that small sum."

"Mamma, what a strange person!" said Lily. "I can't make her out at all. Was she handsome?"

"No," said Mrs. May, "she used her spy-glass too much for that. In fact, she never looked at any thing straight with both eyes, and that, of course, gave a disagreeable expression to her face."

"I think she was horrid!" said Primrose. "Just like the Misses in my 'Arabian Nights.' She never would have got into my house, I can tell her."

"Other people let her come," said Mrs. May. "She had a great deal of power, and went every where. Even when they were afraid of her they let her come, for I think they were more afraid to keep her away."

"But, mamma," said Lily, "I don't see how you're going to get round to where you started from. You left Maria Lily in a prisoner, and then you go off and tell all about Mrs. Grundy, who lived a thousand years ago, or never lived at all. I don't see how you're going on with Maria's ten frocks."

"What *could* she have to do with them?" said Mrs. May, smiling. "But you must wait for an answer, Lily, for there comes papa, and we must have tea."

BABY ON THE PORCH.

Out on the porch, by the open door,
Sweet with a breeze that's full with shade,
Baby is creeping over the floor—
Dear little winsome blue-eyed maid!

All about her the shadows dance,
All above her the roses swing,
Sunbeams in the lattice glance,
Robins up in the branches sing.

Up at the blossoms her fingers reach,
Lisping her pleading in broken words,
Cooing away in her tender speech
Songs like the twitter of nesting birds.

Creeping, creeping over the door,
Soon my birdie will find her wings,
Fluttering out at the open door
Into the wonderful world of things.

Bloom of roses and balm of dew,
Brooks that bubble and winds that call,
All things living and glad and sweet,
And the Father watching us over it all.

AFTER THE CAPTAIN.

I.

On one of those warm days in April when every whiff of the spring wind brought suggestions of summer, a little party were sitting in an artist's studio about the summer campaign—where they would go, and what they would do, until the melancholy days again. One was bound for Newport, and declared, with perhaps not exaggerated emphasis, that "Newport was bliss!" Another was eloquent of the mountains—Starr King's "White Hills." And another raved of the Catskill—of the Fawn's Leap, the view from Sunset Rock, and the Kauterskill Falls—all of which you will see if you will turn to the *Weekly* for July 21, and look at Mr. Nast's picture.

While one of this party talked of their plans the sixth remained silent, with a curious smile on her mouth and a dreamy look out of her eyes. Presently this silence was observed:

"And where are you going, Miss Vincent?" asked a gentleman. "You don't tell us."

"No," answered Miss Vincent, in a lazily-affirmative tone, to this assertion of the gentleman's.

"Oh, I see! you are going to Sylvia's quiet!" broke in Cad Glynn, with conclusive emphasis of knowledge.

"Oh, can you? Do then," said Syl—otherwise Sylvia—Vincent, in an amused voice, and raising her brows archly.

"Shall you go to Newport, or somewhere in that vicinity. Syl's crazy on Newport! Always paints Newport into her pictures—a bit of the Cliffs, or the Forty Steps, or Bellevue, or a glimpse of the Old South Beach! You know you do, Syl; and you know that you're going to Newport—don't you now?"

"No, I didn't know it, Cad; perhaps, though, as I am lunatic on the subject, I shall find myself there unawares."

"You remember what guests are entertained unawares, Miss Vincent?" said that bright cousin of Cad's, Arkley Glynn, with a little gallantry.

"Yes, I remember, Mr. Glynn," laughed Syl, as gayly.

"But you haven't told us where you are going," began again the first speaker.

"No, I haven't"—and once more Syl Vincent's eyes sparkled dreamily. By this time the curiosity and interest of the party were thoroughly aroused. Where was Miss Vincent going?"

"Going to the mountains, perhaps!" cried Arkley Glynn, smiling out of his wilderness of silky beard.

"Going to the moon, maybe."

"To sweep the cobwebs from the sky!" laughed Syl, at this last. "That turns the angel into an old woman, and instead of wings I have a broomstick!" she went on merrily.

So they kept it up a while longer, playing and parrying with the flowers of wit and humor, and still Miss Vincent did not tell them where she was going. At length, when speculation was at its height through idleness, pay jests, and every one of them thought Syl Vincent was to outdo them all in her announcement, perhaps, she quietly said: "I'll tell you where I'm going; I am going to Northwood."

"To Northwood! Where upon earth is Northwood?" they cried, in a breath.

"Oh, a little nest up among the New Hampshire hills."

"One of those thousand-and-one towns about the White Mountains. Why didn't you say the Mountains at once?" cried Cad, exasperated.

"Because it isn't about the White Mountains. It isn't a summer resort at all for strangers. It's just a quiet little nook for one to rest in."

"Syl, what—in—the—world possesses you now? This is a new notion. Thought you couldn't abide inland towns; the sea for you—always the sea, and plenty of society."

Syl shrugged her shoulders, and laughed lazily again.

"Cad, I'm tired of one thing. "Too much of a good thing is nothing, you know," you know. The sea is my love; but we leave our love sometimes to come back afresh. Society is a fine thing; but we can't always live with it, with its too much of it, and then it wears us out. That's the worst of it; so I am going to run away from it for a while—to run away from it, you know, to come back—seasoned."

"Syl, you're a little Sybarite; I always said so," remarked Cad Glynn, sententiously.

"Maybe. I call it philosophy, however."

"And what will you do up there in your nest, as you call it?"

"I'll paint my pictures and drink new milk."

"Bah! Idyllic you call that, I suppose? I'll tell you how it will be. For three weeks you'll think it's very pretty; in that time you'll talk the portraits of two or three old trees and a brook or a pond; then you'll begin to pine for some of the familiar faces, to remember how Prout used to feel, and how the band played on the piazza down at Newport."

They all laughed at this last sally of Cad's, and they all looked as if they thought it quite probable she was right. But Syl knew better. She knew what she wanted, and what she needed. Just this; Rest, and country air, and new milk; not a renewal of town-life at every moment, or every usual haunt. The living the winter excitement over in the same talk, the same associations socially, with only a change in localities. Some refinements can stand this from season to season, perhaps, but not such a temperament as Syl Vincent's—one of the high-pressure temperaments," as some one very aptly termed them.

Cad Glynn didn't understand this. She herself was one of those girls of strong nerves and tissues, bilious and lymphatic, who can rush through months and years of social dissipation and excitement without loss in any way. Cad was in the midst of it in the process, if they have natural kindliness of nature, as Cad Glynn certainly had; they learn at last what they would not get at by talking—deep certain toleration and acceptance, which acts in a softening manner upon the whole character.

But, as I say, Cad Glynn didn't understand this temperament of Sylvia Vincent's, and so she laid this summer plan to a freak, a whim of Syl's, and shook her head and flung her joke at the matter in her usual style.

"Why, Syl dear, I'll give you a specimen of what to expect. You'll never go to Northwood, you with a letter but what the village gossips will say that you're bent writing to your lover, and you will never receive a letter but what you'll be met with one supposition. Fancy now when Arkley here writes you, or Mr. Harcastre yonder indites you a line from his beloved White Hills—Lily, the commotion."

They all laughed here, and Syl colored at the absurdity in a foolish way she had of hanging out such red flags of distress sometimes.

"And that is the worst of it," went on this teasing, merry Cad. "If there's a single man in the place any where within a marriageable age you'll accuse you of matrimonial designs upon him at once. And they'll poke, and goad, and coax, and worry you on the subject the whole season through. You have all those little reminiscences—I've been there,' to be a little slangy. And I've thought ever since that I should like to turn into their midst a young party of eminent idlers, and see their consternation. Last summer, at Newport, Lill Evan rode nearly every evening with Will Hess—don't you remember?—and when she left she was the talk walking with him, and when she didn't walk she was singing with him. And as for you, Syl, you and Arkley have used to me to have evenings after bath hours with your *tête-à-tête* conversations on the piazza or in the parlor. Metaphysics—that what I—you were always at it. Emerson, and Mill, and Hamilton. Suppose you had been at one of these little places, where they are not accustomed to the easy, idle ways summer visitors kill time, what do you think they would have said?"

Syl shrugged her shoulders and flushed again in that foolish way she had at times, which made her mind kindly and reassuringly at her through that wilderness of silky beard. Arkley was proof against his cousin's sarcasm, and was used to Cad's moods and ways

Cad read this portion of the letter to her cousin Arkley. He smiled thoughtfully, and sung:

"Chanters not the brooding bee
Sweeter tones than calumny."

There was a long gap between this letter and the next, which Cad filled in with two of her own—generous girl that she was. Two bright, breezy missives, full of the chit-chat and gossip of Newport, where, after all, she and her party had drifted.

"I don't see why Syl doesn't write," she said, as the mail was brought in one day, still leaving Sylvia's handwriting. Arkley, to whom she addressed this, was too absorbed in a letter he was perusing to heed. She waited until he had begun to fold it away, and then asked him, rather vexatiously, "Say, Arkley, isn't it queer I don't get a letter from Syl?"

"Well, I don't know;" he answered, absently, getting up and walking away, with a half-smile about his lips.

Cad gave utterance to a very decided ejaculation of impatience at this, as she started after her cousin.

"Arkley's either in love, or his oil-shares have turned up trumps for him!" laughed Tom Thurston.

"Arkley in love! I should like to see him; and I should like to know how you make it out from present appearances, Mr. Thurston?" asked Cad, with wide, dancing eyes.

"Eh—how?" Thurston laughed another little low laugh, lustered his roll, and then answered by a question, Yankee-wise:

"Did you ever know Arkley to be absent-minded?"

"Well, no; it isn't his way," allowed Cad, "exactly; and is he in the habit of receiving letters twice a week that have a scent of heliotrope about them? It may be oil, however—I don't insist; but I thought that through the fumes of my coffee I had detected this week a very remarkable suspicion of heliotrope, as Arkley turned his pages."

Cad looked stunned with surprise a moment, then her black eyes had searching, even as quick. Heliotrope, who was it used heliotrope? She was sure she had a remembrance somewhere to help her. All at once it flashed over her.

"Bless my soul, Mr. Thurston, it's Mary Ware! Why didn't you know it?" She could have stung anyone in her very breath. Gloves, handkerchief, note paper—it was all one odor. You could trace her wherever she went, till we got into the habit of calling her Heliotrope at last. She's been dancing with Arkley all this blessed winter, but I never thought that old Ark would waste so much as a pose of himself as to get in love with this little dancing doll."

"She does dance well, doesn't she?"

"Dance! she just floats to the music;" Cad confessed, generously. But then—Mr. Thurston;" she said, regretfully,

"You are jumping at conclusions," returned Mr. Thurston.

Cad wished she was, but knew she wasn't. After her vehement manner, and walking her "constitutional" on the piazza a little later, she turned the letter pell and pell over in her mind, and thought, but didn't say, because this great, breezy, plain-spoken Cad was loyal and generous to her own sex—"And there's Syl, too!"

What did this mean?

Can't you guess? Can't you guess that Caroline Glynn had a tender spot in her heart for this Syl? That she loved and honored her, and was true to her, opposites though they were, as men friends are to each other, and women seldom. And this, her loving and honoring her, she had thought sometimes that this handsome cousin of hers, this dear old Ark, might bring Syl nearer her.

And there goes all last summer's metaphysics for nothing, and not the upshot of it is, that Molly Ware, the little wax-faced noodle, dances into his heart, or into his brain. What geese men are! with which last conclusion exasperated Cad returned to her own room, and indites a furious letter to Sylvia.

"And I was in hopes of something so much better, Syl;" she wrote. "I was in hopes those long metaphysical *tête-a-têtes* that everlasting lamenting at Dorcas, and Mill, and Hamilton, would bring you two round into another kind of metaphysics; and here you are poles asunder, and the dearest wish of my heart lost sweet, and that dancing Molly Ware, with her heliotrope odor—always hated heliotrope—in possession of the camp. Oh, Syl!"

Straightway back to this doleful ditty of Cad's came the gayest little letter from Sylvia. It literally ran over with fun and laughter.

"How bright it was of you, dear Cad," she went on "to make Molly Ware out of that heliotrope. I never should have thought of it. And I never should have thought it of Arkley either. And so for the metaphysics. Thank you dear, for your country letters, but you see Molly Ware and her heliotrope outdid Emerson, Hamilton, and Mill, and think of it! But here is a parable for you to think of. *I've got a tale to tell.* Cad, you are a prophet as well as an interpreter of the wagging their tongues. For three weeks I was in blissful ignorance, and went my way so unconscious of a child, then the hum of the hive reached me. Oh what a busy hive it has been! You see, dear, the 'little nonsense' of her, the very element of gossip, was here in their midst before me. At once there arose a query in my mind whether all small communities had its one beehive or its one whisper to form the staple of conversation. And I say for three weeks I went on my way in blissful ignorance of the epic which I was weaving. The village was the hive, we were rented to me—a Captain Hollister, who is playing fine lady generals—and the whisper was the buzz of the world. Well, I talked with this Captain, I walked with this Captain, and I rode with him, never alluding myself upon so pleasant a companion. Worst of all, perhaps, of my offences, I actually paid visits to this Captain's sisters, *'for the purpose of getting out to the Captain.'* Think of that, my Cad! Think of Syl's guests being accused of paying court to any body. Ark Arkley who, by-the-by—I shall ask him if he thought I was paying court to Tom Thurston last summer, when I used to go every afternoon and read to Tom's sister, and Tom used to say by to listen? But the best of it is, Cad, that this Captain and I are good friends—and only by this matter vesterday. We were out on gala, and, as we walk our beats together and talk of the good deeds, she is a woman after my own heart—I discovered, with a second, that we had a long talk with the Captain—nice metaphysical talks of Emerson, Mill, and Hamilton sometimes. But what do you tell him, too, that our talks took one element of discussion that the Newport hive shunned in. *He* will understand; and as for you, my dear Cad, I take it you will not be interested to know we have disappointed your expectations so much, or rather Arkley has, in allowing himself to be overcome by Molly Ware's stylish footgear and the mysterious heliotrope, instead of my metaphysics. No thing in the metaphysics order can now be endured to be lying *after the Captain*. Ah, you two will have me for woman to use, Cad! How your dark eyes flre as you read this. But you will remember, my dear, that this portion of it is doesn't know your Syl as well as you do. Let us at the end of our year meet and see ourselves. For I know you are dying to rail at what I have written to Arkley; but as a good girl you must go to stay at once. I am instead of coming to you. Perhaps I am all you say, dear; but I am, nevertheless, always your faithful

"SYL VINCENT."

"A goose! of course she is a goose!" cried out Cad on her reading, just as Syl had told her she would, to her cousin Arkley. And then she read aloud that little story of the goosings." After the Captain!" "Did you ever hear any thing so absurd and abominable, Arkley?"

Arkley laughed three queer little quaint laugh of his, behind that great beard; but into his eyes came that soft, grave look which those who know Arkley Glynn always like to see.

"Absurd? oh yes, and abominable too, I grant. But, Cad, don't you know one sad truth about your sex? It is the exaggeration of everything. It is the generality of ordinary women under ordinary circumstances. They hunt each other down, to use rather a sportsman's phrase, as men would be ashamed to do."

"Now, Arkley, that's your Thackeray vein."

"Well, never mind, it is a vein of truth. Don't you see now in this case: two of the opposite sex meet and become good friends, and at once your feminine code raises that a step—cry. It's the old cry of 'Stop thief!' you know. Women who do that, who raise that cry, are after a plunderer—a poacher on their domains. Now, I don't understand but one relation between the sexes—that's the relation that conjugates the verb *amour* in intent and purpose from the outset. Friendship, good fellowship, which begins at the top of the head, they don't recognize."

"Heigh-ho!" ejaculated Cad; "that's the metaphysical kind, I suppose."

"Exactly, Cad!" laughed Arkley, with a heavy sigh.

"Top of the head!" pursued Cad; "some people don't have any 'top of the head.'"

"Then again, Cad," said Arkley laughed at his cousin's gay, grim humor.

III.

And the next morning there sat this "great sensible goose of a man," as Cad called him, absorbed in one of those indifferent newspapers which Tom Thurston had for any thing else. Cad groaned in spirit, while she rattled her coffee-cup and looked across at Tom Thurston for sympathy. Tom read a gay grimace and hummed a bar of the *German*, and immediately Cad saw Molly Ware's flying feet and floating movements. This did not tend to soothe her ruffled temper by any means, nor was it improved when Arkley, presently folding his letter with a sigh of satisfaction, asked, lightly:

"Heard from Syl, Cad, this morning?"

"Heard from Syl!" Cad just shrugged her shoulders by way of reply. She sometimes felt as if her name were taken in vain after that heliotrope nonsense of Molly Ware's. "Of course it isn't a decided engagement, or Ark would have mentioned it," she commented to Tom Thurston afterward.

"No, perhaps not, but you may depend that Arkley is in for it," Tom Thurston had replied, slyly.

"Oh, do you, Mr. Thurston?" Cad retorted, rather spitefully. In the mean time, while Cad studied over her coffee-cup, Arkley turned it, and deplored Syl's absence, Sylvia herself was going on in her usual fashion, a serene summer fashion, half play half work. A few pleasant visits and then, and a great deal of reading and talking. Captain Hollister and his sister were not only her nearest neighbors, but of her kind. They were also given to much reading and talking, and so in Mrs. Greyborn's cottage many a swift morning sped away over Browning's poems, Tennyson's Idyls, or a brisk metaphysical discussion. And all the time there could be but one interpretation. She was "after the Captain."

"Mrs. Greyborn needn't flatter herself that Miss Vincent goes to see her," said Mrs. Black to Mrs. White, with wise emphasis.

"No indeed," returned Mrs. White, "that she needn't. It's Miss Sylvia and the Captain that call her morning to see Mrs. Greyborn! No, no! she's after the Captain, mark my word;" and Mrs. White shook her head with a very significant air.

Something of this reached the ears of Syl and the Captain. They take it very merrily, for, looking into each other's eyes, one day, a merry gleam sparkles in Syl's eyes, and then they both break into a little burst of laughter. And then they both look out there in the sunshine, and laugh again, just think of it, and laughing fall to talking, not of metaphysics surely, for there grows into Syl's cheek a color which makes the Captain listen with his ear not speaking with an arch smile which no philosophies ever called out. It certainly looks very suspicious. What if Mrs. Black and Mrs. White could look in now? What if—after all—well—don't let us jump at conclusions as Cad Glynn has, or as Cad will jump at them when she receives this letter. That will certainly tell us what we want to know.

Cad Glynn received it. Then soon enough—a soft, still August day; and Cad Glynn sat sparring it as usual with Tom Thurston across the breakfast-table when the waiter dropped beside her plate a little long white letter, seal upward—a great V in dead gold and monogram.

"Oh, Syl!" and Cad's face lighted. Tom occupied himself with his breakfast, and lazily waited to hear "what news from Syl." Arkley, too, with no beguiling expectation, went on with him this morning, waited likewise. At length Tom glances up surprised at the silence.

"Well, Miss Glynn, how is it with Miss Vincent?"

Cad's face was a study. Arkley regarded, with a look of intense amusement, the amazement and disgust apparent there, for Arkley had the key to some things.

"How is it with Miss Vincent?" she burst out, with the expression of disgust and amazement very evident in her voice as well as face. "Miss Vincent has left her way to Newport—and—and this Captain Hollis, or Hollister, whatever his name is. The lies that's to-night. They'll be here in the evening boat, Tom!" And Cad, giving utterance to this little quiclatory disappointment and ire, went off in a huff to her room. Here she was again jumping at conclusions.

At eight or thereabouts the evening boat arrives at the Newport wharf. Cad, her mood of the morning long since passed, but perhaps a little increased in its irritation by Arkley's persistent gayety and sly innuendoes at Syl and the Captain, waits for the arrivals with her usual impatience. Eight—quarter past—where can that boat be? Ah! there goes the whistle! Now, then curiosity and impatience will both be relieved of their watch and guard. A few minutes more and they will be here.

A few minutes more! Cad walks up and down the empty parlor, setting her teeth against "this Captain," and snapping her little watch every two seconds to see how the time goes. Then comes the roll of carriage-wheels; a well-known voice sounds in a light laugh mixed with two other voices that sound as familiar. "Mr. Tom Thurston to dine with us, boy to meet them? Tom Thurston! Cad stops a moment, and then comes swiftly forward as Syl and Arkley enter, followed by a gentleman in a light traveling-suit, with a wide sombrero straw-hat in his hand.

"Captain Hollister, Cad; Miss Glynn, Captain Hollister," says Syl, as she grasps Cad's hand for greeting. And oh what a volley of mirth and mischief there was in her eyes and in Syl's eyes!

For a moment Cad stands wide-eyed in amazement, then she finds voice:

"Captain Hollister, indeed! How long is it since you went farther down the alphabet to spell your name, Captain?" and here Cad laughs, and stops to take breath from all this surprise, and Syl finds chance to say:

"I'm glad you haven't forgotten old friends, Cad."

"Forgotten old friends! Syl, what a little farce you are! to turn this old friend into a new one just to make a romantic story of it! Base and excise my curiosity. And there was Arkley—she turned about and caught Arkley's smile. "Why, I do believe—yes, I am sure—you have all the time known that this Captain Hollister was our friend Captain H——," and Cad drops the I's and goes farther into the alphabet for the Captain's name—this mysterious Captain, who was indeed no stranger at all, but an acquaintance, nay, a friend, dating two or three years back at Washington, and with a name which mischievous Syl, incited by Cad's prophecy of the inevitable bachelor, had very nearly turned into heliotrope. Here was one who recognizes this Captain H——— can testify how easy is the turning. They all fell to laughing over this change of Syl's, and Cad thought, of course, but one thing in reference to it. It was Syl's mischief, to be sure, but a mischief that had a deeper meaning. "So," she went on with her thought, "if I had not lost her through Arkley's folly, I suppose I should to our friendship have had the climax to it that now lights upon something which flashes a new radiance in upon her brain. It was "something" she had seen somewhere in a slender land! Cad was brunette and piquante, but she had a tender kind of courtesy, which would have held her silent here but for the fact that Syl happened to pass with a certain free-masonry between the three before her.

"Syl," she suddenly cried out, "what does it all mean?"

"It means," took up Captain Hollister, "that you ought to congratulate these two—this one and friend of my own—and then I think you might congratulate yourself, Miss Glynn."

"Syl—Arkley! you don't mean to say that you two have actually found each other after all!"

"After all, dear Cad," said Arkley, with that sweet, grave look of his.

"Suddenly like *Romeo*, hasty Cad looked confused. "And Molly Ware!" she exclaimed.

"And those heliotrope-scented letters, Cad!" cried Arkley, laughing. "Oh, Cad, Cad! how wrong you were all through in jumping at conclusions! The heliotrope letters were your humble servant's, who chanced to spill a box of heliotrope-powder into my paper drawer, and it drenched that thin 'French note' paper with its odor."

"How you didn't write to me on that thin 'French note,' Syl."

Sylvia at first it was simple accident. Then came your wild supposition of Molly Ware; and the temptation to play this little farce, as you call it, Cad, for the benefit for one of the principal actors, was too strong for me to resist. Dear Cad, can you forgive us?"

Syl's pleading tones, Syl's pleading eyes, but more than all the happy *denouement* itself, won Cad's forgiveness.

"And to think, Arkley, that you should lend yourself to this nonsense!" said Cad, in mock wrath, as later they discussed it.

"To think that you and the Captain here should be under correspondence all the time to carry out this foolish programme!"

"But you made out the programme, Cad, in the beginning," Sylvia said, soon. The prophesied my country fate, you know."

"Yes; but I didn't prophesy the end."

"But, Cad"—and Syl's eyes glowed—"you thought I was after the Captain, too."

Cad glanced laughingly across at Captain Hollister, and, in a stage aside, made answer:

"No, Syl, I thought the Captain was after you."

So Cad has the last word, and so the summer story ends with all the gossips in confusion.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AS IT SHOULD BE.—What a satisfaction it must be to the Empress of the French that the Emperor has given up the idea of paying a visit to Nancy!

Among the advertisements a week or two ago, in a daily journal, appeared the following: "Two sisters want washing." Said a despairing, particularly fond of children, widow for two or three, having none of her own, nor any other employment.

A SECRET TO MARY ANNE.—The needle-gun is not threaded with gun-cotton.

An Irishman, on being told to grease the wagon replied: "Faith, and what's the use? It's the wheels are every part of the wagon but them *sticks the wheels hang on!*

HORSE OF THE TABLE.—The hippophagistic carry their fondness for horse-flesh to an extreme. Accordingly perhaps they will soon have their nurse served up with horseradish, not to mention horse-radish, which of course it would require much more than beef. The dessert which follows the favorite repast of the horse-eaters will certainly consist of preserved horse-chestnuts.

"Madam, your boy can't pass for half fare; he is too large," said the conductor of a railway train, which had been detained on the road by snow. "He may be too large for his age, sir," replied the lady, "but he was small for what he was started." The conductor gave in, and the boy passed half fare.

Why are persons born blind unfit to be carpenters?—Because they never saw.

"Two friends being in conversation together, one asked the other how he was, and received for answer, "Why, I was well, "Let me die the death of the righteous." "My boy," replied somber two, "that you'll never do as long as you live."

"Did the minister put a stamp on you when you was married, Mary?"

"Stamp, Charlie! What for, pray?"

"Why, matches sh'd legal without a stamp, you know!"

One of the ass writes, rather spitely, "that though a few quadrupeds may differ from the species, they very rare work themselves into early graves—giving the men an opportunity to try two or three in the course of their own vigorous lives."

"Is a Man and his Wife one?" asked the wife of a man in a fit of stupefaction, as she was holding his aching head in both hands. "Yes, I suppose so," was the reply. "Then," said she, "I must have been pretty drunk last night, and I ought to be ashamed of myself."

A DIFFER.—One asked his friend why he married so *little* a wife?—"Why," said he, "I thought you had known that I always had a wish choose the less of two evils."

Why is a tender-hearted philanthropist like a horse?—Because his steps are arrested by the cry of woe.

Judy Brigden, having been requested to open some oysters, after knocking off the tops of some time, exclaimed: "Upon my conscience, but they are mighty hard to open!"

As long as a miser lives his money-chest is very sure to be heir-tight.

ANYTHE TO ANSWER.—Draw say thing but a bill.

WOMAN.

DISSECTED BY A MAN.

A woman is like—but stay—
What a woman is like, I can not say!
There's no living with or without one!
Love her like a fool,
Now an ass, now an ape,
Run—but always follow about one!

When she is tender and kind,
She is like to my mind,
And fully may I be trusted;
She's like to—oh, dear!
She's not quite, dear,
As a ripe melting peach in September!

If she laugh, and she chat,
Play, jest, and be free,
And with smiles and good-humor she meets me,
She's like a fool!
Of vexation and dole,
Then come fits like Bible, "I'll me!"

But she'll plague you and vex you,
Distract and perplex you:
False-hearted and ranging,
Unsettled and changing,
What, then, do you think she is like?
Like a sand, like a rock!
Like a fox, like a clock!
Ay, like a clock that is always at strike!

Her head is like the island folks tell on,
Which nothing but ocean can hold:
Her heart's like an orange so nice,
She carves for each lover in turn!
In truth she's to me,
Like—like—like—I know not,
Whose raging will bearken to no man.

Like a mill, like a pill;
Like a sail, like a whale;
Like an ass, like a glass;
Whose image is certain to no man.
Like a flower, like a shower;
Like a fly, like a spy;
Like a fox, like a box;
Like a bird, like—the bird,
She's like nothing on earth—but a woman!

What's the difference between a Hindoo widow and a Christian widow? The only legal way to be rid is to be burned.

Dolly Dale, one day, an Englishman sat
With a sweet native lass at the window—
Quoth he, "Pretty dear, from thence I pray tell me that,"
Said the pretty, inquisitive Hindoo.
"Why, that," Dolly cried, "that's the gentleman said,
"With a flame not easy to smother;
Our widows, dear creature, the husband is dead,
Immediately burn—for another."

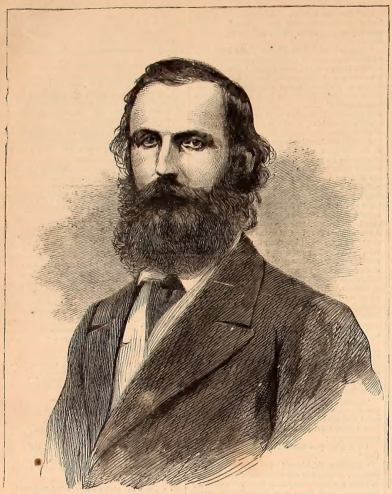
PROVERBIAL FOOLOSOPHY.

Castles in the air have no foundation; but in some delusive scheme you will find substance.

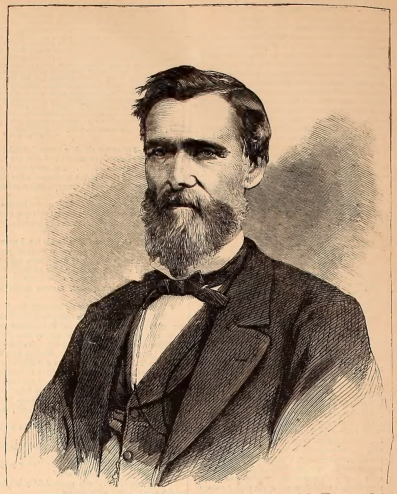
The way to make a hole in your income is to pay a large rent.

The largest tin-tacks must be the freeman-tax, for that's a regular nuisance.

Resignation is a virtue that is often made a necessity of in the political world.



A. P. DOSTIE.



JOHN T. MONROE, MAYOR OF NEW ORLEANS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.]



WILLIAM BLAIKIE.



R. S. PEABODY.



E. N. PENNO.



E. T. WILKINSON.



C. M'BURNEY.



A. P. LORING.

THE COLLEGE REGATTA AT WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS—PORTRAITS OF THE HARVARD CREW.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WARREN.—[SEE PAGE 542.]

GARIBALDI IN THE ITALIAN TYROL.

THE force of Italian volunteers and bersaglieri, under the command of General GARIBALDI, has been engaged in the difficult task of forcing its way through the mountain passes on the western shore of the Lake of Garda, with a view to getting round the head of that lake, at Riva, and thence proceeding to occupy the high-road which leads from Verona to the Tyrol, and which is now the only communication left open between the fortresses of the Quadrilateral and the Austrian empire.

The head-quarters of GARIBALDI for some days, while preparing for this movement, were fixed alternately at the town of Salo on the very shore of the Lake of Garda, and at the fortress and village of Rocca d'Anfo, twenty-five miles northwest of that place, overlooking a smaller piece of water called the Lake of Idro, surrounded by lofty and precipitous hills, which display some of the most romantic features of North Italian scenery.



GARIBALDI'S HEAD-QUARTERS ON LAKE GARDA.

"CAPSIZED."

THIS bright and pleasantly-treated little picture, representing a characteristic incident of child-life, is from a painting by Mr. THOMAS, a celebrated English artist. We are all "children of a larger growth," and is not that man sincerely to be pitied who forgets or has lost all sympathy with the sports and the joys and sorrows of childhood? It is true that some querulous old curmudgeon has somewhere said that whenever you meet a boy you ought always to thrash him, because, if not actually then in mischief, he is sure to be going directly to get into it. Nay, more, if even the mother of these urchins came suddenly upon them, as here represented, it is quite possible she might scold them soundly, not only for dabbling their clothes, but for incurring a cool danger of drowning, if, indeed, she did not proceed to administer bodily correction. Many of our readers, however, who can take neither a cynical nor a maternal interest in this incident, may yet share Thackeray's genial feeling toward young folk when he declares that he could never see a boy without wanting to tip him with half a sovereign. Surely the temptation is great to alleviate in some way the anxiety of these little lads respecting the safety of their shipwrecked boat! And we need hardly point out how naturally that boy-like anxiety is rendered in the picture, or how nicely it is discriminated according to age—the elder one braving the terrors of the knee-deep ocean to rescue the helpless capsized craft; the younger with his shoes heedfully slung round his neck, having ventured as far as he dares, clinging for safety to the rock, as he watches in fear and hope the heroic exertions of his brother. Of course, the fanciful may also find in the subject of the picture suggestions of the early age at which familiarity with the sea and ships begins among the population of our coasts, and which afterward developed gives us our best sailors.

QUEEN EMMA IN AMERICA.

HER Majesty, the Dowager Queen EMMA, of the Sandwich Islands, widow of the late King KAMEHAMEHA IV., arrived here on the 6th from England by the Cunard steamship *Java*. The Collector of the Port, HENRY A. SMYTHE, Esq., had received instructions from the Secretary of the Treasury to meet the royal lady down the bay, or to have her met there by representatives of the Government on board one of the revenue steamers. The *Active*, detailed for this purpose, arrived alongside the *Java*



"CAPSIZED."—[FROM A PAINTING BY G. H. THOMAS.]

at 10.30 A.M., saluting with a royal salute, having on board the Russian Consul-General and Chargé d'Affaires, S. U. F. Odell, Esq.; Abraham Wakeman, Esq., Surveyor of the Port; James Kelly, Esq., Postmaster; Brigadier-General J. F. B. Marshall, of the staff of Governor Bullock, of Massachusetts, and J. G. Denby, Esq., United States Dispatch Agent. After the formalities of introduction had been gone through Her Majesty was received on board the *Jamaica*, which steamed down the river to carriages in waiting, which conveyed the lady and her attendants to the Brevoort House.

At one o'clock her Majesty received a number of visitors, among them R. S. Chilton, Esq., who had arrived the evening before from Washington, the bearer of a letter of welcome from the Government in the handwriting of the Secretary of State. Mr. Chilton, accompanied by J. C. Denby, Esq., was presented by Mr. Odell, Queen Emma expressed her acknowledgment of the courtesy of the Government and its Secretary, saying that she would communicate to her lord on the day during the day, having as yet formed none. She expressed herself as much pleased with her European tour.

Queen Emma is daughter of John Young, an English sailor, and the Princess Kaia, who died in 1838. She was educated by the American Mission. Her marriage with the late King was blessed with a son, who died while yet an infant, and thus the crown has passed to Kamehameha V., brother of the deceased King.

About a week ago, at the invitation of the British Government, Queen Emma went to visit England. Her design in making this visit was twofold—to see the country, and to collect funds for the erection in her native country of a memorial Cathedral. She was over a year the guest of the English people, and it is said that her visit was more successful as an ovation to herself than in its missionary purposes, having received for her Cathedral only £5000. At Washington the Government will dispense courtesies, after which the Royal lady will proceed to Boston to receive the hospitalities of that city.

On the afternoon of her arrival in this city Queen Emma visited the Central Park. Her appearance has been described in the following terms:

The Queen is of medium height, thick eyes, dark straight hair, pleasant under-chin dimple, with well-shaped instep, and of rather handsome figure, with the quiet and unobtrusive look of a lady in her face. The face is quite dark, and is nearly akin in shade to that of a Southern mulatto, and the complexion hangs down slightly. The entire face is Malay in its cast, and the features are not European in tone. She dresses in mourning.

THE REGATTA AT WORCESTER.

The College Regatta between the Yale and Harvard crews came off on July 28, on Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester, Massachusetts. Last year we gave the portraits of the Yale crew, which was then victorious. This week we give on page 548 the portraits of the Harvard crew, who were this year the winners of the race.

In the Yale crew there were but two men who rowed in last year's regatta, while in that of Harvard there were only two who did not—Mr. E. T. Wilkinson and A. P. Loring. The two crews were composed of the following persons:

YALE CREW.

	Weight.
Frank Trowbridge (bow)	149 lbs.
W. A. Hall	150 "
A. D. Bissell	151 "
W. S. Bissell	160 "
Edmund Collin	150 "
Edward B. Bassett (stroke)	163 "

HARVARD CREW.

	Weight.
Charles M'Burney (bow)	138 lbs.
Edward T. Wilkinson	154 "
Edward P. Bowditch	155 "
Robert S. Peabody	159 "
Alden T. Loring	146 "
William Blaikie (stroke)	153 "

The race is thus described by the New York *Tribune* correspondent:

The Yale crew was the first to come forward, and took the inside. They were not kept long in waiting, for soon the Harvard crew were seen approaching under the bridge, where they were greeted by some in contact with one of many skiffs already stationed to which floated about on the lake. This caused but a slight delay, however, and in a short while the Harvard boat took its position, amidst hideous cheering from above, alongside that of Yale. The appearance of both crews was extremely fine; twelve more muscular and superbly developed men is were hard to find; but as to the superiority, to a close observer there was on the side of Harvard. Once more there was delay, while either bank resounded with the clapping of hands and the cheering that burst forth from the friends of the colleges. The crews at the start appeared to be equally matched, but when about half-way up Harvard took the lead, and as they got up on the lake announced her success soon afterward at the stake, which she reached in 8.30, and on the return led by upward of four lengths. Anxiously and impatiently the crowds upon the bank awaited the return of the boats. The rain was still falling heavily. At last a cry arose that they were coming. "Yale is ahead!" was shouted; "Yale is ahead!" and deafening cheers arose from both sides of the water. But Yale was not ahead. The cheers died away. It was the Yale contingent that had rowed up the lake, and which is returning in advance. "Harvard is ahead!" Then another cheer arose as loud, if not louder, than the first, and soon the ominous handkerchief was visible. There could be no mistake now. Yale was far behind now. Her glory was dimmed, she was beaten, beaten by a long way. Take on the blue ribbon, fold it carefully, and put it in your pocket; it may do for next year, perhaps, but not still nothing now.

"Harvard's time was, 15.43½; Yale's, 19.10. Last year's time was for Yale, 15.45½; Harvard's, 19.9."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

A PLAIN STATEMENT.

On the evening of August 13 Governor Orr, of South Carolina, in the course of a speech at Philadelphia, made the following statement of his position: He said that he would not now refer to the last four years of the war, but knew he intended to call up one or two points connected with it, of which he wished to speak. He and his audience had been brought up in which the South was schooled. He had been taught that the States were supreme; they that the General Government was supreme. His section had demanded its supposed privileges; the North had denied them. The South claimed the right of secession; the North denied the existence of any such right. The South seceded, and was whipped into submission, and finally both sections threw down the gauntlet to settle their dispute upon the field of battle. The South had exercised a secret and bloody, but it ended in the defeat of the South. The South had fought with courage and faith and higher chivalry resort—and the decision had been against them—a decision, he would say, not to be questioned, but by those by which could come from the highest judicial tribunal. The question of secession was forever settled in the most completely and forever, and the results of the war had decided that the General Government was supreme. In this decision the southern people, and he among them, bowed in submission, and were ready to abide by it and to use the opportunity to say it to a Northern audience, to declare that the people represented by the delegation which accepted in good faith its allegiance to the General Government, and were claimed by some men to enjoy under the Government; and as such so sincerely wished for the peace of the country, the prosperity of the whole, of all the States, its reputation abroad, and its prosperity at home, as the people of the North. That was his meaning, said Mr. Orr, when he spoke of the acquiescence and loyalty of the southern people, and it was in that I renounce the right of secession, the right of an agitist to arise, and to overthrow the supremacy over all the Government of this Union.

NEWS ITEMS.

The New York State Union Convention met at Saratoga August 9. The following delegates were appointed: A. Dix, Henry J. Raymond, G. Wilkeson, S. Hand, H. L. Comstock, Samuel J. Tilden, William Kelly, Hiram Denio, Samuel E. Church. The National Union Convention will meet on Tuesday next in Faneuil Hall, Boston, August 8. The following delegates to the Convention were appointed: Reverdy Johnson, Judge Abbott, of Boston; Isaac Davis, of Worcester; Governor Andrew, Judge Thomas, of Plymouth; Judge Hoar, John Quincy Adams, of Quincy; George Ashmun, of Springfield, and S. Bailey, of Lynn.

The number of deaths in this city last week was 946, the same number as the week before. Of these, seven were cholera, and 195 of the cholera deaths occurred in the public institutions.

Dispatches from St. Joseph state that the Indian depredations in the vicinity of Fort Kearney and on Powder River were assuming a most determined and warlike character. The Government agent at the fort had been run off, and on Powder River three forts had been burned by the Indians, and thirty-five men killed. There had also been serious flight and destruction of trains near Fort Kearney and Laramie.

One hundred and eighty-three thousand bushels of corn were burned during the recent riots at Augusta in Georgia. About 40,000 persons were the recipients.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

August 5:

The River Rhine is reopened.

The Italian navy is to be reorganized.

The reconstruction of Austria's cabinet, which previously commanded the Italian fleet, is progressing.

The Austrian army is increasing in England.

August 6:

The first meeting of the Chambers was held to-day at Berlin.

The King of Prussia has returned to Berlin. The Municipality presented to him a congratulatory address. In his reply he expressed his satisfaction at the manner in that Prussia had drawn the sword, not only for her independence, but for the independence of Germany. Before the first, said the King, has been assured. The second may, by the help of God, also be obtained. The King promises a happy future for Prussia, as an honorable and lasting peace is guaranteed. The Speech from the Prussian Chambers yesterday. In the course of its address he said: "I trust that no recent events will lead you to suppose I affect an indi pensable understanding that an indemnity for our losses is carried on by the Government without a law regulating the budget, application for which will be made to the Assembly anew, will involve a breach with my Government, and hitherto existing conflict be thereby finally and for more serious one. This is a conclusion. As it may be expected that the political position of the Parliament will admit of an extension of the powers of the State and the establishment of a united Federal army under the leadership of Prussia. Prussia will be borne to equal proportions by all the members of the Confederation. The duties required by the treaty for the execution of a popular representative Federal State will be laid before you without delay."

Prussia has positively declined the proposals of Russia for a Congress of the Powers to meet at Paris or at Vienna.

It is expected that a definite treaty of peace will soon be signed by the Austrian and Prussian Plenipotentiaries at Prague.

The Italian and Austrian Generals met at Cormons, in Austria, to-night. France takes no part in the pending armistice.

August 9:

Advices received to-day announce that the truce between Italy and Austria has been extended ten days.

The Austrian Government has declared that the truce were ten hundred and fifty-three, and from diarrhœa three hundred and sixty-four.

At nine o'clock this morning the last cell of the cable 1865 was landed on the shore of Trinity Bay. *Great Eastern* amidst general rejoicing. Preparations were immediately made for her departure from Heart's Content—docks cleared, machinery put in order, anchor hauled in, and at 10 A.M. she left for Valentia Bay, Ireland, accompanied by the *Medway*, together with the *Terrible* and *Albert*, both awaiting her arrival in the harbor.

The French Cabinet has addressed a note to the Prussian Government, declaring that the French Government in the political organization of Germany render it necessary that the French frontier should be extended by the annexation of territory to France, so that the frontier should be the same as in 1814.

August 10:

The question of Parliament has closed.

August 11:

The Emperor of Mexico has arrived in Paris. She seeks aid from the French Government to the cause of Maximilian.

August 12:

Prussia has informed Austria that she (Prussia) will maintain the right to fortify Mainz.

The semi-official organ, the *Zeitung*, says that Napoleon will be obliged to withdraw his troops from Mexico if it is impossible for Germany to fulfill. The ideas of the revolutionists have taken the form of the usual course of policy of France. The changes which have taken place in Germany are of a national German, not an international, character, and convey no menace or danger to France.

News received from Vienna says that great excitement exists there. Four hundred and eighty-two men are to be tried on a charge of high treason. Crowds of people in the streets have hailed the Emperor Francis Joseph with cheers of "Hallelujah" for peace.

An armistice between Austria and Italy of four weeks' duration has been signed. It will remain in force from the expiration of that time unless notice of its cessation is duly given by either Power to the other.

MEXICO.

Recent advices from Mexico give important information regarding a movement in favor of Maximilian's abdication, in which many prominent men, active supporters of Santa Anna, were concerned. Fifty-two of them have been arrested, including Senor Lucinius, Minister of State, three other members of the Cabinet, and other police officials. The conspirators were combining, it is asserted, to overthrow the Government of the Empire, and to reinstate Santa Anna as President or Dictator.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

So much has already been written respecting the great fire at Portland, that it may seem a mere repetition to say one thing more. But the most striking and sensational of that desolate "*burnt district*" has left such an impression on our mind that we can scarcely refrain from making an allusion to it. And a solemn duty current idea of the time, and may well receive more than a passing notice.

We handled our fire with considerable skill at the first, before visiting them—thought we could picture to ourself the blackened walls, the isolated chimneys, the masses of brick and mortar, the twisted iron-work—but an actual investigation showed at once what an inadequate conception we had formed. Many streets were entirely or partially destroyed—*eight miles of streets*—three hundred and twenty acres of ruins in the heart of a populous city present a singular and appalling spectacle, which no pencil can do justice to. The scene is exactly as it appeared when the fire was scarcely conceive. A great change has doubtless been wrought in the "burnt district" during the weeks which have elapsed since that terrible conflagration. Fragments of high walls have been pulled down, and buildings whose walls in part remain have been roofed. Hundreds of men are clearing away the rubbish and laying new foundations. A large number of temporary wooden buildings are already erected.

What struck us the most forcibly in passing through the ruins was the utter destruction which the devouring element had made. Here and there, amidst the general wreck, some unscathed building towered like monuments. The fire seems to have chosen, in its wayward course, on one side of the street and sometimes on the other, and in this has been spared to stand almost alone. As we go up toward Munjoy Hill, a cemetery is the terminus at one point, only one side of the fence, and a few blackened headstones mark the spot. On the other side, rubbish. On opposite side of the street every thing is destroyed.

I suppose you have already heard that Mr. Fox has some robust iquestions driver, as he descended from his perch while we stopped the carriage to look at the defaced and blackened walls of the once beautiful City Hall. Wonderful if our aspect was particularly gloomy, we assured him we were not from Boston, but from New York. Endeavoring to give information to strangers, he continued, pointing to the City Hall: "They might have saved *dat* part on dat is an' I wonder why we could not have kept that from burning quite to have been ashamed of themselves. Ah, I say, you should have seen it Thursday night."

Passing near the site of Fox's Sugar House, the smell of the still burning sugar w s very perceptible. One thousand hogsheads of sugar were burned, and it was impossible to save any of it. The tent-dwellers are mostly Irish, and seem comfortable. Cooking stoves are outdoors here and there in front of the tents. Furniture stands generally or altogether outside the canvas. This is all very well for summer, but will not be so agreeable in cold weather.

It was a relief to the eye to turn from these ruins to other portions of the city. We could but wonder that the citizens of Portland were so cheerful and hopeful, with such a mass of destruction before their sides. "I said a merchant to us, who himself had fortunately escaped severe loss, "there was a time, when the flames were raging, that we felt as though we could lie down and say thing—it seemed as if so much had gone, that what was left would be worth nothing." We were pleased to meet in the early hours a lady whose husband had lost largely by the fire, though his dwelling-house was saved. "I have never had such a large family as I have now," said she, "since. My house has been full;" adding, earnestly, "and it seems almost wicked to come away now, when there are so many who have no home, and to think of living in luxury for me an almost worn-out, and next rest." This is the spirit which usually prevails. Many kind offers from New Yorkers and strangers have cordially sent aid; and by degrees Portland is rising from her ashes.

A recent writer in Paris says much truth: "The first consideration in modes of living is what you eat, drink, and smell. What you take in enters into the blood, the life of the man. Almost every disease which has occurred on earth have begun, continued, and ended in the corruption of the blood. You will find half a million of people in New York living on salt pork, salt beef, stringy beef, and half-cooked vegetables, in houses reeking with typhoid fever, cholera, and foul sewer and cesspool gases, which a hyena wouldn't touch. Nothing is better than a fresh dish of peace; but how many thousands eat peas as cold as a dish of Arctic regions and the first semi-cooked, and most unfortunately the devil's cooks are sent very largely to the poor."

Not long since some investigations were made in regard to the air in an ordinary city court-room. The moisture from the windows was collected and several ounces obtained. It was found to be overpowering and deadening. A permanente of potassia, and experiment proved it to be the same deleterious matter that is exhaled proceeds from deep mines and similar places. Legal gentlemen would find it for the interest of their clients to introduce a little oxygen into court. The brain can not work vigorously in vitiated air.

A Boston daily recently loaned a series of "Atlantic Cable Messages," and printed a very large paper in the country." We think they are so much in advance that we will quote a couple of lines for the amusement of our readers. The first is from P. T. Barnum:

Message to be delivered in heaven.

"Mermaid and fishes well. Am observing this message gave are informed the undersigned is open to overtures for engagement at the Heavenly Museum, and will be pleased to state, he would state that the establishment is conducted on cold water principles, and is actuated by no sel-fish motive in making the proposition."

The second is dated Paris, August 2, 1866:

"Artemas Ward.

"*To Mr. Artemas Ward, Showman of Heaven:*

"This world is on a fuss'n sho. Among the principal Shows here is a Congress of Peace at present. The principle curiosity in her Sho being the needle-gun. Have just knuckled an arrangement with Lewis Napoleon for a side Sho of Wooden warks and snails, near the entrance to the grate exhibition—horse private between me and Lewis. Admission 1 frank French money, or fifteen cents American currency. On kloshe the kontract the M. P. remarked, 'You and me has dun a good day's work, Artemas Ward.'"

An interesting and amusing article on "Human Hair" recently appeared in the New York *Times*. Undoubtedly our lady readers are well posted in all matters pertaining to the adorning of the head; still, this being a subject of paramount importance at the present day, we look in a certain sense, responsible to give them all the information and all possible, in regard to the *modish* dictates that hang upon them as members of fashionable society. Therefore we are happy to inform them that although "fruits," or any connivance to cover baldness require, to be made with great closely, and are more frequently worn in Paris, our America can do as well as France in the manufacture of waterfalls, "rats," "mice," and the like. Any lady can make these accommodations—when they know how! And this is the way:

"They are made of hair (well rolled around a wad of cotton, to make the 'web'), you set two long wire prongs, sticks on a table—then you stretch three black threads from one to the other—then you take a long lock of the hair and rap it under one thread, over another, then under the third, and so on, back and forth, till the web is made all four; then you take another little lock and do however and under business same as before, and leaving it till you get about six inches of it, and that's 'curls' all done, and ready to put on. The whole thing is called a fashionable—fill it with hair that can't be used any where else, then with the web outside of it, making the hair into the bag; then you cover the whole thing with a small bit of net, and there you are. Any lady can manufacture that's a waterfall. Any body can make them—rats and mice are made the same way, only a little different. Especially, however, these animals consist of a cotton wad, which you cover with the hair, and then hair when they're put it out. When their hair is very thin they have to get the wad covered with some sort of hair. Curls and coils are also made of web, wrapped around cotton wads."

We regret that want of space compels us to omit especial notice of Bonnets, which would enable every gentleman to make his own wig!

A gentleman who has traveled extensively in the East states that in Egypt, where sun-strokes is of frequent occurrence, a most simple remedy is to pour into the ear-cavities some water in which salt has been dissolved. To say the least this strikes us as a very reasonable idea.

A Peruvian plant, the Erythroxylon Coca, has been found by experiment to possess the property of quelling the sensation of hunger and thirst for a number of hours. The plant appears to neutralize the nerves of the stomach and suspend the digestive functions, without affecting any sensations. It is also a powerful stimulant.

A critical observer of fashionable life at Newport laweighs against those be-silked and be-jeweled dames who demonstrate a disposition to "dress" their children. A saintly forgetful of their children, leave them to "dirt and rags" while they themselves are "dressed within an inch of their lives," and gives it as his decided, but unfashionable opinion, that they, the mothers, "ought to be pilloried as of old, on the public square." Possibly, however, it is that fathers and mothers in various parts of the country are becoming—perhaps they have always been somewhere in the country—that they have in their purposes whipped his infant on to death because he would not say his prayers. Near the Second Baptist church, in Cincinnati, New York, turned his daughter out of doors, and whipped a little too sooty to death, because they would not work on Sunday. When the authorities interfered he had already his conduct on the ground that he believed Satan up to the Sabbath, and that it was his duty to whip his children to "walk in the right way," and work on Sunday. Again we hear of a woman at Indianapolis, Indiana, who recently tortured her little daughter, of four years old, terribly, by tickling her, that the girl was completely exhausted by the torture, and died soon after. A jury of the vessel, which ensued her death. Such fiendish conduct is almost beyond belief.

A new lecturer, Madame Ristori, will probably visit this country in September next and make her début in New York. She was born near Venice, in 1822, and has been famous on the stage since the age of four years. Her real name and title is the Marchesa del Grillo, acquired by a stolen marriage with the son and heir of the Marquis de Capranica. She was for some time after her marriage to please her friends. Before Ristori was her love for the stage overcame her scruples, and she met the solicitations of the public, that she again returned to it. She said to possess great powers of gesture and facial expression, and is also described by his biographer as bold and benevolent, and worthy of the admiration which has been bestowed upon her in her native country.

A pretty good story is told of Sir Richard Jolib, who, on being called to see a patient who fancied himself very ill, and his fears were groundless, made no scruple to scatter with and declined prescribing for him. But the patient, resolved to have some advice, said: "Now you are here, I shall be absent of you, Sir Richard, and I will not let him I must live; what I may eat, and what I may not." "Why Sir-ious to that point," replied Sir Richard, "will be for me simple enough. You must not eat veal, lamb, or tongs, for they are kind of digestion, nor the bellows, because they are hard of digestion, and you must not drink wine."

Among the wedding presents given to the Princess Helena there were no less than nine brooches. She must have a good memory for pins.

"When a woman is gifted with good taste," remarks a Parisian writer on fashions, "she can always find means to make up a pretty toilet out of the very simplest materials." This is undoubtedly true, and the true American woman would make it a practical truth. But we scarcely think that the following recipe for a pretty toilet is a recipe of simplicity in the art of dress her yet been attained. Nevertheless we are always happy to give our readers one of the latest styles that have found favor in the eyes of taste in regard to adopting them.

Very large skirts are now made of cashmere of all shades—celue, poppy red, mauve, violet, and sky blue, and these are all studded over with silver jet or with crystal beads. The bodice, with its deep basque, and which are composed of a basque only, are added to tunics set in the form of aprons. The sleeves and cashmere pipings are worn with white bodices. Dresses without plastes at the waist are very ungraceful on any but good figures; they destroy the shapely basque round the hips, are usually becoming additions when the wearer is not stout, for the secret of good dressing is to have disarrangement in the selection of a toilet, and to choose among the various fashions the cuts and colors which are most suitable to the wearer's particular style and complexion.

For the sea-side, where a frequent change of toilet is almost a necessity, and where nobody likes to be encumbered with packages, dress-makers have prepared dresses which can be worn with or without overskirts. These are frequently two bodices and two paletots. For example: with a striped light blue and white Chambery gauze skirt, ornamented with bands of blue silk and blonde insertion, may be worn a plain high bodice, trimmed down the front and on the sleeves with blue silk and white blonde, and an Empire sash fastened at the side with a large rosette, and a basque and paletot of the same gauze at the back. This basque is added to the plain high bodice by means of a waistband. For evening wear a low square bodice is made, with a small bertha of white silk gauze puffings,

every puffing being separated from the next with a flat band of blue silk. Another change can be made with a small patch-case, worked round the sage and lined with blue silk. Thus several toilets can be formed with the one skirt.

During this warm weather more than ordinary attention has been paid to that indispensable garment called in France a *peignoir*. Such a thing is rarely worn when traveling or at the sea-side, because from early morning one is surrounded by strangers, but in country-house it is extremely popular. In fact, it has become the custom among the higher circles in France, during their residence at their country-seats, for the ladies not to dress themselves elaborately for breakfast, but to meet at the table in *peignoirs*. Although the dress is simple, it is always a pretable that the hair should be well-arranged, and if a cap is worn it must be made either of white lace or guipure. The mixture of muslin and Valenciennes is the best taste when enlivened with ribbons of some gay hue. The summer *peignoir* is frequently made of washing material, and, in a light color, white is considered more elegant than any thing else. It can be made in a very simple manner, but should look fresh and clean. At present moment the linen *peignoirs* are the most popular kind. *Linon* is a sort of batiste, made of flax, and looks glazed and brilliant; it is very slightly starched, to give it substance. *Linon* requires but little trimming, the *peignoir* being usually fastened down the front with bows of ribbon, which are varied occasionally with straps of ribbon and mother-of-pearl buckles.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

FROM A LADY.

WEST MILTON, Saratoga Co., N. Y.,
July 6, 1861.

DR HOOFTYTER.—SIR: I have long delayed writing to you to express my thanks for the good you have done my daughter. I can truly say that nothing but the kind hand of Providence and your BITTERS have saved her from an early grave. For three years I have been doctoring her with syrups and all kinds of bitters that have been recommended to me, besides having two very eminent physicians; but all seemed to do her no good, while I was searching the almanac and all the newspapers that I could get hold of, in hopes of finding something that would suit her case. Accidentally there came part of a newspaper around some goods that I bought at the Spa. In looking it over I saw at a glance that your BITTERS was just what she needed. I sent the next day to Hunter's Spa and got a bottle of your BITTERS. She commenced taking them, and such a change in one week with her appetite, and the distress that vitiosis occasioned, and that burning in the Stomach, I never saw in my life, as there was in her. She has taken three bottles, and is now able to work all the time. I think there is a little stronger treatment of the Liver. These send me three bottles more, which I think will cure her entirely. We and others thought she had a disease of the heart, but that burning and fluttering that would almost *stop* her from breathing at times, is all gone.

Yours, with respect,

MRS. AMANDA M'PHERSON.

IMPORTANT TO SOLDIERS.

A Bill has passed giving additional bounty to soldiers who served six months of volunteering, or were discharged for wounds, or to their heirs. Also, pension for invalids and widows having children. Circular with law sent. L. BROWN & CO., 1 Park Place, New York.

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$500 Sable Boa	For 50 cents.
$350 Turkish Carpet	For 50 cents.
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$200 Lady's Gold Watch and Chain	For 50 cents.
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$100 Carriage Harness	For 50 cents.
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$125 Diamond Pin	For 50 cents.
$100 Silk Dress Pattern	For 50 cents.
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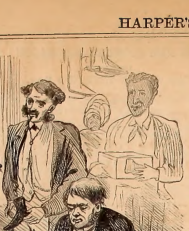
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 505.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

THE Philadelphia "National Union" Convention met on August 14. An immense wigwam had been erected for the purpose, capable of holding fifteen thousand persons, having a front of 146 feet on Girard Avenue. It was two stories in height to provide for galleries.

The call for the Convention was issued June 26, and was signed by two members of the Cabinet—O. H. BROWNING, and W. A. RANDALL, by Senators DOOLITTLE, from Wisconsin, and COWAN, from Pennsylvania, and by Messrs. CHARLES KNAPP and SAMUEL FOWLER. It appealed to "all such electors in the thirty-six States and nine Territories of the United States, and in the District of Columbia, who in a spirit of patriotism and love for the Union can rise above personal and sectional considerations, and who desire to see a truly national Convention, which shall represent all the States and Territories of the Union, assemble as friends and brothers, under the National flag, to hold counsel together upon the state of the Union, and to take measures to avert possible danger from the same." Rappealed to all such to choose "at least two delegates from each Congressional District of all the States, two from each Territory, two from the District of Columbia, and four delegates at large from each State.

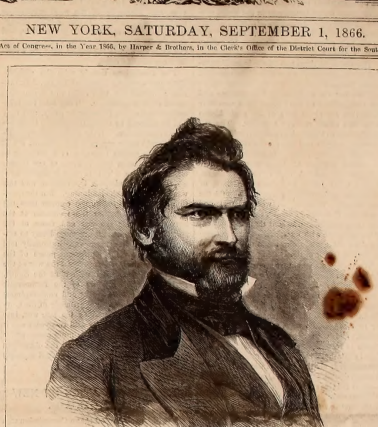
The following were the prominent delegates chosen: Lewis Parsons, Alabama; Senator M'Dougall, California; Senator DIXON, Connecticut; William Marvin, Florida; Alexander H. Stephens, Linton Stephens, and Herschell V. Johnson, Georgia; Secretary O. H. Browning, General A. M'Clernand, Charles Knapp, and Hon. J. H. M'Cull, Illinois; Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, Indiana; General Thomas H. Benton, Jun., and Henry Clay Dean, Iowa; Hon. Hugh Ewin, Kansas; Senator Gotthrie, and Hon. Lazarus W. Powell, Kentucky; Judge E. Abel, Major-General F. J. Herron, Senator Fellows, and Judge C. Roselius, Louisiana; Rev. Leonard Woods, Maine; Senator Johnson, and Hon. Montgomery Blair, Maryland; Robert C. Winthrop, Major-General Couch, and John Quincy Adams, Jun., Massachusetts; Major-General A. S. Williams, and Major-General G. A. Custer, Michigan; Judge Yerger, Mississippi; T. T. Crittenden, Missouri; Major-General Heath, and Chief-Justice Kelleog, Nebraska; John P. Stockton, and Theodore Runyon, New Jersey; John A. DIX, Hon. H. J. Raymond, Sanford E. Church, James Brooks, and Fernando Wood, New York; Governor ORR, South Carolina; William C. Rives, Virginia; J. R. Doolittle, and A. W. Randall, Wisconsin.

Just before the meeting of the Convention Hon. Fernando Wood, Henry C. Dean, and C. L. Vallandigham withdrew from their delegations.

As the delegations entered the Hall, Governor Orr, from South Carolina, and General Couch, from Massachusetts, entered arm in arm. This event excited tremendous applause. The New York *Tribune* makes a very funny remark about this arrival. It says: "Had BARNUM and his happy family suddenly appeared they could not have created more astonishment. The Convention was on its feet in an instant, and the delegates, climbing the benches, looked in every direction to see South Carolina and Massachusetts arm in arm enter. Soon the burly form of JAMES L. ORR was seen moving up the left aisle, holding by the arm a frightful-looking specimen, who appeared more like his captive than his friend."

General JOHN A. DIX was chosen temporary President. Upon taking the chair he made an address to the Convention. In the course of his remarks he said:

"Each House of Congress may, on the judge of the qualification of its own members, reject individuals for just cause; but the two bodies, acting conjointly, can not exclude an entire delegation without an unwarrantable assumption of power. Congress has not only done this, it has gone further—it has incorporated new conditions with amendments to the Constitution, and submitted them for the ratification of the States. There is no probability that these amendments will be ratified by three-fourths of the States of this Union. To insist on the conditions they contain is to prolong indefinitely the exclusion of more than one-fourth of the States from their right to be represented in the legislative bodies. They had a right under the Constitution; they had a right under the resolutions passed in both Houses of Congress in 1861. Those resolutions were not concurrent, but they were substantially identical. Moreover, they were entitled to be re-



SENATOR J. R. DOOLITTLE, PRESIDENT OF THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.]



INTERIOR OF THE WIGWAM OF THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.—[SKETCHED BY C. H. WELLS.]

resented on other grounds of fairness and good faith. It is this wrong which we have come here to protest against, and, as fairness to us has, refused.

On the 10th Senator DOOLITTLE was chosen President of the Convention. He also made a short speech of the same tenor as General DIX. It is unnecessary to enter into the details of the proceedings. There was no discord, and no discussion. No speeches were made except those already alluded to. The object of the Convention seemed to be to get its Address before the people, and its Declaration of Principles. For these, see first page *post*. We print the Declaration in full in our news column.

The Address was read by Hon. HENRY J. RAYMOND. It was in the nature mainly, of an argument in support of the principles already indorsed by the Convention. Communities of a political character in regard to the conduct of the Convention are given in their proper place.

On the 11th a committee was appointed for that purpose, delivered to President JOHNSON a copy of the proceedings of the Convention—the Address, etc. Senator REVERDY JOHNSON made a speech on behalf of the Committee, which was replied to by the President, who cordially indorsed the acts of his supporters, and declared that he would never depart from the Constitutional principles by which he had stood thus far. General GRANT, during these proceedings, stood by the side of the President.

We give on the preceding page a portrait of Senator DOOLITTLE, President of the Convention. He is the most prominent of the Conservative members of the Senate, and has from the first been an ardent supporter of President JOHNSON's policy.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1866.

THE REACTION.

WHEN the war ended a reaction was inevitable. The only questions were, when it would begin, how far it would extend, and whether it would have any peculiar and unexpected impetus. Of the two great parties in the country the Democrats only could be the gainers in votes, while the tendency from the action would necessarily serve to moderate the action of the Union party. The hope of the Democrats was that, when the war was over, the recession of the solid vote of the Slave States, upon which they counted, together with their own regular party force and the disaffected Union men in the rest of the country, combined with a general acquiescence in the results achieved, would bring the Democratic party again into power. For this purpose a year ago, in the State of New York, where the party is most prudently managed because of its perpetual hope of absorbing what is facetiously called the "Conservative" element of the other party, a ticket was nominally prepared upon which the leading names were those of men who had acted with the Union party while the resolutions protested fidelity to the Union and the President. This was a skillful movement. It tempted the reaction to begin with vehemence. It would in any event certainly prove whether it were ready to begin. And the result did prove beyond dispute that it was not. The Union party carried the State in 1865 by barely six thousand majority. It carried it in 1866 by more than thirty thousand. And in every other State down to the latest election the Union line has been unbroken.

The reaction did not begin because the policy of reconstruction was not evident. Meanwhile, however, Congress has met. The President and Congress have differed. The latter appealed to the country, and the reaction is now apparent, with the unexpected impetus of the support of the Administration. The power of that support is undeniable. The State patronage, the extent of which we have more than once indicated as a grave national peril, is strained to the utmost to sustain the reaction. The President, indeed, in his Message favoring the Freedmen's Bureau bill expressed dislike of increasing the patronage. Perhaps it did not occur to him that while the bill itself might give him the control of a few thousand agents, the veto gave him the hearty support of the whole population whom he had allowed to vote. And however he may have deprecated an increase of patronage, that which he already possesses he has not hesitated to use in a manner which proves that the tone of its possible prostitution to personal ends was not one of his reasons for declining more of it. The present tenure of office is not fidelity to the party but otherwise to the person. "My Policy" we are quite sure would be found as effectual a muzzle among the great body of national office-holders to-day as Money was in the good old days of FRANCE and BUCHANAN.

The Philadelphia Convention was a fair measure of the character and extent of the reaction, as to judging the character of the delegates, with that of the State Conventions which sent them, we can estimate how serious the defection from the Union party is likely to be. For a New Yorker a key to the problem is the simple fact that the chairman of what calls itself a "Union" delegation from that State was Mr. SAMUEL J. TILDEN, one of the most conspicuous old Democrats who steadily opposed the war, and the secretary was Mr. E. O. FERRIS, to whom we do no injustice in saying that he is known merely as one of the most offensive old Whig-Know-Nothing-Copperheads. Both of these gentlemen, we believe—certainly Mr. TILDEN—were delegates to the Chicago Surrender Convention of 1864. Massachusetts, again, had a Convention of which Mr. SALTONSTALL, the Bell-Everett manager of 1860, and Mr. WENDELL MARSHALL, the Know-nothing Theatre manager at the present time, were the directors, and Mr. ISAAC H. WRIGHT, an old Democratic custom-house officer at the present old Custom-House, and of the custom-house was above of the Abolitionists, and Mr. JOHN L. SWIFT, a Republican stump-speaker of '56 and '60, but not a gentleman who can be fairly said to represent any thing or any body in Massachusetts, were the orators. This was the reactionary demonstration in Faneuil Hall. The meeting sent to Philadelphia three or four of the most noted Democrats in the State, several Democratic politicians, several Johnson office-holders, and a few who were to be appointed at an honorable name—Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The action in these two States is an illustration of the character and extent of the reaction. It has taken from the Union ranks some office-holders, but the preliminary Conventions and the composition of the delegations to Philadelphia show that the great bulk of the great Union party still clings steadily together. The list of delegates to Philadelphia comprised both the most respectable and the most conspicuous Copperheads in every State. It ranged from such names as ROBERT C. WINTHROP, REVERDY JOHNSON, and JOHN A. DIX, to VALLANDIGHAM, HENRY CLAY DEAN, and JOHN B. ROSE, of Arkansas, who nominates General LEE for the Presidency. Whether all who were elected as in the Convention on the first ballot remains that they and those who sent them instinctively sympathized with its spirit. But the same list does not contain one name of an original distinctive leader of the Union party.

The opponents whom we are to encounter in the autumn elections, therefore, are the old Democrats to whom General DIX and his colleagues as their fervent adhesion, Mr. CONKLING has said, in 1864, "huddled under the Lee to shield us from the storm," and to their return, and with them, probably, what are known in New York as "Weed men" and National office-holders. But of these, it must be remembered, all the Democratic portion—including, doubtless, General DIX and his friends —voted for General SLOCUM last year, and the "Weed men" have been sometimes suspected of irregularity, and even of actually "trading" votes and "selling" the ticket. But the Union party was never more united, never more in earnest. And the Philadelphia nave has revealed the condition of the South, and shown that to assume every thing to be as we would have it is to invite confusion and peril. The reaction, therefore, even with its unexpected alliance, is not appalling. It would be so if its charges against the Union party of vindictiveness, bloody-mindedness, proscription

eral Act provides, in § 28, that "nothing in this Act contained shall be construed to authorize the execution of any bridge or any other obstructions across, in, or over any stream or lake navigated by steam or sail-boats at the place where any bridge or other obstructions may be proposed to be placed." The consent of the Corporation is clearly illegal in this view. The power to authorize a bridge over a navigated stream is retained wholly in the Legislature.

We can not suppose that a scheme so bald can go into effect, and we look for such steps in our legal tribunals—if it pass over the veto—as will stop this great outrage.

FALL PROSPECTS IN WALL STREET.

WE are already in the beginning of autumn. Southern buyers throng our markets, and every week or two Western and Northern buyers will follow them. Pleasure-seekers and business men are returning from their holiday at Saratoga or Long Branch, and are making ready for the serious work of the autumn. From all sides the report comes that the fall trade will be brisk. The South will be a large buyer. Her Northern men have learned that men whose skirts are free from the disgrace of having taken advantage of the rebellion to repudiate their debts; and in view of the promising prospects of the cotton crop, they are getting all the credit they want. The West will buy largely for cash, but the extraordinary yield of wheat and the good promise for corn and pork will secure a very fair extension of credit to all who need it. On the whole, the prospect is for a good fall trade.

Bankers and brokers in Wall Street are asking each other how this will affect business in stocks and gold. And the prevailing opinion is, that a period of renewed activity is about to commence. This opinion is based, first, upon the great ease of money, and the prospect that that ease will not be disturbed; secondly, upon the large earnings of the railways, which are all doing, and likely to continue to do, a brisk business; and, thirdly, upon the general profits of the mercantile community, which always lead to speculation in Wall Street.

Money is likely to be more abundant in Wall Street this coming September than it has ever been. The Government is at last paying off the temporary deposits, and is thus adding nearly $80,000,000 of currency to a market already overstocked. On the other hand, there appears to be no increase in the channels of employment for money. With the exception of the Pacific Railroad and a few lines across Iowa, we are building no new railroads. The new money-consuming enterprises are being started. The West requires some currency, as usual at this season, to move the crops; and the South wants some money to repair the damages of the war, to rebuild ruined towns, bridges, and railways, and to replace implements of agriculture and industry. But this demand proves much lighter than was expected. New York can supply all the money wanted at the South without feeling it. At the West the rate of interest is rarely maintained. There is absolutely no use for the vast volume of currency which is being added to our bank reserve by the repayment of the deposits; and when the Treasury concludes to lock up currency, either with a view to its cancellation, or simply to relieve redundant markets, there is no prospect of an advance in the rate of interest.

As to the railways, they have thus far this year, on the average, done very well. A few of them continue to be in trouble. The Erie has been compelled to suspend dividends, and will probably drift once more into insolvency; but the trouble with this corporation is, that its managers have been trying, with a capital of $50,000,000, to run an enterprise which requires a capital of $100,000,000. Lines, whose capital is adequate to the work to be done, are generally earning a fair income on their cost, and the circle of believers in railway property as a permanent investment is increasing. Such stocks as those of the Rock Island, Michigan Central, Illinois Central, Chicago and Alton, Fort Wayne, etc., will naturally find permanent resting-places in the course of a few more years; and as they disappear from the speculative list their places will be taken by the stocks of other lines whose value now seems uncertain. There is no reason why the Michigan Southern, Rock Island and Pittsburg, and Chicago and Northwestern should not, with good management, prove ere long as valuable properties as the stocks just mentioned.

The leading feature of Wall Street speculation this year has been the prevalence of clique operations. This has resulted from the vast increase of capital which has lately taken place in Wall Street, and which has been unaccompanied by any corresponding increase in the volume of the stocks dealt in. A few years ago a purchase of 1000 shares of a leading stock was a large operation; now there are half a dozen houses in Wall Street which will undertake, if required, to buy and carry the entire capital stock of a railroad. The late clique in Erie is supposed to have bought 120,000 shares of the stock, representing a capital of $12,000,000, and costing them over $8,000,000 in cash; yet they never seemed to want money. It is this vast increase of capacity on the part of the bankers which has rendered it so fatal this year to sell stocks short. There are parties now formed in Wall Street, with unlimited capital, who do nothing but watch for the creation of a large short interest in an active stock. When they discover such a condition of things they stand ready to buy, and if the Bears are particularly smart they are sure to be "cornered."

As to gold, opinions vary enough to insure transactions. On this one hand, there are many who see no reason why gold should be higher than it was in March last, when it was considered safe to sell it short at 126. If it was out up 35 per cent. by the Fenian movement and the German war, a restoration of confidence in London and peace in Germany ought to put it down. But, on the other hand, the scale of floating gold is so small that a combination of a few powerful houses can take the whole, or nearly the whole, and compel merchants to buy of them, at their prices, what they require for duties. Whether the Government sight or ought not to sell its gold, is another moot question. Some say that if Government ever intends to resume specie payments, it can only do so by keeping a large reserve, and therefore that it should not sell a dollar. Others, on the contrary, assert that if Government intends to sell gold received for customs it will be playing into the hands of the Gold Room clique, and enabling them to corner the merchants. What these divergent views resulting, we are likely to witness lively fluctuations in gold this fall.

DEMOCRATIC VIEWS OF SOUTHERN UNIONISTS.

THE Union men of the South who were not rebels will hold their Southern Union Convention on the 3d of September. The real restoration of the Union depends mainly upon the triumph of sound Union principles in the late rebel States. It is the public opinion of that part of the country which most needs reform, and that can be most radically effected by national organization and discussion. And we are very glad, therefore, that Governor FENTON has requested the Senators of New York to express in that Convention the opinions of the Union men of this State. The key-note of the Convention will doubtless be, the Constitutional rights of the citizen the paramount object of Government. And it will be a most large this view are of all men in the country empowered by the most fearful experience to bear their testimony. Their heroism and their sufferings literally have been unto blood, and God's work is found wanting. To these men during the war MR. LINCOLN was willing to trust the reorganization of their States. For them Mr. EVERETT spent his latest and noblest efforts, and with them every generous and loyal heart beat in fraternal sympathy. The voice and testimony of such men are invaluable. Unless the Convention to which MR. VALLANDIGHAM's right as a member was not disputed by his fellow State delegates who were admitted had no wish and could find no way to do it, will be but the cooperation of such men essential to a truly safe and intelligent reconstruction?

Their credentials to every patriotic man are found in the rehild abuse of such journals as the New York *World*, a Democratic paper which steadily sympathized with the rebellion that persecuted these men to the death, and the New York riots of 1863, and which, while ANDREW JOHNSON bravely withstood rebellion and was therefore hooted by his own party, poured out upon him a continuous torrent of filthy vituperation. The *World* informs us that these gentlemen are "sneaks and mean whites of the South," and adds, "The history proves that the rebellion was pushed to the meanness, cowardice, and treachery of the men who want the Convention on the 3d of September." Now, these men are the loyal citizens of the United States because in a fiery whirlpool of rebellion the Southern slanderers and slayers of Union men are noble and generous and heroic. In its opinion JEFFERSON DAVIS is a lofty-souled and unfortunate statesman, wickedly reprisoned by malicious enemies; ROBERT E. LEE is "a Christian soldier and gentleman," but the unnamed, poor man, who far in the silent interior of Texas or Mississippi or Louisiana defied DAVIS and LEE, and driven from his home and hunted by savage men, hid in swamps and woods, shot at night like a dog, or slowly dying by starvation and exposure, but never doubting, never asking to buy an hour of life by the betrayal of the cause for which his Northern brothers were dying at Shiloh, at Fredericksburg, at Chickamauga, in the Wilderness—he, says this fit organ of a "Democracy" which sneers at DOOTIE because he was a barber and a dentist, he is a cowardly, treacherous sneak and mean white.

If, as is right and necessary, those at the South who sustained the rebellion are to advise upon the question of restoration, how much more important is the counsel of those whose only hope of future security in their homes depends upon the guarantee of the Government that they shall not suffer because they did not betray it. As the Southern delegates to the late Convention in Philadelphia told us nothing, doubtless the 20 to the September Convention will be equally willing to say to which it will be well for the country to listen.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

IF an impromptu touch of melodrama could at once reconcile radical differences, the business of human society would be much facilitated. Or if, when a country has been divided by a long and fierce civil war springing from hostile views of society and government, an enthusiastic vow of friendship and love among three cheers for Christian charity and sacred fraternity could change human nature, there would probably be one civil war the less. But, unluckily, sentimentality can not take the place of statesmanship, nor fine phrases secure a peace which can be established only upon intelligent principles. The gentle and generous, which sound terms of exulting joy when they beheld Massachusetts and South Carolina entering the Philadelphia Convention arm in arm, as though that they were peace and the millennium visibly descending, were sadly deceived. For they did not behold Massachusetts and South Carolina: they saw only South Carolina and General COUCH.

The incident was perfectly but involuntarily illustrative of the whole Philadelphia comedy. The object professedly sought by that assembly was union. But union to be permanent and effective must be real, not formal nor merely literal. We have had some experience of nominal unions, and they end in civil war. The work of reunion before us is a very difficult and earnest one; but the most evident point of it is, that it is to secure a union of other tendencies and another spirit than the union in which equal rights before the law were denied to citizens of the United States. There will be a great deal of talk about striking and shaking and protesting, but that is the union which is to be achieved; and as the South Carolina doctrine of secession and special privilege controlled the old union, so the Massachusetts doctrine of equal rights is to control the new. If, therefore, South Carolina and Massachusetts had been sincere in entering the Convention together, it would have been in the persons of those who represent the new and not the old spirit of the two States.

As it was, all that was visible was Governor ORR, who truly represents South Carolina, and General COUCH, who does not in the least represent Massachusetts. It was merely a repetition of the stale old spectacle of the clever Southern politician arm in arm with his Northern vassal. South Carolina denounces and repudiates equal rights as much as ever, and such Northern gentlemen as General COUCH acquiesce. Does any body suppose that union and peace can result from perpetual injustice? Postmaster-General RANDALL knew perfectly well that Massachusetts could enter his Convention only in the character of a man like JOHN C. ANDREW. If he said away Massachusetts was not there, Governor COUCH, or Judge ASHOTT, or Judge CURTIS, or Mr. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, or Mr. CHARLES DAVIS, are merely South Carolina in Massachusetts.

Slavery being abolished and forcible secession defeated, South Carolina wisely changes her tactics, but not her spirit or purpose. She is still anti-republican; she is still un-American, and although she is not therefore to be outlawed, yet, until the moral sanctity of her citizens to be questioned, she is still to be withstood as an influence, and her spirit by all fair and Constitutional means is to be removed from the Union. She is to be opposed in Massachusetts and Wisconsin as much as in her own limits, and as the Philadelphia Convention, under a variety of pleasant names, was simply an assembly to reorganize a party upon the South Carolina policy of unequal rights, which brought us into war, the people every part of the country who hold to the Massachusetts policy of equal rights did not attend. The Convention applauded and wept over an optical illusion. It was not Massachusetts and South Carolina that came in. There were two forms indeed, but it was only South Carolina in substance and in shadow.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION—DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

THE National Union Convention, now assembled in the city of Philadelphia, composed of delegates from every State and Territory in the Union, admonished by the solemn lessons which for the last five years it has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe to give to the American people; profoundly grateful for the return of peace; desirous, as a large majority of their countrymen, in all sincerity, to forget and forgive the past; reviving the Constitution as it comes to us from our ancestors; regarding it, now, in its letter and its spirit, as the work of men who, looking with deep anxiety into the future as at instant and impending trial, hewed stone and prodaim the following declaration of principles and purposes upon which they move with perfect unanimity agreed:

First—We hail with gratitude to Almighty God the end of war and the return of peace to an afflicted and beloved land.

Second—The war just closed has maintained the authority of the Constitution, with all the powers which it confers and all the restrictions which it imposes upon the General Government, unabridged and unaltered, and it has preserved the Union with the equal rights, dignity, and authority of the States unimpaired and unbroken.

Third—Representation in the Congress of the United States and in the Electoral College is a right guaranteed by the Constitution as abiding in every State and as a duty resting upon the people, fundamental in the Republic and essential to the exercise of our Republican institutions; and therefore no power under the General Government has any authority or power to deny this right to any, or withhold the privilege, under the Constitution, from the people thereof.

Fourth—We call upon the people of the United States to elect to Congress as members thereof none but men who will take the fundamental right of representation, as it will receive to seats their loyal representatives from every State in which they have been by the rebellion, or by the constitutional right of each House to judge of the election returns and qualifications of its own members.

Fifth—The Constitution of the United States, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, are the supreme law of the land, any thing in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding. All the powers not conferred by the Constitution upon the General Government are reminded by it to the States or to the people; and among the rights thus reserved to the States is that of prescribing the qualifications for the elective franchise therein, which right Congress can not interfere with. No State or combination of States has the right to withdraw from the Union, or to secede, except by the consent of the people of every other State or State from the Union. The union of these States is perpetual.

Sixth—Such amendments to the Constitution of the United States may be made by the people thereof as they may deem expedient, but only in the mode pointed out by its resolution, and proposing such amendments, whether originated or by a convention, and in either case ratified by all the States of the Union have an equal and an indefeasible right to a voice and vote therein.

Seventh—Slavery is abolished and forever prohibited, and there is neither power nor right in the part of the Southern States that it should ever be re-established upon any part or within the jurisdiction of the United States, and the enfranchised slaves in all the States of the Union should receive, in accordance with all their interests, the special protection in every right of person and property.

Eighth—All debts are to be repaid as nearly as may be and never to be assumed or made of binding force any obligation incurred or undertaken in making war against the United States, we hold the debt of the nation to be sacred and inviolable, and we protest against any partial payment of this, as in performing all other national obligations to maintain unimpaired and unimpeached the honor and the faith of the Republic.

Ninth—It is the duty of the National Government to encourage by all the power of its Executive orders and action to the earliest just closed, by meeting promptly and fully and in their just and equitable claims for loyal service have rendered the nation, and by extending to those of them who have survived, and to the widows and children of those who have fallen, the most generous and considerate care.

Tenth—In ANDREW JOHNSON, President of the United States, who in his great office has approved himself faithful to the Constitution, the laws, and interests of the country, unmoved by promises and unseduced by reproach, having faith immeasurable in the people and the principles of the Government, we recognize a Chief Magistrate worthy of the nation and equal to the great crisis upon which he is cast, and we pledge to him in the discharge of his high and responsible duties our profound respect, and assurance of our cordial and sincere support.

MAXIMILIAN'S BLOCKADE.

ON AUGUST 17 President JOHNSON issued a proclamation declaring that the ports instituted by MAXIMILIAN in Matamoros and other Mexican ports after 20 days' notice, and that they will be held by the United States to be "absolutely null and void."

THROCKMORTON'S INAUGURAL.

GOVERNOR THROCKMORTON of Texas delivered a very creditable inaugural on the 9th of August. The most proper comment on that part of the South he did not despair of receiving liberal and generous treatment from the North. The hearts of the Southern people had been deeply touched by the generosity of the North. He thought that it was by far distant when the blacks would recognize as their friends those who were those that spread in civilization. The duty of all now was to labor for the restoration of peace and harmony.

THE BUFFALO HORSE FAIR.

At the great horse-race in Buffalo, August 16, there were 20,000 persons present. On one occasion somebody that in No. 661 of the Weekly we gave an illustration of Dexter the fastest horse in the world. At the same time the year Dexter ran against George Patchen, the celebrated California stallion, and the Ethan Allen, both from the Kentucky horse. Dexter won the race in three straight heats: time, 2.19, 2.17, 2.17. Patchen was second. Last year Dexter made a mile in 2.17¾. On August 18, at Buffalo, Dexter made a mile in 2.16¾.

NEWS ITEMS.

Bernard Friery was executed at the Tombs in the city of August 17 for the murder, in January, 1865, of Henry Lozier.

Queen Emma was presented to President Johnson on the evening of August 14. His Excellency made a happy speech, which was received by the guests with gracious courtesy. She has since visited the tomb of Washington.

At Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis the cholera has become a formidable epidemic. In New York city it has almost disappeared.

By official proclamation, on the 20th of August, President Johnson declared the insurrection in Texas at an end.

The number of deaths in this city last week was 748, of which 140 were from cholera. This is less than the previous week, and an increase of 131 on the annual returned in the corresponding week of last year.

FOREIGN NEWS

BY TELEGRAPH.

August 15:

It is announced to-day that the plans for the conference on the 20th of the time of which Austria have been definitely arranged by the Governments.

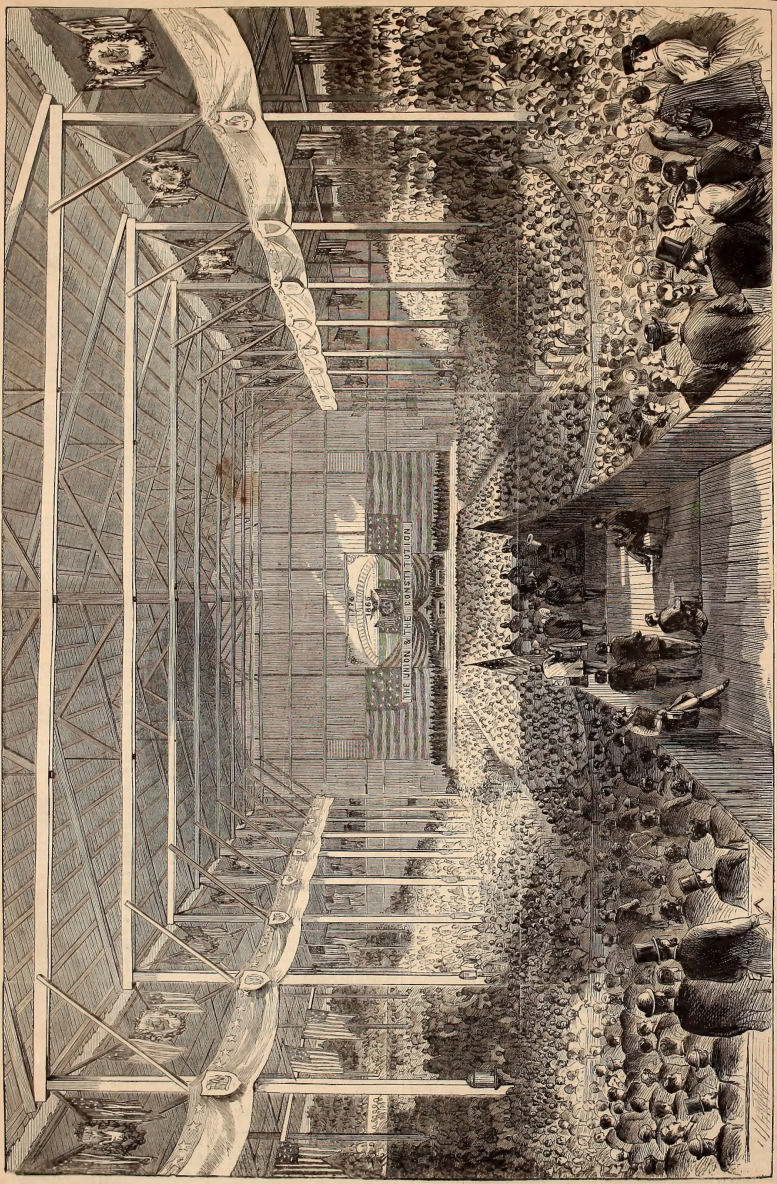
August 16:

It is officially stated to-day that the French Government has notified the Pope that it cannot make good its promise to continue of frontier to the Rhine.

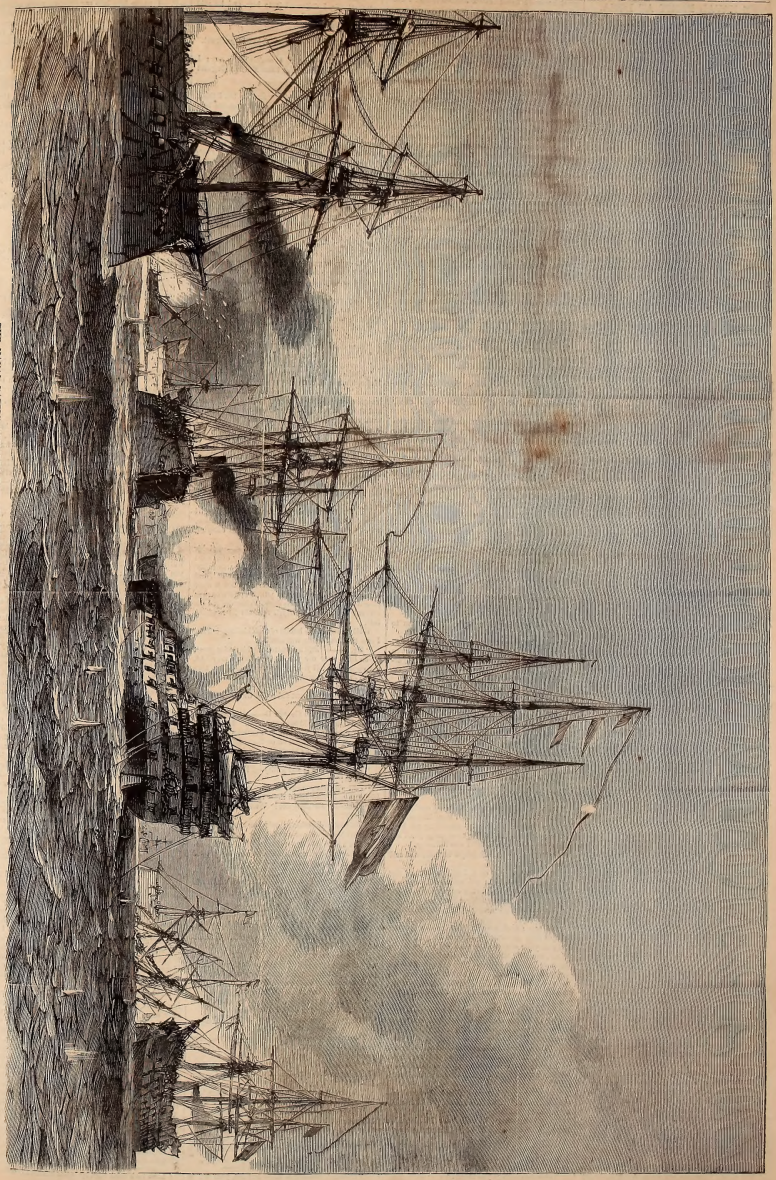
The *Nord*, is also expressed by the official journal—the *Monitor*—that Prussia will not extend her projects of annexation to the German States south of the Maine.

August 18:

A bill is under discussion in the Prussian Chambers relative to the annexation to Prussia of Hanover, Hesse-Nassau, and the City of Frankfort. The Emperor Napoleon is expected to-day to bring celebrate the fêtes of assuming Belgian territory to France. The Emperor is in the month in Prague, and negotiations are making favorable progress.



MEETING OF THE NATIONAL UNION CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 14, 1866.—SKETCHED BY C. H. WELLS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



THE NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE AUSTRIAN AND ITALIAN FLEETS OFF LISSA, IN THE ADRIATIC.—[See Page 550.]

THE NAVAL FIGHT AT LISSA.

As a description to accompany the graphic illustration which we give on page 549, we could do no better than to refer our readers to the editorial comments upon "The Fight at Lissa" in our last Number.

The Italians displayed a heroism almost superhuman. The attack upon the fortified island of Lissa was made on the 18th of July, and the Italians would have no doubt succeeded in capturing the position, but for the prompt appearance of the Austrian squadron and the naval defeat following. A heavy gale was blowing at the time of the engagement, and the vessels were used as rams on either side. The *Re d' Italia*, built by Ericsson for the Italian Government, but plated in Italy, according to the accounts, was the flag-ship of Persano, but for some reason he left it at the beginning of the action. The Austrian Admiral upon the *Kaiser*, unaware of Persano's movement, directed his overpowering assault against the *Re d' Italia*. Three or more of the Austrian iron-clads, belching fire and iron, came crushing on to the Italian ship, struck her furiously on the prow, on the stern, and amidships, and stove her to pieces. The huge ship rapidly sank; but as she went down half a battalion of soldiers climbed into the tops and, while boiling on by the ropes, shouldered their rifles deliberately, as if on parade, and fired a rifle volley upon the deck of the nearest Austrian ship, killing twenty and wounding sixty. It was their fierce farewell. The next moment the rending grill closed over the *Re d' Italia* and four hundred of her gallant company. A private letter is quoted by the correspondent of the New York *Times*, which says that Captain Fra di Bruno, the commander of the ship, when he saw that there was no hope, put a pistol to his head and went down with her.

At about the same time the Italian gun-boat *Palestro* was so overpoweringly attacked that she captains seemed inevitable. The Captain, Cappellini, called a hasty council of his officers and crew, and each bent forward to blow up the vessel rather than surrender. Then gayly hanging the ship with the flag of Italy, and cheering for King and Country, the four ran to the grill, and in a moment after, remained but floating fragments of the ship and her company of two hundred. A letter to a Florence paper says that when the fate of the *Re d' Italia* was evident Admiral Persano in the *Affondatore* drove full steam against the Austrian flag-ship, the *Kaiser*, and sank her to revenge his own loss.

It was the only naval conflict in the war; and although at Lissa on the sea, as at Custozza on the land, the reasons to have inclined to hope for victories, still the Italians will find in the remembrance of this naval conflict much occasion for national pride in the bravery of their compatriots.

TWO CHARACTERS.

Sir there! for this man, too, life's suit is over;
His work is done, all said on, his deeds are done:
For this man, too, there comes a rest, however
Unquiet and full of time beneath the sun.

You said what seemed you best: your life's poor fountain
Just bubbled, while his sacred or slumbered down;
You chid him as a tired boy chides a mountain
You frowned on him, and thought God too must frown.

His worst thought was so great, your best so little,
Your best and worst not yours, his all his own;
You the two sides safe way, he dared to thwart it:
You stood with thousands by you, he alone.

Wherefore, when God shall judge the world, I take it
He will not note this man by rule and line,
Who felt no common level heat of error baptized him;
Maybe struck hot-fire didn't move him low enough.

Enough—high words shake no lot or tittle
Of what is done and left undone, shall not be true:
Heaven's great ones must be slandered by Earth's little,
And God makes no rule.

TRIED AFFECTION.

"I have asked you, my dear Vokes (a very celebrated Irish magistrate thirty years ago) to call on me, in order to consult you on an affair of some importance—not, as far as my family circle is concerned," said L. D——to the chief magistrate, as that functionary entered his counting-house.

"Indeed! If I can be of any service, pray command me."

"You remember Mary Toovey, whom you recommended me as a trust-worthy girl to assist in the duties of my establishment, some six years ago?"

"I remember her well. Her father was an honest fellow at Ishare. His daughter was brought up at P——'s Sunday-school."

"Most true; and until within a very few days, I always looked upon her as one of the best-behaved young women I have ever met with."

"And you have had reason to change your opinion of her?"

"Unfortunately, I have. You must know"—and here L. D—— dropped his voice—"unfortunately, I say, I discovered that I had been systematically robbed of a series of small sums, and, watching closely afterward, I still perceived that these pilferings unhappily continued. It could only be some one under my roof that thus abstracted small sums; and as I have a stable-boy of somewhat loose habits, I at once suspected him, and accordingly I charged some private of silver, and placed them, with two or three one-pound notes, in my drawer, leaving my keys, as if by accident, on the table.

"Having thus laid my plans to entrap the thief, I went out to dinner, and returned too late to make any search that night.

"On the following morning I went to the place where I had deposited the cash, and here, to my great horror, I found that a bank-note and three half-crowns were missing.

"Without telling them why I summoned them, called up my servants, and, having locked the door, stated to them what had occurred, and called on the pilferer to confess the crime, and thus earn pardon. None, however, admitted the alleged guilt, and I now, with their cheerful permission, proceeded to search them.

"Imagine, my dear Vokes, my horror when, after vainly searching the servant-man and some of the females, I turned to my governess, and having requested her to display the contents of her pockets, I discovered two of the half-crowns which I had marked, and could never distinctly swear to. I called upon her to explain this strange circumstance. I eagerly demanded to know how she had become possessed of them. But, alas! all in vain. She was dreadfully agitated, and was only relieved from a fit of fainting by a copious flood of tears which came to her relief. She is now down stairs, in charge of a policeman. I wished, if possible, to avoid the pain of sending her, whom I have known for so many years, to prison; and therefore I wrote to ask you to call on me, and, if possible, assist me in discovering the particulars of this distressing affair."

"Has she had any followers—male or female?"

"None."

"Has she ever absented herself from the house?"

"Never."

"Do your family know what has passed?"

"No; they are all at Kilrush, with the exception of my eldest son, who assists me in business; and he went last evening to Limerick, and will not return till four o'clock. So, strange to say, not a soul is aware of the discovery I have made."

"Call in the girl—let us examine her together."

The poor culprit came in, more dead than alive. When she saw Vokes she covered her face with her hands and burst into a flood of tears. For several minutes she was convulsed that even the stern magistrate hesitated to address her. At length, after causing her to be supplied with a glass of water, she became calm, and presented a glass of water, she became calm, when he thus spoke:

"Mary Toovey, I am summoned here to interrogate you relative to a robbery, which has taken place in this house; and as part of the money, marked for the purpose of detection, was found in your pocket, it is my duty to request you will tell me the truth, and every reason to believe that you are guilty."

"I am indeed I am! I am a wretched girl, Sir," cried the prisoner, throwing herself on her knees before him.

"And yet, religiously and well brought up, I can scarcely believe that you could have acted so base, so ungrateful a part as thus to rob your employers. I would rather have suspected any one in the house than you."

"Oh, Sir! indeed, Sir, it was I. I am a wicked, bad girl, and I confess the truth."

"Are you sure that no one instigated you—no one advised you to commit this robbery?"

"No, Sir—no one. It was all my own doing."

"And still I think it is my duty to inquire further. I will, if possible, discover your accomplices."

"I have none—I have none. I alone am to blame."

The worthy merchant now chimed in: "Mary, I am told by Michael, the groom, that he saw you two nights ago talking to a strange man in the garden."

"It's false—it's false!"

"Have you mentioned this to any one?" asked Vokes of L. D——.

"To no one."

Vokes again turned to the girl. "Are you still determined to shield your guilt?"

She had now recovered her calmness, and answered, firmly, "I am!"

"Do you know the consequences? Do you know that, if found guilty, you will receive a fearful punishment?"

"I do."

"And still, to save yourself, you will not betray your accomplices?"

"I have none. I alone am guilty—I confess it."

"Take her away, sergeant. I must inquire further into this matter," and—strange to say—he seemingly relieved at having thus unburdened her conscience—the wretched girl was led away.

When she was gone the Major turned round and addressed his friend.

"If you do not insist on it, I will not commit this girl till to-morrow. In the mean time we may discover her accomplices. Strange—very!—but, by George! I can't believe Mary to be guilty."

"But her own admission—the money found on her?"

"All true; such proof should be convincing; but still I cannot feel convinced. Do me a favor. Come you, and your son, to dine with me to-day at six o'clock, and we'll talk it over; but mind, don't mention the circumstance to a soul in the world—not even to your own son. Don't write it to your family: and if any one asks you for Mary, say she has gone to Ishare to see her friends. Pray do this, and you will oblige me."

"Certainly you make a strange request; but I'll sacrifice myself to your wishes, and be at your house, with my son George, at six. Perhaps it will be better; for my wife and daughter, and even George, who is rather very distant and haughty, is very partial to this girl. I can assure you, Major, we have treated her rather as our child than our servant, which makes her conduct the more detestable."

"True for you; but now adieu! Remember—hints and silence." And off went the police functionary toward his office.

On arriving there, he called for Macdonald, a young policeman whom he often intrusted as a messenger.

"You took a note for me to young Mr. D—— some evenings ago, relative to handing him a banker?"

"Is it Mr. George you mean?"

"I do."

"Well, Sir, I delivered it to him, and he said there was no answer."

"I am aware of that. Where did you find Mr. George?"

"In the billiard-room beyond—in George Street."

"And what was he about?"

"Well, your worship, I can't rightly say; I didn't much observe. But I saw him drinking and smoking."

"Was he betting?"

"Ah, then, Major, I can't say surely; but I think he was, for one of the young officers from the barracks called out and said, 'You've lost, George;' and I'm sure I heard him say, 'I suppose he was, your worship.'"

"That will do," said Vokes, and then proceeded to try on the case of the unfortunate girl, which were brought before him for judgment. Presently he got up, and, putting on his hat, he strolled leisurely into George Street.

On arriving in front of Mr. S——'s shop—at once a place for refreshment, the supply of tobacco and punch, with a well-known attached—he turned in, and after partaking of a sandwich, he carelessly asked the female who was at that instant serving behind the counter, whether Mr. G. D—— had been in lately.

"Not since yesterday morning."

"What did he call for then?"

"He came to get some cigars, as he was about to go out of town; and he left a pound-note with me to hand to Captain D——, that he had lost on the races."

"Have you got that pound-note?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the girl, who seemed startled at the inquiry.

"Did he pay for the cigars?"

"He did."

"How did he pay you?"

"With a half-crown piece."

"Have you got the half-crown?"

"I believe it's still in the tobacco-till. I hope, Major, it's not a bad one; it may bring me into trouble." And the girl, being amused up with the transaction, she examined the till with anxious care, and at length triumphantly pulled out the piece of money in question. "Here it is, Sir; sure I didn't know it was bad, and I'm sure Mr. George didn't. Here it is." And she handed it to Vokes, who, after peering at it for some time, put it into his pocket, and then throwing down two shillings and a sixpence, carelessly said,

"Don't you ask me, when there's some bad money in Limerick, so I'll take away this piece. But don't tell a living soul what I've done, or faith I'll have you up for it."

This threat was quite sufficient to render the girl dumb. So Vokes, without further conversation, walked up to the billiard-room, where he was carrying out some improvements.

At six o'clock precisely, Mr. L. D—— and his son arrived in George Street, and shortly afterward partook of an excellent dinner, which I was lucky enough to share. No other guest was present, and the wine circulated in high good-humor, and drank their fair fill of claret before the punch apparatus was placed on the table. While dinner, Vokes desired the servant not again to disturb him till he rang the bell.

Well knowing the habits of the chief magistrate, I saw that something was coming.

"Mr. D——," said he, addressing his senior guest, "you have, I believe, a commission—nay, I may add, my request, to tell your son and my son-in-law here of the dreadful occurrence which has taken place in your family?"

The worthy merchant did so, in the fairest manner.

During the recital George D—— appeared more agitated than I should have expected. He evidently was dreadfully shocked, and seemed to bear a peculiar affectionate, almost romantic affection—for the poor girl; and as his father concluded, he violently exclaimed,

"I am sure she is not guilty—I'll stake my life she is not!"

"Can you, then, point to any other person as likely to have committed the robbery?"

"Me—me! certainly not! What should I know about it?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing; only you are wrong than to acquit Mary without proof."

"But I have proof. Her established good character, the reverence in which her father shall pay it expenses. But to convict poor Mary would forever stain the character of our family."

"I can't agree, George," chimed in his father.

"Nor I," said Vokes; "but let us change the subject. I hear you lost at the late races?"

"Unluckily, most unfortunately, by the running of some thing else, merely uttered, "Did I?"

The father appeared astounded; for he had ever considered himself as the most no rigid in his principles thus to have gambled on the turf.

"You did," went on Vokes. "Captain D——, by-the-by, gave the pound-note he left for Captain D——."

The detected sportsman was now all attention; his agitation was really frightful.

"Ah, you seem surprised at my knowledge. I'll tell you more. You bought some cigars at the same time, and paid for them with this half-crown—a half-crown strongly marked," added Vokes, as he partly produced it, but carefully shrouded it with his hand.

"What's that you say?" said L. D——.

"Nothing, nothing at all. But see, your son is not very well. He has probably over-excited himself. I'll take him into my dressing-room, administer some restorative essence, and he'll soon be well. Nay, you must not come—you will only do harm. So, he waves you off. Come, George, you'll be better presently; come along." And he led the poor sufferer off.

I need scarcely tell you that during the absence of his son and his friend L. D—— spoke but little. He adored his son, and thus to see him strangely attacked completely paralyzed the old man. Five minutes elapsed—ten minutes elapsed—and the anxious parent would fain have sought his child; but I gently detained him.

In about twenty minutes Vokes again appeared, followed by George, who, though still pale, seemed to have regained his strength, and, in answer to his near relative's inquiries, assured him that "it was nothing. It had now quite passed away."

For about five minutes a dreadful and painful silence—hung over us all. This was abruptly broken by Vokes.

"George and I have discovered the pilferer, Mr. D——, and I will be guarantee that you are never so robbed again."

"Was it Mary Toovey?"

"Decidedly not!"

"Who was it, then?"

"That you will never know. It is sufficient to say he has been punished, and you are safe for the future."

"But why, then, did the girl admit it?"

"She best knows."

"I shall closely cross-question her when I go home."

"Then, indeed, you will not; for she is now several miles on her way to Dublin, where, well knowing her innocence, I have sent her to live with a sister of mine. You will see her no more!"

"This is very mysterious!"

"And so let it remain; make any fuss about it, and the punishment of your garrulity will fall heavily on you. Let the matter rest; you never again to allude to it; make what excuse you like for Mary's absence, but never hint at your first unjust suspicion."

"Unjust!"

"By Heaven, they were Harry, pass the hot water. We'll never allude to this subject again."

If L. D—— did not *read* the case aright he was indeed a happy man.

L. D—— has been gathered to his fathers. His son George, who settled in Dublin, married twelve months after his death a certain Mary Toovey—a girl who, I believe, would willingly have given her life for him.

HOW I GOT MY VICTORIA CROSS.

"You want to hear how I managed to get the V. C., do you, old fellow? Well, soul over to the Buttery for another tankard of beer, and I'll tell you all about it; it's my work talking, and your Brasenose malt is perfection.

"Now for my story:

"It was the latter close of a glorious summer day in the plains of India, if you know what *that* means; the sun had just gone down behind the cocoa-nuts, the hot thermometer stood at 110 degrees in my tent, and not a breath of air was stirring. I had only just returned to camp after a pretty hard walk from daybreak till late in the afternoon, scouring the country for miles in advance of the column, and had wound up to-day's work by a visit to some mates with a troop of mutineer Sowars at my heels. Imagine my disgust at being roused up by a big black-bearded Irish devil, with, "Look here, Colonel sahib wishes to see you immediately in his tent.' I jumped up, roused my head in the big brass basin which we Europeans use to carry water in, pulled on my blue *Meerut*,* and rushed off to the General's tent, not in the best of humors. As soon as I entered, however, I saw there was something astir, as the matter, and I had not been routed out for nothing. The General was seated at his camp-table looking very grave, and with an open letter in his hand. By his side were Colonel A——, second in command to I——, his Adjutant-General. Sir George handed me the letter as I came in. 'Read this, Lumaine; it has just been brought in by a disguised Sepoy from Shahrapore.' It was from Major I——, who had long been besieged there, and ran as follows: 'Only twenty men fit for duty, provisions very short; we can not possibly hold out more than five days longer.' Few words and simple, but full of awful meaning.

"'The difficulty is this,' said the General, turning to Colonel A——, 'Shahrapore is, you know, only some thirty miles to the eastward, and we might reach it in time to save them, but we cannot afford to detach it itself for at least a week, and I don't know in what state they are there, or how long they can hold out; and moreover our numbers there is three times as great as at Shahrapore, and they have a large treasury and magazine in the fort. Lumaine has seen service at different times with letters to Bharaghur; the two first cause back with their ears and noses strung round their necks, and the others never came back at all. All our information goes to show that the enemy are in great force round the place. I dare not divide our small force; if we march to relieve Shahrapore, we risk losing Bharaghur, and as this letter shows, if we attempt to relieve Bharaghur, the garrison must fall into the enemy's hands, and there

* Loose tunic much worn by Indian officers on service.

will be Cawspore over again. What do you advise, A——?"

"The Colonel's face worked strangely, and when at last he answered, it was in a thick, husky voice.

"'My wife and children are at Shahr apore, General, but the safety of Bharaghur must not be risked.'

"There was silence for some minutes, and as we looked at each other, our faces gathered blackness.

"'By God!' exclaimed Sir George, 'this is a fearful position to be in. I'd give a year's pay to know how things really are at Bharaghur.'

"By this time my mind was made up.

"'All right, General, write a check, and give me till noon to-morrow, and if I'm in luck you shall have the information as you require.'

"'What do you mean, Llantaine? You won't get any one to go to Bharaghur after the way your devils of spies were treated.'

"'I don't say any one to try, General; if this thing is to be done at all, I must do it myself. It's only twenty miles from here to Bharaghur as the crow flies, and I know every inch of the country, as I had charge of this district for two years before the row began.'

"'Nonsense, Llantaine, you'll get cut to pieces as sure as fate, and do no good either. We must think of some other plan.'

"'I don't see a bit fate too much, General—you know the rest. If the niggers are to have my scalp, they may as well take it now as a year hence. Any how, I'll risk it.'

"There was a little more discussion, but as no better plan could be hit on, I carried my point and left the rest, the drawing up arrangements, Colonel A—— followed me out.

"'God bless you, Llantaine, and bring you safe back,' said he, shaking my hand: and as I looked at him I saw the tears standing in his eyes. It took no rather aback, for the old fellow was no great friend of mine, and was a regular Tartar to boot.

"'All right, Colonel, never say die. I shall live to plague you for many a day.'

"I sent at once for my Risaldar,* and in five minutes he was in my tent.

"I am going for a ride to-night, Shere Singh, let your orn with Bulwunt Singh, Hurry Singh, and four other good men be ready in an hour, and look you, see that they are well mounted, and bear arms in good order.

"'They are always ready for work, sahib,' said the old Sikh, as he saluted and went out.

"I slept like a top for nearly an hour, and awoke feeling game for any thing. Tattoo was beating as I rode off from the main party, and the moon had not rise till nearly midnight, so we had good three hours of darkness before us. For the first ten miles we rode hard along the high-road which crosses a large barren plain, destitute alike of villages and trees, and that I knew we were not likely to come across any of the enemy, but after that the country became cultivated and thickly peopled, and we were obliged to leave the high-road and to walk, skirting villages, feeling our way through cornfields, in many of which we saw fires burning, and not a few horses picketed. It was evident enough that the rebels were strong in cavalry, and had scattered them well over the country between us and their camp.

"At last we arrived, without any adventures, within half a mile of Bharaghur. The enemy were apparently in very large force all round the Fort, and their watch-fires were blazing in every direction. It was manifestly unsafe for us to go on any further, so I left my men in a dense patch of jungle, with strict orders not to move on any account unless discovered and attacked, until my return, unless, if I were absent more than three hours, in which case they were to make the best of their way back to camp. I left my horse, of course, with them, and crept, keeping on only a waist-cloth, in which I stuck my revolver, and stole off, sabre in hand, toward the north face of the Fort opposite to which we were, as I knew that the only entrance was on that side. Favored by the darkness I crept along under cover of mounds and bushes, until I gained the northeast angle of the ditch, the entrance to the Fort was nearly at the other end of this face, but I could not get opposite to it, as the Sepoys had a strong picket there, and their sentries were pacing up and down to within a few yards of where I was. Here, then, it became necessary for me to take to the water. Crouching beneath a bush, I took off my sword and left it there, but kept my 'knife' on, as I knew from experience that it would stand any amount of wet. Now I was all ready, and had nothing to do but to get into the moat; but somehow I was rather backward in going forward; and the water looked horribly black and ugly, and by no means inviting. I knew that crocodiles were not thick as blue-bottles there, and it now occurred to me for the first time how extremely probable it was that one of them might take a fancy to me. Never before had I fully appreciated the deep wisdom of old Falstaff's reflections on honor—honor pricked me on, sure enough, but would it pull me through if one of the scaly gentlemen down below should lay hold of my leg? The idea was by no means pleasant, and I must admit that I funked horribly. But it was now too late to draw back, and the more I looked at the water the less I liked it: so at last, with something between a curse and a prayer, I dropped quietly in. Ugh! how fearfully cold it felt, though the night was warm enough. I am a tolerably good swimmer, and struck out manfully but I seemed to be crawling through the water. 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte' was by no means true in my case: I had some three hundred yards to swim, and by the time I had got half-way I was, if possible, in a greater funk than when I started. I swam with my beard over my shoulder, expecting every moment to tear the rush of some huge muggar,† or to see its horrid jaws rising above the water. Every ripple startled me, and I could hear my heart thumping against my ribs. At last I reached the other bank safe and sound, scrambled up it sharp, and being lucky enough to find the European sentry a little less ready than most of them with his rifle, succeeded in persuading him that I was not 'a nigger,' in time to escape lead or steel. In a couple of minutes I was surrounded by half the garrison, and had told my story. It was received with a wild hurrah, which startled the gentlemen on the opposite benches not a little, and brought down on as a shower of bullets, which luckily did no damage.

"'Tell Sir George,' said the old Brigadier, 'that we have lots of food and ammunition, and can hold out for a fortnight if necessary; but stop, I will give you a note to him.'

"After taking it, and a peg of rum, I was ready to start again. As I was saying 'Good-by' one of the rifles sang out—

"'By-the-by, Llantaine, if you should get knocked over going back, the General will be in big a fix as ever: you had better let one of us go with you—two fellows are better than one, and I am your man.'

"Just then a Sepoy stepped out of the crowd.

"'Let me go with the sahib—a black man may get through where a white one can not.'

"He was an Oude man, a 'Lundy,' and a Brahmin, but had stood by his officers like a man, and picked this one who might be trusted; so I accepted his offer at once, and he took a copy of the Brigadier's letter into his turban. A shake of the hand all round, a chorus of 'God bless you,' and 'Good-by, old fellow,' and we were both in the water, swimming like fishes. Strangely enough I did not mind it a bit going back: the first had seemed to me to be all over, and I was as jolly as possible. Just as we were nearing the other bank I heard a sudden exclamation from my companion—'Oh, sahib, dekhia'* and turning my head, caught sight of something black above the water. The next moment there was a shrill, sharp cry of agony ringing through the still night air. To my dying day I shall never forget the wild despairing face and outstretched arms which rose for a moment high above the water, and then slowly disappeared as my poor comrade was dragged down. I could do nothing to help him: the fish-shadows were upon me by this time, and in a moment a shower of bullets splashed in every direction around me. I pulled myself out of the ditch and lay still sick at heart, and unnerved by the luck, but by this time the mutineers were fully aroused, and lanches glared on every side. Suddenly the Fort batteries opened, and the shot and shell were answered by the guns on the opposite bank: rifle, musket, and matchlock joined in the chorus; drums beat to arms from every quarter, and all was one wild confusion. Hoping to escape unperceived in the row, I ran toward the trees where my horse was tied up, and I almost fell over the body of Shere Singh. My revolver was handy, and I fired into them right and left, but the next minute a bullet hit me in the leg, and I shot at the foe of the Black Mosquetaire, who, the legend tells us,

"Went down with a groan and a frown,
And a bob at the bottom of a town,

the only difference in my favor being that my smallclothes escaped damage, having parted company with me a few minutes before. I managed to stagger on to my legs, but only to be sent to grass again with a sabre cut over the head. Of what followed I have but a very vague idea. I remember as I went down a trampling of horses, and hearing the war-cry of my Sikhs, 'Ali gooroo Jee, Ah gooroo Gorind!' a flash of sabres, pistol-shots, and a rush of horses' hoofs all round me, and then the blackness of darkness.

* * * * * * *

"'When I came to myself we were riding along full speed over the open plain, and old Shere Singh was supporting me sitting on his saddle in front. At daybreak we halted for a few minutes on the banks of a tank while the horses got breathed a bit, and I and my wounded watched and bound up the leg. By time that was done I felt pretty well again, and looking about me, missed young Ranjeet Singh, and asked what had become of him.

"'He is with his fathers, sahib,' said the old Sikh, calmly; 'he died like a brave man, fighting for you and the great company whose salt he had eaten.'

"I was sorry for the youngster, for he was one of the best of all my troops, and old Shere Singh's only son. On we rode again, keeping our horses up to their speed, for we were being followed pretty closely by a troop of irregulars, and it was quite a toss up whether they ran us down or not. Just as the sun rose, and when we were only some three or four miles from camp, they all but overtook us, and two or three bullets came whizzing about our ears, the Sowars were gaining on us at every stride, and things looked very ugly, when suddenly a turn of the road brought us face to face with another strong party of cavalry. I thought for a moment that it was all over with us: the next instant a ringing cheer told me that we had met friends, and I found myself in the midst of a squadron of native horse. A hard behind us came the enemy, yelling like fiends, and as they turned the corner, pulled up, and crowded together, undecided whether to advance or turn back. Small time had they to make up their minds, our fellows charged down on them furiously, and the rebel men and horses had little chance of fresh ones, and the shock was irresistible. Being myself *hors de combat* I looked on quietly, and never in my life did I see men cut to pieces; our fellows rode through and through them, and had they been allowed to follow the fugitives, scarcely a man would have escaped. But I wanted to keep them in hand, so sounded the recall vigorously. Back they came; old Shere Singh growling savagely, his sabre covered with blood.

"'If the sahib had only let us go on, we would have followed the scoundrels to the very gates of Bharaghur, and cut up the Musalman dogs to hell.'

"In half an hour more we were safe in camp, and I went straight to the General's tent. He had evidently been up all night, and looked worn and haggard. Colonel A. and the Adjutant-General were with him. My story was soon told, and the Brigadier's nose delivered. The General was in ecstasies.

"'Not a bad night's work, Llantaine,' he said; 'but it's precious lucky the muggar did not swallow you instead of that poor devil of a pandy.'

"'No muggar in his senses would attempt to "take in" the Head of the Intelligence Department,' said Colonel A., with a spasmodic attempt at a joke, and I left the tent.

"'Your name shall go in for the V. C.,' sung out Sir George as I was leaving; 'and it shan't be my fault if you don't get it.'

"He was as good as his word, and in due time, ret tape permitting, I got my Cross.

"Within a week Shahrapore had been relieved, and the mutineers who were rash enough to show fight in front of Bharaghur got such a thrashing as they did not forget in a hurry. I was not engaged in either affair, as the cut on my head gave the doctors lots of trouble, and at last sent me home on sick certificate."

IN THE DARK.

ALL novelists stand the ancient order three
Along the dirtied sand-hills where they grow;
And from the dark Thirst comes a wandering breeze,
And waves them to and fro.

A murky darkness lies along the sand,
Where bright the sunbeams of the morning shone;
And the eye vainly seeks, by sea and land,
Some light to rest upon.

No large, pale star its glimmering vigil keeps
As holy men refer to in lofty lays;
And the dark river, like a serpent, creeps
To where its black piers rise.

Strange, salty odors through the darkness steal,
And through the dark the ocean thunders roll;
Thick darkness gathers, stifling, till I feel
Its weight upon my soul.

I stretch my hand out in the empty air
I strain my eyes to find the heavy night;
Blackness of darkness! Darker, hear my prayer,
Grant me to see the light!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE following lines, written on closing the churches in Philadelphia in August, 1866, during the prevalence of cholera, may be considered as an indication that the carelessness of the human heart is still rebellious against at least some of the institutions of the Church:

If you die in the winter you're buried with care;
The priest in his vestments is sure to be there:
If you die in the summer, with hardly a sermon:
If you're sick in the summer you may die not to-morrow.

An Irishwoman applying for relief in Portland the other day as one of the sufferers by the fire, was questioned as to her family by the lady to whom she applied:

"How many children have you?"

"Six."

"How old is your youngest?"

"He youngest is dead, and I've had another since?"

"Did you present your account to the defendant?" inquired a lawyer of a client. "I did, your Honor." "And what did he say?" "He told me to go to the devil." "And what did you do then?" "Why then I came to you."

SELECTIONS FROM THE CONSTITUTION OF THE NEW FREEDMEN'S REPUBLIC.

1. Every freedman shall have a horsen for himself, with a looking-glass on the top, if he wants it.
2. Every freedman shall have a secretary.
3. Every freedboy or freedgirl shall have a wardrobe.
4. Every freechild shall have whatever it cries for.
5. White people, whether free or not, must behave themselves.
6. All persons of every color, except red, must vote.

"Sammy, my son, don't stand there scratching your head; only scratching at your brains will make no progress in life." "Why, father, I've heard you say the only way to get along in this world was to scratch ahead."

* Native officer of Irregular Cavalry.
† Example of forest tense. ‡ A crocodile.

* "Look, Sir, look"

* SOMETHING RACY.—When the Horse-eating Society final together in Paris we wonder how many *horsd'œuvres* were consumed among the viands, and whether the horse-flesh was served up *à la carte*. A lunatic friend suggests that the toast of the evening should have been drunk in a chemi glass.

"Turn out! turn out!" cried a mystering teamster to some one he were meeting. "Turn out, or I'll serve you as I did the other man." The stranger in astonishment complied, but when John was nearly opposite called to him with, "Pray, Sir, how did you serve the other man?" "Why, Sir," said whip, tipping a wink, "I told him to turn out, and he wouldn't, so *I turned out myself!*"

SOMETHING OFF.—Why must the persons appointed to wind up joint-stock companies invariably be contractors?—Because they are bankli-ters.

How many sick ones wish they were healthy;
How many beggar-men wish they were wealthy;
How many ugly ones wish they were pretty;
How many stupid ones wish they were witty;
How many lame ones wish they were nimble;
How many Benedicts wish they had married;
Single or double, life's full of trouble.
Riches are stubble, pleasure's a bubble.

Why is a man's coat larger when he pulls it out of a carpet-bag?—Because he finds it in creases.

Neither false curls, false teeth, false calves, nor even false eyes are so bad as false friends.

SOMETHING LIKE A TELEGRAM.—By the Atlantic Cable a message is received in America five hours before it leave England.

"Won't that bo-constrictor bite me?" said a little boy to a showman. "Oh no, boy, he never bites, but swallows his victims whole."

"Can you return my love, dearest Julia?" "Certainly, certainly; I don't want it, I'm sure."

WHOLESALE INFANTICIDE.—"Those crying nuisances," said a cynical observer, "you like them well enough to be married." "Pooh," observed a horrid old single gentleman, "we shall have to kill all the babies."

HUMILIATING MEDITATION.

BY A SWEEPING BOY.

On any morning, if, when up and dressed ...
We're inclined, then our souls are soon depressed:
Full if no dirtiness, or ache, annoy us,
Nor indigestion, then our souls are joyous:
This should be problem enough to humanoy,
This puzzling sympathy 'twixt souls and stomachs.

NOVEL CURRENT EVENT.—An ingenious housekeeper that we have heard of, used to array her clothes for getting a rope down, which was fastened round the legs of a stool, and slung spelling the grow after it.

What is that which is neither flesh nor bone, and yet has four fingers and a thumb?—A glove.

"My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?" "Is it to-day you're talking of, Sure, when I found it safer to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"

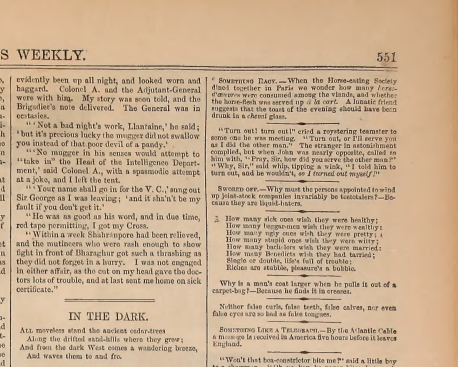
A confirmed toper was bothered how to honor his birthday. A brilliant idea struck him. He kept sober.

A SONG.

FROM "THE BATTLE OF THE BONNETS."

Bennet fortioned so divinely,
Whom I gaze at from afar,
Deckyl will Canny turn o'Rudy
Plate? or tantalizing star?
Fairies! I mark with chains of metal,
Furbelow'd with puffs of net,
Bless for one we were sorry,
How much smaller will you get?
Smaller very small I find him
Since I first came back to town;
And, to say flimsy, behind me
Felt a sudden dearth of crown;
At thy sight my gushing spirit
Streamed. I thought shed never cease,
Dear museum of sweetest bits,
For she gave us one spices.

Let us stick to fashion boldly,
Though the sun promise to blame,
We will take their rladding coldly,
Since 'tis most from Paris come.
All the bonnets, good or evil,
Will whatever rock rhocks at them.
Though they find their every level
In a covering for bonnet!


BEAUTIFUL
SUBLIME
SOLEMN
SOOTHING
SOOTHING
SOOTHING



OTHELLO. DOST THOU MOCK ME?

IAGO. I MOCK YOU! NO, BY HEAVEN:
WOULD YOU WOULD BEAR YOUR FORTUNES LIKE A MAN.

SHAKSPEARE.



1862.

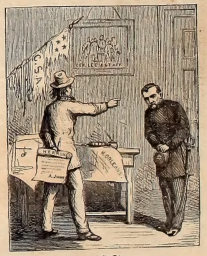
Iago. The Moor is of a free and open nature.
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses.....
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me.
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practicing upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd:
Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.....
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love:
Which is indeed but sign.....
Then devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now.....
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love.—But, I do see you are mov'd:—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.....O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world!
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.....
Work on,
My medicine, work!

Othello.



HOW AND IT WORKS.

Th. Nast.



1866.

"I have been accused of being inimical to the true interests of the colored people; but this is not true. I am one of their best friends; and time, which tries and tests all, will demonstrate the fact..... I once said I would be the Moses of your people, and lead them on to liberty—liberty they now have..... I have been blamed for vetoing the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, and have been also represented to the colored people as having done it because I was their enemy. This is not true..... The ordinary course of judicial proceedings is no longer interrupted. The courts, both State and Federal, are in full, complete, and successful operation, and through them every person, regardless of race and color, is entitled to and can be heard. The protection granted to the white citizen is already conferred by law upon the freedman. ..... It can not be expected that men who have for four years been made familiar with the blood and carnage of war, who have suffered the loss of property, and in so many instances reduced from affluence to poverty, can at once assume the calm demeanor and action of those citizens of the country whose worldly possessions have not been destroyed, and whose political hopes have not been blasted, and the worst view of this subject affords no parallel in violence to similar outrages that have followed all civil commotions, always less in magnitude than ours. But I do not believe that this to-be-regretted state of things will last long."—ANDREW JOHNSON.

RADICAL (2) RIOTS

LINCOLN CHAPEL

SCHO

SOUTHERN RIGHTS

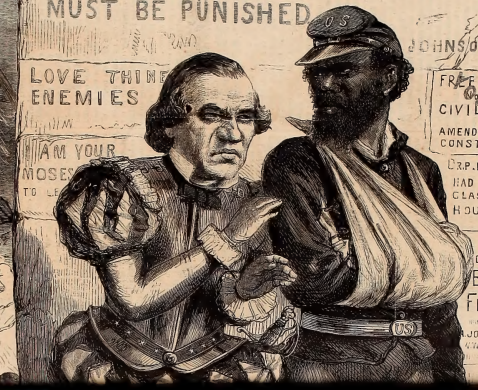


ANDREW JOHNSON'S RECONSTRUCTION.

MEMPHIS.

NEW-ORLEANS.

TREASON IS A CRIME AND MUST BE MADE ODIOUS, AND TRAITORS MUST BE PUNISHED.



PARDON TO REBELS

VETOES TO UNION MEN

KITTY CARY.

No marble tells where Kitty Cary sleep—
Only a simple slab of painted pine,
Time-stained and worn, her poor memorial keeps:
One brief and half-obliterated line—

So near the highway that the yellow sand
From passing wheels falls thickly on her grave;
In death, as in her life, proscribed and banned,
For Kitty Cary lived and died a slave.

Ay, lived and died before the Almighty's hand
Struck the strong fetters from the bondman's limbs,
And made the farthest borders of the land
Shake with her dark-browed kindred's freedom-hymns.

Alas! too early snapped the silver cord,
Or all too slowly came the tardy goal—
Life was to her but toil without reward,
And death the welcome end of servitude.

But death is freedom. Haply it may be
That Kitty Cary, from some fairer sphere,
Looks down to-day and pities lowly me
The bitter bondage of existence here—

Yet smiles to see her race with freedom crowned,
Subject no longer to a master's rule,
Her grave-demeaning their thoughtless children bound
Across her grave-mound on their way to school;

For nothing guards her humble place of rest,
The straying cattle browse above her head,
Untended goats pause in their hungry quest
To crop the toasty verdure from her bed.

Yet Nature's self has not forgotten her,
But decks her lowly grave with tender grass,
Lo! in the wind the blossomed sweet-briar stirs,
And scatter fragrance round her resting-place.

Remsen, N. Florence Percy.

THE TALE OF AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE.

In Six Weekly Portions.—First Portion.

CHAPTER I.

I suppose that, to be successful, one should set only one head of the object to be attained. At all events, I believe this to have been my sister Anna's case; and she succeeded, if to gain what one strives for be success. Now that I have written those words they scarcely seem to convey my meaning. Perhaps I should have expressed it better if I had written— But no, let it stand as it is.

The reverse of the medal has been my stumbling-block through life. I have always allowed my imagination to carry itself too much with what might be said against, as well as for, any plan, purpose, or speech of mine. I recently hope—all hope is brightened into the dawn of a heavenly day, I resolve to keep but one object in view, and to endeavor to attain it in all simplicity and single-mindedness. And this is my object, Lucy. I want you to know the true story of those who have gone before you, and who have nurtured your youth. The story of two women, who were once young, as you are now young; who lived, and loved, and suffered, as you must one day live, and love, and suffer. I have little hope that our warning beacon will avail to keep you from the rocks. The record of our common humanity date back ages and ages beyond the days of my youth, Lucy—though I dare say your twelve-year-old imagination can hardly conceive a time when Aunt Margaret was young!—and yet I never heard of a case in which one human being's heart-experience served to teach another's. Would it were! We are truly the "heirs of all the ages" in one sense. Science bequeaths its treasures of research and labor. Intellect stumbles, and rises, and sometimes falls, but progresses, still progresses. The pioneers of thought do good service; and noble hand after hand, succeeding each other, have been out paths for us, on which we travel contentedly, with scant gratitude for the thought of it, the brewers. But, in the science of Life, we must all begin for ourselves where the great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers began. Just as human will brings with it the same sequence of morning, noon, and night that dawned and flamed, and faded in Eden. Still, it will be well that you should one day learn the truth of a family story which you are as yet too young thoroughly to understand. It will be well if it make you think kindly and pitifully of the dead; if it help you to see that "struggle's bad, all's spent, if our desire be got without content;" and, above all, if it convince you that unless your desires be a unit one, its attainment can assuredly never, never bring content.

Your grandmother was my sister Anna; that sister of whom I have said that she succeeded in gaining what she strove for. You never saw her after you were an infant two years old, and I suppose not how I can make you picture to yourself my sister—the sister of pale, wrinkled, gray-haired Aunt Margaret—as a bright, handsome, laughing girl, full of life, and with a wonderfully high and haughty spirit. She had dark-brown eyes of my color, but larger and brighter—eyes that flashed and sparkled, and sometimes shone with tears of tender love when she was excited or angry. She was somewhat shorter than I, but bore herself so erectly as to seem the taller of the two. There was a family likeness between us; but I was never a beauty, while Anna always was. We were brought up together by a guardian; for our parents died when I was five, and Anna three years old. Our father and mother were taken away by the same infectious fever within a fortnight of each other. I have been told by my remembrance of that time is too vague for me to speak of my own knowledge that our mother died first in delirium, all unconscious of the bed and faithful hand which clasped her to the last; and that from that moment our father, who had kept up to tend and nurse her, drooped and sickened, and seemed to yield himself to death. What hurt him most was, that she should not have recognized him at the end, nor said one word of farewell; and I think the very last words he spoke were, "Phœbe will know me when I see her now!" They used to say I was like him. Well! Our guardian came and took us away from the dreadful house, and we soon forgot our brief sorrow and found a warm soft nest to dwell in, two little unfledged innocents that we were, from whom the sheltering motherwings had fallen, but not quite forever.

I have used the term "our guardian," for so he was truly and faithfully; but I do not mean that he was ever legally appointed so; nor, indeed, were we of importance enough to have a guardian. No, we were but two little treasures, and needed no dragon to guard it; but God sent us a friend who, though there was nothing due to take care of, took thought there was nothing due to take care of, took care of us for pure love and compassion. He was the husband of my mother's half-sister, a woman many years older than my mother, and he had known and loved both my parents. Childless themselves, he and his wife had often begged—half in jest, half in earnest—for one of the little cherubs to rear as their own. Anna was their favorite—as she was most people's—such a pretty plump thing as she was, with great eyes, and great curling masses of brown hair curling over her forehead! But they would have been glad to take either of us. They have often told me that they used to say, laughingly: "Wait till I die, Jim, and I'll leave you one of them in my will!" Poor father! Mother was passionately fond of us both, and, as I have said, believe, made a half-promise that, if ever a boy were born to her, one of his inferior creatures should be transferred to the Gable House. But I do not think that any number of brothers would have pushed us from our places in father's heart. It was hoped at the time that the baby would be a good provision for us when his affairs were finally wound up. No one expected that we could have much but his promise had been a large one, and he had lived simply, and had had no selfish expenses. However, beyond the small sum obtained by the sale of the furniture and books, we had literally nothing. A country surgeon, if he be one of those good Samaritans to whom the sight of helpless pain or bring is the most effectual appeal that can be made, and who will not only prescribe the healing oil and cordial wine, but bestow them, if he has to go down into his cellar for them, my father was still young and strong when the fever felled him. He looked not for death. How many of us do look not for death, even though the journey have been long and the road stretch far behind us! Uncle Gough carried us home to his house and put us in the spare bedroom, and Aunt Gough kissed us, and cried over us, and took us into her heart, and filled a mother's place to us in her home.

I remember that, from the first, Anna was the more masterful of us two. What she desired, she would have, and what she would not, she let us see in childish days, she pursued with so blind a vehemence of passion, that weaker wills unconsciously drew aside, and escaped collision with the obstacle in her course. It was bad for Anna, this yielding on the part of those around her, I have sometimes thought; but if our guardian and Aunt Anna and others might have been spared the bitter sorrows which afterward wrecked more than one life, And was the explanation of that which seems to me a reproach to the memory of the beloved guardians of our youth that I can not bear to say so. But the fault, if fault there were, lay in the excessive tenderness of Aunt and Uncle Gough. They had so resolved that the orphans should never miss the freshness of a mother's love, that they took it all, even for an instant, the child of orphanhood and strangeness in their new home—that they shrank from the smallest exercise of harshness, and wielded their authority with a gentleness which seemed almost feeble.

CHAPTER II.

The new home that received us was delightful in its outward aspect. It was a very old building, and the good fortune or good taste of its successive occupants had preserved it in almost its original condition. I have never, in England, seen so perfect and picturesque a specimen of an ancient dwelling-house, except in Aunt Gough's. The Gable House, in Uncle Gough's residence was, however, situated in a quite different quarter of England, in a smiling southern county, within a few miles distance of the sea. It was, I believe, the largest, and was most certainly the handsomest, house in the Bay, in the town of Willborough, and it stood in spacious grounds of its own. The lawn and gardens and orchards extended all round the house, while in front of the house was quite near enough to the main street of the town for its numerous gables to be well seen from the opposite side of the broad road which surrounded it; and the great old iron entrance-gate gave to view the half-door with its usually overhanging porch, and the cozy benches within it, on either side, whereon, in fine sunny weather, might often be seen a heap of children's books and toys, or the knitting of some matron, or a crumpled sash, the whole zealously guarded by the tiniest, fairest, unenmeshed-looking black-and-tan terrier that was ever born. For the grand porch was Anna's favorite playing-place, and Vixen was her favorite playmate. The porch was a constant resort for all—but Anna's—and Aunt Gough, for the dear soul would let the child have her way when she fancied her heart was set upon littering the stone benches and pursuing her pastimes in full view of all the passers-by in the High Street. But old Smith, uncle's factotum and absolute tyrant, strongly objected to what he called the unseemliness of poor Anna's selected haunt. He was a queer, grim-looking old fellow, whose real business was that of a gardener, but who seemed to fancy he had a sort of vested right in every inch of Uncle Gough's territory, from the garret to the back paneels of the hall-door. Beyond that, into the house itself, he never pushed his authority; but once set your foot on the broad slab of stone under the entrance-porch, and you entered the domains of King Stock—or, as we children used to call him when we came to the days of Æsop's Fables, King Stork. Certainly that long-legged monarch himself could not have been more absolute, or more superbly indifferent to the indignations of his subjects. Stock's highest word of praise was "seemly." I have heard him call the great mossy sea of apple-blossoms in the orchard, "pretty, a red sunset," "a seemly night." In the same way, if Stock pronounced any person, place, or thing to be "unseemly," we all knew that he intended to convey a very strong expression of condemnation. I have sometimes thought he fancied the word to be Scriptural, and to carry with it a weight of authority beyond any mere scandine or usual phrase. However that may have been, I know that he and Anna had many and many a battle about Stock's unseemliness. "Why, Miss Anna," he would say, with slow utterance and wooden, immovable face, "when you've got the lairs" (he called the hares—" and the gardens, and the srubbery, and the horchard, and the meadders for to play in, take what you likes and spile what you likes, and the housemaids you to come and litter and mess all over this here porch, with your picture-books and your tiles [toys]? And that little scrutting beast of a Vixen, that I'd rayther save till a dozen barn-door fowl on than all the grand-children mornin', and the number of her pairs all over three hundred acres! Than't seemly, I tell ye. Do what you likes in the house. There's more old rooms and passages in the top-story nor you'll get through in a week. But in this porch you shall not be; for 'tis a unseemly thing, and there an end."

But there was by no means an end. Anna would stamp her small scarlet-shod foot (children wore red morocco shoes in those days), and would hit her delicate little baby-eyebrows together, and frown half seriously on the bench before her brazen at the least hint of an attempt to order them; while I, next would laugh, and jump, and dart forward with short, spiteful leaps of defiance, and the two would be in a shrill and angry fray generally ended in the child and the dog being left panting, but victorious, in possession of the field. Once badly, old Smith had succeeded in banishing the heroine goes, in th se combats, but was outwardly in cool and unruffled as his small foe was flushed and disheveled. After the first intense moments of lifting up the refractory one, screaming with rage, in his arms, and carrying her deliberately to my self in the back parlor—punishment which while, small of body but great of spirit, hung on by her teeth to the calf of his leathern gaiter with all four legs off the ground—Lucy, I can see the scene was, our kind guardians were so frightened by Anna's violence, and so unwilling to deny her any gratification, that Uncle Gough, dear Uncle Gough! How tender he was, how pitiful, how patient, with the helpless, motherless children he had taken to his heart!

From that day forth Stock never sought to interfere with Anna's choice of a playing-place. I believe she was afraid of the fierce will, within the memory of men, had successfully fought Stock on his own territory; and it might have been expected that he would have made against his puppet conqueror. But it was not so. I believe he was afterward doubly stern in asserting his authority against all the rest of the world, and I have an indistinct remembrance of Uncle Gough's having been obliged to yield up certain select beds which Stock chose to dispose of with a peace-offering to his outraged dignity. But I do not think Stock was more harsh with Anna after her victory than before. Indeed, I think he regarded her triumph as a presumptuous little minion that I was! It happened in this wise: We had been racing and romping all through the garden, in the morning of one bright summer day, and toward noon were thoroughly heated and weary. Nurse had carried off Anna, for some childish sleepy, for a nap before our early dinner. I, being two years older and not so delicate and easily tired as my sister, was left to follow my own devices until it should be time to wash and brush me for dinner. Under these circumstances, and while still undecided how to bestow myself during the next hour, my eye caught the broad island of shadow cast by the porch on the dazzling space of yellow gravel that lay glaring in the sunlight before the house. A beautiful Virginia creeper hung lightly over the entrance, and the pale-green leaves and myriorious in the blackness of shade, that I thought of a certain cave in a wood that I had been told of in some fairy tale as of surpassing coolness, and the idea occurred to me how delightful it would be to play at being the enchanted maiden who was kept prisoner by the wicked fairy, condemned to remain spell-bound and motionless in the cave until the handsomest prince in all the world should come and touch her with a branch of the very creeper that was over my head, arise and marry the prince, and live happy ever after! There was a great golden-blossomed laburnum on the side of the porch, and that would do very well for the linden-tree, and would be much prettier. So off I ran in hot haste to the "wilderness"—our play-room was significantly christened—and returned flushed and happy to the porch, with my doll and a white woolly lamb on wheels, whereof the uninitiated could never, at first sight, distinguish the head from the tail, much to my chagrin. Dolly was not so beautiful a work of art as your wax ones, Lucy. She was large and clumsy, cut out of wood, with crimson-varnished cheeks, and flaxen curls, and a movable head, the skull by a bright tin tack in the middle of the pate-ing; but she was very dear to my childish heart for all that, and, for a power of Fiction versatility, and assumption of the most widely differing characters, I would match her against the choicest and costliest puppets of France or Germany. Well! I came back to the porch, carrying Dolly and Snowball. Snowball, the woolly lamb, was an innovation, there being no such character in the original story; but I constructed in my mind an episode showing how Snowball, in endeavoring to defend his beloved mistress, had incurred the hatred of the fairy, and had been condemned to share her captivity in his presence in the cave was satisfactorily accounted for. I covered Dolly's head and shoulders with a pink silk scarf from my own neck, and immediately she became as magnificent and malignant a fairy as could be desired. Then I lay down on the cool stone bench, with my arms round Snowball's neck, and waited for Prince Goldenheart with his branch of linden.

The shade and the silence, and my morning's romp, combined to make me drowsy. I was just beginning to lose the consciousness of Snowball's rough wool against my cheek, when a slow, heavy step on the gravel outside startled me into wakefulness, and I sat up very quietly and peered out under the hanging screen of Virginia creeper. Of course it was old Stock. I had known his step at once. He was going toward the porch, and carried a heavy spade over his shoulder. The porch was so dark, and the outer sunlight so dazzling, that I think he could have passed me without seeing me, had it not been for poor Dolly, who, true to her present character of the malignant fairy, was the means of getting me into trouble. I had stuck her up to keep guard over us at the entrance of the cave, and the glories of her pink scarf attracted Stock's attention. "Hullo!" said he, looking in with his one glittering brown hand shading his eyes; "why, it's you, is it, Miss Margit?" He spoke very strictly, and pronounced it to take up Dolly, too, so all you please not to touch her, Stock?" said I, pleadingly; "she is the fairy Malevola, and I am Rosabella, and nobody can come into the cave without a branch of the magic linden-tree, and——" "Oh!" growled Stock, interrupting my explanation, and ruthlessly lifting the fairy Malevola by her leg so that she dangled helplessly upside down, with her flaxen curls and crimson cheeks touching the stock of a head, except just where the tin tack is it there on—" Oho! you are equal to set me at defiance now, are you, Miss Margit? If nobody comes into the cave, somebody shall come out on it! Ain't you ashamed to be flyin in the faces of them as Providence has been pleased to call into duty and place of life? Come along out this minute, you bad-behaved child!" It is irritating me to see him slowly twisting Dolly backward and forward as he spoke, so that her poor head kept unconsciously exposed to view, and her black curls sweeping the gravel, that I was goaded into rashness. "Stock!" I said, "I will!" cried, half astonished at my own audacity. She was no longer the fairy Malevola; there was no enchanted cave, no magic linden, no Prince Goldenheart. Ah, no! All that had vanished like a broken bubble. Stock had spoiled it all! But I stepped boldly and lightly under cover, and held out the other for Dolly with an imperious gesture, "I will have her!" "Who says shall and will?" retorted Stock, with exasperating deliberation of my demand. "You says shall and will now, do you? Them ain't words for little child'en." Dolly in the mean time, "says," said I, struggling between my tears, and clutching Snowball; "she is mine, my very own; and you have no right to keep her from me." "No right?" repeated Stock, with a grin of demonstration—"no right! If I was to come down so far as to reason with a babe and suckling, I'd ask you to see what right you've got to be a playin', and—and a strayin'—in a place where you've been forbid for to play." Here he made a full stop, and walked, slowly and heavily, and with his usual deliberation, "—or for to stray." The logic of this retort struck me more forcibly than any mere scolding could have done. I was true I had been forbidden to bring my toys into the porch; but next minutes there came into my mind the remembrance of Anna's victory, and I felt Stock's argument to be unsound. "Anna," said I, eagerly, "Anna was let to come here yesterday, and she was playing with her skipping-rope; and if she has a right to be here, so have I." Stock turned his deliberate black eyes upon me, and looked at me pensively for a second. "Miss Margrit," said he, at last, "don't you argue any. Argument and me don't never agree. Stock's more babes and sucklings. No good didn't never come of that precept. You've got to do in, just to mind what's said to them, and do it. Now you've had the prophets. You come out of that porch this minute, or I'll spile this here wooden image for good an' all." Poor Dolly! I had plucked off shade as though he would have cut Dolly in two with it. I do not believe now that he would really have done so, for, though he was a rude and coarse old man, he was not brutal. But my childish heart leaped with terror when I saw the murderous weapon suspended over the unfortunate accessory, and I cried, with a scream, I darted forth, caught the doll in my arms, and rushed away across the lawn at the back of the house, never pausing until I had plunged into the thickest part of the shrubbery, where I flung myself sobbing on the grass, and hugged my rescued treasure.

More than sixty years have passed since that day when I so unsuccessfully emulated Anna—for I can not have been much over three years old—and yet every incident of it is far more vividly present to my mind than when I was five-and-twenty. I can recall the bitter, pungent taste of a bit-sweet my from the old cedar-tree under which I lay; and the half-unconscious way in which I put it between my teeth, and pricked my lips with its sharp point. Ah, Lucy! Since that day I have dreamed daydreams in other enchanted caves, and been surrounded by stronger spells than the fairy Malevola's, and I have waited for Prince Goldenheart as you will wait for him some day; and I have seen all the handsomest youth in all the world, with a fragrant

green bough in his hand, there has hobbled up old Stock with his spade to crumble the whole beautiful vision into dust! But then you, Lucy, I have never had the warmth of love and pity, and sympathy with suffering, quenched out of my heart, and, after all, I ought to be a happy old woman. And so I am, my dear. So I am.

We were happy in those days, if ever children were happy. As time went on, and we ceased to be mere babies, we were not allowed to run wild about the grounds from morning to night. We had such tasks as were set us had no terrors, and few difficulties. I fear that you of the rising generation will have but a mean opinion of Aunt Gough's educational powers when I confess that I was turned eight years old before I could read with ease. But I had already worked several samplers, and could even stitch a shirt very creditably by that time. Anna's education began somewhat earlier, as was natural; for the two years' difference between our ages enabled me to help her at first in deciphering the mysteries of Great A and little b. Aunt Gough was a stanch church-woman. Every Sunday morning we were taken to the great family pew and were perched up side by side on two crimson hassocks placed on the seat, and thus elevated, the brim of my hat just reached to the top of the pew. Anna, being smaller, was altogether invisible to the outside world, except when she stood up on her cushion during the psalms. There are scarcely any pews nowadays. Every lady sits on a hard bench in full view of his or her neighbors. As it is certainly a much more uncomfortable state of things than the old fashion, let us hope it has some compensating spiritual advantages.

Anna and I liked going to church. It was not quite terrible to our young imaginations, nor were we taught to think of religion as of a stern Method, whose contemplation turns the gazer into stone. As to giving any portion of the Scriptures to learn by way of punishment, Aunt Gough would have been shocked at the notion of such a thing. She did, indeed, consider it her duty to make us learn the Church Catechism — which we didn't understand; and she told us stories from the New Testament — which we did understand, and, moreover, delighted in. One great source of Sunday pleasure was the music. Our church possessed a very fine old organ; and though our organist would not be considered very scientific in these days, he contrived to elicit from it its mellowest tones and richest harmonies. He loved the great old instrument, and thought more of his organ than of himself: which feeling — the self-forgetfulness of a true artist — communicated itself irresistibly to his hearers. Even we children were conscious of a beauty in the psalms and voluntaries beyond the mere sound. And I remember once saying to our guardian, "I do like to listen to Mr. Dixon, he plays so kindly."

As we grew older, and were thought to have got beyond the range of dear Aunt Gough's simple teaching, we were sent to a day-school in the town. Our schoolmistress, Miss Wokenham, was one of the tiniest women I ever saw. There was more than one child of eleven or twelve years old in the school who could look down on her from a superior height; and our plump rosy cheeks and round arms would seem quite coarse and clumsy — *vulgar* as her phrase was then, for every thing redolent of health and vigor, as well as for what was in itself coarse and unpolished — beside Miss Wokenham's fragile, elfish form. She was not old as I now reckon age — perhaps forty-five — but her antiquity was very venerable in my eyes then. Her hair was snowy white, but soft and shining, and wavy with natural curls; she had bright dark eyes, and an immensely wide mouth, filled, however, with a faultless set of teeth. Perhaps Miss Wokenham's attainments were really nothing very marvelous, but we all thought her a prodigy of learning. And, indeed, making all due allowance for the march of intellect in these days, I am inclined to believe that Miss Wokenham was mistress of some solid acquirements that one might seek for vainly among more showily-accomplished governesses. She had a competent knowledge of history and geography, and a turn for arithmetic that was quite surprising; she had even, it was whispered, dabbled a little in the mathematics; and our parish clergyman, who had graduated at Cambridge, was wont to declare that, if Miss Wokenham had been a man, she would have made the wranglers of her year look to their laurels. But perhaps this was a figure of speech. At all events, Miss Wokenham herself used to declare it was; and she was a most absolutely and uncompromisingly truthful human being. If, as sometimes happened, in a scholar thirsting for knowledge pashed her beyond her depth, she never hesitated for an instant to confess her ignorance. "I don't know, my dear," she would say, fixing her brave black eyes earnestly on the interrogator. "I don't know, but if it is to be known well find it out." And then she would reach down the lexicon, or the atlas, or whatever book of reference might be needed, and work side by side with her pupil until the desired information was gained. This candor, far from weakening her influence over us, had so diametrically opposite an effect, that we were one and all ready to swear to the positive certainty of any thing imparted to us by Miss Wokenham as a fact.

Under her tuition I and Anna were well content to remain, until we were respectively seventeen and fifteen years old, with no more brilliant accomplishments than as much music as enabled us to rattle through a country dance or so, and a smattering of French imparted by a long-suffering Frenchman named De Beaupré, whose pension Miss Wokenhamerently styling Old Bogie. Anna had a lovely fresh voice, and used to thrill all our hearts with some old Border ballad, or a sea-song by Mr. Dibdin. I did not sound the fire in the winter twilight. I am too a little, but my voice had neither the power nor the charm of Anna's.

Meanwhile, things went on pleasantly and peacefully at the Gable House. If time began to streak Uncle Gough's hair with more than its proper allowance of life, unless his constant quarrels with every one around him afforded him gratification. His solid luxury was his pipe. He would sit by the kitchen fire of an evening, smoking his churchwarden filled with the strongest tobacco that could be bought, and talking theology to the maids; for Stock had decided views about religion. I used to think, when I was a child, that they were peculiar to him himself; but I have heard in subsequent years dogmas gravely promulgated, which, barring the difference of grammar, might have emanated from old Stock himself.

Cook was the only one of the servants bold enough to tackle Stock on this his favorite topic; but even she frequently retired worsted from the conflict. "Well," she would say, taking refuge in generalities, "I'm sure I don't know, Mr. Stock; but I always believed as them as acted accordin' to their consciences was in the right way. There's more for not one to heaven, you know."

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I remember the curious speculations this kind of talk used to excite in my mind. I never for a moment loubted that Stock was right, but I used to wonder with the vague curiosity of a thoughtful child how he would feel when he found so many more people in heaven than he expected, and whether he would be pleased or disappointed at not finding it reserved for the exclusive occupation of himself and "one or two more on us."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

To the sentiment housewife the fruit season is one continued "harvest time." Then her own pet, private storeroom, open which Winter and Spring had made fearful ravages, is gradually replenished—the long rows of well-filled jars, bottles, and cans again shine resplendent on the shelves — apricots and peaches, canned fruits and dried, are laid in abundantly; and she is certainly comfortable if she exhibits some pride in her transparent jelly, which will "out," or rawthereof, in the shape and height of freshly gathered.

Great progress has been made during the past few years in the methods of preserving fruits. Although most housekeepers still like to "make up" some jars of sweetmeats in the old rule of "pound for pound," canned fruits are much more commonly used, not only because they are more easily made and more economical, but also because they are really nicer. New contrivances for keeping fruit for table use through the year are developed every season; and nothing but actual experience can satisfy each housekeeper that any one mode is *the* desirable one. A few hints, however, may be accepted.

Fruit, for preserving, should certainly be fully ripe—there are a few exceptions, as for instance, the gooseberry is considered best when green. The quantity of white sugar is always the best for preserves. There is no economy in using brown sugar which requires much clarifying. A good preserving kettle is an important desideratum. Iron ones, lined with porcelain, are commonly used; but the porcelain soon cracks. Perhaps nothing is more satisfactory, on the whole, than a brass or copper kettle; but it is important that it be thoroughly cleansed immediately before using. If the fruit is to be put up with only a small proportion of sugar, or without any, it is essential, of course, to have jars or cans which can be made air-tight. There are a few more variations to any good help than to find her fruit all spoiled, and her labor lost, because the jars were not properly secured. Some use wide-mouthed bottles, with common corks, and wax or cement; others, the cans which can be sealed up; and then there are a variety of self-sealing glass jars. Some of these are very difficult to manage. It is a great labor to fasten them up, and it is as much as a jar is worth to attempt to open it. Some, however, are admirably secure. The "Mason" is good a kind as any is Willoughby's, which has an iron top to fit the glass mouth band, and is fastened down by a screw. We have never known this kind to fail to keep its fruit. The Boorman, also, seems perfected. It has recently styling Old Bogie. Anna had a lovely fresh voice, and used to thrill all our hearts with some old Border ballad, or a sea-song by Mr. Dibdin. I did not sound the fire in the winter twilight. I am too a little, but my voice had neither the power nor the charm of Anna's.

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AFTER THE RIOT.

THE negroes wounded in the New Orleans riot were nearly all taken to the Marine Hospital, where the best of medical aid is furnished them. Dr. HANNA has charge of the hospital: he informs me that the majority of his cases will recover, though many of them are shot one or more times besides being severely beaten. Some of the negroes in the ward that I have sketched were attacked while on the way to their dinners, entirely ignorant of the existence of any serious trouble.—The nurses are nearly all mulatto females, who seem thoroughly kind and attentive to their patients, who bear their sufferings with a fortitude that is somewhat surprising. The severe heat and the painful nature of the wounds make the situation of the poor creatures pitiful in the extreme. Were it not for the advantages offered for the comfort by the excellent arrangement of the hospital many would die that will now recover.

The medical officer detailed to make an official report of the killed and wounded presented the names in full, together with the character of the wounds received by the following parties, viz.: Members of the Convention—one killed and eight wounded, or one-third of the members present; white citizens attending the Convention, two killed and nine wounded: total number of whites killed and wounded, 20. Colored citizens attending the Convention—killed, 34; wounded, 119: total of colored killed and wounded, 153. Of the Police there were 10 slightly wounded, most of whom were on duty the next day. One white citizen with the Police was killed. The evidence shows that the man was accidentally shot by the Police; also, that in the excitement many of the Police were wounded by their comrades. In addition to the above, the Doctor reports ten colored men killed and twenty wounded, whose names he could not ascertain.



THE NEW ORLEANS RIOT—THE MILITARY COMMISSION EXAMINING WITNESSES.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

I have also made a sketch representing the Military Commission receiving testimony concerning the riot. Their report is not yet published. General MOWER is President. The other members are Generals QUINCEY, BALDY, and GREGG. D.

THE FIRE IN JERSEY CITY.

EARLY on Sunday morning, August 19, a schooner laden with petroleum, lying alongside the large oil dock situated just north of the Erie Railway Company's freight pier in Jersey City, was set on fire by the careless use of a lamp in the forward hold. In some manner the flame of the lamp communicated with the gas generated by the petroleum oil with which the vessel was laden, and the result was a loud explosion, the mast being blown—according to some accounts—many feet into the air, alighting in the water at a distance from the vessel. He was rescued with great difficulty by some bystanders. The deck of the schooner was blown off, and in an inconceivably short space of time she was wrapped in flames.

Of the spread of the fire from this point the *New York Tribune* gives the following account:

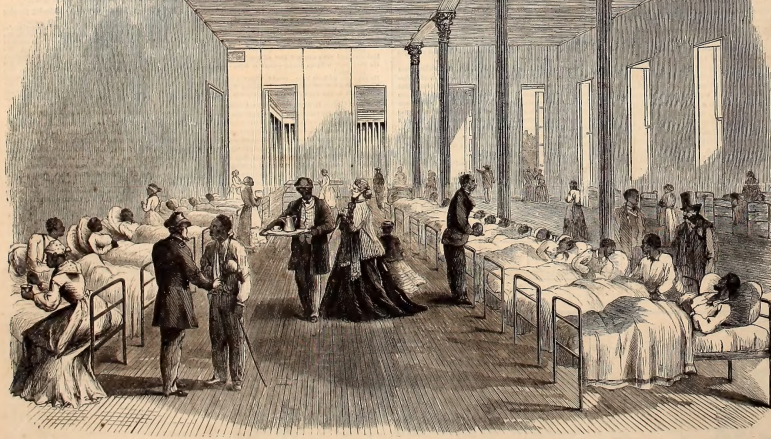
Piled up on the dock in tiers and on the spot let in the vicinity were about 18,000 barrels of crude oil, and in the tanks near by about 3000 barrels of refined oil. Through this inflammable mass the flames rushed with a roar and fury perfectly appalling, while the dense clouds of black and stifling smoke which arose from the mass seemed to darken the entire horizon.

On the side track, which run the entire length of the pier, were standing about 100 cars belonging to the Erie Railroad Company, laden with oil and waiting to be unloaded. Efforts were at once made to save these if possible.—Gangs of men knee in the employ of the railway company were set to work pushing the cars down the track away from the immediate vicinity of the fire, and they were thus started in a loose train and drawn to a safe distance.—While thus engaged, many of the workmen had their hands and faces severely scorched and blistered. In this manner all of the cars but 13 were saved.

On the freight, or, as it is more commonly termed, the coal pier of the Erie Railway Company, were a number of cars laden with grain and other articles. Attention was at once turned to saving these, and in the manner above-mentioned the greater portion of them were removed to a place of safety.

Lying in the slips on either side of the pier were a number of brigs, schooners, and lighters engaged in taking on board the oil. So quickly did the flames spread that it was found impossible, in most cases, to cast loose from the pier and float them out in the stream.

Soon after the outbreak of the fire the wind which, up to that time, had been blowing from the northeast, es-



THE NEW ORLEANS RIOT—CARE OF THE WOUNDED AT THE MARINE HOSPITAL.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1866.

dangering the pier and extensive freight and passenger depôt of the Railway Company, suddenly veered to the south, and in a few moments the large pier north of the men load above was found to be on fire. It was leased by A. S. Jarvis & Co., manufacturers and shippers of tobacco, whose extensive manufactory is located but a short distance from the pier.

The flames from the burning oil, reaching to an immense height, were carried by the force of the wind completely across the intervening space, and the entire pier with its contents was soon on fire. It was useless to attempt to extinguish it, the streams of water thrown by the engines seeming to have no effect whatever upon the ocean of flame, and with the exception of a few bales of cotton thrown into the slip and floated out of the reach of the fire, the pier and its contents were completely destroyed.

The freight pier of the railway company was on fire several times; but through the good management of the firemen it was extinguished each time with comparatively trifling damage.

Both the piers which are burned are new, having been erected not long since by the West Jersey Shore Improvement Company at a cost of $50,000 each. They are insured.

From the most trust-worthy data that can be obtained amidst the confusion prevailing at and around the scene of the conflagration, it is probable that at least from four to fifteen lives have been sacrificed. Of the crew of the *William Bartlett*, the schooner on which the explosion first occurred, but one only has been saved—Henry Kurrell, a German, about thirty-two years of age.

The entire loss from the fire is estimated at $2,000,000.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

THE changes in fashion are not striking this month, and such as there are apply exclusively to toilets for the country and sea-side. Beyond those represented in the illustrations there are robes of white lawn with leaden-gray stripes, vandyked above a jupe of the same material, which is frequently also vandyked itself; or of lilac and white taffeta on a lilac jupe with a trimming of white lace, and with a loose jacket of the same material as the jupe, and similarly trimmed. For dinner and evening dress we have robes of thin watered silk, with brilliant color stripes on a white ground; the train long; the corsage quite plain, with a band of the same color as the stripes of the robe; the sleeves very tight, and especially so at the wrist. Other robes are of gaze de Chambéry, of a pale green or mauve tint, and worn over a jupe of white taffeta, the corsage being of white embroidered muslin. All these dresses are worn with trains, and generally with a trimming of white lace down the seams of the robe. Hats are, of course, taking precedence of chapeaux: they are of the ordinary shapes and materials. Black or black and white straw hats with narrow brims, and trimmed with scarlet velvet ribbon, or with bunches of red berries, seem likely to be much worn.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Cuneque robe and jupe of pale gray satteen, trimmed with violet-colored ribbon and a row of passementerie, with rows of violet silk buttons at the back and sides of the cuneque. Chapeau and strings of violet-color crape, with jet aigrette on the right-hand side.

Fig. 2. Cuneque without sleeves, and upper jupe of delicate gray mohair, trimmed and edged with drops of black jet. The upper jupe, hanging in festoons, shows a second jupe, which, with the sleeves, is striped black and pale gray. Chapeau of white straw, with a star of black jet.

Fig. 3. Robe of white foulard ornamented with long lapels and vandykes, terminating in insets of mauve-colored taffeta. The corsage, which is cut square, is similarly ornamented. Chapeau Chinois, trimmed with bands of black velvet, which large daisies are arranged at regular intervals.

Fig. 4. *Evening Dress.*—Robe of foulard des Indes, covered with small spots; the jupe gored, and at every seam a trimming of quilled rose-colored taffeta, bordered with narrow black lace. Corsage similarly trimmed. Sleeves of puffed tulle, with epaulets and cuffs of foulard edged with taffeta and black lace, the hair fastened with rose-colored ribbon of the same tint as the taffeta of the robe.

A SKETCHING ADVENTURE.

"ISN'T it a beauty?" was my greeting as I strolled one morning into the salon of our little inn.

"Isn't what a beauty?" answered I.

"This pistol. Elliot bought it in Bayonne yesterday for my birthday present. I think it's the very prettiest little thing of the kind I ever saw in my life; isn't it, Mr. Campbell?"

"My dear Mrs. Harlings," I replied, amazed,



GREAT PETROLEUM FIRE IN JERSEY CITY, AUGUST 19, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY STARBUT TOM.]

"what in the world put it into your head to want a pistol? What nonsense! who do you suppose is going to hurt you?"

"I don't know; maybe no one, nor nothing, and I dare say it's very silly; but when I'm out sketching or walking by myself miles away from home, I fancy I shall feel more comfortable if I have some sort of a protector with me, although I don't suppose I shall ever meet with any thing dreadful, of course, as I shouldn't go alone."

"Well," said I, after a minute examination, "it certainly is a perfect little affair. Make sure you don't shoot yourself, that's all;" and with a laughing promise on her part to "try not," we went our different ways for an hour or two, to prepare as usual for the expeditions of the day.

What blind moles we are! How little did either she or I suspect that before another day dawned her life would hang on the way she used that little revolver.

We were a very happy *partie quarrée*; Ellice Hardinge and his wife; I, John Campbell, and mine. We had got tired of the coast of Biscay, where we had spent the early part of the winter, and taken to the little villages among the Pyrenees, where there was very good fishing, and occasionally plenty of shooting besides. Our wives sometimes accompanied us on our excursions, but very often mine, who was rather an invalid, remained at home, while Mrs. Hardinge, a perfect slave to her color-box, would go out alone, sketching, leaving Elliot and me to our own devices.

Thus it had been arranged for the day in question. Elliot, his wife, and I, started all together; but we two left the lady at the entrance to a small valley which ran at almost right angles with the tract of country we intended shooting over; in passing which scene she had found some particular view or another would make a good subject for a picture, and determined to take advantage of the warmth of this unlucky Friday to have a long day's work there. Accordingly, we bade each other good-by, and went our separate ways. She, of course, went armed with her revolver and plenty of ammunition, "for who knows," quoth she, laughing, "but that I may have to kill a giant or two before I return?"

At this point of my story I must change places with Mrs. Hardinge, and let her tell her own tale as she told it to me long afterward, when she had in some measure recovered from the horrible effects of this terrible day.

"The weather," said she, "was so delicious, and the scenery so beautiful, that instead of sitting down at once to my work I wandered on, always believing that I could find the present view with the one I should get by just climbing the brow of the next hill: this one led to another, and that to still another; and I had never begun to find out that I had strayed much further than I had intended, or than, indeed, was quite safe at this time of year, even though I had a grand new pistol to take care of myself with, when I awakened to the very unpleasant fact that the sun was rapidly disappearing behind the hills in the western sky, and that I really should soon have only moonlight to help me find my way back again. Of course, sketching was now quite out of the question, and I turned round somewhat anxiously to see what way-marks I could remember to have passed in the morning. Luckily, though long, the valley was straight, and in the open ground just in front of the gorge by which it communicated with the more extended country beyond, there was a group of cork-trees, the peculiar shape of which rendered them distinguishable from the bushwood which clothed the bases of the mountains. Luckily, too, the valley, precipitous and rugged on either side, had a nearly even ground, perhaps half a mile wide, upon which, when once reached, the walking would be easy. So thought the trees were a good three miles off, and I was already satisfied that, I calculated that I should reach them in about an hour and a half, all hindrances considered, and once there, I should be only one mile from the inn; and after all, I flattered myself, I could get home before you," she said, addressing her husband, "and the others had begun to be frightened about me.

"Of I started, therefore, and walked away with a will. In less than half an hour the sun set, and for a while it was almost totally dark. For mean, not minding the stumbles and occasional falls, and to keep up as brave a heart as I could, was all that was possible; and I had got nearly to the end of the last wood, close to the open ground (which I had not dared try to reach by a direct scramble in the dark), could see the cork-trees looming huge in the glimmer of the rising moon, when I thought I heard a peculiar cry far away behind me, and I paused for a moment to listen, thinking that it might possibly be some other belated wanderer in the dark as well as myself.

"For only *one* moment. The next I was rushing along as fast as terror could drive me, sketching-thing, cloak, umbrella, everything else, save my gun, impede my flight flung away; for in that one moment all I had ever heard of the now seldom seen Pyrenean wolf, their terribly acute scent, and insatiable ferocity, flashed through my mind, and I knew by instinct that the sound I had heard was the cry of one of these as it had stumbled on my track, and that the whole pack would be upon me long, I feared, ere I could get even as far as the cork-trees.

"At first I did along wildly, I gave myself up for lost, for the idea of defending myself never once occurred to me, so paralyzed was I with fear; but as, a minute and heard the occasional and horrible howl, the howl of the pack, and remembering now, in fearful earnest, my revolver, I resolved to sell my life at all events as dear as I could.

"At this moment I gained the open ground. The moon, white and brilliant, lighted up the valley, and brought into strong relief the group of cork-trees not far away now, and which, oh! if I could but reach, I believed I might yet escape.

"I pulled out my revolver, hardly slacking my speed, slipped the safety stop, and made for a little thicket of juniper some fifty yards in front; for now the cruel 'yapping' sounded closer and closer, and it seemed as if hundreds of wolves were at my heels; if I could not stop them so as to gain a little time, I must be torn to pieces in a minute. Suddenly facing them as I reached the juniper, and instinctively remembering the direction to fire low which you gave me, you know, Ellice, I shot off each barrel quick as lightning, then rushed on again. That I had killed some, at all events, was evident by the growling and fighting of the others over the dead ones. I knew that the dogs nowadays were never known to descend to the valleys until driven by actual starvation, and, alas, these were hungry for they did not stop to eat the dead of their own kind; so I ran on, at the same time reloading the pistol, my hope being to gain the open ground, the bright moon at the time they took while they stopped to devour those which were killed.

"How it was, I don't know, I suppose every one has felt the same when the first brunt of a great danger has been endured, and one remains for the moment still in safety; but I felt as if I had a reckless courage, and a, so to speak, determination *not* to be killed, take possession of me. On I went, my pace a little slackened, for I feared my strength would hardly hold out; and I was congratulating myself upon the precious minutes I was gaining, when I heard a sharp, fierce 'yap' so close that I felt an agony of terror put for the moment my late courage to flight, and I almost fell down paralyzed, as, turning my head, I saw two gliding close within a yard of me. In less time, however, than it takes to tell you, I revived again, fired, and, waiting only to see that the dog was disabled, pushed on once more: and now, only a few yards from the trees, I was looking to see which would be the best to climb, when the pack came on again in full cry. Alas! there was no juniper here for a defense for my back, and I knew all must be lost if I attempted to close and fight. So I turned again, let off all the barrels pretty nearly at random, and then made the last effort I felt would be possible, for I was well-nigh exhausted, and at last reached the trees.

"How I scrambled up one of them I don't know, and what became of me for a time I don't know either. I knew I lost consciousness altogether, but when I came to myself, and looked down on the sea of glaring eyes below, it was almost more than I could endure. Let it was evident they could not reach me, leap and jump as they might; and all the tales I had heard of creatures gnawing down trees in which their prey was seated I firmly believed to be pure fiction, so that all I had to do to be safe appeared, after all, to sit still where I was.

"But for how long? I had only three cartridges left. I could not be sure of the number of dogs in the pack, but there were upward of forty at least, and whether they could attack at night, or were equally savage during the day, I knew not. But even should they remain long, which I did not probe, as who can once they found that their prey was out of reach, I remembered that you would be sure to come to my help when you found I did not return, and I was comforting myself with this assurance when it flashed through me that you would, in likely as not, come by the valley instead, and if you did, nothing could save you. This was the worst of all, and as I sat thinking of it, the cold chaos of hideous fiends howled and yelled, and I put back the shrill whistle I always carried when wandering alone, and which I was just going to blow, lest it should give you too true a clew to my place of refuge.

"How long I sat crouched among the branches of that friendly cork-tree I know not. Hope and fears over in my mind, I hardly know. It must have been an hour at least, for the moon had travelled over the valley, and was sinking behind the snowy mountains beyond, when from the opening gorge, mentioned before, there came a shout! I knew the voice well, Elliot, and my first thought on hearing lest you should be alone. I think the few minutes of suspense which followed were more intolerable than any I had yet gone through. Supposed! But very soon there came another shout, and then several voices together, and almost at the same moment the glare of torches, as a whole party of men turned into the valley. The relief was too great. I tried to shout, too, but my voice died away in my throat. I tried once more, but I had lost the sound I produced was too feeble to be heard far away. At last, by a bright thought, I fired off my three remaining cartridges, and then, I know better what happened and what became of me than I do myself."

What happened, and what became of Mrs. Hardinge, was as follows:

As we neared the grove of cork-trees on which we looked to be the means of safety to her, and which were directed by the sound of the pistol, the pack of dogs left their unsatisfactory employment of gazing at the dead which was remarkable, and came en masse to attack us. But we were prepared for them, and they received two or three volleys so well-directed and telling that, after coming at us once again, they betook themselves to the shelter of the mountains from whence they came, while we were prepared for them; for, returning home from our expedition about an hour before, we were met by a peasant who, in the midst of his terror, powers had seen the first pack of wild dogs remembered for upward of thirty years, descending from the High Pyrenees toward these valleys; and as they certainly were not far away, it was not safe to be out, unless in a party and well-armed, for they were always exceptionally savage. Of course, the valleys were driven from their lairs (he said) by the long continuance of cold and snow.

"Which direction had they taken?" asked we, with a view to a possible day's sport on the morrow.

Judge of our horror when the man named the valley Mrs. Hardinge had chosen for her walk that morning, and pointed to the mountain immediately overhanging it as the place where he had seen them.

Before he could finish his sentence we were hurrying home at our utmost speed, hoping to find our fears needless, and her safely returned. When, however, we got there, hours later than she usually remained out, our hearts failed, when, to our quick question, "Where Mrs. Hardinge?" my wife replied, "I don't know; she has not come in; I thought she was with you!" Instantly the alarm was given, the whole village was roused; every man armed with a gun rallied round us, and we took our way to the entrance of the valley, pale and sick with apprehension for the fate which most likely had ere this overtaken her.

After the rout of the dogs we hastened to the trees, and climbing that in which, by the light of our torches, we could see Mrs. Hardinge, lifted her down. She was insensible, though, fortified than bad bruises and tears, apparently from falls and thorns, she seemed unhurt; at all events, there was no mark of the dogs upon her. We carried her home and did all we could to restore consciousness; but, alas! the horrors she had gone through had been too much for her, it was many, many days before she recovered from their effects. It was not, indeed, until three weeks afterward that she was able to give the connected account.

She still treasures her little pistol as the chief saviour, under Providence, of her life; but to me who examined it very minutely, it did thought the pistol would have been but of little use had it not been for the wonderful pluck and almost incredible courage which had borne her through hours of danger, more appalling than often falls to the lot of a man to endure, much less a delicate lady.

It is hardly necessary to add that that was the last time I ever laughed at a lady for asking for a pistol as a birthday present.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

"I WISH I knew who Mrs. Grundy really was," said Lily, as she rubbed her face with the towel next morning.

"Yes, so do I," said Clover, brushing away at her hair. "Mamma's stories always mean something; and I'm almost sure I've heard her speak of Mrs. Grundy before. I want to hear the rest—it was very interesting."

"Yes, it was interesting," said Lily, in a rather doubtful tone of voice, "but I don't know how—mamma so often says something disagreeable."

"Mamma says nothing disagreeable!" exclaimed Clover, turning round with wide-open eyes.

"How you take one up!" said Lily. "Of course I don't mean mamma herself, only in her stories, you know—the stories say it, if you like that any better."

"I like mamma's stories, every one," said Clover, gravely.

"Well, so do I," said Lily, "only they make me feel queer sometimes—or I'm afraid they will, which comes to the same thing. But I'll tell you what I do wish, Clover—I wish I knew how many things are really worth having."

"Why, a great many things," said Clover. "There's flowers and books, and pictures—oh, I couldn't begin to count them all."

"No, but I mean really," "how many of each kind—how much must there be to make it really worth while? You know Maria Jarvis said that so few things were worth the trouble, or something like that. Now how many are good for much?"

"I don't believe she knows," said Clover, with a slightly disdainful air.

"Well, but she said her father always wanted a quantity—don't you remember?"

"I remember she said so," said Clover. "And I guess it wouldn't be much matter if I forgot."

"You always laugh at every thing Maria says," said Lily, with a little annoyance at the implied slight to her friend's conversation.

"Oh no, not at every thing: only at some things," said Clover, "and I don't want to know how many flowers are worth having, Lily, why don't you ask papa?"

"I guess I will," said Lily. "Wouldn't he laugh!"

"Then wait and listen," said Clover. "I do that sometimes, and often it almost seems as if papa were answering questions I had begun to talk of that very thing on purpose. Wait and listen, if you don't know. *I* know," said Clover, with a happy face, "I never have to wait to get, whether I like it or a hundred." Oh, I wonder how our boxes look this morning."

"I was just minded queer—so the children thought; or rather it was the panes of glass. Last night they had been perfectly bright and clear, and now each one was covered with fine drops of water, like a thick steam, so that you could hardly see the little flowers inside."

"It's that tiresome Malvina," said Lily. "She's forever washing the windows, and she hadn't eyes nor feet nor hands enough there all clean, and she's been washing them. We must get mamma to speak to her right away. I won't have her meddling with my things in her ignorant thing!"

"Who is an ignorant thing?" inquired Sam, from the fireside.

"Malvina."

"What has Malvina been doing?"

"Why, she has washed all our panes of glass," said Lily; "they are dripping with water."

"Ah!" said Sam.

"Yes, ah!" said Lily. "And, what's more, she must have taken 'em every one off, for the water's all on the inside. I guess she wiped off the top."

"Indeed!" said Sam, with the same provoking coolness. "Ah!"

Lily bounded from the window and caught hold of his book.

"Sam, you sha'n't sit there and exasperate me! Just come and look for yourself, if you don't choose to believe other people. The panes of glass are just *dripping!*"

"So they are—I see," said Sam, coming to the window. "Ignorance is a wonderful thing."

"It's a very troublesome thing," said Lily.

"Very!" said Sam.

"I wish Clover, who had been studying her brother's face, "Sam is just laughing at us. He means that we are the ignorant people."

"He don't!" said Lily. "Sam, you're a real humbug. The air is just as dry as a chip."

"The air," continued Sam, without heeding this polite comment, "is warmer than the heat which is in it, holds fast and hid away a certain amount of moisture which it cannot keep. It meets with something much colder than itself, then it gives up part of its heat and moisture too. Now the air inside your house is warmer than the glass, and so the glass steals away some of its heat. If a piece of cloth were there instead, it would take up heat and moisture together; but the glass can't take up only the heat. Now, then, when the warm damp air in the box comes against the cold panes of glass, some of the heat in the air passes into the glass; but the moisture which that heat held fast in the air is left behind on the surface of the glass—deposited there as you may call it."

"Well, that's curious," said Lily. "But I wish it wouldn't get deposited there—as you call it; it'll drop, drop, drop all over my pretty flowers."

"Nor much; it may run down the glass a little to the edge of the box. But that is one use of the glass, Lily, if it keeps all the moisture in."

"Where does the moisture come from—to begin with?" said Clover.

"We get the earth in the pots; and if there were no glass there the earth would be all dry in a very short time."

"Then we could water it," said Lily.

"It is a difficult matter to water the earth over small seeds without washing them out of place. Sometimes, when the plants come up, they may need a little water now and then, but even that must be done very carefully. I'll show you how many the first needs."

"Well," said Prim, "I guess Maria Jarvis would think a few flowers were something to take care of, I dare say. But she says all her father cares about is quantity—quantity!"

"I dare say. Well, he has a quantity of—almost every thing," said Sam, pausing a little to consider his words.

"Of course, our boxes and things look very well mean to her," said Lily.

"Mean, did they?" said Sam. "She is a wise young lady. How should you like to know something of time as well as money, Miss Lily? time is her life, and hardly ever heard of a quantity?"

"One flower and one penny!" said Clover, in a low, quiet voice. "She would think your boxes a whole green-house."

"Would she?" said Lily, her spirits rising at the idea of a more correct view of things. "I think I should like to see her very much."

"Well, some time you shall," said Sam; "but just now it is needful to go to breakfast."

It seemed as if Clover's words were to come true that morning for Mr. Jarvis came in to breakfast, bringing a single half-blown La Marque rose in his hand.

"There," he said to his wife; "so much I got for you in my early ride, and only so much."

"Only!" said Mrs. May, as she took the exquisite flower and gazed at it.

"Ay," said I, "I thought it was not much—compared with the store from which it came. But 'a little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked;' so you must comfort yourself with that. We'll have La Marques of our own, I hope, another year, Mary."

"Papa," said Lily, "how much is a little?"

"A sapient question!" said her father, laughing. "A little *sometimes* is a great deal."

"But you said it was *better* than a great deal, papa."

"Ah, but you must mark my conditions. A little may be wrapped up in something very sweet, and a great deal in something very bitter. Ask mamma—she knows all about it."

"But how much is worth having, papa?" persisted Lily.

"As much as you can get, *I* think," said Mr. May; "your mother thinks differently."

"No, I think just that," said Mrs. May, "only with the condition you are to get it in the most honorable and upright way in the love of God, and used in the fear of God—all that is precious and worth having."

"Mamma, that don't mean our flowers?" said Primrose.

"Lily was thinking of flowers."

"It means every thing, my darling."

"Flowers!" said Mr. May. "And so Lily's ideas are enlarging? I thought so. She wants more flowers, I guess, to make an enterprising child, this Lily, and digs so fast!"

Lily blushed and asked no more questions, but Prim took up the word in a most wise way.

"Mamma, I don't know how to do it."

"What, love?"

"What you said—with my flowers," said Prim, folding her childish hands and looking deep into the question. "I don't know how to take 'em per use 'em." The mother looked at her.

"Take them, as formed by the Lord's power and wisdom and love, for His glory and our joy," she said. "Then use them, as given by His kindness to His little child for her pleasure and for His service."

"Use them—my flowers?" said Prim.

"Yes," said her mother, "all for God, since all is from Him. He is the day He will ask even what we have done with our flowers."

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[From the Rev. J. W. Pollard's Autob iography.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 506.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—MAGNOLIA GROVE, ON THE SHELL ROAD AT MOBILE, ALABAMA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 566.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1866.

THE TRUE ISSUE.

A FRIEND writes as follows: "My views of the riot itself in New Orleans do not differ from yours. There is no apology for the action of the citizens and police. But I believe that the persistence of Radical politicians in the North in holding fast to the issue of 1860–61 instead of that of 1865–66, and in continuing the animosities of the past (which ought now to be buried) has tended to keep alive in the secessionists *their* prejudices and animosities. It seems to me that the situation in the South is far worse than it would have been if Johnson's conciliatory policy had been carried out without interruption."

If our friend be correct in saying that the Radical politicians, or the Union party—for the action of Congress is undoubtedly sustained by the numerical strength and most vital convictions of the party—are still clinging to old issues, their doom is sealed and it ought to be. But what was the issue left by the war? Was it not that the fair and legitimate results of the war should be secured? This was, and is, to be done certainly in no hostile and offensive spirit, but it was to be firmly and surely done. And what were those results? Were they not, since the war had left no slaves, the civil equality of all citizens of the United States and the equable adjustment of the basis of national representation with the measures of the war had deranged so as to leave it unjust to the loyal States? If these were not the legitimate issues, what were? And if these could not be urged upon the late insurgent States, what could be? If we could do any thing, could we not do this, and if we could do nothing, was not the Executive's action wholly unwarranted and censurable?

When the rebel armies surrendered, the secret status of the rebel States in 1860 was either restored in every particular, or it could be restored only by an authority external to them. If by the fact of surrender of arms those States instantly resumed every right they had previously enjoyed, the first and most fundamental was that of internal reorganization at their pleasure, but this was not allowed by the President nor by the sentiment of the country, nor could it be. The country would have been imperiled upon a theory, "a pernicious abstraction." The saving spirit of the Constitution would have been sacrificed to an apparent letter. The situation was one of those extraordinary exigences which seldom occur in the history of nations, but when they do arise are to be met and directed by that instinctive wisdom called common sense acting from the necessity of the case. The President at once, and with the approval of the country, He acted without consulting Congress, but with the express assurance upon his part that his action was an experiment the results of which were to be estimated and finally sanctioned by the nation in Congress.

The principle was thus established as the basis of reconstruction, that the late rebel States were *not* restored to their old relation in the Union by the fact of surrender, but by the acceptance of conditions imposed by the National Government. In other words, the resumption of equal constitutional rights was made dependent upon a new and formal will. This was the President's own principle; and the only remaining question was, what the national will should require. At that point the President and Congress parted, discussing the difference and the consequent distraction. Mr. SUMNER, Mr. STEVENS, and other vehement orators foolishly shot bolts at the President, who was retorted by fierce accusations which were simply outbursts of illogical folly. If Mr. SUMNER were a traitor, so was the President. If Mr. STEVENS was a rebel, so was the President. If Congress were revolutionary, the President was not less so. For the difference between the Executive and Congress, despite his assumptions and assseverations, was not a constitutional difference. It was merely one of expediency. Both held that conditions might be imposed. The difference was that the President insisted that his were sufficient, while Congress thought that to make them effective something more must be added.

If, therefore, the Congressional policy is less conciliatory than the Presidential it is only because the President was willing to leave the civil rights of the colored population entirely to the insurgent States wholly at the mercy of the lately disloyal white population, while Congress was not. And again the President was willing to allow the late rebel States a gain of twelve representatives in Congress, while Congress was not willing. Of course we are not so foolish as to urge that because we had the clear and conceded right to require equal civil rights and the adjustment of representation they should, for that reason only, be required. It is not enough that the right exists; it must be also expedient and necessary that the right be exercised, and these conditions should be demanded because they are essential to peaceful reunion. Now these, it seems to us, were the fair and legitimate results which the war had given the Government—not merely the suppression of an armed rebellion, but the adjustment of the political relations which the war had essentially and unjustly to the loyal States deranged. These surely are not the issues of 1860–61, but of the autumn of 1866.

We suspect that it is really not with the policy of the Union party, but with the rhetoric and arrogance by which it is sometimes supported, that our friend quarrels. He reads of slavery and slaveholders, and rebels and treason, when, as he would say, they are words of the past, and needlessly exasperating. Party rhetoric of any side we shall not undertake to defend. We have certainly not spared in these columns when we have considered the rhetorical excesses and follies of our friends. But these words are used to express a certain spirit and tendency in our politics which are perfectly well understood. No one, we are very sure, knows better than our correspondent that convictions and systems, which are deep and strong enough to be defended by the force of a war, have seen, are not destroyed because the war is unsuccessful. They change their form and renew their activity, and are outworn only by steady opposition and the lapse of time. The struggle between the spirit of caste and of equal rights in this country is not at an end because chattel slavery is abolished. The States in which the feeling of caste is strongest will resume their relations in the Union, and the contest will continue. But it is unfair, unmanly, unconciliatory to insist that no unfair advantage shall be conceded to them while it is yet possible to withhold it? It suits the purpose of the partisan Democratic press which has disfigured our history and disgraced our national name to accept the Union party of vindictiveness, of a lack of Christian charity, of a wish to degrade and humiliate brethren of cherishing old quarrels, and of a revolutionary excision from Congress of States equal under the Constitution. This is not a mere rhetorical fact. To ask of States which have renounced by war their constitutional fidelity to the Union, and which, by common consent, are to resume them only upon new conditions, that the equal civil rights of all United States citizens shall be maintained, and that the Constitutional basis of representation shall not be prejudicial to the loyal States, is surely always faithful, is not vindictive, nor uncharitable, nor degrading, nor humiliating, nor revolutionary, nor even extravagant. It is reasonable and generous.

"SATRAPS AND DEPENDENTS."

THE loudest asseveration of virtue is not always the best proof of its existence. The President loses no chance of telling us how much power he has taken, and how bitterly bent upon despotism Congress is. This at least is amusing from a chief magistrate who has not only assumed to settle every point without consulting the people, but sneers at their representatives as a body "assuming to be Congress." Yet, not content with abolishing Congress, the President is evidently anxious all the other officers of the Government his personal agents; and by way of illustrating his self-denial and disinterestedness he actually announces that, if he had chosen to use the machinery of the Freedman's Bureau and Civil Rights bills, he might have proclaimed himself Dictator! Certainly, he might have by negligence if he chooses, but what are we to think of a man who prides himself upon not being one? The President knows, as well as we already do, that the office-holders and "the fifty or sixty millions of appropriation" would not have availed his Dictatorship a single day, and he knows perfectly well, and we think he knows that he knows, that if by vetoes deprived him of the power of appointing certain office-holders, they gave him the solid vote of all in the Southern States who were friendly to the rebellion, a number considerably greater than any number of agents of the bills in question.

But the most significant and the weak mark of the President's is, that he speaks of the officers who, by an act of Congress, are to be appointed upon his nomination, as "*My* satraps and dependents in every town and village." This little remark shows how truly Postmaster-General RANDALL interpreted the Presidential theory when he spoke of the various officers of the Government as "eating the President's bread and butter." We all know, of course, that the theory of honesty, intelligence, patriotism, and ability having qualified them for the discharge of the myriad minor official duties of the Government, was long since exploded by the famous declaration that "to the victors belong the spoils." But that Postmasters, Customhouse officers, and Revenue agents are the "satraps and dependents" of the President only, had not been before so plainly announced.

This being the President's view, he is acting upon it vigorously. The country has felt the effects of his summary removal of subordinates, but the war has so enormously increased the number of offices that this force will be felt as never before. Those who are familiar with politicians in their own neighborhoods will have remarked that the enthusiasm for the Philadelphia Convention outside of the Democratic lines appeared only among the "satraps and dependents." So that it is clear, if the President plumes himself on not making himself Dictator by their aid, he does not scorn their assistance in making hostility to Congress effective.

The perilous evil of the vast Executive patronage in this country is becoming constantly more apparent. The overwhelmingness of this public bribe is almost inevitable when the bread and butter of thousands and thousands of citizens depend upon the whim of one man; and every official agent of the Government becomes an interested propagandist of his master's views. The corruption is necessarily such that the very nature of the Government is changed. It ceases to represent public opinion; and a policy which the conscience and sense of the country condemn may deceitfully prevail by means of that corruption, until the difficulty is beyond peaceful remedy. The late war was a terrible illustration of the peril of regarding the agents of the Government as Presidential "satraps and dependents," and every party which considers its honest debates, as well as every citizen who desires a pacific progress of the country, must be interested in seeing that virtually irresponsible power which the President is now actively wielding.

A RETIRED STATESMAN UPON THE PRESIDENT.

MR. ROBERT C. WINTHROP is a statesman in retirement, like Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE in his later days. But eventually he comes forth for the public good. Thus in the autumn of 1864 he came all the way to New York to stand side by side with that sterling patriot Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, and to urge with him that the salvation of the country lay in the direction of Mr. VALLANDIGHAM'S Chicago platform and the election of GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN. Thus, again, in these stirring times Mr. WINTHROP has seized his pen, and covertly and ingeniously, but none the less severely, censures the conduct of the President.

Mr. WINTHROP writes that he agrees with Judge CURTIS "that the Southern States are now as rightfully entitled to be effectually in the Union as they were before the madness of their people attempted to carry them out." And adds, that he "hopes the people may be aroused to the duties of allowing the Constitution of the United States to be longer the subject of partial or discretionary observance on the part of those who are sworn to support it." This is a terrible blow at the President, who plays fast and loose with the Constitution at his pleasure, and who without a shadow of Constitutional authority, but in his own constant assertion be true, interferes with GOVERNOR WELLS of Louisiana as if he were his provisional lieutenant. Mr. WINTHROP, in his colloquial statement, more clearly that if, as he declares, Louisiana is as much in the Union as his own State, the President may as lawfully dispense with the services of Mr. BUTLER as Governor of Massachusetts as call Governor WELLS to account, or peremptorily supersede him. Mr. WINTHROP wisely entreats the people to perceive the drift of such action.

Again Mr. WINTHROP startles the country by declaring that he is in danger of despair if "there should be found exhibited at Washington nothing of that scrupulous adherence to the Constitution and the laws which characterized the earlier days of the Republic." This is another broadside at the President, although, with all the sagacity of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE calmly cultivating his cabbages, no names are mentioned. For we all know, as Mr. WINTHROP knows, whether in those earlier days it was the custom for the President to call to account those whom he acknowledged to be the lawful Governors of States for peaceful State acts, performed by State authority, within State limits. Moreover, Mr. WINTHROP condemns State action "under duress," in the language of the President's proclamation of the action of last year. It is still another heavy blow at the President, who might have hoped that, since Mr. PENDLETON and Mr. VALLANDIGHAM now commend him, Mr. WINTHROP, their fellow-laborer in 1864, would at least not censure him.

Indeed, can it be possible that Mr. WINTHROP is a statesman so deep in retirement that he supposes his letter to be an argument in support of the President?

"OR RIGHTS OF OUR FOES?"

"FELLOW-CITIZENS," says Governor ORR, "we have assembled at the door for eight long months, asking Congress that the best of the intellectual and leading men of the South shall be admitted into Congress to represent us there..... Is it just or right that we should be excluded from these privileges?"

The Governor does not ask why they are not admitted to Congress. And the country does not try knows. It is simply because having made a terrible war upon the Union, during which slavery was abolished, the victorious Government asks that Governor ORR and his friends shall not insist that in consequence of that war and the consequent emancipation they shall have a disproportioned increase of power in the Union. While the colored population of the South were slaves the eleven rebel States were entitled to *eighteen* representatives. Now that they are free the same population is a basis of *thirty* representatives. Governor ORR and his friends claim that having made a bloody and desolating war entirely useless to them, they suppress which has cost the Government countless lives and unspeakable suffering and hundreds of millions of dollars, they shall have gained nearly *twelve* votes in Congress. Governor implies that it asks only that the Governor and his friends shall stand upon an equal footing with the States that did not rebel, and Governor ORR turns with a fine tragedy air and asks his fellow-citizens, "Is this fair? Is it just? Ought we to be taxed without representation?"

The Governor may be very sure that his fellow-citizens will answer, "if you wish to come in, come in on the same terms." If you insist upon a disproportion of power, you have nobody but yourselves to thank if you stay out. In any case you are to be taxed for expenses of a war demanded and which you were not represented; and remember while you appeal to us upon the ground that you are governed without representation, you yourselves insist upon governing more than half your population without representation. Every word of your appeal to us convicts yourselves, your Excellency."

Governor ORR will perceive, if he is a diligent student of the elections, that the people of this country have learned the difference between words and things.

THE PRESIDENT.

In his speech, upon taking the chair at Philadelphia, Governor DARSIE said: "The President, not in pursuance of any constitutional power, had called on the Confederate States to accept conditions for their admission to the exercise of their legislative functions as members of the Union." General DIX applauds and justifies this proceeding. But is it not clear that if the necessity of the case compelled the authorized imposition of conditions, Congress can not be denounced as treasonable and unconstitutional because it demands that the conditions shall be made to accomplish the proposed end? Moreover, if conditions are to be named, should it be done by the President alone or by the immediate representatives of the people? Or, if the President acts in his capacity of Commander-in-Chief, can his authority as a military commander be fairly construed to cover the final settlement of the political questions springing from a civil war?

General DIX added: "The exaction of new conditions is unjust and a violation of the faith of the Government." Is then the President the Government? Does his opinion upon a subject where, as General DIX concedes, he has no constitutional authority, engage the faith of the United States Government? If the President had said that the rebel States upon laying down their arms might be represented, without repealing the acts of secession, or accepting the Emancipation Amendment, or disavowing their war debt, would the honor of the United States have been pledged to those conditions? Would the country have been barred from requiring others?

General DIX affirms that "when the President of the United States had declared the armed resistance to the authority of the United was over, all the States had a right to representation in Congress." That is a perilous interpretation of the scope of the President's power. It is again denying to the country the right of obtaining reasonable securities for the peace of the Union. It is again saying that if the President had declared such a proposition upon JOHNSON'S surrender to SHERMAN Congress could not have interfered, and that the country would have had no remedy save impeachment of the President. It is again asserting that, in his military capacity, the President may, at his pleasure, settle the most momentous civil questions without consulting the people in Congress. General DIX forgets that this is a country in which the will of the people, and not of the President, is the government.

THE CHOLERA CAMPAIGN.

AMONG the many campaigns of the summer that in which the country has the greatest stake but in which it means least is the most regarded. The contest of the new Board of Health with the cholera has been prolonged and incessant, and conducted by defenders with such sagacity, skill, and patient fidelity, that we are almost justified in believing that the worst of past before the disease became a pestilence or even an epidemic. Indeed it is hardly probable that, with the experience of this year, the cholera will ever again assail the community with a pain, a panic, a mortality so universal that, with proper and seasonable care, the disease may be controlled. The mystery has become familiar, and the vague terror which al-

ways accompanies such mystery has disappeared. The campaign of the Board of Health against the cholera has been like that of Prussia against Austria. It is a triumph.

Yet there was never a body of public benefactors more fiercely denounced than the Board of Health. If President SEWARD and his associates had conspired against the health and order of the city they could not hardly have been more vehemently opposed. Remonstrances, resolutions, protests, and injunctions have been the barricades erected in their path by the interest of cholera. Delays were forced upon them, and every kind of resistance. Even the city they have pertinaciously pushed on. For the first time in a generation the city, in one department at least, has felt the intervention of a moral force; and we have all seen what good results are possible even in New York. The wisdom of the legislation which created the Board is justified, as it is constantly in the case of the Metropolitan Police.

If it be true that the Commissioners have selected the West Bank in the Lower Bay as a site for the Quarantine hospitals, we hope they will be no delay in the erection of the buildings. That the city has been spared the ravages of a pestilence is certainly not to its moral foresight and vigilance of the Quarantine Commissioners. The health of New York is due to the intelligent care of the Board of Health.

THE PUBLIC FINANCES.

It is amazing that the people who administer our public finances should so persistently provoke criticism. They have every thing in their favor. The price of public securities rises steadily. The European demand develops day by day. Money flows into the exchequer at a rate which surpasses the most sanguine hopes of the Secretary. Last year, instead of a deficit of $125,000,000 as anticipated in the Treasury Report, the Secretary had a surplus of $125,000,000. This year, 1866-67, the prospects are that a still larger sum will be available for the reducing of the public debt. Surely if ever men had an easy task, and a task which promised triumph and fame to those who had it to perform, that is the task which has devolved upon the managers of our public finances. Yet somehow matters are so managed that the public never cease to growl.

We pass over, as by-gones, the gold clause. Mr. VAN DYCK has sold no more, and the growlers have no excuse for fresh complaints on this head. But what are the temporary deposits but paid off in National bank notes instead of legal tenders? Mr. MCCULLOCH must be perfectly well aware that the stocks—Government stocks, duly certified—are saleable, and about the streets of New York at 4 per cent. discount. The banks will not receive them on deposit as money, for the simple reason that it takes from 3 to 15 days to convert them into legal tender, which is the only medium used for exchanges between the Associated banks of New York. And the honest fact, who deposited legal tenders with Government on the pledge that they would be repaid on demand, are now forced to contest themselves with payment in a currency other than the banks, and which can only be sold at a discount of one-eighth per cent. Is this fair? Is it business-like? Is it calculated to help the public credit? Is it just to the people who deposited their money with Government on the tacit understanding that they should receive a good as they gave? If JOHN, the every-day good dealer, behaved in this way toward SMITH the banker, would not SMITH and all SMITH'S friends pronounce him a tricky fellow—to be strictly avoided hereafter? And is not the Treasury Department subject to the same law as individuals?

Prosecution is not wanting for the proceeding. In 1861 the Sub-Treasurer at New York borrowed money of individuals on call. The lenders deposited Treasury Notes, which, at the time of their issue, and throughout their existence were held to be equivalent to specie. Yet when these lenders asked for their money the Sub-Treasurer tendered payment in new United States notes, then at a discount of 5 to 6 per cent., and denounced fiercely the suffering innocents who brought him to return them their money in the kind of currency in which they had lent it to Government. There is nothing new under the sun.

Another brilliant example. A New York merchant received from a correspondent residing abroad a draft on the United States for a trifling sum—let us say $87 50. He indorsed the draft, and sent it to the Sub-Treasury for collection. Being then abroad he might have considered it a specie draft, as such a draft drawn by any foreign merchant on his New York correspondent would have been so considered. The New York Assistant Treasurer at once pronounced it a currency draft, and paid it—*a check on the Postmaster at Newark, N. J.* No such check, of course, was bankable; the merchant was obliged to send a check to Newark to collect the check, which took a whole day. How would a merchant's credit stand who so conducted his business?

We alluded in a recent Number to private negotiations between the United States Government and the New York house of JAY COOKE & Co., by which the latter obtained fat commissions for services which other houses would have been glad to get at one-third the money. Our remarks appear to have proved distasteful in certain quarters. We have collected in Pennsylvania papers about a score of articles—to say nothing of private letters—abusing us, and setting forth in vermilion characters the virtues, and purity, and wealth of the house in question. In reply, we have simply to say that we admit the great services rendered to the country by JAY COOKE during the rebellion. He was one of the few men who forsew the end of the war. He was one of the very few men who believed in our finances. And he was the man, who, to the best of our knowledge and belief, who could have floated the loans which the nation required. For all this the country owes him a reward. But has he not got it? Has he not received five, ten—nay—if some Pennsylvanians are to be believed fifteen million dollars by way of commissions? Is not this enough? Are we—who admire and respect JAY COOKE as a loyal and masterly man—to be accused of abusing him because we think that, having received so much, he can spare millions from the public purse for his great services, the time has at length come when the Government business may fairly be thrown open to public competition, and that it is by no means any necessity for reserving it as a private monopoly in the house of JAY COOKE & Co.? We repeat—what we may have to repeat again—it no excuse for giving to any house, however loyal and eminent, a monopoly of the exchanges which the Government requires to effect in its securities; and if Mr. MCCULLOCH persists in throwing those fat spoils into any single purse, he must expect that his opponents will make a handle of it as the next election. JAY COOKE and his subordinates will be charged by not a few of the baser and more reckless partisan journals with participating in the profits which he gratuitously awards to the Secretary's friends.

Our financial history is just commencing. Until the war began it was so simple that any smart grocery clerk knew all the mysteries of public finances. The war developed new necessities, which called forth financial expedients of more or less value—but none of which, in the severe process of the war, could be fairly judged. Peace restored, there is time to manage matters more carefully, and to adjust our finances to the fixed and permanent laws of political economy. A very few principles should serve as the basis of our financial administration. In the first place, the Government must keep its word. It must not palter, nor use its debts, either in whole or in part, in the manner or in the form or in the time of payment. Where engagements are made, they should follow the example of high-minded merchants, and adopt the construction adverse to itself. This is the way to command high credit. And as all high-minded merchants are careful to check the zeal of clerks who would gain undue advantage for their employers by sharp practices, so Government ought never to suffer its employés to perpetrate such small frauds on its creditors as the one above described in the case of the merchant who was paid in a draft on the New York Assistant Treasurer's petty tricks do not save the country a dollar, but discredit the Department to the extent of thousands. And there is no reason why longer favoritism, or devotion to pet bankers. Sound business principles dictate dealing with those who will do the business best and at the lowest rates, no matter what political claims they may be. If Government proposes to exchange Seven-Thirty notes for Five-Twenty bonds, and does not intend to take advantage through its salaried agents, it should offer the business to public competition—just as the State and City of New York do under the like circumstances. To confine the business to one or two houses, by reason of their services during the war, is just as unreasonable as it would be for the War or Navy Department to refuse to receive tenders for supplies from parties which did not rally to the support of the Administration in the old dark days. Sentiment is a fine thing: but if the Secretary of the Treasury wishes to afford no handle for abuse to his opponents at the fall elections he will deal with the bankers of the United States on simple business principles; and if Cooperation is able to do his work at 1/8 per cent. cheaper than loyal Union men he will give his orders to the former. This may be aggravating to some intense loyalists, but it will pay.

THE NEW ORLEANS MASSACRE.

The publication of the official dispatches in relation to the massacre in New Orleans on July 30, furnishes corroboration of the worst which we have previously expressed in this paper. We find that the dispatch written by SHERIDAN to GRANT on August 3 was not originally published as it was written. The following important sentence was left out: "*In the mean time, official duty called me to Texas, and the Mayor of New Orleans, my absence, suppressed the Convention by the use of their police force, when, in so doing attacked the members of the Convention and a party of two hundred negroes, and with fire-arms, clubs, and knives, in a manner so unnecessary and atrocious as to compel me to say that it was murder.*"

This judgment of General SHERIDAN coincides exactly with our own, after a careful reading of all the reports given of the riot, and before this entire dispatch was permitted to see the light. The following is the last report received made by General SHERIDAN to the President in reply to the inquiries addressed to him by the latter:

His Excellency Andrew Johnson, President of the United States: I have the honor to make the following reply to your dispatch of August 4. A very large number of colored people marched in procession on Friday night, July 27, and proceeded from the steps of the City Hall by Dr. DOWNS, Ex-Governor HAHN, and others. The speech of the latter was inflammatory in language and sentiment. The speeches of the others, as far as I can learn, were conservative and moderate. I have not given you the words of DOWNS's speech, as the version published was not correct. It was to the effect that the man I believe they were intemperate. The Convention assembled at 12 M., on the 30th, the troubles were shooting themselves because the tone of the general public was cautious or timid.

I think there were but about 95 members present. If three of the Radical members, when the meeting was held, there was assembled some colored men, women, and children, perhaps 200 or 250, and in the immediate vicinity a number of colored men, probably 150. Among those outside and in the street would be found a number of the police, and every tenth man. About 1 P.M., a procession of say from 100 to 150 colored men, marched up Dryaders Street to Canal Street, toward the Convention, carrying an American flag.

There men had about one pistol to every ten men, and some axes and clubs. Arrived at the crossing Canal Street, a row occurred. There were many spectators on the corners, and these rushed out and tore toward the procession uniformly. A shot was fired, by whom I am not able to state, but believe it to have been by a policeman or some colored man in the procession; this led to other shots and then what then occurred.

On arrival at the front of the Institute there was some throwing of bricks and a few pistols. The police, who had been held in hand, were vigorously marched to the scene of disorder. The procession entered the Institute with the flag, about six or eight remaining outside. A fight occurred between the police and the colored procession, and a shot was again fired by one of the parties, which led to an indiscriminate firing into the Institute from the windows by the policemen.

This last firing lasted for a short time, when a white flag was displayed from the window of the Institute; whereupon the firing ceased and the police rushed into the building. From the testimony of wounded men and others who were in the building, the policemen opened an indiscriminate fire upon the audience until they had emptied their revolvers, when they retired, and the police barricaded the doors.

The door was broken in and the firing again commenced, when many of the colored and white people either escaped through the doors or through the front or rear, or were passed out by the policemen inside, but as they came out the policemen fired upon them. Many were killed as they fired upon them, and they were again fired upon by the citizens from the windows and yards.

Many of those wounded and taken prisoners, and others who were not wounded, were treated, were fired upon by their captors and by citizens. The wounded men were taken to the Mint, and there many of them were finished with brick-bats. In the yard of the building, whither some of the wounded had been taken, they were brutally served themselves, they were fired upon and killed or wounded by policemen and citizens. Wounded and unwounded were thrown from the cells. Members of the Convention were removed by the police, and, with a few exceptions, were, some of them mortally.

The treachery and cruelty of the terrible affair was the astonishing of this Convention. The remote cause was the fear of the white people of the negro, the fear existing in this community since the advent of the present Mayor, CLAPP, to the appointment of his police force, selected with a desperate care, and some of them known murderers.

The people of this State were prepared for a state of excitement in the Mayor and fear of the "Thugs," many of whom had enlisted for his police force. They were frequently bragged of by prominent citizens on the subject, and have been known to express fear and want of confidence in Mayor MCENERY ever since the intimation of the Mayor's intention. The immediate cause of excitement in the city papers for supporting by their articles the bitter hostility of the people to the Convention, and since in which the Convention was broken up, I feel obliged to confess my inability to state.

It is useless to attempt to dispute the hostility that exists in the public mind against the Convention. Northern men and this unfortunate affair has so precipitated the feeling that I do not believe that what could be the status of Northern men—whether they can live here or not—that they can be protected in their lives, that they can be protected in life and property, and have justice in the courts. My rule since the surrender has been to favor without a thorough and determined prosecution of every attempt to do my look for frequent scenes of the same kind, not only here but in other places.

No steps have as yet been taken by the civil authorities to arrest the murderers who participated in the massacre, or policemen who perpetrated such cruelties. The members of the Convention have been informed by the Grand Jury, and many of them arrested and held to bail. As to whether the civil authorities will ever make any further to be guilty parties on both sides I must say it is my opinion they could not do so. Judge ABELL, who is holding the courts I have chiefly watched for nearly a year, I now believe to be honest, but he is afraid to act. He is not here to peace and quiet of the city.

The leading men of the Convention, KING, CUTLER, HAHN, and others, have been political agitators, and are known. I regard them as having been the cause of GOVERNOR WELLS has been vacillating, and that during the last trouble he has not been the friend of the men.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-General Commanding.

We have no comments to make. Mr. JOHNSON'S policy must commend itself to all men of sense, and whole meaning is borne out by the published official dispatches. The inquiry there put, Which was the illegal party? is one of our readers will answer for himself. Admit that the Convention was all that General SHERIDAN says it was, and that his denunciation of the police is perfectly just, still the question recurs, Was it more illegal that such a body of peaceful men should come together and deliberate regarding a change in the Constitution of Louisiana than that a mob, assisted by the police of New Orleans, should be let loose like a party of bloodhounds against the Conventionists, to hunt them down and murder them at their will? It remains to be seen whether the murderers and rioters are to escape without suffering the just penalty for their crimes.

One thing is certain. The people of the South, in order to convince us of the sincerity of their allegiance to the Constitution and the laws of the nation, must put down another mob than this of murdering, on the slightest pretext, citizens of the United States. The American people have a pretty well settled conviction as to this matter, and will make its voice heard in every city and hamlet in the South in terms which can not be evaded or misunderstood. The South is a hotbed of lawlessness, which is incompetent to perform its first great function—the protection of its citizens. We have had enough of this wholesale system of murder—enough of the suppression of the right of free speech. The same spirit which made the New Orleans massacre a possibility existed before the war, and the Government looked on in silence. Since the war this spirit has revived again, and in a more formidable shape than before. How to meet it is one of the practical questions of reconstruction.

MEDICAL EDUCATION IN NEW YORK.

THE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COLLEGE.

Our readers will remember that the University Medical College was destroyed by the great fire of March 1865, and that the Academy of Music was burned. The reason is now approaching for the reopening of the Medical Schools, and we are glad to find that this institution is in readiness, notwithstanding its losses by that accident, to go on with even greater facilities and privileges for its students than ever heretofore.

It has been removed to the New York City Hospital, the Governors of which, with their accustomed liberality, have assigned it the use of one of their large buildings. In this, during the summer, the various lecture-rooms, laboratory, anatomical room, museums, etc., have been prepared.

The circular recently published shows very significantly the favor in which the University of New York is held by the medical profession. We find that it has educated more than 8000 students, from every State of the Union and from many foreign countries. It deserves the support of the City of New York, for it first turned the tide of medical education to our metropolis, at a time when not more than fifty students annually resorted here. Now they congregate by more than 1000. It accomplished this by providing what are called *Clinics*—that is, bringing patients into the College lecture-rooms before the students. This was first done by the late venerable Dr. VALENTINE MOTT, one of the founders of this institution, for many years its President, and died in its service. Among other great improvements in medical education it introduced the course of instruction throughout the year, the term in other colleges being only four months long.

The energy that has been shown under the recent disaster will command it to patronage everywhere. During the summer a lecture or clinic was lost. The duties literally went on while the old building was consumed by fire. Such enterprise will doubtless be no small recommendation in behalf to students now flocking to the city, who will find the means of instruction, both theoretical and practical, unsurpassed by any institution in our country. Its management still continues in the able hands of Professor DARLING, who is so well known in the medical and scientific world.

A student who has been educated in such an institution will be a credit to the profession. Its hospital are together, obtains the practical with the theoretical, and is fitted to enter on the practice of medicine as soon as he graduates.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE

NEWS ITEMS.

THE report of deaths in this city and the public institutions for the week ending August 25 showed a total of 564 deaths, of which 214, nearly two-fifths, were of children under the age of five years. This is a decrease of 94 from the number of the previous week. The number of deaths from cholera was 116, of which 45 took place on the 23d and 24th of the public institutions. The decrease in the total number of deaths from cholera during the week was 45 less than of the previous one, was 51.

DAVID Bennett died at two o'clock A.M., August 28.

General Hooker has gone to Detroit to take command of the 7th Department of the Lakes, which relieves General Gibbon.

Judge Charles A. Dewey, the oldest Judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, died on August 22. He has been on the bench since 1851, and was appointed by the late President Edward Everett.

Senator Senator Grimes, of Iowa, announces his determination to retire from public life at the close of his present term. Paul A. Chadbourne, of Williams College, has been chosen President of the Wisconsin State University.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAM.

August 21:

General LA MARMORA has resigned as chief of staff to the King, and is succeeded by General CIALDINI.

August 22:

It is said that the Emperor of Mexico has failed to borrow in Belgium, having, it is supposed, refused to grant the assistance of the French troops, prior to their withdrawal of Mexico, to quell the rebellion.

Governor Eyre was received enthusiastically at Southampton on the 21st inst. The Jamaica Committee's resolutions were passed condemning his course in Jamaica.

The Turks have commenced hostilities against the Cretans in the Island. The Consuls have given no additional important positions.

The Spanish Government has issued a decree, proclaiming an amnesty to political exiles and prisoners throughout Spain and its dependencies. The decree includes Mazzini, as well as others of lesser prominence.

August 23:

Orders have been received to-day in official circles in London announcing that a treaty of peace between the Prussian Diet and Prussia has been signed. The treaty was concluded by the Plenipotentiaries in session at Berlin on the 20th inst. The treaty has been formally signed by the Plenipotentiaries on behalf of their respective Governments on the same day. Among the provisions of the treaty is one that the troops now at different points in Germany shall be withdrawn to their respective territories within three weeks.

The cession of Venetia to Italy is fully accomplished. Before the treaty of peace between Prussia, Austria, Italy, and Bavaria was concluded, Austria formally transferred Venetia to Victor Emanuel.

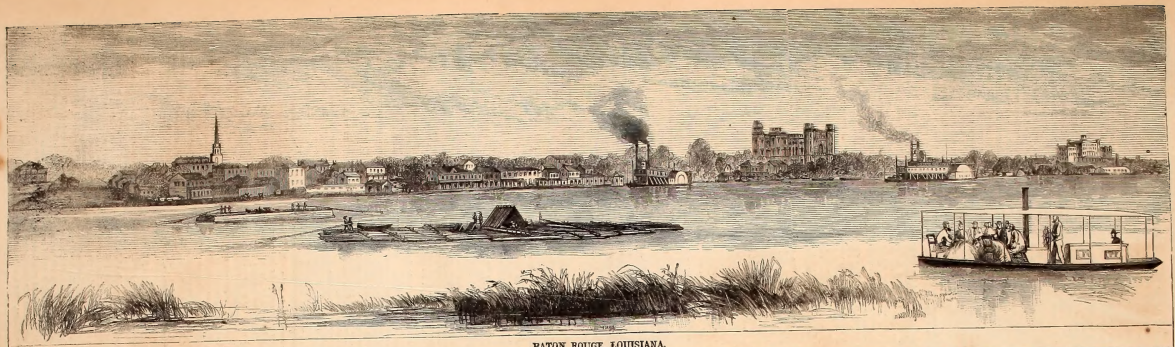
An international horse show opening in Paris for United States Five-Twenties, and heavy orders for supplies have been telegraphed to America since the receipt of breaking horses in this city.

Advices have been received to-day from Point de Galle, Island of Ceylon, via the Persian Gulf and Mediterranean cables, that a civil war has broken out in Japan.

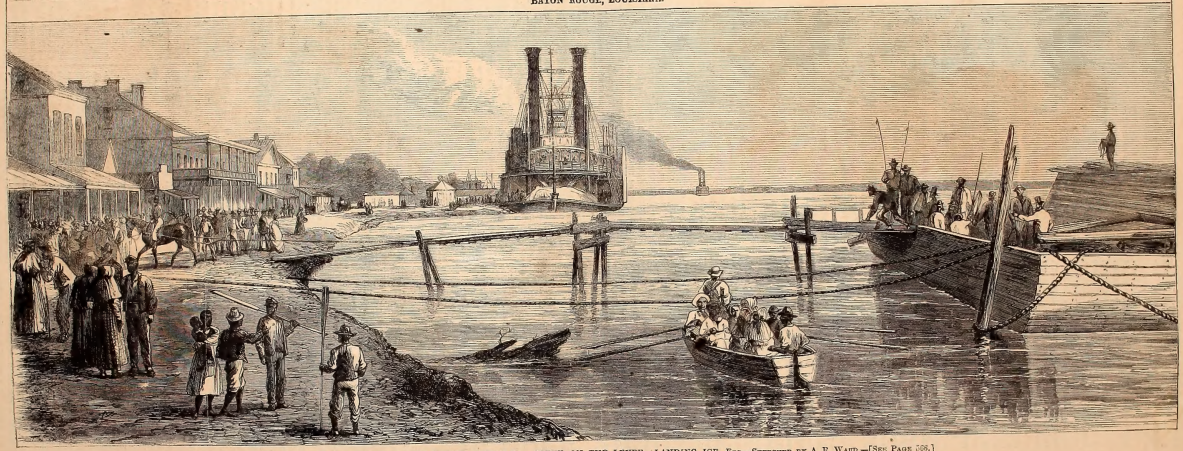
The Cunard steamship *Scotia*, Captain Judkins, sailed from Liverpool at noon on August 22, for New Orleans. She has a large number of passengers, and takes £110,000 in specie for American ports.

August 25:

The reading of the National Imperial Party has resolved that Savoy ought to be incorporated with France.



BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.—SCENE ON THE LEVEE; LANDING ICE, ETC.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 565.]

MATAMORAS.

We give on this page a very excellent and accurate view of Matamoras. This city is a river-port town of Tamaulipas, in Mexico, on the right bank of the Rio Bravo del Norte, forty miles from the Gulf of Mexico. Its port on the Gulf consists of two harbors—the Bravo del Santiago and the Boca del Rio, about nine miles apart, and both obstructed by bars impassable under the prevalence of strong winds. The relation of the city to Brownsville is apparent from our sketch.

The port of Matamoras is one of those which MAXIMILIAN, several weeks ago, declared under blockade. The proclamation enforcing a blockade was supported by no efficient naval force, and we are glad to see that President JOHNSON has declared this blockade, so far as the United States are concerned, "absolutely null and void." President JOHNSON'S proclamation is the most popular act of his administration. It says virtually to the pseudo-Emperor: "You have undertaken under false auspices to manage Mexican affairs. We of the United States happen to have a more intimate concern in those affairs than any European nation can have. We have made the necessary arrangements to secure the withdrawal of the troops by which thus far you have succeeded in supporting a false position. Your temporary success has been a menace to republican institutions on this continent. In the mean time we shall not become a party to your scheme of foreign intervention by supporting or recognizing any mere paper blockade which you may think proper to institute. For the rest we shall wait, which we can well afford to do, while you can not."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

AND so the beautiful work went on. Oh, what an amount of care was bestowed upon the three boxes!—how they were set in the sunshine, and then moved away if the sunshine seemed to be *too* hot! and the panes of glass were raised a little to let in air in the middle of the day, and closed again before night, so as to keep in the warmth till morning. And it was no trifle, as Lily remarked, "to lug the boxes about; and it needed judgment to tell just when they should be aired; and then there were cloudy days, and cold days, and warm days, and all sorts of days to puzzle the children, and keep their thoughts at work. Sometimes when it rained and was very cloudy and cold, you might see the three boxes paraded in front of the fire to get dry and warm; and then, with a sudden fear of some dangerous degree of heat, back they went to the window again; so that, as Prim said, there was more gardening to do in bad weather than in fine. But the fair days brought plenty of work too; and by-degrees Sam dug up all the three little gardens, and got them in beautiful condition, only as the ground thus newly turned up was very damp and cold, he advised the children to wait a little before they sowed any seeds in it, and let the sun try his warming power for a few days first.

"If the ground is too cold when the seeds are put in," said Sam, "they will as like as not mould and come to nothing; and then you will wait and wait, and have no plants after all. But if you wait while the seeds are safe in your pocket, then there'll be something to reward your patience."

"Well, I should think these seeds in the boxes must be dry enough," said Lily. "I expect *they* will die *that* way."

"Let me see," said Sam, taking off the glasses. "They're doing well enough—but they may have just a little water. Run up to my room, Prim, and fetch me that brush that lies on my table; and you, Lily, get me a cup of water."

"A cup of water!" said Lily. "How many flower-pots will that do any good to, I wonder?"

But she brought it, and Sam went to work: the brush was a small painter's brush, quite new and clean.

"Is this cold water?" said Sam.

"Yes, it is," said Lily. "I suppose you don't want hot to scald 'em?"

"No, nor ice-cold to freeze them," said Sam. "I want it just about as warm as the air inside the boxes."

A little hot water from the kitchen made this all right, and then Sam dipped the brush into the cup, and drawing it skilfully through his hand, he sent down the warm drops upon the flower-pots in a shower almost as fine as dew.

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried Clover. "I wonder if I could do that?"

"It's finer than the rose of my watering-pot," said Primrose.

"Yes; no watering-pot is fine enough for this work. You see if the drops are too large they will just displace the little seeds; and if the young plants were up they would be beaten down and half drowned."

"But you give them so very little!" said Lily, as her brother closed the panes of the first box.

"A little at a time. Seeds mould very easily, and young plants 'damp off,' as the gardeners say—die of the wet, if they have too much of it."

"I wonder when there will be any young plants there!" said Lily. "It takes 'em a great while to grow."

"Yes, and I get so impatient watching 'em," said Primrose. "Oh, I wish mamma was here to tell us the rest of her story! that would divert my mind a little."

"Come here, poor little mind that wants diversion," said Mrs. May from her work-table, with a laugh. "You want me so much, Prim, that you can not see me when I come."

"Ah, but I can see you now," said Primrose, running to the table: "and I was looking at my boxes, you know. Now for Mrs. Grundy, mamma!"

Sam went off, muttering that Mrs. Grundy was no friend of his; and the rest gathered round Mrs. May, and she began:

"I said Mrs. Grundy had a great deal of power, but it all lay in doing mischief and in making slaves. That is the proper word, rather than prisoners—she took people captive, and then, setting a mark upon them, she left them free—to do her pleasure. Whatever she said they must believe; whatever she ordered they must do."

"What sort of a mark did she give 'em?" asked Primrose.

"A shackle upon all their life; a bit of a chain to carry that bound even their thoughts and opinions. And then, to amuse herself, she would issue the most ridiculous orders, sending them here and there by her waiting-maid, Miss La Mode, or her Secretary, Ir. I. De Cule. But whatever she ordered it was all the same to her captives—they never thought of resistance, but went where she bade them, and said what she said; and wore carrots or beetles on their heads, just according to her fancy."

"Beetles! why that's like Maria Jarvis's rose-bugs!" cried Primrose.

"How absurd you are, Prim!" said Lily. "Maria's rose-bugs were on her frock, child."

"Well, Sarah's butterfly wasn't," persisted Prim.

"Mamma, did she ever get hold of any body but grown-up people—any children?"

"Sometimes, when their mothers were not careful," said Mrs. May, "and then it would have made your heart ache to see the poor little things. I'll tell you of one who was called Ruth Rural. Ruth had always lived a very happy life with her mother in the country, running about the fields in a white sun-bonnet, and having a pink one for Sundays; picking blackberries, and hunting for birds' nests in the long grass of the meadow or the dry hay in the barn; studying with all her might in the morning, and playing just as hard in the afternoon. Until one unhappy summer, when Mrs. Rural (venturing too near the grounds of Grundy Castle) was taken captive, and was then at once so bewildered that little Ruth fell an easy prey."

"But didn't she run?" cried Primrose. "I should, I know that. Mrs. Grundy would never have got hold of me."

"She might," said Mrs. May. "You would not





MATAMORAS, MEXICO.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

be afraid of any place where you saw me, Prim, and Ruth just staid by her mother. And what a life Mrs. Grundy led the poor child! Ruth had gone away from home in a nice print dress and strong black shoes; able to run, and jump, and dance, and climb fences; and she came back in a large hoop, and a flounced robe, and silk boots. Her hair was crinkled, and braided, and bewitched, tilt it stood on end, as if she had been hearing the worst sort of a ghost story; and (no small misfortune) Ruth had learned that she had a complexion to take or be spoilt, and for that Mrs. Grundy had prescribed as little fresh air as possible, taken through a blue gauze veil.

"Well, when all the poor child got home, and Grundy Castle was left far behind, the first night she was too tired to look at any thing. The next day, or as near as all the various duties enjoined by Mrs. Grundy were disposed of, Ruth thought she would run out and look at her flowers. So she caught up her watering-pot and ran to the pump; but her hoop was so large she couldn't get near it, and she had to go to the kitchen for water."

"Mamma, I wish you'd just tell us how she was dressed," said Clover, laughing.

"As near as I remember," said Mrs. May, "her dress was one which Miss La Mode had called 'extremely pretty, and even with pretensions to elegance.' It was light blue summer grenadine, with a white clip hat and a blue wreath, and high light kid boots. Well, Ruth went to her garden, and the delicate leaves had drooped into the soft earth, and came up quite smother color. Then a sweetbrier seized hold of the clip hat with its sharp fingers, tearing one, and also forget-me-not and setting a rent by which it was pretty sure to be remembered for some time to come; and the wind rushed about through the frizzed hair till Ruth looked like a wild thing. Ruth was in despair. All her flowers, she thought, looked strange at her; and she could then tell of with her hat swung up in the sweet-brier bush, and her blue veil all tangled in the moss rose. She walked off, quite forgetting her complexion, to another part of the garden; and there was her own white rose-bush, all shining in the sun, bending her head and blusher with sorrowful sweetness at the make-up perfumes in the world. Ruth stood there for a minute, feeling very enormous; but suddenly she thought she heard Mrs. Grundy's voice coming along the road; and Ruth dropped her watering-pot and fled into the house."

"Is that all, mamma?" asked Primrose.

"No: I am sorry to say that is only part."

"Please don't tell any more now, mamma," said Lily. "I don't like your stories."

"I do," said Prim; "they're splendid. Only I don't quite understand 'em sometimes. Oh, Jack saw a monkey to-day, Jack!"

"Mustn't touch it, hey?" said Jack, leisurely lifting the pones of glass and peeping while the alarmed little nurse came rushing to the bow-window. "What's the matter? Are you afraid something will grow if I look in?"

"No, we're not, you profane boy," said Lily. "They'll grow fast enough if you'll keep your fingers off."

"Fast enough!" said Jack, whistling. "Fast enough! Much you know about growing, or seeds either. Ah! I could tell you how seeds can grow when they are left to."

"Well, tell away," said Lily.

"There was a farmer once," said Jack, taking an easy attitude upon the window-seat, "who had a lot of cucumber seed to plant."

"How much a lot?" asked Prim.

"I don't know—half a handful. Well, he put the seed in his pocket, and started for the garden; and before he got there he found his pocket full of cucumber—ahey, so he put his hand in to see."

"To feel, you mean," said Clover.

"Be quiet, and don't interrupt one!" said Jack. "He put his hand in, as I said, and there the seed had sprouted. Well, that was good news, and he hurried on to his patch; but all the time his pocket kept feeling quearer and queerer, till by-and-by the cucumber leaves began to shoot out of the pocket-hole. Then the man started to run; but the shoot grew and grew till it got down to the ground, and then it went as fast as he did. The man was getting tired now, and turned about and ran for home as fast as he could go; and the shoot ran with him all the way. And if you'll believe me, Jack, if when he reached the house there was a great, large, big cucumber gone to seed in his pocket!"

THE GAME OF CROQUET.

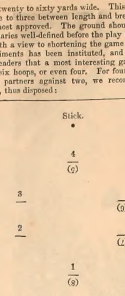
CROQUET has become so universally popular, and deservedly so, that, in connection with our illustration on page 568, we propose to lay before our readers the nature and rules of this charming game.

We have not the space to enter into the history of Croquet. The game as it stands now has taken its final shape from the decisions promulgated by the Croquet Committee of London.

The best number of players for general purposes is four, two playing against two; and for matches, etc. Where there is only one ground, and more than four desire to play, it is a good plan to divide the candidates into two sets, one set commencing at the starting and winning stick, the other at the turning-stick, and what is the starting-stick to one party is the turning-stick to the other. The two games go on simultaneously; the two sets of players interfering scarcely at all with each other. Occasionally a ball belonging to the other game lies in the way of a stroke, when it must be taken up while the stroke is made; or the striker in one game has perhaps to wait a moment while the striker in the other game makes his stroke.

As regards the ground, it often happens the best that can be obtained is small, inconvenient, and may bring the best of players to such cases all that can be done is to make the best of a bad job. But where space can be got, and money is "no object," the ground should be level, of well-mown and well-rolled grass, not less than thirty yards long, for general purposes, more than forty yards long, and from twenty to sixty yards wide. This proportion of five to three between length and breadth is the one most approved. The ground should have its boundaries well-defined before the play begins.

With a view to shortening the game a series of experiments has been instituted, and we assure our readers that a most interesting game results from six hoops, or even four. For four balls, two being partners against two, we recommend six hoops, thus disposed:



The numbers appended to the hoops show the order in which they are to be run. A string should be one one-sixth of the direct length between the two sticks. From the starting-stick to hoop 1 is one string, and there is the same distance between the turning-stick and hoop 4 (5). The side-hoops are first two on either side, one string apart, and each of the four two strings from a point midway between the two sticks. Hoops 2 and 3 are at the same distance from hoop 1 as hoops 3 and 6 from hoop 4.

For six balls a capital game may be played with only four hoops: hoops 2 and 3 (see diagram) being taken out, and a hoop placed half-way between them; the same with hoops 6 and 7; so that the four hoops correspond to the four corners of a diamond. And, where time presses, or where others are waiting to play, this plan is well adapted for four balls, the game lasting about half an hour.

The term *in order* is well understood by every croquet player. It regards the sequence of hoops, etc., which have to be run. A player having run No. 1, must take No. 2 "in order," that is, if he takes No. 3, or any other hoop, before having taken No. 2, he gains no point by it. Of course the game is won by the side that first drives all their balls through all the hoops "in order," and hits all the sticks "in order."

The terms *in play* and *in hand* present more difficulty. A great many nice points turn on the question whether a ball is "in play" or not, it is important to comprehend precisely the meaning of the terms, and they are by no means void of definition. We quote the definition of the Committee, which we think very clear:

"A ball is 'in play' as soon as it has run the first hoop. It continues in play till it makes a croquet, when it is 'in hand.' A ball 'in hand' must take croquet, and can score no point until it has done so. Having taken croquet it is again 'in play;' but it is not permitted to croquet again the ball or balls it has croqueted for the remainder of its turn, unless it makes another point. Having made another point, it is 'in play' again to all the balls as at the commencement of its turn."

Running a hoop means, as every body knows, sending the ball through it in a line of the mallet. It must be run "in order," and in the right direction, and the whole of the ball must go through, or the hoop is not "run." A ball remains under the hoop, and it is doubtful whether the ball is *quite* through, the question is decided by applying a straight-edged board the long the hoop being of course perpendicular. If the straight-edge (the handle of the mallet is commonly used for this purpose) touches the ball, the hoop is "run."

Roquet is made by the striker driving his own ball, by a blow of the mallet, against another ball. If he is "in play" to the other ball, the "roquet" gives him the privilege of a *croquet* off the hit ball.

Croquet is taken in this way. The striker places his ball in contact with the one against which he has his own with the mallet. After the croquet, the striker is entitled to another stroke.

Croquet may be taken either with the striker's foot fixed firmly on his own ball while he strikes, when it is called a "tight" croquet, or without the foot, when it is termed a "loose" croquet.

A *point* is made on running a hoop, or hitting a stick, each, of course, "in order."

We have already stated what constitutes "running" a hoop. A stick is hit when the striker's ball is seen to move it, or when the stick on the ball against it is heard. It has been suggested that a ball should be placed on the top of the stick, and that the stick shall not be deemed to be hit unless the ball falls. But in practice it seldom happens that there is any question as to the hit, and a ball would be a complication. It is question, however, whether in a grand match balls should be used.

A *turn* is simply the innings of any one player.

We are now in a position to explain the meanings of the definition of the terms "in hand" and "in play."

A ball is in hand as soon as it has made a roquet. It takes croquet, after which it is in hand only to the ball roqueted for the remainder of that turn, or until it has scored a point. If it roquets another ball, it similarly remains in hand to it after the croquet, and so on. It follows from this that the croquet can only be taken once in each turn from each ball, unless another point is made. A second roquet may be made on a ball previously roqueted without any point made in the interval, as, for instance, for the purpose of driving away, cannoning, etc.; but such roquet does not entitle to a croquet, as the striker is in hand to the ball roqueted. The striker's turn ends there, unless by the same stroke he makes a point, or roquets another ball to which he is "in play." In this case he can go on with his turn, the roquet of the ball to which he is in hand being of no more advantage or disadvantage than hitting any other one that might happen to lie on the grass.

We now come to the laws themselves, which are much more than an anticipation with regard to them that we shall pass them through very rapidly. One recommendation of the laws under review is, that they are clearer, fewer, and shorter than any other published set.

First, the choice of play has to be decided on, the captain of each side allotting the colors as he pleases.

The first stroke is made by placing the ball any where not exceeding one mallet's length from the starting-stick, and striking it toward the first hoop. If this point is missed, the player is entitled to another stroke. If he fails to run the first hoop (and this is the *rara avisorum* of unskilful players, and often in real life the ball is taken off the ground till its next turn comes round.

The striker having run a hoop as he proceeds in the course of continuing his play as he succeeds in making a point in order, or a roquet on a ball in play. Having made roquet, he must next take croquet, after which he is entitled to another stroke.

We now come to the most important law of the lot. It is that the course of the mallet in striking from the ball shall be from left to right, or from right to left. This regulation is intended to do away with the front stroke. Either one or both sides of the mallet may be used, but the head of the mallet must be eighteen inches at least from it. When the mallet is held in this way, and its course in striking it runs parallel (i. e., at right angles, or nearly so, to the long axis of the player's feet), the abominable practice of "spooning" is almost impossible.

If a ball is not fairly hit, but in the opinion of the umpire is pushed or spooned, and if the regulations of the law last quoted are not complied with, all benefit from the stroke is lost: the ball is to be replaced by the direction of the adverse captain, and the player loses his turn.

Strokes must be given with the end of the head of the mallet, and not with the side.

Balls struck beyond the boundaries of the ground must be at once replaced ball a mallet's length within the edge, measured from the spot where they went off, at right angles to the margin.

As regards the penalties for various offenses, the most severe is that appointed in that respecting the slipping of the ball from under the foot when taking tight croquet. According to the laws before us, the player who does this has to slip less his next stroke—i. e., the remainder of his turn.

If a ball while rolling is touched or stopped by the player or his side, the player ceases to play for that turn. If by the other side, the striker may at his option take his stroke again, or, if entitled to another stroke, may proceed with the balls left where they stopped.

If the striker croquets a ball which he is not entitled to croquet, he loses the remainder of his turn, and the ball or balls moved are to be replaced.

If a player makes a second hit (as, e. g., seeing that the first is not enough) he loses his turn, and the balls are to be replaced.

Playing out of turn with the right or wrong ball loses all benefit from any point or points made in the turn played in error, and the balls hit are to be left where they are, or are to be replaced where they were at the commencement of the turn, at the option of the adverse side.

If a player plays a proper turn plays with the wrong ball, he loses his turn and all benefit from the stroke, and the ball or balls moved are to be replaced.

If a ball is moved in taking aim it should in strictness (e. g., in a match) count as a stroke; but it is ordinary usage to allow it to be the ball to replaced to the satisfaction of the adverse side.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

MOBILE.

THIS city is so thoroughly uninteresting that your artist made but one sketch there. That was the picture of the Magnolia Avenue on the Shell Road—or rather what is left of it, for many of the finest trees were cut down in getting range for the guns which were to defend the city—a needless destruction, as they never fired a shot.

The Magnolia, when in bloom, is a handsome tree. It grows tall, and the deep, glossy green of its leaves is a capital foil to the delicate white of its large and perfumed flowers. The tree through which the Shell Road passes—the fashionable drive of Mobile—have long been famous, and it is a great pity so much more than a mile have been destroyed.

Mobile was a terribly demoralized city during the war, and it is not to be wondered at. Garrisoned by a force which was entirely without occupation till toward the close of the war, such looseness pervaded its society as to make it the subject of remark even in the rebel local newspapers. Since it fell into Union hands it has shown itself to be by no means a community where liberal or peaceful sentiments prevail; as witness the repeated burnings of colored churches and school-houses, "entirely the work of *accident*, unless the niggers did it themselves," as I was assured by a citizen. These and other things—the result of bad policy—are driving much of the trade and even the merchants to New Orleans, whither many of the planters of Alabama follow to get their supplies.

BATON SOUGE.

Inquiry of the citizens failed to throw any light upon the origin of the name of Red Stick. Probably our novelists may be induced to take it upon the *baton rouge*, but the construction of some magnificent story, connecting the foundation of the city with the most hideous deeds, committed by amiable scoundrels and sweet criminals, in whom the worst vices shall appear worthy of imitation and consonant with the true principles of Christianity. Like all the Southern cities, business here is entirely stagnant, the principal occupation being to keep out of the sun and drink iced drinks. The State House still stands, a melancholy shell, and looks much more than an ancient ruin than it ever had any hopes of doing while perfect. Meanwhile the Legislature meets at New Orleans.

The other prominent building is the Louisiana State Deaf and Dumb Asylum—a very pleasant and commodious building, but having other objects. From its roof the spectator can look over the city and the battle-ground where General WILLIAMS held at the head of his men in 1862. The field is flat, extending in an arc around the city, bounded by woods, where the Confederate army found shelter when drived driven off. Above them a number of good residences are missing, near the arsenal, having been torn down and destroyed to make way for fortification. In this way all chance of an old Spanish defensive works disappeared. The places can still be seen where the shells of the Union fleet tore through the houses, when compelled to open upon the city in revenge for the dastardly conduct of some men (said to be guerrillas) who, concealed behind fences, fired upon a boat's crew who landed to get ice, and killed an officer and a number of men. On that occasion the citizens left in such a hurry that, though the fire killed none, a number died of the unaccustomed exercise.

In all the Southern cities along the rivers the Levee is the place of first importance. If there is any life it will be seen here. In one of my sketches a New Orleans steamer, one of the Atlantic and Mississippi line, has made a landing: while another on its way down is visible in the distance. On the right are the darkies in ice-boats discharging their frosty cargo. This is done, as befits the sunny South, in a clumsy and slovenly manner. The ice-boats are flat-bottomed, with a hold for the ice in sheds, and which might as well be made in one inclined plane to the shore, is constructed with several angles. The sorry and lean appearance of the horses makes the animal carry his bulking frame as well as haul the ice adhere. Fancy a man on a New York dray riding the horse engaged in unloading cargo. While making the sketch a hitch occurred and a derkey fell overboard. Although it did not appear that he could swim, a boat-load of white boys kept out of his way and yelled at him derisively.

The Southern people hate the adverse criticisms of Northern people upon the usual manner in which things are done in the South; but as soon as they realize how much they lose in comfort and dignity as well as money, they will begin to enjoy life as they have not had a chance to do under the demoralizing influences of "the institution."

A. R. W.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HOW TO BECOME INVALUABLE.—The gift of inviability was formerly believed to be procurable by means of fern-seed; but as seeds are not rendered people inviolable resides especially in the *seed* of fern. Put on any very seedy suit of clothes and walk about in the streets. You will very soon find that your acquaintance will pass you without seeing you.

A wag thus eulogized a musical ventriloquist: "I know the tune, it is called Long Syne, and the other isn't. I always sing the latter."

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.

Oh, I have a husband as good as can be;
No women could wish for a better than he!
Sometimes, indeed, he may chance to be wrong,
But his love for me is unchanging and strong.
He has one little fault that makes me fret,
He has always less money by, the first debt;
Moreover, he wishes me now and then—
But, excepting that, he's the best of men!

I own he is dreadfully given to drink:
And, besides, he is rather too fond, I think,
Of playing at cards and billiards, but then,
Excepting that, he's the best of men!

He loves to waltz with the girls, I know
'Tis the way with the men—they're always so,
But what can I do but love him, excepting
Excepting that, he's the best of men?

I can't but say I think he is rash
To pawn my watch and spend the cash;
But how can I avoid my darling, when,
Excepting that, he's the best of men?

When soaked with tipple, he's hardly polite,
But knocks the furniture down. That was
Just pulls my hair, and growls again—
But, excepting that, he's the best of men!

Yes—such is the loyalty I have shown;
But I love a husband to call my own:
As good, indeed, as a man can be—
And who could ask for a better than he?

Who was Jonah's tutor?—The whale who brought him to.

"Well, what is it that causes the sultriness of the weather of the ocean?" inquired a teacher of a bright little boy. "The cook, ma'am," said the little elfin.

Why is a mad bull an animal of a convivial disposition?—Because he offers a Keen to every one he meets.

A man who was once on a journey said he never liked to see the bible covered with leaves and newspapers when he stopped at night. "For," said he, "I can never find any subject I want about places."

"If there is any body under the canister of heaven that I have in utter excrescence," says Mrs. Partington, "it is that abominable, going about to destroy character, calculating his calumni upon honest folks."

> A mirror has been well defined
> As a looking-glass or a thoughtful friend.
> For look upon it when you will,
> You find it is reflecting still.

The captain of a vessel is not governed by his mate, but is married to him generally is.

The State of Matrimony is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are flirtations, honeymoons, and staying out late at night. It was discovered by Adam and Eve while trying to find a passage round Paradise. The climate is sultry until you cross the equinoctial line of housekeeping.

ing, when equally weather sets in with such power as to keep all hands cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting State beneath the first pair of bright eyes you run against. It is one of the United States.

TAXATION.—A grumbler explains the present system of raising revenue as follows: "Now you see, in the first place, they get the answers of a father's business. That's taxed. Then they find out how much he earns every month, and that's taxed. Then they find out all about his profits, and on that they lay their tax. Then they manage to get some tax on what he owes. Next comes when they call income, and that's taxed. Then, if any thing is left, the preacher rolls around, and gits it to sustain the church and convert the heathen."

"GO AWAY," said Mugglins, "you can't stiff sich nonsense in me—its fust in his boots! No man as lives stands more nor two foot in his boots, and no use talking 'bout it. Might as well tell me the man had six heads in his hat!"

Effectual destruction of weeds—marrying a widow.

THAT.

Till prove the word that I've made my theme
Is that that may be doubled without blame;
And that that that thus twisted, I may use,
And that that that that critics may abuse,
May be correct. Further—the dose to bother—
Five thats may closely follow one another;
For, be it known, that we subtle write,
Or say that that that that that man writ was right;
Nay, 'tis that that that that that followed
Through six repeats the grammar's rule has hallowed;
And that that that that that that that began
Repeated seven times is right!—deny't who can.

There is a story of a Scotch boy, asked whether he wished to be regenerated, replying, "Na, na!" "What for not, Robin?" "Because regeneration means being born again, and then who can tell I mightna be a lassie?"

What metamorphosis does a washer-woman undergo in the night?—She goes to bed a washer-woman and gets up fine linen.

PENALTIES FOR CLERKS.

Dropping a pen-stick, five cents.
Sitting down, between the hours of 8 A.M. and 7 P.M., ten cents.
Conversing with a gentleman, ten cents.
Five minutes late in the morning, ten cents.
Dropping a piece of goods on the floor, five cents.
In case of sickness, wages suspended. "Saturies," from one to four dollars per week. Board, from three to six dollars.

An advertiser in one of the papers says he has a cottage to let, containing eight rooms and an acre of land.

A love-sick young pair who had only a dollar
To pay to the priest for the conjugal collar,
Were told by the parson his regular fee
For marrying people was only a V.
"Nay, then," quoth the swain, "good parson, now come!
A dollar, I'm sure, ought to marry us some;"
"In all I have got you can take it, you know,
And marry as far as the money will go!"

A STRONG LETTER.

"MESSRS. ——: I return your firkin of butter. It is of no use to me, and it might do for a 'leader' on one of your fast freight trains. The reason of the year requires strength. Yours respectfully."

A statistician says he has perused fourteen hundred and thirty-three different articles upon the cholera, in all of which the authors advise different preventatives.

Two duellists, having exchanged shots without effect, one of the seconds interfered, and proposed that the parties should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary, "for," said he, "their hands have been shaking this half hour."

The brave man tries his sword, the coward his tongue:
The old coquette her gold, her face the young.

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom?—When long experience has made him sage.

PROGRESS OF THE ART OF WAR.



Primitive Arms.

Invention of pugilism and wrestling.—The war lasts as long as the fellows can stand it.



The Cane.

First application of the principle of the lever. The art progresses.—The war lasts till one of the fellows gets his head broken.



The Bludgeon.

The cane is outdone. The head-breaking process is facilitated.—The fight is an affair of all-day or not, according to the circumstances.



The Sword.

The fellow that was overcome by the bludgeon gains an advantage over his enemy by means of a more convenient and effective weapon.—The war lasts for a couple of centuries.



The Long Sword.

The invention of this weapon gives the fighter the satisfaction of piercing his antagonist at a safe distance.—The war lasts for a century.



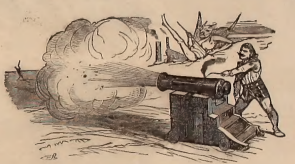
The Pistol.

The Devil puts in an appearance, and suggests the invention of gunpowder. General enthusiasm. Startling progress. The fellow with the long sword is slightly astonished at a piece which pierces at a distance of twenty-five paces.



The Gun.

A new stage of progress. The fellow with the pistol is outdone and killed at the distance of a hundred paces.—The war lasts thirty years.



The Cannon.

Those who have escaped the gun, after some reflection invent the cannon. Delightful success! At five hundred paces several antagonists are killed at once.—The Thirty Years' War reduced to seven years.



The Needle-Gun.

But there is no limit to human sagacity. A remarkable discovery is made—the Needle-Gun is invented. The enemy finds it difficult to get in a shot until he has dodged a dozen.—The Thirty Years' War reduced to thirty days.



The Fusil Foentail or Fan-Gun.

The manner of fighting in 1870. Twenty-five needle-guns in one. One man destroys a company in five minutes at a distance of 3,000 yards.—The Thirty Years' War fought in three days.



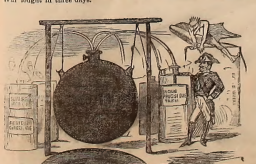
The Electric Organ Gun.

The manner of fighting in 1880. Twenty-five fan-guns in one, discharged by means of an electric battery with a musical accompaniment.—The Thirty Years' War fought in a day and a half.



The Steam-Gun.

Manner of fighting in 1890. Twenty-five organ guns in one, manœuvred by steam, and acting continuously.—The Thirty Years' War fought in a day.



The Surprise Bomb.

The manner of fighting in 1900. The Engineer of the Army beaten by steam, in his moments of leisure invents a terrible asphyxiating surprise bomb, which will choke off a division at ten thousand yards.



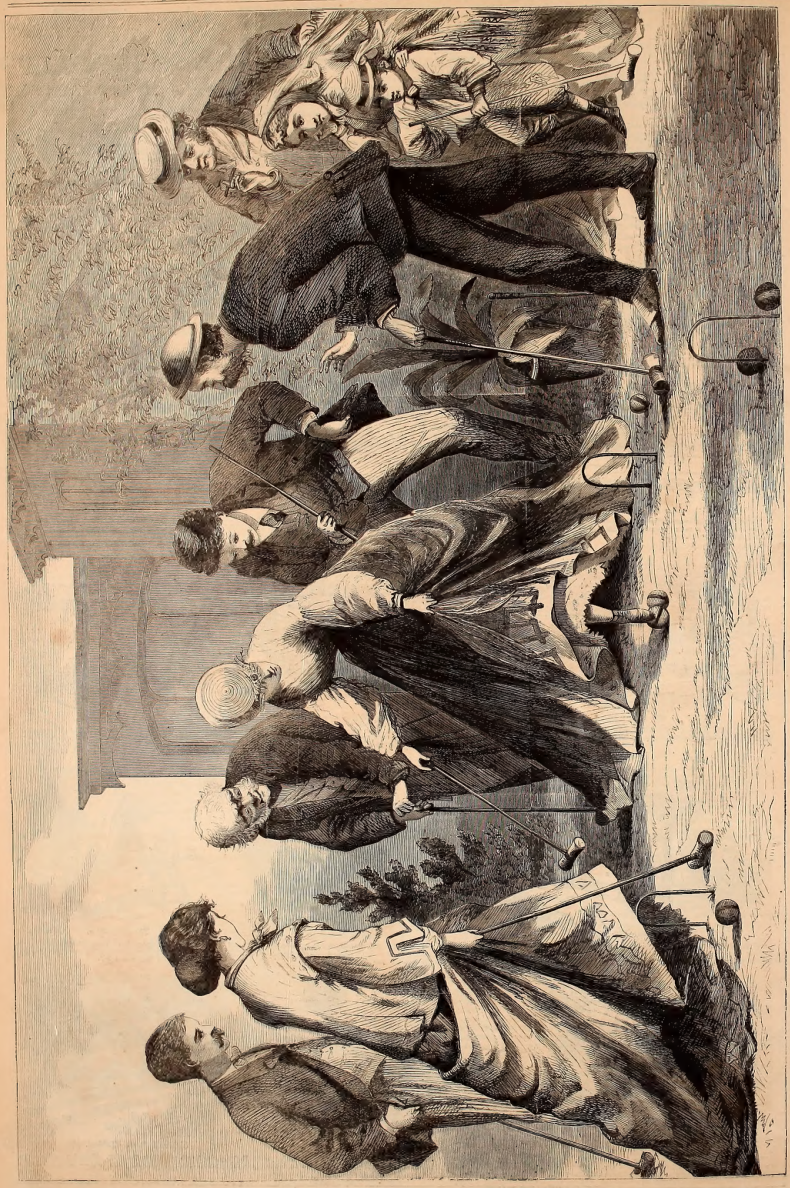
Another Surprise Bomb.

But the Field-Marshal of the Asphyxiated Army executes a more diffusive asphyxiating powder, which, at ten thousand yards, disposes of an entire army corps.



Universal Peace—Tableau.

Each army at length annihilates the other. There is a reign of calm and tranquillity.—The War of Thirty Years lasts for three minutes.



THE GAME OF CROQUET.—DRAWN BY MR. BERG.—[SEE PAGE 567.]


TIMELY
WARNING.
UNION BLOOD
Th. Nast.
TO UNION MEN.
THE NEW ORLEANS
SUFFRAGE
CIVIL RIGHTS
FREEDMEN'S BUREAU
EQUAL RIGHTS
CONVENTION
OR
MASSACRE.
WHICH IS THE MORE ILLEGAL.

ONLY SOME RELICS.

A RING she wore, a jewel that pressed
The maiden beauty of her breast.

A glove our happy hand once drew
From her small fingers veined with blue.

A ribbon that around her throat
Loved in the dallying winds to float.

A golden clasp that once had known
The silken pressure of her zone.

A little slipper with blue rosette,
In which her fairy foot was set.

And one brown tress, through happy years
Binding the shell-dome of her ears.

Ah, me, what treasures of dull relic
Are all of our Dear One that now remains.

All the dear relics that are left
Of her by whose loss our hearts are cleft.

Leaving the world a dim, dead space
Of care and pain where with little grace.

A dull, dead level of weary years
In which no blossoming joy appears.

No girl with teeth like the rows of corn
When you strip the ear as the summer is born.

And tresses of clanging gold and brown,
Over shoulders of ivory, shaken down.

And lips in whose arched and crimson bow
All the dainty blooms of the tropics glow.

And over whose dimpled cheeks, like light
And shade over meadows, the thoughts take flight,

Winged by her innocent, dancing eyes,
With curious and coquetry, smiles and sighs.

Her voice was the hum of a summer wind
When it breathes through a lattice with roses twined.

Her soul was as pure, as unsullied and white
As the clustering scraps in robes of light.

And the kindness that dwelt in her heart, I deem,
Of the Heaven she now dwells in was some stray gleam.

Oh loved and lost! our soul's adored!
Our dove with silver wings—our bird!

Beauty embodied, and joy, and peace,
Whose breath had a charm bidding sorrow cease.

Rest gift that Heaven to bless us gave—
We cast this chaplet on thy grave.

HELEN O'KELLY.

THE TALE OF AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE.

In Six Weekly Portions.—Second Portion.

CHAPTER III.

AUNT AND UNCLE GOUGH were neither rich nor grand people, though the Gable House was, as I have said, the noblest looking dwelling in Willbrook. The house was not my uncle's own property, but he held a long lease of it. It belonged to some great county magnates: a baronet whose seat was a few miles off, though he was a mighty person in Willbrough, and held property for miles around it. But society, or speaking, be sure as far removed from my household as if he had lived in Kamschatka. His steward, Mr. Lee, we knew slightly, and shabbily-genteel we met him in the street on market-days; but he was so solemn and grand a person that he always chilled me into awe-struck silence, though he often condescended to smile and speak to us girls as we grew up. Once he told uncle that Miss Anna had a monstrous sprightly air and a fine riding-habit, and would turn all the young fellows' heads by-and-by. "And did he say nothing of our sweet Madge?" asked my aunt when the flattering words had been reported at home and had been blushed and smiled at. Aunt Gough, dear, tender-hearted soul, feared that I might feel slighted; but, in truth, it had never occurred to me as possible that the pompous Mr. Lee should have noticed or remembered me at all. "Well, well, well," said my uncle as he drew me to him with no sweet and fond a smile that I felt my eyes fill with tears, "I'm not sure that I want Mr. Lee to make pretty speeches about Madge. He can tell what lots of them has the brightest eyes; of that he's a good enough judge, so don't think I want to rob you of your compliments, Anna. But if Madge won't turn heads she'll creep into hearts; won't she, my dear?" He passed his hand softly over my hair as he spoke. I want to be true, and I must confess that, just for a moment I felt a sort of irritable impatience at being told I should not turn heads. Why should I not turn heads as well as another? I half withdrew myself from the touch of the fatherly hand that was caressing me. But the little unworthy feeling passed directly, and in an instant I had kissed my uncle, and we were all laughing together at Anna's annoyance that she would not be permitted to be turning precess on Mr. Lee himself, the very next time she saw him.

The opportunity was not long in coming, but I think Anna had forgotten her vow: at any rate, I don't believe she tried to fulfill it. It was a fortnight since uncle had told us of Mr. Lee's appointment, on the next market-day but one, that my sister and I, coming homeward up the High Street, as we usually did, under the tall figure of my uncle, one on each side with the portly Mr. Lee. They were talking earnestly together, and going at a much slower pace than we were, so we soon overtook them. The foot pavement of the Willborough High Street was very narrow: so narrow that two persons walking abreast needed its whole width. We could not pass my uncle and Mr. Lee by stepping off the pavement, because on market-days the roadway was filled with country folk. Vendors of poultry, eggs, butter, fruit, and vegetables stood all along the edge of the causeway. Great carts, piled with country produce, or laden with a ruddy-cheeked farmer's family, jolted ponderously along, the wagoner whip in hand steering his unwieldy horses amidst the crowd as well as he could; and the docile beasts seeming to understand his uncouth gees, and woes, and wots, with almost human intelligence. Now and again a prosperous yeoman would ride by, his well-fed cob chafing and fretting at the enforced slowness of the pace. Then there were stout servant-girls with heavy baskets, traveling pedlars hoarse with vaunting their wares, a blind fiddler or doleful ballad-singer, farm-laborers slow and bewildered of aspect, busy shop-keepers showing school-boys, barking dogs, cackling hens, and I don't know what else.

We came close behind my uncle and his companion, and had even walked some paces at their heels before they were aware of our being near them.

"Yes, Mr. Gough," said the steward with pompous emphasis, "so it is arranged. He will have the advantage of my name, position, and connection, and I think on the whole we may expect a fair start—a fair start. If a young man is put in the way of making a fortune, I consider it to be his own fault if he does not—if he does not, in fact, start fair."

"Quite so, quite so, Mr. Lee," returned our guardian with a pleasant laugh. "And I make no doubt but the young gentleman will do you credit."

Here Anna, pushing forward, gayly stretched her arm over uncle's shoulder and thrust a bunch of sweet herbs we had been buying for home under his nose. He said Ah! Mr. Lee stopped and turned round; as they did so, a third gentleman, who had been walking a little in advance of them, and whom we had not seen until now, stopped too on hearing my uncle's exclamation. "What now!" cried uncle, his face fighting up into smiles, as it always did whenever he saw any of us, "Anna! Nancy! I might have known it was one of your pranks. Fie, miss! Ain't you ashamed? Here's Mr. Lee blushing for you."

I don't think Mr. Lee was blushing, but I know Anna was, and laughing too, and looking very pretty. Mr. Lee shook hands with us girls with enough condescension; and as we were blocking up the pathway, and were being huddled and pushed this way and that, Uncle Gough bade us two walk on, and said: "Perhaps Mr. Lee and Mr. Horace will be good enough to come to the Gable House and see aunty, and give us the pleasure of drinking a toast to Mr. Horace's success and prosperity, in our homely fashion, after dinner." Then the third gentleman, who had been in advance of them, was presented to us by Mr. Lee as "My son Horace, young ladies;" and our uncle's invitation having been accepted, we all proceeded homeward. The two elders resumed their talk immediately, and chatted together all the way. Mr. Horace walked quietly side by side in silence until we reached the old iron gateway of the Gable House.

That was the first time I ever saw Horace Lee.

CHAPTER IV.

It is difficult for me now to separate that first impression from my subsequent knowledge of Horace, but I am nearly sure that I liked him from the first, although he was not my style of beauty at all, stiff, perhaps. I remember, quite certainly, feeling pleased (though I should have been puzzled to say why) that the pompous Mr. Lee was not very like his father. Just the color of the bluish-gray eyes, and the expression of them, were alike in the two. But Horace had not his father's massive jaw and coarse mouth, and he had altogether a gentlewistful look of expression, which was new to me, to a man, which I suppose he inherited from his dear mother.

Uncle Gough stepped forward and led the way beneath the porch of famous memory, and into the hall; and we four, Anna and I and the two Mr. Lees, followed in a procession having been forbidden. But I noticed that when we came to the dining-room door and my sister and I passed on instead, all Mr. Lee's pompousness left him, and he actually bowed way, and entered before us; and that a slight look of annoyance came across the young man's face as he found himself deserted little boy to allow us to pass. Dear Aunt Gough was the soul of hospitality, and I believe if uncle had brought home half-a-dozen guests to dinner his wife would have felt no more regret than might be occasioned by anxiety lest they should not all be comfortable and well cared for. She looked a little surprised when Mr. Lee walked in, for he had never been on intimate terms at the Gable House; but she welcomed him kindly, and in the next, simple kindliness that can not be counterfeited. And then, during dinner we heard how it was that Mr. Horace was to be taken into what would be meant by speaking of a toast to his success and prosperity.

"Mr. Lee's son is coming to settle among us here, old woman," said my uncle to my aunt. "He has been studying engineering and land-surveying away in Birmingham, with Mr. Topps."

"Topps," said the elder Mr. Lee, seeing that uncle paused for the name. "Topps. A very eminent man, Madam. Very eminent. An extensive, very expensive. Put eminence is ever expensive." The old gentleman looked round as he said it, and had evidently been highly gratifying, and expected us to appear pleased. Horace kept his eyes on his plate.

"Yes," resumed my uncle, "Mr. Horace has been studying with Mr. Topps. I am sure that Mr. Horace has profited by the opportunity; and his course of study being now finished, I am glad to say that coming to give us Willborough folk the advantage of his skill."

"I have bought him a share in the old established business of Phillips and Rotherwood," put in Mr. Lee. "Mr. Phillips is about retiring, and there is an opening for a young man with moderate capital and a good connection. I consider that I have done my duty by my son, in keeping before him from boyhood the advantage of a good connection. And, if I may be allowed to say so, I think he will find a good connection ready to receive him, and to respect him—for his father's sake."

"No doubt of that, Sir," said Uncle Gough, after no short a silence that Anna secretly seemed to have been a pause at all; "and to like him for his own."

Horace looked up at my uncle then, and thanked him with a smile so bright that it seemed to light up his face as if a ray of sunshine had fallen on it.

After that we girls went away with my aunt, and left the gentlemen over their wine. They did not remain apart very long, for the Lees had a tenmile drive to their home, and the days were drawing already at the approach of autumn. They came into the morning-room where we were sitting to take leave of my aunt. Old Mr. Lee was a good deal flushed, and had been doing justice to my uncle's ollar. That was no uncommon circumstance in those days, but it was one we never saw them.

for James Gough was the most temperate of men.

"Won't you stay and drink a dish of tea, Sir?" asked my aunt, hospitably, though she looked a little fluttered as Mr. Lee took her hand and glared at her solemnly. He was not intoxicated, but he had taken enough to make him more pressy and pompous than usual.

"I thank you, Madam, but 'tis a beverage I never partake of, and we are pressed for time. My horse and gig are awaiting us at the Blue Bell, but I could not depart without expressing my best thanks for your hospitality." Anna, my dear, why do you not join your acknowledgments to mine? I am surprised at your negligence."

"Oh, papa!" cried our aunt, quite earnestly, "I'm sure there's no need, none in the world. It's a great pleasure to us to have entertained the young gentleman in our homely fashion."

"But there is need, Madam," persisted Mr. Lee. "There is need; pardon me for contradicting you, but I am sure there is need. The observance of these polite forms which—which—gild the wheels of life. Likewise, I was brought up in the observance of the utmost courtesy and deference to my fair sex. You may deem me punctilious and over-precise, young man, but in my day it was thought no part of a gentleman's duty to be a lady's lounge without a parting compliment. Courtesy, courtesy and consideration for the fair sex, even in the most trifling matters, has been the study of my life."

I couldn't help thinking of the little scene at the dining-room door, and I had an uncomfortable idea that Mr. Lee was speaking of the same thing, and I felt my cheeks grow provokingly scarlet. Mr. Lee went on some time longer, and made quite a speech, which, however, seemed to be spoken rather at us than to his son; but at last it came to an end, and he took a dignified leave of me, and an admiring one of Anna, after her several high-flown compliments, which she received very graciously and with much self-possession. Horace made each of us his silent little bow. I fancy his father's paternal admonition had not tended to put him more at his ease. But no bashfulness could have helped shewing under the influence of Aunt Gough's genial motherly manner, and the young man took her hand, and bade her farewell, quite cordially.

"I hope we shall see you at the Gable House very often," we heard my uncle saying, as he accompanied his guests down stairs. "You'll be a welcome visitor, Sir, I'm sure. If you can put up with hohmdum old-fashioned folks like us, you will always find a warm welcome and a cool tankard."

I have been sure since that old Mr. Lee had accosted my uncle that market-day, and introduced his son to him, because that he might receive some such invitation, and secure a footing in the Gable household. I know not if he had any further end in his mind at the time; but it was of course but a trifling advantage to a new-comer in Willborough to be known as a welcome guest at the Gable House, the house which the baronet's steward was very sensible of, notwithstanding his boasts about his good connection. We had never been honored by so much of Mr. Lee's company before that day, and I think we were all tacitly agreed that we liked him much better in his own house than in very often. But my uncle had taken a liking to the son, and said over and over again, "He's a nice lad. A well-spoken, well-mannered, handsome lad; that's strange among us as yet. But where in the world he gets his shyness from the Lord knows! His father is as free and easy as possible. I never knew her; but he looks like a lad who has had a nice mother."

The autumn days grew shorter and shorter, the faint smell of dead leaves was in the air, and the pale evening sky, pricked here and there with a star, looked cheerless, began to show the delicate tracery of leafless boughs relieved against its faint western yellow. By that time Horace Lee was a familiar and welcome figure beneath my uncle's roof as old Stock himself. His shyness wore off as he grew intimate with us, and we found him to be the most pleasant companion in the world—a simple, boyish fun and merriment which especially delighted my uncle. A clever bond of good-fellowship between them was that which Horace found that he had in common with my uncle's native place! How was a pleasant discovery! Uncle Gough was very fond of questioning Horace about his dead mother, and rubbing up his own reminiscences of her family, the McNaghtens, until he ended by persuading himself that he must have known Mrs. Lee in her early youth, though I am afraid it was inexorably proved by dates and figures that he could never have seen her. He would sit and talk for hours of the wild moorlands and the heathery solitudes he had tramped through when a boy, relating one adventure after another, until the northern burr would come back to his tongue, and the sparkle into his eye, and he would bid Anna stay some old Border ballad, and would sit listening with closed eyes to every fresh thrilling verse, while his heart lived over again the days of auld lang syne, and the tears stole unchecked down his dear honest face.

Horace too would listen, charmed and attentive. Anna, who loved excitement and admiration as much as most girls conscious of their beauty, and accustomed to receive praise in no stinted measure, never threw so much power and pathos into her voice, or so much expression into her changing face, as when Horace united the membership of her home audience and added novelty to the chorus of our familiar praises.

CHAPTER V.

MISS WORKNIAM was a frequent guest at this time at our fireside. She had made a confidence to us, and imparted a great piece of news, which we received half with pleasure and half with pain. The pleasure was occasioned by the hope that she would be happy, and the pain by the thought of losing her. Miss Workniam was going to be married! And her husband was to take her out of Willborough, out of England, out of Europe, away across the salt sea as far as North America. I well remember the day when she first broke the news to us, and the comical intrigue between crying and laughing which switched her face all the time she was telling it. It was the afternoon of a half-holiday, one bright October day, when she walked into the parlor where Anna and I were sitting with Aunt Gough, who was half asleep over a perfect Arachne's web of fine-sewing. "Well, my half-educated Philosophy," said Miss Workniam, greeting me with a kiss, which I had to stoop down to receive. (Almost every one of my pupils in the diminished by a head.) "Well, miss Philosophy. Anna she always called Will-o'-the-wisp.) "Well, mild-eyed Philosophy! I need not ask how are you!" for a face more expressive of health and peace, and, abruptly, "I'm not used to tell lies, and I find it extremely hard to do well. It's of no use my coming in with a swagger and pretending to be quite at my ease; for I'm not at my ease, and I'm not well-bred enough to pass; and I know that you know I'm not at my ease. I've come on purpose to tell you something, Mrs. Gough, and as the dear girls are all here, I may as well stay and hear it too, for they must know it sooner or later." She stopped an instant; but, seeing my aunt was about to speak, held up her hand to bid her silence, and went on with a plunge. "I am going to be married, and I know every thing that such a human event is to comfort and to cause sorrow, against the disadvantages of being laughed at for an old fool who threw away herself and her savings on the first frog-eating Frenchman who chose to hold up his finger to her, and I've come to the conclusion that I can endure existence in good company better than dreary old age by myself. So there's my great news, my dears, and you needn't put any restraint on the expression of your feelings."

I never heard any one observe that Aunt Gough was remarkable for tact; but she certainly had a way of saying and saying the right thing at the right moment, which fell like soothing balm on the feelings of those around her. She was not at all in woe the fashion to call "sympathetic," in a greater degree than any one I have ever known. When little Lisa Wakeham had finished her confession, and sat panting with her mouth twisted into a strained smile, and her bright black eyes brimming with tears, my aunt took her unto her motherly lap by her own, and, patting it soothingly, said in her soft, slow way, and without a trace of surprise in her voice: "I always suspected you knew it, my poor sensible woman I think you for bringing it. And who is to be the good man, my love?"

The little woman jumped up and put her arms round my aunt's neck; giving way now to a gush of tears.

"That's the phrase," she said. "The very phrase, you dear, kind soul! I have been puzzling how I should call him—not in my own thoughts, you know, but to other people; and that's the very, very, or my betrothed, was out of the question. Even husband gave me a kind of shock. It's no use to begin, you know. But 'good man' is the very phrase! Cozy and proxy, and yet kindly. And you don't think me a weak old idiot, do you?"

By-and-by the tears were dried down and received our congratulations with her usual sensible self-possession. Then by degrees she told us the story of her courtship.

"It's Mons' de Beaupet, the French master—Old Bogie, you know, girls. I shall be Mrs. Old Bogie. Won't that be a good name for me? I'm sure I never thought of such a thing all the years I've known him. He seemed always an old man, and a mamma, until, about a month ago, he came to me and told me that he had had an unexpected piece of good fortune. 'I have succeeded to a property, I said,' for I have a great respect for you, and I'm sure you deserve a noble from Fortune after bearing so forsen with her all these years.' But all the world knows how natural cheerful bravery is to a Frenchman.' My dears, I knew he had been very, very poor, and had fought a hard fight without asking aid from any one. So it was not a mere flourish on my part. He made me a grand bow, and said, 'I accept the compliment for my nation, mademoiselle, not for myself.' And then he told me that a distant relative, from whom he had not expected any favors, had died in Canada, whither he had emigrated many years ago, and that this distant rela-

ive had left a small property and a farm near Quebec to his second cousin, Louis Auguste Philippe Emile de Beaugeust. I wrote the names down afterward, and that's how I remember them so glibly. And then he said that he had resolved to give up teaching and to go out and settle in Canada, where there was quite a colony of his country people; but he was full of his plans and hopes. He didn't say a word about—about me—then. After he was gone I don't mind owning that I felt much depressed. I was full of his good prospects, really glad; and yet the idea of his going away all that distance, set me thinking how all those to whom I was attached—I had other and stronger ties in the world—how the girls I had loved and taught grew up and passed out of my life, generation after generation, vanishing away to be bright and pretty and clever in their distant homes, without a thought of their poor schoolmistress growing old by herself in their poor acquaintance. And I could not help thinking how other women took root, as it were, in the world, and here fruit, and blossomed into a green old age; while I stood alone, like some cold bare rock that had no beauty and little use, and must some day topple down and be forgotten where it falls. I worked myself into such a dismal, desolate frame of mind—more shame for me!—that I sat huddled up by the fire, crying and sobbing like a fool, when my little servant Kate came bouncing into the room—you remember, Philippsky, my love, that we never could teach her to knock at the door—and brought me a great square letter, sealed with a coat of arms as big as a cheese-plate. It was from De Beaugeust, of course. I'm not going to repeat it to you, don't be afraid, though I do know it by heart—here a faint pink flush came over Miss Wokenham's pale cute pale face—but I may say it was a good letter, a very good letter. He said he felt alone in the world. He had been exiled from his country and all he held dear in it for so many years that France was more like a beautiful dream to him than a reality. He said a great deal more than he need have done about generous kindness and delicate sympathy on the part of your humble servant. I'm not going to repeat that, and I was not gratified; but he gave me more than my due ten thousand times over. And then at last he said that if I would—there!—condescend to unite my lot with his, and go abroad with him, he would undertake that I should never repent my confidence. I took a week to consider about it, and then I said—upon my word I am not sure—that my mind was made up from the first. And the end of it is that I've promised Lewis to take him for better, for worse, and to be a faithful, kind companion to him, as well as I know how, so long as I have life and strength, and longer."

After this Miss Wokenham was a great deal at the Gable House. She had many preparations to make, and not too much time to get ready in. They were to be married in Liverpool, and to sail from that port in a merchantman bound for Quebec. Monsieur de Beaugeust had arranged all that. My aunt was a perfect mistress of the craft of needlework, and Anna and I were fairly creditable scholars of so accomplished a teacher. So we all three were able to be useful to our old friend, and were happy to, be allowed to help in the preparation of her wardrobe. The year was drawing to a close by this time, and we worked our way through the very core of the winter. Anna was a better seamstress than I, and her rapid fingers did good service in the manufacture of caps and aprons, and such other sober decorations as Miss Wokenham thought becoming her years. I worked neatly but slowly, and our shrewd little bride elect was wont to say: "You're both dear, kind children; but, on a stitching emergency, give me Anna! Philippsky, with the very best intentions, stops at every crossroad to deliberate which turning she shall take. Will-o'-the-wisp never marying and does get over the ground, even though it be after a somewhat sniggling fashion."

One cold bleak day we had all been busy in the morning-room from an early hour. When, in the sudden dusk, Miss Wokenham folded up her work and prepared to go homeward my aunt stopped her and insisted that she should stay to take tea and sup with us.

"Hector will be here too, by-and-by," said Aunt Gough—"young Mr. Lee that is; but he seems so much one of us now that I give the lad his Christian name as often as possible. And both of them will be so glad to see you."

"I should like to stay very much, but—but Mr. Lee's not to meet me this evening at your boy's way home, and perhaps he'd be disappointed if I was not there."

"Perhaps he would?" echoed Aunt Gough—"Why, of course he would. But I will send some one to him with my respects, to say that you are here, and that you'll see him to tea, if he will do us the pleasure of coming without ceremony."

"Thus tempted, Miss Wokenham remained; and in due time Lee "arrived." We had seen him since the announcement of his engagement to our old schoolmistress, he having made a formal visit to my aunt, and also been presented by his affianced with all due observance and punctilio. But on this occasion he came on a more intimate footing, and without the precept of etiquette and ceremony which it had pleased him to assume at first. "Mister, without his mail of proof, was a very genial, simple creature, with more of youthful freshness and romantic chivalry than I have often seen remaining in dashing young officers of half his years. He was a handsome man of fifty, with high, clear-cut features, a florid skin, and the bluest of blue eyes.

"I look up to you all of you, Ma'am," said my aunt, thus pronouncing his patronymic in all simplicity and good faith; "I very kind, that you should have come to us in this friendly way, and I hope you'll be able to make yourself comfortable among us."

Mister was at home in a minute.

"Ah, Elise!" said he, sitting cozily beside Miss Wokenham in the glow of the fire-light, "dese is de occasion dat make me suggester to leave Paris."

"Yes, indeed," she replied; "I can't commend your grammar, but your sentiment is mine exactly. I shall never get him to talk good English—no, Gough, no more than he will ever teach me to pronounce good French; and that's speaking pretty strongly, as you would know if you had ever heard my attempts."

She speaks very well, Madame," interrupted her bridegroom elect. "She can say 'oui,' and 'je t'aime,' and that's so much French as I ask of her."

While we were laughing at this, and Miss Wokenham was protesting with unnecessary exactness that she never said "je t'aime" to *him*, and was declaring that her friends would think she had taken leave of the last remnant of her senses if he went on in that way, my uncle and Horace Lee entered together.

"I picked up this young gentleman on my way home from Ostlands; or, rather, he picked up me, for I was afoot, and he driving in Rotherwood's gig. He has been very civil to my horses, and tramping through plowed fields with a chain round his middle, or some such adornment, and—"

"—And he has been very civil to the presence of ladies, Mrs. Gough," said Horace, finishing my uncle's speech. "But there was no refusing. You know how positive your lord and master can be on occasion."

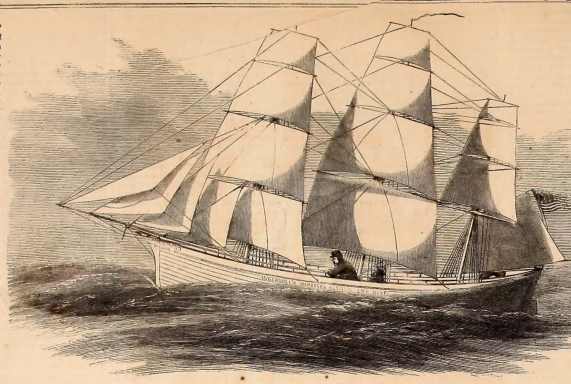
"She *does*!" said my uncle with a laugh. "Of the sweet simplicity of three-and-twenty! As if a man was ever positive with his wife! But there, Phillis, run to my room—you know the way—to polish yourself up a bit, my dear; and tramping through plowed fields with a chain round his middle, or some such adornment, and—"

"—And he has been very civil to the presence of ladies, Mrs. Gough," said Horace, finishing my uncle's speech. "But there was no refusing. You know how positive your lord and master can be on occasion."

"She does

THE NEW LIFE-BOAT.

THE *Red, White, and Blue* is what is termed an "Ingersoll Metallic Life-Boat," being the invention of Mr. O. R. INGERSOLL, of New York. The boat is built of galvanized iron, has large air cylinders at each end and along the sides, which, combined with certain valves in the bottom, render the boat capable of freeing herself from water in a few minutes. This identical boat was exhibited at the American Institute Fair in 1865, where a gold medal was awarded it; and as it is the intention to have it exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, it will undoubtedly take the prize, having been subjected to a severer test than any life-boat ever before. While the *Great Eastern*—the largest ship the world ever saw, and an honor to old England—was approaching our shores, the *Red, White, and Blue*, the smallest ship that ever crossed the Atlantic, and the wonder of this country, was at the same time winging her course to Europe. She was manned by Captains J. M. HUNSON and FAVER, both well-known navigators, and natives of New York. The passage was made in 37 days, most of the time in rough weather, as the *Great Eastern* reports. The sails were made and presented to the boat by D. M. CROWNINSHIELD, of this city, who has manifested great confidence in the success of the voyage. The vessel was stocked with all sorts of condensed meats, vegetables, and fruits. The boat averaged $5\frac{6}{10}$ miles an hour, which is much faster than many of 1500 or even 2500 ton vessels (the *Red, White, and Blue* is $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons), which seldom make the voyage in less than 45 days.



THE "RED, WHITE, AND BLUE."

"THREE-CARD MONTE."

THE scene presented in the accompanying sketch is one frequently seen on Coney Island. The sharper who performs the trick, having gathered about him a crowd, selects from his pack a figured card—say the Queen of Diamonds, which he facetiously nick-names "Polly Perdyne," or something else, as the humor takes him. He shuffles the cards in such a way that it is perfectly easy for the spectators to follow the card in all its wanderings; and, as if to aid the eye, the card usually bears upon the back some mark which gives the spectator unusual confidence as to the accuracy of his vision. The sharper offers to bet against the spectator's eyes. "I'll bet you five dollars," he says, "you can't follow Miss Polly." The spectators are pretty sure they can; and one of them bets, and as the cards are laid out in three packs upon the stand, they all watch the card narrowly. After the deal, the spectator points out the card, and, sure enough, it is Miss Polly. Sharper looks a little frustrated, but is willing to bet again. The operation is repeated with a similar result. The spectators get excited, and think the sharper is having a losing game. "He doesn't see," they whisper among themselves, "that little black speck on Miss Polly's back." So they are in for another trial, and the sharper, as if in bravado, declares he is willing to bet a hundred dollars on the result. He will have no more small play. The confident spectators may not be able to stake so large a sum, but by clubbing together some of the more excited ones make up a purse of from thirty to fifty dollars, and the cards are dealt again. But the sharper is too much for his opponents this time. By some sleight of hand he slips in another card, similar in appearance on the reverse, black speck and all. The spectators follow this as curiously and confidently as on the previous occasions, but upon pointing out the card find to their astonishment that Miss Polly has vanished—and likewise their money!

"RESCUED FROM THE WOLF."

EVERY one is familiar with anecdotes of the faithfulness, perseverance, intelligence, and courage of dogs employed to guard and protect the silly, defenseless, gregarious sheep. Somewhat different breeds of dogs—all, however, possessing the same valuable qualities—are used in various countries; the larger and more powerful kinds being of course required where danger from wolves still remains. But many instances are related of dogs far inferior in size beating off from the flock and killing the savage but cowardly wolf. Some naturalists may tell us that the wolf is really identical with the dog, but generations of domestication have deprived the latter of ferocity without diminishing his courage. Certainly the most wonderful fact relating to domestic animals is the transmission of acquired qualities from the parent to the offspring; the peculiar sagacity of the shepherd's dog seems, however, rather intuitive than acquired.

That the scene of the picture is laid, say, in Switzerland or the Black Forest is apparent from the slight indication of costume answering to those localities worn by the shepherd, who is also coming to the rescue; and in the winter season (also represented) such an incident as that selected by Mr. CARTER must be of occasional occurrence. A ram or wether has strayed from the flock—perhaps benumbed with cold; the wolf has fallen upon the straggler, and, before even the watchful dog can interpose, has mangled and disabled it; but, just in the very nick of time, "the shepherd's best friend" rushes to the rescue, dashes at the "thief and murderer," and, seizing him by the throat, pins him till dead, or till the shepherd comes up; when, as if acknowledging the natural supremacy of man, the wolf will almost invariably give himself up to destruction without further resistance.

HAZELEY MILL.

I.

A BUSY place is the old wooden mill at Hazeley from the rising to the setting of the sun, as the clacking wheels whir steadily round to the music of the falling waters, and the miller's men bustle in and out, and up and down at their dusty labors.



THE "THREE-CARD MONTE"—A SCENE ON CONEY ISLAND.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

And a cheerful place is the mill when the light of day is gleaming and glistening on the rapid stream beside it; and wagons from the neighboring villages, or broad-faced farmers, in their chaise-carts, come to and fro to traffic with the wealthy miller; or tarry—for old acquaintance sake—on their way home from the town to discuss the rise in prices, or the latest news gathered there; or to have a social chat and cup of tea with the miller's pleasant, hospitable wife.

But when night falls and work is over, the spot wears, to unaccustomed eyes, a dull and solitary aspect. On two sides the little river environs it closely; on the third, the miller's garden and fields extend for a considerable distance; and on the other, the narrow highway alone separates the miller's domain from a few acres of woodland, the poor remnant of what had once been an extensive forest.

Not a house is nearer than a cluster of laborers' cottages, half a mile away; and the village of Hazeley, in itself but one straggling street, lies still further from the solitary mill. But those who once dwelt within it knew no fear. For years they had found shelter and safety under its roof, even when floods from the adjacent hills roared around the very door-step, and isolated them for days from the dry ground beyond.

Their most troublesome visitors were but a footsore tramp, whose thanks and blessings were easily won by a seat in the porch, and a hearty meal; or —and this was but rarely—a gang of gipsies, whom the prudent dame, with a view to the safety of her hen-roost, while they encamped in the vicinity, was careful to conciliate.

Besides, Abel Weston, the miller, was large-limbed and strong-armed; and in the peaceful valley where he lived and prospered greater crimes than the petty pilfering of saucy boys in the orchards or farm-yards were almost unknown.

From the time she was a merry, active child, delighted to help Mrs. Weston in her garden, or peep with awe-delighted eyes into the mysteries of grinding and bolting, Katie Morris, the neatest and prettiest little girl in Hazeley, had been a member of the miller's household.

At first she was welcomed as an amusing visitor; then prized for her tender assiduities, when the dame's eyes began to fail and her once active limbs to stiffen; and, eventually, as Katie was one of a large family whose parents could scarcely contrive to maintain them all, it was arranged that she should receive a regular wage for her willing services.

From thenceforth she resided entirely with the aged couple; and as she blossomed into fair womanhood, her light footfall and merry songs filling the house with pleasant sounds, the miller and his wife grew to love their *protégée* as dearly as if she were their own child.

But her friends were not without that frequent blemish—family pride. In their great Bible there were registered generations of staunch yeomen, who had intermarried with the most reputable and ancient families in the county; and Katie, who had never heard a regrateful word from her indulgent employers, saw their brows bent upon her sternly and disapprovingly when their nephew and heir, handsome Hugh, so far forgot himself as to linger



by her side in the porch at twilight, and to steal a kiss from her cheek as they parted.

Abel Weston could easily separate the young people, and he did so, by sending Hugh to London to see a little of the world, under the guardianship of a bustling trader, who claimed kinship with him. But would this root out the love with which Katie had inspired the lad? And if not, what was to be done?

Hugh was ardent and impetuous, and if aroused by aught he deemed unjust, or even ungenerous, obstinate to a degree. Against his choice what had they to urge but her poverty and her birth? They had well liked Katie, and she deserved that they should; but they never forgot that her mother was the daughter of a carter who had grown gray in their own service, or that her father? ay, here lay the greatest difficulty of all—

Abel Weston had his hobbies, another men have; his violin, which he treasured and caressed, and played with the enthusiasm of a fanatic; and his politics.

A Conservative, as his sires had been before him, he stanchly upheld Church and State, and refused to believe that the party for whom he voted—whether in power or out of power—could ever do wrong. And his opinions and prejudices, strenuously adhered to, and always vehemently expressed, were sometimes exhausted at the White Horse at Hazeley, where the wealthy miller was generally listened to with respect. But Harvey Morris, the father of Katie, a journeyman carpenter, in a paper cap and patched jacket, not only chose to consider himself superior to the farming men who sat in the tap, and so quaffed his occasional pint at the door of the bar, but joined in the conversation carried on by the favored few admitted to a seat within it. And not content with this intrusion, he had on more than one occasion ventured to contravene some of the miller's assertions, and to argue the rights and wrongs of the working-classes with all the rhetoric of an intelligent but uneducated and dissatisfied man.

This Morris, with his radical notions and errors, must be be permitted to link himself with their family, and perhaps infuse his wild fancies into the mind of the young and enthusiastic Hugh? Abel Weston had begun by fostering a distaste for the saucy workman, whose noisy denunciations of the Government measures had shocked and disgusted him; but little by little the rancorous feeling spread until it deepened into hate; and in his wrath he declared to his grieving dame that he would sooner disinherit the boy than see him the husband of Katie Morris!

Katie was accounted by those who knew her best a high-spirited, quick-tempered girl; but now she bore changed looks and cold words uncomplainingly. To leave the mill was to quit Hazeley, and very possibly to see Hugh no more.

Besides, were not they who rebuked her his nearest and dearest relatives? and for his sake what could she not endure? By-and-by—so she hopefully argued—they would see that the love which had sprung up in their bosoms was no light passion which would wither beneath the first cloud in the sky; and, subdued by her patience and Hugh's entreaties, his uncle would withdraw his tacit opposition, and they should be happy once more.

And thus it might have been, but for the interference of her father. Some gossip-loving neighbor seized the first opportunity of confiding with him on the sorrowful looks of his daughter, Hugh Weston's departure, and the miller's harshness.

His pride in arms that a slight should be cast upon his child, Morris threw down the plane with which he was industriously flogging floor-boards, and without vouchsafing a comment to his officious and now half-alarmed informant, put on his jacket and went to the mill.

At the gate he encountered Katie on her way to the village shop; and drawing her across the road to the shelter of the wood, angrily questioned her.

"You have been in tears! Nay, no denials! These purse-proud Westons have cast your poverty in your teeth, and told you that you are no fit match for their nephew; is it not so?"

She attempted a faint disclaimer, but he would not listen to it.



"RESCUED FROM THE WOLF."—BY J. S. CARTER.—[SEE PAGE 573.]

"I have heard the whole truth of the matter, so why try to deceive me! Come home, child! Nay, you shall stay there no longer. Why, who and what are they to despise you? There is more sense in your little finger, Katie, than in all their shallow pates together! They shall pay dearly for their insolent treatment of you!" and he shook his fist menacingly in the direction of the mill.

"Who has been telling you this, father? I have made no complaints. Is it known in the village?"

"Ay, child, for it was there I learned it. Leave this house at once. There is food and shelter for you at home."

"No," Katie replied, spiritedly, "I will never be a burden to you, nor stay in Hazeley to be pointed at. I will go first to Harvey."

"That's my brave girl! Never fret for Hugh Weston! The lad's well enough, but there are better husbands to be had than he."

But with the sound of that name Katie's resolves melted away, and sitting down on a felled tree she wept piteously.

Not knowing how to console her, Morris paced about, his ire increasing with every sob that burst from the lips of his daughter as she wept.

At last he broke out furiously: "I must be a blind fool or I should have seen this long ago and taken you away. But they shall repent every hour they have made you shed, as sure as my name's Harvey Morris! I'll have a day of reckoning with Abel Wetter for this. Come home, I say, at once!"

"Oh! no, no, father!" she pleaded; "the dame is not well; I could not leave with no one at hand to help her. I will quietly say that you have bid me come away, and I promise you that some time in the evening I will let you know when I can be spared."

At first Morris would not hear of this concession. The womanly tenderness Katie felt for the wife whose board she had sat so long he could not comprehend, and was half disposed to rate her roundly for her want of spirit. But she was resolute; and, still muttering threats against those who contemned her, he plunged more deeply into the wood, too much discomposed to return to his daily labors.

Katie went on her errand; heard her delay cheerily commented on without reply; and then faltered out her intention of quitting the mill.

Dame Weston clasped her feeble fingers and sighed piteously. The miller, although more moved than he would have confessed even to himself, heard her with apparent composure and satisfaction.

"It will be for the better, my wench," he said; "it's better late, and for all of us. And now, one thing quite away? Right; quite right. Get into the town and see a little more of life; and if you marry a decent steady lad, let's know. And then the missus shall send ye a wedding-dinner, and I'll find something toward the house furniture."

"Could you, Harvey, wherever you be," said the old lady, tremulously, "I shall miss ye sadly. I wish——"

She caught the warning look of her husband and paused; and, by common consent, Katie's future was not discussed again.

With a strange heart the poor girl all through that day went slowly about the house bidding a mute farewell to the cozy chambers her willing hands were so strange no more. On the morrow, when the wagon went to the town with a load of flour, the carter was commissioned to bring back with him an elderly cousin of Mrs. Weston's, who could take Katie's place for the present.

Ah! they would soon replace her. Perhaps when Hugh married another would be filling her dutiful so deftly that they would almost cease to remember her.

But where would she learn equal forgetfulness?

The mill had been her home so long, that even now, with her trunk packed for removal, the quiet and silent farewells said to those nooks in the garden and by the river, where Hugh had first whispered his love, it was difficult to realize that she was going away, and forever.

The evening closed in; the cloth was spread for supper, and Dame Weston, who had forgotten her counting-house until the last moment, came in to partake of it.

And now Katie remembered her promise to her father, and reached down her bonnet and shawl.

"She needn't hurry back, child," said the miller, with unwonted gentleness of remonstrance in the tones of his voice. "If thee art a bit late, dame shall go to bed, and I'll smoke a pipe in the garden and wait for thee."

Katie's soul was too full of heaviness to make more than a brief reply to this unexpected offer; but she stooped over Mrs. Weston as she sat dozing, and kissing the old lady's wrinkled cheek, whispered an assurance that she would return in time to assist her up stairs; an effort that would never be here again.

It was a relief to Katie to find the children asleep and her father out. From her mother she could procure the address of an old friend who resided at Ashton, a market-town twenty miles from Hazeley. Thither she would go and seek a service in the crowded farm-house where the name of Hugh Weston could scarcely hurt her.

Unceasing struggles with poverty, and wearying endeavors to support a large family honestly and decently, chafed and fretted Harvey Morris's proud nature at his hard fortune. But they had a different effect upon his wife; perhaps for the reason that he met them in his own strength, while she, with more wisdom, sought the sustaining aid of a Divine arm, and learned in the only book she ever read to be patient and hopeful.

From her sympathizing tenderness Katie won consolation; and when she rose up to depart it was with changed feelings, and a determination to emulate that dear mother's resignation and unfailing trust in Providence.

As she crossed the threshold a sudden thought made her pause and return into the kitchen. "Mother, I'll not go back along the road. Betty Jones is standing at her open door, and I can't bear her to see my swollen eyes. I'll run down the garden and cross the fields, and so home by the wood."

"It's a long round and an unked (lonely) one," her mother dubiously remarked; but Katie was resolute, and with another hasty "God bless you!" she sped away.

The night was closing in somberly, but Katie was familiar with the narrow track she had chosen, and trod it unfrightedly, even when the trees clustered thickly together, and threw their shadows darkly across it; and her thoughts were wandering in that blissful fashion of dreaming in Hugh's fidelity whispered was not impossible, when the tramp of heavy feet aroused her from her reverie.

Katie was no coward, and was free from foolish timidity that she instantly stepped aside and crouched behind a convenient thicket. The same disinclination to betray tears to the curious eyes of Mistress Betty Jones now actuated her desire to avoid the rude stare of others, and she saw no harm in thus avoiding a threatened encounter.

The next moment three men in the rough garb of the working-class came hurrying by, huddling together, hurried loudly and quickly, and glancing fearfully to the right and to the left, as if some terrible shadow which they vainly sought to avoid was dogging their uncertain steps. Scarcely had they passed the hidden listener when she started up with the word, "Father!" upon her lips, for on the one nearest to her she certainly recognized in the dim twilight the old but neatly-patched jacket he commonly wore.

But without perceiving her they had gone on; and wondering a little at their haste and the direction they were pursuing, Katie at once resolved to run down a by-path leading to a bleak common beyond —she went on her own way to the mill.

A couple of hundred yards onward and the stile was reached; but here Katie stopped with an exclamation of surprise, for, fluttering on a bramble beside it, was the unmistakable fragment of material which Mrs. Weston was in the habit of folding over her head as she dozed in her arm-chair in the evening.

Carrying it in her hand, and wondering how it came there, she ran across to the gate of the miller's garden, where she expected to find him awaiting her coming.

But Abel Weston was not there, and the house-door was closed and fastened. This was unusual, for the miller, accustomed to rise early in the summer, seldom sought the fireside in hours so mild as this fair spring gloaming.

Katie forgot her admittance, and the summons remaining unanswered, she stepped back to reconnoitre the chamber windows. Was it later than she had imagined, and they—were so indifferent about her—retired to rest?

If so, surely the key was hung in the porch as it had been appointed for Hugh; and, standing on tip-toe, she groped for the nail. It was empty; and now disposed to resent the inhospitality of the house, she rattled the latch loudly and repeatedly, and then put her ear to the key-hole, and listened for the coming of the miller.

The ceaseless rushing of the water over the weir, and the steady ticking of the Dutch clock hanging in the nook by the dresser, broke the dead, solemn stillness of the hour; for so calm was the night that even the leaves on the beech-trees opposite seemed to be at rest. Suddenly, however, a prolonged groan, followed by a choking sigh, echoed through the quiet house; and Katie, with a shriek of terror, fled from the door, and down the lane to Hazeley.

II.

PALE as a corpse, breathless with running, and unconsciously retaining in her hand the silken kerchief, she reached the cluster of cottages already alluded to.

On a bench outside one of these, where a widow eked out the parish allowance by selling a variety of odds and ends, sat a group of men, two or three laborers were lounging to have a gossip and a neighborly pipe when Katie appeared.

"To the mill! to the mill!" she frantically cried. "The door is fastened—I can not open it—and some one is dying within!"

A few words are the astonished men in possession of what little she knew, and they began to don their hats and rouse up a sleeping blacksmith, whose services might be required in breaking open doors.

The widow had now heard the unusual stir, and she joined the group gathering around the terrified-looking Katie.

"Lordsakes, child!" she cried; "but you've hurt yourself, ain't ye? No? Why, what's this on your pretty handkercher?"

Ay, what indeed! The prudent and pitiful woman forcibly detained the frenzied girl, while the men—their faces blanched with fear—hurried off at some fearful occurrence—hurried off to ascertain what had really happened.

It was well for Katie that, despite her struggles and angry remonstrances, those kind hands detained her; for fearful indeed was the sight that met the beholders, when they had burst open the door and entered the miller's living room.

There had been spoilers in the home of the good couple—ruffians who had come to do their work, and killed in defense of his hard earnings, Jay Abel Weston; and his wife, in feebly endeavoring to protect him, had perished too.

Like one stunned by the vastness of the misfortune, Katie stood there, insensible to the condoling and pitying speeches of those who crowded around her, chafing her cold hands and bathing her temples; and a simple, kindly creature, the wife of the miller of the mill, in a burst of sorrow for the good old master and mistress, mentioned the name of their absent daughter.

Then Katie awoke from her lethargy. "Hugh! eh, Hugh !" she moaned, and bursting through the throng, ran wildly down the road toward Hazeley.

"She's gone to her mother's," said one to another. "It's best so, for she'll feel it sorely. Poor thing!"

Mrs. Morris divined something amiss from her first glimpse of Katie's haggard looks, and throwing aside her work, she folded her arms about the trembling young creature.

"My child, my dear child, what is it?"

"Father!" gasped Katie; "where is he?"

Ere the mother could reply he entered, as ghastly as the girl whose eyes were fearfully surveying him.

With a shudder he raised his hands to the light, and without speaking plunged them into a bowl of water.

"Katie! Harvey!" cried Mrs. Morris, her voice unsteady with apprehension. "What has happened to that blissful time when you did not answer? Where is your jacket?"

"I have lost it," he said, sullenly.

"Lost it! But how?"

"No matter how. It is lost. Was it worth so much that you make so many words about it?"

"But there is something wrong. Oh, I am sure that there is! What is it?"

Ere a reply could be given the tidings of the double murder were loudly told outside the window by one passer-by to another; and Katie and her mother clung together in a closer embrace, while Morris, sinking on a bench, hid his face in his hands.

When he looked up it was to exclaim in low tones, "For God's sake, Katie, repeat to no one the words I said this morning. Why do you look at me so dreadfully, child?"

He came toward her as he spoke, but with extended arms she repulsed him.

"Father, they came through the wood—the murderers! And I crouched down and hid until they had passed."

Her mother uttered a devout exclamation for her safety; but Morris eagerly questioned, "Did you know them?"

Katie flung herself on her knees.

"Oh, tell me that you are not. It was your dress, and I spoke your name as you went by. But no, you could not mean this when you said those fearful words! Harvey Morris, tell me that you are innocent, or I shall die of shame and horror!"

The over-wrought girl now lay on the floor in an hysterical attack, the neighbors, who heard her cries and moans, hastened to proffer their assistance. But Morris, recovering his usual acuteness, civilly dismissed them, and aided his wife in conveying their miserable child to bed.

There for many weeks she lay in the delirium of a low fever, unable to reply coherently when questioned respecting her partial knowledge of the murder; unconscious when the doctor pronounced her recovery hopeless, Hugh Weston had stolen to her side to kiss her burning cheek, and that believers raving, added to his previous unfavorable, unconscious, had made Harvey a marked and suspected man.

Mistrust of the guilty parties, who had possessed themselves of a large sum of ready money, had been discovered.

It was surmised that, after securing the door and flinging the key into the mill-pool, they had made their way across the wood to some convenient retreat, but that, unfortunately, he had made his appearance without his jacket. And, in strange and as it seemed, remorseful silence, he had assisted his wife in her sickness, who still breathed, and carried him up stairs.

Where had he been all this time, and with whom? So strong was the doubt of his innocence, that he was examined by the county magistrates; but his explanation, though unprovable, was possible.

He frankly admitted that the angry feelings he had cherished, and the idle menaces to which they had given birth; and allegat that, too much annoyed to return to work, he had gone to a small, out of the way public house on the road-side, where he drank deeply, spending all the money he possessed, and on setting out in a state of stupor which followed this unusual excess, had found the jacket on which he had pillowed his head *stolen*. That, ashamed to speak the truth, he had not or confess his folly to his wife, he had skulked about the wood until the evening, arriving at the mill on his way home, just in time to be present at the first woe entered.

Although many shook their heads over this tale, yet the man's previous good character obtained his release. But the grave mutterings and sullen people began to avoid and point at him, and the men with whom he worked to utter covert insinuations, to which he replied with a resent them with his fists only gave a deeper coloring.

"Mary," he said to his wife one night, "we must escape—neighbors and kin will not poor child let us be moved, or I shall be goaded into worse deeds than they accuse me of. Even you," he said, fiercely "when Katie left you, you turn from me, shrink away too, as if you believe me guilty. God help a man when his own wife and children turn against him!"

The faithful wife put her arm round his neck. "Don't speak so bitterly, Harvey! It now and then a distrustful look come over me, this is not to the mill that night to ask for Katie, and a quarrel arose, only tell me that it wasn't so, and I'll believe you."

"I didn't think that I should ever have to say to you, Mary, I'm an innocent man. You ought to know me better, if no one else does."

"Forgive me, Harvey," she pleaded; and putting his arms about her as she knelt beside him, the harassed and depressed Morris forgot his manhood, and wept.

"We'll go away, Mary. Perhaps in some new home, where we are known to no one to throw in our teeth, I shall get back my old spirit and work with a will. But I can't here! I'm like feloned, every one seems set against me. And though I try to keep a bold front to 'em, my heart gets heavy, and I'm sick of the struggle."

So it was resolved that Harvey should start on the tramp for work the following morning, and in the course of another week his family left Hazeley also. Katie, though fearfully weak, was recovering; and was equally anxious to bid farewell to the scene of so much sorrow.

Hugh Weston had only heard of their projected departure an hour before it occurred, hastened to the cottage and bent over the fragile form of her he loved.

"Katie, how can I let you go away from me? But it is only for a little while, is it? By-and-by I shall come and fetch you back."

"No, Hugh, no; I must never see you again. Even if we could resolve to forget your poor uncle's disapproval, you could not wed with the sister of the man whom people—" Her voice died away in a sob.

"But *I* do not believe him guilty, Katie. He came to *me* before he left Hazeley, and we did not part like men who mistrust each other. You will come to me by-and-by, dear?"

But she repeated her "No" with equal firmness. "For your sake, Hugh, it must not be. If ever my father is cleared, then—but in a little while you will marry some one more suited to you in station, and I mustn't wish it otherwise." However, Katie wept bitterly as she sobbed this.

Hugh said but little more, for she was evidently unable to bear excitement or conversation; and the last words were, "Trust me, Katie! We're not parting for ever, remember!"

And, in spite of her better judgment, she did trust him, and cherished a secret hope that they should meet again, even when a report reached her that Hugh had sold his share in the mill and left the county. Even when months elapsed, and no sign came from him. But these were not the days of the penny post, and Katie felt herself amply rewarded for her faith and patience, when, on her birthday, a parcel arrived by the carrier, containing a handsome gift from Hugh, and a letter—a letter of over a tiny simple locket, which held a wave of Hugh's black hair.

Long before this Harvey Morris had secured constant work at excellent wages; and Katie, restored to health, was the active and intelligent manager of a happy home, belonging to a man universally who owned a splendid estate in the vicinity of the town where her parents now resided.

And out of evil came good, in many ways, that if she sometimes remembered the old home at Hazeley with a sick of heart, it was quickly followed by self-reproach. Her father, no longer the ailing, dissatisfied man, but sobered and steadied by what had been borne, now labored assiduously for his family. Her mother had lost the haggard look of over-work and scant food; the boys, under better teaching and more regular habits, were developing fine lads; and one of her sisters was in training under her own kind and steady supervision.

Betsy Jones's daughter as these, mingled with some secret yearnings to know if Hugh still remembered her, were in Katie's mind, as a few weeks before her birthday she was returning home one quiet soft summer eve watching the setting of the sun from the little flower-garden she called hers.

The parcel was expected to include hers long. Mr. ——, the gentleman who employed her, was about to leave England for a lengthened period, and she was to see him that night and receive some final directions, etc.

So, gathering the wild roses and honey-suckle from the hedge-row as she went, and humming, with a lad for a protector, went up the pretty lane which separated her domain from the garden, and entered the kitchen by the other door.

It was an hospitable mansion, and it was nothing uncommon to find vagrants seated on a bench outside the kitchen door, the food stinted bestowed on all who craved it; and a ragged footsore man limped from it as she approached, and entering the lobby with a profusion of thanks and apologies begged permission to light his pipe.

The good-natured cook brought him some matches, and he was about to turn away when Katie, with and trembling with eagerness, clutched his arm. "Where did you get that jacket?"

The man, taken by surprise, tried to slip away, but flinging-to the outer door and bolting it, she repeated the question.

Seeing that the servants—both male and female —were beginning to gather around him, he told a rambling story of having bought it of a mate some time ago.

There was falsehood in his shifting eye and stammering tongue, and she followed up the inquiry with another.

"Where are the men who went with you to Hazeley Mill the night Abel Weston was murdered?"

For a moment the man looked at her aghast, then declaring with a blasphemous asseveration that he knew not what she meant, he thrust her from him, and rushing into the yard, and through the house, pushing her aside, sought to escape.

But Katie seized and held him firmly. "Help! she shrieked; "this man is one of them, and is a murderer. I can swear to the pouch now in his possession! It was Abel Weston's; and he had it in his hand when I saw him last."

Mr. ——, who was a magistrate, was quickly summoned, and Katie's prisoner spent that night in the county jail.

The excited girl flew rather than ran to the neat little dwelling in the suburbs of the town, where her family resided, and rushing into the room fell upon her father's neck.

"You have forgiven me long ago, have you not, for my cruel suspicions? and now, my own dear persecuted father, the whole world will know your innocence. One of the men, he who wore your jacket, is taken! How shall we find Hugh Weston? he must be sent for."

"Hugh Weston is already here," said a well-known voice, and Katie started up to meet his loving embrace. "I should have been with you be-

fore this," the young man continued; "but at first the success of my new undertaking was doubtful. Now, there is a home waiting for my true-hearted Katie."

"But what is this about a man being in custody?" asked the impatient Morris, and his daughter told the full particulars of her providential meeting with one of those for whose crime he had so nearly suffered.

The prisoner, seeing his danger, turned Queen's evidence; and his accomplices were seized and punished for the brutal deed they had committed; the good folks for many miles around Hazeley flocking into the county town to witness the execution of these stolid sullen murderers of the inoffensive and respected miller and his kindly wife.

When the trial was over, Hugh Weston talked of returning to his business, and it was an understood thing that he did not intend to travel alone. But Katie shook her head sadly when he urged her to fix the day for their nuptials.

"I could fain say yes," she faltered; "but the memory of those who loved us both is still very dear to me, and how can I do what I know would have angered them in their life?"

"Dear Katie," was the earnest reply; "in all that is right and just, I, too, will try to do what would have been pleasant in their eyes. But think you, that if they see us now, the same worldly motives that governed their objections to our union can influence them? Rather believe that their blessing hallows the love which time and trial has strengthened."

The argument was convincing; and after a brief visit to Hazeley, where the tears of the young couple fell fast as they wandered around the old house, and stood by the grave of Abel and Martha Weston, they were quietly united; from thence departing to Canada a new family of Westons to multiply as green, and beside a river as brisk and clear as the never-forgotten stream that still turns the weather-stained wheels of Hazeley Mill.

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WHAT though the loud fierce storm-wind howls?
What though the night be dark?
What though the lowering tempest growls
Above the wo-caused bark?
What though New Orleans' whirlwind,
And Memphis' iron boil,
Again, unchecked, our round your homes—
There's no such word as fail!

For bright upon our Northern plains
There stands a glittering band,
That soon will pass fair Freedom's torch
Alight, from hand to hand.
Before its gladsome, cheerful blaze
The cowering storm shall pale;
So courage, friends! Bear nobly on!
There's no such word as fail!

The time is past when slavery dire
Our every step controlled;
The Copperheads are scared with fire,
The Dough-faces are dead.
A few more warn and trembling ghosts
At truth and justice rail;
But soon they'll vanish with their hosts—
There's no such word as fail!

No tyrant's will can curb the bold,
Free spirit of our land;
His chain will break who seeks to bind,
His sword fall from his hand.
Our Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Shall o'er her foes prevail;
So bravely tread glorious path—
There's no such word as fail!

The time is past when lips were sealed
From uttering words of truth;
Regard in blood, our Union dear
Again renews its youth.
Like a young giant, for the fight
Arise in pride and mail,
Young Liberty essays his might—
There's no such word as fail!

From Ellsworth's blood to Dostie's true
We've counted every drop;
The sacrifice is nearly through,
And soon the plague will stop.
Our prayers and tears, our sin and shame
To purge will soon avail;
Then, crowned with Victory, we'll know
There's no such word as fail! JOHN.

A VISION OF PARADISE.

THE spirit is passing,
The earth is retreating,
The window of hope
Closes over the eye;
The pulse is throbbing,
The breath it is floeting—
Fluttering—quivering—
Lost in a sigh!
The angel protecting
The pure soul is greeting;
The glory of heaven
Illumines the sky!
While soft on the wings
Of young cherubim sleeping,
Earth's fairest daughter
In odor floats by.

Sweetly she slumbers,
As, wafted afar,
She leaves the lost world
For a happier star,
And angels are winging
The found one to kiss,
Who sleepeth in beauty
To waken in bliss.

Hark to their harps,
The rapt seraphs are singing!
As, wafted on zephyrs
The wanton notes stray;
Tripping, the Houris
Fresh flowers are bringing,
With perfume and fragrance
Embalming her way.
List, the glad chorus
Through Heaven's arch ringing!
Resounding it echoes
In musical joy;
From the portals of bliss
To the distance where, swimming
In ether, the lost comet
Wanders astray!

Wake! for thy morning
Hath risen in light!
Thy sorrows are vanished,
And gone is thy night.
Rise in thy purity,
Daughter of Earth!
Glory awaiteth thee,
Wake into birth!

To melody rising,
With voices ascending,
The maiden is changed
To a Spirit of Light;
From her ivory shoulders
Fair wings are depending;
She flutters—she mounts—
She is lost to my sight!
The gates are receiving,
The guards are defending,
The entrance of Paradise
Melts from my view;
The vision is fading,
Its beauties are blending!
And waking—I mourn her
Beneath the dark yew.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 507.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S RECEPTION IN NEW YORK—REVIEW OF TROOPS AT DELMONICO'S.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HERRON, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1866.

THE VITAL POINT.

THE *Evening Post* is of opinion that if the Union party does not nominate for Congress men who will vote for the immediate admission of representatives from all the late insurgent States it will inevitably be defeated, and ought to be. This is also the platform of the RANDALL Philadelphia Convention; and the *Post*, like the Convention, assumes that the mass of the people are of the same opinion.

The election will undersrve both. The people, who have been seeing and feeling for five years, who have endured, at such vast expense of every kind, so remendous a war, are not, as an energetic Yankee remarked, "a darned fool." They have the most earnest desire, undoubtedly, for reunion, and they have the most decided purpose of obtaining it. But they propose a real and not a sham union. They intend to have union upon principles which will make union permanent and peace secure. The defendant of the *Post* is, that States which, by the measures necessary to repress their rebellion, have gained twelve representatives shall be admitted to Congress before this injustice is adjusted, and that the country shall take the risk of their consenting to rectify it and limit their political power which they are beyond the national control in the matter.

We believe rather that the people who have required of these States, as conditions of their restoration, that they shall revoke their acts of Secession, repudiate their military debt, and accept the amendment of emancipation, will also require that they shall not have gained by political power by accepting it. It is a perfectly plain matter. There is no reason whatever why the States in question should be consulted about one article of the amendment, for in it really is, when they were not consulted about the other; and to suppose that the people do so: see that they spare themselves a most serious and perilous agitation by settling the question now, is to accuse the intelligence which they have constantly shown during the war. The *Post* should remember that the loyal population and representatives from the disturbed States are perfectly willing to await the proper adjustment of this difficulty, and that the eagerness of Mayor MOORE and his friends, and of the Democratic party and its adherents, that "loyal representatives" should be immediately admitted, does not proceed from a high determination to right this wrong when they are admitted, but from a desire to turn it to their own advantage.

Moreover, it seems to us hardly permissible for a supporter of the President's policy, like the *Post*, to speak of the "mixed, incongruous, absurd" projects of Congress. Congress has a perfectly intelligent principle of action and a defined policy. It holds that conditions may be required, and it states the conditions which it deems essential. The President holds that the insurgent States have never lost their equal rights in the Union, while he deliberately sets every one of them aside. A more utterly illogical and inconsistent position than the President's it is not possible to conceive. And the *Post* is curiously confused when it denies to the supporters of Congress the right to condemn the President's course in Louisiana. They cite it as a most melancholy and disastrous illustration of his totally "mixed, incongruous, absurd" view of the situation. They assert, and unanswerably, that on his own ground he had no right to interfere except upon the demand of the Governor; but if he had the right he had the power to save every drop of innocent blood that was shed, and declined to exercise it.

The leading minds of the Union party are, as the *Post* truly alleges, in favor of impartial suffrage in this country as the guarantee of permanent peace. And they are desirous of obtaining that guarantee in the most expeditious manner. Mr. SUMNER and Mr. STEVENS would impose it as a condition of readmission, and Mr. SUMNER's proposition obtained three votes besides his own in a radical Senate. That fact shows that Congress was not of the opinion that the mind of those gentlemen was the wisest method. It surely does not prove that Congress differs upon the importance of the end itself.

The *Post* further charges that the Union party is trying to carry the elections by force or excitement. Yet it is perfectly aware that Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR, and the *World*, and the late rabid press at the South, and the orators and papers of the Democratic party distinctly declare that if they do not succeed there will be a more terrible war, and a sea of negro blood; while the RANDALL Philadelphia Convention directly encourages the resistance of the late insurgent States to a popular verdict which should decide to require them to ratify the amendment equalizing representation. Does a party which does not hesitate to conduct the Congressional election this year, as it did the Presidential election of 1860, under an open threat of revolutionary resistance, appear to the *Post* innocent of using the "force of excitement" as compared with a party which points to the massacres of Memphis and New Orleans as proofs of the real condition of lately insurgent States that claim increased power in the Union?

The *Post* is certainly right in urging the necessity of the speediest reunion, but the method is the very vital question of the situation; and such, we believe, the people will prove to be the opinion of the people. From the West, in which the *Post* learns that Union candidates for Congress are being sobered for their readiness to conform to the President's present declarations, we hear very different accounts. Our friends are confident of carrying Missouri by 25,000 or 30,000 majority. Ohio will count upon 40,000 majority for LOGAN in Illinois. From the East we shall soon hear. In Pennsylvania the Philadelphia coalition is making the most strenuous efforts to defeat Mr. CLYMER, who belongs to the school of VALLANDIGHAM, PENDLETON, and WOOD; but the Union men are jubilant over their prospect of an increased majority. In NEW YORK the withdrawal of Mr. WEED's friends and of the *Evening Post* undoubtedly weakens us; but we must be sadly weakened if we are to lose our 30,000 majority of last year. The politicians had their way at the RANDALL Philadelphia Convention. But the people will have their way at the elections. Two years ago they decided to prevent the dissolution of the Union by force. This year they will decide to complete its restoration upon principles which will insure its peaceful permanence.

THE ERIE ELECTION.

IN less than a month the election of a Board of Directors of the Erie Railway Company will take place. The Erie Railway Company is the leading railway corporation of the country, and, under any circumstances, a canvass for the election of its managers would command public attention. At the present time the threatened contest derives additional importance from the generally accepted belief that a party of wealthy speculators propose to seize it. Mr. PERSHEL M. GREGORY, Mr. VANDERBILT, Mr. DANIEL DREW, and their friends, and replace them by men who have not as yet established a reputation as railway managers. We have no means of knowing whether the "generally accepted belief" is or is not well founded. It is said by men who profess to know that Mr. JAMES CRAWFORD, of the firm of CLARKE, DODGE, & Co., aspires to become President of the road, and to institute various improvements upon its past management. This may be true or it may be not. If Mr. DAVID CRAWFORD has undertaken anything of the kind, he is not likely either to let the public know his intentions prematurely, or to fail in his purposes for want of energy or capital. But the story may be a mere invention got up by Bull speculators in Erie in order to induce the public to buy the stock.

On the one hand, it is clear that, to secure the control of the Erie Railway Company, the possession of over $11,500,000 of stock, costing at present prices about $11,500,000, would be essential, and in the present condition of the concern it is questioned by sound men whether at any Wall Street quotation it would be much money as this, would be likely to possess so little prudence as to adventure their means to so rash a speculation. On the other hand, it is argued that the Erie Railway Company is an enterprise of the future; that its capacities have never been fairly tested; that in fact it have never been developed; that its interests have arisen from the inadequacy of its capital, and attempts—renewed under each successive direction—to supply the deficiency out of current earnings; and that if a new set of men, imbued with new ideas, and forecasting the true future of this great enterprise, were to lay the real state of the case before the public, and to announce their intention of increasing from time to time the capital in stock and bonds, if need be, to even $100,000,000, they would restore public confidence in the Erie, and the stock might be saved from the decline which has been so confidently predicted.

The contest, if contest there prove to be, will be one of financial giants. Mr. DAVID CRAWFORD is understood to wield his millions; Mr. DANIEL DREW has been known to raise ten millions in a single day—and repay every dollar. He and Mr. VANDERBILT could take and pay for the entire capital of the Erie Railway without hypothecating a share. If, therefore, they are turned out, it will be because they so choose.

So far as Mr. DREW is concerned, it is an open question whether his friends whether he should remain in the direction of the Erie. He has been for years the back-bone of the concern. He hardly ever fails to be present at one or two each day to the active management of the road. Fair weather and foul, his carriage is to be seen at the foot of Duane Street every morning. And there never has been a time these ten years that the Company has not owed him money. So utterly inadequate has been the capital of the concern to its actual wants, that even when it seemed most prosperous, it could not have paid its pay-rolls or its coupons—to say nothing of dividends—without borrowing money, and that money it has always borrowed of Mr. DREW—because no one else would lend it. To DANIEL DREW, in fact, is due the credit of having built up and supported this great enterprise; and hereafter, when the Erie emerges from its troubles, and takes its place among the established dividend-paying railways of the country, he will be recognized as its real founder. So far from receiving any credit for what he has done for the Company, the stock never fails but some of the papers accuse him of depressing it to serve his private purposes, and abuse him as though he had been the chief enemy instead of the staunchest friend of the concern. His friend naturally feel that it is time to do him justice. If Mr. DREW is to be set down as an enemy of the Erie Railway Company, that concern should stop borrowing money of him, and should pay him what they owe already. If he is a friend of the Company, his co-directors ought not, in common decency, to set the papers hounding after him with charges which they know to be as absurd as they are unjust. It is high time that the question were settled one way or the other. If Mr. DAN CRAWFORD will agree to do for the Erie Company what Mr. DREW has done, we have no doubt that Mr. DREW's friends will advise him to retire from the direction, and relieve himself of a thankless and most expensive duty.

Some of Mr. DREW's colleagues, it is said, are not quite willing to be turned out of office by brute violence. They are said to have sought a considerable amount of stock within a few days. In the hands of a judicious man a share in the management of the Erie Railway is valuable. No salary is attached to the office, but, strange to say, every smart man who has been a Director in the Erie for a few years has grown rich. The late President, Mr. NATHANIEL MARSH, was a newspaper reporter when he became Secretary of the Erie; he died worth half a million. And if the lists of stockholders in the Express Companies which pay dividends of 5 @ 20 per cent. a quarter could be published, a goodly proportion of the names would be found to be identical with those of Erie directors. On a road which is not completed, and on which from one to five millions should be spent each year; which employs 5000 men; whose losses in ordinary running expenses nearly ten millions a year, or $33,000 a day; it is a very comfortable thing to have a voice in the direction, to control contracts and bargains, and purchases of labor and supplies. A man of commanding mind, in the Presidency of the Erie, would be the leading railway official in the United States. We shall see, in the course of a month, upon whose shoulders the mantle will fall.

THE LABOR CONVENTION.

THE proceedings of the late Labor Convention in Baltimore were in many respects extremely wise. The delegates were all naturally in a hurry to get home, having a day's work for eight hours, and pledged themselves to an earnest and devoted agitation to that end. If such a law can be framed which shall be equitable in its operations for all concerned, it will be an admirable reform; and the discussion proposed will certainly test the feasibility of the proposition. The Convention favored the speedy restoration of the agricultural interests of the Southern States and wisely aiding and elevating the laboring classes of the negro equally and patriotic. The interests of labor every where are identical. Wherever and by whatever means labor is dishonored in the person of the laborer, that blow is struck at the national welfare. The expression of sympathy with the sewing women; the protest against the vile tenement houses of the cities; the recommendation for the formation of Mechanics' Institutes and Libraries; to demand that the public domain be disposed of to actual settlers only; the recommending men in want of work of employment settle upon the public lands; and the condemnation of "strikes" are all timely and judicious. All these resolutions show much thoughtfulness and the good sense of the delegates.

But there is a question which seems not to have occurred to the Convention which is well worthy of consideration. The tendency of the assembly, and of the third resolution, declaring it the imperative duty of every working man to organize himself with his labor association, is to the recognition and indeed creation of a special class known as working men. Is such a tendency in this country wise, or is it even practicable? Among the working men, as in all ranks are constantly accumulating and dispersing. The poor boy of to-day is the father of the capitalist of to-morrow, and the grandfather or great-grandfather of the poor boy again. Every career is open to every man and to every talent. ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a flatbottom and country shopkeeper. ANDREW JOHNSON was a tailor. The father of WILLIAM B. ASTOR came to seek his fortune from Germany, and JOHN JACOB ASTOR himself was a Staten Island skipper. Luck is equally distributed, sagacity and industry do the rest of the work. When then does a man among us, where there is no political or legal or social recognition of classes as in Europe, cease to be a working man? When is he to be denounced as a capitalist, and therefore opposed to labor and the laborer?

A man who lives by his daily wages often looks with bitter eyes upon another who lives in a spacious house and drives a handsome carriage. But let him reflect. What is he himself doing? He is claiming that all his faculties shall be left perfectly free, and he is trying, by turning them to the best account, to lay up a little part of his wages to get ahead. In other words, he is trying to do fairly and squarely what his neighbor has already fairly and squarely done. He is working for his own interest as zealously as he can, and his neighbor did and does no more. If the law hinders him and every other man he has an undoubted right to demand that the injustice be corrected. But if the superior sagacity and industry of his neighbor have advanced him more rapidly, then a law to prevent his neighbor's enjoyment of the fair results of that superior industry and skill is only the infliction of an injustice. If a man uses his capital selfishly and meanly, undoubtedly other men have a right to combine fairly to defeat his selfish and mean intentions. But that is not a class distinction between capitalists and laborers, it is only the just thwarting of selfish men by those who are not so. A farmer may be as mean to the hand he hires for a day's mowing as the wholesale grocer to the farmer whose produce he buys. The farmer is a capitalist in comparison with the mower, and the grocer compared with the farmer. But is the mower the only laborer? Are not the three? If the grocer be generous and the farmer mean, would not the mower be a very proper fellow to join the combination against the grocer because the latter had more money or capital?

To denounce capital, therefore, as naturally opposed to labor, or assume that, in a perfectly free country where every man must work for his living, there is a class which can be defined as the laboring class, seems to be a misapprehension. It is akin to the practical folly of speaking of certain persons among us as "our Irish fellow-citizens." The truth is, there are Americans or they are not fellow-citizens. All of us, either in our own persons or in those of our ancestors, came to the country within the last two hundred and fifty years. Shall we therefore speak of our Welsh fellow-citizens, our Scotch fellow-citizens, our German fellow-citizens, our Welsh, and French fellow-citizens? Certainly not. We are all Americans, and we are all working men. And as the term "Irish fellow-citizens" is always used with an ulterior motive, and necessarily tends to a dangerous political classification of the whole population by races; so the term "laboring man" or "working man," as the expression of a class, immediately excites suspicion. Against the rights of classes of every kind our whole system is a protest. For it is founded upon the equal rights of men, and not the conflicting claims of classes of men.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL UNION COMMITTEE.

MR. HENRY J. RAYMOND ought certainly to have resigned the Chairmanship of the National Union Committee appointed at Baltimore in June, 1864, when he united himself with the RANDALL Convention at Philadelphia. He has zealously striven to show that the latter was a Convention which the supporters of the Baltimore action might properly attend. But he forgets that in the call to appoint delegates to it from this State those who supported a Congress elected by the friends of the Baltimore Platform were to be chosen. He also forgets that the Philadelphia Convention was not favored by the Union press or by the co-operation of the regular organization of the Union party of the country. What is RAYMOND mean to be the twelfth juryman who complained of the obstinacy of the other eleven?

On the other hand, the Convention of Southern Unionists was heartily supported by the various State organizations of the Union party. The Union Governors generally requested the appointment of the States to attend as delegates. Large delegations of the most representative men in every State of the party which made the Baltimore Platform were elected in counties or otherwise accredited to the Convention. It was as formally and warmly recognized by the regular organization of the Union party as it possibly could be, yet Mr. RAYMOND as Chairman of the National Committee of the party calls a meeting of that body to assemble in NEW YORK at the very day and hour at which the Convention was to meet in Philadelphia; and he did this, moreover, after several members of the Committee had asked their brethren to meet in Philadelphia to fraternize with the Convention of Southern Unionists.

It seems to us that the proper course would have been for MR. RAYMOND, when he resolved to join the RANDALL movement, to have summoned the National Union Committee, and to have stated to the members his reasons for be-

lieving that the true policy of the party was to unite with Mr. RANDALL'S club. If the Committee agreed, it would have officially summoned the party to send delegates to the RANDALL Convention. If it did not agree, Mr. RAYMOND and those who sympathized with him should have resigned. That Mr. RAYMOND did not accept the Committee proves very strongly that he did not believe it would approve the RANDALL movement. That he did not assemble it, and did not resign but summoned a meeting in New York on the day when the regular organization of the party throughout the country had taken measures to have the party by every authoritative means represented in Philadelphia, proves very strongly that he was not unwilling to distract and perplex the party to which he owed his position.

THE END OF THE EMPIRE IN MEXICO.

THE departure of the Empress CARLOTTA from Mexico was a very suspicious sign for the empire of the Austrian Archduke in that country. Monarchs do not send their wives upon political missions thousands of miles over the ocean except in extreme emergencies, and emergencies which they fear may be fatal. There can be no doubt of the truth of the rumor that the Empress went to France to tell LOUIS NAPOLEON that the Mexican adventure must fail unless he came to the rescue, and as little doubt that she was told that MAXIMILIAN must now trust to his own resources. It is tolerably clear that the amiable young man has been duped. He was a pawn which can no longer be played with advantage, and he will be swept from the board.

Indeed, from the moment that our war ended it must have been evident to LOUIS NAPOLEON that unless he could satisfactorily explain to this country that MAXIMILIAN was the honest choice and an empire the sincere preference of the Mexican people, he could maintain himself in that country only at the risk of war. But while the French troops remained the proof could not be furnished. The fact was apparent that the so-called empire was merely a forcible French occupation, and the Emperor an Austrian archduke, supported not by the consent of the Mexicans, but by French bayonets. The aspect of the situation has never changed, and when LOUIS NAPOLEON, after dire delays and fine phrases, promised to withdraw his troops, MAXIMILIAN's throne began to totter. The Archduke himself can not be expected to remain after the departure of the French, and the painful course of Mexican history will be continued.

That it will seriously affect the policy of this country is not to be anticipated. Long and sad experience has taught American citizens the perils of all moneyed adventures in Mexico, and the permanence of the empire has never been supposed possible. The internal confusion of the country, however deplorable it may be, will therefore not directly affect us, unless a request for interference or aid should be made to our Government. But the demand for foreign interference is usually preceded from the Tory or Church party, not from the Liberals. The most the latter would ask of us would be a loan, the granting of which is not probable.

The fate of Mexico is most melancholy. Apparently destitute of native energy to establish order and peaceful industry, the government of the country has the form of a republic without the popular intelligence and moderation which make a republic possible or desirable. On the other hand, the monarchical traditions are destroyed. There is no royal family whose name and associations awaken sentiments of loyalty; and a monarchy must therefore be necessarily a pure military despotism. Neither has Mexico yet produced any leader of such force and intelligence as to rally the people to his standard, or command the confidence of the world, as the hope of order and progress in the country. And to complicate and prolong the tragical situation, the Tory Church party, seeing all efforts to be dispossessed of its property, maintains the baleful power of superstition amidst an ignorant population.

We can only await inevitable events in Mexico; therefore, with the conviction that the fall of the futile empire of MAXIMILIAN will not bring repose nor relief to the unhappy country, but at least we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that the action of our Government has not prevented the clear perception of the fact that the French Empire in Mexico was not the desire of the Mexican people.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

A CONGRESS chosen by remarkable unanimity and by every Constitutional form, thoroughly representative of the intelligent patriotism which conducted the war to a successful issue, and which will wisely settle the questions it has left, is deliberately described by the President in these words: "We have seen hanging upon the verge of the Government, as it were, a body called, or which assumes to be, the Congress of the United States, but in fact a Congress of only part of the States."

If this be true, every measure of the present Congress is invalid, and the whole national legislation since the acts of secession five years ago is equally so, for the Congress of the war was, "in fact, a Congress of only part of the States." In the absence of a State, or of a combination of States, from Congress destroys the validity of its action, the Union is at the mercy of any State. But if the voluntary withdrawal of States from Congress does not make war upon the Union does not destroy its authority, the enforced absence of such States shall fulfil the authority is provided for can not affect that authority.

But if the President's assumption be correct he condemns himself mercilessly. For he has not hesitated to acknowledge this same Congress as lawful, and to co-operate with it for eight months. He now charges that "its every step and act tended to perpetuate division and make a disruption of the States inevitable." Yet on the 27th of March of this year he said to the upper branch of the body "assuming to be Congress" these words: "I return the bill to the Senate and regret that in considering the bills and joint resolutions—forty-two in number—which have been thus far submitted to my approval, I am compelled to withhold my assent from a second measure that has received the sanction of both Houses of Congress." If it was not a valid Congress why did he recognize it as such? If all its measures were revolutionary why did he congratulate himself upon differing upon only one out of forty-two? What has happened since the 27th of March to convert these Houses, whose authority the President gladly acknowledged, into a body hanging upon the verge of the Government and assuming to be a Congress?

Whatever the explanation may be, it is obvious that the President will find it very difficult for him to recognize the body to which he thus denies all validity as the Congress of the United States. If it is now merely hanging upon the verge of the Government and falsely assuming to be a lawful body, it will be in precisely the same condition next December. Will the President then follow the advice of the Chicago *Times*, which supported the late rebellion, and of the other organs of the late rebels, and sweep the assuming body out of the Capitol?

THE TWO EUROPEAN GAMESTERS.

LIBERALS of the school of M. THIERS in France are valuable for their shrewd opposition and remorseless exposure of the designs of LOUIS NAPOLEON; but their views are also scarcely less selfish and narrow than his. Before the late war M. THIERS made what he called a last effort for peace, in which he maintained the necessity of defending the treaties of 1815, to which LOUIS NAPOLEON has never conceded his hostility. These treaties were a reactionary settlement of Europe after the overthrowing of the century. They were founded neither upon reason nor justice, but simply upon the fact that European democracy was exhausted. They made the most forced and unnatural combinations and alliances, from which it was evident that Europe, with returning vigor, would revolt. How completely this has come so is shown by the astonishing results of a campaign of a fortnight which has remodeled Europe.

M. THIERS contended that these treaties divided the political power of Europe, and that "unification," or the restoration of nationalities would endanger France. The French French policy, in his view, was to hold Austria in Italy and to keep Germany divided. The liberal and national aspiration of Italy and Germany must be repressed in order to maintain the supremacy of France in Europe. M. THIERS was therefore in the extraordinary position of wishing LOUIS NAPOLEON and the Tory party to the treaties of 1815, which were made to humiliate LOUIS NAPOLEON's uncle and to circumscribe France. Fortunately that reactionary policy did not prevail, and by the victory of Prussia the cause of Constitutional liberty in Central Europe has made memorable progress.

It was not, however, under any such consideration that LOUIS NAPOLEON opposed M. THIERS's plan of maintaining the map as it was. His object was to establish a legitimate his dynasty by destroying the settlement which outlawed it, and to celebrate its vindication by an offering to "the glory" of France in an enlarged empire. It is therefore most probable that he did propose, as was reported by the ocean telegraph and is now confirmed by fuller information, to "rectify the frontiers of France." It is not less evident that his proposal was received with opposition by Prussia, and has been since withdrawn. His LOUIS NAPOLEON found his match in BISMARCK, or in this demand and surprise and withdrawal merely part of the understanding between them? These are questions that can not yet be answered. But we have little faith in any preconcerted arrangement by which LOUIS NAPOLEON is to appear to be humiliated. Indoubtedly if he has really made the demand he has done so at an unfortunate moment for himself, because Austria is prostrate. It may be true that before the war he held the balance, for Prussia might well have hesitated if she saw Austria and France allied. But after the terrible defeat Austria is, for the present, eliminated from the situation, and the question is simply between Prussia and France. Neither, probably, wishes to make war upon the other. But should LOUIS NAPOLEON take up arms it will be for conquest and dominion—a war with no reasonable pretense, and without the sympathy or approval of any other power. The question becomes very significant, has LOUIS NAPOLEON found his match in Count BISMARCK?

TWO TRAVELERS.

A MAN passed over the road
In the early days of spring,
When the grandest flower that ever bloomed
Was brightly blossoming.

And never a word he spoke,
And his face was marble-cold,
But millions of men above him wept,
And a million bells were toll'd.

And the cities were draped in black,
And the towns were wrapped in gloom,
"For he is dead," the people said,
"For he is dead, our hero is dead."

Down many a swarthy face
Unnumbered tear-drops flowed,
"For he is gone"—the boatman spoke—
"To the land of the silent dead."

And they builded him a tomb
Afar in the silent West,
And that beautiful flower which men call Peace
Spread its leaves above his breast.

II.

A man passed over the road
Ere the summer days were dead,
And the heart of the nation near that bloomed in spring
He trampled with ruthless tread.

And many a word he spoke,
And his arrogant face was flushed;
But all very low he said aloud with the noisy crowd
When the leaves of the flower were crushed.

But down many a swarthy face
Flowed tears of bitterest pain,
"For he is come"—the boatman spoke—
"To forge our chains again."

He must seek the tomb some time
Afar in the silent West,
But will very few there be which men call Peace
Spread its leaves above his breast!

NERVOUS DISEASES.

WHILE most men are hardly aware that they have any nerves—with so little of disturbance are their functions performed—nervous diseases form a large part of the complaints of females. So palpable is this difference, that it is very common to say of any man whose nervous system has become deranged that he is as nervous as a woman. There is one nervous malady—hysteria—in regard to which this difference is very strongly marked. It has been commonly supposed to belong exclusively to the female, but it sometimes, though very seldom, appears in the other sex.

What, now, is the reason of this difference? The nerves are precisely the same in the two sexes, and their functions are performed in the same manner. But there is a difference in general character. The nervous system of the female is more mobile or excitable, and is therefore more readily made the seat of morbid irritation by causes that tend to derange it. Here, then, we have one cause; but it obviously is not competent alone to produce the whole result. There must be some other causes, and these we will indicate.

The susceptible nervous system of the female is acted upon by some causes that do not act in the other sex, or at any thing like the same extent. There are influences in her case of a peculiar character, from the prevalent modes of training and habits of life, and especially in fashionable female life, to give passion and sense the supremacy over reason, and to produce a factitious and morbid sensibility. A constant and unnatural excitement fills up a large portion of the time, beginning even in the school-boy life, and continuing with augmentation when the period of full introduction into society comes. And the effect is enhanced by the unnecessarily wearisome and unprofitable exercises of the school-room; for the mind has failed to get wholesome food, and thus has lost its natural appetite, and is therefore ready for all the unnatural and unhealthy excitements which the fashionable world and its literary exponent, the trashy novel, can afford. The whole of the extensive exposition of the tendency of the common mode of female education that is found in the fact that in most cases, after schoollife is ended, the reading of novels furnishes the almost entire food for the mind, which is as irrational and injurious as it would be to feed the body with nothing but confectionary. Let education be made what it should be, and the gratification of the natural tastes of the mind will prevent its being driven to seek excitement in what is unnatural and artificial. Not to dwell on this interesting point, we simply remark that the grand desideratum in instruction is to convey into the mind such knowledge, and in such a manner, that the pupil will in after-life of choice continue to acquire from books and observation similar knowledge, thus throwing novel, exciting into the subordinate position in which it belongs.

The ideas which are instilled into the minds of daughters by most mothers in relation to the great objects of life, and the means to produce the moral tendencies which we have indicated. Even those who are in the main conscientious are often guilty in some measure of a conformity to the fashionable world in this particular. Getting admiration, catching a beau, and by-and-by getting a husband—are not these the objects practically set before daughters by the vast majority of mothers? And what surer way of making a young lady nervous than having the excitement of such objects continually at work in her mind, together with novel-reading and turning night into day with late parties? No wonder nervous ills can long bear out a unnatural mode of life without suffering more or less of derangement.

Hysteria—that hydra-headed nervous malady—exhibits generally in its very character the agency of the influences which we have noticed. It has often clamped upon it moral characteristics derived from these influences. These are selfish caprice, a disposition to exact undue attention and even to assert control over others, and sometimes a fondness for exciting wonder and sympathy. The education that enervates, and pets, and allows sense and passion to overslaugh reason, is very apt to stamp these bad moral qualities upon nervous diseases, and in some cases they stand out with such prominence that their origin is unmistakable. Of course it will be inferred from what has been said that the treatment of hysteria must generally be to a great extent moral. Often one of the most decided means of breaking up the malady is to go firmly counter to the unreasonable demands of the patient. She is to be made to know that her will is by no means to be the law. Many a case has been unnecessarily prolonged by the injudicious fondness of mothers and friends acting in opposition to the firm decision of the physician in this respect. But it is not our intention to enter into the treatment of hysteria, and what we have said in regard to it was for the purpose of enforcing our views in relation to some of its causes.

The hints which we have thus thrown out are enough to show that education—and we use this term in its widest sense, as including all influences outside as well as within the school-room—as it is commonly conducted, is chargeable largely to the production of nervous diseases, especially in females; and we hope that we shall not fail to waken up a proper attention to this subject in the minds of some mothers and teachers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONVENTION OF LOYALISTS AT PHILADELPHIA.

THE Loyalist Convention met at Philadelphia September 3. A general procession was formed in the morning to escort the Southern delegates to the Union League House. A speech was made on the delegates' arrival by the chairman of the committee. Mr. Hamilton of Texas, answered in behalf of the visitors, and then the convention was called to order, the speaker using the identical gavel used in the South Carolina Convention when the ordinance of secession was passed.

There were only two or three colored delegates on the floor. Thomas J. Durant, of Louisiana, was elected Chairman. A committee on permanent organization was appointed, and the Convention adjourned until the 4th. A meeting of the Northern Loyalists was held simultaneously with the Southern meeting, at the Union League House. Resolutions were adopted endorsing the Convention. Six State Governor were made Vice-Presidents. Speeches were delivered in the evening by Henry Wilson, Horace Maynard, Colonel Stokes, and others.

A BRUTAL OUTRAGE.

A band of desperadoes attacked and routed a negro camp-meeting at Ship's Woods, near Baltimore, on the night of August 30. The negroes, it appears, had met in a camp-meeting under the auspices of white Methodist ministers, a white deacon presiding being in progress at the same time. During the day suspicious-looking young men were seen about the ground, and at night the attack was made by firing among the negroes while they were at their devotions. The blacks resisted, and the fight became general, the darkness of course increasing the confusion. The fight ended by the negroes, on the advice of the white preachers, rocking safety in flight. Many were wounded, and trunks belonging to them were then piled together and burned by the white assailants. One white man was killed and several negroes severely wounded.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

August 29.

(LONDON.)—The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* says that the Emperor Napoleon will propose a reform in the mission to behalf of Maximilian as to obtain from the Mexican Congress the delegation of power to him to pay the French Government the ten millions of francs due by Mexico, and also a loan to Maximilian of millions of francs to pay for the equipment of troops in Mexico, but that the Mexican Congress will refuse to accede to either of the French magnates.

(LONDON.)—Intelligence received from Napoleon an extension of time, until next January, for the projected departure of the French troops from Mexico.

(VIENNA.)—The Austrian Government has paid the indemnity for the Austrian claims against Mexico, and the Emperor Maximilian has given his receipt in full.

(LIVERPOOL.)—The steamship *Hermann* sailed for New York to-day, taking $67,000 in specie.

(LIVERPOOL.)—The steamship *City of Boston* sailed today for New York, taking $50,000 in specie.

(CONSTANTINOPLE.)—Affairs in Turkey are in a very bad state. The revolt in Candia progresses. The insurgents have proclaimed the assembled independence of the Turkish Empire. Constantinople is announced in a state of siege.

August 31:

(LONDON.)—United States Five-Twenties are quoted at 73½.

(MUNICH.)—The motion to close the union of Bavaria with Prussia was lost. The Chambers then adjourned, to be called together next again in October.

September 1:

(LIVERPOOL.)—The Royal Mail Steamship China sailed to-day for Halifax and Boston, with $130,000 in gold for the United States.

September 3:

(HAMPTON COURT.)—The cable of last year was picked up on Monday morning at 4.40 o'clock. The 1865 balance of water, in latitude 51° 52', longitude 36° 03'. The splice was made and the cable buoyed between 2 and 3 A.M.

The *Great Eastern* is now 160 miles from here, paying out. Every thing is going on well, and they expect to reach here on Saturday next.

Signals are sent through the cable with perfect accuracy, and we are talking with the *Great Eastern* every moment, via Valentia, in Ireland.

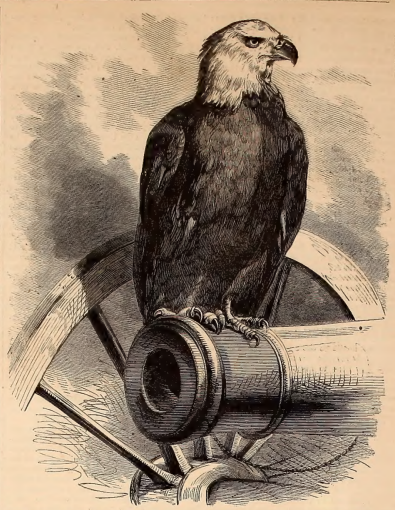
(PARIS.)—M. DRUYN DE LHUYS, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, has resigned. The Marquis of Moustier (Moustier?) succeeds him.

September 4:

(VIENNA.)—The Austrian Government has given orders for a reduction of the army to a peace footing, and the work has already commenced.



INDIAN SQUAWS WEAVING A BLANKET.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



"OLD ABE"—EAGLE OF THE EIGHTH WISCONSIN VOLUNTEERS. [PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. R. CURTISS.]

SQUAWS WEAVING A BLANKET.

"MAXWELL, an old frontierman," says our artist, has a ranch which it is the work of many days to inspect. This farm consists of a grant of forty miles square. MAXWELL'S sheep reach the number of nearly 90,000; cattle and ponies he has without any knowledge himself of their number. A tribe of "Utes," numbering about 600, are his chosen defenders. The ranch proper, or house, is inhabited by the most miscellaneous collection of man and beast and fowl that one can imagine. The servants are mostly Navajo Indians. Two of the squaws of this tribe have been engaged for months in weaving in their own peculiar style a blanket that is to be presented to the Secretary of the Interior. The Navajo blanket is an article more sought after than one would suppose. It sells readily, if a good one, for from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars, according to its pattern or quality. They are so closely woven that water can be carried in them; and as a protection against the chill winds of the plains they are equal to the best fur robe."

"OLD ABE."

Our engraving represents the standard borne in more than a score of battles by the Eighth Wisconsin regiment. Let not our readers imagine that this standard was simply the device for a flag, or a mere material image. "OLD ABE" was a genuine live eagle, which the standard-bearer of the regiment carried aloft, chained to his perch, into the hottest of the fight. When the battle raged most fiercely, and the enthusiasm of the soldiers was at its highest, then it was that "OLD ABE" seemed to be in his own element. He flapped his wings in the midst of the furious storm, and, with head erect, faced the flying bullets and the crashing shells with no signs of fear. "OLD ABE" triumphs with the triumph of the flag, and seems in some measure conscious of his relationship to the emblem of a victorious Republic. Long may he live!—the favorite of his regiment. We hope "OLD ABE" is as intelligent as he looks to be—and if he is, we can wish him no brighter fortune than that he may survive the present disorganization of the republic, and see the return of a real and permanent Union.



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—GATHERING MOSS ON BERWICK BAY, LOUISIANA.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

MOSS GATHERERS ON BERWICK BAY.

THE Spanish moss, whose gray drapery hangs in heavy folds from all the trees in this section, is not without its uses. Floating in the shadows, as our sketch was made, some negroes were while away the noon hour and presenting a scene picturesque and peculiar as they loaded their out-rigger-boats with the luxuriant parasite.—When gathered, it is dried in the sun, the negroes—and whites also, for that matter—using it for beds. When cured by immersion in boiling water it becomes an article of export to the North, where it is used to stuff cheap mattresses, being for a time almost as soft and springy as horse-hair. After it is cured and dried it loses its soft shadowy gray and becomes a dark brown.

JEFF DAVIS'S PLANTATION.

Of this plantation, which is located in Mississippi, I have made two sketches, one representing the Mansion, and the other the Negro Quarters on the grounds. The Mansion is now used as a school-house by the freedmen.

A. R. W.



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—JEFFERSON DAVIS'S MANSION IN MISSISSIPPI.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.]

LAUNCH OF THE "MANITON" AT BOSTON.

THE United States gun-boat *Manitou*, which we illustrate on page 588, is rated as a second-class gun-boat. She was commenced two years ago from the designs of JOHN LENTHALL, Esq., Chief of the Bureau of Construction, under the superintendence of WILLIAM H. HANSCOM, late constructor at the Boston Navy-yard, and was finished under the superintendence of EDWARD HARTT, Esq. Her dimensions are: Length between perpendiculars, 230 feet; extreme length, 301 feet; breadth moulded, 40 feet 1 inch; extreme breadth, 41 feet; depth of hold, 20 feet 10 inches; tonnage, 2348 tons old, and 1448 new measurement. She will be bark rigged, and will have four MARTIN'S boilers 24 feet 4 inches long, two 60-inch cylinders, and be propelled by a 16 feet diameter four-bladed screw. Her armament, incorrectly stated in the *Navy Register* and copied from that into the daily journals, will consist of eight 9-inch guns broadside, and one 60-pound pivot rifled, mounted on the top-gallant forecastle.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

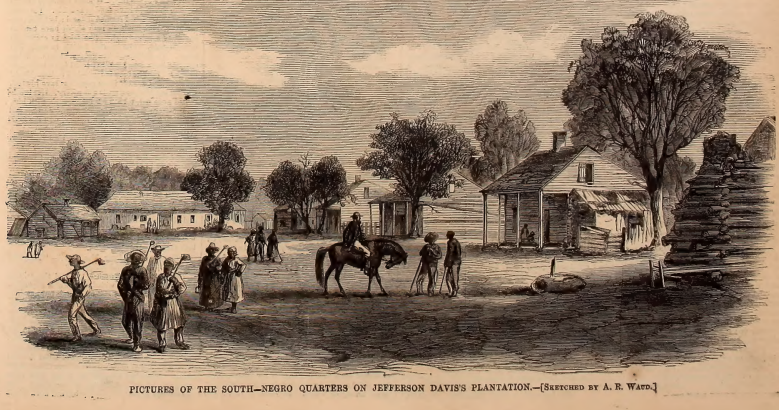
We give on our first page and on pages 584 and 585 illustrations of President JOHNSON'S reception in this city and in Philadelphia.

In a speech made in this city Secretary SEWARD alludes humorously to the situation in which the President's party found Philadelphia. He says: "When we came to Philadelphia, the only city that had not tendered to the President of the United States its hospitalities in the expectation of his coming, we found a city that was disorganized and ungoverned. No Government there; no Common Council, no city authorities, and no police. We found a city so loyal, so peaceable, so earnest, so zealous for the cause of the national restoration and reconciliation, that every man was a law unto himself, and I said to myself, 'Blessed is that city that can dispense with a ruler.'" But notwithstanding the Mayor's absence and the dissolution of the Common Council, the people of Philadelphia gave the President and his party an enthusiastic welcome. We illustrate on page 584 the scene upon the arrival of the President in front of the Continental Hotel.

It was in New York city, however, that the President received the most demonstrative ovation both from the city authorities and the people.

The party arrived in the city shortly after noon, August 29. The streets from the Battery were lined with an immense throng all along the route which the President was to take. His formal reception took place in the Governor's Room at the City Hall. Of this we give an illustration on page 585. From the City Hall the party proceeded to DELMONICO'S, where the military passed in review before the President. Of this review an illustration is given on our first page. The following description of this affair is given in the New York *Times:*

> President JOHNSON soon appeared upon the platform and occupied the seat prepared for him. He was quickly surrounded by his friends, both military and civil. Generals GRANT, MEADE, BUTTERFIELD, HAWLINS, Admiral FARRAGUT, Secretaries SEWARD and WELLES, Mayor HOFFMAN, Collector SWITZER, and numerous other distinguished persons were present. The members of the Common Council and the heads of departments occupied the space in the rear of the Presidential party.
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> The head of the First Division soon entered the avenue from Thirteenth Street, and approached the reviewing stand. Major-General SLOCUM, accompanied by his staff and mounted escort, led the column. He was immediately followed by General SICKLES, commanding the First Brigade. After paying the customary salute to the President, General SICKLES dismounted, and ascending the platform, took his position beside the reviewing personage. The first regiment which passed the stand was the Second New York, commanded by Colonel RIPA. There were about 400 men in the ranks. They marched with platoon front, and made a most creditable appearance. The old Seventy-first Regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel CLARK, followed, winning applause from the spectators, both at and off the platform, by its soldierly appearance and steady marching. The Seventy-first had 450 men not. Colonel THOMAS LEWIS followed with the Seventy-seventh Regiment, numbering 300 men. Colonel WILLIAM LYMAN brought up the rear of the brigade with 400 men of the Ninety-ninth Regiment. There were two or three good bands of music with the brigade, each one of which turned out opposite the President and played martial airs until the regiment to which it belonged had passed. The Second Brigade, commanded by General HOWARD, was the next in order. The General led the way with his staff, closely followed by the Third Regiment (HENRY SHAW'S), numbering 400 men. This regiment looked and marched remarkably well, winning a complimentary remark from General GRANT. The Fifth Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel MAYER commanding, also looked well. Its ranks were more than usually full, there being nearly 600 men under arms. The Sixth, Colonel MARON, 590 men; the Twelfth, Colonel WARD, 800 men; the Eighty-fourth, Colonel CONKLING, 400 men; and the Nineteenth, Colonel MORRIS, 400 men, completed this brigade. The First Artillery is attached to the Second Brigade, but portions of it were on detached service, firing salutes and performing escort duty. The brigade appeared in excellent condition, and was greeted with many applause. General HALL'S brigade, comprising the First, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Thirty-seventh, and Fifty-first Regiments, was unquestionably the favorite one of the four. The Seventh, Col. CLARK, paraded about 700 men, and sustained its well-earned reputation for marching and soldierly appearance. The Fifty-fifth, Colonel LE GAL, also did well, and attracted much attention. Of the other regiments the only noticeable one was the Seventy-ninth Highlanders. This is a fine hardy body of men, who marched with the instinct of old soldiers, and looked well.
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> In the evening the party with invited guests sat down to one of the most sumptuous banquets ever provided on this continent. The expense of the dinner has been estimated at $25,000, the burden of which, we understand, was borne by A. T. STEWART, Esq. About 250 persons sat down to the table. After dinner the President made a long speech in support of his policy. After expressing his gratitude for the reception which had been given him, he alluded to the part taken by the several departments of the Government in the restoration of the Union. He paid a passing tribute to GRANT and FARRAGUT for their victories by land and sea. He spoke of what he had himself done in the work of restoring the Union. He then charged Congress with being in favor
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> ..... said the President, "a department of your Government which has practically assumed and declared, and up to the present time carried out, that the Government was dissolved and the States were out of the Union. We, he added, "who contend for the opposite doctrine, years ago contended that States had not the right even peaceably to secede; and one means of peaceable secession was by a State withdrawing its representatives from the Congress of the United States, and that would be practical dissolution of the Union. We denied that a State had any such right, and when, subsequently, they attempted to withdraw, we again asserted that they had no such right; and now, when the doctrine has been forcibly established, that a State has no right to leave the Union, and when the States are again resuming their relations with the Federal Government, as far as in them lies, we find that when they seek to have their representatives admitted to Congress there are men in that body, who, in violation of our great charter of liberty, deny their right to be represented, and refuse to admit their representatives into the Congress of the United States.
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> .....
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> .....Are we prepared to renew those scenes through which we have just passed? Are we prepared again to see one portion of this country arrayed in deadly conflict against another portion, as we have just seen them arrayed? Or, shall we not make every effort to have all the parts and all the people of the country again united in harmony and brotherly affection?" He said he did not want to let the Southern States back into the Union degraded and debased. They would not be fit to form a part of this great American family.



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—NEGRO QUARTERS ON JEFFERSON DAVIS'S PLANTATION.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.]

THE RIVER.

THE river flows through the populous town,
Where the sombre houses look silently down,
Like sentinels standing on either side,
And frowning there on the sullen tide,
As the blackened waters pass on their way
In the silent night and the busy day.

From mountain torrents it takes its birth,
Where the cool spring bubbles from out the earth;
And on through the valley it winding flows
By banks where the silvery willow grows;
And wandering down to its seedy brink
The thirsty cattle come there to drink.

On and on in its course it glides,
Bearing along on its restless tides
A thousand sails with their precious weight
Of human souls and of costly freight,
And feeding, high up amid heated glooms,
A hundred factories' hungry looms.

On past village and hill and field,
Rich with the wealth of earth's broad yield,
It flows till it reaches the busy town,
Where the sombre houses look silently down,
And a shadow comes over its waters there
Till they gather dark that had flowed so fair.

Often I stand on the lonely pier,
As the silent hours of the night draw near,
And hush in the voice of the murmuring tide
As the blackened waters beneath me glide;
And watch the lights as they gleam and glow
In the office depths of the ship below.

And I think, as I stand in silence there,
Of the poor souls, mad with a wild despair,
Who have sought to drown where the waters flow
Their broken hearts and want and woe;
And I think, as its currents onward glide,
Of the guilt and sin that those cold waves hide.

Oh, winding river that takes its birth
From springs that bubble from out the earth,
And on through the bright vale, smiling, goes
Past village and hill and waving field,
Made rich by the wealth of the broad earth's yield!

To me you seem like a life begun
In sweet fields warm with the summer sun,
That on by pleasant and flowering ways
Passes through childhood's innocent days,
Till at last, where thy dark waves wander down
It is lost in the sin of the shameless town.

And I think on my own life once so bright,
Of the joy that rendered my young heart light,
Of the dreams and hopes that I nurtured there,
Making the future seem all so fair;
And I grieve as I think how those years are fled,
Of the golden hopes that have long been dead.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was gardening time now in earnest. The soft April sunshine began to warm the earth and to stir the heart of every leaf-bud on the trees; and the gentle showers that came dropping down every now and then seemed almost to have more power yet. The birds were all a-flutter with eagerness and expectation, peering among the bare branches of some of the trees, and then betaking themselves to the well-clothed evergreens for house-room and shelter. The grass grew in the most wonderful way; and the blue violets stood with their eyes wide open, full of sweetness and content. In the garden—the large one which was under Sukie's care—many things were already planted; peas, and such common things, as Lily said; and even the three little gardens looked pretty with their pretty promise of labels, and labels, for some of the hardy seeds were already in the ground. "Argemone" was marked upon one label. "Hollyhock" upon another; and Prim had planted her sweet-peas. Planted them with much fear and hesitation too; for when with a good deal of trouble she had dug a trench for them four inches deep, Prim thought they might as well be buried in the centre of the earth at once.

"I'll never get a sight out of that baby, Sam!

"Four inches deep is what Mr. Vick says," answered Sam, who knew the words in the Vick catalogue. "The plants will bear the least so much better."

"Hear it! I should think they would—and be glad to get it, too, way down there," said Prim. "I wonder if they'll be prettier planted so, in a circle, than they would in a straight line?"

"Plant some of them both ways and then you can judge."

"So I will!" said Prim, carefully sowing the seeds "pretty thick" in her dug-out circle. "Now I s'pose the straight one must be just as deep."

"Of course. But cover these first," said her brother.

Prim carefully folded down the open end of her seed-bag but the peas should take the matter into their own hands and sow themselves on the surface of the ground; and then she gently threw in the earth with her trowel, looking up at Sam every now and then as the trench grew full to see if that depth would not do. But Sam showed no signs of relenting until all the earth was filled in smooth and even.

"Now you can go on to your straight line," he said, "and I will go and help Lily a while."

"What are you doing?" said Lily, coming up. "Oh, how pretty every thing looks!"

"Sowing my sweet-peas," said Prim. "That's a circle, and this is a straight line."

"Is it?" said Lily; "I should have said it was a crooked line if you'd asked me."

"But it's so hard to draw it straight!" said Prim, standing up to look at her line, which was indeed extremely wavy, to say the least.

"Never mind—I dare say it's as good as the circle," said Lily, consolingly.

"The circle's *perfect*," said Prim. "Sam drew it for me himself. He set a stick in the middle and tied a string to it, and tied another stick to the other end of the string, and just drew it all round—so."

"For the straight line," said Sam, "you can stretch a cord between two sticks; or you can lay your rake handle down for the bed and measure by that. Now, Lily, what are you about?"

"I don't know how thick to sow these seeds," said Lily. "I sowed all there were in the paper first, and then the holes looked so close together I picked up a good many of 'em."

"Picked them up—the seeds, I suppose!" said Sam. "That's a losing business. And what are those baby-rows at the end?"

"Why, the holes I made for the seeds," said Lily, leading the way down the hill to her garden. "What are those, Sukie?"

"Only my dwarf convolvulus. Oh, I didn't lose any of 'em—I know exactly how many there were."

Sam thought to himself that it was a very loving sort of gardening in which the seeds were all counted; but he said nothing except to give Lily her directions, and then walked up the hill again and toward the fence to look at Clover. Lily's arrangement was nothing to Sukie's care. She smoothed and resmoothed the little spot where the seeds were to go; dug it lightly up with her trowel, and then smoothed it again, and sowed every smallest lump of earth. Then carefully opening her seed-bag, Clover took out a little pinch of seed between her finger and thumb, and slowly, cautiously sprinkled it over the prepared bit of ground. Then making some more earth ready, Clover sprinkled that over the seeds, pausing once or twice to consider whether that was deep enough; then patted the whole softly down as Sukie had done, and looked at one side, and the work was done. With a little sigh of great satisfaction Clover looked up at her brother.

"Will it do, Sam?"

"Exceedingly well," said her brother, smiling. "But where are your sticks?"

"What sticks?"

"Sticks to mark the boundary line of each patch of seeds, so that you may not plant one kind on top of another."

"Oh, I never thought about that; I haven't got any," said Clover.

Sam took up a tree branch which the wind had blown off, and cut three or four little sticks—six inches long or so—with which Clover at once fenced in her seeds.

"How pretty it looks!" she said, slipping her hand into Sukie's confidingly. "And how wonderful it is, Sam! Just to think what my little seeds will be next time I see them!"

"Ay," said Sam, clapping the little hand tight, but speaking in a musing way, as if hardly thinking of her: "it's a glorious resurrection—that is it, dear. And the earth seems but a soft, quiet bed in the sunshine of such a promise."

Clover looked at him earnestly, and then her eyes flushed, and she looked down on her garden again quite silently, for she was a little body of few words. Or perhaps I should say, of fewer words than Sukie. "Why, that's what it tells us. For it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know—we who love Jesus—that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

One little word among all these sweet straight to Clover's heart, and she looked up at Sam. "Who love Jesus," her brother had said; oh, did she?

I can not tell you what joy it was, when the plants began to come up in the little garden-beds. I think the very first of all was the crumpled pink leaf of an abronia, "as pretty as a flower," Prim declared, "and I'm glad it hasn't any thorns." Then in Lily's box appeared a quite different beauty—small, compact, and round; a cauna shoot, with its little tip above the level earth. "Oh, look here what Jack called 'frantic,' in her delight. Nothing quite equal to these in beauty was seen in Clover's box at first; but the pacinth beans soon got their broad seed leaves, which Sam called "cotyledons," and Jack declared to be only the first parts of the bean itself. Then the cucumbers followed, large and strong; and the stocks—little tiny flat seeds that they were—burst out with a pair of large, light cotyledons, that Clover wondered over them. Clover did a great deal of thinking in those days, and never could go near the garden without a meditation, remembering the words Sam had spoken down by the fence. Jack declared that gardening had spoiled all his three sisters, for Lily was crazy, and Prim in a dream, and Clover in such a brown study that you could get nothing out of her. "Except moral lectures," Jack would add, by way of explanation.

By-and-by the earth which covered Prim's ipomœa seeds began to rise up in a most remarkable manner; a little heap here, and another there, not quite smooth but inclined to crack open at the top.

"It's just like what mamma said!" exclaimed Prim, in her excitement. "Oh, do you think it can be the seeds?"

"Not a doubt of it," replied Sam, to whom this appeal was made. And from that time, whoever wanted Prim was sure to find her at the window, gazing down upon the pot that held her ipomœa seeds.

Lily, too, made a great discovery. A similar disturbance of the earth in one of her flower-pots had been followed by the sudden appearance of two little green leaves on a very long stalk; so long indeed that it could hardly hold itself up. Lily thought it must be the newest and rarest of plants, there was but one in the pot, and that grew so fast.

"Just look, Sam!" she said, "is that one of my asters?"

"Aster, indeed!" said Sam, with an expression of great contempt. And before Lily well knew what he was about, Sam had raised the pane of glass, pulled up the rare plant, and flung it out of the window.

"Oh, Sam, Sam!" was all Lily could say, "what *did* you do that for?"

"What did I do it for? why you do not want to grow weeds, I suppose, of 'em?"

"Was *that* a weed?"

"That was a weed."

"Well, I'll never trust any thing again," said Lily. And to be sure she did not; for when a few days after one of the nasturtiums suddenly full of green leaves upon long stalks, Lily began to root them out with an unsparing hand; but this time it was Sam who said, "stop!"

"They're only weeds," said Lily.

"They're only your scarlet flax," said Sam. "Never mind, you have lost but a few."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said poor Lily, "what am I to do! I thought weeds and flowers were different—each by itself."

"No, they are not," said Sam; "but that is one of the things you have got to learn. A gardener knows a weed by sight, and he did it bravely, even when it first comes up; though it is such a little bit of a thing, and may be of a kind he has never seen before. He will recognize one weed in a whole tuft of flowers, or one flower in a whole tuft of weeds."

"But *how*?" said Lily. "Tell me how?"

"Ah, that I can not do; that you must learn," said Sam: "I could as soon give you directions for making cats a nd dogs gentleman. It's not because of their dress, it's not because of their place —you just *feel* the difference. And so it is with weeds."

LOVE'S LIGHT.

LAST year she wandered through the wood,
The Spring was on the trees,
And everywhere among the tree,
The building cushats coood and cooed;
And all around a thousand birds
Poured fresh and sweet from warbling throats;
And she was gay with Earth's glad mood.

With girlish laughing glee she strayed
Amid the primrose pale,
And from the hawthorn shook in showers
The fragrant blossoms—wanton maid—
And making merry with the flowers.
Her merry voice glad snatches sent
Of song and carol through the glade.

Again the Spring was in the grove,
Blithe carolled warbler, cushat dove,
And overhead again were heard
The plaintive cushats crooning love;
Again along the primrose glade,
Beneath the thorns the maiden strayed,
And felt the Spring her pulses move.

But not again she shook the sprays
With glad, girlish, careless rude,
To scatter in her careless mood
Their blooms along the forest ways;
But violet and primrose fair
She gathered in a garland rare,
And lily bells and fragrant may.

And strange and thoughtful mood on she moved,
Until she reached the stile,
And resting there, saw many a mile
Of field and hedge and grassy vale;
The homestead and the cottage small,
Her eye dwelt lovingly on all—
The Sea! Yes—there, the sea she loved.

Last year she was a wayward child,
A merry madcap thing,
And frolic as the birds that wing
Their rounds, and love to be wild:
But Love has come, and every where,
In blooming earth, in balmy air,
It seems as though all things smiled.

And what is Love? A sympathy,
An intuition rare,
A sense that need hath ne'er
Of words to define the intricacy
Of thought and feeling's maze,
A foretaste of the eternal days,
When God shall lighten every care.

MARGARET.

MARGARET GLINT was very busy. The clergyman of New St. Simon's Church—good, abstracted Mr. Glint, who was famous among dead languages until his own seemed a very small absurdity to him, and who was so absorbed in the roots of Greek and Latin words that but for the joint efforts of his young sister and old servant he would probably have preached in his night-gown, gone abroad on one side of his face, and retired in his best coat—was hard at work at a fearfully learned and woefully dull volume fast approaching the epoch of publication, and by way of variety a press of editorial duties rendered the engagement of an amanuensis positively necessary. Such a one had been engaged—a gentleman recently arrived from England—an intelligent man of education, who seemed glad enough to occupy the position, and agreeable enough to prove a pleasant companion to the Doctor in his leisure hours; and having forgotten to mention that he was expected, the stranger arrived without the least warning this Monday morning, baggage and all—what there was of it—and was now shut up with Mr. Glint in his library, while Miss Glint and Nancy bustled about the "blue bedroom" arranging it for the new-comer. Both highly provoked by the Doctor's forgetfulness to give them warning; and Miss Margaret, in a naturally mood, saying so many absurd things that Nancy declared she would be "the death of her." "Two looking-glasses, Nancy," said Miss Margaret. "Mind *that*. He surely must want them to make that nice, straight part at the back of his head; and be careful of the carpet-bag, or you might spill the rouge and lily-white."

"As if he had any, Miss," said Nancy.

"He's like a china doll," said Margaret. "I hope he's not a girl in male attire. There would be a scandal. Now we're all ready, I think. Remember to put out plenty of jam and cake for tea. I'm sure he likes them. I hope I shan't forget and call him Baby."

"You'll kill me, Miss," said Nancy, leaning against the wall. "How you do make fun of 'em, to be sure!"

By *them* Nancy meant the sterner sex. It was a way Margaret Glint had. She was always laughing at some one. Perhaps her brother more than a quietly happy person would have done. She had had what in common parlance is called a "disappointment." At twenty she had been engaged to a certain Roger Ackland—a man ten years her senior—one to be both proud and fond of. Her very wedding-dress had been ready, when some one, in no kindly spirit, had brought the girl a tale of her lover's past life which he had hidden from her.

He did not deny it, and she would not listen to no excuse. She gave him back letter and ring and lock of hair, and bade him leave her. It was like the parting of friends at last, but she did it bravely. Since then she had been mistress of her brother's house, and had never once fallen into low spirits as far as any one could judge. Yet she was referred only the pitying angels knew who comforted her—and she did not repent. "Better any fate," she had said, "than to be the wife of a bad man," and she meant it. Many a one had wooed her since, but she cared for none. Roger was not a handsome man, but she could see no beauty in any other face, and the men she met all seemed so small and petty in comparison with him.

Least of all did she like purposeless, helpless men, like this amanuensis of her brother's. It would bore her woefully, she knew, to have him about the house. Yet when he made his appearance at table she was very courteous to him—more so than to most strangers.

He was small and very fair. His hands were gift's hands. He was not decided even about the matter of cream and sugar in his tea. He took what was handed him, and refrained from helping himself to the butter at his very plate, until some one discovered that he was nibbling dry bread; but he was no mild withal—so sweet-voiced and amiable that he won on her. After a few days she felt much as she might toward some timid child, and was very anxious to please and make him comfortable. And this *rôle* of protector suited Margaret well. It came in a week or two to keeping a seat beside her for him, to making much of him in a motherly sort of way. He was three years her senior, but she always felt as though he was much younger, and, to tell the truth, made a sort of pet of him, as she might of some young brother home for the holidays.

And Charles Lawton was immensely grateful in his mild way. Nothing was too much to do for Miss Glint. He walked miles in the roadway out to the circulating library for a book she wanted. He found, in some mysterious manner, a rare plant she coveted for her garden. He covered the country for her lost canary-bird, and rescued it from the hands of a dishonest boy in a way that excited the astonishment of all those who knew of adventure, and made himself useful in a thousand little ways, morning, noon, and night. But whatever he did, wherever he was, the young man never seemed quite happy. He was always sighing, always looking downcast. Always being found in a brown study on the sofa with his eyes fixed on vacancy, and two great tears in them. It troubled Margaret Glint sorely to see this. It made her more sympathy than she had even fancied possible. For some men to be wretched seemed natural; but this gentle, innocent, effeminate man should be as happy as a school-girl. She tried to cheer him up—in vain. She exerted herself to make him laugh. Did nothing, and gave it up. What could he have done? What could have been done to him? Had he been in love—had he been jilted? No one could answer these questions to herself. Until at last Margaret made a discovery. Her brother had gone out, taking his amanuensis with him. To rummage in his own work, and dusting and sweeping and purifying the library, was the business of the day. It was necessary to do it secretly, for brown and brush were sharp and destructive: though, if papers were not moved, the Doctor would never notice the difference on his return; and old Nancy was in select terror until the work was accomplished. Then, in an idle mood, Miss Glint sat down at the desk of the amanuensis and began to look over the papers. The former was gone, and had been copied in a fair hand, neatly ruled, artful flourishes, and exact margins, all fresh and nice, and pleasant to look at. Margaret Glint sighed, blotted there, as it seemed, in a hurry, for the upper edge was crumpled, lay a sheet of foolscap covered on both sides, thus:

"Margaret"—"Dear Margaret!"—"Margaret my love!"—"Beautiful Margaret!"

The same name written a hundred times in as many different styles with loving words appended. No one who has the habit of writing can deny the same thing some time. We all know why, though it would be hard to explain the reason. Margaret knew. She had discovered Charles Lawton's secret. She stood holding the paper in her large white hand, check and brow flushed hotly. Then the sheet began to tremble and was crushed in the round finger-tips, and Margaret Glint fled the library with that mute witness of love like a guilty thing. Why had he scrapped her with those papers which did not interest her one whit? The manuscript of that dry, deeply-learned work which

was so much pure stupidity to her, as to most people? Was it fate? It seemed so, for thus had she learned what else she might never have learned in all her life, for she knew now that her great wealth —she was a very rich woman—kept her gentle lover from telling her of his love. "Margaret—Margaret!" Ah, did he love her as she had loved Roger Ackland, when it was her wont to scribble his name over and over again? Could it be? Had he the strength of heart to feel so? In her own room Margaret knelt down upon the cushion at her bedside, and, hiding her face upon her pillow, with both her arms above her head, *thought*. She must needs think it all out for herself. There was no one to go to for advice. Had it been the root of a Crown Prince, her brother could have helped her. Any thing a dictionary or a treatise could have availed her in the need not have puzzled over, but this involved only the heart and conscience—the heart and conscience of a *woman*, and her brother, the clergyman, could not advise—could she ask him.

"What shall I do?" she asked herself. "What *does* I done? I have been kind to him. I have been very kind to him, but I never thought of this. And he is so good. Could I come to liking him enough? Perhaps.

The face of Charles Lawton arose before her. The pale face, with its light, cool-tinted hair and hapless-looking, girlish mouth. A face sweet and pure but without strength in it, and her moral gaze was fixed upon it.

"Perhaps," she said again. And her eyes looked tender. She felt a man have looked, thinking of some girl who loved him. She was a little like a man, this Margaret Glint. Large and dark and brilliant. Looking at her you might sometimes think of some poet's young hero. In her soul, too, dwelt a high-toned sense of honor which was manlike: though all men—more is the pity—do not have it. And this it was which moved within her now.

Unconsciously she had won a heart. It was a little her fault, a very little, and she dared not trample on it. She could not.

From her knees she arose, convinced of her duty, and stood before the window looking out upon the road—a pleasant country road, burnished by the setting sun.

"I must love him if I can," she said. "Poor child—poor boy! This is what his sadness means. This is his secret. I am so very rich—he knows. He is afraid to speak. I wish he were not. I could love him more."

She went at the mirror to bind up her hair—that glorious hair, ink-black and glossy as polished jet. The great waves were pinioned in a golden net. From her hearty ears hung glowing rubies. Her mates glittered on her bosom, no redder than her lips. Such a face might a Madonna have worn. It was gorgeous; gorgeous things became it; rich colors set it off. Margaret knew that it was beautiful. When a few long years—years more than dead Roger Ackland back his letters, and seen that face of his, rugged as the granite hills where he was born, have partly pallid to the hue—her mirror should had put her own heart beneath her feet and trampled on it—she had never dreamed the dreams of other girls, never hoped as other women hoped. She was five-and-twenty now. Should she begin to dream again?

"Love is worth much," said Margaret, "and I could comfort him and care for him—I could make him rich. Better mend my life than that let it go to waste. Better make another happy than I can not be quite happy myself." And she turned from the mirror with a sigh.

Ten minutes after her laugh rang merrily through the great rooms below, and Charles Lawton was listening to it.

He sat beside the clergyman and opposite her as she poured tea. There was grace in her every motion, fascination in her every glance. He looked at him as she had never looked before; for she knew now that he loved her. That knowledge alters a man at once to any woman. Before, he had been only a gentle, pleasant-faced man, to whom she could be kind. Now he was much more. She exerted herself to please him. She hoped he like to do so. She could not quite meet his eye. She blushed when, by accident, he touched her hand in passing his cup. Before her now she required knowledge she could have held it in her own like a little child's.

When the meal and the long, quiet evening chat were over, she sought her pillow, confident that she had chosen well. A good if not a *great* man loved her; and she could be his wife. Only for a little pain remained when, in some day-dream, she saw again the glorious, rugged face of Roger Ackland, and looking into her heart saw there a mighty idol—a shrine cast down—a something vanished from her soul forever, which had been very sweet to it.

Yes, Margaret was on the whole happier. Hour by hour in the days which followed she found it a sweeter task to give her timid lover hope. But in vain follow, no conceited "pretty man," was this. Less confident of his own powers of fascination, less hopeful, more humble-hearted he could not have been. That dainty care of person and attire was natural to him. Looking foplish, he was not—for what sin is there? Teaching him what he might hope, she began to feel a strange fondness for him, such as few women ever experience. A protecting feeling, as though he had been a girl and she a man. This strange, peculiar Margaret Glint absolutely began to love him the day which saw her heart the right to pillow his head upon her bosom, to endow him with her worldly goods, to shelter him with the great mantle of her love, and care for him in sickness or in sorrow. Oftener and oftener at this time her face and form reminded one of some young cavalier.

In the great bow-window, looking out upon the grounds, they used to sit together for hours, when the amanuensis was free from his daily task. She at her work, he idle. Sometimes they talked. Sometimes he gave her a half-glimpse of his life. Hinted at a sorrow, at a hopeless future. Seemed half inclined to tell her what he felt, then sunk into shy silence.

"And all because I am rich," thought Margaret. "Can he not see, when I should not say *I* am not plain enough in my manner? I have gone as far as woman can.

Yet she pitied him instead of feeling wroth.

The great book toiled on toward its end and was haply finished. Proof-sheets were revised, columns of fairy words were shut up between covers of substantial leather. The amanuensis was needed no longer. In a day or two he would be gone. Could it be that he would go without telling her all? It came to this. Margaret had taught herself to love him. To be so fond of him that hot tears welled up to her eyes at the thought of parting. She saw how sad he was, and she vowed that woman's fear should not stand between them. That if he dared not speak she would.

The last night had fallen. They were alone together. Alone by the open fire, kindled for the first time that season on the hearth. She sat near a low lounge, he stood with his arm upon the mantle-piece and his head bent. To-day the tastable the Doctor had gone to his own room to luxuriate in the sight of those hob-pressed volumes. The servants were far away in kitchen and in cellar. The rain forbade all fear of intruders from without. If ever time were favorable for her purpose that was the hour. Margaret knew it. She felt in her *say* something to her, sit beside her, take her hand? Surely never was man's heart as faint as his.

Thinking of this, she saw in the fire—something glitter in the fire-light—something that smote her heart. It was a tear. This mute lover of her was suffering.

Margaret sprang from her seat and crossed the space between them. She put her hand upon Charles Lawton's shoulder. "You are unhappy?" she said. "Have you no confidence in me? Come, sit beside me; tell me all."

He sat down as she bade him. She kept her hand upon his arm. Had he met her eyes he must have known the truth. But he never lifted his.

"I can not, I *can not*," he said again. "Can I help you? Can I advise you? Believe me, if I can I will. Whatever it is, if I can I will."

He shook his head.

"God bless you!" he said. "I fear there is no advice I can give you—no help to come, save that which Time may bring. You would despise me should I tell you all."

"Coward!"

He heard the word and looked at her. She smiled.

"Faint heart. I know what troubles you. Why should you fear to tell a woman of your love because she is rich? Have you no trust in me? See, look at me all."

From her bosom she drew the paper she had kept there so long and laid it on his knee.

He looked, glazed upon it, and the next instant was kneeling at her feet. Not to woo.

How he told it, how she heard it, Margaret never could remember but as a dream. Both too poor to woo. His health had failed him.

Years might pass before he might dare even hope, or the time might never come. And his grief was for this, that in honor he must give her up lest all this weary waiting might cheat her of her spring-time, and leave her only a hopeless, loveless home.

Margaret heard it all, crushed by her great shame. Had he known the actual truth? He would not have been so bad; but that might never be. What must he think of her? For a while she was wroth with him. For a moment she could have killed him. Then she relented.

Like a queen she arose.

"I tell you I would help you if I could. I think I can," she said, and gave him her hand; and swept from the room stately until the door had closed upon him. Then, alone in the darkness, she bowed down her proud head as it never had been bowed before. She had taught herself to love this man, who after all might never care for her. He was dead—died of it. But Margaret was noble. One day there came to Charles Lawton a letter from that other Margaret in far-off England, telling him of her new love. A mysterious legacy had come to her from an unknown friend. A legacy conditional upon her union with him to whom she wrote. They need not fear poverty henceforth; and she was coming to him.

She did not, so she wrote, believe that the donor had left this wealth to her as a bribe. Only that the business had been placed had been forbidden to say more than that the money was bestowed "by Margaret on Margaret's child."

These words told Charles Lawton all. One day he shared the secret with his wife.

But long ere that Margaret sat one day before the fire—the first fire of the season, as it had been on that eventful night, the first since the marriage of Charles Lawton and Margaret sat one day before the fire—the first fire of the season, as it had been on that eventful night, the first since the marriage of Charles Lawton and Margaret, and the servant announced "A gentleman." Rising, she turned toward him, and stood transfixed. There was the tall and rugged face; the grand figure, in its half careless dress; the eye like steel in fire-light, were before her once again—Roger Ackland returned at last.

He looked at her in silence; then he said, softly:

"You bade me leave you once, Margaret. Are you sure you will me for seeking you again? I could not help it."

And she had given him her hand. Holding it still he had drawn his place beside her. He had looked into her eyes.

"You would not hear me years ago," he said. "Will you listen now?" If I have erred, I have done penance, Heaven knows! God forgives all sinners. May not a mortal woman forgive one who has repented?

And then he told her all—the evil that had been done and sorrowed over even before they met; the excuse for it; the spiteful tattling which had warped for her ear that which he would have laid before her in plain, unvarnished truth—and she listened, believing.

"You took hope and life from me when we parted," he said. "I have suffered for my wild madness years; but when, returning to my native land, I found Margaret, whom so many sought, yet free, I began to hope again. Will you give me something to live for—will you forget the past, and be mine, Margaret?"

And he drew her toward him, and her head dropped upon his breast and rested there. A very woman she seemed now, confiding, clinging, trusting; and as she felt his arms about her the olden joy returned, and Margaret was happy.

So happy that she could have knelt down to thank Heaven for the bitterness mortification of her life, for any woe or any pain which had kept her free to give herself to Roger Ackland.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

We have had in our political history four eminently critical Presidential administrations: WASHINGTON'S, in the adoption of the Constitution, established in 1787, was first tested in practice; JACKSON'S, in which this Constitution was for the first time seriously threatened by CALHOUN'S adherents in South Carolina; LINCOLN'S, in which CALHOUN'S doctrines, finding support in eleven Southern States, culminated in open rebellion against the Constitution; and JOHNSON'S, in which the rebellion, having been suppressed by military force, and the Constitution and over its armed opponents (or *misinterpreters*, if they prefer that designation), it became necessary for the Government to restore the Union, and, under the Constitution, to guarantee to disorganized States "a republican form of government," and to secure the peace of the country by the perfect allegiance of all its citizens, which had been obtained by military conquest. The first three of these administrations were successful. Under WASHINGTON, for the Constitution, then for the first time put into operation, fully justified the hopes of its distinguished founders, which, in view of the jealousies and often-baffled attempts, had finally secured its adoption by the people. JACKSON, with characteristic promptness, crushed the Nullification of 1832. LINCOLN, with a fidelity to the Constitution and an honesty of purpose to which the Rebellion, in part, was characteristic, suppressed the rebellion of 1860-61. The issue of JOHNSON'S administration remains yet to be decided.

ANDREW JOHNSON, the seventeenth President of the United States, is probably as remarkable a man as our country has produced. His career is a remarkable one. He was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, December 29, 1808. At the age of 10 years he was apprenticed to a tailor in his native city. The circumstances of his early life were calculated to give him an appreciation of many of the worst evils of the Slave system which existed in the South. The disadvantages under which he, as a poor boy, labored as contrasted to the advantages of the privileged few, were a constant incentive to him at every step. No institution of learning opened its doors to him. During the seven years of his apprenticeship he learned to read, but nothing else, in part, we suspect but still more to his own ingenuity and untiring perseverance. His first reading-book—and that was a book of power—was a volume of speeches, chiefly those of BRITISH statesmen. In 1826, at the age of 18, he removed to Greenville, in East Tennessee, where he was so fortunate as to marry a young lady who was competent to teach him writing and to give a first rudiment of grammar. This was the completion of ANDY'S schooling; the refinements of a college education were beyond his reach; the knowledge which he had gained was only among the seeds of a higher and more scholastic culture, fitted him for the uses of life.

As might be supposed, when we find him at the age of twenty entering upon the arena of political conflict, his instincts and opinions are emphatically democratic. His first political success was against the aristocratic element in Greenville, his own town, where for three years he held the office of Alderman, and was elected to the Legislature of the State of Tennessee, from that State; in 1843 was sent to the State Senate, in which he served for four years, and re-elected in 1845 and 1847; in 1853 was elected Governor of Tennessee, being re-elected in 1855; was elected United States Senator in 1857 for the full term of six years; and in 1862 was appointed by President LINCOLN Military Governor of Tennessee.

Such was the curriculum of official life run by ANDREW JOHNSON before he was, in 1864, elected Vice-President of the United States. His political record during all these years has been well defined, and, in the main, consistent. He maiden speech in Congress was in favor of the reduction of the ratio to restore the fine imposed upon General JACKSON for having placed New Orleans under martial law. Judging from his Congressional record, we should set him down as a stiff Democrat of the ANDREW JACKSON school. He warmly advocated the annexation of Texas, as he thought that State would "prove to be the gateway out of which the sable sons of Africa are to pass from bondage to freedom, and become merged in a population congenial with themselves"—a prophecy which had no basis and no verification. He was a strong and able advocate for the Presidency a somewhat liberal use of the veto power; but we find that in 1847 he made a very eloquent argument in favor of the exercise of this power, in the course of which he said that JACKSON had exercised this power nine times. In this respect JOHNSON may certainly claim to have successfully imitated his prototype. He was a strong advocate of the Mexican war, and he opened the agitation of the Homestead bill, of which he was an ardent supporter until its passage.

But it is in ANDREW JOHNSON'S Senatorial career, and especially in his denunciation of the Secession movement of 1860, that the strong points of his statesmanship are most apparent. He can justly claim the rare merit, which few will eventually accord him, of having been the only Southern representative in Congress who stood firm to the Union in its greatest peril. Of course this destroyed his popularity at the South. In his own State he was burned in effigy. Passing through Lynchburg at the height of this Secession excitement, in the winter of 1860, he was grossed and hissed by a mob, who threatened to take him from the cars to hang him. But the *bold, undaunted* of 1861, 1861, exultantly described his having his nose pulled by a mob at Liberty, in Virginia. It was this noble stand taken by ANDREW JOHNSON for the enforcement of the Constitution which insured him the Vice-Presidency.

In the special session called by President LINCOLN in the summer of 1861 we find Mr. JOHNSON the ablest supporter of the apparently arbitrary acts of the President in increasing the army, claiming that Mr. LINCOLN had only anticipated Congressional legislation. Yet Mr. JOHNSON regarded the Constitution even in making war upon its enemies. It was he who introduced into the Senate, July 26, the following resolution (previously adopted in the House), and which passed by a vote of 80 against 5:

"Resolved, That the present deplorable civil war has been forced upon the country by the disunionists of the Southern States now in revolt against the Constitutional Government, and in arms around the Capitol; that, in this national emergency, Congress, banishing all party feeling, more passion or resentment, will resolutely unite by duty to support the Government and the Constitution, and discharge our part in any spirit of oppression, nor for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, nor for the purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of those States, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and all laws made in pursuance thereof, and to preserve the Union, with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several States unimpaired; and as soon as these objects are accomplished the war ought to cease.

The principle involved in this resolution is the key-note of ANDREW JOHNSON'S policy during 1862, and this brings us down to the immediate present. We pass over Mr. JOHNSON'S career as Military Governor of Tennessee, which was eminently consistent with his Congressional record. He was, without parade, inaugurated President of the United States upon the death of Mr. LINCOLN'S death. We shall not here quote what he had previously said about hanging conscious traitors, nor, as is the habit of many, shall we denounce him for not having made the unsparing use of the halter which he once threatened. This journal has never advocated the execution of these traitors, which was first advocated recommended any vindictive policy as against the persons of the leaders in the rebellion. For our words or while to inquire what has turned Mr. JOHNSON toward a more lenient policy—the policy of pardoning rebels instead of hanging them. The chief reason that a deep sense of his responsibility upon the assumption of the Presidential office led him to engage his whole heart in the consideration of such measures as he had formerly proposed, or it may have been the example of his predecessor which allowed his generous nature to have full sway, he have no fault to find with him in this regard.

The main objection presented against Mr. JOHNSON'S conduct is that of the Radical Republicans by those who were formerly his supporters arises from a divergence of views between him and them as to the proper measures and necessities of Reconstruction. They wish to secure the results of the war, and they go somewhat further than he does in the guarantees against the lack of the late rebels. The case stands simply thus: The rebels in arms were disarmed by our soldiers; submission to the enforcement of war laws was the least that could be expected of them—this was simply the recognition of defeat, and by no means involved a necessity to a return to their allegiance. But they claimed that they not only recognized their defeat, but were willing also to carry their allegiance to the Government, and to unite with their victors in such a restoration of peace and union as was dictated by the necessities of the situation, and the situation of the war had left the country. They accordingly nullified secession, repudiated the rebel debt, and ratified the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery. President JOHNSON accepted these acts as satisfactory evidences of the good faith and loyalty of Southern citizens. They recognized the right of each re-entered to their normal relations with the General Government, except in a few very important cases, which were left to which he must leave to Congress. Well, Congress, upon its assembling, claimed that the Legislative Department was beginning to determine in this matter of restoration—something more than was involved in the mere examination of the credentials of Southern Congressmen. In short, Congress was not satisfied with the guaranties which the President had secured: these were only of all citizens to the extent to race, color; and still further, the States ought, by an amendment of the Constitution, to be put upon an equal footing of basis of representation.

Congress decided, therefore, that these two things must be secured, precedent to its recognition of States as restored. Here, in few words, is the difference between the President and the Thirty-ninth Congress. Between them the gulf is wide indeed. We have, in this place, no arguments to offer in support or opposition of either side. Arguments of both sides are presented every week in our editorial columns. One thing, however, seems certain. The difference between the President and Congress must result in a deplorable situation in the South. It seems to be taken for granted there that the late rebels will be sustained in their proscription of Union men and their infuriated animosity against the freedmen; and it is to be feared that a popular victory on the side of the President will tend to confirm this assumption. This is a conception eminently worthy the attention of all whose in favor of equal rights, and who are not willing to forget those in the South who have been faithful adherents of the Union cause during the war.

President JOHNSON has been sketched by Senator DOOLITTLE as "a man of medium stature, compact and strong built, of dark complexion, and deep-set black eyes. He is of bilious temperament, of strong intellect, indomitable energy, and iron will, in whose character, I should say, the strongest feature of all is that of stern justice, mingled with a genuine hatred of all forms of aristocracy and oppression, and a patriotism so ardent that it amounts to a passion, almost a religion." We mean nothing disrespectful when we add that ANDREW JOHNSON does not belong to that high order of American statesmen where stand such men as ALEXANDER HAMILTON and WM. H. SEWARD. While he undoubtedly possesses a remarkable tenacity of purpose, and is to be accorded perfect honesty in his political views, it is impossible for him to command that kind of popular confidence which was given to Mr. LINCOLN. Unlike the latter, Mr. JOHNSON possesses a mind rather impressional than argumentative. His exhibition of temper, his intemperate, and often indecent, denunciation of his political opponents remind us rather of the demagogue than of the unimpassioned and well-balanced statesman. Whether we deem him right or wrong, his speeches before the people always have had essentially the same characteristics—the same strength and the same weakness. He never forgets, or lets you forget, that he is "the humble individual who is now addressing you;" he seems always apprehensive lest we shall lose sight of the sacrifices which he has borne or the service which he has done; if we do not agree with him politically we may expect to be called "traitors;" if any opponent has denounced him, we may be sure that he will return the blow with interest, thus putting himself upon the level of his intemperate and it may be vulgar antagonist. These characteristics are the result, in part, of his peculiar temperament, and, in still greater part, of his political education. The strongest speeches he has ever made—and those most free of the characteristic weakness to which we have alluded—were those made by him in the Senate in the winter of 1860 and the following summer. Indeed when speaking before the Senate he appeared as a very different style of orator than when addressing the people. Before the latter his speeches are disconnected, full of repetitions, and not even his official position as Chief Magistrate of the United States is sufficient to keep him within the limits of good sense and decorum.

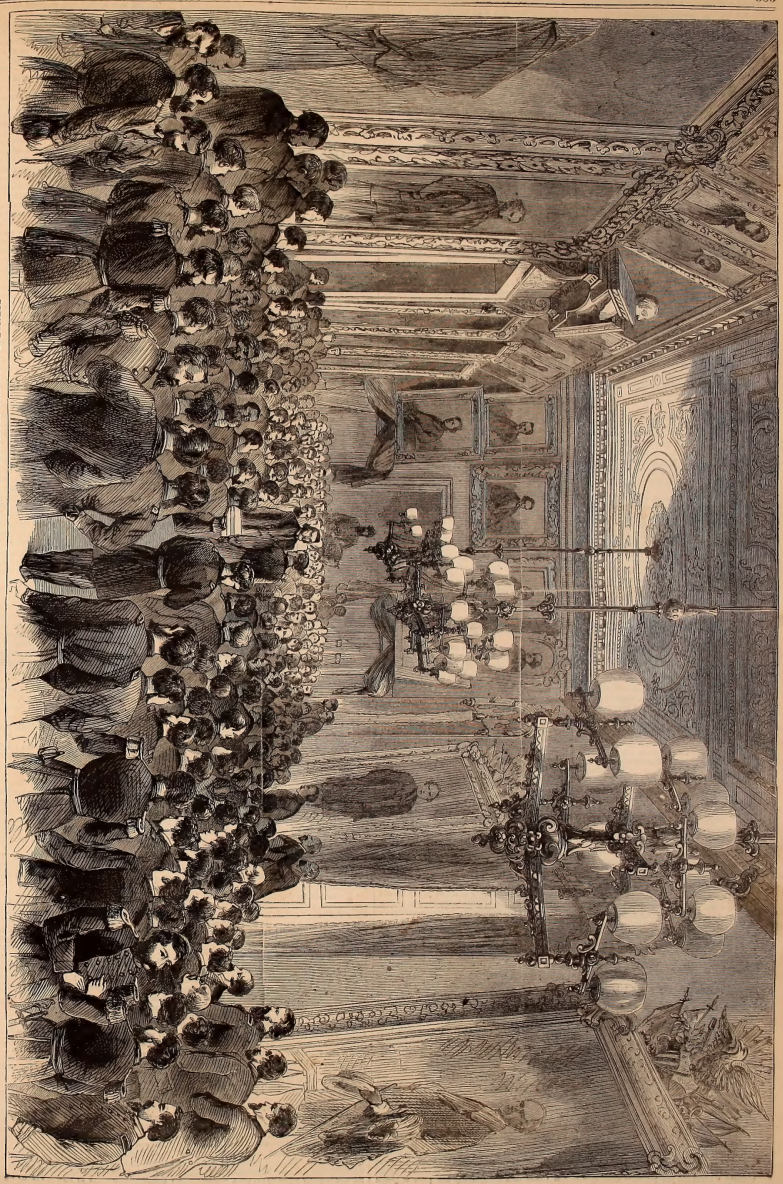
These weaknesses are no arguments against his policy, any more than the same sort of weaknesses displayed by THADDEUS STEVENS are arguments against the policy of Congress. We have always spoken freely of this sort of rhetoric, on whichever side it has been used. Neither Mr. STEVENS's denunciations of the President and his supporters, nor the indecorous epithets applied by President JOHNSON to his opponents, will weigh much with the people. They will dodge this rhetoric of thunder, and decide the great issue which is now before them according to their appreciation of the questions involved, and we feel sure that their verdict will accord with reason and with their patriotic instincts.



ANDREW JOHNSON, THE SEVENTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S RECEPTION AT THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA.—SKETCHED BY E. P. FRAZER.—[SEE PAGE 581.]



PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S RECEPTION AT THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK, AUGUST 29, 1866.—SKETCHED BY C. H. WELLS.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

SEPTEMBER.

GENTLE September, thou art here;
The Graces follow in thy train,
The shimmer of the bounteous year,
And scatter gifts of golden grain.

September, e'en thy very name
Is syllabled unto the ear
In liquid sweetness; and the same
Sweet promise ripens in thy cheer.

We see thee in thy drop-hued dress,
We hear thee in thy plaintive breeze,
We taste thee in the mellowness
That drops from thy rich-burdened trees.

We know thee by the tempered heat
That lingers in the sun's spent rays,
And by the passing hours more fleet
That fill thy Indian Summer days.

And by the faint-hued haze which veils
The vista seen through branches bare;
But we feel thee most when language fails,
By other signs and scenes than these.

Thou hast a token in the sky,
A music in the wandering winds,
A strength in thy maturity,
In which the soul a solace finds.

We hail thee, harvest month—and more,
Thou art the heart's month—and we gain
Of calm content a plenteous store,
As well as gifts of golden grain.

THE TALE OF AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE.

In Six Weekly Portions.—Third Portion.

CHAPTER VI.

ONLY a short time intervened between that evening when Anna sang so wonderfully, and quitted the room so strangely, and the period fixed for Miss Wokenham's marriage. The approaching departure of our good friend naturally occupied our thoughts very much. It was a great event and excitement in the even tenor of our lives; and going to America was a much more serious matter in those days than it is now.

Miss Wokenham, however, was as brave and bright as possible: it was not until the very night before she went away that she broke down, or lost the cheerful face we were familiar with.

"It isn't that I'm at all afraid, my dears," she sobbed out, "or that I have the least distrust of Lewis; but I am so fond of you all, and home is very dear, and every thing is strange before me, and, of course, one must be a callous brute—and I hope I'm not quite that—to be able to take it all composedly, and—and I can't find my pocket-hand kerchief!"

My heart warmed to Monsieur De Beaugué when I saw him draw a bright-colored bandanna from his pocket and gently wipe the little woman's streaming eyes as if she had been a child: could have hugged him when he afterward applied the handkerchief to his own eyes with the utmost simplicity. Somehow I felt then that our dear little governess was safe with him.

They had at first intended to be married in Liverpool, and to spend a few days there before leaving England. But the merchantman they were going out in was to sail sooner than had been expected, and they would have no time to spare. So Miss Wokenham bade us good-by in her modest character that last evening, and was married early the following morning. Dear uncle gave the bride away. He and my aunt were the only guests present in the church, by Miss Wokenham's expressed desire.

She had some relatives—second cousins, I believe —who lived in a tall brick house just outside the town, and were very stiff and stately. Not the less so, I fancy, that they had no particular reason for stiffness and stateliness. They were a chilly, less old couple, sufficiently well-to-do in the world, and were very decidedly agrieved by the fact of their relative's keeping a school. This injury, however, they kindly condoned, finding, possibly, some consolation in the reflection that her keeping a school relieved her friends from the necessity of keeping her. But the announcement of Miss Wokenham's intended marriage had shocked them—Mrs. Parker especially—to a frightful extent.

"You would have thought I had confessed to some awful crime, to hear cousin Sarah," said Miss Wokenham to my aunt. "She talked to me more like a jail chaplain than any thing else. And after all, I should like to know what difference it can make to them? They insinuated that I must not expect to inherit any of their money—just as if I ever had expected it! and they talked vaguely of ruin and disgrace in store for the family. However, I kept my temper pretty well till the hint as to be impertinent about Lewis, when I fired up, and told them he was a Gentleman whose shoes none of the Parkers were worthy to unloose. Then, when you see, it would have been of no use asking cousin Sarah and her husband to my wedding. And indeed they shouldn't have come if they had been asked to, unless they made a handsome apology to M'sieu'."

So our little schoolmistress became a wife, unlamented by the haters of the Parkers' presence or patronage. The breakfast was given at the Gable House, and, at the last moment, when it was time for the travelers to depart, Horace Lee came hurrying in, flushed and panting, with a great nosegay of hot-house flowers in his hand, which he presented to the bride. The poor little soul was in a sad state of agitation by this time, and was clinging to my aunt as if she could never part from her, but she smiled through her tears when she saw Horace. He was always a great favorite of hers. "My goodness!" said she, with a spark of her old vivacity, "where did you get those glorious flowers? But your face is as bright as they are. I scarcely hoped to see you again. I thought you were at your father's for the week."

"Did you suppose I would let you leave Willborough without saying good-by?" returned Horace. "I was up at six o'clock this morning, now sacking the green-houses at the Hall. When I told the head gardener that I wanted some flowers to give to a bride, he took quite an interest in their selection, and said I was to gather what I chose. I galloped the new mare nearly all the way into Willborough. And now you must pay me for my pop," Madame de Beaugué."

To see the start the little woman gave when he called her by her new name! She put her hands in his, and stood on tip-toe to be kissed, saying, "God bless you, my dear boy! I shall always like you, and keep you in remembrance by side with our beloved friends at the Gable House. You know I can not express a higher regard than that for any one."

More kisses and embraces, confused farewells, promises to write, thanks, tears, blessings, and our dear old friend was gone. The last glimpse I had of her showed me her small form being lifted into the fly by my uncle's strong arms. Good, true friend! As large of heart as she was tiny of stature. What a giantess would Miss Wokenham have been if her soul and body had borne proportion to one another!

For some days after the marriage the whole household seemed unsettled and out of joint, and even about from the house to the gardens, and from the gardens to the orchard, and about and about, in a most desultory manner.

Old Stock had been forced so far to yield to age and rheumatism as to accept the assistance of a permanent under-gardener. And to him we turn our directions, and spare him the hardest part of the outdoor work. It was a rare trial to him, until he discovered a mine of comfort in the clogged and unnamed total incapacity of his assistant. This inexhaustible theme for grumbling seemed to afford him more enjoyment than any he could find in his pipe. "Good-morning, Stock," said I to him, a few days after Miss Wokenham's wedding. "What sort of a spring are we likely to have, do you think, judging by looking with you here?" He was standing in the kitchen garden—leaning on a great brown knotted stick, scarcely browner or more knotted than his hands—inspecting the labors of his subordinate, who was digging up a great potato-bed. It was one of Stock's characteristic mornings, and he was unable to candle a spade himself.

"Spring, Miss Margit," growled the old man; "The spring'll be likely to be sure. The Lord'll look after that. But as to how things is looking here, why however is things *like* to look, when the master's away, and there's no sight of Bill Green? In course I knows my duety:" Stock was always comfortably satisfied on that point: "I does my'n's create out plain. I've been hard out on a man as has served the master forty year, fur to see the soil turned up in that there bed as it ought to be turned up; it's a liable bit if the master ordains as Bill Green is to spoon the herth instead of digging it, why, so spooned the herth must be."

"Don't be hard on Green, Stock," said I; "he'll improve, no doubt, with all the pains you will take to teach him."

"Pains! Ah, great pains an' little gains. Jist look at him now, Miss Margrit, a-standin' gapin' like a stuck pig, instead of a-hoeing of the weeds. Didn't ye never see a young lady afore, ye great gaby?"

"I've see'd lots on 'em," returned Bill Green: a blue-eyed stolid young fellow, upon whom Stock's sarcasm and scolding appeared equally powerless to produce impression.

"Oh, ye have, have ye? Then what are you standin' starin' at? Why don't ye try to do sum'at to turn your dull face to sum'at like common?"

"I've digged this here bed, an' I dunno what's to do next," said Green.

Stock turned to me humbly for instruction.

"Ye see, ye see, Miss Margrit! That's the way: He ain't got no more notion of his dueties nor a baby. It's a mercy that they had no notion at all, or he'd be about to look after him. Come here along wi' me, Bill Green, and I'll pint out what mischief you and your spoon is to do next. Bring your spoon along with you. Not as the Lord wills that the article should ever be missing where you are!" And the old man hobbled away to another part of his domains, followed by Bill Green, who confidentially believed himself a great deal more ill-used.

Horace greatly relished Stock's eccentricities and I got into the habit of treasuring up his odd sayings and doings, to amuse the invalid on her return. Horace was really witty. I have never known a more amusing companion than he could be when once he knew you well enough to care for you for a time. He sometimes had fits of wild spirits that kept uncle Gough in roars of laughter. But then, too, he was always well enough to care sympathy with any thing sad. The tears would spring to his eyes in a moment at hearing a plaintive tune or a pathetic story. He really could relate to give to a beggar, and was as tender as a woman with aged people and little children. Uncle Gough used to say of Horace Lee that he was "a trump," and not a bad No. "Wants ballast a bit, does the laddie," said uncle. "But, Lord help us! We all grow hard soon enough; and it's a pity a young person is worse than an old head upon young shoulders."

CHAPTER VII.

GRADUALLY I grew to join the thought of Horace with every incident in my life. When the lilies of the valley first peeped up under the shady side of the moss-grown orchard wall, I said to myself: "How Horace will like to see them!"—for he loved flowers dearly. When old Dran, the watch-dog, crawled feebly into the parlor, one day for the first and last time in his life, and died with his faithful head on my uncle's feet, I thought, amidst my tears: "How Horace will grieve for Bran." If I wore a brighter ribbon than usual, or any new piece of girlish finery, I secretly wondered, "How will Horace like it?" I suppose this was "falling in love," but I did not know it. It was rather growing into love, gradually and gently, as the love of kindred—father, mother, brothers, sisters—grows up in our hearts, until it becomes a part of our nature, and we can no more remember when it was not there, than we can recall the days of our earliest infancy. Mine was not a passionate nature, but it was a clinging one. Love, with me, was not the fierce devouring overmastering feeling that I had seen it in others. It grew to be a part of me: an ever-present, steady, strong affection, that claimed no passionate expression nor violent outbursts, but that lived in my life, and entwined itself in my being. It took root in my permanent and deepest heart of hearts. Yes, it was love that I felt for Horace Lee; a real, true, undying love, and one which has lasted long life has known those youthful days and this present time in which I write, and oh, my Lucy, for whom I write, I love him to this hour!

Although I can now, on looking back, clearly understand my own feelings, you must therefore not suppose that I did so at nineteen. I never thought of "questioning my heart," or "analyzing my love consciousness," or attempting any of the profound metaphysical problems which—the circulating library informs us—the girls of this generation are occupied with. Innocent, that sometimes I feel almost afraid lest they should "analyze" all their emotions away, or lose the sweet unconsciousness that is their charm, and leave only a little earthy deposit at the bottom of the crucible. But when I look around me and see eyes as bright and faces as fresh as those other eyes and faces, and cheeks I saw so long ago, I believe that fresh, unsophisticated hearts come, according to the goodness of God, as much in each naturally as the sad diseases; and I revert to my old comforting conviction, that when youth and love quite go out of the world the world itself will have got too.

I look back on that girl at the Gable House as on another creature. I smile at her follies and simplicities, and, now and then, shed a tear over some of the bitter days that lie before her. Ah, how young she seems with her nineteen years, and how old am I, Aunt Margaret!

Well! As I have said, Horace Lee became the central figure in my life, his presence made me quietly glad, and my uncle and dear guardians and benefactors the better that they also loved him. "But it was all unconscious, or at least without thought, in my girlish, ignorant way. I was not of the house, and uncle used to call him and Anna his two spoiled bairns. Anna had given way to no outbursts of temper since that stormy night of her willfulness about the singing, and we hoped that, as she grew older, she was gaining self-control and gentleness. My thoughts did not proceed to what Miss Wokenham had said to me on that same evening, and I remained blissfully unconscious of the future, unforeseen, or fancied she foresaw. I came at last to the conclusion that she dreaded trouble for us all from Anna's unpromising disposition, as she well had, how unchecked by firm opposition that fiery spirit had been from babyhood. I wished that our good friend could have known how pleasant a change had come over my sister within the last two months. I mentally resolved to give her a glowing account of Anna's improvement in my next letter to Canada, so as to convey to her that I understood what she had meant by her warning, and to assure her that her anxiety was quite unwarranted and needless. Altogether, that winter evening was frequently in my mind, for from it I dated the loss of my little hair chain. The chain was made for it on the following morning, but vainly; and then the preparations for our old schoolmistress's wedding left no leisure for regrets at all, from the kitchen-maid up to dear Aunt Gough.

Old Mr. Lee came occasionally to see us, and to express in his courtly way his sense of their kindness and hospitality toward his son.

"Horace is doing well at Rotherwood," said the old gentleman to me, one day, so they tell me. Sir Robert"—this was the great baronet, Mr. Lee's employer—"Sir Robert sent for Horace to the Hall about some little matter of horse-breeding, I believe, the draining of Meadow Leas, and Sir Robert had him into the drawing-room—into the drawing-room, my lady was sitting—and made him stop to luncheon."

We were all uncomfortably dumb in a moment, and I felt my face crimsoning at him, that Horace was crimson. But Mr. Lee went on in his usual self-satisfied way, in happy ignorance of the misery we were feeling.

"He staid in the drawing-room, where my lady was, full twenty minutes—from that to half an hour, so they tell me, I believe—and shook hands with him when he came away. Very gratifying. But they always have been pleased to entertain a great deal more than ordinary civility for him."

Somehow or other the fonder I grew of Horace the more I shrank from Mr. Lee. I must have appeared a perfect fool at times, or a perfect pail of silence and shyness seemed to envelop me from head to foot when I was in his presence. Anna, on the contrary, who always felt less diffident than I—and with good reason, for she was a bright, winning creature, with the lively, frank manner that had never known a chill or a cold—Anna would laugh and chat and play off her pretty airs on the old gentleman with astonishing vivacity. He admired her vastly, and called her a "charmer" and a "sylph," and "nymph," and "cruel charmers," and fair "endeavors" compliments over which Anna used to go into fits of laughter when we got home, and which I considered to be ridiculous. But she seemed determined to fascinate Mr. Lee, and she certainly succeeded.

One day, when the spring was pretty far advanced, and the young leaves and the tender grass had put forth their first fresh delicious green, Mr. Lee appeared at the Gable House early in the forenoon. He had his chaise at the door, he said, and was come to ask my aunt to do him the honor of taking a drive. She had been ailing somewhat during the last week, and he thought that the bright sun and fresh air would do her good.

"Do go, dear aunty," said we; and my uncle joined us in urging her.

"I will take you to a farm of one of Sir Robert's tenants, where I have business," said Mr. Lee, "and the good people of the house will be proud to offer you some homely refreshment, as a friend of mine. I am to sleep in Willborough to-night, and will drive you back before it grows dark. There is—when I there is a third seat behind, and if one of the young ladies would accompany us—"

It was comical to see the look he gave me. It said "don't accompany us," so plainly. I involuntarily answered the look, by exclaiming: "Oh no, of course Anna will go." But Anna wished me to have the pleasure of the drive, and protested that she never cared to go and leave me at home. "That is nonsense, dear," said I. "Do you go, and take care of aunty, and make her wrap up. I'll stay with Lee, he will take me some other day." A proposal to which Mr. Lee, in his gladness at escaping my companionship for the present, politely and even cordially assented. So it was settled that Anna should go; and I helped to put warm wraps into the little chaise, in case the spring evening should turn chilly as they came home; and I stood watching them as they drove away—Anna's dark ringlets waving about her pretty face, and her mouth pursed up into a ridiculous grimace in imitation of the unconscious Mr. Lee, who sat upright and stately before her.

There was never lack of occupation at the Gable House. Aunt Gough had made us familiar with all housewifely lore, and both my sister and I were proud of our skill as housekeepers. My morning, therefore, passed busily away. After giving my uncle his early dinner and seeing him satisfied with his pipe and the London newspaper in the dining-room, I took my knitting and went into the garden to enjoy the brightness of the afternoon. soon. I wandered all over the grounds, through the shrubbery, into the orchard where the happy child birds were chirping and twittering in the gnarled old fruit-trees. I marked the early flowers dotting the borders with brilliant spots of color; and I peered with keen interest at the promise of a great plenty of roses displayed by the standard trees upon the lawn. It was all so dear and so familiar to me! I knew every nook in the grass, every time-tinted patch in the old brick walls, every shrub, every bough, nay, almost every leaf. As I came slowly from the orchard, I stopped to pick a bunch of broad-faced daisies that grew luxuriantly on a tiny green mound in a sunny corner of the shrubbery. It was a little mound, with a white upright stone at one end of it, whereon the goodwife Stock had engraven, "Little Vixen lies beneath it, her fiery barkings and quaint gambols stilled forever. "Vic," said I, half aloud, "I am glad to know you were once very happy little dog." And then I began to think of our childish days when Anna and Vic were such fast friends and playmates. I remembered the great battle outside of the porch and Stock's signal defeat, and then I thought of my discomfitures and poor Dolly's deadly attack. Dolly! I said to the said poor Dolly's ornament. I went inside it and sat down. Though it was yet early in the year, the afternoon sun falling on that side of the house and beating in the open space of gravel—still the pride of Stock's heart—made the shade pleasant. The click of my knitting-needles grew slower and slower, and at last ceased. And I had fallen into a drowsy kind of reverie. I was given to day-dreams then. All sorts of pictures of my childhood's days, and of the places and places I knew, came into my head and passed away to be succeeded by other pictures. I was conscious of a very kind of curiosity as to what I should see next, when I heard a step on the gravel-path. It was not old Stock's heavy tread this time, but a light young footfall. And I will know whose.

"I thought I should find you here," said Horace, coming out of the sunlight to my side.

"Did you?" I said, rising. As the porch before, this year; but this lovely afternoon tempted me. Aunty and Anna are gone to drive with your father."

"Yes, I know it. I am glad Mrs. Gough consented to go. I believe the air will do her good."

He had come very eagerly for me, I thought he had been seeking me, wishing to say something; but now he sat silent, trifling with the ball of knitting-worsted that had fallen on my lap. I was ashamed that he had an absent trick of turning and twisting things in his fingers.

"What have you been doing new reminds me," I told him, "of my hair chain. Do you know I have never been able to find it since that night when you made Anna nervous by playing with it? Isn't it strange?"

He put his hand into his breast and turned his eyes upon me with a look that made my color rise and my heart beat faster.

"Margaret"—oh the tenderness in his voice! how sweet it sounded!—"Margaret, shall I tell you something? Here is your chain. I have had it next my heart ever since that night." He drew it from his breast as he spoke. A great joy began to flood my soul, but it was my nature to distrust such happiness. I could not accept it all at once: it seemed too great, too unreal to me. So I tremblingly held out my hand for the chain, with a slight exclamation of surprise.

"No," said Horace, drawing nearer to me, "not till you have heard why I took it. You have not asked me that, Margaret. Do you know?"

I shook my head. I was speaking.

"Can you guess?"

My tears began to blind me, and I could not keep down a sob. He threw his arms around me and held me to his breast.

"Because I had been yours; because it had clasped your throat; because the poorest ribbon you could wear, the glove that had touched your hand, the flower you had gathered and thrown away, would be dear and precious to me; because I love you, Margaret!"

Oh those words, those dear, dear words! Oh that happy time, that happy, happy time!

"Horace," I whispered, after a while, "Prince and Goldenheart is come at last." For he knew the

story of my childish play, and had often laughed over it with me.

"Is it Prince Goldenheart?" he said. "Well; he should have a heart of gold who woos my Margaret. Thank God, at all events, there is no wicked fairy to blight my gentle Princess, or to stand between her and her love."

As he spoke a shadow blotted out the evening light, and when it had passed the sun had set.

"What was that?" I asked, looking up.

"Why, they have come home! Is it so late? It was your sister Anna."

"They have come home? Then they must have driven round into the stable-yard, and come into the house by the back way. I dare say Anna was looking for me. I must go now, Horace. Please let me."

I felt much as the child of twelve years before had felt, when my books, personifying the work-a-day world of reality, broke in upon her fairy story. We had been dreaming such a beautiful dream, Horace and I, all to ourselves, that for the moment it seemed a hardship to come out of that enchanted realm and face the common aspect of accustomed things. "Let me one instant, Margaret?" He held both my hands clasped in one of his, and stood with his other hand laid softly on my head, looking down upon me.

Aunty will wonder what has become of me."

"Answer me this one question. Do you really, really love me?"

"Oh, Horace! have I not said so?"

"Say it again! Once more—only once more."

"May I go if I say it again? Do you promise?"

I promise, darling."

I released myself from his hold, and drew down the hand that rested on my head; then, leaning my two hands upon his shoulders, I raised my face to his and kissed him; darting away next moment at full speed, and never stopping until I had flown across the hall, and through the stone-flagged passage that led to the morning-room. I paused outside the door, suddenly conscious of flushed cheeks and dishevelled hair, and waiting from my self-possession, I heard voices laughing and talking within, and, reassured by the conviction that they were not thinking of me, I stole up to my own chamber to bathe my face and smooth my hair. When I came down again and entered the morning-room the tea-table was spread and Horace was seated beside my aunt, who was leaning back in her large arm-chair with an air of weariness. Anna was there, and my uncle was there, and Mr. Lee.

"Dear aunty, are you tired? Have you had a pleasant day?" said I, hastening to her.

"Where have you been, Madge, my love? Anna was looking for you. Will you make the tea, and offer Mr. Lee some cold meat? I had a very agreeable drive, but I am thought tired now, my dear."

So the business of the tea-table came opportunely to cover my confusion. After I had attended to our guest I found courage to glance at Horace. He had been waiting on my aunt, holding her tea-cup, drawing forward a folding cushion beneath her feet, now he sat beside her, with his handsome head bent down to listen to her soft, slow speech. How I loved him! How beautiful the gentle deference of his youth and strength to her weakness and age appeared in my eyes! Anna was chatting gayly with Uncle Gough and Mr. Lee; but she kept looking across at my aunt and Horace, as if she too thought the picture they presented a pleasant one.

"We have been to such a dear old farm-house, Madge," said Anna. "Such a quaint, queer, uncomfortable, picturesque old place! Meadow Leas it is called. The drive there is pretty too. I did so enjoy it."

"The good farmer and his dame were truly proud and delighted to entertain Mrs. Gough and your sister," said Mr. Lee. "Hospitable, kind souls, poor things!"

"Hospitable! Yes, indeed, Madge. I never saw such heaps of food as they spread on the table. Pies, and cheese, and cream, and ham, and butter, and ale, and bread. I was frightened when I saw the piled up platter of rabbit pasty they put before me. And they expected me to eat it all!"

"You must go some day, Margaret dear," said my aunt. "I'm sure you would enjoy it. Farmer Gibson and his wife have all manner of pets that you would delight in."

Old Mr. Lee was to sleep at the Blue Bell, where he always put up when he came to Willborough; and he withdrew early.

"I have business to attend to to-morrow that will cause me to be up betimes, my good madam," he said to aunt in his tiresome way. "I will therefore excuse me if I take my leave now. Late hours do not suit me. They interfere with that clearness of brain which is essential to the transaction of important business."

I was very glad to see him rise to depart, for late hours did not agree with Aunt Gough any more than they did with him, and she had been looking very weary for some time past. "Horace," Mr. Lee continued, "I shall see you in the morning. Our ways lie in different directions to-night. I shall have a message to deliver to you from Sir Robert. Good-night, my dear madam. Nay, nay," in reply to some murmured thanks from my aunt, "only too glad to have afforded you a day's pleasure. Farewell, miss Anna. I am sure you will not soon be forgotten at Meadow Leas. A vision of youth and beauty bursting on the—hem! What is the word? No matter, you understand me. Good-night, Mrs. Gough. And good-night to you, Miss Selby." He had very nearly omitted his parting salutation to me altogether; but I could not let Horace's father go without a farewell, that night of all nights; so I had emerged from my nook behind the tea-table. Mr. Lee tried to look as if he had been purposely reserving the pleasure of shaking hands with me to the last, and had meant to come round to my side of the room if I would but have awaited him patiently. But I am afraid I must make the humiliating confession that I believe he had quite forgotten I was present.

My aunt rose as soon as Mr. Lee had departed, and said she would go to bed. She seemed very feeble when she got upon her feet, and I began to fear that the day's exertion had been too much for her. Horace gave her his arm to the room door, and then I think my uncle observed her more than with some anxiety. "Shall I carry you up stairs, my dear?" he said. "It wouldn't be for the first time."

"No, love, no; I'm not so dead tired as that. Madge will come with you. Good-night, all. I shall be strong again to-morrow after a night's rest."

So I went up the wide old-fashioned staircase with my aunt, my uncle having gone on to make the journey slowly, though the ascent was far from being a steep one.

Anna had seemed inclined to linger a little; but Horace was preoccupied, and did not talk; and my uncle's dear face had a rather troubled look as his eyes followed his wife's slow steps out of the room. Anna, to whom silence and dullness were always intolerable, forthwith began to yawn, and followed us up stairs almost immediately. Horace remained in the morning-room, and I saw in his eyes, and I felt in the parting pressure of his hand that he would speak in the fulness of his heart to my uncle before he went away that night. The thought made me a little nervous and agitated, though Heaven knows I had never had cause to dread my dear guardian and benefactor. I longed to speak to Aunt Gough, and tell her of my great happiness, and receive the sweet motherly sympathy that she had ever been ready to lavish on me from my childish days; but she seemed so fatigued and unstrung that I dared not venture to excite her that night for my selfish pleasure. I remained with her until her eyes closed and her head lay placidly on the pillow; then, lamp in hand, I crossed the broad landing to my bedchamber.

Anna and I shared a large, low, oak-panelled room with three deep windows looking on to the lawn. Our white-curtained beds stood side by side on an island of common carpet relieved against the darkness of the polished floor. I found that my sister was already in bed and apparently asleep; shading the lamp with my hand, I walked softly to the dressing-table and looked in the glass. It was a large old-fashioned oval mirror set in a black carved ebony frame. How plainly it all comes back to me! I can see the blue gleam of moonlight that darted in at the many-paned windows, and threw a lattice pattern on the oaken boards; I can see the wide stretch of garden and shrubbery and flowering glass-like out of a silver void at night. I can see the long shadows of the trees rocking and swaying noiselessly on the lawn, as the trees themselves moved with a soft voluptuous languid in the night breeze; I can smell the fragrance of a bunch of rich brown wall-flowers that stood in a china vase on the window-sill. I can smell it now in my mind during the moment in which I set my lamp upon the dressing-table, and tilted down the glass to an angle at which I could see the face of the fair Rose which looked at me out of the dark sea-green depths of the mirror. I knew very well that it was not a pretty face, but it was very well to look at, especially in even pretty. But it was irradiated now with a light that transfigured it. I am sure of it. And I remember how I stopped in my blissful tears. "I almost believe that being so dearly loved, and loving so dearly, will make me beautiful!" Then I bent forward and put my lips to the cold surface of the glass, and said, "That means good-night for Horace!"

I turned away from the glass with a heart full of happy thoughts, and yet my tears fell fast. Anna was lying asleep on her white bed, and, as I looked at her lovely fresh face in its nest of rippling hair, I yearned to tell my joy to any thing so sweet and young and beautiful, to receive her sisterly kiss, and to feel the clasp of her arms around my neck, as I had felt it many a time when she had come to me to be soothed in some baby sorrow, and we had fallen asleep together. I thought I could tell her better if I put out the light; therefore, when I was undressed, I extinguished the lamp and kneeled down by her bedside. The moonlight shone into the chamber, and her hand and arm, tossed carelessly outside the coverlet, were bathed in a flood of pale brightness; but her face was in shadow.

"Anna," I said in a low voice, putting my cheek down on hers—"Anna, I have something to tell you."

She did not answer me.

"Anna, darling!" It is something that makes me very, very happy, and I can not sleep without telling you."

She breathed quicker, and the white hand that lay in the moonlight clenched itself.

"Don't be frightened, dear. It is good, good news I have to tell you.

No reply. The cheek on which mine rested turned a little away, but she did not speak.

"Anna, Horace Lee loves me. He has told me so!"

She dashed herself out of my arms, turning so as to bury her face in the pillow, and the moonlit hand went up into the black shadow around her head, and staid there.

"Why did you wake me, Margaret? I was asleep. I was dreaming. I was so happy, and now you have awakened me, and I shall never, never dream that dream again."

"Anna, my pet, my child, I did not know you were sleeping so soundly. I did not mean to disturb you. Don't cry, my dear, don't cry!" For she was sobbing and moaning fretfully.

"Don't speak to me, Margaret. Get to rest. Say what you have to say to-morrow. I—I can't understand you now. I am tired, and you have awakened me, and I was dreaming pleasantly, and now my dream is gone!"

She pushed me irritably from her. My heart felt very heavy. It was such a sudden chill after my glow of joy and tenderness! But with the habitual yielding to her, which was common to us all, I rose up from my knees and went to my own bed. "I ought not to have roused her," I said to myself as I lay down. "She was tired and sleepy, and she is such a child!" Once I stretched out my hand to touch her, and as she remained perfectly still I hoped she was sleeping. Gradually I grew drowsy, and my eyes closed, and my ears lost their vigilance, and the sweetness of Horace's smile, as he held him in his arm that day, with the dancing shadows of the leaves upon his head, faded and faded, and melted away. But all night long, at intervals, I had an uneasy sense of disquietude and restlessness, and a fancy that some one was moving about the room. Once I dreamed that Anna was pacing up and down, her bare feet pattering lightly but distinctly on the polished floor. But when I started, sat up and looked around, every thing was still, and I could hear no footstep, and the moon had set, and it was very dark.

TO THE BABY.

Funny thing a baby is,
Curious little creature;
Tears, in the little plight,
Come every feature.

Helpless thing a baby is;
Tiny hands uplifting
O'er the troubled tide of life
Into which 'tis drifting.

Mystery a baby is—
Memories of heaven
Still must hover in the soul
Such a short time given.

Solemn thing a baby is,
Since it must inherit
All the loss and gain of life,
All the sin and merit.

Funny, helpless, mystic, sad,
Let me tell you, Freddy,
Half the good and sweet of life,
Is the getting ready.

Yours the sunshine—take it all
While you're weak and tiny,
By-and-by the days that come
May not be so shiny.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

COMMON-SENSE.—The difference between the cables of 1865 and 1866 is but slight. The latter has been successfully laid by per-severance—the former was per-severe-ance.

RIFLED NAVIES EXECUTED.—The performances of the seven-gun-ning machines into the shade when we hear Austrian are men-dead by means of it.

A SPARK OF INTELLIGENCE.—It is proposed to give a banquet to those who have so admirably managed the Atlantic Cable. Of course they will have electric surnaps for their deserts.

As Sayer, whose cup will governy was dash'd,
Lay long in bed, while his one shirt was wash'd,
The dame appear'd, and, holding it to view,
Said: "It is ready again 'twill wash in two."
"Indeed," cries Sayer; "then wash it, pray, good cousin,
And wash it well, for I've no more to dozen."

The man in jail who looked out of the window of his cell and exclaimed, "This is a grate country!" is now generally admitted to have spoken within bounds.

"Molly," said Jos Kelly's ghost to his wife, "I'm in purgatory at this present moment," says he. "And what sort of a place is it?" says she. "Faith," says he, "it's a sort of a half-way house between you and heaven, and I stand it mighty well after leaving you."

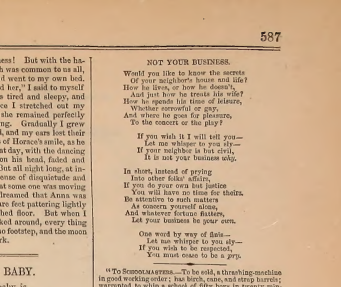
A leather medal having been offered for the worst pun in creation, the following was unhesitatingly awarded to the following from several hundred: Why is insanity like a hound of a fowl?—Because it is a *piece of chowder*.

A little boy some six years old was using his slate and pencil on a Sunday when his father, who was a minister, entered and said: "My son, I prefer that you should not use your slate on the Lord's day." "I am drawing meeting-house, father," was the prompt reply.

"Why will you persist in wearing another woman's hair on your head?" asked Aunt Gough of her wife—she retorted: "Why will you persist in wearing other sheep's wool on your back?"

"Rose, my dear," said a mother to her daughter, "if you are so stiff and reserved you will be an old maid, I'm afraid." "Ma," retorted the young lady, "unless the poets tell lies, a primrose is not without attractions."

A new stove has been invented for the comfort of travelers. It is to be put under the seat with a mustard plaster on the back which draws the heat through the whole system.



"TO SCHOOLMASTERS.—To be sold, a thrashing-machine in good working order; has birch, cane, and strap newly warranted to whip a school of fifty boys in twenty minutes, distinguishing their offences into literary, moral, and impertinent. Only parted with because the owner has flogged all his school away, and his sons are too big to beat."

"I will never marry a woman who can't carve," said Jones. "Why not?" was asked. "Because she would not be a help-meet for me.

Like crazy like. Sulphur comes from Vesuvius; therefore it is good for eruptions.

"Bob," said a young fellow at a fancy fair, "you are minding all the sights on this side." "Never mind, Bill," retorted Bob, "I'm righting all the misses on the other."

Jack his own month rose; this gives him pride,
For he can more than all the world beside.

EVIDENT.—With what material ought the Needle Effect to be loaded?—Gun-cotton, of course.

WANTED—A HEART!
I want, ah, me! I want a heart,
But not a heart for love,
To feel the smart of Cupid's dart
And also throw off glove.
I do not want a manly heart
With high desires to glow,
Or feel what friendship can impart,
And sympathy bestow.
The heart for which I long is none
Of mart—for yet of mart's.
I only want a little one
To trump that trick in spades.

The latest bon mot about Bismarck is, that his fate depended not upon a thread, but upon a *needle*.

THE FASTEST THING GOING.—A Hunting Watch.

LEGAL QUERY.—Is there any precedent for a good practical farmer being styled one of the judges of the land?

The man who makes a business of raising pork for market may be said to live by his pen.

What is the key-note to good-breeding?—B natural.

An English lady advertises, "A piano for sale by a lady about to cross the channel in an oak case with carved legs."

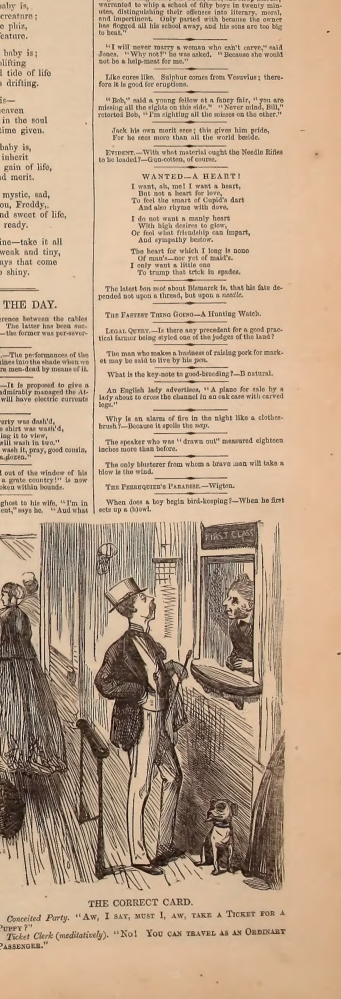
Why is an alarm of fire in the night like a clothes-brush?—Because it spells the sash.

The speaker who was "drawn out" measured eighteen inches more than before.

The only bluesterer from whom a brave man will take a blow is the wind.

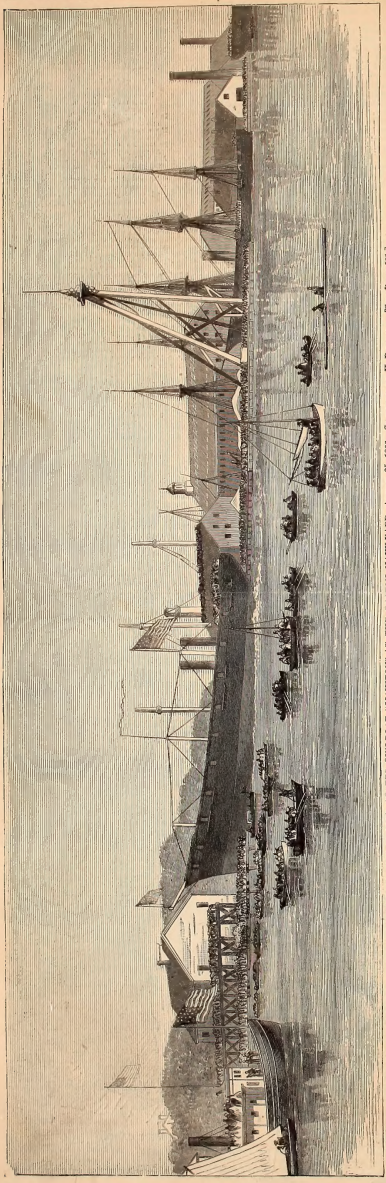
THE FEREDGUEEN'S PARADISE.—Wigton.

When does a boy begin bird-keeping?—When he first sets up a (s)oul.



Conceited Party. "AW, I SAY, MUST I, AW, TAKE A TICKET FOR A PUPPY?"

Ticket Clerk (meditatively). "NO! YOU CAN TRAVEL AS AN ORDINARY PASSENGER."



LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "MANITOU" AT THE BOSTON NAVY-YARD, AUGUST 25, 1866.—SKETCHED BY H. BILLINGS.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

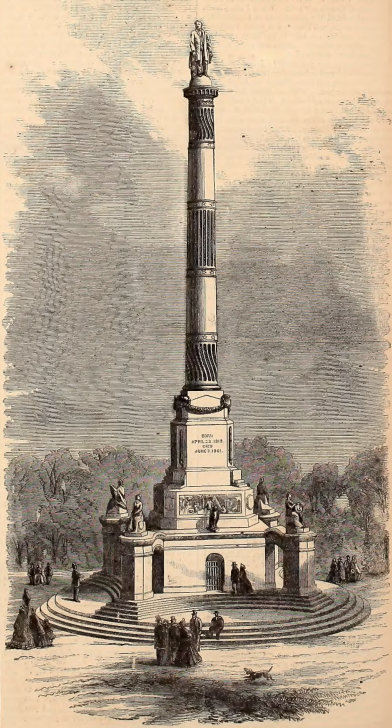


GENERAL GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

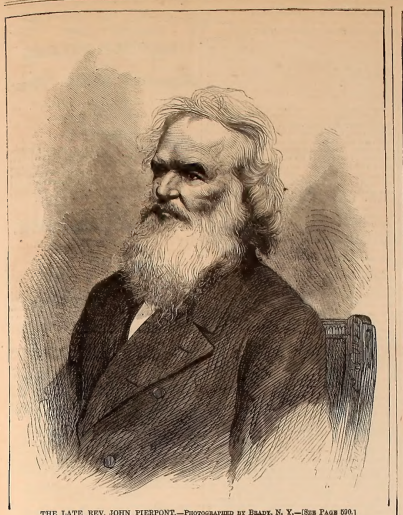
THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

THE President's tour, which we have illustrated on other pages, was undertaken for the purpose of a participation in the dedication of the Monument to STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, erected at Chicago, under the superintendence of L. W. VOLK, and the dedicatory address will be delivered by Mr. SEWARD.

The monument will be one hundred feet high, wrought in marble on a granite base. Through the arched and grated bronze door seen in the engraving will be visible the sarcophagus containing the remains of the departed Senator. Directly over it an eagle with drooped wings is sitting, a sublime emblem of mourning for a dead statesman. The four seated statues upon the pedestals at the corners of



MONUMENT TO STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.



THE LATE REV. JOHN PIERPONT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, N. Y.—[SEE PAGE 590.]



THE LATE DEAN RICHMOND.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. & H. T. ANTHONY.—[SEE PAGE 590.]

the base are designed to represent: 1st, Illinois, at the right, holding a medallion portrait of DOUGLAS; 2d, America, at the left, supporting a wheat-sheaf; 3d, History, at the left in the rear, with tablet and pencil; and 4th, Fame, holding a wreath and a trumpet.

The bas-reliefs upon the sides of the column-supporting pedestal base are designed to represent in panorama the progress of American civilization—more especially in the Western States—with which Mr. DOUGLAS was so peculiarly identified.

Wreaths, scrolls, etc., adorn the pedestal above, while higher towers the marble composite column, forty-two feet in height, and bearing stars, indicative of the States of the Union. The whole is surmounted by a colossal statue of DOUGLAS, standing upon a bronze globe, with his right hand upon the *fasces*—symbolical of the Union—and his left holding the Constitution.

SIDE-SHOWS OF THE JOHNSON RECEPTION.

BY OUR INVISIBLE PENCILIST.

IS a mixed assemblage—and there never, surely, was a more mixed one than the crowd that gathered to greet President ANDY JOHNSON on his arrival in New York, on the 29th of August—I find it a mighty convenient thing to be invisible. One advantage of it is that the police can't interfere with me, not even if I "hooray!" before a speaker comes to a scrimmage. Another is that I can get a good position in his speech. Then, some of the Presidential supporters are not of a very mild type of character, and look as if they could make pigeon's meat of a fellow if he sat himself down visibly before them to take their portraits. In fact, as they "wouldn't see me," probably, if they could, I am just as well satisfied that they don't.

On that Wednesday, forever now to be associated with the name of JOHNSON, I am convinced that every inhabitant of New York over the age of four years was actuated by one impulse, and that was to see the President. There was a very general burnishing up of eyeballs and spectacles. At early dawn I saw an elderly gentleman, of apparently regular habits and not much given to excitability, poising and flourishing an enormous telescope, such as might once have belonged to PAUL JONES or some other buccaneer of old. He had green goggles on, and I can fancy that glimpses of the moving panorama of the day, seen through such a telescope and such a medium of color, must have had a very novel and characteristic effect.

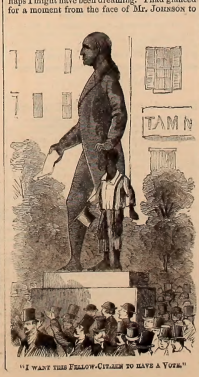
Just as the Presidential *cortège* arrived in the City Hall Park, and halted nearly opposite the statue of WASHINGTON, a very singular incident occurred, and one which, I think, has escaped the notice of the reporters. People sometimes dream when they are awake, I believe, and perhaps I might have been dreaming. I had glanced for a moment from the face of Mr. JOHNSON to that of the Father of his Country, near whose statue I was standing, when, as sure as I live, I saw a sudden change come over the stone effigy. The pillar with the ball upon the toy of it, on which WASHINGTON rests his left hand, became transformed into the semblance of a small negro, who, hat in hand, grinned impudently, after the manner of his kind, in the direction of the President. At the same moment I saw the stone figure of the great Chief relax from its rigidity and bend slightly to Mr. JOHNSON, waving gracefully its right hand, while it patted playfully the head of the little darkey with its left. Then it uttered, in a deep, sepulchral voice, such as once heard can never be forgotten, the words which I have written at the bottom of the sketch: "I want this fellow-citizen to have a vote." I could see that Mr. JOHNSON was visibly moved at this incident; his lip blanched slightly, and the steel-gray of his hair seemed to assume a more silvery hue.

There was much political discussion in the crowd that surged to and fro on this memorable occasion. Lovely woman was out in all her variety, and the influence exercised by her upon the political feeling of the day must have been obvious to the least observant. It seems about time that lovely woman participated in the right of suffrage. She rules the voter as it is, and she might just as well cast the vote herself. Near me, on one of the ragged selvages of the crowd, there stood a portly lady from Baxter Street, or Mott, balancing a basket upon her head as she held persistently on to the iron railing. The general expression of her face was Fenian, and yet she was gifted with that peculiar style of beauty so much prized by the upper-tendom of our time, namely, black eyes and very red hair. One of her eyes, at least, was very black indeed, suggesting that contact with a skilled set of knuckles must have been the cosmetic by which the hue was obtained. "And that's Andy, then, is it?" said she, in a thick, treacly voice. "Musha, then, bad scran to him, that wouldn't let the b'ys have their fling over in Cannady, when it's meself gev tin dollars to help 'em to b'ist the green above the red!" Some conversation with this interesting person developed the fact that she places the African very low down upon the list of the human family, and does not consider him competent to enjoy the right of suffrage.

Some speculators along Broadway did a little business by setting planks upon the tops of the numerous stacks of bricks by which that thoroughfare is now encumbered. The seats looked very rickety, and were the cause of many inquiries by irreverent persons as to whether they were meant to represent the Copperhead platform. The boys, as usual, were out in great force; and it is a significant fact, foreshadowing, perhaps, the future of these precocious politicians, that there was hardly a post in the city but was occupied by them.



THIS IS THE OLD GENT WHO WAS DETERMINED TO SEE ANDY JOHNSON.



"I WANT THIS FELLOW-CITIZEN TO HAVE A VOTE."



THIS IS THE LADY WHO DOESN'T THINK THE "NATIVE INTELLIGENCE KNOWER TO VOTE."



THIS YOUNG GENTLEMAN IS INTERESTED IN SEEING THE PRESIDENT, CHIEFLY BECAUSE HE THINKS THAT, SOME DAY, HE MAY BE CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF THE UNITED STATES HIMSELF.

HABIT.

HABIT at first is but a silken thread,
Fine as the light-winged gossamers and wavy
In the warm sunbeams of a summer's day;
A shallow streamlet, rippling o'er its bed;
A tiny sapling, ere its roots are spread;
A yet unbarbarized thorn upon the spray;
A thief's whelp that hath not shunned prey;
A little smiling child, obedient led.
Beware! that thread may bind thee as a chain;
That streamlet gather to a fatal sea;
That sapling spread into a guarled tree;
That thorn, grown hard, may wound and give thee pain;
That playful whelp his murderous fangs reveal;
That child, a giant, crush thee 'neath his heel.

THE REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

THE Rev. JOHN PIERPONT, whose death we regret to announce, was born April 6, 1785, in Litchfield, Connecticut. His education was completed in 1804, at Yale College, and in 1805 he became a tutor in the family of Colonel WILLIAM ALLSTON, of South Carolina. In 1809 he returned to Connecticut, where he studied law, and settled at Newburyport, Massachusetts. He did not succeed as a lawyer, and his mercantile enterprises in Baltimore and Boston were also unfortunate. In 1816 he published "Airs of Palestine," one of his first poems, and subsequently studied in the Harvard Theological School. In 1819 he was ordained minister of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church in Boston. In 1835-36 he visited Europe, and published in 1840 an edition of his poems. His persistent advocacy in favor of the temperance reform caused trouble with his congregation, which resulted in a seven years' controversy, when he resigned. In 1845 he accepted the charge of the Unitarian Church in Troy, New York, where he remained four years, and then took charge of the First Congregational Church in Medford, Massachusetts, where he continued to reside till the beginning of the war. Of late Mr. PIERPONT probably omitted preaching for the active duties of a clergyman, was obliged to accept a clerkship in the Treasury Department, and holding that position died.

JOHN PIERPONT was a good man, and an earnest reformer. He labored actively in behalf of temperance, anti-slavery, the melioration of prison discipline, and other reforms. But as a poet he will be chiefly remembered. His most important poems were the inspiration of special occasions. One of the longest was read in honor of the centennial celebration at Litchfield, and even a "Class Ode" was the work which first gave him reputation, was written for recitation at a charity concert. The idea of this poem is the exhibition of the power of music in conjunction with local scenery and national character, mainly referring to the sacred history. His temperance songs, religious and patriotic pieces, are numerous, and probably the majority have never been collected. During the war he wrote several ballads, inspired with passion and energy, and remarkable for one almost an octogenarian. Mr. PIERPONT, who was always strong and healthy, retained much of his power almost up to his death. As an American poet he can not be ranked with the best; the highest imagination was denied him, but some of his religious poetry has rarely been excelled for strength and simplicity.

THE LATE DEAN RICHMOND.

THE Democratic organization of this State lost its leader by the death of DEAN RICHMOND on the 27th ultimo; and it will with great difficulty find another man to take his place.

DEAN RICHMOND, whose portrait is given on page 585, was born at Woodstock, Vermont, March 31, 1804. At fourteen years of age he was left an orphan; and the first steps taken by him in a career which has secured for him great wealth and unusual influence were assisted by no friendly support. The only legacy he received from his parents was one of pecuniary obligation, and we find him at first a clerk, setting apart his savings to cancel his father's debts. Soon after he removed to Syracuse, where he engaged in the salt-boiling business, and in a few years became very successful. His next step was to engage in the commission and forwarding business, by which he gained a fortune, which he invested in the purchase of railroad securities, becoming largely interested in several important roads. Western New York was in 1836 a grand field for such energy and foresight as his, and about the time he was made a Director of the Buffalo and State Line Railroad. Upon its consolidation with the Central Road, in 1853, Mr. RICHMOND was elected Vice-President of the Company, and in 1864 succeeded Mr. ERASTUS CORNING as President. His connection with other railroads, though not official, was influential. For many years he had lived in Batavia and acquired great wealth. There are the main facts of his career in life, as far as he was a politician that he became one of the powers of the State.

In his youth DEAN RICHMOND was a Free-Soil Democrat. In 1844 he opposed the annexation of Texas, and in 1846 he denounced the Nebraska bill. He was always a Democrat, but always inclined to the most liberal phase of Democratic principles. Whatever compromises he made was for the purpose of reconciling the several factions of the Democratic Committee. Since the Charleston Convention he has never seen his party overpowered with defeat. At that Convention he tried hard, but failed, to unite the two sections of the party. At the Chicago Convention of 1864 Mr. RICHMOND was very active, and ardently promoted the nomination of Mr. CLELLAN. His political course of late is well known. He was one of the three or four men who shaped the action of the Saratoga Convention, and at Philadelphia was consulted equally by the seceders from the Republican party, the Southern delegates, and the Democrats.

DEAN RICHMOND loved politics. He seemed to enjoy the subtle ways of partisan diplomacy. He had no ambition for office; he preferred control over the organization of his party to leadership in the political arena. He was a shrewd political manager, and if the Democratic party had listened to his advice in 1860 it would not have succumbed to the perils which threatened it.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A NEW era has dawned. The days have passed when it was sufficient for the young girl to spend a few years in a fashionable boarding-school, in a smattering of French and a flourish of music as a "finishing" before putting her into the matrimonial market. It has been discovered that women have minds capable of close application and high training. Moreover, it has been discovered that they have physical systems which may be healthily developed by proper culture. And the days have passed when a walk, or even a ride, on horseback, or a daily walk of half an hour daily was regarded as ample outdoor exercise for the school-girl.

It is a significant fact that the Vassar Female College, recently opened at Poughkeepsie, not only affords excellent facilities for a thorough, systematic course of instruction, including the various accomplishments of music, painting, etc., but also that there is in connection with the college a riding-school and skating-rink for out-door lessons; thus giving to the young ladies unusual opportunity for exercising in the open air. There is a gymnasium conducted on the system of DIO LEWIS; and it is projected to have a swimming-school at one end of a lake in the vicinity. All over the country gymnasia are being introduced into young ladies' schools, and various means are adopted to secure their physical development.

There certainly is no reason why American girls should not follow the example of their "Transatlantic cousins," and possess a fair, if not an extensive degree of skill in sports and recreations of their brothers. Nor is there any thing "masculine" in a woman's being physically as well as mentally educated, and knowing how to ride, and row, and swim, and play croquet with skill and activity.

Just now croquet is the great sensation as a health-giving game. Its principal good point seems to be that it keeps the players in the open air. It is a recreation that affords but not enough to result, and it involves a good deal of stooping which can not be advantageous. Very few women know how to row, and considering how much the art is acquired, and how useful it may be in practice, it is surprising that it is not more frequently taught. It may be said that the sexes are not equal, and not always easy of access; but these could be often provided if it were made a fashion; swimming would be a valuable addition to any system of physical education. Boxing is an excellent recreation, though as yet but little practiced among ladies. Fencing is also a very graceful and healthful exercise. How beautiful is the picture Scott gives of Ellen Douglas as she,

> "Alarm'd, with hasty oar,
> Paid'd her light boat to land from Brianchoir;"

or, when springing up at the sound of her father's bugle,

> "Be sure, she cried, 'the skiff to guide,
> And swift take down my shafts and bow.'
> Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright,
> She darted to her father's height."

And, eagerly while Roderick scann'd,
For her love the maiden handed.
The ideal tar behind her lay,
And she had landed by his bay."

Archery has been introduced somewhat into our gymnasiums; but, to be fully advantageous, should be practiced out of doors; and as it possesses the advantage of the ground, and rather expensive appliances, these are not always at command. Boating is a healthful, and always a great skill and exercises. Horseback riding, of course, stands pre-eminent among the physical recreations pleasant and suitable for ladies. Long pedestrian tours are the necessary facilities. And simple walking is usually neglected as a kind of exercise unworthy. A walk to some a definite and interesting object in view, is seldom beneficial. Young ladies should be especially encouraged to shoulder their girlish pride and take up enthusiastically some cheerful exercise in the open air.

The rebuilding of the Academy of Music is steadily progressing; and it is said will be ready for occupancy about the first of February next. The plan followed in the new house is the same substantially as that in the old house, but more attention will be paid to the acoustic qualities, and the seats will be so arranged as to offer a full view of the stage from all parts of the house. The amphitheatre will be partly removed, and the entire house will be made much more solid than the old one.

It is time we had a Commission to visit our gas-pot and to the perpetual and disgraceful difficulties arising in connection with our city railroad cars? Must the public be served in such mean, contemptible and dangerous ways? Why must an entire community be thus constantly annoyed? There is a great deal of complaint that horses are allowed to go on for a single day as they have been for weeks. Would such management be suffered for an hour in Paris? It makes us almost ready to pray, as did the Children of Israel, "Give us a King!"

A new kind of pavement, called the "Nicholson," is to be laid down in Broadway, from Fulton to Canal, in a few days. This pavement has been used in some of the large Western cities with great success. The solid properties of this pavement, it is claimed, are, that it furnishes a road like one of gravel; that the passage of vehicles over it makes very little noise, and that it is not easily destroyed or injured.

A little boy living in Orleans, New York, recently threw up, while coughing, the pupper-head of a doll, an inch in length, which had been in the lungs of the child for seven years. He had been sitting all the time, and was considered as a victim of consumption. All along the lad said he felt something in his lungs that ought to come up. Now that it has been thrown up, he declares he is thought that he will get well. Parents would do well to provide instantly dispatch for their children!

At one hotel in Newport—at one, we mean, and as we do not wish any landlord to sue us for spreading such a report—there is a waiter who prides himself on the convenient "*they say*"—they say the regular charges are ten dollars a day. We wonder in what the *extras* consist. When Joseph Bonaparte first visited America, he stopped on one occasion at a hotel where he was well entertained. But when the landlord made out his bill, he put in every item he could think of; yet he did not think that the total was large enough for an ex-monarch to pay. So he reviewed the bill, and added a few more items. Yet still it did not seem enough. Then he added one more—"To kicking up an infernal fuss generally, fifty dollars." It must be that landlords nowadays add similar items, under cover, of course) to make the grand total of their bills.

An "old salt," who has finished his voyages, and is resting upon his oars" at one of our most fashionable watering-places, recently invaded the bail-room and got a peep at the belle of the evening. He afterward gave the following characteristic description of her:

"She was crowding all sail across the room; couldn't see whether she was a good-looking craft or not, she was so covered up by her canvas and things. She had a spot on her port-side and another on her starboard-side, and looked as if she had not her head into a fine-breeze, and carried away as much as would make biscuit for all hands. She had a cable-chain with a figure-head over her neck, was chocked to her earrings, came down over her outriggers and laid at anchor."

Every few weeks the newspapers report some singular and fearful injury inflicted by rats upon sleeping children, recently occurred in Albany. A lady who had two infants, twins, a few months old, put one into the crib at her side, and the other in a cradle. When she arose, she took into her own bed. About two o'clock in the morning she was awakened by the cries of the child in the crib, and in a hurry in the look it into her arms, at the same time changing the other to the crib. About half an hour after she was again awakened by the cries of the child, and on going to it felt that its night-clothes, about one of the sleeves, were wet. Proceeding further she discovered that the sleeve was saturated with blood, and on further investigation found that its little arm had been lacerated and gnawed in a shocking manner. Turning to the cradle, the child, whose cries, while he was lying in the crib, had first awakened her, she saw that it, too, had suffered about the two arms in a similar manner. Neither can not look too carefully after their little ones if rats infest the house.

A singular story is reported in a Southern paper respecting a discovery made on Pike County, Missouri. According to this scientific story, five, of unknown and mysterious origin, fell upon the premises of Squire, in his dwelling. Numerous individuals, eager to investigate the cause, have kept careful watch in the building, but as yet no one has discovered the mysterious fire. If discovered on fire, but the flame is no sooner quenched than a fresh one of the same description among the wearing apparel. Extinguish the fire in the chamber, and an alarm is given in another part of the house where least expected. Every part of the house, the building, outside, dresser, etc., during the day, but at night there are no fires. Some of the citizens of the neighborhood have committee marked a match, placed it into the box securely covered, placed the box on the table and guarded it closely for a few minutes, when the alarm was raised, and, as they found, to their utter amusement, a portion of the identical match which they had marked lying near a burning garment in another part of the house. This is the report, which we give for what it is worth.

"The Queen," under the heading, "Influence of Moulin and Flesh on Longevity," has the following item:

"The influence of costume on mortality is shown in a very interesting manner in the Registrar-General's last reports. Thus, from 1 to 5 years there is an equality of deaths by cold and heat, and from 5 to 10 years, that is, from 5 to 10 double the number of girls to that of boy die from heat. From 10 to 15 the ratio is 10 to 20 three for men, and only 71 men—and from 20 and upward, 71 women and 37 men—showing the influence of muslin and flounce in producing death notwithstanding the greater duration of life found in females."

We should think that "Influence of Occupation on Mortality," would be an equally appropriate heading to the above paragraph. Of course, in these days of inventive avocations, are exposed to accidents from fire so much more than the other sex are, that no correct comparison in regard to the mortality arising from this cause can be made simply on the ground of dress.

Mr. Sala, writing from Vienna, gives an incident which can not but delight the hearts of abolitionists. He says:

"Alongside of that proditious new Opera House they are excavating the foundations of another, and ever so many are excavated. Peeping into a huge trench lately *I counted a hundred and fifty skeletons*. Out of there—decently buried ones who had not all the softness and suppleness of their days, were coarse of features and mustached of wits, and piled the pick and shovel and flung the dirt about with a will, and shouted to each other in harsh tones and with violent gesture. Clad in unwomanly gear, slouched hats tied on to their heads, their arms and necks bare, their skirts little better than aprons, their legs cased in huge buckskin boots, their faces brown, sunburnt, and begrimed—these poor creatures filled me with a sickening horror."

A philanthropic gentleman recently attempted to remove a bee hive from the tenement of a lady who not near him on a public concert. The result was he unrooted the whole of her back hair. Deeply chagrined he hastily apologized, and was about to retire, when the lady, with presence, and was employed to hold the head and hair together.

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ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best $1 20 ℔ lb.

All towns, villages, or manufactories where a large number of men are engaged, by CLUBBING together, can reduce the price of their Teas and Coffees about one third by sending directly to the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
(Post-Office Box 5643.) 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church, New York.

For further particulars, getting up Clubs, &c., see Harper's Weekly, June 23, 1866.

$5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented March 13, 1852; Improvement patented June 9, 1863.* The only licensed FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with reversing attachment, is noiseless in operation, sews with precision of sewing-thread of all kinds with unexampled rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each revolution of the wheel. HEMS, FELLS, BRAIDS, GATHERS, and SEWS on the BRAIDER, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted the best out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have used it.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the strictly elastic like hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Self-delivery encouraged.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders,

GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
Office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.—Agents are now wanted to canvass for the best work ever published in the United States. THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE BIBLE, by JOHN KITTO, D.D., F.S.A., Edited by ALVAH HOVEY, D.D., of Newton, Connecticut.

No work in the world ever took more rapidly. Agents clear from $100 to $200 per month, and say "*they never know a book to sell so well.*" For further information apply immediately to the publisher,

HENRY BILL, Norwich, Conn.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c. 10 cts. ADAMS PRESS COMPANY, 24 Ann Street, New York, and 35 Lincoln Street, Boston.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS AND ARMS.

SELPHO'S PATENT.

Are pronounced by all the most eminent surgeons and upwards of ten thousand patients to be the most valuable and only reliable substitutes for lost limbs ever produced, comprising all that is desirable in Artificial Limbs, viz., ease, comfort, beauty, durability, and simplicity. Send for Pamphlet, WILLIAM SELPHO & SON, Patentees and Manufacturers, No. 516 Broadway, New York.

$1500 PER YEAR paid by SHAW & CLARK Manufacturers, Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Ill. ones.

$150 A MONTH! NEW DEVICES FOR AGENTS. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

[*From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1858 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a distressible cough. I had for some months previously been thoughtful in preparation, having for its basis the inside bark of white pine, which I had found to be a remedy for a very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was astonishing and gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough relieved, and a healthy action was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering from a severe cough, and who was considered by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood, was soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1858, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled.—*Boston Journal.*

The Great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years to be the best in the United States, where its merits have so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and all pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, healing from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel or stone in the kidneys will be found valuable. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GILES W. SWETT, M.D., PROPRIETOR,
Boston, Mass.

BURNHAMS & VAN SCHAAK, Chicago, Ill.,
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio,
GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE WEST.

TRADE MARK OF THE
MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY,

To be found on each box and each piece of GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLE. All other goods, of whatever name, are but imitations, with more or less limitations and infringements on the patents of the Magic Ruffle Company. The GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLE has full six yards in each piece, are well made of the best material, and give perfect satisfaction in consumers. Office of the Company No. 95 Chambers Street, New York.

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, PENS, BRACELETS, CASTORS, GOBLETS, SPOONS, FORKS, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what article it entitles you to, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, and judge for yourself before sending your Dollar. No county. J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, N. Y.

£150,000,000 STERLING,

In Money and Estates, remain unclaimed in Great Britain and Ireland, in many cases set for back as £100. Fee to search for any name, $3 00 in U. S. Funds. All letters must be prepaid. ADAMS & CO., Unclaimed Money and Estates Registry, 6 Prince of Wales Road, London, England.

BOYS' single Guns, $5; mens do., $3 20; double Guns, $8; Rifles, $6 50; Patent Breech do., $10 50 and $12; real Twist do., $11 50, $15, and $14 56; Bar Lock Twist do., $18 50, $20, up to $200. Rifles, Pistols, Percussion Caps, Powder, Shot, Gunsmith's materials, fishing rods, *everything in fact, everything advertised in sel ves lelaneis rates.* Send for a circular or a sample lot.

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MERWIN & BRAY,

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MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED BALLARD BREECH-LOADING RIFLES, MILITARY AND SPORTING GUNS.



These Rifles carry a ball varying from one half ounce each to 120 to the pound. Material and workmanship of the best quality. They are warranted in every respect.

Send for circular.

For the well-known Eagle Arms Co.'s Cartridges Revolvers, Belts and Caps, we have on hand six months in advance, and can supply them at short notice. Also Agents for the Colt's Navy and Army Colt's model Revolvers, and the New York Metallic Ammunition Co.'s Copper Cartridges, of every style and size.

Dealers in Arms and Ammunition of all kinds. Illustrated Circulars sent free by mail.

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Superior advantages in English, Classics, Sciences, Commercial, French, German, Piano Music, and Painting. Terms moderate. Spring Term opens April 11th. Summer Term opens Sept. 16th.

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Claverack, Columbia Co., N. Y.

100,000 AGENTS

wanted to sell six new inventions, of great value to families; all pay great profits; 10 cts. and get 80 pages, or 25 cts. and get 96 pages and a sample article. Ephraim Brown, Lowell, Mass.

"How 'tis Done." Wholesale in 6 wks. Gambling exposed. Fortune-telling. Ventriloquism, &c. **100** great secrets. Free for 5c. Address Hunter & Co., Hinsdale, N. H.

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TERMS.

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One Page	$200 00
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Fifteen Cents per line for inside, and *Twenty Cents per line* for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

PIKE'S NEW YORK OPERA-HOUSE ASSOCIATION.

Capital . . . . . $1,500,000.

THIS ASSOCIATION has been organized for the purpose of encouraging one of the most entertaining of American citizens in his laudable ambition and efforts in the cause of ART, and the development of a correct and classic taste. Some years since, SAMUEL N. PIKE, Esq., of Cincinnati, Ohio, conceived the idea of erecting

A MAGNIFICENT LYRIC TEMPLE

In that city, which, in design, ornamentation, and grand proportion, should excel any similar edifice in the country, and should at once advance a taste in the West to the most humanizing of arts.

How, unaided and alone, he carried out to a successful issue this stupendous scheme, is now a matter of history. While the lyric temples of the great cities of the East were each represented by five or six thousand shareholders, Mr. PIKE constituted the one-man power in giving the city of his adoption a temple devoted to HIGH ART, superior to any upon the continent; and the experience of Italian Opera-Houses, and the requirements of the most fastidious, convinces that from five to six hundred of the most eligible seats were nightly occupied by "dead-heads."

Extending his business connection with the great metropolises of the East, Mr. PIKE found himself prepared to carry out another gigantic plan, in the construction of an Opera-House which, in architectural beauty and grandeur of design, will eclipse every similar edifice in the world, and which, in point of location, will be unsurpassed by any, being on the CORNER OF TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND THE EIGHTH AVENUE, one of the best and most available sites in the city of New York.

In the month of March, 1866, the magnificent edifice in Cincinnati fell a prey to the devouring fire-fiend, while the indomitable proprietor looked on and calmly remarked that his insurance of one million dollars would pay him while there was but a trifle of insurance, was wrested from his grasp. Undismayed by this terrible financial disaster, Mr. PIKE, with the celerity which has ever marked the carrying out of his plans, has secured the site of the Stock and Exchange upon the ruins of the Opera-House, reserving for New York the benefit of his great musical enterprise. In a spirit of true patriotism of his unconquerable will, he has determined to rebuild in New York.

Pike's New York Opera-House Association for the Encouragement of Art.

With this view, the Association proposes (among other objects) to give a series of

MAGNIFICENT ENTERTAINMENTS IN CONNECTION WITH THE PRINCIPAL CITIES,

For which they will lease tickets at the uniform price of THREE DOLLARS each, which will admit the holder to any one of the series of Entertainments, and also entitle him to a participation in the Gift Enterprise, which will distribute, as a special gift, Three Grand Operatic Scenes by the entire management of the celebrated Italian *Impresario*,

MAX STRAKOSCH,

whose great reputation as a Musical Virtuoso and Operatic Manager is a sufficient guarantee of the high-toned order of the Entertainments. The highest lyric talent of Europe and America has been secured, consisting of the following distinguished artists: Mademoiselle PAULINE PICCOLOMINI, the great favorite of the celebrated La Scala, Milan, and of the principal European opera houses—her first appearance in America. Mademoiselle FRIDA DE GEBELE, the brilliant Italian *Cantatrice*, late Prima Donna of the Imperial Opera, Vienna. Herr KARL FORMES, the world-renowned *Basso Profundo*, and magnificent lyric dramatic artist. GUISEPPE LIMBERTI, principal Tenor from the most grand opera of Milan. SIGNOR PERELLI, Primo Basso. J. W. WEILL, the famous Pianist, and successor of Thalberg. CARLO FATTI, the eminent and incomparable Violinist. Mons. BERBERICH, the distinguished and accomplished *Maestro Concertatore*.

The inauguration of the Grand Series of Operatic Entertainments will take place in New York, at the

Cooper Institute, on Monday, October 1, 1866,

And will be continued as follows, the Halls, Institutes, and Academies of the various cities to be specified in future advertisements:

NEWARK, N. J., Tuesday, October 2.
BALTIMORE, Wednesday and Thursday, October 3, 4.
PHILADELPHIA, Friday and Saturday, October, 5, 6.
PITTSBURGH, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, October 8, 9, 10.
WHEELING, Thursday, October 11.
ZANESVILLE, Friday, October 12.
COLUMBUS, Ohio, Saturday, October 13.
CINCINNATI, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, October 15, 16, 17.
DAYTON, Thursday, October 18.
INDIANAPOLIS, Friday, October 19.
LOUISVILLE, Saturday, October 20.
ST. LOUIS, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, October 22, 23, 24.
SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Thursday, October 25.
CHICAGO, Friday and Saturday, October 26, 27.
DETROIT, Monday, October 29.

Which will conclude the Grand Tour; after which the Troupe will return to NEW YORK, and give their

Grand Final Performances on the Evenings of December 28th, 29th, and 31st.

And at the close of the Entertainments in each of the above-named cities, the Agents of the Pike Association holders, will distribute to the subscribers throughout the entire country the Awards—the large number of which are unprecedented in the annals of such distributions—of the extraordinary proportion of ONE PREMIUM FOR TWO TICKETS, which will include the following gigantic scheme:

200,000 Tickets of Admission to Pike's New York Opera-House,

Which will be received at any time after the completion.

$350,000 IN CASH!

And a further distribution of $500,000 in MAGNIFICENT PAINTINGS AND CHOICE ENGRAVINGS, which, it will be seen by the Schedule, are the works of the most eminent EUROPEAN and AMERICAN ARTISTS.

The number of tickets has been limited to 500,000, and every ticket-holder will receive some article as a Premium, varying in value from $3 to $50,000. In this connection, the Managers have arranged to present to each purchaser of a ticket a FINE STEEL ENGRAVING, which can not be obtained at retail at less than $5—the following plates and copyrights having been secured for the exclusive use of this Association:

WASHINGTON'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE, from the original painting by Ehninger. Engraved by G. R. Hall. Size, 24 by 32.

SIGNING OF THE COMPACT IN THE CABIN OF THE MAYFLOWER, from the original painting in the possession of the late Congressional Phil. Kearney. Engraved by G. R. Fenne. Size, 24 by 30.

WASHINGTON'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH HIS MOTHER, a beautiful engraving by Dubin, from the original painting.

BABY, a magnificent steel engraving, by Samuel Holyer, from the original painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. Cost $10.

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS' LAST PRAYER, from the celebrated painting by Gerome. Engraved by Jacque. Size, 24 by 30.

A Fac-simile Certificate of Purchase will accompany each ticket, which will inform the purchaser to which of the following Engravings he is entitled:

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WARREN AT BUNKER HILL, from the original painting by Trumbull. Engraved by Burt. Size, 24 by 30.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY AT QUEBEC, from the original painting by Trumbull. Engraved by Burt. Size, 24 by 30.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE, from the original painting by Benjamin West. Engraved by Burt. Size, 24 by 30.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL MERCER AT THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON, from the original painting by Trumbull. Engraved by Burt. Size, 24 by 30.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY, from the original painting by Vanderlyn. Engraved by Burt. Size, 24 by 30.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY, from the original painting by Trumbull



DIFFICULT TO PLEASE.

MRS. PARTINGTON. "Them's Fashions, I Suppose! One all Hair before, t'other all Hair behind!"

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

BILLON & FOGGAN, Nassau St., N. Y., Inventors, Painters, and Manufacturers of the American "Snow-White" Steel Stiletto Corset, $1; Tea, $1; Cuffs, $2; Bosom, $5. Ladies' net, $3. Agts realize from $100 to $200 per day in cities, or traveling through any part of the civilized world. Samples by mail. Send price.

THE NATIONAL REVOLVER.



This new celebrated Revolver excels all others for compactness, effectiveness, durability, power, and safety in carrying. Is light (14 oz.), small (only 7 in.), with larger metallic water-proof cartridge (32-100 ball) than any Revolver made of same size and weight. Send for circular. GEO. A. HICKOX, 76 Beekman Street, New York.

50 PER-CENT SAVED By Using
B. T. BABBITT'S STAR YEAST POWDER. Light Biscuit or any kind of Cake may be made with this Yeast Powder in 15 minutes. No shortening is required when sweet milk is used. No. 64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.

To All who Want to Know.
IF YOU WANT TO KNOW how to restore your gray hair, and grow up ringlets, without the aid of Doctor or Medicine, address Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 1130 Broadway, New York. Pamphlets sent free.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW how uncomfortable trusses may be thrown aside, and comfort and cure effected by the truss, address Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 1130 Broadway, New York. Pamphlet mailed free.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW valuable information, suited to the married, address Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 1130 Broadway, New York. Pamphlet sent free.

PEABODY'S BREECH-LOADING.
MUSKETS, CARBINES, AND SPORTING RIFLES,
FOR METALLIC CARTRIDGES,
MANUFACTURED BY THE
PROVIDENCE TOOL CO. ARMORY,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

These arms are made in the most perfect manner, are interchangeable in all their parts, and are unequaled for symmetrical appearance, simplicity, accuracy of fire, and strength. They have been received with remarkable favor in our own and several other countries, and can now be supplied in large numbers. Send for descriptive pamphlets and illustrated price-lists, printed in English, French, German, or Spanish.

PILE INSTRUMENT.



Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument for the radical cure of piles, prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in 5 minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send circular. Sold by druggists generally. Discount to Dealers. Sent by mail to any part of the U. S. on receipt of $3. J. B. Lomaine, Prop'r, 695 B'way, N.Y.

BOKER'S BITTERS,
For sale by all prominent Grocers, Wine-Merchants, and Druggists, and wholesale only by I. FUNKE, JR., 540 Agents, No. 66 Liberty Street, New York.

UNION ADAMS,
HOSIER, GLOVER,
AND
SHIRT MAKER,
No. 637 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

50 MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP PER-CENT SAVED BY
USING B. T. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, or READY SOAP-MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or lye in the market. Put up in cans of 1 pound, 3 pounds, 6 pounds, and 12 pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making hard and soft Soap. One pound will make 15 gallons of Soft Soap. No time is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.
B. T. BABBITT, 64, 66, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington Street, New York.

Economy is Wealth.
If you want the best-fitting, strongest, and most serviceable Paper Collar ever offered to the Public, don't fail to purchase the
PATENT REVERSIBLE
PAPER COLLAR
MADE BY
MARCH BROS., PIERCE & CO.,
AGENTS,
WINTHROP SQUARE, BOSTON.

Agents Wanted.—$2000 a Year and expenses to male or Female Agents, to introduce a new and useful invention absolutely needed in every household. Agents preferring to work on commission can earn from $30 to $50 per day. For particulars address
W. G. WILSON, Cleveland, Ohio.

BE SENSIBLE now, and send 3 cents, for circulars, to P. O. Box 488, Hillsdale, Mich.

WARD'S DERBY
PAPER COLLARS
"SOMETHING NEW"
TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE
MANF'Y 387 B'way. N.Y.

IMPROVED
STEREOPTICON, DISSOLVING VIEW,
AND
Magic-Lantern Pictures and Apparatus.
Complete outfits and instruction furnished. For illustrated Catalogue and information address W. LANGENHEIM, Philadelphia, P. O. Box 1879.

MOTT'S CHEMICAL
POMADE
The best hair restorer and dressing. Sold by druggists.

MERCHANTS, BANKERS,
And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 66 Broadway.

Drawing-Room Curtain Decorations. Designs and Estimates Furnished Gratis.

I. E. WALRAVEN, Importer of Upholstery Goods and Lace Curtains,
686 Broadway, New York. 719 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!
Capital Prize, $30,000.
We have the pleasure to announce to the citizens of the United States that the
NORTH AMERICAN PRIZE CONCERT
Will positively take place at the WABASH AVENUE RINK, CHICAGO, Illinois, on Friday, September 28, 1866, or your money will be refunded. On which time HALF A MILLION DOLLARS in Prizes, including $100,000 in Greenbacks, will be presented to ticket-holders.
SPECIAL CARD.—We take pleasure in announcing that we have met with unparalleled success, in spite of the many swindling schemes that have been presented to the people by irresponsible parties. The last consideration has, however, operated to delay our sales, and prevent our agents from prosperly reporting; until we were fully able to satisfy them that our enterprise is what it has been represented to be. In consequence we are compelled to extend the time of drawing until the 28th of September, at which time the Illinois State Fair will be held, when it will positively occur. Arrangements are now made for the drawing. The checks, 600,000 in number, are nearly ready. The plan of drawing adopted is the following: Duplicate numbers from 1 to 600,000 are placed in a wheel; the first number drawn out takes the highest prize, the next the second highest prize, and so on until the whole 250,000 prizes are drawn: the whole drawing to be superintended by a Committee appointed by the audience. The Wabash Avenue Rink has been engaged, as will be seen by the following: "Chicago, August 21, 1866: This is to certify that Messrs. A. A. Kelley & Co. have this day leased the Wabash Avenue Rink for the evening of the 28th day of September, and paid for the same the sum of three hundred dollars ($300). — H. Jounson & Co., Lessee of the Rink."
We advise all parties wanting tickets to send for them at once, as the books will be closed on Friday evening, September 28, and the drawing will then commence. All orders for tickets will promptly be filled.
No. of Tickets issued, 500,000. Price, $1. This is the greatest inducement ever offered to the people of the United States.

EVERY OTHER TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE.

1 Gift in Greenbacks	$30,000		40 Gifts in Pianos, $250 each	$20,000
1 do. do.	10,000		20 do. Melodeons, $150 each	3,000
1 do. do.	5,000	100	do. Bibles, $30 each	2,000
1 do. do.	4,000	200	do. Gold Watches, $100 each	20,000
1 do. do.	3,000	200	do. do. 150 each	30,000
1 do. do.	2,000	200	do. Silver Watches, $60 each	11,000
20 do. do.	$1000 each.	200	do. do. do. 40 each	12,000
20 do. do.	500 each	10,000	3000 Plated Tea Spoons, $3 each	9,000
20 do. do.	300 each	9,000	3000 Call Bells, $3 each	9,000
20 do. do.	100 each	2,000	1000 Plated Fruit-Knives, $3 each	3,000
500 do. do.	10 each	5,000	3000 Gold Pens in Holders, $3 each	9,000
1000 do. do.	5 each	5,000	3000 Gold Pens-Holders, $5 each	15,000
19 do.	Bronze in Chromo, $50 each	950	230 Gold Rings, $25 each	$238,043
19 do.	Lots in Chicago, $500 each	9,500		

EVERY OTHER TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE.
The drawing will take place, after the concert, where 30,000 persons can witness it. A Committee will be appointed by the audience to take charge of the same. All agents and purchasers will be supplied with a correct list of the drawing, as soon as published. Tickets are for sale at 719 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and Book Stores, and at our office, 105 Randolph Street. Price of tickets, $1 each. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 3-cent stamp for return postage. Great inducements are offered to agents, who are wanted every where.
Write for our terms at once. Send reference with application.
SPECIAL TERMS OF CLUB RATES.—Tickets to one address for $150; 10 tickets, $9 00; 20 tickets, $17 50; 30 tickets, $25 25; 40 tickets, $35 00; 50 tickets, $43 50. In every case send the name of each subscriber and their post-office address. Money by drafts, P. O. orders, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk.

EVERY OTHER TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE.
REFERENCES.—Tappin, M'Kellop & Co., Commercial Agency, Chicago; Lot C. Whitford, Wholesale Paper Dealer, Chicago; J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia; M. T. Quimby & Co., Wholesale Jewelers, Chicago; John E. Potter & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia; James L. Harison & Co., Importers, New York; Van Valkenburgh & Co., Importers, New York; S. B. Cobb, Chicago; Crosby & Ainsworth, Publishers, Boston.
Send what the Chicago Press say:
KELLEY & CO.'S GIFT ENTERPRISE.—The first to embark in the Gift Enterprise business in Chicago was the firm of A. A. Keller & Co., located at 105 Randolph St. Who does not remember their cries, which opened two or three years ago, where many purchased books and other articles, and were so lucky as to find with their purchase tickets which entitled them to valuable gifts in jewelry or other prizes. Thousands of our citizens were thus fortunate, and these have the best evidences that Messrs. Kelley & Co. always perform all they promise; that they are honorable, and do business honestly and on the square. Another Gift Concert, which they now advertise, promises to be one of the most successful of the series of Gift Concerts that have taken place in Chicago. The 736 gifts to be distributed are all that they are represented to be. All the prizes will positively be distributed to those holding the lucky tickets after the drawing. There is such a very large number of prizes that every one is almost certainly in favor of drawing something. Mr. Kelley, of Chicago, was known as A. Keller & Co., have confidence in their honor and integrity, and are highly favorably in their enterprise. These are reasons why we believe the forthcoming Kelley & Co.'s Gift Concert to the public. Let the people come up and buy the tickets still remaining unsold. The drawing will positively take place on the 28th instant. Money sent by mail will be promptly responded to.—*Chicago Journal.*
All communications should be addressed to A. A. KELLEY & CO., 105 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. P. O. Box 1424.

HOMES FOR THE MILLION!



WOODWARD'S ANNUAL OF ARCHITECTURE, LANDSCAPE GARDENING, AND RURAL ART for 1867. 176 Designs and Plans for Cottages, Outbuildings, and Grounds. Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, $1 00, postpaid.

WOODWARD'S COUNTRY HOMES.
Eighth Edition. 150 Designs and Plans for Country Houses, &c. Paper, 50 cents; postpaid, $1 50.

MANUAL OF THE HOUSE.
126 Designs and Plans for Country Houses, Outbuildings, &c., by D. J. Lesquin. Cloth, extra, postpaid, $1 00.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

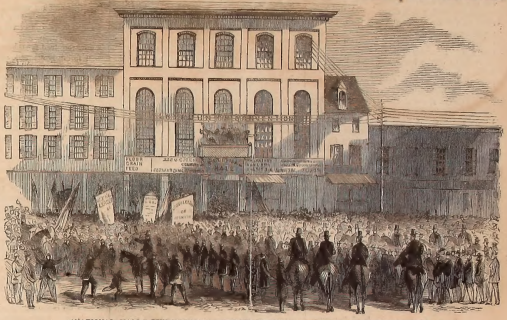
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 508.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



HON. JAMES SPEED, OF KENTUCKY,
PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION.



"NATIONAL HALL," PHILADELPHIA—MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION.



THE SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA—"PARSON BROWNLOW" PASSING THROUGH THE RANKS OF THE NORTHERN DELEGATION, IN INDEPENDENCE SQUARE.—[SEE PAGE 508.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1866.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

SO melancholy a spectacle as that of the President of the United States passing through the country and passionately denouncing Congress and some of his fellow-citizens by name, was never before known in our history. Invited as President to participate in a public ceremony, he surrounds himself with the chief civil officers of the Government, and the two great heroes of the war, and then insists that he may stump the country as he goes, in his private capacity. We defy any man to read the speeches uttered by the President without wincing with mortification. The whole thing would be inexpressibly comical if it were not too painful. The inanity, the vanity, the incredible balderdash of these performances would set the whole country shaking with laughter, except for the fact that the speaker is the President of the United States, and the man who gravely expresses his profound admiration and delight in the spectacle is WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD. The story of this progress reads like an incident of the lower empire in its lowest days. A man might justly tremble for his country, if he did not feel the deep disgust and unutterable indignation of the honest people all around him. If the elections had been held on the day the President reached Chicago the Union ticket would have swept every State. As it is, this Presidential progress has unquestionably carried the autumn elections for the Union party. For there is not a thoughtful man who does not ask himself, with startling emphasis, how any policy could be safe in such hands?

We have but incidentally mentioned the saddest part of the whole, and that is the part played by MR. SEWARD. It is not anger, nor disgust, with which these words are read and his conduct in this extraordinary performance contemplated, by those to whom in other years his name was a pride and his abilities were an inspiration. Such men—and they are the only true friends he has ever had or will have in the country—have looked on in irrepressible sorrow and consternation. What must MR. SEWARD feel, what more they are justified by the truth in feeling, there is no occasion to express in words.

It is the fate of SEWARD'S hard fortune—cruel for himself, mournful for those who honored him as political chiefs are always honored—to be tried beyond his power. We are not of those who are willfully treacherous to humanity and liberty; for it is easy to believe in ourselves and to count all who differ as faithless. Nor do we explain his course by any motive so poor as desire of revenge upon the party which did not make him President in 1860. Men act from mixed motives, and the blindness of moral perception once disturbed, ever so slightly, is not readily recovered.

MR. SEWARD was made for calmer times and a purely political arena. He neither believed in the war before it came, nor understood it when it burst. "The Union saved by the sword is a Union I can not comprehend," he said, in his last important speech in the Senate. He did not understand it then. He understands it still less now. At once a doctrinaire and an empiric, he accepts a form for it will and refuses to believe in an actual event which seems to him illogical, however it may burn and bruise the country.

At the close of the great campaign of 1860 MR. SEWARD, who had laid aside his natural and bitter dispassionment to work for the success of MR. LINCOLN, passed through the West making a series of speeches, so varied, so powerful, and so persuasive that they will endure among the purest illustrations of American eloquence. Crossing the line of the Free States, he carried the banner of Republican equality of rights up to the very citadel of the enemy; and at St. Josephs, upon slave soil in Missouri, he made as masterly and lofty a plea as ever fell from his lips. Returning to the North he addressed audiences of ten thousand people,

regard facts and proceed upon a pleasing theory? "The freedmen will never be well treated until the South is prosperous," says Mr. BEECHER. Shall we therefore say, in order that the South may be prosperous, she may do what she chooses with the freedmen?

The situation is obscure. There may be, as Mr. BEECHER suggests, vast perils at hand. But in a dark night we must use what light we have. It is not the part of wisdom to fill into a pit that we see, because there may possibly be a deeper one a few steps ahead. Let us restore the Union at the very earliest moment which is consistent with a reasonable promise of justice and safety. But do not let us abandon a reasonable promise of justice and safety in order to restore the Union, for we should discover that we had lost a substance for a shadow. Two years ago the men who, as a party, are now shouting for restoration anyhow, and rights and honor and justice afterward, told us at Chicago that the war was a failure, that the South was invincible, and that we ought to surrender, and then see what we could do. But the people were of another opinion, and the South yielded. The same moral unanimity swung us to-day will work the same miracle.

JUDGE ADVOCATE GEN. HOLT.

THERE is an attempt, properly described as atrocious, to make it appear that Judge Advocate General HOLT was in league with base men to injure Professor DAVIS by obtaining which he knew to be false. So foul a charge upon so fair a fame as General HOLT's would not be worthy even of refutation were the effort now plainly making to poison the public mind. With perfect propriety, therefore, General HOLT has himself called attention to an article in the *Washington Republican* of the 6th September as a truthful and complete vindication.

The few facts are, that a person called SAYRE upon CONOVER was brought to the notice of the Government as a competent witness in the trial of the assassination conspiracy. His testimony was such, that, when he offered to furnish General HOLT with important evidence of the complicity of DAVIS and CLAY in the great crime, General HOLT could not with fidelity to his duty and the opportunity, refuse a conference with the Secretary of War, therefore, CONOVER was engaged to collect the testimony of which he claimed to have knowledge. For some months he was in various parts of the country with this object and corresponding with General HOLT.

This testimony the General wished, of course, to try by every possible test. When the Committee of the House was appointed he stated to it all the circumstances of the case, and laid before it all the correspondence; and he urged that such witnesses as were accessible should be examined by the Committee. He was authorized to summon some of them, and sent an officer to New York for that purpose. This officer saw one of the chief witnesses, and he declared that his previous deposition was false, and made out the fabrication of CONOVER. He affirmed that this was also true of other witnesses. This witness was brought to Washington and confronted with CONOVER. The witness still persisted that his deposition was wholly the fabrication of CONOVER, who denied it, and went in charge of the officer of the Committee to the City to summon the other witnesses, but escaping from the officer CONOVER has not since appeared, although the letters to various parts of the country superscribed by General HOLT are evidently written with his connivance.

General HOLT immediately advised that the depositions of CONOVER's witnesses should be withdrawn from the evidence before the Committee. This was done, and the Committee gave to its consideration whatever, but upon the unimpeached testimony in their possession the Committee, in their Report, declared that there is probable reason to believe that DAVIS may privy to the measures which led to the commission of the crime.

So plain a statement of the truth confounds calumny. But General HOLT's fidelity was shown so early in the war, and has been so lofty and persistent, that the friends of the rebels could not spare him, and they have not ceased to follow him with their envenomed slanders. From the moment he raised his voice against the rebellion until now it has given no uncertain sound. President LINCOLN had no truer friend or more frequent counselor than General HOLT, and it does not harm him with good citizens that those who called LINCOLN an ape denounce his friend as a false witness. His character is his sufficient panoply.

THE LAST PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

THE Convention of loyal Southern Unionists at Philadelphia was the most memorable political event of many years. The HANDALL Convention was substantially a repetition of the old Democratic assemblies in which the Southern delegates appeared to announce the policy of the party. So under the auspices of Mr. DOOLITTLE and MONTGOMERY BLAIR the Democracies met, with some recruits from the Union ranks, and laid down as their platform for the campaign the continuing right of States to enjoy all their privileges in the Union at the same time that they are trying to destroy it, as expounded by Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, ex-Vice-President of the ex-Confederacy.

But the Convention of original Union men did not get their instructions from the late insurgents. They were men taught by tremendous experience that inequality of rights before the law leads to bloody feud, and were not to be set forth with the baited and again be victorious." He referred to the glorious victories in the Valley and the battle-fields. These victories it was our duty now to secure by loyal constitutional amendments to restore the South to her former rights. He reviewed the President's action, he referred to the cordial sympathy from the South by Johnson, Yet when Congress exerted its constitutional authority such as suspension and impeachment, they found President with assumptions, that he thought we had not read aright the Constitution. We must secure our conditions by Constitutional amendments. He expressed his disapprobation of the President's course in regard to the Freedmen.

Hon. Lyman Trumbull was elected President of the Convention, amid great applause.

The following telegram was read, being frequently interrupted by applause:

"CONVENTIONAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA.

"*The New York State Delegation at Philadelphia, to New York city and Syracuse, greeting:*

"We have met our brethren from the South and mingled them with the friends of the Union who are loyal to the Union and to the great party that saved the Union. Between the Confederation of the United States to representation on the simplest condition compatible with the existence of the Union, there are political rights of the loyal people of those States. They declare that the policy of the President has been proved in their own persons to be unjust, cruel, and intolerable. They ask for the reconstruction of the Union on the basis of the Constitution, with protection which a returned President, once a Southern loyalist, cannot give. Southern loyalists, Northern hearts beat with a noble sympathy for universal liberty and the equal rights of all men, and for a true American citizenship.

"HIRAM WALSBURG, Chairman."

The President also read a telegram from D. D. Denton, informing the Convention that the National Republican Committee had promptly cast out that very unworthy member, and A. J. Raymond, and put in his place one who means "danger will never deter, nor threats appall."

Mr. Ballard moved that the proceedings of the National Committee be cordially ratified by the Convention. Carried without dissent.

The following letter was read under the instruction of this Convention, to the Philadelphia State Convention:

"By resolution of the Republican Union State Committee of the State of New York, now in session at Syracuse, I am directed to send greetings to the loyal men of the State in their convention at Philadelphia, and to assure them that the great heart of the people of New York is with them in the hour of their trial, and increased persecution by the substitution of the policy of Andrew Johnson for that of Abraham Lincoln. You were more determined than now in the supreme peril of the nation. We are sure that your sympathizers, come whence and from where they may, will be rebuked by every loyal man who possesses a manly appreciation of your present trials. You labored on a year ago under the same discouragements, and the giddiness stared you in the face, and the loyal people will never forget your courage and justice in overthrowing, and the freedom bought by blood shall be permanently established by the Constitution.

"C. H. VAN WYCK,

"Temporary Chairman, Republican State Committee.

"To the Hon. THOMAS J. DURANT, Philadelphia Convention."

The Convention being full, Mr. Durant made a speech of the same general tenor with General VAN WYCK's, to which we have already referred.

Reuben E. Fenton was renominated for Governor, and Stevens for Lieutenant-Governor by acclamation.

The following platform of resolutions were reported by the Committee on Resolutions—George W. Curtis, Chairman—and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That by the grace of God, and the valor and intelligence of the people, the Constitution has been maintained and the supreme law of the land, and that every political, social, and industrial interest of the country is to-day under the most solemn and urgent generous and patriotic heart, imperatively demand the speediest restoration of the Union which is consistent with constitutional justice and national safety.

Resolved, That the United States is a perpetual Union, and that no power exists either in the Federal Government or in the several States rightly to destroy it. Neither by the act of rebellion can the States of the Union or withdraw any of their rights or powers under the Constitution, nor by any process of secession or ordinance can the jurisdiction or the rightful authority of the United States over any citizen or any State be ousted or impaired, nor any law of the United States be rendered inoperative, or any portion of the public property, real or personal, be withdrawn from the possession of the United States.

Resolved, That the United States have the right and power to suppress rebellion and treason, and to punish the authors of a State, or of the people of a State, who have violated the constitutional authority of the Federal Government can be sustained by rebellion and war against the people, a State may by rebellion and war put to the abrogation of its loyal State Government, and the exercise of its constitutional powers in the Union, and as a State, so far as fact ceases its relations to the Union and to the privileges which it possessed under the Constitution, and the Federal Government may wage war for its subjugation, precisely as it may wage war upon the forces of the law of a foreign nation. The powers of the law of war are recognized by the laws of Nations; and when that war is waged by the people of a State, the relations of the Government to determine at what time the State by the abandonment of a government for the political form under the Constitution and the consequent abandonment of rebellion and the return to loyalty of its inhabitants may safely resume the exercise of its rights and powers under the Constitution, which have been lost and suspended by its own wrong, and the duty of the United States has been to act and unimpaired all its rights and privileges while its inhabitants have been in revolt as its agents, and to hold to judge when it is in proper condition to resume those rights and privileges. It is essential, and the other doctrine, that the President is alone sole judge of the period when any such suspension shall be at an end and the State permitted to resume its power in the Union, is monstrous.

Resolved, That the pending amendment to the Constitution proposed by Congress, which denies citizenship in the United States and the civil rights of citizenship to the late insurrectional representative among several States, which disables from national or local office the great body of the people represented in Congress—those who have taking an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, which have engaged in rebellion against the same, and which declares the validity of the public debt of the United States, and invalidates every debt incurred by any attempt to overthrow the Union, is essential to engraft upon the organic law the legitimate results of the war, consecrated by the glorious, humanity, and moderation to every patriotic heart, and that when any of the late insurgent States refuses to ratify the amendment a State should at once, by its loyal Representatives, be permitted to resume its place in Congress.

Resolved, That in pursuance of these principles the late insurgent States required by the Federal Union subject to the approval of Congress, to accede to certain conditions including the ratification of the Constitutional amendment of each of the late insurgent States in Congress is due solely to their refusal to recognize this change, and that their claim to enter Congress before that change is achieved, is a demand that is bloody attempt to dissolve the Union shall be rewarded with increased representation of political power.

Resolved, That inequalities of guarantees of person and political liberties are dangerous to the peace of States and the welfare of freemen, and that we shall sincerely endorse if the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment which tends to that guarantee of political rights among citizens of the Union upon which the future prosperity, and power of the United States must depend.

Resolved, That the President of the United States, in denouncing as unconstitutionally incompetent the Congress whose legislative authority he has otherwise recognized, cowers himself of usurpation of power, and that the frequent avowals of faithful citizens in Members and New Orleans should admonish him that his policy encourages a spirit hostile to constitutional liberty, and which indefinitely delays the restoration of the Union.

Resolved, That Reuben E. Fenton, by his able, faithful, and vigilant discharge of his duties as Governor, has deserved and secured the confidence and gratitude of the people of our State, and we present him as a candidate for re-election in the assured trust that his re-election will be ratified by an increased and commanding majority.

Resolved, That we recognize in the other candidates on our ticket men who have proved in the field and elsewhere the patriotic debts and generous capacity which command them to the hearty support of the people of New York.

Resolved, That alike as to our own and other lands we take our stand on the glorious platform of the precedents and positive our fathers' Declaration of Independence, wherein Human Government not as the prerogative of a superior race or caste, but as the natural birthright of all men inalienable by crime. We rejoice to witness the progress which other nations are making in the practical assertion of this indestructible truth, and we confidently trust that the day is not distant when throughout the civilized world there shall no more be found a despot, a vassal, or a slave.

Resolved, That the Republic is grateful and commemorance the brave soldiers and sailors who, through the price of their shed blood, have saved to the Union to glorious victory, and that we hold in undying honor the brave men of our race in the insurgent race, who, during the late war, and under the most trying circumstances, heroically maintained their faith in the Union, and succored its imprisoned soldiers; and that we pledge to them in every citizen every where in the land who is now sincerely faithful to the Union, our profoundest sympathy and support, praying them to close up the mighty line, and hand in hand and heart to heart, marching on to universal liberty, in the words of our beloved and immortal leader, Abraham Lincoln, though dead, yet speaketh, "The Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

CONDITION OF THE TREASURY.

The receipts of gold into the Treasury continue to be very large, and the amount in the sub-treasury of over five millions since the statement of September 1, four and a half of which was for interest on the Ten-Forty bonds, the amount now held exceeds that on hand at that time, reaching nearly $89,000,000; of this amount $63,000,00 actually belong to the Government, the balance being represented by gold certificates.

The total receipts from customs, internal revenue, etc. are larger than at any previous time, and notwithstanding the rapid reduction of the currency debt, the balances in favor of the Government are again rapidly accumulating at all points.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

September 5:

(VIENNA.)—Affairs in Saxony remain in a state of unrest. The Hungarian troops have been withdrawn from the Hungarian frontier, and the army is being provisioned. The Viceroy of peace with Prussia Baden Austria not to interfere.

September 6:

(BERLIN.)—The armistice between Saxony and Prussia has expired, but it is believed that a treaty is concluded between the two countries, and hostilities, it is thought, may possibly cease.

The Prussian Chamber of Deputies has passed the Indemnity Bill by a majority of 230 votes to 75.

A treaty of peace between Prussia and Hesse-Darmstadt was concluded on the 13th.

It is said that King William, of Prussia, will visit Austria.

September 8:

(BERLIN.)—Darmstadt has complied with the demands of Prussia, and will pay the latter three millions of florins, besides ceding to Prussia some territory.

Russia is treating for the purchase of the iron-clad *Invincible*.

Now the expiration of the armistice between Prussia and Saxony the Plenipotentiaries of the two Governments have met, and peace negotiations have been formally opened by the representative of Saxony.

September 9:

(BERLIN.)—It is said that the King of Saxony will be deposed in order to refuse to accept Bismarck's terms—and that he will be succeeded on the throne by a member of the younger branch of his family.

(FLORENCE.)—The cholera is making sad ravages in Italy.

September 11:

(BERLIN.)—The Prussian Chamber of Deputies has passed the bill for the annexation of Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, and Frankfort. It is said that a reconciliation of Schleswig and Holstein has been sent in to the Danish Diet.

September 8:

(LONDON.)—Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone, in a speech delivered at Salisbury last evening, urged upon the Liberals to support up good Reform Bill which should be brought forward in Parliament by the Derby Government.

(HAYTI'S CONVENT.)—Since Sunday morning unlimited terror has prevailed throughout the capital, and she laid the shore end of the cable of 1858 on Saturday evening at 6 o'clock. Advices from Europe by the arrival of Schleswig and Holstein has been sent in to the Grand Duke.

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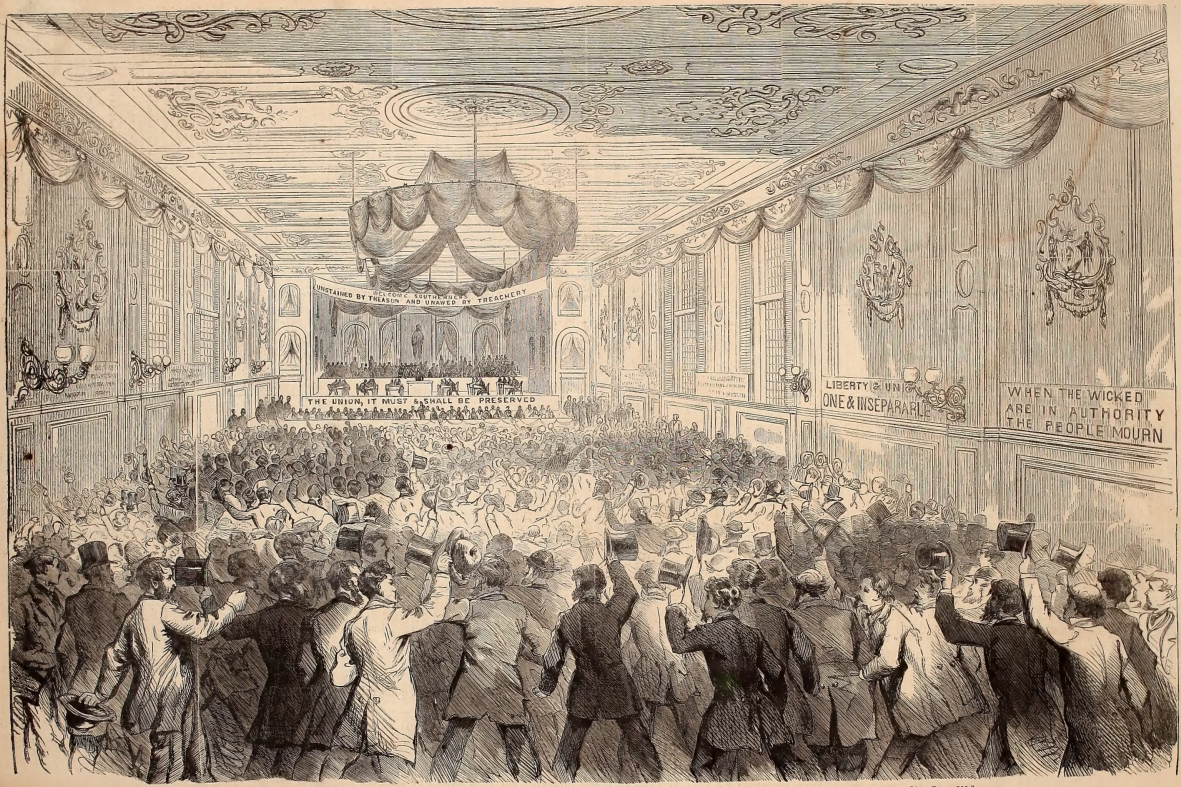
(LONDON.)—It is said the cable fills are soon to be replaced on deck.

(BERLIN.)—The Upper House of the Prussian Diet has passed the bill to indemnify the King for acting without the assent of the Diet in the matter of the budget and army supplies previous to the war with Austria. The bill has been unanimously.

The number of troops in the Duchies have been ordered to be immediately reduced to the footing.

(ANCONA.)—The Cretans have rejected the terms offered them by the Turkish Commissioner, and continue their revolt.

The Epirotes (inhabitants of Epirus) also claim their freedom from Turkey, and have abandoned their habitations and taken to the hills.



SCENE UPON THE ASSEMBLING OF THE SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION AT THE "NATIONAL HALL" IN PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 3, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 598.]



THE UNION LEAGUE PROCESSION PASSING INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, AND CHEERING THE FLAG RAISED BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1861.—[See Page 596.]

THE UNIONIST CONVENTION.

IT is the day of popular Conventions. Setting aside the State Convention which usually recur at this season, there will have been held before the close of this month, and following fast upon each other's heels, three general Conventions, called together by the pressing questions which are to be, in a great measure, decided by the Fall elections. The National Union party held its Convention at Philadelphia in the middle of August, and it had scarcely left the Quaker City before the leaders from the Southern States entered it to hold their Convention. On the 17th instant the Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention will be held at Cleveland. So absorbing is the popular interest in the great national question of the day, that even in our State Conventions local interests seem to have been entirely forgotten. And in addition to the meeting of Conventions there is the President's grand political tour through the several States; and the people with intense interest are following their Chief Magistrate, weighing carefully his every word and thought, now on both sides glorying in his mistakes, while others either seek to hide their blushes of shame, or indignantly spurn out their rebuke.

It is well that our people are thus alive to the present emergency; and it is well that the problem of restoration is thus being brought before them in all its manifold phases. The Conventions of the period are an expression of something more than the members that compose them; they represent most faithfully both the *principles* and the *temper* of the parties for which they speak. And the Presidential tour, in demonstrating to the people the policy and *his* temper, neither of which the people will forget. The American people never forget any thing.

But our present business is with the Southern Loyalists' Convention, which met on September 3 in Philadelphia, and to the illustration of which we have devoted several pages of this Number of our paper.

What is the composition of this Convention? whom does it represent? and what is the policy which it advocates? These are the questions the work which we purpose to answer.

THE CONVENTION.

The Convention was made up of *Southern* men, almost entirely of men from the eleven States lately in rebellion—of men who were faithful to the Union when all others in their several States were faithless, and who suffered ever-instant and long-continued perils for their fidelity—of men who are now bitterly hated, proscribed, and sometimes murdered, for no other reason than that they have been always Unionists, by those who still glory in the shame of their treason, even while they profess repentance, and claim the nation's pardon, and insist upon the restoration of their ancient privileges The men of this Convention were such as Governor BROWNLOW of Tennessee, ex-Governors HAMILTON and PARSON of Texas, the Hon. THOMAS DURANT of Louisiana, Hon. SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER of Virginia. If they speak bitterly and strongly of those who rebelled, it must be remembered that they speak from a nearer and more intimate knowledge of the real spirit and meaning of rebellion than we of the North, or even our loyal soldiers have had.

They represent very many who have been at the same time Southern loyalists and Union soldiers. And all whom they represent have been faithful to the National flag, excepting only those who were as loyal in sentiment as ABRAHAM LINCOLN, but who, by a very common frailty of our nature, have been forced to choose between death and the sacrifice of sentiment, accepted the latter, and thousands of whom found death by it, and now fill rebel soldiers' graves. They represent those stanch Unionists of the South who are not willing that the Freedom should be forgotten, and who insist upon the equality of all men before the law, irrespective of color, and look forward to the time when a large portion of the rebellious shall participate in the duties and privileges of the Government of which they are citizens.

THE WELCOME.

The members of the Convention, upon their arrival in Philadelphia, received an enthusiastic welcome from the Union League Club, the citizens, and the delegates from the North who had come on to meet them. On behalf of all these, Judge GEORGE, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of Reception, made a brief but eloquent address to the Convention. There was, he said, no hypocrisy on their hands, and their souls were free from the guilt of treason. They had held fast to their integrity, although their homes had been desolated, their nearest places laid waste, and themselves and their wives and children driven into exile. The sympathy which the men of the North felt for them and all those who flashed from a million Northern bayonets, and pronounced by the mouths of Northern cannon. He proclaimed it as the honest sentiment of the North, that when the South returned to her duty she must come in new robes, with new covenants for liberty, equality, and justice, led by her own loyal Unionists who are free from the guilt of treason. What hope had they in the future, or what right to demand it, if unpunished and impenitent traitors were to be reinstated in power by the arbitrary and besotted will of one man, under a Constitution that was deliberately overturn? The sense was already written in the blood of the murdered loyalists of New Orleans. They, the men of the South, were for the high and solemn mission of re-establishing the American Union on the broad and sure foundation of equal and exact justice to all men. It could stand upon no other. They could not be so unmindful of all the lessons of the past as to be led by vagrant politicians into another compromise with crime, instead of lifting up from degradation those who had been its victims.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1866.

THE UNIONIST CONVENTION.

IT is the day of popular Conventions. Setting aside the State Convention which usually recur at this season, there will have been held before the close of this month, and following fast upon each other's heels, three general Conventions, called together by the pressing questions which are to be, in a great measure, decided by the Fall elections. The National Union party held its Convention at Philadelphia in the middle of August, and it had scarcely left the Quaker City before the leaders from the Southern States entered it to hold their Convention. On the 17th instant the Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention will be held at Cleveland. So absorbing is the popular interest in the great national question of the day, that even in our State Conventional local interests seem to have been entirely forgotten. And in addition to the meeting of Conventions there is the President's grand political tour through the several States; and the people with intense interest are following their Chief Magistrate, weighing carefully his every word and thought, now on both sides glorying in his mistakes, while others either seek to hide their blushes of shame, or indignantly spurn out their rebuke.

It is well that our people are thus alive to the present emergency; and it is well that the problem of restoration is thus being brought before them in all its manifold phases. The Conventions of the period are an expression of something more than the members that compose them; they represent most faithfully both the *principles* and the *temper* of the parties for which they speak. And the Presidential tour, in demonstrating to the people the policy and *his* temper, neither of which the people will forget. The American people never forget any thing.

But our present business is with the Southern Loyalists' Convention, which met on September 3 in Philadelphia, and to the illustration of which we have devoted several pages of this Number of our paper.

What is the composition of this Convention? whom does it represent? and what is the policy which it advocates? These are the questions the work which we purpose to answer.

THE CONVENTION.

The Convention was made up of *Southern* men, almost entirely of men from the eleven States lately in rebellion—of men who were faithful to the Union when all others in their several States were faithless, and who suffered ever-instant and long-continued perils for their fidelity—of men who are now bitterly hated, proscribed, and sometimes murdered, for no other reason than that they have been always Unionists, by those who still glory in the shame of their treason, even while they profess repentance, and claim the nation's pardon, and insist upon the restoration of their ancient privileges The men of this Convention were such as Governor BROWNLOW of Tennessee, ex-Governors HAMILTON and PARSON of Texas, the Hon. THOMAS DURANT of Louisiana, Hon. SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER of Virginia. If they speak bitterly and strongly of those who rebelled, it must be remembered that they speak from a nearer and more intimate knowledge of the real spirit and meaning of rebellion than we of the North, or even our loyal soldiers have had.

They represent very many who have been at the same time Southern loyalists and Union soldiers. And all whom they represent have been faithful to the National flag, excepting only those who were as loyal in sentiment as ABRAHAM LINCOLN, but who, by a very common frailty of our nature, have been forced to choose between death and the sacrifice of sentiment, accepted the latter, and thousands of whom found death by it, and now fill rebel soldiers' graves. They represent those stanch Unionists of the South who are not willing that the Freedom should be forgotten, and who insist upon the equality of all men before the law, irrespective of color, and look forward to the time when a large portion of the rebellious shall participate in the duties and privileges of the Government of which they are citizens.

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SPARKS FROM THE FORGE.

"YES, yes, Miss Miller; it's tryin', as you say, after I've brung up the boy, to have him turn against me now!" and old Mrs. Ripley sipped her tea sorrowfully.

Mrs. Miller sighed from the other side of the little black tea-pot on the tea-table between them, for the gentle woman was giving a dish of their favorite beverage, with sage remarks and bitter herbs of consolation thrown in. Then she handed over the great chamber, with a sea of water and islands of radishes floating therein, under the vague impression that they would do the sorrowful good in a world of good. Perhaps they did, for there was, first, the wholesome exercise of chasing the round ones and the long ones and the triangular ones through the native obstinacy of the long ones, which leaned about at various angles.

"Yes," said Mrs. Ripley took the top of one off with a snap, and held the remainder over the salt ready for another attack,—

"Your rabbles is splendid; if Lizzy had been worth a cent we might ha' had a garden worth somethin' too. I told John how it would be, more than a year ago. I told him bass and catches—more'n a batch of bread in her life, nor milked a cow, nor nothin'."

"Well, I s'pose, of she was a manty-maker in the city, she couldn't have a chance to learn sich

things, you know," said Mrs. Miller, pouring out a fresh cup of tea in a convivial way, as though she expected to get up a head on the harmless infusion.

"No, no more she couldn't—and that's what I say." And Mrs. Ripley rounded her period with a goblet that threatened her only reliable tooth with instant destruction. "No more she couldn't, and so I told John, but he was the obstinatest creature I ever see. Says he, 'I don't want her to be another;' I am strong and well, and am a-goin' to work for her.' John is a good boy, but when his mind is set it's set. I tell you, Miss Miller, when your children is little they tromple on yer toes, but when they get growed they tromple on yer heart!—No, no more they shouldn't—I must be a-settin' along. I promised John that I wouldn't leave Lizzy and the hours very long. She's no more 'count than a child, never even made a stitch of clothes for John yet. There's Melissee Aspelt now—why she's ha' made him a suit of clothes as quick as wink. Well, well! Come over soon and see me. I must go back to Lizzie."

"I'm here, mother" and a young girl rose up from the flower-bed outside the door, over which she had been bending, and so heard the last words. "I was lonesome, and I came over to walk back with you."

There was a pitiful accent in her voice as she spoke. The clear blue eyes were a trifle dim as she walked slowly home by the old woman's side, and the little hands, already roughened by her new life, laid somewhat wearily together. "John's late to-night, isn't he, mother?" and the looked anxiously over toward the rolling-mill, not far away, that flung out its great pillar of smoke from a crown of fire.

"La! yes, child. You can't expect a man as has his livin' to make to be remmin' home all times of day and night. There's extra work to do in a fur nace, I s'pose."

"Oh, there's John!" and the girl's pale cheeks, that had given no hint of dimples, flushed and made rosy nests of themselves as she sprung eagerly forward. "Will Ned, I declare!—Cousin Ned! Oh, I'm so glad!"

The two men came forward, almost counterparts in figure—the same stalwart shoulders and splendid stature, but their faces were of opposite types. John with a square chin and somewhat heavy brow, indorsed by a will that refused to tell fibs even in the shadow; while Ned Hammersly wore the fair Saxon color and golden hair that was softened into beauty at a face.

"I'm glad to see you, Lize!" and his great rough hand was outstretched for the little one, which met it frankly.

"Does Lize behave herself?" turning to John, who slid his arm about her, and looked down on her head with a strong man's tenderness as he answered: "Pretty well, pretty well."

Then came the explanation of Ned's presence: that a proposal for preparing coal was in the act of operation, and carried out under his skillful direction, at the rolling-mill; that he had come to stay for the summer at the little hotel among the hamlets about them.

Old Mrs. Ripley had stood somewhat aloof, but John now touched her sleeve, and, turning to Ned, said: "My mother; Liza's cousin, Edward Hammersly. Thereupon the old, sharp eyes took an inventory of all his qualities and quantities of manner and person.

"You never told me about Mr. Hammerlee, Lizee," and she looked at John's wife in such a dreadful way over her iron-rimmed glasses that Liza drew back a step, and only said: "Didn't I?"

"Liza never put a family, Mr. Hammerlee?" she added, turning the glasses on him.

Ned grew as red as a great cabbage-rose, and answered, awkwardly: "No, ma'am, I'm a bachelor, and don't think of getting married now."

The sharp eyes took a look between the cousins as he spoke which she never forgot, and thereon built up a theory of possibilities and probabilities. From that day she never wavered from the belief, long bright summer, her watchfulness never flagged, her innuendoes never ceased, until John grew pale and silent, and sometimes rose by fits to the little wife, who was a riddle to him yet. Ned, with his frank, cheery ways and pleasant laugh, smoked many a pipe in his company by their outdoor doors, and then Liza seemed happiest and most loving toward him. And so gilded by the days of harvest and its lingering moons, and the hours of daylight grew fewer and the night-watch longer.

II.

JOHN sat just by the outer rim of the circle shining from the mouth of the great furnace, and that must be undying now. There was to be a great casting on the morrow, and it was his turn to watch. Above him great wheels and bands turned on their edges to the faint red light, and hopeful spiders tried again their hopeless work that never would be finished. Lengths of trusty iron, to be welded by-and-by, lay biding their time of trial and destiny, fatefilled in honest grim or faithful anchor. The great trip-hammer, which had pounded again the anvil and whatever lay thereon, like a vindictive demon, all day, was at rest a while, and there was no sound except the moaning roar of the furnace.

In this light John looked pale and worn; perhaps he felt as he rose and held his hands to the thick locks, under the pump and deluged it, shaking the drops out like a great water-dog. Then he moved toward the open door and looked out at the stars so thick above him.

"True as the stars"—ay, they are true, sure enough; one can depend on them all the year round and afterward—for, never mind how many graves there are, there is a star for each, I know, 'that will never waver.' I almost wish sometimes that all this worry of life was over for me!" And he passed his hand over his wet hair again, and looked out on the open night. Crickets sang their little songs in the tall weeds by the pile of lumber near; now and then a frog croaked hoarse contentment from the stone below the dam; and a distant dog barked defiance to outlaws and marauders. As he listened he looked toward the white cottage, not very far away, with its colored shutters, like blind eyes, showing in the setting moonlight. He looked long and fixedly, and when he turned away it was with a sudden wrench as of one in pain, and he sighed heavily. Just then something white came through the grass and almost startled him, until he saw that it was Liza's cat, with a bit of ribbon all draggled and wet with the dew.

"Oh! pussy, is it you?" and he sat down on one of the oaken benches near the great creature as he put his arms, as though glad of her company in his silent loneliness.

"Good little pussy loves me, I know," and he laid his rough red hand tenderly over her fur. "I wonder if your little mistress does? I don't know. I thought she did; but I ought to have waited a little longer before I brought her home to my poor lonely place. So young and so fair, and I am ten years older than she, and grave and quiet in my ways—ain't I, puss?"

For answer, to be sure, the creature said "Mew!" and nothing more; but it made no difference to the lonely hearer, which was glad to-night of the dumb beast's sympathy. So he laid down her head, I'd sit, you see, pussy; and he is gay, and young, and handsome." He rose abruptly as he spoke, and the cat rolled over and over with fill, feeling her fur she ran frightened away, and between his heavy heard escaped the words: "I wish Ned Hammersly were dead—at the bottom of the sea!"

The furnace fire was a shade less bright, and he replenished it not sat with his head in his hands a long, long while, while the night looked over the hills and thrust her busy fingers even through the crevices and crannies of the door-way, where Liza stood with John's cap in her hand, and her arm. He knew the cat even so far away by its bright buttons, and Ned had evidently been trying to, or by what deceit or cajolery he could not know.

John Ripley grasped the lintel and never moved until the figure had disappeared on the road leading to the town, and she turned toward the shut. Then limbs trembled and shook as he staggered back to the oaken settle by the fire, and he shivered with the cold. So he sat when the mother brought him a can of coffee and eaten cake.

"I thought I would just run over, John, with a bit of sustain' for ye. You look awful pale of nights." She didn't come down out of her room till just afore I came out. What's the matter? I didn't hurt ye, no? If I'd look after him, I'd a-got the ager."

"No, no, mother, I'm all right, said he, precisely. "Set the coffee down, and I'll take it by-and-by."

Just then the great bell rang, and the hands came trooping in for supper, and the bell of tell. Wheel and band were thrown in gear, and the trip-hammer became a busy, relentless demon again.

III.

EVENTS o'clock, the time for casting, has come. Seething and boiling the great furnace waits its change. Once more the workman stoops to see the mould, that spot or mar shall not be found therein. Men and assistants hurry backward and forward and thither that all may go well. From a timber cross borne on strong shoulders hung a kettle suspended from two hooks, and this at the hour was filled and borne beside the mould to fill defects that might occur. From the molten mass, as the great clock struck, a ruddy stream poured slowly down to consult to the mould. The four men held steady by braces the great kettle, and the ladler waited for commands. John Ripley was one of these. All day his hand was scarcely steady, and when he heard Ned's voice behind him speaking to the men he turned away his head and held out his hand to the other on its brace. Just then the ladler dipped from out the mass, and in his agitation dipped the hot drop upon John's hand. It was a slight injury of pain escaped him, and he would have shrunk, and so let burning death upon him in its forthcoming torment, if, like a tiger, he had not sprung, and cried, "For God's sake, men, hold on!"

That cry and that quick grasp saved them all. The red iron had crept up to the very edge of the kettle with John's failing grasp, and one quiver more would have sent it over. It was a narrow escape.

The men knew well enough the danger. Round the forge-fires had gone many a tale of horror and disaster when a failing hand had left a moment free to scorch and burn and kill and fetter in the flying fugitives, until its hot breath did its work.

John knew the chief danger of his rival had saved him, and remembered it even through the fearful anguish of his maimed and blistered arm. And yet he would have given worlds to have cool the life he held to any other man.

"Here, Joe Hill; take my horse, tied outside, and ride for the doctor, and tell him, John Ripley has on here while I go home with John. He isn't fit to go alone."

Ned's orders were carried out, and the two men walked slowly toward the cottage.

"Let me go in first, John, and tell Lize."

Even in his anguish and suffering of body the injured man turned and answered fiercely, with an oath.

"No you don't, Ned Hammersly. I go first. I can take care of my wife—ay, and my own cut too. I don't want your help."

"Are you crazy, John?" and Ned stood across his path.

"No. Stand aside, will you?"

The man's strong will carried him past his companion and by the little door, where he fell fainting like one dead.

IV.

DAYS of pain and nights of unrest had followed the fearful burning. At one time it seemed hardly possible to save his arm; but now he hoped to wield it by-and-by. A long while, perchance, it might be before it could give the thunderous blows of its olden might; but he was thankful for its partial restoration. For his fierce and bitter words when coming home Ned bore no grudge; but ever since John had turned away with steady coldness from his friendly offers, Liza, too, had come to be afraid of his petulant replies, and went about her round of duties pale and silent. Mrs. Ripley, as was her wont, went out to gossip and drink tea with the neighbors. She did not grieve, I am sure, at the estrangement, for did it not prove her prophetic croakings true?

So it was timidly and half afraid that Liza sat down beside him in the September sunshine, which flooded the open door and the chair where he sat wearily thinking, about a month after the accident.

"John, dear, I'm afraid you find something sad she laid her hand on his knee, but he did not take it. "I s'pose you won't care, but I thought I would tell you that my sister's married and coming here to live. She was a long while making up her mind too, and she said No once or twice, but she meant Yes all the time, and so they are married, and—and her husband is Ned Hammersly. I thought we should go to the wedding, but you won't mind about it, will you, and so we couldn't be there. And see, John"—she pulled out from behind her, where she had held it all the while, a new cloth coat—"I made it for the wedding, John, all myself. I cut it and sewed it, and Ned got the cloth for me, and I tried it on him when you were out of sight—you won't mind, will you, John—and I just got it done the morning you were burned." And stopped and held it up for him to look at your coat, and it fitted so nicely! Now mother won't say I am good for nothing any more, will she? Why, John, what's the matter? are you crying about? I thought you would like it. Don't you?"

"Come here, little one!" The arms were open wide. "Darling, darling little lamb!" And so he held her golden head a while, and vowed anew to trust her for evermore. And so Ned and his new bride found their way to the cottage at last.

"I've been a fool, Ned; forget it if you can;" and that was all.

If ever a man was proud, John Ripley was in that beloved coat, that had cost him such sorrow in its building. If ever a wife was happy, it was when John wore that coat for the first time.

And when Mrs. Ripley took tea with Mrs. Miller, she was forced to confess that "she thought she might make somethin' out of Lizee after all."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

PLEASURE-SEEKERS are returning from various quarters to the city. It is the fashion to inaugurate the city season time in September; and so, even though September is the most rainy days may be expected, a people generally follow the fashion. Houses, long silent and deserted, are resonant with voices, blinds are thrown open, churches are opened, and business receives a general impetus. The hotels report a large increase in fall. Many who usually pass most of the summer in the city thought it expedient to retreat this year; but now that all fear of cholera is past, they begin to leave the retreats, the hotels and the chilly comforts of the country. The fall has been a very bright season of the kind, and weather known within the memory of the "oldest inhabitants," there has seldom been an August so unseasonably and so continuously cold.

The sojourners at the White Mountains have found themselves sadly incommoded. Rain has fallen almost incessant, and the roads, never good, have been, in consequence, nearly impassable. Shut up inside of a hazy, prejudicial atmosphere, it is hard for people of it to keep one self from being tossed into the muddy abyss beneath, and to appreciate any of wonderful for the picturesque; but we have no taste for such exceedingly romantic excursions. A bridal-party from one of the hotels, driving to Crawford's or three weeks ago, followed the fashion and went to the White Mountains. The bridegroom, in order to secure a measure of comfortable quarters by securing rooms in advance. But on arriving there the hotel was found to be overflowed, and, instead of the usual accommodation, a small, uncomfortable attic room was given up to the bridal party. Consequent of the party's arriving at they could without rooms. Nothing daunted, the next day they commenced the ascent of Mount Washington. Before the snow-storm met them, they had half-conquered with the cold, they beat a hasty retreat, resolving to seek some more genial climate in which to spend the honey-moon.

Undoubtedly September will be more agreeable to those who will not scorn the mountains than August was. There is usually a sort of compensation in regard to the weather, and those in the country will have complainingly shrugged their shoulders at the chilly breezes of August may calmly hang, under a sunny September sky, their refreshing boards.

It is said that a new sect has been formed among the women of St. Petersburg, and that they have already taken the name of "Nihilists." They are called "Nihilists," and their distinguishing peculiarities are that they repudiate all religious belief, all assurances and responsibilities of men; work at all kinds of manual labor, and transact every sort of mercantile business. The following is a description of the costume of two "Nihilists," who recently rode their appearance at a ball given in St. Petersburg: "The two fair heads were cropped close, and their attire a sort of compromise between the coat and trousers of the male sex, with the more convenient portions of the male costume. A jacket descending low over the hips, and closed over a waistcoat by a row of large buttons; a short, very full petticoat of the same, and beneath, just apparent above the high boots of black, shining leather, full inexpressibles, and gathered in, but reaching just above the knee, and displaying about an inch of the same material, formed their novel and singular attire. Each held in her hand a low, flat hat, with a large brim adorned with a cord and tassel.

A curious marriage ceremony took place in the mulberry-tree. A. M. Brunet affirms that he has succeeded in reducing the textile substances which are found in the bark of the mulberry to the fineness, durability, and general appearance of silk by chemical and mechanical processes, and affirms his faith in the discovery by buying up large quantities of the bark for the purpose of manufacture of silk. If this be true, mulberry-trees will be all the fashion wherever they can be cultivated, and the invention will be a very profitable one.

There is an old story to the effect that a solitary bachelor, having suddenly resolved to commit matrimony, rang the bell, and pronounced to his cook. She, in a state of indecision, hesitated; so he rung the bell again, and proposed to the house-maid, who accepted him on the spot. And—as the story goes—they were happily ever afterward, as a just reward of her prompt decision. The tale is not cited as a precedent for young ladies to take such a dangerously short time in making a decision as is required in the acceptance of a lifetime. But we often see such a ridiculous hesitation in trivial matters that it is a relief to meet a woman who knows how to self-possessed. Many a lady has no confidence in her own taste or skill in dressing herself. "Would you wear my bat silk, or my blue muslin?" "Which looks the best, a linen collar or a lace one?" "Does this ribbon look prettiest in a single or double bow?" And a multitude of similar questions are constantly heard in the dressing-room. Some are perpetually disturbed between having to fixed principles themselves, they try to please those with whom they chance to be, and are like the "waves of the sea, driven of the wind and tossed." We often see gentlemen who are singularly undecided in minor matters—as, say, for example, require an immense time to decide what they will have for dinner—although they may decide in momentous questions with comparative promptness. It is worth a good deal to cultivate a know what questions should be quickly and promptly decided, and what should be carefully considered—and to be able to do it.

Apropos to this subject, is what Sydney Smith says: "I will not be the person to prejudge questions, and adjusting nice chances: it did all very well before the flood, when the race could consult Methuselah upon an intended publication for 150 years, and live to see the success for it when completed; but now that we all present a man waits and doubts, and consults his partner, and his friends, and his grandmother, till one day he finds that he is 65 years of age, and that he has lived to consult, and has consulted to little purpose. A particular froude that he has so more time to follow his advice."

Every body has read or heard of the great meteoric shower of November 13, 1833. On that occasion the whole heavens were more illuminated with fiery fireworks from about two o'clock until daybreak. Professor Olmsted, of Yale College, announces that a similar display of meteors will probably occur on the morning of the 13th or 14th of November next. Such a display undoubtedly produces a deep interest among all classes of persons. Preparations to observe this phenomenon have been already made, and are already commenced in Europe. And all, who in any country are fortunate enough to be witnesses of such an extraordinary affair, may well consider themselves favored.

Tomatoes are considered as among the healthiest of all our vegetables. Every housekeeper who has the opportunity should endeavor to keep up some for winter use. It is a very simple matter to do this. They should not be allowed to get over-ripening, and put them into bat into wide-mouthed jugs or tin cans. The jugs or cans should be entirely filled, and securely covered or closed. Preserved in this manner they keep almost as fresh as when first picked from the vine.

A Southern paper records the trial of a man charged with stealing corn from a neighbor's crib. The evidence went to show that the man had been found with his hat in an aperture in the crib, which appeared to be a stout trap, cut for the purpose of catching the thief as he was due to evidence that two empty corn sacks were found lying at the feet of the entrapped individual. The decision of the magistrate, however, was, that there was no proof that the prisoner put the sacks any corn, and as to being caught in a steel trap, any gentleman had a perfect right to stick his hand in one if he felt inclined to do so.

A humorous writer says:

"We have yet an aperture in the vocabulary in which a word has been turned inside out to find the origin of *crochet*, little whimsies of the female sex. The word is not a corruption of *crochet*, which means a hook, and a whimsy was a cross-grained word used by those who threw it out as a back to catch husbands with. Crochet is a little bit of everything, and has been in this, more especially when we remember that crochet silks are made in the form of balls, and crochet needles like skewers. The writer has at this moment hanging on his study-chair a pair of crochet slippers, which were made for him by fair hands several years ago, and thrown by as useless when finished. On the back of the shoe he saw the hook and declined to bite. On the whole, he thinks that crochet is one of the most worthless terms, inasmuch as the hook is to be discovered at the end of it."

It is suggested that instead of the phrase "shaven lawn," which the manuals use to designate the croquet ground, the words "mown lawn" be used, as the latter word so pretty to hear the accents of a silvery voice saying, "Suppose we have a game of croquet upon the upper close?"

An exchange gives the following remarkable statements:

"We have a compositor in this office the friction of whose movements over the type in his stick fixes them with such electricity that he can't drop it. The current this is to have his case submerged in water, and the type will then drop out. A friend of ours who has been subbing so that eggs have frequently been boiled in the pockets of his coat. Pipes from his head boiled in the pockets of his coat. Pipes from his head connected to a boiler in the press-room, and the steam generated by the heat of his brain is sufficient to drive the press. In one day he 'set' so much type that he could sit on his hands, from collected heat, and not feel the proof, and it wasn't his good day for setting type either."

How long ago a party who were sight-seeing in New York went on board a Liverpool packet—their first acquaintance with a ship—and were examining every corner the vessel; and when they entered the luxurious cabin a young lady of the party, delighted with what she saw, exclaimed, "Oh, how I should like to go to Europe in such a ship!" "You can," spoke the captain, in a deep voice, who had overheard the remark unobserved. "You can if you will." "As your wishes, I suppose, Sir," replied the young lady, pertly. "No: as my wife," returned the captain. "As your wife, Sir!" exclaimed she, in undisguised astonishment, "you must be jesting." "No, I am not," replied the captain; "I mean every word of it."

The young woman was flattered and faltered. She stood for a few to be consulted on the unexpected proposition. At the expiration of the time she gave the captain a favorable answer, and in three days she was married.



SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION IN PHILADELPHIA—MASS MEETING OF SOUTHER



ORTHERN DELEGATES IN FRONT OF THE UNION LEAGUE BUILDING.—[See Page 598.]

LIFE AND DEATH.

Lire is not sweet. One day it will be sweet
To shut our eyes and die:
Nor feel the wild-flower's breath, nor birds dart by
With flitting butterfly.

Nor grass grow long above our heads and feet,
Nor hear the happy lark that soars sky high,
Nor sigh that spring is fleet and summer fleet,
Nor mark the waxing wheat,
Nor know who sits in our accustomed seat.

Life is not good. One day it will be good
To die, then live again;
To sleep meanwhile: so not to feel the wane
Of shrunk leaves dropping in the wood,
Nor hear the weary lashing of the main,
Nor marked the blackened bean-fields, nor where stood
Rich ranks of golden grain,
Only the dead stubble cleft by the plain:
Asleep from risk, asleep from pain.

THE TALE OF AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE

In Six Weekly Portions.—Fourth Portion.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I never saw a piece of knitting in such a mess in all my life! What were you thinking of, Madge?"

Aunt Gough uttered this mild pleasantry in the fullness of satisfaction some days after that happy evening on which Horace had told me that he loved me. They all knew it now. Dear uncle had kissed and blessed me, mingling with his tender words some prudent cautions as to the necessity of waiting, and as to our youth and inexperience. But he very kindly, I knew that, and the knowledge made me inexpressibly happy. As for waiting, that was not hard to my mind. Of course we were young. Of course we were inexperienced and without settled prospects in the world. But we loved each other, and our love was approved by those whose love most honored and regarded. Surely that was happiness enough to fill years of waiting, should years be necessary. Horace was not quite so contented. I accept Uncle Gough's words of wisdom. He chafed a little, in his impetuous way, at being told of his youth and inexperience.

"Young!" he said to me, when we were walking alone together. "Does your uncle know that I am turned three-and-twenty?" Horace looked very solemn as he announced his attainment of this venerable age. "If he had said that I'm not good enough, there might have been some reason in it. But if you'll be content to take me only because I love her better than all the world beside—"

"No; because I love you, Horace."

"My own Margaret! If you are content, angel that you are, I don't see who need object."

"But there is, reasonable. Can any thing be more kind and generous than Uncle Gough's behavior? Of course he is right when he says that our youth—"

"There it is. Our youth! The fact is, fifty-five is getting to be thought the right age for love and marriage. I wish I was as old as De Beaugiet. Upon my soul I do!"

"Perhaps, Horace, in that case the objection might come from me, and not from uncle."

"I always say absurd things when I'm angry," said Horace, wiping his eyes after an outbreak of laughter. "I'm very badly done."

I don't know whether every body does, but I know Horace did. And what could be more absurd than the idea of his ever being fifty-five? But then impulsive Horace!

All this brings me back to Aunt Gough and my tangled knitting. One of the servants had found it in the porch and taken it to my aunt, and she, divining the circumstances under which it had got into such a terrible state, resolved to have her small joke at my expense. Horace and I were sitting with her now, having come in from the walk in which we had had the foregoing discussion as to the necessity for patient waiting.

"What have you been doing with your knitting?" I said.

"Knitting!" Horace who is expected to wear a stocking like that!"

"Oh, aunty, it was Horace. He was twisting it about in his fingers."

"And, pray, how came Horace to get hold of your knitting? I hope you don't mean to make stockings in that way, or he will think I have made but a poor housewife of you, after all my pains."

"Pray, enter a chance of testing her sons, Mrs. Gough," cried Horace, eagerly, improving the occasion. "We have been having quite a dispute, Margaret and I, and I am afraid Mr. Cornish will be on her side. To throw in your influence on mine! Do take my view of the case."

Horace went over all his arguments to prove that we were both rather elderly, and to show that in three months at the utmost his prospects would be sufficiently assured to justify him in taking a wife. He was very eloquent in his pleadings. At least I thought so, and so, I suspect, did Aunt Gough. The truth is, Horace could be much more eloquent in speaking to her than he could be in speaking to my uncle. I have said that Aunt Gough was highly sympathetic. And sympathy was to Horace the atmosphere in which he lived and breathed easily. There are strong militant natures to whom strife and the hope of victory are bracing and pleasant, but his was never one of them.

My aunt had been ailing ever since the visit to Meadow Leas. We could not trace any signs of positive disorder, but she got no stronger, had no appetite, and was incapable of active exertion. This was the only cloud in our Heaven. This and Anna.

My sister had been so variable and uncertain in her humor since that evening I have spoken of, when I spoke to her in her bed, as to try aunt sorely. Aunt's own temper was the sweetest and most placid in the world, but her nerves were unstrung, and she was liable to swoon on unusual excitement. Anna was not always angry, not always sullen, not always tearful, not always unaccountably gay and boisterous, but all these moods chased each other across her mind with startling rapidity. She was surprise she was soft and humble in a moment, coming and kneeling by me with her face hidden in my lap.

"Margaret, I love you," she said, in so low a voice that I, with my head bent down to hers, could hardly hear it.

"My dear love, I know you do. But, Anna, because you love me you should be good to Horace." The dark clustering curls on my sister's shook themselves petulantly from side to side. "Yes, Anna. I am sure he is very good to you. He has chosen to be to be your brother. Come! Give him your hand and be friends." With her face still hidden, she suffered me to take her hand and to put it into Horace's outstretched palm; and so there was peace again for a time. But all this, as I have said, was trying to my aunt. She looked pale now less of it than she did; but even he saw enough to distress him.

"I tell you what, my bairn," he said to Anna, "in little change will do you good. I am thinking you're not quite well, Nancy. I shall pack you off to Meadow Leas by the train that will bring Farmer Gibson to feed you entirely on strong ale and rabbit pasty. You're growing as slender as a hazel-twig, my honest woman."

"I'm not a bit ill," returned Anna, decisively. "But I think I should like to go to Meadow Leas."

The plan was accepted at once. I had not already occurred to me that Anna's excessive irritability might be owing to incipient illness; and, indeed, she was looking well enough. So it was decided that she should go to Meadow Leas for a week or two.

I have not yet said any thing as to the manner in which old Mr. Lee received the announcement of my engagement to his son. In truth, it is not a topic on which I can dwell very much, for I have never never exactly tell me what his father's words had been; but I gathered that he had expressed himself unfavorably enough. I must have been the been on the score of my personal demerits, for I knew that an alliance with the family of James Lee, and of the Lady Lee, was a social move the best he could have expected for his son. However, the old gentleman was all cordiality to my self, and was profuse in offers of. And I am afraid I liked those times best. He readily undertook to make the necessary arrangements for Anna's visit to the good people at Meadow Leas. But before she went away we had two pleasant surprises. One was a letter from Mr. Rotherwood to Horace; the other, which concerned Horace, I shall come to presently.

Dear little Madame de Beaugiet wrote most cheerfully, and there was no mistaking the fact that she was a perfectly happy woman. They had not long arrived and were still in the bustle of settling ten, but she had a great deal to say about her new home already, and about her "good-man."

"Do you remember my calling him a little?" she wrote. Her letter was addressed to my aunt. "I do. And nothing ever was more appropriate. Put the strongest possible accent on the first syllable, or on the second syllable, or on both syllables, and you will be perfectly right all ways. He is the best creature in the world. Am I not a fortunate woman?"

Then our old governess sent kind love to Philosophy and Will—the latter of whom many years ago she about Horace—"that most charming and civil of young civil engineers," as she called him. "Tell him that I have his portrait in my drawing-book, and his picture in a book, and prize them above every thing; and that my good-man says he hopes no young lady will be jealous when she knows it."

This set us wondering whether M'sieu' had discovered Horace's secret—our secret—and then they all laughed, and we laughed with them at the happy foolish talk about ourselves. Madame de Beaugiet's pleasant letter having been read and re-read and discussed in full privy council, the great wife then Horace brought forth his news. And this was the second surprise.

"I have had a letter from Mr. Topps, of Birmingham, Sir," he said, addressing my uncle.

"From Mr. Topps, eh? I didn't know you kept up any correspondence with Mr. Topps."

"No, not exactly correspondence; but this is a business letter."

There was a flock of triumph in Horace's eyes as he handed it to my uncle: though he assumed a sober unconcerned manner, as who should say that to a man of his present position business letters from Mr. Topps was an everyday kind of matter.

"Am I to read it?"

"If you please, Sir."

"What is it, Horace?" I asked, eagerly. But he handed me the letter with his own hand, and we all waited silently until my uncle had finished reading the letter.

"Well, my boy, I am very much pleased with this. Indeed I am." My uncle took off his spectacles, and held out his strong right hand to Horace, giving him a hearty grip. "It does you credit, and you may justly be proud of it."

"I am proud of it, Sir," answered Horace, with ingenuous glee. "I think you will now allow me—see—that you should have this opportunity of convincing yourself—that is, I mean, that my prospects—"

"Yes, yes, I know. You are proud and glad that I should be made to understand on such excellent authority what a trust-worthy, responsible, rising gentleman I am to have for a nephew, and what a very slow old coach I must be to think it well for him to wait one single day before taking all the cares of the world on his shoulders. That's it, isn't it, laddie?"

Horace colored, but answered with a smile: "Well, you have put it in your own words, Sir, but I suppose that is it."

"And now, mayn't We know something of this great business?" said my aunt, from among the cushions in her arm-chair.

Then Uncle Gough, with Horace's full consent, told us what were the contents of Mr. Topps's letter. That distinguished engineer retained a kindly remembrance and a high opinion of his former pupil, and was willing to avail himself thing in his way when the occasion presented itself. There were some new waterworks to be erected in a small northern town just on this side of the Scottish Border, and Mr. Topps had been applied to to find some competent person to design and superintend their erection. He himself was much too "eminent and expensive," as Mr. Lee would have said, to be asked to undertake the business. But the chairman of the waterworks company, being acquainted with the great Birmingham engineer, had written to ask his advice. "And my advice is that they should employ you, Lee," wrote Mr. Topps in his letter. "I have every confidence in you, and, if you will undertake it, it may be the best letter things."

Better things! What could be better? So I thought. But to Mr. Topps, from his eminence, probably the business looked small enough.

"What does Rotherwood say to it?" asked my uncle.

"Well, Sir, he sees no objection to my taking it. Clinch, his articled pupil, can do all such work as I have been doing during the last half year."

The only drawback to my happiness was, that Horace would have to go to the north, and remain there some time. But that would not be just yet. Some six months at least must elapse before the arrangements could be so far advanced as to necessitate his presence. And six months seemed quite a long time to look forward to when I was nineteen.

CHAPTER IX.

It was once told, when I was a very little girl—too little to be taught, I should find good and evil, joy and sorrow, succeed each other throughout my life, with the regularity of the checkers on a chess-board. And I found it true in the main—true in the sense in which it was intended to be understood; but I have never found it to be an accurate illustration of the succession of bright and dark in our daily existence. The dark spots have come to me—and, thank God! the bright spots too—when we were not in the right—if I may continue and regularity of succession suggested by the chess-board similie. Absolute blackness has been rare—rarer, perhaps, than absolute whiteness. I have known both. But they were divided from each other by infinite gradations more or less pronounced tints, and not by sharp, well-defined lines, where the black ceased and the white began. In truth, I said, and still say, that blackness and white are not common, either in nature or human nature.

I am led to remember the "chess-board," by the shading of the last few days over us soon after our pride and triumph in Horace's good fortune. Dear Aunt Gough grew very ill. Still without any special illness having been discovered, except that the family doctor chose to define to us; but very weak and very ill. She seldom left her chamber now, and was very, very, very much out of spirits

have known this. If he did not, I could not make him know it by any words of protestation. I have said that it was my weakness to be too keenly sensitive to reproof, especially where my affections were concerned. I always saw that *other side* of things too plainly. What he thought and felt was almost as vividly within my perception as were my own thoughts and feelings; but though I knew he was wrong, I could not plead my cause. It would have been better if we had spoken frankly and fearlessly, setting forth the strength of my love; it would have been better, even, to have grown angry, and flashed at him as my mood might have done. But, no! I was only withdraw into myself and bear my hurt in silence.

We walked to the end of the path without speaking, and when we turned to go back toward the house he suddenly took me in his arms, upsetting the flower-basket and scattering its contents upon the gravel. "No, my darling!" he said. "Don't mind me. I don't believe it."

"Believe what, Horace?"

"That you are any thing but the sweetest, dearest, truest, most unselfish girl in the world."

"I am not that, Horace; but do me justice. At least I am not indifferent."

"No, no, my own love! I am sure you are not. Forgive me."

We kissed each other with wet cheeks, like two children, as we were.

"Look at my poor flowers, you bad boy. There! Put them all in the basket. I would not have old Stock see one blossom lying trampled on the ground, for more than I can tell. I must not keep Dr. Dixon any longer. You will come to aunt's room when she sends for you; and tell us all about Anna? Or course you see her constantly?"

"Yes; I—have seen her. *Most* you go now?"

I only shook my head in answer, and left me the house. Uncle Gough was in my aunt's room when I reached it, and Dr. Dixon. The doctor was a mild middle-aged man, well known and much respected in Wilborough. He was brother of that Mr. Dixon, the organist, of whom I said in my childhood that he "played so kindly."

"Good-evening, Miss Sedley. The doctor stretched out his right hand, which held a leather driving-glove. I had never seen Dr. Dixon with that glove on in my life, but he always carried it.

"How do you like my aunt, Sir?"

"Mrs. Gough is better, decidedly better. If we can get a little strength, a little tone, we shall do very well."

"I am so glad!"

"Yes; a little tone. Do you know what I have been proposing to your uncle, Miss Sedley?"

"Proposing! Nay, it's all fixed and settled, Iassie," put in my uncle, who was sitting by his wife's chair, gently smoothing her frail hand with his broad heavy one.

"I have been proposing," continued the doctor, "who had a mildly obstinate way of sticking to his own form of words, "that Mrs. Gough should go for some months to the sea-side. To get tone; to little tone, you know."

"I believe it would do her great good, Dr. Dixon."

"Yes, yes; that's the thing, Madge," said my uncle. "She shall go next week to Beachington. I wonder we didn't think of it before."

"It would have been before, my good friend," said Dr. Dixon, "It is early in the season even yet. But I have been proposing something else, Miss Sedley."

"No, no," interrupted my aunt, faintly. "I won't allow it."

"Pardon me, my dear Madam. I have also been proposing, Miss Sedley, that you should accompany her."

Accompany her! Go away from Horace during the short time he had yet to stay in Willborough! I felt ashamed of my selfishness even as I thought this.

"Of course I will go with her, Dr. Dixon, if she will let me."

"It is too hot to ask the dear child," said Aunt Gough. My uncle looked at me wistfully. "I'm left to part with him from her sweet comfort," said he. "But yet I know she'd wish to do whatever she could for her good aunt. She's the best lassie in the world, Rector."

"My kind, darling uncle," said I, "pray, pray, don't speak in that way, as if you were asking any favor of me. I am thankful and rejoiced to be of use."

"Of the very greatest use, Miss Sedley," said Dr. Dixon, taking up his hat. "You are very patient, very gentle, and very pleasant to look at—three inestimable qualities in a nurse." And with those words the doctor betook himself down stairs.

"Bless thee, my bairn," said my uncle.

"Horace will never forgive me," said my aunt, "but he'll have Madge to himself all his life, and perhaps I may not be here to trouble him much longer."

CHAPTER X.

SEA and sky, sky and sea, sea and sky! Deep blue, pale green, lucid under the clouds, dazzling up in the sunshine, sleeping with a slow, long-drawn respiration beneath the moonlight, dashing yeasty foam mast high over slanting sails reddened by the dawn; beautiful, terrible, wonderful always; the great waters lay stretched out before my eyes for many, many weeks. From my chamber window at Beachington I looked forth upon them every night and morning. There was nothing to interrupt my gaze as I strained it to the far horizon. I have stood looking, looking, looking, until all the life within me seemed to concentrate itself in my eyes, and I felt as though I were floating poised like a sea-gull in mid-air, with the fathomless heavens above me, and the fathomless ocean beneath me. Oh, sea and sky! Oh, sky and sea! Oh, the small throbbing human heart within, and the vast heaving waves without! Oh, the old, old story!

My aunt had borne the journey from Willborough—it was not a long one—better than we had thought she would; and for the first fortnight of our stay at Beachington her improvement was most rapid and encouraging. After that she sank again a little; but they told us these fluctuations were to be expected, and we were hopeful. My uncle remained at the Gable House. He had come with us to Beachington, and had seen us settled in our new abode; then he returned to Willborough; and Anna came back from Meadow Leas and kept house for him. I had left behind me a heavy heart—heavier than the mere temporary separation from Horace should have made it; for he had parted from me almost in anger, and I knew that he absolutely thought I ought to have refused to accompany my aunt, but he seemed to think that I ought to have made it very clear where much the going cost me. And how could I do that without wounding my beloved benefactors!

"Horace," I said, "think, pray think, what they have been to us two sisters. It seems to me that love you could not be calm and cold at parting."

I assigned what excuses I could for him, but I came away with a heavy heart. His first letters, after my departure, were cold and constrained. They were so full of love and sympathy, of kindly inquiries for my aunt, and affectionate solicitude for me, that I recognized the generosity of my count, but was apparently gaining strength, so the first days of our stay at Beachington were bright. We had brought a letter from Dr. Dixon to another practitioner at Beachington, one Mr. Betram Norcliffe. This gentleman, besides being skilful in his profession, was an accomplished man, and soon renewed for his acquaintance with Greek and Latin and the modern tongues. When Dr. Dixon told us about him before we left home, I thought he should be frightened to speak to so awful a personage. But we found ourselves quite able to speak to him, and we soon came to like him very much. He was not young—nearly as old as Dr. Dixon, I dare say; but he was unmarried, and lived alone in a beautiful house some three miles from the fashionable Beachington. He took an interest in my aunt's case, and, as he said it was essential that she should be kept cheerful and amused, he would come and sit with us, evening after evening, talking so unaffectedly and pleasantly that we entirely forgot all about his learning.

Of course we mention Mr. Norcliffe frequently in our letters home. Uncle Gough, while there, she was able to write; and she generally added a few lines with her own hand to my weekly report to my uncle. I had left Anna in a happy heart—as so frequent an apparition at every body's door as he is now. A letter was a serious matter, either to send or receive. And Mr. Norcliffe, who knew Willborough there was an awkward cross-country post, so that I seldom dispatched a packet to the Gable House oftener than twice a week. Horace's movements were very uncertain, as he flitted about between Willborough and Meadow Leas and the Hall. He even made a flying visit to the north, to consult with the chairman of the water-works company, and to reconnoitre his ground; and he accomplished the double journey there and back again, and transacted his business, all within the space of five days. We thought this a very wonderful achievement. (I forget how much time was requisite to do it in now.) As Horace seemed to have no settled abode, I generally sent my letters to him under cover to Uncle Gough or to Anna at the Gable House, and I frequently received his, through their hands, in the same way.

Gradually, by slow degrees degrees it was as impossible for me to trace as the shifting hues of sunset on the western waves, which began with rosy hues, and left the sky at last colorless—I found a change in my lover's letters. It seemed as if some spell were cast over him—as if a shadow had interposed itself between him and me—and at length one dreary fortnight passed and he did not write at all. But I fought against the fear that lay coiled up cold at the bottom of my heart, and I endeavored to be cheerful. How good my aunt was! How patient, how unselfish! I have never seen recorded the story of a purer, sweeter life than Lucy Gough's. You, my goldchild, are named after her. Hers was that large benevolence, clearly strongly to its own, yet could embrace all suffering souls in a divine rapture of charity. As you go through life you will meet devoted wives who grudge hard-earned fame and fortune to their husbands' peers: admiring sisters who delight to jeer at their brothers' rivals in the race of life; doting mothers who, wrapping their own little ones warmly in the soft shelter of maternal love, will yet bring themselves to turn a cold stern front on the forlorn defenseless infancy that peeps in, shivering, from the hard outer world, at the bright flame burning on the hearth of home. But of these was my aunt. Perhaps my own trouble taught me to understand and value her better than I had ever done before. Sorrow comes to teach such lessons. The worst was, I could not quite keep it to myself, "Has Horace written this week? What does he say?" She would question me thus, and I could not always keep back tears, though I tried hard. Though I tried very hard.

He was now drawing near the time at which I understood Horace was to take his departure for the north—within a day or two, as I remember. I was feverishly hoping for a letter. A packet had come from the Gable House one morning, directed in Anna's hand, and containing a long letter from my uncle, and a short note from Anna for my aunt. But nothing from Horace; not one word. There was an unsupportable weight upon me by indolence as a letter-writer made by my uncle. "Madge is a good correspondent to me, my love," he said, writing to my aunt, "but urge her not to let us old folks engross all her pretty letters. I think Horace feels hurt." What did this mean? I could not understand it.

The day had been oppressively hot, and the noonless night came down from a brooding sultry sky. We sat with open windows, listening to the plash, plash, of the waves upon the shingle, and catching now and again, through the gathering darkness, the distant flash of some white-crested wave leaping high above its fellows. Mr. Norcliffe was with us, and we had all been sitting silent for some minutes.

"How the sea booms to-night!" I said. "It is not a lullaby, threatening voice?"

"Yes," he answered, "I know the sound well. We shall have a storm."

While he was yet speaking, rapid wheels and hoofs grated on the road beneath the windows, and a post-chaise stopped before the door.

I held—I was now telling the postillion to stop. "Why, it is uncle."

I started up breathless.

"James!" cried my aunt, with a scared look, "what can have brought him here?"

"Oh, I know, I know!" I exclaimed. "Horace must be with him—he has come to say good-by, he has come to see me before he goes!"

I was rushing to the room door, when it opened, and my uncle stood before me, alone. I know not what wild thoughts whirled through my brain. I turned pale, I saw his pale, rigid face, and my heart stood still.

"Horace!" I gasped out. "He is dead!"

"My baim!" he said, "my lassie!"

"He is dead, and you have kept me from him!" My own voice sounded hoarse and strange in my own ears.

"Margaret! My beloved child! Be strong, be brave!"

"Tell me the truth. He is mine. I have a right to know. Is he dead?"

I clutched my uncle's arm. At the touch of my hand his locked mouth broke from its fixed lines with the terrible convulsion that comes upon a strong man when he weeps.

"No, Margaret, he is not dead. But he is gone—fled—fled away with Anna—and he is a damned black villain!"

The boom of the sea grew into a great roar, thick darkness came over me, and I fell down senseless.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE HEIGHT OF INDELICACY.—We know a girl so indelicate that when she has nothing else to do she knits her brows.

LOUIS XIV., playing at backgammon, had a doubtful throw. A dispute arose, and the surrounding courtiers all sustained the throw. The Comte de Grammont, happening to come in at that instant, "Decide the matter," said the King. "Sire," said the Count, "your Majesty is in the wrong." "How can you thus decide," asked the King, "without knowing the question?" "Because," said the Count, "had the matter been doubtful, all these gentlemen present would have given it for your Majesty."

HORACE WALPOLE records in his "Walpoliana" an Irish bull, which he pronounces to be the best he ever met with. "I hate that woman," said a gentleman, looking at a person who had been his nurse—"I hate her, for when I was a child she changed me at nurse." This was indeed a perplexing assertion: but we have a similar instance recorded in the autobiography of an Irishman, who gravely informs us that he "ran away early in life from his father on discovering he was only his uncle!"

A VERY PROPER HEARER.—"So it seems," as the young lady observed to the sewing-machine when she put the work before it.

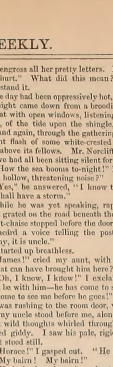
When is old cheese like the American dollar?—When it is all-satiny.

HINT TO HOUSEMAIDS.—How to destroy flies.—Encourage spiders.

"IF all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!" said an Irish clergyman.

A Missouri farmer being asked if raising hemp was a good business, answered, "I can't certin say; but it is surely better than being raised by it."

THE MONEY MARKET.—We understand that a great deal of capital is still "locked up." This might be expected, considering how frequently money has been "tight" of late.



THE NICEST KIND OF "CROQUET."

The evening was bright with the moon of May,
And the lawn was light as though lit by day—
From the windows I looked—to see Croquet.

Of mallets and balls the usual display:
The hoops all stood in arch array,
And I said to myself, "Soon we'll see Croquet."

But the mallets and balls unheeded lay,
And the maid and the youth I side by side sat they,
And I thought to myself, "Is that Croquet?"

I saw the exam—it was light as day—
Put his arm round her waist in a loving way,
And he squeezed her hand. Was *that* Croquet?

While the red rover rolled forgotten away,
He whispered all that a lover should say,
And he kissed her lips—*that* a queer Croquet!

Silent they sat beath the moon of May—
But I knew by her blushes she said not nay,
And I thought in my heart, "Now *that's* Croquet."

LOVERS' LOGIC.

EDWIN. "You see, dearest, a fellow can't exist without his heart, and, as you happen to have mine, of course I can't exist without you."

ANGELINA. "Oh you absurd creature!"

Why were the Greeks like the Scotch people who refused to allow a young lady to look out of window on a Sunday?—Because they'd no Jet her see.

An Irish editor in speaking of the miseries of Ireland says: "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing, and now it is running over."

One of the richest specimens of a real Irish bull which has ever fallen under our notice, was perpetrated by the modest and witty, but blunderer Irish knight, Sir Richard Steel, when inviting a certain English nobleman to visit him. "If, Sir," said he, "you ever come within a mile of my house *I hope you will stop there!*"

How does the hairdresser end his days?—He curls up and dyes.

An apprentice sailor-boy fell from the "round top" to the deck, severely, but little hurt. The captain exclaimed in surprise: "Why, where did you come from?" "From the main mast, you Honor!" was the prompt reply, as the poor fellow gathered himself up.

MRS. JENKINS complained in the evening that the turkey she had eaten at Thanksgiving did not set well. "Indeed, Madam," said Mrs. Potts, "I was not a hen-turkey."

An Irishman, having challenged a gentleman to fight a duel, who somehow *found* to attend the appointment, accidentally fell upon the ground in falling party, and thus addressed him: "Well, Sir, I met you this morning, but you did not meet, however, *I am determined to meet you to-morrow morning whether you like or not.*"

THE SOAKER'S PARADISE.—Dropmore.

"AS I was going over the bridge the other day," said a native of Erin, "I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well, thank you, Donnelly,' says he, 'Donnelly!' says I; 'that's not my name.' 'Faith, then, no more is mine either,' says he, with that we looked at each other agin, an' sure enough it was aayther of us."

Be tempered in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

It was in Dublin city that a good-humored maid-of-all-work, Molly, once related to her young mistress a most marvelous dream she had had one night. "Dear me, Poor, sooh!" cries the latter, at its conclusion; "you don't believe such nonsense, Molly, when you answer such nonsense." "Indeed I was not, then," replies the indignant Molly; "I was just as wide awake as I am this minute."

"WILL you run away with me to-morrow night, Kate, dear?" said Phil to his charming rustic belle, who had just arrived at the years of discretion. "Ah, no, my dear Phil," replied the young lady, with great sense of prudence and decorum; "I could do no such an action as that; but I'll tell you what I will do—*I'll run away without you*, and then you can run after me, and so we will have the fun of the thing, and none evenin'."

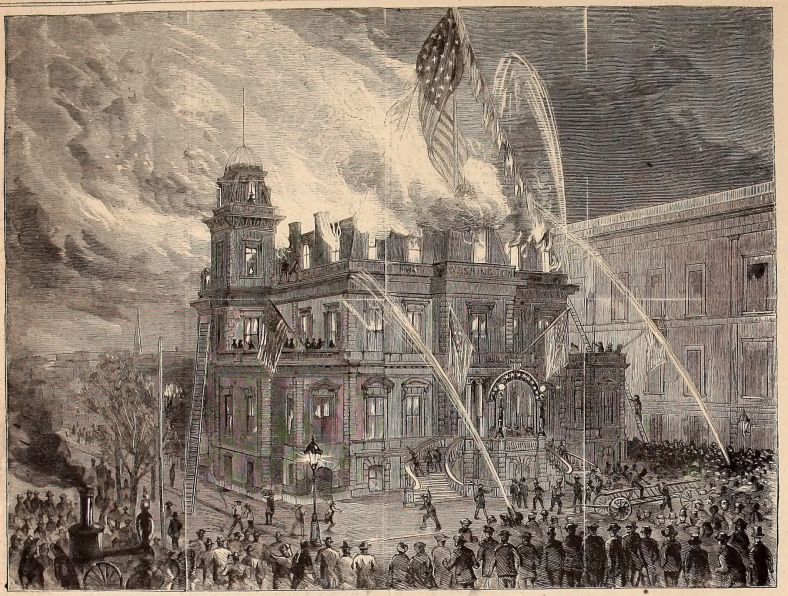
Among mere blunders we believe we have met with no richer specimen than this one, perpetrated by a bull-pup of a Cork. "Oh yis! oh yis! Last summer when between twelve o'clock and M'Kinney's store in Market Street a horse broke loy." "Broke loy, you tellin' yees what it is, but it's the key of the bank, sure."

A friend once visiting an unworldly philosopher, whose mind was his kingdom, expressed surprise at the smallness of his apartment. "Why, you have not room to swing a cat!" "My friend," was the serene, unapprehensive reply, "I do not want to swing a cat."

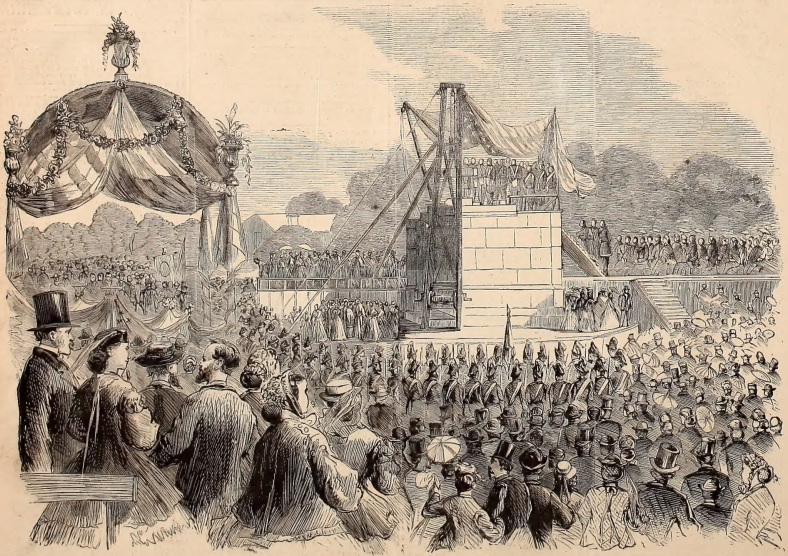
MERRY loves company, and so has a marriageable young lady.

A SHOCK.

SCIENTIFIC PARTY (*with whom our friend Jones has been having an interesting conversation*). "And speaking of Torpedoes, I have a Little Thing of my own Invention here, which I think you will Like. No Light required; the slightest Touch and you're Blown to Atoms!"



BURNING OF THE UNION LEAGUE BUILDING IN PHILADELPHIA—RESCUE OF THE FLAG BY FIREMEN.—[SEE PAGE 598.]



LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT AT CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 6, 1866.—SKETCHED BY T. WILLIAMS.—[SEE PAGE 606.]



GRAND BILLIARD TOURNAMENT IN NEW YORK CITY.—[See Page 606.]

DEDICATION OF THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

THE Monument to Senator DOUGLAS, of which we gave an illustration last week, was dedicated on the 6th of September. Twenty-five thousand people participated in the ceremonies, which were interesting and imposing.

The procession started for the grounds where the Monument had been erected at ten o'clock A.M., and was two hours in reaching its destination. The Masonic Fraternity took the lead, followed by Major RICE and the orator of the day, Major-General JOHN A. DIX. Then, entering the grounds on foot, came President JOHNSON and Secretary SEWARD, arm in arm, followed by General GRANT and Admiral FARRAGUT. Then followed Postmaster-General RANDALL, Governor WILLARD, General COOPER, ROSEBEAU, MEADE, STEEDMAN, and others, distinguished guests, military and civilian.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE.

After prayer by the Grand Chaplain of the Masonic Order the Right Worshipful Grand Treasurer of the Order, M. M. NOSE, proceeded to deposit in the cavity of the stone soft for this purpose the customary articles, documents, and other mementoes a copy of *Harper's Weekly* containing an illustration of the Monument.

At this stage of the proceedings a salute was fired from the guns of the United States revenue cutter *Andy Johnson*, which was lying at anchor in the lake, a short distance from the grounds. After the memorials had been placed in their proper place one of the bands played a solemn dirge, and while the strains of sacred music were floating on the air the corner-stone was lowered into its future resting-place.

The Dedicatory Address was then delivered by Major-General JOHN A. DIX, and was followed by brief remarks from the President and Secretary SEWARD.

THE BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

THE Tournament of the State and Provincial Billiard Association opened on the evening of the 3d instant, at the Hippotheatron in this city, in the presence of a select audience, of which a respectable proportion were ladies.

The opening game was between EDWARD S. PEASLEE, champion of Pennsylvania, and J. B. CUTLER Jr., champion of Canada, and looked to the player who holds the champion cue of America. This game, as all others of the tournament proper, consisted of 500 points, canons, and winning by DIOX, who made 502 points against 359, and who made 93 points in a single run. The game lasted three hours. A short but fine game of 100 points was played the same evening between MICHAEL PHELAN and JAMES PALMER, President of the Young Men's Billiard Congress, PALMER winning by one point; also a game of 250 points between FRANCIS THOMAS, of Cincinnati, and JOHN M'DEVITT, the former winning by 175 points.

At the afternoon session on the 4th, the playing was even superior to that on the opening night. Especially brilliant were the games between MICHAEL PHELAN and JOHN M'DEVITT, and PHILIP THOMAS and MR. H. ISLAM WARE, the latter one of the most expert amateur players in the States.

The trial of skill between champions T. MCARTHUR and D. DANIELS, the former of Fort Wayne, Indiana, and the latter of Boston, Massachusetts, was first on the programme. It proved a very exciting contest. The players exercising their judgment quite as effectively as their hands, in their attempts to place the balls as unfavorably as possible for each other's game, which fluctuated considerably, one player being now ahead, and in the next moment the other, lasted 1 hour and 43 minutes, and the score of the winner was recorded 9 points to a run. DANIELS won by 500 points against 434; he made the highest run, of 80 points.

In the game between TUTHILL and WICKS which followed, TUTHILL made the handsome run, unusually large for a full-sized four-pocket table, of 379, and scored 1,000 in a string of 2 50 points, winning by 189. The game between M'DEVITT and PHELAN was a fitting finale to the afternoon's entertainment, M'DEVITT making as his best a run of 181, and as average of 28½, and beating his opponent 202 points.

In the evening the great attraction was the game between JOHN FRAWLEY, champion of Ohio, and THOMAS FOLEY, champion of Illinois. Up to the last hundred these players ran along at equal pace, the calls of the marker seldom announcing a difference of more than eight or ten points in their score. When the relative positions were: FRAWLEY 372, FOLEY 360, the latter made his largest count, 65. This gave him an advantage that he never lost, and in his 58th inning he was declared victor.

The games on the afternoon of the 6th were a delightful improvement on those previously played, except that by MR. DION and MR. PLUNKETT the first night. The first game was between MR. HARRISON, champion of Massachusetts, and MR. HERBERT, champion of Connecticut. This was a close, spirited, and well-contested game, MR. HERBERT winning by eight points only. At the close the score stood: HERBERT, 500, HARRISON 492. The second game in the afternoon was between MR. DION, of Canada, and MR. DANIELS, of Massachusetts. Neither of the players displayed particular skill, the "misses" being frequent throughout the game. It was, nevertheless, easily won by MR. DION, the score standing at the close: DION 500, DANIELS 310. In the evening one "champion's" game of five hundred points was played between MR. FRAWLEY and MR. PLUNKETT. At the start MR. FRAWLEY exhibited the same carelessness noticed the evening previous, but at the ninth round he nursed his balls carefully, and made a run of 102, following it the sixth round after with a run of 82. He was, however, beaten by MR. PLUNKETT, who played steadily and excellently throughout the game, making runs of 52, 40, 50, 64, 50, and 50 points. At the close the score stood: FRAWLEY 415, PLUNKETT 500. The average of the winner was 16⅔, and of the loser 13⅓.

On the afternoon of the 6th, CYRILLE DION, champion of Canada, defeated T. M'CARTHY, champion of Indiana, and THOMAS FOLEY, champion of Illinois, was beaten by A. H. HARRISON, champion of Missouri. In the evening the opening game—the ninth of the tournament proper—was between T. M'CARTHY, champion of Indiana, and THOMAS FOLEY, champion of Illinois. The latter was defeated.

On the 7th, a rather weak game was played between G. B. HERBERT, champion of CONNECTICUT, the latter winning. The closing contest of the afternoon was between JOHN FRAWLEY and A. H. HARRISON, which lasted over two hours, the run of 140 points. In the evening E. DANIELS won a game against G. B. HERBERT.

Up to Saturday evening (the 8th instant) fifteen games had been played, MR. DION having won four, the largest number. Throughout the course of the Tournament we marred at this point by charges of collusion which have been made against MESSRS. FRAWLEY and HARRISON. On the 10th these charges were investigated, and it was decided that game No. 11, played on the 7th, should be considered null and void.

The Tournament was a splendid affair throughout, and is illustrated on page 605. Our illustrations include likenesses of the players, gold watch, billiard table, cues, etc., which are to be distributed as prizes to the most successful champions.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN the very crisis of the work Sam went away; just, as Lily said, when every thing wanted him. There were more seeds to sow, and there were young plants to weed out. Both were very needful, and must not be put out. For even in those little flowerpots in the boxes weeds grew, fast and thick, and must be constantly pulled up. This was easy enough when the flower plants were there too, and the children soon learned to know many of the pretty young plants of Canada, and how their seeds sprang first, before the flowers, there was great need of care. And there was nobody to consult with now, as to what was and what was not in the window-seat! As, whether it was yet too cold to plant out the little seedlings which were already well started in the box. Mrs. May told them she had always heard that most young plants should not be transplanted until they had leaves enough of their leaves, she seemed as if these never would come, and, besides, who could tell whether this precious selection of the first leaves would not be one of "most young plants?" So the discussions were endless.

Then Mr. May, looking over the boxes one morning, affirmed that they had too much heat, and that Lily's fine box and other things were running up as tall and thin as she was herself, instead of being stout, thrifty plants.

"But what shall we do with 'em, papa?" said Lily.

"Take them out of the boxes and set them on a table, / should," said Mr. May. "They want air, my chings."

Now it was not endurable to have such plants called "your things;" so at once the pots were taken out, and the boxes carried down. Sam's mind was not at all at rest on the subject. Primrose had been quite uneasy about her ipomœas, which after their first entrance into the world above ground had made little progress; and she had (quite privately) given that particular flower-pot more than one decided watering or soaking; and still the plants did not come.

But the work out of doors began to be the most interesting part of the whole story; almost it is so entirely after her own fashion that the gardens were, as Mr. May had said, a study. Clover, as usual, was perfectly happy. Wherever she could dig holes anywhere all she touched fell into order, as if under the wand of the old fairy herself. She had found a spade and basket in the barn, and a hoe long, without a cover and with a handle; and this basket being the desire of nobody else, Clover straightway set about making it hers. She dusted it, and washed it, and rubbed it up; tying some of her own odds and ends of ribbon at the handle. Both on cover up some breaks and damages, and to take off the look of a common basket, which it undeniably had, Clover tied a bunch of scarlet seeds at one end, and her little trowel in the other. Clover went to her garden in full contempt of heart, and vowed and declared that no weeding of her people ever attempted before. True, Sam had told her that it was best to sow the seeds rather thicker than the plants were to grow, and gently rake and pat, and some young plants might die—they could be thinned out afterward to the proper distance. But still Clover believed in her heart that it was best to sow with the utmost regularity, putting seeds at precisely six inches from each other, if the plants were to stand precisely one foot, and apply how old had peeped into her basket would have seen several small neat measuring sticks, of different lengths. Of course no very small seeds could be planted in this way, and such gave Clover an amount of thought and consideration that was quite equaled by her enjoyment. In the basket, too, lay a neat list of all the kinds she had, each one marked "two feet," or "six inches apart," or "one foot," and with the sundry calculable sign, that the flower would be blue, white, or yellow. Some were in the pots at the house, some here in the basket; and the arranging of colors, and the placing of tall plants in the centre, and of vines by the fence; of single plants here, and of masses there, gave Clover's patient imagination more work than I can tell you.

Nothing of this sort went on in Lily's sphere. Lily stuffed her pocket with seed-bags, caught up her trowel in one hand and bonnet in the other, rushed down to her garden as if the whole springwork rested on her little shoulders, and then moved and labeled with infinite zeal indeed, but without a particle of consideration. She would finish off a whole garden in less time than Clover in a whole morning's work; and her seeds had all been planted some days before Clover intrusted the last of her treasures to the brown earth, "in hope of a glorious resurrection."

Little Primrose, on her part, managed her garden as she did every thing else, in a sort of a rosy dream—it was all poetry to Primrose, though she did not know it. No common questions about color and height troubled her head. She had studied the Catalogue descriptions until each flower was personified to her thoughts; and the point was not at all whether Aurora and Southern would contrast well if planted near together but, each must be placed for its own sake: the emotions must show their wonderful flowers *here*, close by the green grass border, and a little withdrawn from public observation; and the pansies must stand *here*, where nobody could see them from the bowwindow. So Pinn planted and mused, and mused and planted, and had a garden life that was about half dream and half sunlight.

Great was the joy when Sam came home, bringing with him the promised boxes—white, a-white, a-brim, and a blush. Each was leading a rather weary existence in a flower-pot just then, and looked faintly flattered contented at the change. Sam said they were good, strong plants, and would grow well as soon as they had a chance.

"I shall put mine in the very middle of my garden—the beauty!" said Lily.

"I shall put mine close to the walk, so that I can smell the roses," said Primrose.

Clover said nothing, but she thought of a place between her sweet alyssum and mignonette—the very place of places for a rose:—and her cheeks glowed with pleasure.

"Now we can use our spades," said Lily, "to dig the holes."

Sam and nothing to dispute that; but when they all went out next morning, carrying the roses, he took his spade, and his hand-barrow, and when Lily had dug a hole about the size of the flower-pot that held her rose Sam fell to work, nor ever stopped till he had made the hole at least a foot deep and more than that across.

"If you think I'm going to plant my rose down there," said Lily, "you've just mistaken. I know better."

"It's worse than my sweet-peas," said Primrose.

Sam laughed. "Have a little more patience: and then be threw in a quantity of black stuff from his wheel-barrow, filling the hole half full. Upon this again he threw a quantity of earth that lay round the edge of the hole, and then mixed the whole well together, digging it up again and again.

"Now you may plant your rose," he said to Lily.

"Sam, what was all that for?" said Clover.

"For roses and sweet-peas—they want a very rich soil, well prepared. Lily, don't pull your rose out of the pot—you'll break off all the roots."

There seemed some danger of that, indeed, for Lily had taken her rose by the stem and was trying to shake the pot off.

"How am I to get it out, then?" she said, setting down the obstinate flower. "It sticks."

"Sticks!" said Sam; "of course it does; the earth is full of little roots, all matted and twined together. Here, Lily, take this old knife and dig round the edge—so—as close to the pot as possible. Now lay your hand close on the top of the pot, with the rose stem between your fingers—. Hold it tight, and with your other hand gently turn the pot upside down. Now you have the rose with its earth all round it in your left hand, and the pot is loose and can be taken away."

"Why, how nice!" said Lily. "But the ball of earth looks all loose to me—it crumbles all to pieces."

"That is because you shook it so unceremoniously in the first place. Never mind—you'll know better next time. But don't let it crumble any more—put it in the hole, and gently down in the middle of your hole, and hold the stem up quite straight. No, not so deep: throw in a little more earth, that will do—now press the stem gently to the root—the crown it is called—must be just at the surface of the earth. Now cover the roots closely, and press the earth well smooth, and then you will want to take your rake and rake out our footsteps, and put things in neat order again."

"I should think so!" said Lily. "What a muss!"

"What have you been planting here?" said Sam, looking down into the hole and picking out some tiny green things that stood hanging their heads sadly.

"Oh, flax, and things," said Lily. "Those are pinks."

"But what makes them droop so?—Did you treat them as you did your rose?"

"I pulled them out, of course," said Lily. "There was nothing else I could do. They had to be separated."

"But pulling them up breaks off the little precious roots. How did you do with yours, Clover?"

"I tried a tea-spoon first," said Clover, blushing, "and that left the plant was too large, and I got a little, little flat stick, and stuck that down into the pot like a spade."

"Very good," said Sam. "Lily, did you water your plants?"

"Oh yes, the minute I'd set 'em out," said Lily. "And shaded them?"

"No, I didn't know any thing about that," said Lily, "but I did. I held a good shaking at the time, and then every morning since."

"Ah!" said Sam, "they look like it. Flowers, like some other people, often need less defense from their enemies than their friends. Now take a lesson for next time. Take up each little plant very carefully—Clover has told you how—with as much earth as possible about its roots. Then dig a hole, a little larger than the plant, and set it in, spreading out the roots, or arranging them as naturally as possible; hold up the plant quite straight, and throw the earth in very gently, and press it lightly down. Then water it gently and thoroughly, and if it is a sunny day shade it with an old flower-pot, or a bit of shingle, or even a hood of paper held in a split stick. Shade it for several days, and then uncover it by night, that the plant may have dew and fresh air. Set out your plants, if you can, just before a rain; if you have need further watering, give it to them always just at evening, after the sun is off."

"Well!" said Lily, "I suppose Clover will put all that in *her* head, but it's by no means certain that I shall in mine. Now let's go and plant the other roses."

"Sam," said Clover as they walked off, "I what made you cut off that piece of Lily's rose-root?"

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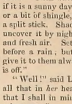
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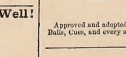
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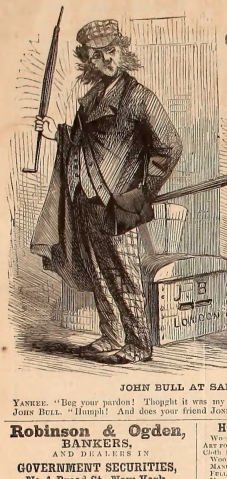
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1 do. do.	3,000	300 do. do. do.	30,000
1 do. do.	2,000	200 do. Silver Watches, $50 each	10,000
20 do. do.	$1000 each	5,000	40 each	12,000
50 do. do.	500 each	10,000	1000 Sets Plated Teaspoons, $3 each	3,000
50 do. do.	200 each	10,000	1000 Gold Pens, $3 each	3,000
50 do. do.	50 each	1,000	1000 United Fruit-Knives, $2 each	2,000
500 do. do.	10 each	5,000	1000 Gold Lockets or Rings, $4 each	4,000
1000 do. do.	5 each	5,000	2000 Photograph Albums, $5 each	10,000
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 509.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ADELAIDE RISTORI.

THE popular enthusiasm which has been excited by the arrival of RISTORI in New York—an enthusiasm which has a most worthy motive and occasion—leads us to produce for our readers a portrait of this celebrated *tragedienne*, the successful rival of her French contemporary, RACHEL, the only great Italian tragic actress, one who holds upon the Italian stage that place which upon the English has been conceded to MRS. SIDDONS alone.

ADELAIDE RISTORI, Marchioness CAPRANICA DEL GRILLO, was born at Civita di Friuli in 1830. Her parents were poor, and belonged to the CAVICCHI troupe—a company of traveling comedians. Her first years were passed "the other side of the foot-lights." She made her first appearance upon the stage at the early age of two months, when she was introduced in a basket in a play called "New-Year's Gifts." At her fourth year she commenced to play children's parts, which she continued to do until she was twelve years old. When only fourteen she appeared as Francisca di Rimini, and the impression which she made in that character decided her future life. She then abandoned her wandering life, and joined the company of the King of Sardinia, under the directorship of GAETANO BAZZI.

It was at the theatre of Livourne, and twenty years ago, that RISTORI made her first creations and established her position as an accomplished *comédienne*. It was at this time that she, the daughter of obscure comedians, became the wife of the heir of one of the noblest Roman ducal families—the Marquis CAPRANICA DEL GRILLO. It was a romantic marriage, contracted against the wishes of her husband's parents. For a time RISTORI withdrew from the stage, to which, however, she soon returned as a tragic actress. At first her impersonations in this new rôle appear not to have been very successful; but she studied to overcome the obstacles in her way, and was rewarded with a complete triumph, which may be said to have been pronounced for the first time on the occasion of her appearance in Paris in 1855, at the opening of the Exposition Universelle.



ADELAIDE RISTORI.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

RISTORI made her first appearance in Paris on the 22d of May, at the Italian Opera House, in the character of "Francisca di Rimini." The audience that greeted the débutante was not a very large one, as but few persons had the idea that so brilliant an artistic luminary was to take its place in the theatrical firmament. By chance only ALEXANDRE DUMAS, EUGENE SCRIBE, and JULES JANIN were present. On the next day the former wrote: "Last night I was at the representation of 'Francisca di Rimini' at the Salle Ventadour. I looked around the theatre, but did not see RACHEL. I beg that she will go and see how the death-scene is performed." M. SCRIBE called immediately on RISTORI, and, in her absence, left his card, on which he inscribed: "EUGENE SCRIBE, in acknowledgment of his admiration for Madame RISTORI, and with thanks for the great pleasure he experienced last night." JULES JANIN was the most enthusiastic in her favor. "RISTORI, RISTORI!" he wrote, "she is the rage of the day! She is tragedy itself. She is comedy itself. She is the drama. She reigns—she governs—she commands, and the crowd obeys."

She could scarcely have attempted a more difficult part than that of *Myrrah*, in which she achieved her first success before a Parisian audience—a part in which the actress, as the impersonation of unnatural crime, has very little of the sympathy of the audience. But RISTORI, true to the Grecian ideal, represented the guilty heroine as beautiful with a dignity and grandeur almost divine, though the victim of unalterable Fate. The situation which she represented was that one which is so common in all the great Grecian tragedies—in which is portrayed the conflict between the heart as moved by human impulses, and the will as subject to Destiny.

RISTORI was no less successful as *Mary Stuart*, where she was subject to comparison with other artists who had made the part peculiarly their own. But she created a new Mary Stuart. Her identity with the character was most complete.

The first season ended on the 10th of September. She gave thirty-six performances, the gross receipts of which amounted to half a million of francs. This



SCENE AFTER THE DISASTER ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD, SEPTEMBER 7, 1866.—SKETCHED BY A. PARKER.—[SEE PAGE 614.]

success was so gratifying that RISTORI secured the theatre for the three following years. During her residence in Paris she was the recipient of many generous testimonials of the estimation in which she was held by the most enlightened artists and literati of the country.

The character of *Medea*, in which RISTORI makes her first appearance in this city, was a part refused by RACHEL; but RISTORI was so successful in this part that the author of the play, M. LEGOUVE, wrote in her album, "RACHEL killed me; you have restored me to life."

RISTORI has had great success in England, Spain, Germany, and Russia. Her arrival in this country has excited great expectations, and will give an opportunity to those who have seen and heard RACHEL of comparing style and of measuring the powers of tragic impersonation as between these two celebrated *tragédiennes*. RISTORI has left an unblemished private life. Not even the breath of scandal has ever been raised against her. She is the mother of two interesting children, and is universally esteemed as a woman of piety and of generous instincts.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1866.

THE GREAT CAMPAIGN OF '66.

THE President has returned from the stump. The Congressional and State nominations are generally made. The platforms are built, and the great political campaign of 1866 has fairly opened. The issue is plainly presented, and most unfortunately it is an issue between the President and the Congress, which will both elected by the Union party. But it is a difference which we must accept, for we can neither arbitrate nor avoid it.

At the ensuing elections we must choose between two parties. One, under the plea of the equality of States, asserts that a State or a combination of States may renounce its compulsory powers in the Union, may withdraw from Congress, wage war upon the Union, and then at its own pleasure, and in absolute disregard of the fundamental changes wrought in the Constitution by the war, may, of "continuing right," resume all its national relations without any other than a technical inquiry upon the part of faithful States and citizens. This is the full form of the JOHNSON Philadelphia Convention. It is a principle which totally invalidates every step toward restoration which has been or shall be taken, and holds no security for the future. Upon such a theory the Emancipation Amendment may be repudiated, the Confederate debt resumed, and the Acts of Secession restored to the State statute-books as merely inoperative laws. The party of this policy is a coalition composed chiefly of the Democratic party, upon the 4th of September, 1864, at Auburn, Mr. SEWARD charged the calamity of attempted disunion; of those whose conspiracy against the Union was defeated after a terrible war; and of a large body of office-holders under the Administration.

To this coalition stands opposed the Union party. It has vindicated popular government without vengeance. It has abolished slavery; and it demands that the change wrought in the Constitution by emancipation proclaimed by the equality of the loyal States in Congress shall be acknowledged by the late insurgent States before they resume their full national relations. This party is composed of the vast bulk of those at the North who sincerely supported the war, and of all those at the South, of every color, voters or not voters, who stood true to the Union with ANDREW JOHNSON through fire and flood, whose hearts have not changed, and whom the late rebels at the South and the new friends of the President at the North now denounce in words, sneaks, and traitors.

If this party, with its record, its principles, and the character of its adherents, seems to any honest man inimical to the authority of the State, the maintenance of order, he will, in seeking order and law, vote to intrust the Government to those who took up arms to accept the constitutional debate at the polls and to those who sympathized with them. But if he believes that the speedy, prosperous, and permanent restoration of the Union will be defeated if the lately insurgent States, in their present inflamed condition, are restored with increased power, he will vote to confide the Government of the State and the country to those who will patiently and firmly require the adoption of the Constitutional amendment.

The defeated States accepted the President's terms because of the moral weight of the united opinion of the loyal States that supported them. They will accept the honorable and legitimate completion of those terms if we remain united. The whole country has seen with how instant and sincere and universal a welcome Tennessee was received. But they seem to us strangely to misunderstand the character or purpose of the American people who fought the war to its end, who suppose that, profound and earnest as is their desire of restoration of the Union, they will buy it at the cost of plain injustice to patriotic States and utter betrayal of faithful citizens. They stood fast under the most appalling pressure of '64; they are not less clear-sighted and stout-hearted in the angry storm of '66.

A NEW GOLD EXCHANGE.

It is understood that a movement is on foot for the establishment of a new Gold Exchange. Various motives have prompted the enterprise. For some weeks the existing Gold-Room has been practically closed against new members. Men of unquestionable character, adequate capital, and fair business standing have been steadily refused admission. The fact has been explained by the most influential members of the Room, but they have been powerless to alter it. Having at the start borrowed from the Stock Exchange the most absurd of its rules, namely, Exchange the most absurd of its rules, namely, the rule requiring applicants for admission to be balloted for, and excluding all parties against whom six black balls are cast, the Gold Room appears unable to overcome the vice of its origin, and is likely to perish in consequence. It is hardly necessary to remind the general public that the secret black ball system is eminently suitable for social clubs, from which it may be desirable to exclude objectionable persons for reasons that can not conveniently be avowed, but is absurd and preposterous when applied to mercantile exchanges. It is proper that the members of the Union Club should be enabled to exclude from their society a man who is known as a seducer, or a cheat at cards, or a foul-mouthed talker, without placing themselves in a position which might entitle the party excluded to demand reparation. But it would be absurd for the lawyers or doctors or architects of New York to band themselves together in a society, and to establish the rule that no man hereafter should become a lawyer, or a doctor, or an architect without undergoing the ordeal of a secret ballot at the hands of his future competitors who might choose to cast the adverse balls. Such a system would not last a fortnight. Among Stock-brokers it lasted a good many years, but finally out of its anomaly it grew the Open Board of Brokers—an institution which does more than twice as much business as the Stock Exchange, and which, unless the "Long Room" should hereafter be the more legitimate field for Stock dealings, and the two Boards should in effect cease to exist, will continue to do so. Untaught by the experience of the Stock Exchange, the members of the Gold-Room appear to have made up their minds that they can afford to claim a monopoly of the business in gold, and to exclude all competitors. The natural result is an effort on the part of new houses to establish a new Gold Exchange. And if the trade in gold continues to exist, and the new scheme is not defeated by enmity, there is no reason why it should not be as successful as the Open Board of Brokers.

Another motive impels many persons to institute a new Gold Exchange. If there are a very many loyal and honorable men there, it is generally understood that the existing Room is a secessionist concern. Its officers are said never to have been gratified by the return of rebel sympathies. No loyal men, it is said, can command the votes of its members. It is accused of having hesitated to rejoice on the news of Mr. LINCOLN'S assassination, and to the horror and disgust of all decent men, not a few of its prominent members are reported to have made the most merry over that sad day with their dealings. The money represented there has been mostly made by speculations based on the probable ruin of the credit of the United States, and it is not natural that the men who made it should continue to sympathize with the cause which enriched them. So decided has been the temper of the Room that the representatives of the two leading loyal papers, the *Tribune* and *Times*, have never been willing to enter it. It is felt by bankers and merchants that the gold dealings on this great city, which forms so large a part of the foreign trade of the United States, ought to be in loyal hands. There is no good reason for the antagonism which has existed in this country between the United States Government and the Gold-Room. No such antagonism would have existed, it is believed, had the Gold-Room been in political harmony with the city and State. Had the Gold-Room been controlled by as loyal men as govern the New York Stock Exchange or the Open Board of Brokers, it would have been no wholesale combinations to depreciate the currency, and to defeat the Government in its well-meant but ill-judged attempts to restore specie payments on specie. Speculators might have made such combinations; but the temper of the Room would have been against them—not as their favor, as has generally been the case.

Another source of dissatisfaction with the existing Gold-Room is the insecurity of dealings there. At the outset every body was admitted who was prepared to pay $1000. Large numbers of persons became members who had neither commission business nor capital to speculate with. Then the members still. Hence bankers and merchants who buy and sell gold in connection with the sale and purchase of bills of exchange, are constantly in periods of excitement, making losses by reason of the failure of the parties with whom they deal in the Gold-Room. A man will pay $5000 if they lost it, and yet who will buy and sell $100,000 of gold on their own account each day. So long as their operations are successful all is well with them; when fortune turns against them they fail, and somehow or other the Room, which is so firmly shut against new members, hardly ever turns them out. Such transactions naturally bring the room itself into disrepute, and prompt, if they do not justify, the suspicion that in that institution rogues stand a better chance of favor than honest men. Ultra loyalists will assuredly say that this is false to his country can hardly be expected to be true to his creditors.

As to the prospect of a new Gold Exchange, it is difficult to speak with confidence. Bankers and merchants have got into the habit of dealing in the Gold-Room, and it will take time to wean them from its sphere. A large amount of capital is engaged there; the members alone, without outside business, could do a large trade among themselves, and keep a market constantly open.

But, on the other hand, the public do not love the Gold-Room. It is very generally, though perhaps erroneously, believed that the members of that room, by their gambling speculations in specie, have inflicted grievous injury on the public interests and taken money out of the pocket of every man in the country. There is pretty certain that the collapse of the Gold-Room would not cause any general public mourning. It is a question how long the trade in gold will last. No one can tell. With good management on the part of the Treasury at Washington, gold ought to be so near par, a twelvemonth hence, that it will be hardly worth while to speculate in it. With such a prospect, the field for a new Gold Exchange would not be large or promising. Still, between this and next year large amounts of gold must be sold by bond-holders and bought by importers; there must naturally be considerable speculation in the matter; and if a large and new institution under honest, loyal management should undertake to supersede the present Gold-Room, nine out of ten merchants will wish it God-speed!

WAR AND INSURRECTION.

THE address of Mr. RANDALL'S Philadelphia Convention, like the minority report of the Congressional Committee upon reconstruction, reasserts the President's and Mr. BUCHANAN'S theory of "the continuing right of States." The argument is grounded on the theory that as, under the Constitution, there can be no such thing as the secession of a State, so no rebellion must be counted a mere insurrection such as Congress is expressly authorized by Article 1, Section 8) to suppress, and such as the General Government has done in 1794, on the happening of the Whisky Insurrection in Pennsylvania. That insurrection, of course, left the State of Pennsylvania with all its rights unimpaired. It did so, however, because it was not a war waged by the State of Pennsylvania, but an insurrection of a part only of its inhabitants. That there is a difference between an insurrection and a war is clear from Article 1, Section 10, of the Constitution, which says: "No State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty on tonnage, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another State, or with a foreign power, or engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay." It was clearly considered possible by the framers of the Constitution for a *State* to "engage in war."

But what effect such a war would have upon the rights of the State in the Union, especially when the war engaged in should be against the General Government, is not laid down; and we look in vain in the Constitution for any provision on the subject. In like manner LYCURGUS laid out journeys from the Isle of Crimea for which he provided punishments. It was a crime too monstrous to be anticipated. In our code Secession is the *casus omissus*. Hence if the Democratic States appealed to a Convention for proposing Amendments to the Constitution (as provided in Article 5), the omission might have been supplied by the question whether it have been settled peaceably. But they chose rather to appeal to the sword. They engaged in war against the United States, and then an insurrection of the people of the power of Congress came into action. By Article 1, Section 8, Congress has "power to declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures by land and water." Congress virtually declared war, August 5, 1861, when it passed a bill legalizing all the acts of the President respecting the army and navy "as if they had been issued and done under the previous express authority and direction of the Congress of the United States."

The Supreme Court decided in the Prize Cases (2 Black, p. 636) that "The present civil war between the United States and the so-called Confederate States has such character and magnitude as to give the United States the same rights and privileges which they might exercise in the case of a national and foreign war."

By the war they levied it is clear that the seceding States abdicated the position they had held under the Constitution. As there is no provision for such a case in the Constitution, so there is no precedent for it in our history. But such a precedent we must go back to the Revolution made by our forefathers in 1688. When JAMES II., after trying to break the Constitution of England, was pronounced by Parliament to have abdicated the throne. Just so the seceding States in 1861 abandoned both their duties and their rights under the Constitution. Then Parliament called in another king to take the place of the fugitive monarch; but the latter was bound by a Bill of Rights, to which he gave a solemn assent before he was allowed to take his seat on the vacant throne. Just so Congress proposes that the Southern States shall give their assent to certain Amendments to the Constitution before they resume their place in the Government. In 1688 the modifications of the English Constitution were as few in number and as moderate in character as were consistent with the safety of the Established Church, and with the maintenance of the liberty of the subject. In 1866 the proposed Amendments to the Constitution are barely sufficient to protect the liberties of loyal citizens in the South, and to provide some security against men, who, in spite of their oaths of allegiance, are not likely to have thoroughly abjured their former principles.

In one point the analogy fails. WILLIAM and MARY cheerfully accepted the Bill of Rights, and they and their successors, down to the present day, have loyally observed its stipulations. Our late Rulers, on the other hand, propose to come back to power without giving either indemnity for the past or security for the future. So far from it, they claim to take advantage of their own wrong by sending (after 1870) twenty or more additional members to the House of Representatives. The Revolution of 1688 was the last revolution in England, and its new and improved principles were secured by embodying them in the fundamental law.

THE POPULAR VERDICT.

At least twice a day for a fortnight, in fair weather and foul, by day and by night, the President has addressed us like a friend on his case with the people; that they were the final judge, that he had perfect confidence in their wisdom, and should bow obediently to their will. Did it never once occur to him that to declare such boundless faith in the wisdom and patriotism of the people, and in the next breath to denounce as traitors and assassins all who did not patriotic people elected as traitors, disunionists, and knaves, was a poor way of proving the regard he professed? Did the President not see in his friends' estimate that the people who heard and who read those speeches were so dull as not to see that in fiercely denouncing the chosen and honored representatives of the people he was denouncing the people themselves?

The tribunal to which the President appeals has begun its response. The people are authoritatively pronounced in the question of restoration. Vermont, by more than her usual majority for peace and justice, says that she does not mean a speedy rebellion to larger dimensions. Maine, by the largest majority ever known in the State, declares that she is not willing that the States which have tried to destroy the Government shall have restored by their rebellion in addition to their old members a representation larger than that of Maine. New Hampshire, and Vermont combined. And everywhere the people say the same thing. When they are asked, "Are you for disunion?" they will reply, "No; we are for union and equality of the rights of States, are you?" When they are asked, "Well, what do you want?" they will answer, "We want restoration which shall not put a premium upon rebellion, *do you?*"

The States which sustained the war have a perfectly clear perception of what they want. It is not party supremacy, nor confiscation, nor punishment, nor vengeance, nor confiscation, nor hostile feeling of any kind whatever, which inspires them. It is that instinctive sagacity which will not suffer the same folly to be done in a few statesmen have sometimes been. It is that wisdom which in this country will prevent the terrible spectacle so frequent in other lands, of a nation to secure the results of the first. The people, unless every sign and all antecedents are deceptive, desire to place the legitimate guiding reins of government in the hands of party tumults by grafting them upon the organic law. So far from weltering in confusion, the only party in this country which has a clear aim definitely pursued is the people's or Union party. He certainly is a very short-sighted observer, and a very superficial student of history and human nature, who does not see that the Philadelphia Convention, and the Albany Democratic Convention in this State, and similar assemblies elsewhere, are merely movements of a defeated party to regain ascendency. The only principle or policy advocated by them is what is called immediate restoration of the Union. Such a platform is like that of the absurd BELL party in the election of 1860—"The Constitution, the Union, and the Enforcement of the Laws." The very question now is not how to secure the country to war was, "What *is* the Constitution; what is the

scope of the Union; how may the laws be enforced?" The BELL party might as wisely have chained the Bible to their platform. The very point was, who shall interpret it?

The case is not different now. The Democratic party, with the President and his friends, are no more devoted to the Constitution and the Union than their opponents. The very question is, How shall the Union be most constitutionally restored? Immediately to admit the late insurgent States to Congress after such a war involving such constitutional changes, without deliberation and sagacious care, is neither constitutional nor sensible. The result in Maine and Vermont—the party lines increased and strengthened—show that the people know it. The American people, intelligent beyond any other, know that it is not enough to win a victory—it must be secured.

DEGRADATION AND HUMILIATION.

We still read a great deal about the humiliation and degradation to which the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment subjects our fellow-citizens of the unrepresented STATES. We are told that they will never adopt it, and that they never ought to adopt it. This would be more important if we had not been told exactly the same thing during every week of the year. Desponding patriots said the insurgent States never would submit; the pure Copperheads said they never ought to submit. So, in a different, generous men of an impulsive temperament are sure that the States in question will never adopt the amendment; and the pure Copperheads are equally sure that they never ought to adopt it.

This talk of humiliation is utterly preposterous. It can not degrade or humiliate honorable States to ratify the necessary constitutional consequences of an amendment they have already accepted as a condition of reunion; while refusal to be reconstructed, except with a large advantage not contemplated by the Constitution, invites distrust of the sincerity of acquiescence in the result of the war. The citizens of States so refusing are not arbitrarily excluded from the Union; they are merely insisting that rebellion shall be rewarded with increased political power. If their fellow-citizens of the other States object to a claim so palpably unfair and so pregnant with dangerous agitation, they can not be justly accused of cherishing hostility and delaying reunion; while those who ask an act of such obvious justice and political necessity a condition to which high-spirited citizens can not be expected to submit, invoke resort to the appeals of an earlier and an evil time to excite renewed disturbance and imperil honorable reconciliation.

TRUTHS AND THREATS.

AS MR. SEWARD moved farther westward in the Presidential tour he evidently recovered some sense of the respect he owed to himself and to his position. Instead of the trivial and foolish talk in which he indulged in the State of New York, he made speeches at St. Louis and Indianapolis which were addressed to the intelligence of the people, and are therefore worthy of consideration. That at Indianapolis especially contained some passages which recalled the SEWARD of better days.

In this speech he said that under our form of government revolution is always wrong. "There is never any necessity, and therefore never any right of revolution here.....There can be no reform of our Government by violent and unlawful means.....Give me free speech and a free ballot, and there is no measure of social amelioration and progress which the American Government can not accomplish." These are fundamental truths, and they can not be too often nor too strongly repeated. Especially should they be pondered at this time when political orators appeal so often and so glibly of renewing the war, and of the success of this party or that as leading necessarily to bloodshed. This Mexican method of carrying an election campaign was introduced in this country by the Democratic party in 1860, when the chief argument against the success of LINCOLN at the polls was, that "the South" would not submit, and ought not to submit. MR. YANCEY came to New York and spoke at the Cooper Institute, at a Democratic meeting, and declared that we ought not to expect his section to submit to a Constitutional election which was disagreeable to it. He passed through a large part of the country, saying the same thing; and we do not remember that a single Democratic paper or orator protested against so atrocious and revolutionary a position. MR. YANCEY naturally assumed that silence meant assent. He assumed that assent all the more when he saw his declaration echoed by Northern orators and journals.

It is an unpleasant sign of the times that the same party is conducting the present canvass with the same assertion. MR. MONTGOMERY BLAIR and the other Presidential orators warn us that if the people constitutionally decide against what is called the President's policy there will be more terrible war, because a war of neighborhoods. The Democratic newspapers echo this menace. The New York *Times* does not hesitate to repeat it by calling upon the country "to avert the danger" by supporting the President's policy. That is to say, that if the people do not constitutionally and lawfully support that policy there is danger of war. From what quarter? The party which is constitutionally successful at the polls will not, of course, take up arms to support the result unless it be resisted. Will the vanquished resist their own will? If not, there can be no treason unless it be begun by those who, like MR. YANCEY and his friends in 1860, refuse to assent to the result of a lawful election.

The Union party stands, as it has always stood, for law and order. Its position could not be more truly and forcibly stated than by General WOODFORD, Union candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of New York, in his late speech in Brooklyn, a speech which is a model for dignity of tone and eloquent precision of statement. "At the outset of the canvass the Union party of the State of New York says, distinctly, if, in the election which is soon to take place, the policy of the President is sustained by the people, we will acquiesce in the result. We say as distinctly that if we the people pronounce our will in the hundering tone of majorities, we will compel submission and vindicate the law. This is the doctrine of republican democratic government. Every man, believing will vote according to their conscience, without asking the blessing of God upon the result; and when they have spoken, the will of the majority, within constitutional limits, shall be the law of the land."

FOUND DROWNED.

BEFORE the meeting of the first Philadelphia Convention we remarked that its only possible result could be facilitating the passage of a certain number of Union men into the Democratic party; for there could be but two parties in the coming elections, one of which would be the Union, and the other the Democratic party. We added that, of course, the Union men in the first Philadelphia Convention would either return to the old and natural party with which to, or they would vote and act with our opponents.

Certainly such a prophecy required no especial vision, for the result is realized, and the last week saw it verified. The Democratic Committee of this State called a Convention; the Philadelphia Convention approved the call; Democratic and Philadelphia *ad lonnem* delegates were appointed. The Convention met. Its President was a Democrat. Its orators were Democrats. Its whole management and tone were Democratic. It nominated a Democratic State Committee. It nominated four State officers, three of whom were Democrats. Its proceedings were reported in the Democratic papers as a Democratic assembly, and its ticket will be supported as the Democratic ticket.

Nothing could be more natural than that Democracy appropriate all the recruits so absolutely, and so pitilessly place them in the rear rank. The New York *World*, two months ago, sharply scolded the Union party for not acquiescing to the Democracy. "By his delay the Radicals have been able to consolidate the Union] party, and thereby to make out of the crisis of the difference, he will be able to carry with him but a comparatively small fragment." This was cold, but the sentence that followed was cruel. "As it is, he will be mainly dependent on the Democratic party, and the battle will be fought with advantages not materially greater than if the Democratic party would have possessed acting alone." It is perfectly true. The defection from the Union ranks is wholly unimportant. A few have fallen into Democratic ranks, but they have not diverted the current, and they have swollen it very little.

AT INDIANAPOLIS.

THE disturbance at Indianapolis upon occasion of the President's reception is greatly to be regretted and condemned. Every citizen of the United States is entitled, in every part of the country, to the respectful and courteous mission of his views. If any body dissents he may retire, but he has no right to interrupt. Of course none deplore and denounce the interruption at Indianapolis more sincerely than the opponents of the President, and it was one of those incidents to which every tumultuous crowd is liable.

Union men, whose cause depends upon the good sense and intelligence of the people for success, are bound to see that their opponents have every fair and free opportunity to discuss the great question. Every party which, like the old Slavery party, known as the Democracy, strives to silence a speaker by noise or disturbance of any kind, convicts itself of inability to answer him. The sad condition of the Southern States before the war, the profound ignorance which made the war possible, was due in great measure to the enforced silence of every speaker upon the most vital question of the time. When the President's organ, the Washington *Intelligencer*, in declaring contemptuously that "a Republican Convention" would not be allowed to assemble in any Southern State, merely announces that the cardinal principle of the Government is not in the least understood there. Indeed, no former advocate of slavery, or present apologist of its continuing spirit, could or can possibly comprehend the real spirit of our institutions.

In themselves Mr. JOHNSON'S opinions are of no importance. They are worthy attention only because he is the President of the United States. As to his character, he has no doubt whatever of the popular heart, except that which is derived from the fact that he broke with his party at the outbreak of the war, and was a conspicuous and faithful Unionist to the end. His opportunity afterward was greater than is often given to man. If he has proved wholly unequal to it he is more to be pitied. We are rather to be blamed who supposed he could be equal to the great ordeal. We sincerely regret that his journey was marked by an event so unfortunate in itself, and so little creditable to the patriotic city in which it occurred.

A VOICE FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

THE following remarkable article from the Raleigh (North Carolina) *Standard*, edited by the President's Provisional Governor of that State, W. W. HOLDEN, shows that the Union party has efficient and unexpected friends and co-workers in the Southern part of the country. The moderation and decision of its tone are equally significant, and there can be no question that it expresses the profound conviction of the most intelligent and faithful Union men of the South. "The appeal now," says the *Standard*, "is to the action of the United States who suppressed the rebellion. It is for them to say on what terms the Government shall be restored." We commend the article to the careful consideration of our leaders:

"We stated in our last that the lease had at length been fairly and finally joined between the President and Congress. The President stands upon and upon his policy, that the States are entitled to representation without further amendment to the Constitution; while the Congressional party, comprising the great mass of the Republicans, hold that further amendments to the Constitution are indispensable in order to place the recently insurgent States on a loyal basis, and to insure quiet in the future by excluding leading participants in the rebellion from holding office.

"Both sides seem to hold that the present Congress cannot be dissolved, or prorogued. The Philadelphia Convention, whose proceedings the President has so recently indorsed, declared that 'loyal representatives' be admitted; and the President has repeatedly declared that the States will be entitled to representation when they shall have complied in good faith with any existing Constitutional or legal test.'

"This, then, is the issue. It is not a new one, but for those members elect who can not take this oath to resign, and let their places be filled by those who can 'comply' with the 'legal test.' This would seem to be the obviously proper course, especially after the call, by the Philadelphia Convention, for the admission of 'loyal representatives.'

"For our part, our principles are not to be changed or altered by the will of Conventions, or by any cause that will not convince us that those principles are erroneous. We feel sure that we have undergone no change since May, 1865. We thought then, and we think now, that the Union should be restored only on the unmistakable basis of loyalty; that the President is merely a co-worker with the Congress in effecting this result; and that, while the President has indicated his work, as he declares he has, it was for the Congress to investigate it, to consider it, to modify it, or to accept it or not as their judgment might choose. We have never understood that the action of the President in this respect controlled the Congress, or that their hands was bound to accept unconditionally the work of restoration as accomplished and presented to them by him.

"We feel sure that the President and the Congress are both actuated by the purest motives. We regret the breach between them. This breach is most probably incurable. The appeal now is to the people of the States which have suppressed the rebellion. It is for them to say on what terms the Government shall be restored. We expect to be content with those terms. Our people will be zealous and interested spectators of the struggle now going on in the Northern and Western States, but they are not in a condition to take much part in this struggle. They can only look on and hope that the right may be best for the whole country. Our sympathies are with those who are most devoted to the Union; and who are determined to resist, with a loyal heart, the dictation of Northern Copperheads or Southern traitors."

WHICH IS WHICH?

THE friends of the President in the State of New York are invited to vote for MR. HOFFMAN as Governor. On the day that MR. HOFFMAN was nominated the President said at Cincinnati: "I will call upon any man here, and defy him to put his finger upon an instance in which I have swerved a hair's-breadth from the platform upon which the late lamented President and myself were elected."

Just before MR. LINCOLN and MR. JOHNSON were elected, MR. HOFFMAN made a speech in Wall Street, in which he said: "The merchants, brokers, and capitalists of New York have not on this occasion to declare it to their honest conviction that the only certain way of bestowing peace with the Union is by barring from power ABRAHAM LINCOLN with his minions, and electing in his place a patriot and statesman in the person of General MCCLELLAN."

Chief among LINCOLN'S "minions," of course, was his military Governor of Tennessee, ANDREW JOHNSON. That "minion" declares that he stands now exactly where he stood then, while his friends are exhorted to vote for MR. HOFFMAN, who declared that the "minion" ought to be hurled from power. If the President stands now where he stood then, MR. HOFFMAN and his friends can support him only because they have renounced their principles of two years ago. If they have done so, their present principles are of no importance. If they have not done so, and MR. JOHNSON stands where he stood, then MR. HOFFMAN and his friends support a man whom they declare to be totally unfit for office.

The Union men who propose to vote for MR. HOFFMAN may choose which horn of the dilemma they will. But those among them who truly honored ABRAHAM LINCOLN must vote with extreme de'ight for a man who said by direct implication that LINCOLN was not a patriot and statesman while MCCLELLAN was!

PHOTOMICROGRAPHY.

THIS hard word means the application of photography to the representation of objects as seen with the microscope. The inestimable advantage to medical science of such an application is evident, and it is agreeable to learn from competent foreign men of science that our Army Medical Museum stands in this respect far beyond any public institution or private investigator in the world.

DR. R. L. MAIRET, who writes to the London *Journal of Photography* to call attention to "the magnificent results in photomicrography obtained in America by Bevet-Captain JOHN C. COWEN, Assistant Surgeon United States Army, in the laboratory of the Army Medical Museum," DR. MADDOX then enters into some statistical details, and adds that they "are so far in advance of any thing I have seen in the country that the greatest credit is due to Captain COWEN."

Those who appreciate the immense service to humanity of these representations of the exact aspects of obscure and unusual disease, and of the infinite varieties and results of wounds, will duly honor the patient, accurate, ingenious, and intelligent attention necessary to perfect them.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

At the New York State Democratic Convention, at Albany, on the 18th instant, Mayor John T. Hoffman was nominated for Governor, Hon. Erastus Brooks for Canal Commissioner, and William W. Wright for Canal Commissioner, and Peter Masterton for Prison Inspector. The platform, which was in general consonance with that of the Philadelphia Convention, appeared conditionally in the State as well as in the United States Governments.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention met at Cleveland, September 17, and was addressed by General HOOD, who declared himself for the Presidential policy. General GRANGER was chosen permanent Chairman.

The Democratic meeting at the Fredonia Farm from North Carolina represents that the condition of the farmers is generally prosperous, and that there are at present but about 1000 dependents, notwithstanding that there is a colored population of nearly 300,000.

By the census of the city of Mobile, just completed, the population foots up 40,000 souls. Of this number 30,000 are negroes.

The match of the grand Billiard Tournament in this city is that Cyrille Dion, champion of all Canada, wins the first prize—the champion cue; Edward J. Plaisted, champion of Pennsylvania, the second—a full-sized billiard table; Joseph P. Gallagher will take the T. M. Carthy, champion of Indiana, third prize—the silver table, elegantly engraved; and Mr. Jos. Bewley, champion of Ohio—the gold watch and chain.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

September 19:

(LONDON.)—The Eastern question seems to be looking for a solution. Greek affairs assume a more serious cast every day, creating more to obtain the control of the Danubian Principalities, Turkey, consequently, and Greece herself.

The Porte has determined to recognize Prince CHARLES as Hereditary Sovereign of Roumania, the Principalities.

(PARIS.)—General Marquez, Minister to Congress, at Mexico, has been recalled, and will go out to Mexico to make room for the service after the French evacuation of the country.

September 20:

(VIENNA.)—A decree has been issued by the Emperor ordering the whole Austrian army to be placed upon a war footing.

September 21:

(PARIS.)—The Emperor Napoleon has sent a special mission to Mexico to confer with MAXIMILIAN.

The Patrie denies that the Emperor NAPOLEON admits that the Empire of MEXICO has withered away, and that the country should be left to itself.

(LIVERPOOL.)—The Canard steamships *Europa* and *Thrysia* sailed this afternoon for Boston direct, with a regiment of Hussars for service in Canada.

September 22:

(TRIESTE.)—Advices from Athens state that the Cretan Assembly have voted for the annexation of the Island of Candia to Greece.

September 23:

(LONDON.)—It is said that Great Britain has urged upon the Porte the immediate necessity that the Porte has refused.

(VIENNA.)—We are on the verge of another war, which threatens to equal in extent that just ended. Austria is already fighting with Prussia, and Italy has made unreasonable demands, to which Italy will not submit. Austria has encouraged the debt of Venetia, and withholds Venetia property which she has confiscated.

September 24:

(LONDON.)—Prussia has emphatically notified Austria that she will not suffer Italy, her ally, to be insulted and defrauded, and that if Austria persists in her present course war must follow.

(VIENNA.)—The honeyward march of Prussian troops has been greedily arrested, and the demoralization of the retiring army stopped.

(DRESDEN.)—Hostility of the backs war. There is no reply from Austria to the notification of Prussia. It is now not a question as to whether troops be sent from both in motion for Vienna.

September 25:

(SOUTHAMPTON.)—The mail steamer from Rio de Janeiro brings the unconfirmed information that the people of the Allies have been badly defeated by the Paraguayans.

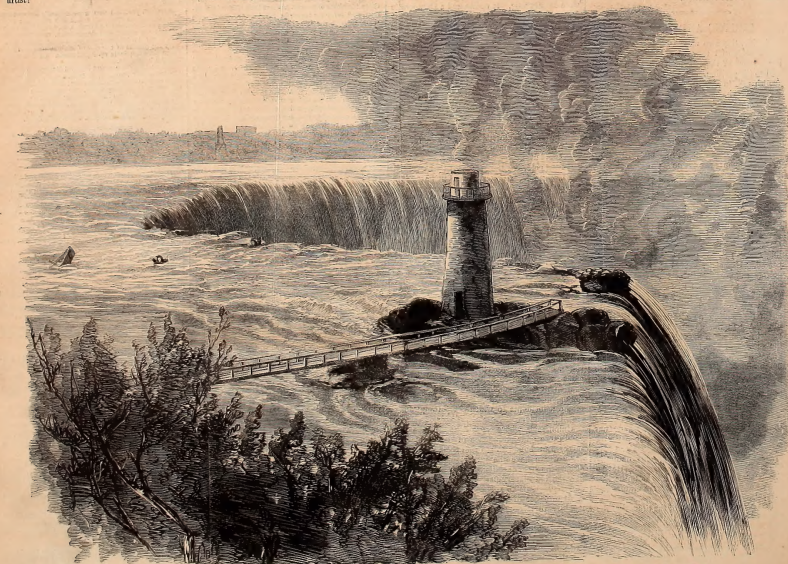


ACCIDENT AT JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, SEPTEMBER 14, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 614.]

OVER NIAGARA FALLS.

On the 12th instant two men in a boat were carried by the force of the current and a violent gale of wind over Niagara Falls. This incident, which we illustrate on this page, is thus narrated by our artist:

"FRANK LEUTZE, a ferry-man, and a Mr. COOPER, postmaster, both of Chippewa, Canada West, hoisting sail in the ferry-man's boat crossed to the American shore safely, conveying a passenger. Having accomplished this, they embarked on their return trip, rowing. The wind blowing a perfect gale, they were driven, before reaching two-thirds of their journey, back into the swifter currents, and when near the head of Goat Island they were discovered by a few persons on that island, at which time the two men—apparently fully impressed with the fearful dilemma in which they were placed—were rowing fiercely yet regularly up stream, but all to no avail, as at this point the waters commence their terrific velocity. Surely and speedily they were drawn toward the falls, still struggling desperately, until the boat plunging over the rocks it was capsized about 100 yards above the falls. Then, after struggling amidst the dashing waters for a few brief moments, still clinging to their boat or their oars, they disappeared from view over the falls."



FRANK LEUTZE AND MR. COOPER CARRIED OVER NIAGARA FALLS, SEPTEMBER 12, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY MR. F. L. BLAKE.]



"PALISSY THE POTTER."

THERE is no story of "self-help," or the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," more deeply interesting and pathetic than that of BERNARD PALISSY, the self-taught potter of Saintes. And no such narrative of heroic perseverance has been related with more graphic and dramatic power, or filled in with more picturesque and illustrative historical accessories, than Mr. MORLEY'S "Life of Palissy the Potter."

All our readers are familiar with those plates, dishes, and other ceramic objects, glazed with a peculiar mottled enamel and ornamented in relief, for the most part with fishes, lizards, reptiles, insects, leaves, and flowers, and named, after their inventor and producer, Palissy-ware. The ornaments are modeled with a truthfulness evincing the closest and most loving study of nature, all the subjects being taken either from the fauna and flora of the neighborhood of Saintes—where he settled, after years of wandering, as a painter, particularly on glass—or of the valley of the Seine, the latter years of his life having been spent in Paris. The reliefs are also treated with a delicacy and disposed with an artistic feeling which, united to their truth to nature, give to the pieces they decorate a value apart from many of the conventional productions addressed to the luxurious. Nevertheless, to us Palissy-ware is interesting chiefly for its quaintly curious and playful originality; and it is hard to realize that works of almost childlike fancy should be the outcome of one of the longest and bravest struggles against difficulties of every description of which we have any record—should be the chief triumph of a great artistic genius, of a natural philosopher centuries in advance of his time, and of an earnest and uncompromising Huguenot, who, but for the precious secret he had won, would have been burned at the stake long before the good old age at which he died a prisoner in the Bastile. Several weary years did PALISSY spend, enduring, as he himself tells us, misery and reproach of all kinds (sometimes being suspected of uttering base coin), occupied in discovering a white enamel glaze. And then his difficulties had only commenced, for he had still, unaided, to learn the potter's art in its highest form. In his experiments the slender family resources derived from his glass-painting and surveying were repeatedly exhausted, debts were incurred, and, greatest trial of all, his wife was converted by his ruinous enthusiasm into a bitter scold. He had to pay an assistant with the clothes off his own back. In one critical experiment he had to feed the fire of his furnace with the planks from the flooring and the very doors of his house.

The last and severest disappointment which PALISSY underwent before that ultimate success which secured him the patronage and protection of the greatest in the land is the subject of the admirable picture, lately in the Royal Academy Exhibition, by Mrs. E. M. WARD, the accomplished wife of the distinguished Royal Academician, which we have engraved on this page. This time the potter had virtually vanquished every difficulty, and was right in all his calculations as regards the preparation of the enamels and the proper degree of heat for firing them, and yet the whole batch of works he had placed in the furnace was spoiled. "The elaborate designs," says Mr. MORLEY, "the play of BERNARD'S fancy as an artist for six months; the debt incurred for maintenance and wages of the assistant; the hands wounded with labor at the furnace; the money begged and borrowed to buy chemicals; the weeks of drudgery in grinding, the hope and self-denial of eight months—all led to 'sorrow and distresses to abundantly augmented.'" This mischance occurred "because," says PALISSY, "the mortar of which I had built my furnace had been full of flints, which, feeling the vehemence of the

fire (at the same time that my enamels had begun to liquefy), burn into several pieces, making a variety of cracks and explosions within the said furnace. Then, because the splinters of the flints struck against my work, the enamel, which was already liquefied and converted into a glutinous matter, retained the said flints and held them attached on all sides of my vessels and medallions, which, except for that, would have been beautiful." It is highly characteristic of Palissy that, although he might have made them if fierce for these works, damaged as they were, yet he preferred to break them to pieces in order that they should not injure the great reputation that he well knew he should now attain. "If one could sketch a cease like this," says the biographer, "with the pencil of the pen, it would make a pretty picture. The dilapidated cathoun, its beaches rudely filled up with green boughs; Palissy, ground in his one apron, tattered as dress, with a litter of broken pots and pans, vases and medallions, the products of his rich taste and fiery genius, at his feet; his angry creditors convicted to witness the potter's expected triumph; the village gossips pouring their much talk over his head and spirit; his thin, pale children crowding, wondering about; his lean wife—God forgave her on the instant—pouring on him maledictions, ignorant or careless how his heart would spin in that hour of anguish to receive one syllable of woman's consolation." Of the way that Mrs. WARD has realized this scene in her "goodly picture" our engraving will give some idea to those who have not seen the original. The only divergence from the author's account in her version is that of representing the potter's wife as betrayed, if only for a moment, into sorrowful pity for her husband at this supreme moment of agonizing disappointment. And notwithstanding that PALISSY himself tells us that he "had nothing but reproaches in the house—in place of consolation they gave me maledictions," we would fain hope there is room for the painter's assumption, pregnant as it does from a true womanly instinct of commiserating sympathy. Among the accessories of the picture will be noted various items, such as the ballet, the vials containing natural models preserved in spirits, and so forth, which help to tell the pitiful yet glorious story.

NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD ASSISTED.

WE illustrate on our first page the result of a mis. placed switch on the New York Central Railroad at Canastota, Madison County, New York, on the night of the 15th instant. The switch-tender, having changed the switch to permit a freight-train going east to pass on to the main track, was called in the meanwhile to attend to some matter which he had neglected to return and place it in proper position. He did not discover his neglect till the engineer of the passenger train going east whistled "Down brakes," and a general smash-up was then inevitable. The engine of this train plunged into the ditch, disembarked among the flying timbers and torn-up track, when it was struck by the engine of a freight-train going west at a high rate of speed. The shock, of course, the sudden escape of the pent-up steam, and the darkness of the night made the few seconds in which it occurred seem but a sudden flash of fire and bewildering. The westward-bound engine first struck the side of the one going east, tearing its covering from its sides like bark from a tree, completely demolishing the tender, knocking the loaded freight-cars from the track, and after passing completely through two others from side to side, finally stopped in a nearly perpendicular position, its forward end resting on the top of a freight-car which it had capsized in its wild career. Many persons were killed outright, and a large number were wounded. The cost of this misplaced switch will be more than $150,000.

Our illustration represents the scene after the collision, with the wheat, glass-ware, and merchandise generally, strewn in confusion upon the ground.

BURNING OF THE CLIPPER "HORNET."

OUR engraving on page 616 illustrates an unfortunate disaster which occurred to the *Hornet*, one of the finest of the Australian line of clippers. What story can be more thrilling than that of a ship's crew in open boats, one thousand miles from land, compelled to witness the burning of their ship, and then to drift for days upon the Pacific, almost without hope, and subject to the exposure of sea and sky, and the pangs of starvation?

The following account is given by MR. THOMAS, the third master of the *Hornet*, and MR. CLOUGH, a seaman:

The American ship *Hornet*, of 1478 tons burden, Captain JOSIAH A. MCCURDA, left New York on the 10th of January, bound for San Francisco, with a general cargo, consisting of coals, iron, 6200 boxes candles, 3400 cases brandy, 1000 bbls. and the usual assortment of miscellaneous merchandise. Beyond speaking one or two vessels, nothing occurred on the passage out, and they of note till seven o'clock on the morning of the 3d of May, when the look-out from the main-mast head saw one of the hands to draw variable, taking a lantern. While on a signal for a collision subsequently arose, but which set fire to the sails in the sail-locker between decks. The cook, working under deck, discharged a gun, while the mate remained below, trying to put out the fire with buckets, which he took off the hatchway to seaward.

The ship was at this time scudding along beautifully under a six knot somewhat trade-wind. She had got completely under the ocean-going provided with a penal track of vessels bound to California, in longitude 115° 0' west. The hatches at the time were off for ventilating the ship, as is customary. Hardly had the alarm been given before dense and dense smoke came out of the after-hatch, communicating almost instantaneously to the "round-jack-sail," which was hanging skewed up. In a very few minutes the flames burst through the main hatch and set fire to the mainsail. With the first alarm Captain MCCURDA was promptly on deck, and set one watch to work endeavoring to control the fire, while the other watch was ordered to get the boats ready and lower them away. The boats were successfully lowered without trouble, but in launching the long-boat the bottom was torn in by an eye-bolt, which stopped in the bottom about a foot square, which was stopped up with blankets and shirts during the entire cruise. The boats were provided with oils, but these being in the sail-locker it was impossible to get at them. A sending-sail, a main-royal, and some pieces of canvas lying loose on deck were thrown into the boats, with what provisions were accessible, consisting of four hams, twelve lbs. of smoked meats, a box of raisins, seven pieces of pork, one hundred pounds of bread, and four buckets of raw potatoes. Four canisters and a barrel, containing in all but twelve gallons of water, were also passed in the boats. All the ship's chronometers, sextons, compasses, quadrants, and charts were saved, also several books, but could not say what the men stood by.

At this time the whole ship was in flames overhead, the fire creeping and leaping from one to other, and the cordage, rigging, sails, and masts in one vast sheet of flame. It was impossible to get anything more from the cabin, the quarters just seven o'clock, or three-quarters of an hour after the fire broke out. The crew had to leave the ship, and all hands took to the long-boat and the two quarter-boats. Here was one of those grand sights often described but seldom witnessed. The ship, with her huge spars and sails, was gliding cheerily along her course, now all wrapped in flames, forming a pillar of fire by night and cold and costly pyrotechnic display in which the masts, spars, and rigging formed the bold relief. It was a sight enough to strike terror into the bravest heart, when he remembered that it was now deemed safe rules to the nearest land, and the chances of reaching land were to many. At eight o'clock the mizzen-mast of the ship went over her side, but the burning hull, like a huge log, kept on her course before the wind. Here and boxes of candles, made an awful conflagration, lighting the harbour for one hour after midnight. Here the flames and smoke rolled up in black masses, reaching up to the very clouds.

The boats remained by the ship during the day and night, while she was burning, the cargo gradually consumed the ship lightened, just as she would sloop, like the dead of a human creature. Here the boats were no expositions during the burning. At five o'clock on the morning of the 4th, the fire had burned through the hull to the water, the noble clipper made a plunge forward, and went down bow first, leaving no trace of her but a few charred spars and pieces of wood floating about. This was in north latitude 0° 30' and longitude 110° 8', about 1000 miles due south from Cape St. Lucas, the southern extremity of California.

During the first night Captain MCCURDA, who had throughout his misfortunes displayed a cool bravery equal to the occasion, distributed the men into the three boats, according to their capacity. In the long-boat with him were the first mate, the third mate, and eleven seamen.

The boat is the only one of the three which has been heard from. On the night of the 5th all the provisions and water were equally distributed among the three boats, of which the two smaller ones were kept in tow by the Captain's boat. The Captain kept in the track of California-bound vessels, hoping to sight some passing ship. On the 7th, 8th, and 12th six dolphins, a bonita, and turtle were caught, and divided among the three boats, giving the crews plenty of meat, but as they had no fire to eat they were unable to keep it. All the boats' crews were now put on an allowance of a gill of water, half a biscuit, and half a pound of meat per day. But when it rained, all hands were privileged to drink all the water they could catch.

On the 14th it became impossible, under a strong trade-wind, for the long-boat to continue towing the others, as the strain and jerking were so severe as to endanger both. The Captain therefore decided to cut on the mate's boat, which was done in long. 114° W., lat. 15° N. Three days afterward it was decided, for the same reason, to cut off the second boat's tow-line, and after coming alongside, dividing the beggarly remnant of stores, and bidding each other adieu, they cast off and left the boats to drift. By this time the three boats were still in sight of each other, each having a navigator in charge and heading on the same course. The Captain of the long company and from this time we have no tidings of what befell the two mates' boats.

After reaching longitude 117° West, and latitude 17° North, Captain MCCURDA decided to head for "Ameringa," Acapulco, and accordingly shaped his course to latitude 17° North, longitude 153° 30' West. The boat spent twenty-three days in reaching this point, without any signs of land. Thus far they had endeavored to keep in the usual track of California-bound vessels, in hopes of meeting a passing sail. But failing to find land here, they headed SW., in hopes of reaching the Islands.

At this time they had no meat, and nothing to eat but the boat biscuit, which they had soaked as it was rolled in, with their regular two gills of water. Pieces of the canvas and the staves of a bucket being used as food a saline relish to them, served as the main stand-by, while the leather of the boat's boots was soaked in salt water so as to make the leather soft. This served as their meat. For days they chewed the leather of their shirts and handkerchiefs. By some accident there was a supply of tobacco in the boat, which served to allay their thirst, and may have been a principal means of preserving their lives. During the night the passage the utmost discipline prevailed, with watches of two men as regards to be on deck at all times. Naked boat-by, and all hands took turns bailing to keep her afloat. In the strong trade-winds, heavy sea, and squalls which frequently almost swamped her, she was kept buoyant.

After forty-three days of wandering, about 11 A.M. on the 27th of Land-ho! was given, and the lofty summit of Mauna Kea, in the Island of Hawaii, loomed. The land was sighted a day or two sooner than they expected, having, in fact, been driven out of a course which was seen by those on shore, but at first it was supposed to be a belong party. Mr. MCCURDA remembers near the breakers, off Lanipahoehoe, two natives swam off to the boat, and, taking the destitute condition of the crew, climbed into it, shook hands with every one, and, by signs, offered to pilot her to shore, and brought the boat safely to the beach.

Some of the natives remained on board up, and on trying to do so fell over perfectly helpless, and unable to stand, and were carried ashore. Others, more powerful, were able to walk. Here the boat was hauled high and dry, and all hands took turns bailing to keep her afloat. In the strong trade-winds, heavy sea, and squalls which frequently almost swamped her, she was kept buoyant.

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Some of the natives remained on board up, and on trying to do so fell over perfectly helpless, and unable to stand, and were carried ashore. Others, more powerful, were able to walk. Here the boat was hauled high and dry, and all hands were received with the greatest kindness by the natives, and were brought to the house of Mr. JONES PEAR, agent of J. C. KING & Co., who received them with the greatest kindness. Here the crew found by all kinds of fruits and vegetables—such as potatoes, bananas, tomatoes, &c.—which they enjoyed much. Mr. J., desiring it not prudent for them to eat these, set apart a certain quantity for each meal, with the zeal of a Florence Nightingale. Next morning they were allowed to eat a little more, and so on, with very great caution, their best providing them more at each succeeding meal.

Word having been dispatched to Hilo, the American Consul, Mr. SPENCER, came up with a horse-team and brought the sailors to that port—Captain MCCURDA, Mr. THOMAS, and seaman CLOUGH, at Lanipahoehoe till they gained more strength. At Hilo the Consul provided for all their necessities, and bestowed much care on them.

The whole party in the long-boat thus reached land safely after having been forty-three days at sea, on short allowance part of the time, and less allowance most of the voyage. What is more remarkable, there was no sickness, nor any of that dizziness which is so often the accompaniment of persons kept in a starving condition for days at sea.

It is considered probable that the two smaller boats were lost; indeed, it is almost a miracle that the long-boat was saved.

THE ACCIDENT AT JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

WHEN the President was on his way to Harrisburg from Pittsburg, a sad accident occurred in connection with a demonstration in his honor at Johnstown. This occurrence is illustrated on page 612.

Between the bridge and railroad office and over the canal was a platform, erected for the occasion, on which probably 400 or 500 persons—men, women, and children—were closely gathered. The structure gave way as soon as the Presidential party was leaving. First one section of it fell, precipitating the occupants to the ground, a height of apparently 20 feet. The second part soon followed, and in less than 30 seconds these persons were thrown one upon another, or buried beneath the ruins.

The platform was across the canal was 75 feet long and from 15 to 18 feet wide. It broke in the centre, and as a consequence its occupants were precipitated to the ground, a distance of about 20 feet. The timbers and human beings were mixed up promiscuously, all falling in a confused mass. Some had both arms and legs broken, and others were injured to a less extent with contused heads and severe bruises. Seven or eight persons were killed, while four or more were in a dying condition. About ninety persons were severely, and a large number were slightly, injured.

THE UNION FIRE-ENGINE OF SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.

AS engraving on page 620 represents the oldest fire-engine in the country, named the *Union*, which, together with the original records, were presented to the Essex Institute by the late Union and Naumkeag Engine Company No. 5 of Salem, Massachusetts, to William Penn Steam Engine and Hose Company No. 5, which succeeds their recent visit to Salem. MR. JOSEPH N. LARRABEE, to whom we are indebted for this sketch, furnishes the following details:

The tub or box of the engine is three feet eight inches long, twenty inches wide, and twenty inches deep. A rail, and runs on wheels twenty inches in diameter. The cylinders are four and one-half inches diameter with six and one-half inches stroke. The air-chamber, valves, and suction inlet, with a gate that water may be taken either through hose or from tub, are similar to those in engines of recent construction. It was built in London by one of two rival engine-makers — NEWSHAM or FOWLE, as it corresponds with the description of their engines given in the "Encyclopædia," and is supposed to be the first ever brought to this country. The following is a copy of the inscription:

"That the petitioners should procure an engine to the acceptance of the selectmen; and further, that in case of the refusal of any one of the petitioners, where no male heir should be left to supply, it should be supplied by the major part of the engine company. With the consent of the selectmen." The *Union* engine was accepted April 2, 1793, and the company received the name of the Union Engine Company.

In April, 1795, a second engine, which was presented to the town by BENJAMIN LYNDE, was received and placed in the town house, in the care of this company. It was continued in use until April, 1799, when the *Essex* engine was purchased by the town. On the 1st of October, 1807, another was procured, named, by vote of company, *Naumkeag* (the name given by the Indians to our harbor and town), in addition to the *Essex*. The company still retained possession of the *Union* engine. These records are fully corroborated by the town records, and show that the company's claims of owning the oldest engine in the country, and being the oldest engine company in the United States that can show any historical existence. The list of members obtained from the records numbers 557 names, all but 200 of which became members since the formation of the company of many of our best citizens of the present and past century. Among the number are NATHANIEL BOWDITCH, the world's great mathematician, who was a member in 1794-96; WILLIAM GRAY, familiarly known as BILLY GRAY, the millionaire of Salem, who has enjoyed the honors of the first places in town, city, and State.

In April, 1861, the company were notified that the engine was wanted for exhibition at the Patent Department in consequence of the introduction of steam fire-engines; and at a final meeting they voted to present it to the Government, which was done by presenting them to the Philadelphia company.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

SINCE of the late unfavorable weather, the prevailing toilets, both in Paris and at the baths de mer, are composed of delicate materials of every light shade of color. Even where less delicate materials are worn, light tints and narrow black and gray stripes hold their ground. A new black alpaca, white or pale gray or striped foulards and alpacas, with trimmings of blue, mauve, or applegreen velvet; or robes of pale chèvre trimmed with straw passementerie, or lines with insertions of taffeta. Outdoor robes are very rarely worn with trains, and almost invariably with a double skirt, the upper one being either looped up with bows and rosettes or rosette of ribbon, or else made to fall no lower than the knees, in which latter case it is either scolloped or vandyked at the bottom, and trimmed with velvet and ornaments of jet. These double skirts are generally not only of a different material, but of a different shade of color; for instance, the under skirt or pupe will be either violet, mauve, or blue silk, in which case sleeves are frequently worn to match; the upper skirt and basque being perhaps pale gray, straw-color, or very light fawn, or with narrow black or gray or mauve-color stripes on a white ground. The most fashionable color stripes, such as rose, cerise, sky-blue, orange, and emerald green, are no longer to be seen in outdoor costumes. If the dress is of one delicate color, pale rose is decidedly worn at the bains de mer, the trimming of the robe and the chapeau is invariably in harmony with it. With these colored gauze hats black robes are likely to be much worn as the autumn advances, in which case the robe, if caught up, will be looped up with velvet bands or bows of the same hue as the pupe, which will be trimmed with black guipure.

Colour robes are generally made with trains, the skirt being extremely scanty at the back, and of course very much gored. Occasionally there are a few plaits at the back. The bottom of the robe is sloped as a skirt to fall over the feet in front and trail for nearly a yard on the ground behind. When the skirt without trains these robes are have invariably two skirts, the under one being at times ornamented with a rather deep flounce, composed of alternate puffings of the material of the robe and insertions of guipure.

There is nothing new in the way of chapeaux; hats being almost invariably worn both in the country and at the sea-side. The light, glazed satin-hat, trimmed with scarlet velvet or light blue ribbon, is much in favor.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1.—Robe of linen, bordered with a cord of moderate thickness and trimmed with taffeta. From the main breadth of the skirt, which is of the same material as the dress, forming, with the corsage, a kind of jacket. At the sides are pointed ornaments, with silk tassels at the extremities. Chapeau Neapolitan, trimmed with a veil and bandeau. Ornaments in straw passementerie, and fastened under the chignon, and bretelles (bows) with a loop in front. Bandeau, formed of ribbon and bordered with lace.

Fig. 2.—Robe of pelt de chèvre, ornamented with large vandykes, trimmed with a delicate straw passementerie. A very pretty trimming runs down seam of the dress. The jacket has a tassel at every point, and square basque. The sleeves terminate up, and the front. Chapeau Lamballe in straw, trimmed with velvet.

Fig. 3.—Robe of foulard trimmed with taffeta ribbon laid flat and forming a jacket ornamentation. The pupe and sleeves are of thick silk, the trimming of which harmonizes with that of the skirt. Chapeau fanchon of goffered crape, with star-shaped ornaments and sleeves in straw passementerie.

Fig. 4.—Short robe of black taffeta, cut at the bottom in deep vandykes, which are headed with ribbon studded with bright steel ornaments, the effect of the same being repeated on the corsage. The pupe, of blue taffeta, is bordered with a double ruche of black ribbon. The jacket, which is also lined and edged with a bouillon of the same material as the pupe, and is trimmed to fit tight at the waist with a belt. The chapeau, of white crape, has the crown covered with silver and small jet stars, is bordered at the edges with blue velvet, and has jet ornaments hanging round the rim.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

IF does happen, little readers, that misfortunes as well as blessings in time are sometimes found in flowergardens. The best seed, the best catalogue of directions, the best care, the utmost patience, will not always bring perfect success; and it is just as well to know this beforehand, and not expect too much. Part of the seeds will not come up, perhaps some of the little plants will hang their heads and die when they are transplanted. Then your little dog scratches up one young plant to bury his dinner bone, and hungry birds will peck another in a row after a lying grasshopper. All these things will be now and then; and so, without indulging in melancholy expectations, it is well to know of them in the heat of patience and perseverance growing in the corner of every garden, and to pluck one or two of their small, yawn leaves whenever some more favorite plant is missing.

Lily said she thought every thing happened in her garden that could happen and more; and yet that was not true, for Primrose and Clover had each a special variety or two of gardening sorrows. The first kind, indeed, came to them all, and very much alike—was a succession of cold, biting, rough-edged winds. The little seedlings, newly set out, could make no resistance to the wild weather, even with a kind of blasting effect, beating them down, and almost cutting them off at the root. That part of the seed which withered and turned yellow in the little seedling never held up its head again. Lily declared the winds were like pinks in every-time became along, and that was very often in those days. Close following on the heels of the wind came the rain—pouring, dashing, driving rain, sometimes in half-drowning those plants that had survived the wind. It was a great pity, Clover said, that the very first of the flowers should be put to such a very uncommon season, for she could hardly tell now whether she had done the work well or ill. Between whiles the sun would shine and the wind cease for a little, the children would run out to see what could be done—carefully covering pinks and petunias with all the little flower-pots they could find, scraping up the earth which the rain had washed away from their roots, and giving the weary little seedlings a world of pity and tender encouragement. And thus nursed and cared for, and with the help of a sunshiny day now and then, some of the little plants looked up again, and began to grow and thrive. Small fresh green leaves appeared at the top of some of the tiny stems, and every thing seemed joyful. But those of the tender plants were not yet set out; a few of the half-hardy kinds

were not yet planted; and several of the other seed-bags were not quite empty; for Sam had advised the children not to sow all of each sort at once, but to keep back a few for a second planting, lest the first should not do well. Many councils had been held about the weather, and whether it was time yet to venture the last of the precious seed treasure in the ground.

"I think I'll plant all mine to-day," said Lily, kneeling with one knee on the low window-seat and looking out at the sky, where the wind was struggling with rain-clouds. "It's getting all blue off there in the west, and papa said if it did we should have a fine day."

"But the ground will be so wet," said the prudent Grace, who is so hard to sow the seeds nicely when the ground's wet."

"Well—to-morrow, then," said Lily. "Look, Oliver, look! Is not Mr. Jarvis carriage driving along the road? And it's turning down here, I do declare!—and Maria's inside!"

The carriage came on, and stopped at the little gate, and Miss Maria got out and picked her way delicately up to the house over the smooth, damp gravel-walk.

"Well!" she said to her three friends, who were gathered at the door to meet her, "I've come to stay all day. Aren't you glad? My father said he didn't think it would rain; and it did, you know, it couldn't touch me in the coach. How do you do?"

"Oh, we're well," said Lily.

"Well, so am I," said Maria. "My mother thought it was too early to come, because you wouldn't be dressed, but that don't matter, you know; you can dress while I'm here, and then I can see all your frocks."

"Don't you want to come and look at our gardens," said Oliver, "before you take your hat off? We always go just as soon as it stops raining, to see if the plants have grown."

"Why, don't plants always grow?" said Maria, as she followed them out. "Our garden's always full, I'm sure."

"Oh no! just look how pretty!—Prim's sweet-peas are coming up!" And pretty indeed the soft, green shoots were, breaking their way through the brown mould.

"I thought they would never come," said Prim-rose, bending over them in her delight. "I planted 'em a very deep: and now see how they is! Do you have a great many sweet-peas, Maria?"

"We don't have any," said Maria; "they're old-fashioned! I told our gardener I thinks old-fashioned flowers are dreadful. He likes all the new things. My aunt—she's ever so funny sometimes, and has been staying with us a while—she asked Andrews where the sweet-peas were planted, and Andrews looked real angry, and he said, 'We have no such things in this garden, ma'am, I am happy to say!'"

"Why sure they are not common," remarked little Primrose, innocently; "but I got a whole paperful from Mr. Vick for five cents, and now they've come up. I'm so glad!"

"Dear me! what little bits of places!" said Maria, walking on to the next garden. "I suppose you don't have more than two or three sorts of flowers?"

"Indeed we do!" said Clover, flushing a little. "I have a dozen sorts, and the others have about as many. I've got plants out hyacinth beans and canary-bird vine along the fence. They're growing in pots now."

"Hyacinth beans!" said Maria; "I never heard of such things. It sounds just like vegetables. Are they good to eat?"

"I don't think any body 'll ever eat my hyacinth beans," said Clover, a little indignantly.

"Well, you needn't be angry," said Maria; "it sounds so funny, you know, to have a flower-garden all full of beans and peas. We don't have any thing but fuchsias, and geraniums, and Japan lilies, and such things."

The children were silent, glowing visions of what "such things" might mean flashed before their eyes; and for a minute the small flower-bed, with its one rose-bush, its little patches of hardy seedlings, lost color and promise together. Then Clover turned hastily toward the rear where mentally she kept her "sweet herbs," and the gentle fragrance of patience and brotherly kindness seemed to set things right in a moment.

"Oh, you have a grand garden," she said, cheerfully, "and ours will never be that, I suppose. But I guess they'll be beautiful by-and-by, when the things grow. Just look how strong my zinnias are!"

"Oh, you've got zinnias!" said Maria; "are they double ones? Andrews says double zinnias are very good for some places."

"Well, I hope this is one of the places," said Clover, laughing. "Now come down and see Lily's garden."

"The sun's so hot," pleaded Maria, "and I dropped my veil in the house. And I don't know what my mother would do if I should get freckled. I 'm apt to freckle in the sun."

To avoid such a dire misfortune they all turned back into the house, and Lily was compelled for the sight to her garden by the thought that she should not hear any of her flowers called vegetables.

It was an easy matter to entertain their little guest—that was one thing. Just give her a comfortable chair, where she could spread out her flounces; place her in a good light, where her hoot tassels and embroidered petticoat were likely to be seen now and then, and let her talk; and the small cup which Maria Jarvis kept for her happiness would be quite full. But the other children grew very weary as the day went on; rare flowers were not the pleasantest things to hear of, on the whole, and the novelty of dresses and trimmings soon were off; so that when dinner was over, and the coach came and Maria got in, Clover saw her drive away with a deep sigh of relief; and even Lily threw her arms over her head and exclaimed:

"Oh dear! I'm so tired!"

"Tired of seeing company, dear!" said Jack; "or is it that you can't wait till the time comes for you to go and spend Thursday with her? Poor Lily!"

"I'm in no hurry at all for Thursday to come," said Lily, rather sharply.

"I'm glad she's not coming here Thursday," said little Primrose. "Maria said my sweet-peas were old-fashioned. I should like to know what she is!"

"Why, she is—now-fashioned, if you really want to know," said Sam, laughing. "I guess she's right about the sweet-peas, though. I have little doubt that some new and blossomed in Eden, and that's being quite old-fashioned."

Prim's face relaxed into a smile.

"Sam, you're so nice!" she said.

"Now that's what I call a compliment," said Sam, making a low bow. "What is Clover thinking of so busily?"

Clover flushed and hesitated. "Nothing—only I want some more herbs to my garden, and I do believe Maria Jarvis made me a little bit discontented with my dear garden. It is such a shame!" said Clover, defiantly, to Lily. Sam. Sam got his arms round her and patted the hot cheeks softly.

"Let's go out and have a good walk," he said, in a manner. "let us see what the sky will show us, and hear what the wind will say to us. Come!"

THE WILD FLOWER.

A little wild flower by a spring
Looked beautiful to me;
Like some secluded heavenly thing
That I could never see.
And as my young heart felt its power
I wept and loved that flower.

I wondered how so weak a thing
Should seem to me so strong;
While others passed its beckings by
Unnoticed and long.
I ventured in its praises to sing
And word it as best I might.

I touched the chord with trembling hand;
And startled at the sound,
I never thought to touch command
Of music so profound:
Yet still I felt the hidden fire
That slumbered in the lyreling wire.

Since then I oft have touched the strings
And felt the soothing power,
The sadness which the music brings
In sorrow's darksome hour.
I found that there was joy in grief,
And in the lyre a sought relief.

And now on wings of love I sound,
And these were halcyon days:
And still when I have touched the chord
Their golden memories.
And many songs have I wrought
In love's creative loom of thought.

From Nature's page of light and shade
Full many a sketch I've taken;
Now gathering berries in the glade,
Now pebbles in the brook.
More charmed to me was the skylark sing
Than list the sound of Orpheus' string.

I never felt myself alone—
Though in the lily's cup
I loved far more to be unknown
Than known to look up.
The bird's clear song, the humming-bee
Were sweet companionship to me.

But still that modest purple flower
That first awoke my love
Remained in sunshine and in shower
A fragrant memory.
Flower of my lyre, I owe to thee
The heart's first throb of poesy.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"*To appetite for breakfast?*" Then in pity to yourself look around a while, and see if you can't find one before you attempt to force any thing into the unwilling stomach. "*But you are a dyspeptic for breakfast!*" Then you should not take any breakfast; or at least you should postpone it until you can relish it."

So said Professor Smellfungus to his hospital daughter, as she sat at breakfast-table toying with her tea-spoon.

"Something is wrong," he continued, "that you get up too early and overfatigue yourself before the morning meal; or, more likely, you do not rise early enough to get your daily exercise before breakfast; or perhaps you sit up too late at night, or eat too hea dinners and suppers. Something is wrong, my dear daughter; or else you are sick, and should consult the doctor."

The Professor went on, quite unmindful that he was ostensibly addressing his own daughter—lecturing was his business.

There is nothing so bad for dyspepsia as eating when one is not hungry. "Hungry," remarks some humbug writer, "will create digestion. Add to it Worcestershire Sauce, French Mustard, and Worcester-proof Cognac. Never, then, go to dinner till you have whetted the appetite and put the bell lustily, even if you wait forty-eight hours. *Never eat till you get hungry*, is a maxim worthy of a fool, and should rank with the tenths of the blunderers of mankind."

"Living off a bit of pigeon and a cup of weak tea is all well enough for a genuine invalid. But for workers, physical or mental, a nutritious diet is needful. And yet when a man has exhausted himself with brain work, and then feels no appetite, or, having an appetite, finds that he has also dyspepsia, if he eats what is reasonably wants, he blames his unfortunate constitution. He forgets that he has made exterionate demands upon it, by taking away all that little strength is left for digestion.

"As to habits before breakfast, each one should study out a plan for himself. Some, like children, are in a hurry for something to eat as soon as they are up—not a few would be glad of a comfortable repast before they rise! But many, especially in warm weather, regard the breakfast-table with listless indifference. Let such try experiments. Rise early—there is an amazing amount of time, at this season of the year, between daybreak and seven o'clock, of which many people are quite unconscious! If you have household duties, my dear," the Professor's attention was recalled to his subject by the impatient movement of her spoon, "very well, that is good exercise; or you will find your time well spent for a couple of hours' reading or writing. But better still, if you want to limit up an appetite, go out into the fresh air, take a little up to the park, or, if you can, own a cracker before you start if you feel 'faint,' stroll through the Arcade, and you will find that the beauty and the early hour. Take a ride on horseback if you prefer; but be something energetic, and try to enjoy *being a*; and if you venture to affirm that on your return you will look with uncommon favor upon coffee, rolls, omelet, and the *et cetera* of a well-spread breakfast."

So, ending his homily, the good man attacked his own coffee and rolls with the energetic appetite of one that he had taken just enough mental exercise to fit him for eating a hearty breakfast!

A pretty poem has been related to us the other day.

Some years ago there lived in the city of Boston an author of distinction who was not without certain eccentricities of character. One day a friend asked him:

"Professor A., what physician do you employ?"

"Not any," replied the Professor.

"Not any?" echoed his friend, in surprise, knowing that he had not been in health half a dozen siblings. "What do you do when your children are sick?"

"Well, I don't have any children," he said, and then, if they don't begin to get better, I give them calomel."

"Calomel! What, for every disease?"

"Well, yes, for every thing," returned the Professor in his matter-of-fact way. "Years ago I always used to call a doctor when the children were sick; and I found his invariable method was to look at the child's tongue, feel the pulse, rub his head, look very wise, and prescribe calomel—it always ended in that. So I thought I'd save the doctor the calomel myself."

"Well—but"—persisted his friend, hesitatingly, "how do you know how much calomel to give?"

"Well, I give a little more than enough, but not enough, I give a larger one—and, if it is too much, nature generally disposes of it!"

Some writer thus sympathizes with one class in the community:

"An overworked woman is always a sad object—under a gilded mask though she may wear it. Sometimes she is so much more fertile in capacities of suffering than a man, as to be a wonary varieties of beauty—sometimes as if Joel 'were driving the nail which killed Sisera,' and sometimes unconsciously lightening around the brow as if her cap-band were Luke's iron crown—and then the dressmakers and bonnet-makers, and her fits of depression, and many more traits, linked to her fine and delicate organization, tell the story, when she is placed in conditions which develop her nervous tendencies.

A popular preacher having asserted his belief that woman was capable of high aspirations, and ought to interest herself in the intellectual and moral advancement of herself and others, made this remark:

"A woman's mind is equal to weak stockings, and make Johnny-cake, and to look after and bring up her boys faithfully; and a man who can never think of a young the mean-ish, and whose morality is so small as to be content with a woman who is not a companion to woman, and will spend the first thousand years after death in creating the hell in which she ought to have been before she died."

It has been the custom in France for a great number of years to fasten gold tables to the habit of bowing back the shoulders, and thus expanding the chest. From the observation of anatomists, lately made, it appears that the habit, or collar-bone, is actually longer in females of the French nation than in those of the English. This is the true nature of the Caucasian race, as there is no other remarkable difference in their bones, and this is peculiar to the sex. It may be attributed to the habit above-mentioned, which has gradually produced a national elongation of the bone. By this means the French have increased both health and beauty among ladies.

It was a very pretty compliment that Scott, the Commentator, paid to his wife. She is said to have possessed an unusually meek and gentle spirit; but on one occasion, something occurred to ruffle the smoothness of her temper, and her husband said, "My dear, a frown on your brow is like a dark cloud across a bright summer sky."

An Enoch Arden has turned up in Indiana. A soldier named Lieston, who went to war leaving a wife and child, and a few years ago she married and has just returned to find his child buried and his wife married.

At this season, when housekeepers are so much annoyed with house-flies, it may be worth while to try the following recipe, which is said effectually to destroy them:

Take half a spoonful of black pepper in powder, one of ipecacuanh in powder, one sugar, and one teaspoonful of cream, mix them well together, and place them in the room where the flies are troublesome, and they will very soon disappear.

The following bull was perpetrated by a young Irish gentleman who was exceedingly anxious to meet a certain young Irish lady at the house of a common friend, who had expressed her entire readiness to meet him—"Sure, my dear similar temptations) to perform the amiable part of "daisy-picker" to the young couple:

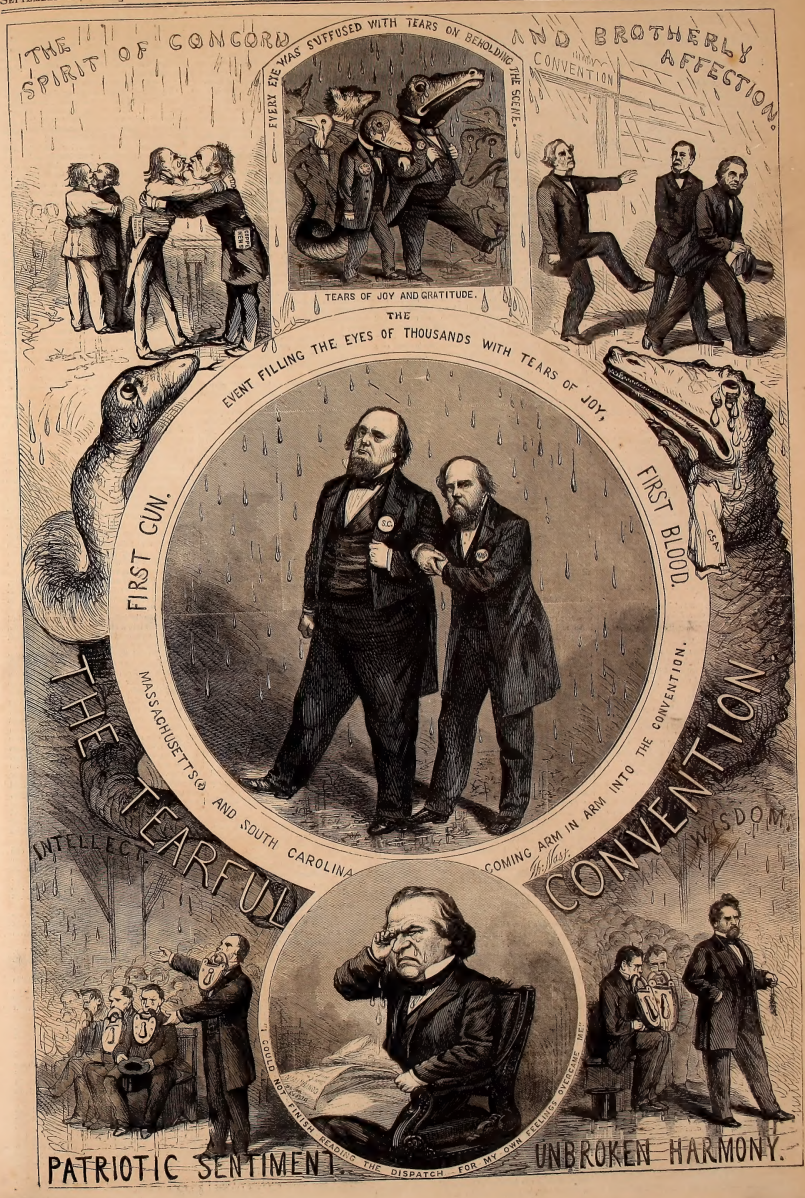
"But," said the poor fellow, anxiously, "there is nothing in the world so uncertain as you know, as the most certain disappointment. I am sure, under the circumstances, *I wouldn't myself—neither would I suppose, my dear madam*, you could manage it so as to let us meet at your house without your being without *either of us being aware that the other was present!*"

A wonderful cashmere shawl, now in Calcutta, will be among the sights of the Great Exhibition at Paris next year. It is worked in arabesques of unheard-of fineness on real ground, and was ten years in the working. There is a story collected together for the Queen of Oude, not long before the Sepoy revolt.

The animal creation in general seem to be aping the fashions and manners of the "*upper classes.*" We had always supposed the horse to be one of the most intelligent of the quadrupeds; but the following holiday item would indicate that the cow has the most highly developed intellect that



BURNING OF THE CALIFORNIA CLIPPER "HORNET," ONE THOUSAND MILES FROM LAND.—SKETCHED BY MR. WEIR.—[SEE PAGE 614.]


THE SPIRIT OF CONCORD
EVERY EYE WAS SUFFUSED WITH TEARS ON BEHOLDING THE SCENE.
TEARS OF JOY AND GRATITUDE.
AND BROTHERLY AFFECTION.
CONVENTION
THE
EVENT FILLING THE EYES OF THOUSANDS WITH TEARS OF JOY,
FIRST GUN.
FIRST BLOOD.
MASSACHUSETTS AND SOUTH CAROLINA
COMING ARM IN ARM INTO THE CONVENTION.
THE TEARFUL
CONVENTION
INTELLECT
WISDOM.
I COULD NOT REFRAIN READING THE DISPATCH FOR MY OWN FEELINGS OVERCAME ME!
PATRIOTIC SENTIMENT.
UNBROKEN HARMONY.

THE TALE OF AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE

In Six Weekly Portions.—Fifth Portion.

CHAPTER XI.

At nineteen, life is very vigorous within us. Let the soul be harrowed and the mind tortured as they may, the body will yet struggle to throw off its load of suffering. My youth and strength asserted themselves, and physical illness was not added to the anguish of my heart's sorrow. It was otherwise with my aunt. Her frail frame of life was rarely weakened by the shock, and we watched at her bedside with a dumb foreboding. Anxiety for her, and the necessity of attending on her, took me out of myself. The sharp present pain sometimes dulled the sharper heartache for a moment. But between my hours of nursing we would live awoke and cried within me with an exceeding bitter cry; and the meaning of voice of this vast eternal sea seemed but the echo of my little human woe. At first I could not speak of it. I could not think of it. I could only feel it. But by degrees I lost the overpowering sensation of terror that possessed me at the first agonizing aspect of my grief, and slowly dared to look it in the face. For three days after my uncle's arrival I was as one in a dream. Mechanically I went about my daily duties, and said no word, and asked no question. Mr. Norcliffe was constantly in the house, fulfilling the duties of a physician and friend with unobtrusive kindness; I think it was by his advice that they left me to myself, and forbore to speak until I should be prepared to hear. At last, as I have said, I took courage to look my trouble in the face, and I resolved to know all they could tell me. "I will hear it at once," I said, "and then—"

And then?—

I could say nothing beyond. The long vista of my future years had held one figure journeying by my side. No matter through what trials we still should walk together. That had been my dream of life.

"Uncle," I said one night when the household were preparing to go to rest, and my aunt had fallen into a heavy slumber after a restless day, "I will you come out with me on the beach for a little while? Aunt is asleep, and the servant shall stay in her room till I come back. I want to speak to you, and I think it will be settled in my mind to-night. Will you come?"

He pressed my hand in his, took up his hat, and silently we went down stairs. A short flight of stone steps led down from the terrace on which the house stood to the shore, and, once upon the wide beach, we were in absolute solitude. It was a warm dark night, with phosphorescent gleams upon the water. The soft wind, blowing seaward from the land, brought with it sweet waifs of inland perfume. Slowly, and in deep silence, we paced onward, until a turn in the shore showed us a distant light-house blinking with its red eyes far into the night.

"Dear uncle, I want you to tell me—"

"To tell you, my dear bairn?" For I had stopped and stood silent with my hand upon his arm.

"To tell me all about—Horace and my sister. I will only ask you this once, and then it will be over."

"I am glad you have spoken, Madge. It would have been my feeling to have had it all out before now. But others thought differently, and perhaps they were right."

"Yes, uncle; quite right. And—and—I want to be one thing of you." He took my trembling hand and held it in a firm though gentle clasp. "I want you to try not to say things like—like—"

"What things, my darling?"

"Such as you said that night of Horace. I know what you must feel; but oh, dear uncle, I beseech of you not to say hard things of Horace to me. I was sobbing with my head upon his breast.

"How shall I speak the truth and not say hard things?" I returned my uncle, bitterly. "But there, there, my beloved child. Heaven knows I would not willingly add to your burden. I will do my best, Madge."

Then, brokenly and with difficulty, he told me what he knew about my sister's flight. "I suspect, and indeed I do, nothing in the world. It must have begun when they were so much together at Meadow Lease. He seemed mostly, and did not expect so much time as formerly at the Gable House. At least, not with reason. Nobody could know that went on behind my back. Anna had full liberty to ask for him, he was like a son of the house." By degrees, I heard all that he could tell me. They had not left Willborough together. Horace had driven to the high-coach for his northern destination, and Anna must have met him at some preconcerted point upon the road. She was not missed till the morning, having given out to the servants that she was going to spend a few days with the Gibsons at Meadow Lease. Neither my uncle nor I had the heart to follow out the workings of the scheme. A few hours after he had missed her, and had begun to wonder at her absence, he received a hurried letter in Anna's hand, saying that she was tempt at pursuit would be worse than useless, as before those lines could reach Willborough she and he would have crossed the Scottish Border, and get married. "I was half-crazed," said my uncle. "As to sitting still at home, I could no more have done it than I could have flown to Scotland, and seized the throat of you—; well, well, I won't say it, my lassie. But that's what I longed to do at first. When it fairly came home to me that it was too late, I just flung myself into a post-chaise to come to you and your aunt. Talk of a man's strength? Yes, if fighting be the cue. But for endurance, why, the bravest of us is fain to lean on'you frail creatures when Sorrow comes and sits herself down in the ingle-nook."

In all that my uncle said and left unsaid I could trace the deep interest that Anna had given to his proud affection. He had loved her so. He had so gloried in her beauty and her high spirit, and even in her untamed vehement temper. He loved me fondly, and felt for me. Sorrow of sympathy could have been deeper, more tender, more unfailing than his. But, for himself, the bitter smart was this: that her hand should have dealt the blow. That she should be false, treacherous, ungrateful! His pet, his bonny bairn, his darling! To strive not to wound to throw the blame on Horace, there was a rankling sense of her unworthiness that wrung his kind heart cruelly, cruelly. Never again, on the rare occasions when my sister's name was mentioned between us, did I hear him speak of her by the familiar appellation of childhood. She was "your sister," or "Mrs. Lee," or "Anna." Never Nan, or Nanny. Never, never again.

When Uncle Gough had ceased speaking there was a long silence between us. At last I rose (we had been sitting on a heap of loose stones) and took his hand. "Thank you, uncle," I said. "You are very good to me."

"Good to thee, my precious bairn?" All his soul heard gratitude in a tone so grave and inarticulate of ejaculations. He took me in his arms, as if I had been indeed the bairn he called me, and wailed over me as a woman over her sick child. We wept together until the passion had spent itself, and something like peace came down upon our souls. And, as we walked slowly homeward, I got a glimpse of what, "and then," began to dawn upon me.

What if, though the bright glory of my morning were quenched forever, there still remained long twilight hours to turn to account ere the night cometh when no man can work? I was still very much, very, very sick, very miserable; but there was already a faint ray of comfort in the thought that I might yet be of use to somebody.

When we reached home the servant of the house was standing at the door looking for us, and she ran forward to say that Mrs. Gough was with my aunt, and that some one had been dispatched for the doctor, as Mrs. Gough was awake, and seemed "mortal bad." We were both there immediately, and Mr. Norcliffe arrived soon after; but the first glimpse of her face told me, inexperienced though I was, that human skill was powerless to prolong her life. She died peacefully in my uncle's arms that night.

CHAPTER XII.

We went back to the old house, Uncle Gough and I, to the empty rooms, to the dull days, and to bear the shadow of our sorrow and our loss with us. I pass by the first pain of looking on the familiar scenes and faces of my childhood unmoved. I pass by the grief of the servants, the condolences of friends, the sympathy of humble neighbors. As my uncle had said, now that Sorrow had come to sit down at our ingle-nook, it was to me that he looked for consolation. He was a man peculiarly sensitive to woman's influence, and keenly feeling as a woman's sympathy. Soft and unassuming as his wife's character had been, he had leaned on her for support in every everyday trial of life. He had turned, in my trouble, to the never-failing solace of her wifely love. Now she was dead, and Anna was gone, and Horace. Where was I to look at will, was cast out forever from his home and from his heart, and there was no one but I left to fill the vacant places. What a blank there must have been! followed our return to the Gable House! The summer had waned into the early Scotch autumn, and my uncle and I used to wander arm in arm along the garden paths and through the shrubbery, ankle-deep in fallen leaves. He seldom crossed the park the iron gates into Willborough, and few strangers crossed our threshold. But, once, old Mr. Lee came. He came one afternoon, however, and was received at home. I, sitting sewing by the window in the morning-room, heard the gate bell ring, and looked out to see who could be coming. Recognizing Mr. Lee, I stood up trembling, and my work dropped upon the floor.

"Margaret, what is it?" asked my uncle, looking at my scared face; then, following the direction of my glance, he too saw Mr. Lee, who was now almost at the door.

"I can't bear to see him, uncle. What shall I do? Let me go away."

"Yes, child," said my uncle, with his brow knitted into the stern, troubled look it often wore now. "Go, dear. He shall not disturb you. Why does he come here?" He talked to the house hour when any of his name first darkened these doors.

I hurried away up stairs, my knees shaking under me, and my heart sick with fear. Once there, I stood for above an hour, sitting motionless and dry-eyed on the bed, with a dull sick feeling at my heart. At last Hester came up stairs and knocked at my door.

"I tour uncle's love, Miss, and do you feel well enough to come down and see him?"

Then I knew that Mr. Lee was gone, and I arose and went down to my uncle. He said not a word at the time about the visit. I learned after, toward that interview had been a stormy one. Mr. Lee, while deprecating the conduct of his son, for me, and for my misfortune, had left Horace and my uncle, endeavoring to show that confirmed resentment on the part of the latter could only hurt himself, and was really unjustified. That the thing was done and could not be undone—" which," said my uncle, "was the sting of the whole matter"—so then. But it appeared that his chief object in coming had been to ascertain whether Anna's marriage would make any difference in the amount of her prospective inheritance. My uncle had always announced that my sister and I were to be the joint inheritors of what property he had to leave, and that it would be divided equally between us.

"I told him," said my uncle, speaking of this to me afterward; "I told him that neither your sister nor her husband would ever be the richer by one penny of my money. She and he have chosen their way, and must pursue it together. But never, with my consent, shall any help go from me to them, either during my life or after my death. I have one niece, one child, one heiress. He wanted to see you, feeling sure, he said, that you would not wish this. But I told him that if you were an angel I was none, and that in the matter I would be to you my own way. So he left me."

I tried, of course, to alter my uncle's resolution. What was the money to me? But whenever I reverted, even distantly, to the subject, he grew so severe and terrible in his anger against her, that I was fain to cease my pleadings, and leave it to time to soften him more effectually than any poor words of mine could. So the autumn and the winter and the spring wore away, and the summer came round again in its appointed course. Twice during the year Mr. Norcliffe had written to see us, and on his last visit had pained me by asking me to be his wife. Pained me, because my own trouble made me tender to the grieving sorrow of an honest heart. And it could never, never be.

"I don't ask for love, Miss Gedley," he said. "I know and I respect you too well to do that. But I could ever bring yourself to think of me—if you could give me no hope that time might change your resolution—you would make me a very happy man."

I think I did not fully know what my love for Horace had been, nor fully realize how that part of my life was lost to me, until I received this proposal. My uncle would have encouraged it; and Mr. Norcliffe was a gentleman every way my superior, and I was very sensible of the honor he did me when he offered me this high confidence and love in me. But all that was over. I assured him that my marrying was impossible, then and thereafter. He left us, and I saw no more gentlemen visitors.

And the last words he said to me on that occasion were these:

"Miss Gedley, if you ever need a friend's advice, or a brother's protection, will you believe that I should esteem it my dearest privilege to afford you both? Will you tell me that you trust me enough to ask me for them?"

This I could most heartily and gratefully assure him. For, when he had received letters from Anna to my uncle, and there had been one directed in Horace's hand. But Uncle Gough thrust them all unopened into the fire, watching them finally in the blaze until the last fragment was consumed. My heart yearned sometimes for news of my sister. I had been thinking, perhaps, musing on her, and on Horace, all the year; and as my first anguish softened I began to ask myself if this estrangement must be one of life and death. For I had loved her best. Was she not more beautiful, more attractive than I? I thought sometimes that if Horace had only come to me and had my confidence that they loved each other, and had asked that I should release Horace from his promise, I could have done it.

One bright day I had persuaded my uncle to drive some miles out of town to a small property he had in a neighboring village, consisting of a few cottages and some pasture-land. One of his tenants had desired to see him on, I know not what, business connected with the property. It would be a change, an occupation, an excuse for a short absence from home. I dreaded to see him entirely alone in his once cheerful and sit dreaming in the house day after day. I urged him to drive over to the village, and, having seen him set off in his high gig, with the old servant who had followed our fortunes for so many years, I took advantage of his absence to go into Willborough and make some housekeeping purchases. I had always executed my task, and was wearing the Gable House on my way back, when I remembered that cook had asked for some sweet herbs, and I turned into a garden. We all know how subtle and potent is a familiar odor to awaken sleeping memories in the brain, and the smell of that shop invariably took me back to the market-day when Anna had gayly thrust a fragrant bunch of herbs over my uncle's shoulder, and we had first seen Horace Lee. Oh me! How long, how long ago, it seemed!

The good woman who served me put up what I wanted in packets, as I took the little parcel in my hand, she said:

"So we've got your sister back among us, Miss Sedley."

"My sister!"

I suppose my face turned very white, for I felt the room reeling round me, and the woman looked at me with a startled expression.

"Dear life, miss! I hope I haven't done wrong to mention it. I never thought but what you knew. Will you sit down a moment, miss?"

"No, no, thank you. But tell me—when did they—I mean did she—"

"How long they've been here?" said the woman, helping out my unfinished sentence. "Well, I'm sure eighty years I've known the place, as high a week. My master, he seen young Mr. Lee at Rotherwood's door last Thursday. They're staying there, I think."

I thanked her and hurried out of the shop. As soon as I reached home I shut myself into my room, and without undressing lay down on the sofa, and down to think. I should run the risk of meeting them, unprepared, at any moment. I knew too well that the place of my sister's flight must be within half an hour's drive of Rothervood. But then months had passed since the elopement reproaches on a bold until I stood aghast to hear her.

"You had best be silent, Margaret," said Horace, turning to me. "Your aunt is a mad woman while the ill is on her."

He then sat motionless, with his head bowed upon his hands. Anna's loud angry tones awoke the child, who set up a piteous wail. I stooped to take it in my arms and soothe it; but she snatched it from me, and pressed it to her bosom with a fierce gasp.

"She is mine, my child! You shall not touch her!" Her love, at least, I can claim." Then, turning to her husband: "You are a weak fool. Do you think I can not see what old infatuation has come back at the sight of Margaret? You are a weak fool. What was her love to mine? She never loved you. Why, at this moment, see how pale she stands! What did she ever do to prove her love? Would she have plannged, schemed, befriended, lied, to win you?"

"Stop, Anna, in Heaven's name!" interposed Horace, with a voice of agony.

I saw white and there and signs of habitation. I would not stop for d moment, nor slacken in my pace, lest I should turn coward and go back with-out fulfilling my purpose. I reached the private door, almost breathless with my speed, and, having knocked, was admitted by a little country servant, who stared at me with all her round eyes.

"Is—your mistress—within?"

Only at the moment of asking the question did I remember that I could not speak of Anna as Mrs. Horace Lee. With strange unaccountable consistency, I who was coming there to heal the past, and offer reconciliation, could not shake that smaller effort of calling my sister by his name!

"Yes," said the girl, with her wondering eyes still fixed upon my face. "she is at home."

"I know her. I am a friend. Let me go up."

I pushed her aside, and ran up the staircase, and into the sitting-room which faced it. There—nursing a tiny infant at her breast, and singing softly to it, in the old sweet voice—sat my sister Anna.

"Margaret!"

She rose and faced me. The deep red blood rushed over her face and neck, and then, receding, left her deadly pale.

"Oh, Anna! I did not know this. You are a mother, Anna! Oh, Anna, Anna! let me kiss your child."

With sobs, and half-uttered words, and passionate embraces, we clung together, holding the little baby between us. It had so we stood, my sweet, unfit, thank God! the flowing tears washed from my remembrance the last bludgeoned bitterness of anger.

When we grew calmer and could speak to each other—that was not for a long time—Anna asked me if Uncle Gough were coming to see her. He knew of my visit? But, in her quick way, she read the answer in my face before I could utter it, and drew back with her head haughty for the first time as well.

"Ah, no. I see. He is still hard, and implacable, and vindictive. Well, we must endure it. That is all."

"Hush, hush, Anna! Do not speak so; I can not hear it. Tell me about yourself. How old is your baby? Is it a boy? Is its name—"

"Poor little thing! She is very wee and frail, isn't she? Only two months old. We came away from the north as soon as I was able to travel. She is called Lily."

I remembered Horace having once told me that his mother's name had been Lilian. I looked more closely at my sister, and as her face recovered itself after the strong emotion of our meeting, I saw that she was not looking well. She was very lovely, with the rich dark curls clustering round her forehead, and her lustrous brown eyes that looked larger than ever, from the thinness of her face; but her cheek was very pale, and there were lines of care and suffering about her mouth, and the mark on her forehead, which told of the frequent contraction of her handsome brows, had deepened.

"Little lily, poor small lily, little fair white lily, you don't know why you do you? I do, though Margaret, and you must be very good to me, and love me very much."

I had taken the infant in my arms, and I hushed it until it fell into a slumber, when Anna told me to place it on a couch in the room that was prepared for it with gifts and clothes of all kinds.

"Hark!" cried Anna, as I laid the sleeping baby down: "that is his step. Here is Horace."

I have a vague remembrance of breathing a hurried prayer for strength while that footstep mounted the stair; and then his hand was on the door knob and he stood before us. Anna advanced to meet him, and put her hands upon his shoulders; but his eye had lighted upon me, where I stood trembling like one guilty caught. Nothing down the papers he carried in his hand, he put his wife aside, and with a cry which I shall never forget sprang across the room and clasped me in his arms. It was so sudden that for a second I was powerless to move. But almost instantly I released myself from his embrace, and, retreating a step or two, held out my hand. I was astonished at my own strength, now that the test had come.

"Forgive me," said Horace, pausing his hand over his forehead, "if I was so unexpected. I—I did not know what I was doing when I caught sight of your face. Forgive me."

"Forgive you!" cried a voice, so hard and strained, that I started, scarcely knowing it for my sister's. Anna's face looked white, and her dark brows were knit, and her eyes flashed menacingly, and I saw what the change was that the year had made in Anna's heart. All the old love was dead in it.

"Forgive you!" she exclaimed. "Do you remember that your wife is present? Has the sight of Margaret so overwhelmed you as to blot out from your memory the past twelve months?"

Horace dropped my hand and turned away.

"No, no, no," he answered, "I have not forgotten, Anna, that you are my wife."

Something in the tone forced upon her irritable nerves and set her in a flame. The old furious temper took possession of her, and shook her slender figure. Like a whirlwind reproaches on us both until I stood aghast to hear her.

"You had best be silent, Margaret," said Horace, turning to me. "Your aunt is a mad woman while the ill is on her."

He then sat motionless, with his head bowed upon his hands. Anna's loud angry tones awoke the child, who set up a piteous wail. I stooped to take it in my arms and soothe it; but she snatched it from me, and pressed it to her bosom with a fierce gasp.

"She is mine, my child! You shall not touch her!" Her love, at least, I can claim." Then, turning to her husband: "You are a weak fool. Do you think I can not see what old infatuation has come back at the sight of Margaret? You are a weak fool. What was her love to mine? She never loved you. Why, at this moment, see how pale she stands! What did she ever do to prove her love? Would she have plannged, schemed, befriended, lied, to win you?"

"Stop, Anna, in Heaven's name!" interposed Horace, with a voice of agony.

rising.

"Say no more while this mad temper possesses you. Spare us, and spare yourself."

"No; I will not spare myself. I did plan, I did scheme, I did defraud, I did lie. I was false to my sister, to my uncle, to every one. There was nothing I would not have done or risked for you, because I loved you so, and because it seemed as if my great love must win yours in the end."

"If neither for my sake nor your own, then for our child's, I beseech you to command yourself," said Horace.

The vehemence of her passion had so exhausted her that she burst into a storm of hysterical sobs, and fell back upon the couch with the baby wailing and moaning at her arms. Horace went to her, and motioned me away as I advanced:

"Go now, Margaret. You can do no good," he said, softly. And indeed Anna's sobs redoubled at my approach, and she shrank away from me. "Go, and try to forget this miserable scene. God completes you for coming, Margaret! Don't—" he hesitated, and then went on in a lower voice—"don't quite desert us. We deserve nothing at your hands, but you are not one to balance that bitter truth against our need of you. And—and, for the sake of this innocent little one, don't desert us, Margaret. Don't quite desert us."

I went away from the room and from the house; and, out of the dark sea of sorrow around me, only one thought rose clearly into my mind. That he had loved me until she turned his heart against me. That he had been deceived. That he had not been coldly false.

For some days after I hesitated whether or not I should tell my uncle that I had been to see Anna. Had my visit ended peacefully, or given me any hope of happier relations arising between us, I would have risked his short-lived anger, and confessed the truth at once. But I shrank from the idea of a recurrence of such harrowing scenes. I could not tell whether he knew of Horace's return to Willborough; but I thought it almost impossible that he should still be ignorant of it. So the days went by, and I was still undecided. At last I resolved to let Uncle Gough know by indirect means. So I requested Stock to gather some choice wood fruit, for which the gardens of the Gable House were famous, as I wished to send a present to a friend. The old man brought the fruit wrapped in vine-leaves to the morning-room, where I was sitting, and where Uncle Gough was deep in the perusal of the weekly *Gazette* from London. Poor Stock was very feeble now, and bent by rheumatism. My aunt's death had been a real grief to the old man, whose few attachments were very strong and lasting.

"I've been an got what's left on 'em, Miss Margrit. They don't like they used to be, but the Lord's will be done!"

"Thank you, Stock. They look very fine, I think."

"Ah, look? If looks was all, some on us 'ud stand but a poor chance. Them nectarines—why, I can remember the season afore iver Billycon set foot in the place, they was one mash o' juiciness. Bustin' they was with ripeness. Seems to me as tho' summat has been took the flavor out of everything." Uncle Gough glanced over the newspaper:

"Ay, ay, Stock. I begin to find that out myself. I'm afraid you'll be both suffering from a complaint that is apt to take the flavor out of every thing. Old age, Stock, old age. But," he added, gently, "it's a cure itself, it will cure itself."

"Yes, sure, Sir," answered Stock, conveying something like softness into his hard immovable face and unmusical voice in an indescribable way.

"Yes, sure; an' the cure'll be a lastin' an' a blessed un. Once we gits through the valley o' the shadow, there'll be joyful church 'ardder side. An' no more partin's. That's the blessedest, Sir, bain't it? No more partin's."

"Margaret," said my uncle, suddenly, when the old man had withdrawn, and I was packing the fruit in an open basket, "who are those nectarines for?" I hesitated, but I had made this opportunity, and would not let it slip. So I took courage to answer in as steady a voice as I could command.

"Dear uncle, I hope you will not be angry. I thought I might have them. They are to send to my sister Anna."

He still had the *Gazette* before him, so that he could not see his face; but I heard the paper rustle and shake in the dead silence that ensued. I was very much frightened. At length my uncle rose from his chair and walked slowly toward the door; but before he reached it, he held out his hand, and I ran into his arms.

"God bless thee, my child, my bairn!" he said very softly, and I felt a tear drop on my forehead. His hand was on the lock, but he paused in the act of opening the door, and said, without turning or looking at me: "I'm going into the garden, my lass. There's a vast of fruit and flowers almost spoiled for want. Take whatever you want, and do as you like with them. You—you need never tell me any thing about it."

In this way I obtained an indirect permission to send many little gifts from the Gable House to my sister, and they were accepted. It was a long time before I could bring myself to visit her again, but I did so at last, having heard from one of the servants that the child was ailing sadly. After that, I constantly went to see her. I always chose those hours for going when Horace would probably be absent—and during several months I did not see him half a dozen times. Anna's manner to me fluctuated; but though she was often fretful, irritable, and unreasonable, there was no repetition of the outburst to which she gave way on the occasion of our first meeting. Little Lily was fading and pining, and my anxiety and love for the dear child was a common ground of sympathy between us.

I had had several letters from Madame de Beaumont, giving pleasant accounts of herself and her husband. I had kept her informed, as well as I could, of all that had befallen at the Gable House; of my aunt's death, and of Anna's marriage. Her letters, as you may suppose, were but dreary exchanges for her bright, cheerful epistles. But she wished for them, and was glad to hear all about myself that I could make up my mind to tell her. I know she was glad to get my letters, because she said so. Anna would often ask to have news of the De Beaugents. Their life in Canada, and the kind of people who surrounded them, seemed to have an inexhaustible interest for her. Gradually I discovered that she was eagerly endeavoring to persuade Horace to leave England altogether, and try his fortunes abroad. He was restless and unhappy here, she said. Things were not going well with him. There, in America, he would find a wide field for his talents, and would work with energy. But I believe there was a secret unacknowledged feeling at the bottom of her heart that he would belong to her, more entirely and exclusively, when once he should be divided from the familiar scenes and associations that had separated her from him at home. He fast as it might, Anna had set her heart upon this scheme, and pursued it with maddening vehemence. Horace, conscious of it I could not tell; he never spoke to me on the subject. And, besides, as I have said, we very, very rarely met. But one circumstance I knew, and circumstance unexpectedly occurred to make him think seriously of the project. Old Mr. Lee was in the habit of receiving large sums of money for the baronet, his employer, and Sir Robert being seldom at the Hall, had very nearly absolute control of the property. There was no suspicion from Mr. Lee's decision for any tenant on the estate. Notwithstanding an arrogant pomposity of manner, and an implicit belief in the infallibility of his own wisdom, he was considered, on the whole, to deal fairly between landlord and tenant. Even those who most disliked him—I am sorry to say they were rather numerous—had to restrict their animadversions to the offensive "stuck-up-ishness of his manners." Our old gander hadn't me always of Mr. Lee," said Farmer Gibson once. "When he swims under the stone arch of the bridge on the river, he cocks his head down every time, just as though he was high enough and strong enough to carry away bridge and all, if he wasn't precious careful. Now the arch is a good six foot over him, let him crane his neck up as he will; but the silly bird can't see that. It's just the same with the steward. Why, when he comes into our place, he stoops down, so condescending, for fear he should do us a mischief like. Lord, we're all above his head all the time! Only, ye see, he don't know it, no more 'n the gander."

Unfortunately this blind pride was destined to have a fall which crushed other people in its ruins. I dare say my uncle had heard rumors of the impending crash, in Willborough, before it came. Disaster seldom comes unheralded by a warning atmosphere of its own. But I lived so entirely out of my own quiet little world, that the evil things took me quite unprepared. It seems that Mr. Lee, relying solely on his own judgment, and taking no counsel of those whose experience might have guided him, had embarked all he possessed in a ruinous speculation, which burst, leaving him and many others nearly penniless. So the news came. The worst was overwhelmingly bad. It was hinted that Mr. Lee had not risked and lost his own merely. For the errors committed with other men's gold, perhaps more pity than indignation might have been bestowed on him; though, in truth, the world is generally very ready to pity those who have been money, and finds it dreadfully hard to forgive that offense. But it was asserted that a very large sum which Mr. Lee had received for Sir Robert, and which he should have deposited in the county bank, had been appropriated by him to this other purpose. Can doubt that all the circumstances being denied and was lost with his own property in the general ruin. I first heard the news from Anna, who was half distracted with it. "He has disgraced us—disgraced Horace. That is the misery. The loss of his own money would have been a serious loss to us, of course. But this is shame and ruin." I cautioned my sister not to speak in that unguarded way until the truth of the matter should be positively known. But she took this in ill part, asking me if I supposed the good name of her husband's father were not as dear to her as to Mr. Brierly, she was in no mood to be argued with, and I could only hope that, in her excitement, she had exaggerated the extent of the evil. Of course, I was hurrying to speak to my uncle of the matter, I learned, to my dismay, that the worst had been confirmed, and that Mr. Lee would not be able to pay his rent, but one with a slur upon his name henceforward. "Uncle, what will they do with Mr. Lee? Can Sir Robert ruin him?" I said, in my fear. "Ay, lass," he answered, with a sternness that was full of anxiety I forgot the tacit understanding between us that the name of Lee was never more to be mentioned in the Gable House. "Ay, lass, he can ruin him, too, perhaps; for he answered with a troubled face, "My lassie, it is a bad business. I am told his lordship has thrown to the fire all thought of the longing to Sir Robert; if he can do so, they say it will be hushed up. As to old Lee's own savings, they are known to the world to be gone, like the dust of last summer." This was the calamity which made Horace finally resolve to leave England. He sold his share in Rotherwood's business to young Clinch; and the sum thus raised, together with his savings during the years he acted as Sir Robert's money. I believe the baronet behaved considerately, and forebore to take legal proceedings, on the understanding that Horace had his property should be restored. But of course Mr. Lee lost the situation he had filled so many years, and in his old age was cast destitute upon the world. So all was done, there remained but a slender store wherewith to take Horace and his wife and child to Canada. Anna was going first to Quebec, in the hope that De Beaugent—now a prosperous man—might be able to assist him to find employment. It was a sad, sad time. I was with them very much, rendering what assistance I could. Soon after it was settled that they should go, my uncle announced to me one day that he would be absent from Willborough for a week or so.

"I'm going to bide with Norcliffe, Madge," he said. "He has often asked me to go and see him, but I have never had the heart to do it yet. You'll be more at liberty when I am out of the way for a season. I'll be back with you, my darling, on the twentieth."

Horace and my sister were to leave Willborough on the nineteenth. Before my uncle started for Beachington, almost at the last moment, he gave me a little packet.

"This," said he, nervously, "is for you, Madge. It is your own, to do as you will with. I put no restriction whatever on the use you are to make of it, but this: Let it be for all your sorrow."

When he was gone I opened it. It contained a bank-note for fifty pounds. The few days preceding my uncle's departure were very busy days, and seemed to fly past us.

On the last evening I was left alone with Horace. Anna had gone to bed, for her fatigue was real, and we sat in the bare dismantled room, surrounded by the discomfort and desolation which attend the preparations for a long journey, while the evening shadows were deepening rapidly into darkness. Then, for the first time, I learned that old Mr. Lee was to accompany them. "I could not leave my father here to starve, Margaret," said Horace. "I have no means of providing for him. He must cast in the lot with us. Perhaps, Willborough sooner and Willborough people are painful to him now. It is best that we should all go and hide our shame and misery together."

"I hope," said I, faltering, "I hope and trust your going may be for the best. There are some here who think that this—this—"

"This disgrace," suggested Horace, bitterly.

"—this misfortune—need not have driven you from England. You, at least, are blameless."

"Am I?" he returned, in a tone that sent a sharp pang to my heart. "Yes, oh yes! I am blameless, Margaret, do you think I could have gone on living this life much longer? It was killing me."

"Horace!"

"Yes, it was killing me and killing her. We can never know happiness again."

"Oh, Horace, do not say so!"

"Never, never again. But at least the daily and hourly torture we both endure in this place may be lessened. I am a wretch to grieve you, Margaret," he said, rising and going to the window; "a selfish wretch. But the truth is, I am worn out, mind and body, by these last few weeks. I scarcely know what I am doing sometimes."

I saw his hand go wearily up to his head against the dim window-pane.

"I know you are not well," I answered, struggling to regain composure; "I have seen it for some time. The voyage and the change may be of service to you, and to my poor pale Lily. Horace, I have but one other word to say, and I say it with my whole heart—be good to Anna. She loves you; be patient with her; remember she will have but you in all the world now."

"God help her, poor girl!" he answered. "Yes, Margaret, you may trust me to be patient with her. Who should be patient with her, if not I? We must help each other."

When Anna rejoined us we sat and talked a while with some poor assumption of cheerfulness. We spoke of our old governess, and of her wedding-day, and I sent many messages to her and to her husband. Before I left I went to look at baby sleeping in her cot, and slipped into her little tender hand a paper containing my uncle's gift. I had written on it, "To Lily, from Aunt Margaret." But the following day the little servant brought me a letter, let with her for me by my sister. It contained the bank-note and these words: "If my uncle chooses to recognize me as his niece and adopted daughter I will cheerfully accept his son-in-law. I will take nothing in the shape of alms from you. A. L."

Stubborn, self-tormenting spirit! Poor misguided girl!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IMPORTANT TO NATURAL MEN.—The best light for reading—Brierley Hall.

A BEAT THAT.—We know a man so clever with his lathe that he can even turn a deaf ear.

During a visit to England an Irish lady was one day defending her country with characteristic warmth against those who were concerning its bull-making propensities by a witty Englishman. "Well," he at length said, "I must allow that if anybody can commit bulls, you must, at all events, confess you can commit an outrageous absurdity." "Oh, I don't understand," cried the Irish girl; "yet even our murders are bulls at all events." "Murders bulls!" exclaimed the astonished Saxon. "Oh, why now!" broke in the gentleman with generosity, "why now, I must confess, I never heard of murders." "No," she replied, "not defending, but explaining his own heartiness, Pat Murphy, after knocking his neighbor down with a stone with blood, if he was asked why he did it, would say, 'Oh, by the hard blows, are her punishment; but if the English boy's wife offend him, very likely she will *be bet tonight to rise in the morning and find her throat cut.*"

Why is a noisy tumult like a boatman rowing against the current? Because it is a stream (*a scream*) *up-hower*).

How may a man be known from a fatigued dog?—One wears a shirt, the other pants.

Somebody, evidently an old bachelor used to such things, thus describes how they do in Maine: "Quarter young ladies in the Maine Law State, it is said, still visit the cellars of the young married men, once a week, to see if they have been tampering with liquor. Just against this temptation a young temperance woman, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a love, will go. Any young man who believes that you are in the habit of tampering with liquor, and they have appointed you to examine you according to our established rules: are you willing?" You nod acquiescingly. The young lady applies her left hand gracefully around your neck, dashes back her raven curls, tastes, sips-ips, pronounces upon up-ique, her snowy, heaving bosom against your own, and with her angelic features lit up with a smile as sweet as heaven, places her rich, rosy, pouty, sugar, moistens, lily, rose-bud, cream-tart, sippe-ips, peach-pudding, apple-dumpling, pomegranted, nectar lips against yours, and (O Jerusalem, hold us!) kisses you. Behold the gals and the Maine Law, and death to all opposition!"

"PRAY," inquired one minister of another, seeing so many ladies present, "why do you always bow when you address your congregation as 'dear brethren?'" "Oh, that," replied the other, "is a habit I've got," "the brethren embrace the sisters."

EXCELLENT HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Raised Cruel.—Stick a cruet of bread on your fork and raise it in the air.

Jeopard Hair.—Get up very early in the morning and dip your head in the water-jug; you will thus have jeopard hair to perfection.

Apple Pursuader.—Throw your apple down stairs. This is a simple but excellent way of making apple turnover.

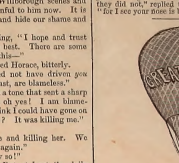
To take out Ink-stains in Linen.—Throw the soiled garment over your shoulder and walk down the Ilich Street with it.

An Ice Cream.—Pick out the prettiest girl you can see, stir gently into the corner, and ask her to give you a kiss; you will soon have a nice ice-cream.

A man much addicted to morning remarked to his bed-fellow in the morning that he had slept like a top. "I know it," said the other; "I was spinning myself."

CONUNDRUM FOR CONVOCATION.—A reverend gentleman, the Canon of a Cathedral, had his pocket picked. Why was this Canon like an Armstrong GUN?—Of course, because he was rifled.

Most of our readers are familiar, no doubt, with the young Irishman who declared he'd "die of a sweetheart that he was in such a way about her he couldn't *sleep at night for dreaming of her.* A parallel instance to this occurred when a poor fellow protested to "his love" that he "had no eyes for anything else, *no rather all night* for thinking about her. "Very likely they did not," replied this overt plague of his life, "for I see your nose is between them."



"POKE IS GOING UP."—*Cincinnati Paper.*

WILLIE.

WILLIE came to me to a wooing,
Fie! Willie, fie!
To no purpose all your suing,
I'll not wed—not I.

Willie only came more often,
Fie! Willie, fie!
All your talking he'er can soften
Such a maid as I.

Still he came and still he pleaded,
Fie! Willie, fie!
Sure such vows were ne'er were needed,
I'll not wed—not I.

That he, stupid! not at present—
Go, Willie, go!
Such rude questions are unpleasant—
Can't you take a No!

Besides, supplicating, pressing:
No, Willie, no!
All at once—I was quite distressing—
Willie turned to go.

When I found I couldn't get him
Angry much more with me,
Go—of course I couldn't let him—
Willie, darling!—stay!

A HOUSE TO LET.

FAREY WITH ORDER TO VIEW.—"Can you tell me why the last tenant left this house?"

FAREY IN CHARGE.—"Left? Lor, poor dear man, he didn't leave. He's still in the wife's yard, and hanged himself in that there very room."

A man who is advertising lodgings "to let for early risers," at Bangor, remarks, added, "N.B.—Any gentleman's fowls of unusual vocal powers are kept on the adjoining premises."

"MR. WEBB, will you have the kindness to lend me six dollars?" "Certainly, upon one condition." "Name it, Sir." "That you tell me what you mean by like the back of my neck." "I must give it up." "Well, it is because I can't see it."

What riches are those that certainly make themselves wings and fly away?—Ostriches.

LURED.

SAID the wind to the lamp in the light-house tower,
"Come out and play with me;
Thou shalt light my path in the midnight hour,
Alone o'er the stormy sea."

He whistled in vain o'er the raging foam,
While calm—bed-time was coming home,
While safe and bright in its lofty home
Burnt the coy and steadfast flame.

"Come away, come away, thou art prisoner there;
Thou canst not know how merry free;
My soft caresses come merrily share,
Come out and play with me."

I may not be lured from my cyrie above
To light thee o'er billow or foam;
Much peril I see in my beloved's love,
Much safety for me in my home."

He toyed with the lattice so softly—as sweet
As the zephyr of evening his breath—
Till he laid the full warmth of his love at her feet,
And she yielded to freedom—and death!

O maidens! the lamp in that light-house tower
Is not more out of darkness astray
Beware of the perilous love of an hour,
Or the feeling that home is a prison.



GOVERNOR PAUL DILLINGHAM, OF VERMONT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BLACK & CASE, BOSTON.]

GOVERNOR DILLINGHAM OF VERMONT.

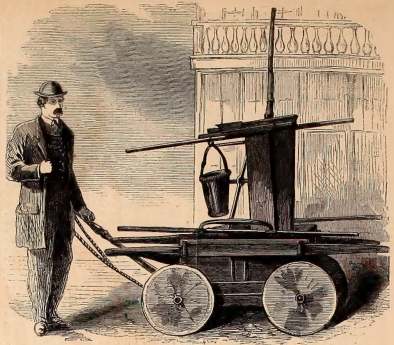
We give on this page a portrait of Honorable PAUL DILLINGHAM, who has just been elected Governor of Vermont.

PAUL DILLINGHAM was the son of PAUL and HANNAH (SMITH) DILLINGHAM, and was born in Shutesbury, Massachusetts, August 10, 1790. His father served the country in the Revolutionary War, first in the Massachusetts Militia for six months, then in the Continental Army three years, from June 1777 to 1780, his regiment being connected with that part of the army which was under the more immediate command of General WASHINGTON. His grandfather, JOHN DILLINGHAM, served in the "Old French War," and was killed in June, 1759, in the battle preceding the surrender of Quebec to WOLFE.

When about six years old he removed with his parents to Waterbury, Vermont, which has ever since been his home. In 1818 and 1819 he attended Washington County Grammar school at Montpelier, then under the tuition of SENECA WHITE, a recent graduate at Dartmouth; and in 1820 he commenced the study of law with HORATIO DAN CARPENTER of Waterbury. He was admitted to the Washington County Bar at the September term of 1824, and from that date has been in the active service of his profession. As a jury lawyer he has long stood among the first, if not the very first of all, in Vermont.

He was Town-Clerk of Waterbury from 1829 to 1844. In 1833 he was elected the representative of Waterbury in the Legislature, and was re-elected the next year. In 1835 he was elected State Attorney for Washington County, and held the office for three years. In 1836 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention. From 1843 to 1847 he was a member of the United States Congress. In 1861 he was a member of the State Senate; in 1862, 1863, and 1864 he was Lieutenant-Governor, and having acquitted himself nobly in all the places he has held, he well deserves the highest honor which the State of Vermont ever bestows upon one of its citizens.

MR. DILLINGHAM was a Democrat by birth and education, and always acted with the Democratic party; not, however, without many inward and some outward protests against its subserviency to slavery. During the last Presidential campaign he was a frequent speaker at popular meetings, not only in Vermont, but in New Hampshire and New York. His devotion to the Union has not been made manifest by words alone. He gave two sons to fight, one of them to die, for the country.



THE OLDEST FIRE-ENGINE IN THE UNITED STATES.—(SEE PAGE 614.)

DUMPING GROUND, FOOT OF BEACH STREET.

OUR engraving below furnishes a faithful picture representing an everyday scene at any of the great dumping grounds of the city. These nondescripts whom our artist has portrayed digging so busily and eagerly at this heap of rubbish live upon the refuse of respectable folk. The bones and coals and rags gathered together by these people are taken to the various receptacles of such articles, and the meagre pittance obtained in return is spent for a little bread and as much bad whisky as can be bought. And so these miserables live until life can no longer be sustained; but even at death, it may be said that they only come into a little closer contact with the corruption which has tainted the atmosphere of their poor lives.



DUMPING GROUND AT THE FOOT OF BEACH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

POOR CHRISTINE.

"I REMEMBER it fifty years ago, Fred," an old man said to his boy companion, as they both stood looking up through the June sunshine at the great front of the Cathedral of Rouen. "Yes, fifty years ago I stood before it as we are standing now, and I think the very same birds were building their nests then up over the carvings there. Look how they fly in and out! How many generations of them have lived there, do you think, my boy?"

They stood in the open square, with their backs to the *cafés* and the gay shops, the sunlight falling tenderly on the great gray sculptured walls before them, lighting up shaft and capital and niche with all their "kingly crowning," with all their wondrous workmanship of living form and clustered pinnacle.

"Fifty years ago," he said again, softly. "Poor Christine!"

Fifty years ago Frank Liston had spent a summer holiday in Rouen; he was about nineteen then, a high-minded, enthusiastic youth. His father was dead, and he was educating himself to be an artist, and was looking forward with all the eagerness of a generous nature to the time when he should be able to remove his mother, who was poor now, above all want. Young as he was, he had worked so hard already that he had more than once earned something for her, and with a flushing cheek had poured his golden guineas into her lap; and she, by hard pinching, had saved some of these guineas, and this summer, because, in striving after such early wages, he had begun to outrun his strength, she made him take a few of them again, and sent him across the Channel to visit (what in his heart she knew he longed to see) some one or two of the old picturesque French towns.

It was bright June weather when he reached the first of them at which he meant to halt, Rouen, and saw from far away the dark old city, toward which for years his artist's heart had tended, stretched out amidst the windings of the Seine. He had been laughed at by one or two before he started on his journey, and had been told that this old Rouen was nothing but a miserable town of grimy, tottering houses and blackened churches, but the youth had gayly returned laugh for laugh. He knew well what he had crossed the sea to seek, and he knew that he should not fail to find it. Nor did he. He found it, even in the midst of those decaying houses and those mouldering churches, he found it in narrow streets and in neglected corners; and wheresoever he discovered it, whether in open square or hidden alley, he hailed it as men hail the sight of long sought, long unseen friends' faces. He had brought his sketching board and all his materials for drawing with him, and holiday though it was, he meant to work throughout it; but the novelty and the loveliness of every thing about him distracted him so at first that a few days had passed before he could do any thing but roam and gaze around him. He had been for three days in Rouen before at length he took his post one morning before the west front of the cathedral and began to draw. It was a mild, warm summer's day, and the square was very quiet. Only a few people passing in and out of the church, and occasionally a child or two attracted by



"POOR CHRISTINE."

curiosity to steal near and stare at him, disturbed him as he worked, and hour after hour passed happily over him. During hour after hour, too, there was one person besides himself who, having come to the square before him, remained till long after he had gone away—a girl selling rosaries and little images at the cathedral door. After he had been working for some time he noticed her. When his work was over, and he came forward before he turned homeward to enter for a few minutes into the church, he stopped when he came to where she sat in the cool shadow by the porch, and looking into her basket took up in his hand a little rosary of coral beads.

"How much?" he asked.

"A franc, monsieur," she said.

She smiled and thanked him as he gave the money to her, and he took his beads and passed on. He thought for a moment, "What a pleasant smile she has!" and then he thought no more of her till the next morning, when he came back to resume his work, and found her in her place again.

That day he took note of how picturesque the quaint old Normandy dress looked on her, the great high cap so scrupulously starched and white, the short petticoat so bright in hue. A trim, neat figure too, rounded, and light, and firm; a young, bright face, not beautiful, but pleasant as sunlight to look upon. He should like to make a sketch some morning of her, he thought, and that day when his work was done he went up to where she sat, and entered into talk with her. He had a frank, fearless, boyish habit of talking to every kind of person who came across him, man or woman, gentle or simple. For years already, ever since he had thought of becoming a painter, he had been accustomed to roam about the country, attaching himself sometimes in all simple faith to strange enough companions, falling into odd adventures, running occasionally some risks, and yet always, by some good guidance or instinct, escaping scathless from all; bringing his fresh, honest, trusting nature, that, thinking no harm itself, suspected no harm in others, undimmed and unaddened out of every trial. He went up to the girl and asked:

"Do you come here with your basket every day?"

They had already exchanged a little nod of recognition.

"Yes, monsieur, every day," she answered.

"Well—and don't you get very tired of it?" he said.

"Tired of it!" she repeated, with a smile that showed two rows of even, snowy teeth. "Oh no, monsieur; I know every body who passes here, and I amuse myself with watching for them. There are hundreds who come every day, winter and summer, as regular as the clock there. Then I see all the strangers," she exclaimed, in a tone of gentle exultation; "there is not a creature ever comes to Rouen, they say, but he comes here."

"Well, if you look out for strangers you will soon see plenty of me," Frank said, good-humoredly; "for I shall be here every day, I dare say, for the next two or three weeks."

"I saw monsieur the first day he came," she answered, with a smile; "he came and stood looking up there," pointing with her finger to the church-front, "till I thought he was counting all the figures on it."

He gave a laugh, and then colored a little; young as he was, he blushed for a moment at the thought that when he did not know it a woman had been watching him.

"Well, I was not counting the figures exactly," he said; "but do you know what I have been doing these last two days? I have been drawing the church—making a picture of it. I am a painter," he said, with youthful dignity.

"Ah! so?" And the bright brown eyes looked up into his face, not awe-struck, but a little curious and wondering.

"I will show you my picture presently, when I



PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 614.]

have got on a little farther with it, and then you shall tell me if you think I have made it like. Now when you sit here all day, hour after hour," he said, inquiringly, "do you ever think much about the church?"

"Monsieur!" she said, and the brown eyes opened wider.

"I mean, do you look at it much and try to find out what the figures on it mean? Do you ever think about the people who built it?"

She looked at him with a half pitying smile, and said,

"Monsieur, the church is very old; they are all dead."

"All dead! I should think they were," he answered quickly. "But what is to prevent you from thinking of them though they are dead? You know they were once alive. Now one of them must have cut these little twisted shafts here once; have you never wondered who he was, or what became of him?"

She shook her head placidly.

"What would be the use? I could not find out," she said.

"No, you could not find out; but you might try to fancy them all at work here, might you not? and how they came, just as you come, day after day, all these hundreds of years ago, and set up stone after stone, and carved figure after figure. Think how they must have watched their work and grown happy at the sight of it. Just think of them all here, with their hammers striking the stone, and the noise of every blow in the air, all of them talking in a language that would be almost like a strange tongue to us now. You know it all was so; why can't you think of it?"

"It may be easy for monsieur to think of the dead," she answered, simply; "but for me I do not find it easy, unless it may be of the blessed saints," and she crossed herself; "but then we know that they lived; and so for those others—" she said, and, slightly shrugging her shoulders, broke off her sentence with a dubious smile.

He had nearly burst into an answer about the saints that was more impetuous than reverent; but happily he checked himself in time, and instead of speaking stood looking for a minute in silence up over the great dark, glorious church-front, and wondering at what she had said. Out from the grey, solemn stone scene seemed to thousand voices that spoke to *him*: how could it be, he thought, that this girl had passed her life under the shelter of its shadow, and yet had to her every stone of it was dumb.

"Then you don't care for it?" he said, abruptly, at last, turning to her again.

"Nay, monsieur is mistaken," she answered, gently. "See, it is like home to me here; when it is hot summer all here in the cool shade; when winter comes I shelter myself there within the porch. It is like a good friend to me; other things change, but never changes. When I am glad I go in and kneel down and thank the blessed Virgin, and when I am sad I go there to say my prayers. Monsieur cannot wrong; I care for it."

She raised her face with a sudden smile as she paused, and, eager to believe that all the world cared for what she loved, eager for a universal sympathy with his own enthusiasm, he looked with pleased contentment into the girl's clear, honest eyes, and—

"Well, I am glad you like it," he said, heartily. "I thought you could not have lived here so many years and have cared nothing for it. You have lived in Rouen all your life, do you say? how long a time is that?"

"I am twenty," she said.

"Are you? Why you are older than I am, then! And what is your name?"

"Christine, monsieur," she answered.

Some one passing into the church had stopped beside her basket, and was beginning to look over its little stock of images and beads. She had to turn round to attend to him, and then before his purchase was made another customer came, and she lingered and looked on for a few minutes; then he said "good-by," and the boy and girl smiled to one another, and parted with a friendly nod.

He went home, and there was something pleasant to him in the thought which crossed him once or twice during the remainder of the day that in the morning he should see Christine again. Several times her face rose brightly up before him, with its certain, honest smile, and an odd kind of warmth into his heart; for, fair and dear to him as was this old Rouen, yet he moved as a stranger in it, and no other face than those of her had given either greeting or kindly word to him. And so, when he went to his post again next day, and she, who had been watching for him, at once when he appeared nodded and smiled to him across the square, instead of stationing himself in his accustomed place and beginning his work, as he had meant to do, he walked straight to her in a sudden impulse of pleasure for her cheery little face and welcome, and, like a thorough Englishman, put out his hand to her.

"You are the only creature that I know in Rouen!" he exclaimed, "except my landlady, and she is quite old. As I came along just now, I was wondering whether you would be here before me."

"Ah, monsieur," she said, laughing, "I have been here for hours. Look there—it is 10 o'clock. Do you think I begin my day so late as at 10 o'clock?"

"Is it really ten? Then I must be quick and begin my work too. By-the-way, I wonder—oh, may I call you Christine?" he asked, abruptly.

"Certainly, monsieur; it is my name."

"Thank you. Well, I was going to say, I wonder, Christine, if you would let me make a sketch of you?"

"Of *me*?" and the girl laughed with sudden, half-shy pleasure.

"I think I could do it, if you wouldn't mind sitting to me. I don't catch likenesses always very well, but I think I should succeed with yours. May I try?"

"But monsieur could find so many prettier girls—"

"Oh, I don't want prettier girls: I would rather have you," he interrupted her, bluntly. "You will let me do it, then, next to you? When may I begin? If I were to come early to-morrow—say at eight o'clock—would you be here then? Would that suit you?"

Any hour that suited monsieur.

"Very well, then; eight o'clock to-morrow morning. And now I must go to my picture." He turned half-way, and then looked suddenly back. "Have you a father and mother, Christine?" he said.

"No father, monsieur; but I have a good mother. She makes up all my stock for me. I buy the beads and take them to her, and she strings them—so. She makes these crosses too. She is very feeble, but she does all that for me."

"And then you come and sell them, Christine?" he said, quickly. "Do you know I have a mother too, and I work for her. We are two girls, and I make drawings and sell them."

"God bless you, then, monsieur!" she answered, fervently; "you will never be sorry for doing that."

He was touched by the genuine tone of sympathy.

"No, I know I shall not. I would rather help her than do any thing else in the world," he said, and the color rose up to his cheeks.

She smiled, looking in his face as he spoke. After a moment's silence, she said, simply and earnestly,

"It is sometimes hard to earn a living—harder than I hope it will ever be to you, monsieur; but I would rather be just a good girl as I am, and have my mother rejoice in me, than be the greatest lady in Rouen without her." And then she glanced up with a sunny look that chased away the tears which had risen for a moment to her eyes, and—"But even me—the world does not treat me very badly," she said, cheerfully. "I have a little hut to go to now and then, and when it is, I go in there and pray to the dear Virgin, and before long the sunshine comes back again. I am always going away. There are many good people in the world, monsieur, to keep the poor from starving."

She had a sweet voice, lower and softer than a Frenchwoman's voices often are. The face, too, had sweetness in it. He saw that now, though he had only noticed its bright, honest expression before.

"But I am keeping you from your picture," she said, smilingly, after a moment's silence.

That was true; so with a few more words he turned away, and stationing himself in his place began to work. It was a calm, gray summer day, windless and sombre, yet with a hopeful light here and there that shone through the thin clouds. He sat and worked, and as his sketch went on, and bit by bit he seized and fixed the impression of himself of the loveliness before him, in the very joy and boyish lightness of his heart he could have sung aloud. He had worked on for hours on other days; but been so happy upon no other; all life seemed full of gladness to him, and his life especially. It was the love of all that is fair and noble and good which the world ring with his name, but in his bright youth there were days—and this was one of them—when it almost seemed as if the love was given him to cut his way through the diamond gates.

He worked till it was growing late. All day among the many things that had come to happen, one thing had been the presence of Christine, bond of sympathy had sprung up between him and his simple, untaught, pure-hearted girl—real human sympathy, such as made even the sight of her across the square a thing that kept his young heart warm. He liked to look and talk with her, and each her smile; it was as good as sunlight to him. The old stones had their voices for him and tales to tell him, beads and crosses and all; but the girl belonged to them it was good also to lift his eyes up sometimes and look upon a friendly, living face. Its knew it was: he knew, at the end of work, that his day had been the brighter for Christine.

Nor was it the last, by many a one, that she helped to brighten for him. Before the month was out she became his one friend and one companion in Rouen; and no gentler friendship, no more honest and more companionable one could a man think between these two stray wanderers—the girl whose portion in this world was the selling of her beads at the church-doors, and the boy whose beckoning beacon-light was burning on the high hill.

He made his sketch of her. It was a feeble little sketch, yet like enough to be a real possession to him, and he could see that it gave her pleasure when he showed it to her. Then he began another, and another, and another, and

fifty feet away from us, telling her heads at this moment among the old women kneeling on the floor. But if I knew that she was, do you think I would go in and try to find her?" He shook his head, and smiled, half-sadly. "We can not put life into dead bones, Fred," he said, "nor throw a bridge across from youth to age. If I found her now, do you think we could rush into each other's arms? Nay, nay lad, the girl and boy we have been talking of died and were buried fifty years ago."

He stood and leaned upon his stick, looking up again to where the swallows were flying in and out above the porch, till presently there came a sound of music that came through the door.

"We are losing the mass, my boy; let us go in."

And so they went in, and listened to the gorgeous music that was rolling and swelling along transept and aisle.

The last days of Ex-President MARTIN VAN BUREN were made comfortable by the use of JONAS WHITCOMB'S Asthma Remedy. Letters from his physician, and from Mr. VAN BUREN himself, express much gratification with the result of its use.

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Letters and telegrams will be answered forthwith.

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The Burgomaster of Homburg.

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DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE—The Ladies' Literary Conservatory of Art, Novelty, and Beauty, furnishing the Best Stories, by the Best Authors, Best Poems, Best Engravings, Best Music, Best Miscellany, Best Paper, Best Printing, and the best in every way calculated to make it the most entertaining, useful, and beautiful, or, as the *New York Independent* says, "Unrivaled by any acknowledged the Model Parlor Magazine of America." Yearly, $3, with a valuable premium to each subscriber. The October Number, with brilliant novelties, now ready. Liberal terms and premiums for Clubs. Single copy 25 cents, post free. Address

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Agents wanted. Extraordinary inducements. The only $5 dollar household article for agents to sell. Send for Circulars. J. F. Beebie & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE EXTRA TRIBUNE

FOR THE

POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

A political struggle, rarely surpassed in importance or interest, has been precipitated on the country by the treachery of Andrew Johnson and some of his official or personal adherents to the great and patriotic party by which they were intrusted with power.

The aim of the conspiracy is to put the steadfast Loyalists of the South under the feet of the "whipped but not subdued" Rebels, and to make the latter to gist their vengeance on the former, whom they hate and curse as responsible for the most unexpected overthrow of their darling "Confederacy."

The recent wholesale massacres at Memphis and New Orleans were but conspicuous manifestations of the spirit of the campaign in the South, whereof the bloody triumph in Kentucky is a more recent example. The soldiers of Lee, Beauregard, Johnston, and Hood are now the dominant power from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; they elect each other to office in preference even to abject-home Rebels; they have supplanted nearly all others in policemen or firemen offices, they are organized and officered as State militia; and they ruthlessly crush every demonstration of loyal Whites or loyal Blacks in assertion of the EQUAL RIGHTS of AMERICAN FREEMEN. The most shocking outrages on Blacks are tolerated, and their white teachers subjected to violence and outrage by unchanged Rebels, who regard the murder of murder and arson by cheers for Andy Johnson and execrations of Congress.

The purpose of forcing Representatives of the Rebel States into Congress, in defiance of the loyal oath, by Presidential fiat and Military power, is openly avowed, with threats that the next session shall be treated as rebels, and a civil war thus kindled throughout the North and West.

It has thus become imperative that those who stand for LIBERTY and LOYALTY—the true friends of the UNION to exist and of MAN to be FREE—should organize and work to overthrow the Rebels and Traitors who lead the insolent conspiracy.

We must save from the SOUTH and the COPPERHEADS that revolutions go not backward—that Emancipation is an accomplished fact—that the EQUAL CIVIL RIGHTS ACT can never be repealed—that the rights of the hunted AMERICAN are henceforth guaranteed and shielded by the FEDERAL CONSTITUTION, and must be maintained against all gainsayers—the days when Britain BLACKS had no rights which WHITES were bound to respect have gone forever.

We hold to-day the power in all the Free States of 1860, in West Virginia, and in Missouri. We must hold them in our ensuing elections, and add to them Maryland and Kentucky—for these are the only triumphs treachery, otherwise Johnsonism. We must elect to the Fortieth Congress an overwhelming force devoted to Loyalty, Nationality, and the inalienable Rights of Man.

To this end let Light and Truth be universally diffused to every neighborhood, every fireside, throughout our broad country.

To this end we propose an extra issue of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE (differing in size and appearance from the regular edition), which we will supply to all Subscriptions received prior to September 15, on the following terms, the price to be one dollar subscriptions to commence on receipt of the money:

2	copies for three months	$1
12	"	5
25	"	10
50	"	20
100	"	40

PAYABLE ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The papers to be sent to one address.

All friends of the cause are invited to form clubs.

Address

No. 154 NASSAU STREET, New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Merchants, Manufacturers, Booksellers, Real Estate Owners, Schools, and all others who desire to reach customers in all parts of the country, will find it to their interest to send for our Advertising Circular.

The circulation of THE TRIBUNE is larger than that of any other newspaper, and its terms are the most enterprising, thrifty, and industrious classes. Advertisements inserted in each of the issues of THE DAILY TRIBUNE, SEMI-WEEKLY, and WEEKLY—will be read by nearly a million of people, and the advertising rates are reduced as low as well as the money he spends in judicious advertising. The investigations of the Revenue Committee of the City resulted in naming the DAILY TRIBUNE as being one of the two papers having the largest bona fide circulation, and its weekly edition is acknowledged to be far greater than that of other newspapers. The Daily Tribune is read by enterprising and intelligent business men and their families, and the Weekly is known from there being through its columns will reach the very best classes of buyers.

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Real Estate Dealers both in the City and Country will find THE TRIBUNE a very valuable medium through which to reach parties seeking to buy or sell.

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760 BROADWAY,

Manufacturers of the Celebrated Ballard Breech-Loading Rifles, Military and Sporting Styles.



fles carry a ball varying from one ball on each pound of lead, and workmanship of the best quality. They are warranted in every respect.

SOLE AGENTS

for the well-known Eagle Ammu Co's Cartridge Revolvers, Best and Pocket size. These Pistols require but four motions to load and discharge, a degree of perfection never before obtained. Are sure fire, and carry a much larger charge than any revolver of the same weight and size. Also Agents for the Whitney Arms Co.'s Cooch's Breech-Loading, and the New York Metallic Ammunition Co.'s Copper Cartridge Revolving Rifles.

Dealers in Arms and Ammunition of all kinds. Illustrated circulars sent on application.

760 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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Cured by Bates' Pat. Appliances. For descriptive pamphlet, &c., address Simpson & Co., 277 W. 23d St., N.Y.

NOW READY.—Washburn's Autumn Catalogue of splendid Flowering Bulbs, containing a list of the splendid Flowering Bulbs, containing a list of the choicest Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocuses, Lilies, &c., with full and plain directions for their culture. It also contains a beautiful colored plate of Hyacinths and Tulips. It will be forwarded postpaid upon receipt of 10 cts. to all applicants. Address WASHBURN & CO., Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass.

100,000
WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, PENS, BRACELETS, CASTORS, GOBLETS, SPOONS, FORKS, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.,
Worth $500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, with which we want in every town and county. J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

Washes Well! Wears Well!



The Genuine Magic Ruffle!

These goods, having the above trade-mark on the Rich and Cord, are warranted to stand well in all seams in each piece, and to WEAR and WASH as well as any made by hand.

THE GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES, still manufactured by the original inventors and patentees, on superior machinery, from the best materials, and under the supervision of Mr. Hamilton, who has had 30 years' constant use, giving invariable satisfaction.

Manufactured by the MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY, 76 Chambers Street, New York. Also Manufacturers of RUFFLE BINDING and RUFFLE HEMS and RUFFLES.

MEN WITH BRAINS,

And $10 capital, are making $10 to $30 per day with "The Great Labor Saver," Worth $20 to any family. Quick sales, large profits, small capital, no competition, no risk. Ladies, gentlemen, clergymen, teachers, clerks, mechanics, boys and girls can obtain a money making business, should send for papers.

Address LEVELL,
Lombard Block, Chicago, Illinois.

Take Time by the Forelock.

The miasma which generates epidemic fevers is now rising in clouds under the bracing beams of the dog-star. Every body, as well as reform animal and vegetable matter, emits unwholesome vapors, and in crowded cities and the dense assemblages which business and pleasure call together, the elements of disease are evolved. The pressure upon every vital organ is never so great as in the second and third months of summer, and every prudent teacher is that the system be equipped to be reinforced to meet it.

We hold our lives, so to speak, on a *repairing basis*, and this is the season when the process of dilapidation is most rapid, and repairs are most required. There *free build up, prop, and sustain the powers of nature* which resist malignant influences, and HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. He who takes it may be sold to clothe himself in sanitary mail, against which epidemic disease will hurl its poisoned shafts in vain. Fever and ague, pestilence-smote, but a great *medical fact*, attested by twelve years' experience in every climate of the habitable globe. Extremes of temperature always disturb the functions of the stomach, the bowels, the liver, and the skin. It is through these that the most dangerous maladies assail us. Tone them in advance.

Hostetter's Bitters,

And defy heat and malaria.

BABBITTONIAN SELF-TEACHING PENMANSHIP, as now taught, commended by *The Scientific American, Independent, Evangelist, Methodist, Baptist, Observer, Christian Times*, and by eminent Teachers who have adopted it with unprecedented success, as well as by Bankers, Clerks, Students, Parents of 92 pages 90 reflecting hand-board slips, illustrated, easy to understand, and sent postpaid on receipt of $1 50. Specimen slip of the same for 10c.; plain, 5c. Mailed postpaid, FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, New York, PUBLISHER.

"KA-FOOZLE-UM."

DAUGHTER OF THE HAREM, COMIC SONG.....25c.
"SHE SEEMS, BUT NOT A STAR," SENTIMENTAL.....25c.
THE CHIMNEY SWEEP, DANCE FOR VIOLIN, 10c.; piano..30c.
"NELLIE'S GONE FOREVER," for violin, 15c.; piano..25c.
SERGEANT GRIMES' POLKA, for violin, 15c.; piano..30c.
Mailed postpaid, FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, New York, PUBLISHER.

THE "THUNDERBOLT," Howard's new Breech-loading Rifle, superior to the Needle Gun, only $25 00. FOWLER & WILD, Agents, 189 Broadway, New York. Circulars on receipt of stamp.

$1500 PER YEAR paid by SHAW & CLARK, Piano Manufacturers, Malden, of Chicago, Ill.

$150 A MONTH! NEW BUSINESS FOR AGENTS. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

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Profitable employment guaranteed to male and female agents. Address O. H. Noble & Co., 102 Centre St., N. Y.

WANTED—AGENTS, $100 a month, Male and Female, to introduce the CELEBRATED NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. Price only $20. Every machine warranted five years. For particulars address H. H. REGISTER & CO., 95 Broadway, room No. 3.

$5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical unity and extreme simplicity. *Originality patented May 9, 1865. Improvement patented June 9, 1868.* The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CHANGING attachment, is noiseless in operation, sews with PERFECT or WORM STITCH ALIKE on both sides with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each revolution of the Wheel. Will HEMMER, HEM, SHIRR, GATHER, BRAID, SEW UP BRAIDING, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have used it.

With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the whole family like Machine-ry.—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5 00. Liberal terms to agents. Agents wanted every where. Address all orders,

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Superior advantages in English, Classics, Sciences, Commercial, Preparatory, and Primary Departments. Lewis's Gymnasium for Ladies, and Military Drill for Gentlemen. Eminent Instructors. Terms low. Apply to Rev. ALONZO FLACK, A.M., PRINCIPAL.

Claverack, Columbia Co., N. Y.

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Are pronounced by all the most eminent surgeons and upward of ten thousand patients to be the most valuable and useful artificial limbs ever offered for sale or exposed, comprising all that is desirable in Artificial Limbs, viz., ease, comfort, durability, and cheapness. Send for Pamphlet. WILLIAM SELPHO & SON, Patentees and Manufacturers, No. 516 Broadway, New York.

[From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. I was living in Albany, and was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a dangerous, hide cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation, having for its basis the inside bark of white pine, might be combined so as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in disease and health, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was surprising and gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough checked, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I rent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for many months with a bad cough, aggravated by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She found relief, and after using it some time, She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1857, I left Albany, and since that time the WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled.—*Boston Journal.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its wonderful cures have so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. In a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel, and all the ills that flesh is heir to, this Compound will be found valuable. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicines generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., PROPRIETOR,
Boston, Mass.

BURNHAMS & VAN SCHAAK, Chicago.
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GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE WEST.

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HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST.

BY W. P. FETRIDGE.

A New and Revised Edition (the fifth) is now ready. The Valuable Book is now ready.

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MASTER GUS. "AUNT ELIZA, does Captain VAN TUYP wear Rats in his Mustache? I think I see the Tails sticking out!"

Robinson & Ogden,
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AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
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At Reduced Rates. POLLAK & SON, Merrschaum Manufacturers, 692 Broadway, near Fourth St., N.Y. *Pipes and Holders* cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send for wholesale or retail circular. Pipes from $5 upward.

HOMES
FOR THE
MILLION!

WOODWARD'S ARCHITECTURE AND RURAL ART. 1867. 175 Designs and Plans. Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, $1 00. WOODWARD'S COMPLETE HOUSES. 75 Designs and Plans. $1 50.
MANUAL OF THE HOUSE. 192 Designs and Plans. $1 50.
GEO. E. & F. W. WOODWARD, 37 Park Row, N.Y.

Pain in the Stomach or Bowels.
Constipation, Sick Headache, Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Distress after Eating, are surely cured by the use of COE'S DYSPEPTIC CURE. It is certainly the greatest remedy in existence. For sale by Druggists every where.

50 MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP PER-CENT SAVED BY
USING B. T. BABBITT'S Pure CONCENTRATED POTASH, or READY SOAP-MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other speculator or lye in the market. Put up in cans of 1 pound, 2 pounds, 3 pounds, 4 pounds, and 12 pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making hard and soft Soap. One pound will make 10 gallons of soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in the market.
B. T. BABBITT, 64, 63, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington Street, New York.

Economy is Wealth.
If you want the best-fitting, strongest, and most serviceable Paper Collar ever offered to the Public, don't fail to purchase the

PATENT REVERSIBLE
PAPER COLLAR
MADE BY
MARCH BROS., PIERCE & CO.,
AGENTS.
WINTHROP SQUARE, BOSTON.

PEABODY'S BREECH-LOADING
MUSKETS, CARBINES, AND SPORTING RIFLES,
FOR METALLIC CARTRIDGES,
Manufactured by the
PROVIDENCE TOOL CO. ARMORY,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

These arms are made in the most perfect manner, are interchangeable in all their parts, and are unequaled for symmetrical appearance, simplicity, accuracy of fire, and strength. They have been received with remarkable favor in our own and several other countries, and can now be supplied in large numbers. Send for descriptive pamphlet and illustrated price-lists, printed in English, French, German, or Spanish.

THE NATIONAL REVOLVER.

This new celebrated Revolver exceeds all others for compactness, effectiveness, durability, power, and safety in carrying. Is light (14 oz.), small (only 7 in.), with larger metallic cartridge (32-100 ball) than any Revolver made of same size and weight. Send for circular. GEO. A. HUCKINS, 73 Beekman Street, New York.

IMPROVED
STEREOPTICON, DISSOLVING VIEW, AND
Magic-Lantern Pictures and Apparatus.
Complete outfits and instructions furnished. For Illustrated Catalogue and information, address
W. LANGENHEIM, Philadelphia, P. O., Box 1079.

SURE PILE CURE.

Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument, for the radical cure of piles, prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in 5 minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for circular. Sold by druggists generally. Discount to dealers. Sent by mail to any part of the United States on receipt of $3.
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MERCHANTS, BANKERS,
And others send mail to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 60 Broadway.

THE
Campaign Tribune.
Read Prospectus and Terms to Clubs on Page 623.

JOHN BONNER,
Stock Broker,
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Government Securities of all kinds, Railway Stocks, and Bonds, Petroleum and Mining Shares, and Gold, bought and sold on commission.

UNION ADAMS,
HOSIER, GLOVER,
AND
SHIRT MAKER,
No. 637 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

THE
GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
Have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON, 50 cts., 90 cts., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔.	OOLONG, 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔.
MIXED, 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔.	IMPERIAL AND HYSON, best $1 25 ℔.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔.	ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔.

(For further particulars see former editions of this paper.)

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to

Great American Tea Company,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET, corner of CHURCH. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

Evidence after Eight Months' Trial.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, FOURTH AUDITOR'S OFFICE, *July* 31, 1866.

Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, New York:*

GENTLEMEN,—Accompanying this I send you our regular monthly Club List, which, you will perceive, is still increasing in proportions. We have now tried your Teas and Coffees for upward of eight months, and have come to the conclusion that we get as good an article from your house and at about half the price that we would be forced to pay our merchants here.

I congratulate your Company on the great success that has crowned its efforts in its endeavors to lighten the burden of high prices borne by our laboring people; and also congratulate our Club upon its good fortune in procuring these luxuries of life at prices so fair and reasonable. Hoping you will continue to receive a liberal share of public patronage, I am, Sirs, very respectfully yours, L. CASS CARPENTER.

				Brought up	$77 70
2 lbs. Japan	H. H. Knight	at	$1 25	$2 50	
1 lb. Green Coffee	do.	at	35	35	
1 lb. Japan	Miss Duffy	at	1 25	1 25	
1 lbs. do.	Miss Allen	at	1 25	2 50	
1 lbs. do.	M. Afee	at	1 25	1 25	
1 lb. Oolong	S. Waller	at	1 00	1 00	
2 lbs. Imperial	L. D. Roberts	at	1 25	2 50	
1 lb. Japan	C. Becker	at	1 25	1 25	
1 lb. Green Coffee	do.	at	35	35	
5 lbs. Rio Coffee	W. Mirty	at	32	1 60	
4 lbs. Green Coffee	W. Stichum	at	35	1 40	
2 lbs. Oolong	S. R. Brown	at	1 00	2 00	
2 lbs. Young Hyson	do.	at	1 10	2 20	
1 lb. Gunpowder	D. S. Holland	at	1 25	1 25	
8 lbs. Green Coffee	do.	at	35	2 80	
2 lbs. Oolong	Mrs. Dooley	at	1 00	2 00	
1 lb. Imperial	do.	at	1 25	1 25	
1 lb. Japan	S. Trevvill	at	1 25	1 25	
1 lb. do.	Smead	at	1 25	1 25	
1 lb. Imperial	do.	at	1 25	1 25	
1 lb. Mixed	J. A. Donnel	at	1 00	2 00	
3 lbs. Green Coffee	do.	at	35	1 05	
3 lbs. Roast Coffee	R. J. M. Gill	at	40	1 20	
2 lbs. do.	J. Gass	at	40	80	
1 lb. Japan	do.	at	1 25	1 25	
1 lb. do.	R. Goodhart	at	1 25	1 25	
1 lb. Imperial	do.	at	1 25	1 25	
1 lbs. Young Hyson	do.	at	1 25	1 25	
10 lbs. Rio Coffee	De Mawbray	at	32	3 20	
2 lbs. Oolong	do.	at	1 00	2 00	
1 lb. do.	H. Pitts	at	1 00	1 00	
1 lb. Souchong	A. Besser	at	1 25	1 25	
1 lb. Japan	B. Messer	at	1 25	1 25	
1 lb. do.	J. S. Sampson	at	1 25	1 25	
2 lbs. Roast Coffee	C. B. Parkman	at	40	80	
10 lbs. Green Coffee	A. N. Barnes	at	35	3 50	
1 lb. Gunpowder	A. Watts	at	1 25	1 25	
1 lb. Ground Coffee	do.	at	40	40	
2 lbs. Green Coffee	J. Cox	at	35	70	
2 lbs. Japan	Mrs. Hyatt	at	1 25	2 50	
4 lbs. Imperial	Patsey	at	1 25	5 00	
1 lb. Oolong	do.	at	1 00	1 00	
2 lbs. do.	A. Thomas	at	1 00	2 00	
1 lb. do.	T. H. Brooks	at	1 00	1 00	
Carried up				$77 70	$181 96

NATIONAL BENEVOLENCE FOR THE PURPOSE OF BUILDING IN THE NORTHWEST THE SOLDIERS' ORPHANS AND WIDOWS' HOME!

MUNIFICENT DONATIONS!

10,000 Acres of Splendid Farm Lands! and 1157 Building Lots!
Are to be disposed of on the 24th day of December, 1866, to Subscribers, for the benefit of the

SOLDIERS' ORPHANS' AND WIDOWS' HOME, OF ST. JOSEPH, MO.

This land, which is fully equal to any on the globe, lies in the Counties of Atchison, Gentry, Holt, Harrison, Bates, Nodaway, and Worth, and has been generously donated to this charity by the noble patriots of our country. The Trustees have divided the same into 141 FARMS, as follows:

ONE PRIZE, Farm of 640 acres in Atchison Co., valued at	$10,000
THREE PRIZES, Farms each 320 acres—aggregate value	15,000
TEN PRIZES, Farms each 160 acres—aggregate value	15,000
TWENTY-SEVEN PRIZES, Farms each 80 acres—aggregate value	33,750
ONE HUNDRED PRIZES, Farms each 40 acres—aggregate value	67,750
1157 PRIZES OF BUSINESS LOTS, and one-half and one-quarter acre lots, in the town of Sedgwick, in Atchison Co., directly on the St. Joseph and Council Bluffs Railroad, and within three miles of the Missouri River	121,720

Forming a Total of 1298 Prizes of Real Estate—Amounting to $267,470!

Which, together with Pianos, Melodeons, Sewing Machines, Agricultural Implements, &c., comprising many ornamental, useful, and substantial articles of manufacture, will form a grand total of

2000 PRIZES, VALUED IN THE AGGREGATE AT OVER $300,000!

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President of the Board, Hon. Wilford P. Hall, Ex-Gov. of Mo.; Vice-President, Hon. Geo. Smith, Lieut.-Gov. of Mo.; C. B. Messenger, General Western Agent; Ross Craig, City Agent; John E. Fitzgerald, Register.

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For Public Exhibitions. A Priced and Illustrated Catalogue of Stereopticons, Oxy-Calcium Lanterns, Dissolving Lanterns, Magic Lanterns, &c., with views for the same, will be sent free by mail on application.
WILLIAM Y. McALLISTER,
728 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

WANTED Ag'ts, $150 per month everywhere, male and female, to sell GENUINE COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINES. Greatest invention of the age. Price only $18. Every machine warranted 3 years. Address for circular, GROVER & CO., Cleveland, O.

THE Howe Sewing Machines, lock stitch, for Families and Manufacturers. They are world-renowned. *The Howe Machine Co.*, 609 Broadway, N. Y.

50 PER-CENT SAVED BY USING
B. T. BABBITT'S STAR YEAST POWDER. Light Biscuit or any kind of Cake may be made with this "Yeast Powder" in two minutes. No shortening is required when sweet milk is used. Nos. 64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.

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MADAME JUMEL'S *Mannanial Balm and Patent Medicated Soap* will develop the natural beauty of the form on physiological principles. Depot 563 Canal St., N. Y., and for sale by druggists. Madame Jumel's Wrinkle Obliterator. Sold by Druggists.

BOKER'S BITTERS,
For sale by all prominent Grocers, Wine Merchants, and wholesale druggists. Depot, 1 to 5 PECKE, 3d., Sole Agent, No. 64 Liberty Street, New York.

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For Ladies and Gentlemen. The largest assortment in the New World.
TO BE HAD EVERY WHERE,
And at wholesale and retail at the manufactory, No. 837 Broadway, New York.

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AT WHOLESALE by the EXTENSIVE MANUFACTURERS and SOLE OWNERS of PATENT,
WESTBS, BRADLEY, & CARY,
97 Chambers and 79 and 81 Reade Streets,
NEW YORK.
Also at WHOLESALE by the LEADING JOBBERS.

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SELTZER APERIENT.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 510.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A CENTENNIAL SONG.

BY REV. GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, M.A.

THOU, O all-inspiring Spirit! all-illuming, unconfined,
Deep from out the inmost ardors of the calm, eternal Mind
Breathe on us thy fiery effluence, those who hear, and him who sings,
Flash through every soul thy fervors! Waft us all on rapture's wings!

Ere from godlike bliss Edenic lured and hurled by hosts of hell,
Man, the favorite of Jehovah, like a new-born planet fell,
In the counsels of creation, ere the endless silence heard:
"LET THERE BE!"—and worlds from nothing rolled harmonious at the word;—
There, ere eldest archangelic ardors hymned the wondrous plan,
Yearned the rediscovered Godhead with the love that died for man:
Yearned, and when he fell proclaimed it in that promise faint and far,
Glimmering down Earth's twilight distance like a dim and misty star.
Down long prehistoric ages, down the patriarchal years,
Dawned its beams on saints and sages, rose on raptured bards and seers,
Till, with one wild burst of anthems warbling through a thousand spheres,
Lo, Immanuel, Everlasting Saviour, Prince of Peace, appears!

Day immortal! Day uncelebrated still, though Earth so long
Beats and pants with pulse seraphic, soaring up the heights of song!
Not by mortal lays, and not by all the ecstatic choirs above,
Ever has been, ever shall be told Redemption's depth of love.
As the broad, bright tides of morning stream o'er Ocean's boundless breast,
As from out the East the lightning shineth even to the West,
So, through every land and language to the known world's farthest bound,
Flew the glad news of salvation and the long-lost Eden found!

Wondrous then the change transforming hearts and nations in a day!
Men, to moles and bats their idols casting, owned Messiah's sway;
Art, philosophy and learning, song and science, power and fame,
Thrones and kingdoms, mightiest empires, all adored Immanuel's name.

Then, alas! a wave of midnight o'er the troubled nations spread;
Manhood failed and Freedom perished; learning, science, song were dead;
And the great salvation, bought for man with agony divine,
Bound, blasphemed, was sold for lucre, bartered at an impious shrine!

Lo, once more celestial sunrise wide o'er Earth in splendor plays!
Gloom and error flee before it, smit with Truth's resistless rays!
Rock and dungeon, axe and fagot, all in vain its light withstand;
God's almighty love must conquer,—who can bind Jehovah's hand?
Wickliffe, Huss, Savanarola, Calvin, Luther, Cranmer rose,
Wrapped in zeal like Israel's prophets when they pled with Israel's foes;
Rending off the soul's base bondage, long in blood and vileness trod,
Pointing faith alone to Jesus, conscience only to its God.

Then, with vast and wondrous quickening, lo! the mind of man awoke!
Nations started from their slumbers as at midnight thunder-stroke!
Seas were crossed, new worlds discovered, stars unknown from darkness swung!
Round the globe the shout of progress rang through every land and tongue!

Then, ah! then a cloud of evil, scoffing, doubt, dispute, and sin
Veiled the brightness of the dawning, shut the heavenly sunrise in;
Wrapped in shade Immanuel's standard, late o'er longing lands unfurled;
Damped the fire on Zion's altars, dimmed her light that lights the world!
But not thus could fall God's promise, purposed ere the world began,
Breathing, burning down the ages unextinguished love for man:
Not one jot or tittle written ever from his law shall fall;
'Gainst the Church, by Jesus planted, gates of hell shall ne'er prevail.

Lo! immortal WESLEY, scorning ease and pleasure, honor, fame,
All his mind on fire from heaven, all his heart with love a-flame,
All his ardent soul illumed, anointed with the Holy Ghost,
Sanctified and sealed, arises, called to lead the blood-washed host!
Called to preach the great salvation, boundless, endless, full and free,
Grace that saves man's utmost being, saves through all eternity!

Thousands caught the rapturous tidings; heard, believed with shouts of praise;
Spread from isle to isle the story, see Britannia in a blaze!
O'er three thousand miles of ocean winds and waves the message bore,
Like a spark from heaven falling, kindling on this New World's shore!
Here a while, repressed, it smouldered, till, by God's own Spirit fanned,
Glimmering, rising, spreading, mounting, soon it swept o'er all the land!

First in *Barbara Heck's* pure spirit leapt to life the long-pent gleam;
Swift from soul to soul it lightened, darting wide its dazzling beam,
Till, as flames o'er autumn prairies fling their banners fierce and high,
Mingling in a fiery ocean flashing earth and glowing sky,
So the chariot of Jehovah, wrapped in brightness, as of yore,
In a pentecostal whirlwind swept the wondering nations o'er!

Embury and *Webb* and *Strawbridge* first the lambent tongues confessed;
Owen, Williams, King, and *Watters, Boardman, Pilmoor,* heroes blessed;—



PHILIP EMBURY'S HOUSE,
In which the first Methodist Sermon was preached in the City of New York, 1766.



STRAWBRIDGE MEETING-HOUSE, MD., 1766.



THE RIGGING LOFT,
Occupied as a Freethinking place by the Methodists of New York in 1768.



THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH AND PARSONAGE, IN NEW YORK.
Built in John Street in 1768.

ASBURY, the great Apostle; *Whatcoat, Rankin, Shadford, Lee; Abbott, Garretson,* and *Coughlan, Neal, M'Geary, Black, Lowe; Wooster, Hythreas, Cooper, Dickens, George, M'Kendree, Roberts, Cook; Emory, Hedding, Fisk,* and *Olin, Bangs,* all graved in God's great book;—Names illustrious as their labors;—deathless as the march of time;—Bright with undecaying glory—sainted, high, serene, sublime!

Then rose venerable "JOHN STREET," and "SAINT GEORGE'S" ample shrine,
Altars where God's own Shekinah burned with ceaseless light divine;
Where the living word, like lightning, fell from fire-touched lips of old,
And the shouts of new-born thousands heavenward like an anthem rolled!
Not alone the blissful baptism Wesley's favored followers knew,
O'er the land, inspired and radiant, matchless, wondrous WHITEFIELD flew;
Every priesthood, creed, and order owned the impulse, proved the power;
Far and widening spread the influence, deepening, heightening every hour.

Next came war and revolution. Strife and uproar shook the land;
Leagued oppression toiled to conquer Freedom's young heroic band;
But Jehovah, God of battles, saved the weak but smote the strong;
And a NATION rose victorious, hailed around the world with song!

Then, with her, a CHURCH as mighty called her heralds from afar,
Chose her chiefs, and rose organic, marshaled for a heavenlier war:
"FREE GRACE," "FREEDOM," "FULL SALVATION," on her blood-stained banner flew;
And around the cross she wrapped the starry flag—red, white, and blue!
True to man, and true to Jesus, panoplied in light she stood;
Heaven to her one hope for all men, man one blood-bought brotherhood.
"HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD" and "PERFECT LOVE" illumed her van;—
Thus complete her march triumphant down the centuries began.

Then what future lay before her, save Jehovah who could tell?
What her agonies and conquests, how her gathering hosts should swell
Till, to-day, the shouts of millions shake the earth and cleave the sky,
Echoed back by millions ransomed, warbling through eternity!
On, through storms that rocked the nations, bold she held her glorious track,
Grandly stood for God and justice, cast no glance of trembling back;
And when hell-born, foul rebellion rose in fierce infernal ire,
Up she sprang a harnessed seraph, bright with keen celestial fire!
Where the foremost ranks of Freedom, winged with wrath, to victory rode,
There the cross above the eagle like a meteor gleamed and glowed!
And among the faint and dying walked sweet Mercy's angel bands,
On their lips the love of Jesus, life and healing in their hands.

Lo, the vast conflict ended! Slavery's shackles rent in twain!
Righteousness and Peace, embracing, soon o'er all shall smile and reign!
Millions kneel on fetters broken, bathe with tears the blood-dyed sod,
Shout their anthems throbbing up the sunlight of the throne of God!
Stretch their anxious arms imploring for man's rights withheld so long,
Asking only light and justice, fearing only hate and wrong.

With the nation's joy exultant, lo! anew the Church uprprings,
Fired with purer, loftier rapture, while a holier joy she sings!
Wesley's children, myriads, millions, bless with transport and with tears
Him whose grace has brought them victors through a hundred deathless years!
Thronging now in thousand temples glad they bend the adoring knee,
Pealing high their great CENTENNIAL, thundering forth their JUBILEE!
On their century's latest confines peering backward in amaze!
Forward on a future grander than e'er greeted prophet's gaze!

Church of God, what wonders wait thee in that future hastening near,
In this New World's vast arena, noblest empire on the sphere!
What thy myriads who can number? How thy greatness yet shall mount?
What thy work, thy trust stupendous? Who can sum the dread account?
Deep in utmost, sweet abasement mourn thy sins, forsake, abhor;
Claim thy spotless robe, and wear it; rise, already conqueror!
File thy gifts like golden mountains! Heap thy holocausts untold!
Bid the spires of countless temples tower toward heaven while time grows old!
Build thy schools for unborn prophets! Rear the halls of hallowed lore!
Let long-distant generations bless their sires who wrought before!
Aid thy struggling sons whose souls, on fire with Heaven's resistless call,
Grope through nameless want and heart-ache toward that sun which shines for all!
Send thy light to those in darkness! Save thy children! Save the poor!
Broadly sow beside all waters;—God shall make the harvest sure!

Living temple of Jehovah, precious in thy light most clear,
Framed to mock hell's hate, upsoaring till thy dome shall roof the sphere,
Not in mortal might nor wisdom lay thy deep foundations low;
Not in earthly pomp and grandeur let the wondrous fabric grow,
On the Rock of endless ages bid thy crystal turrets climb,
Gold and jasper, emerald, diamond—stones of truth to last through time!

Israel's God, we bow before thee;—all our inmost souls we bow:—
Take our prostrate hearts and treasures;—seal our consecration now!—
Let the rushing, fiery whirlwind, as of old thy Spirit came,
Fill thy temples—fill thy children—crown thy Church with tongues of flame!
Up, O Zion!—Tell the story!—shout the tale to millions dumb!
God is risen in glory on thee!—Rise and shine, thy light is come!

Embury and *Webb* and *Strawbridge* first the lambent tongues confessed;
Owen, Williams, King, and *Watters, Boardman, Pilmoor,* heroes blessed;—

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1866.

PARTY LEADERS.

MR. SEWARD, in his speech at Niagara, or at some other point in Western New York, said that the party to which he lately belonged was sure to be defeated because it had no leader. He predicted its defeat by sixty days—at most, by forty thousand majority —and asked to be considered no prophet if the event showed him to be mistaken. The New York *Times* reasons differently from Mr. SEWARD. It thinks we are to be beaten, not because we have no leader, but because we have such bad ones. The *Evening Post* also utterly repudiates certain persons as leaders of the Union party, and loudly calls upon the *Tribune* to declare whether it acknowledges Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS as a leader. Now if what is called leadership were an essential element of success in this canvass we should like to ask all these authorities what they think of the prospects of a party of which Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON is leader? Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, Mr. SUMNER, General BUTLER, and Governor BROWNLOW may be very unwise men and advocate a very impracticable policy; but has there been in the history of our politics a more utterly unwise and desperate gentleman than the President?

As a matter of fact there is no leader of the great popular Union party which sustains the Amendment, and there is need of none. The policy which is supported by the sound, humane, patriotic judgment of the country, which has triumphed in Maine and will triumph by overwhelming majorities, and will go on triumphing in every State, and will secure the just and reasonable restoration of the Union, is not the policy of Mr. STEVENS, or Mr. SUMNER, or of Mr. GREELEY, or of Governor HAMILTON, or of Parson BROWNLOW, or of General BUTLER; it is the policy of the intelligent common-sense of the American people. The gentlemen we have named follow that policy, they do not direct it. They all belong to the Union party because their opinions is the same—namely, equal rights among American citizens. They all plainly and strongly express their views as to the best method of obtaining that result. But they speak with no other authority or influence than lies in the more or less good sense of their suggestions. Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, for instance, is a protectionist, and he advocates general confiscation. But the Union party is not a tariff party, and does not see the wisdom of confiscation. Mr. GREELEY, again, favors protection, but is opposed to confiscation. Mr. SUMNER is silent upon protection, and urges impartial suffrage as a condition of restoration. General BUTLER also agrees with Mr. SUMNER in his condition, but is probably a strong free-trader. All these gentlemen undoubtedly favor impartial suffrage in some form as the chief condition of restoration; but the party with which they act has nowhere authoritatively declared for that specific measure, and they have yielded their judgment to that of the party.

Those who complain of the gentlemen we have named as leaders—the *Evening Post* in protesting against them, the *Times* in despising—do hold which they have on the party—seem to forget the facts. Mr. STEVENS was called the leader of Congress at its late session. But if by leader is meant the author of a policy, he was plainly no leader at all. The policy of Congress was declared in the Report of the Reconstruction Committee. But not even was that not the work of Mr. STEVENS, but he bitterly and openly regretted it. Not a single important measure, except the appointment of the Committee, proposed by Mr. STEVENS was adopted by the House. It honored his profound conviction, his Roman firmness, his noble fidelity to equal rights, but it did not follow him. So with Mr. SUMNER in the Senate. His proposition to require impartial suffrage as a precedent condition of restoration received three votes besides his own.

The tendency of the great Union party is toward the peace and prosperity which spring from justice and equality of rights; that is to the opponents to the dominance of that spirit of caste and hatred of race and class which will forever embroil the country. Of the first tendency the men of whom we have spoken are representatives; of the second, VALLANDIGHAM, FERNANDO WOOD, JOHN T. HOFFMAN, HORATIO SEYMOUR, and HERSCHEL JOHNSON are equally representatives. These last opposed the war, perplexed the administration, urged at Chicago surrender to the rebellion, and supported General MCCLELLAN upon that platform. The others sustained the war to the glorious end, in full reliance upon the heroism and intelligence of the people. Mr. HOFFMAN and Mr. CLYMER, with their friends and supporters, who were the Peace Copperheads of the war, now insist that the States which rebelled shall immediately return to Congress with increased power, based upon a loyal population to which they refuse all share in representation. Mr. STEVENS and Mr. SUMNER and their friends act heartily with the party which demands that loyal States shall not have lost their equality in representation because they were loyal. They are high privates in the Union ranks, which support the Constitutional Amendment as the condition of restoration, but they are not the directors of the policy of the party.

CENTENARY OF METHODISM.

WE devote some attention this week to the Centenary of American Methodism. For good or ill, this form of Protestantism has become the predominant ecclesiastical fact of the nation. The official Census places it, numerically, far in advance of any other American religious body, and the general religious statistics of the country show that it comprises nearly one-half of all our Protestant communicants. Its progress and attitude can not, therefore, fail to be, in this its hundredth year, a matter of much interest, not merely to religionists, but to statesmen and citizens generally.

It celebrates its epoch not only with religious observances, but with gigantic financial projects. Its last General Conference, in enacting the programme of the Jubilee, intimated that ten millions of dollars might be raised. Its journals announced, in July, that one million was already subscribed, though the formal efforts of the scheme had not been begun, and would not be till October. It is now generally supposed that about five millions will be raised. Some of its authorities are proposing even higher figures. The splendid pledged guarantees the success of the year. It is, we suppose, the largest amount ever contributed by an American denomination in a single year, by a special occasion. Nearly all these funds are to be consecrated to the educational interests of the Church—a very significant fact.

The success of Methodism is one of the most interesting problems of ecclesiastical history. But one hundred years old in this country, and a hundred and twenty-seven years in Europe, it is, more or less, jostled by all the old outlines of the globe, and its congregations include about one-seventh of the Protestant population of the world.

In this country it has been incomparably more vigorous than in the Old World; and as early as 1820 (only thirty years after the death of WESLEY) it advanced to the front of the whole Wesleyan movement, with a majority of 17,000 over English Methodism with all its foreign dependencies. Its practical system, and perhaps also its theology, is specially congenial to the new hemisphere. Its several bodies are singularly homogeneous—are indeed identical in theology and church discipline, and differ only in some general features of ecclesiastical polity, such as episcopacy and lay-representation. About half of the Methodism of the United States is found in "the Methodist Episcopal Church." The other half consists of several bodies, all of which differ from the parent body by excluding lay-representation in their supreme councils. Their combined population, including communicants and congregational adherents, amounts to between one-fifth and one-fourth of the whole national population. They comprise about 2,000,000 communicants, 15,000 local and 14,000 traveling preachers; 200 colleges and academies with 32,000 students; publishing institutions with an aggregate capital of about $1,000,000—the one in New York city having on its catalogue 5000 books and 900 tracts, besides 2300 Sunday-school volumes, and scattering more than 1,000,000 copies of the latter annually, and 300,000 copies of Sunday-school periodicals; besides the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, alone, has more than 1000 "circuits" and "stations," foreign and domestic, nearly 1200 laborers, more than 105,000 communicants, including 30,000 Germans and Scandinavians, with 350 preachers using their own languages. It is to raise this vast machine, besides the "Centenary contributions" of the Church. This one Church has also more than 1,500,000 Sunday scholars, and an army of 200,000 lay and local teachers. These are certainly surprising facts for a religious body which may still be said to be historically in its infancy.

Theologically, Methodism is said to be nearly if not quite identical with the Church of England. Its only standard, or symbol of doctrines (in America, at least) is an abridgment of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Anglican Church, made by WESLEY, who, it is well known, was a tenacious Churchman. It entirely rejects Calvinism, and all distinctively Calvinistic tenets. It is peculiar in having no obligatory creed; its historians boasting that it was one of the practical maxims of WESLEY'S policy "not to maintain a spiritual life by its doctrinal orthodoxy, but to maintain its orthodoxy by its spiritual life." They affirm that it has never had a serious outbreak of heresy. WESLEY threw out of his abridgment all "creeds" except the "Apostles' Creed," and this he retained only in the Formula of Baptism, which he supplied to America for most of his people, as most were baptized before they became Methodists, and most of their children are baptized before they become members. He published some "General Rules" as the "only" terms of membership; these are entirely practical, and do not include a single dogmatic condition. His "Articles of Religion" are not recognized by these "rules," but are placed apart in the Book of Discipline more as an "ordinatory" than "obligatory" standard of doctrine—showing what an inquirer may expect to find taught in the preaching of the Church, but not what he shall be required to subscribe in order to become a communicant. Consent to the "Articles," however, is required as a *functional* qualification for the ministry; and there is, we believe, no regular withdrawal of teaching in Methodism.

The denomination has a good record for loyalty. Made up in an eminent sense of the people, it has thoroughly identified itself with the popular cause. WESLEY was at first opposed to the Colonial Revolution, having indiscreetly republished an abridgment of his friend, Dr. JOHNSON'S, pamphlet against it. But immediately on receiving news of the battles of Concord and Lexington he changed his position, took sides with the Colonies, and so wrote to the Earl of DARTMOUTH. The letter has been published, and Mr. BANCROFT has taken special pains to vindicate WESLEY by using his document which is to his credit volume. Most of the Methodist preachers in America at the outbreak of the war were Englishmen, and, like the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, hastened back to England. This fact prejudiced much the public mind against the new denomination, but it was as loyal as any other religious body. The new Church actually pledged guarantees the success of the year. It is, we suppose, the largest amount ever contributed by an American denomination in a single year, by a special occasion. Nearly all these funds are to be consecrated to the educational interests of the Church—a very significant fact.

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The denomination has a good record for loyalty. Made up in an eminent sense of the people, it has thoroughly identified itself with the popular cause. WESLEY was at first opposed to the Colonial Revolution, having indiscreetly republished an abridgment of his friend, Dr. JOHNSON'S, pamphlet against it. But immediately on receiving news of the battles of Concord and Lexington he changed his position, took sides with the Colonies, and so wrote to the Earl of DARTMOUTH. The letter has been published, and Mr. BANCROFT has taken special pains to vindicate WESLEY by using this

at such prices as they can obtain. At home they can neither sell nor borrow. The proprietor of an unincumbered estate worth before the war $60,000, recently went to Richmond, Virginia, and vainly endeavored to borrow $1000 on mortgage. No one had the money to lend. Further South it is still worse. The new National Banks are using all their means in the cotton trade. Landed proprietors and owners of railways and other industrial enterprises can get no aid at home. Even for such trifling sums as $500 and $1000 they are compelled to look North.

The opportunity should not be neglected by Northern capitalists. Slavery removed, there is no reason why the South should lag behind the West in material development, progressive population, or wealth. No part of this country has been so blessed by nature as Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. The soil will grow anything, from cotton to the finest wheat in the world; the climate is unsurpassed. A judicious traveller puts a comfortable test to the finest parts of France in saying that they reminded him of Virginia. And indeed there are but few Departments of France which can compare with that noble State. Kentucky and Tennessee are equally blessed. But for slavery each of these three States would at this time have supported a population larger than that of New York. With the abolition of slavery there is every reason to believe that the tide of European immigration will be diverted to these fertile States instead of to Illinois, Minnesota, and Iowa. It would not be surprising if the next ten years witnessed a development of what used to be called the Border Slave States as much and as thorough as was the development of the Northwestern States between 1850 and 1860. Neither Wisconsin, Minnesota, nor Iowa can for a moment compare with Virginia or Kentucky in natural gifts. And as men have become millionaires by simply buying farms in judiciously-selected spots in the Northwestern States, or by judicious investments in the railways and other industrial enterprises of that section, it is not at all impossible but that similar investments in the long-overvisited States of the South, especially the more northerly of the Southern States, may hereafter, under the impulse of European immigration, improved systems of agriculture, and, above all, a new and better public spirit, prove equally remunerative.

It is, of course, to the interest of the nation at large that the South should recover as soon as possible from the distress into which the war plunged her. All Northern men possessing common sense will aid her recovery by every means in their power. It is to be hoped that their efforts, which will naturally take the shape of private enterprises in the Southern States, will not be thwarted by exhibitions of the old intolerant spirit which was characteristic of the pro-slavery leaders. It may be hoped, for instance, that the purchaser of any one of the fine estates in Virginia which are now offered at low prices in our market will be permitted to select his own reading, to subscribe to the papers he likes, and will not be coerced by a Vigilance Committee into abandoning a newspaper which suits him because his neighbors think it too little to appreciate it. These points might as well be understood at once. We have seen a letter from a bookseller and news-dealer of a small town in South Carolina, written within three months, declaring that his neighbors forbade his selling any more copies of a certain popular Northern periodical. At the same time we have been solicited to negotiate the sale of certain property belonging to impoverished Southerners in that same locality. There is a slight inconsistency here. How can a Northern real estate agent or banker recommend his friends to buy or advance money on property which can only be tenanted subject to such conditions as the lords of the adjacent boroughs may dictate? We Northern men can not endure interference with our political creed. Some of us read the *Tribune*, some the *Evening Post*, some the *Times*, and some the *World*. But none of us will live where the enjoyment of our favorite paper is likely to be interfered with by outsiders. Before Northern capital flow freely to relieve the necessities of that region the Northern "notion" of free speech and free thought must precede it. The state of society so graphically depicted in that admirable work, "Inside," must undergo a radical change before the most energetic Northern broker can succeed in procuring much Northern money to help the South to its legs.

We entreat our Southern friends to understand—if their agents have not already made them acquainted with the fact—that they can derive no help at present from Northern Copperhead leaders or newspapers. Our Northern Copperheads have generally lost their money, and have all lost their credit. The Copperhead newspapers have no more influence than the letters of STEPHEN H. BRANCH.

The South wants money. It must have money. It will pay to lend it money. But it will be impossible for any Southerner to borrow money, even at usurious rates, upon the most undeniable security, if the lender is to be subjected at the South to disabilities or limitations of his social and personal rights.

A CLEAR ISSUE.

THE Address of the National Union Committee states briefly, precisely, and forcibly the exact issue. It is sharply defined, and there can be no misapprehension. It is the issue set forth at Syracuse, at the Loyal Southern Convention in Philadelphia, and by every Union orator and journal in the country. The foolish cry that nobody but the President and the Democrats know what they want has already died away. Vermont and Maine know distinctly what they wish. Illinois and Pennsylvania and Ohio and New York are not in the least doubt. The present issue is that the Constitutional Amendment, which the President himself formerly warmly favored, shall be adopted by any late insurgent State before it resumes its place in Congress.

This Amendment simply fixes in the organic law the legitimate results of the war.

First, It defines and defends citizenship in the United States and its rights.

Second, It bases representation upon the voting population; so that if any State chooses to keep a portion of its population uneducated, debased, and powerless, it shall not use that population to balance the intelligent and thrifty of other States; and also, that the change produced by emancipation in the original constitutional adjustment of representation may be rectified.

Third, Whoever has held office by the tenure of an oath to the Constitution of the United States, which oath he has violated, in order to find aid and treasure for the government, shall be disabled from office until Congress relieves the disability.

Fourth, The national debt shall never be repudiated, and the rebel debt shall never be paid by any State, nor any payment be made for emancipated slaves.

Fifth, Congress shall have power to enforce these guarantees by appropriate legislation.

This is the question before the people. Shall it be the country and mankind and equal liberty and steady loyalty which have gained by our victory, or shall it be the rebellion which, defeated in the field, outwits us in the surrender? And this is the question which the people understand, and have fully resolved to settle once for all.

THE HISTORICAL LESSON OF THE HOUR.

In the decision of the great question now before the country we have not only the lesson but knowledge. It is not to be wisely settled by an emotion, however generous, nor by a theory, however ingenious. The proper statesman for such a crisis are honest and shrewd and humane men who are also familiar with the great lessons of experience. Indeed, a radical defect of our national legislation is want of thorough education. Good men and true men may often adopt a false and dangerous political policy, simply because they are not familiar with the experience of men in other countries and at other times. In other words, a general and accurate knowledge of history is essential to a statesman's success.

We wish, therefore, that the address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College at its late anniversary, by Honorable ANDREW D. WHITE, might be widely circulated. It is circulated as a political tract of the highest order. MR. WHITE, of Syracuse lately, and we believe still honorary Professor of History in the University of Michigan, a Senator in the New York Legislature from the Onondaga district. His historical studies are extensive and profound, and his manly and fearless spirit leads them to bear like a Drummond light upon what seems to many minds the obscurity of the situation; and this is done without a word of allusion, sentiment, or sentiment. The address MR. WHITE maintains in his address that history shows the most energetic foe of liberty, the most dangerous to free institutions, the most destructive of nationality, to have been always an aristocracy based upon habits or traditions of oppression; and from the proofs of this he has drawn a clear picture of the manner by which the dangers springing from such an aristocracy can ever be permanently removed. Other battles may be longer, but this is the sharpest; "and as a nation uses its strength during the contest, and as it uses its wits after the contest," its national life is a success or a failure.

To the proof he summons Spain. He shows how the aristocracy was the disturbing element by erecting a substitute for patriotism, a substitute for political morality, and a theory of easy treason and perpetual anarchy; the latter involving three fatal ideas; the right of peaceable secession, the right of judging in their own cause, and the right of committing treason with impunity. Instead of grappling with this inexorable enemy Spain temporized and succumbed. This naturally produced an aristocratic inability to appreciate concessions. As length came the overwhelming force which suppressed the tyranny of the aristocracy by substituting one tyrant for many. Then the spirit of caste stimulated the evil tendencies of the monarch and demoralized the people. The result in Spain, says the orator, "was the growth of an oppressive caste, who, by their spirit of dissimulation, made despotism possible, and by their spirit of turbulence made it necessary."

MR. WHITE then cites, in illustration of his position, Ireland, France, and, finally, England; and advances with vast and irresistible proof to his conclusion that the oppressive caste must first be thoroughly subdued at all hazards, and then must be barred from resuming its power by guaranteeing full civil rights and political rights in germ to the subject class. The work of saving a nation from an oligarchy then is twofold. It is not finished until both parts are completed. Nations forget this at their peril. Nearly every great modern revolution wherein has been gain to liberty has had to be fought over a second time. So it was with the English Revolution in 1642. So it was with the French Revolution of 1789 and 1830. What has been gained by bravery has been lost by treachery. Nations have forgotten that vigorous feeling to gain liberty must be followed by sound planning to secure it."

This address is by far the most valuable application of the lessons of history to our situation that we have had, and they are presented with acute insight and trenchant force. The substance of an admirable politico-historical work is condensed into a few pages; and it would be fortunate for the country if every scholar brought his contribution to the altar in kind as Senator WHITE has done. It is a pamphlet of forty-six pages, published by THOMAS H. PEASE, New Haven.

THE SIBYLLINE OFFER.

We have stated elsewhere the precise terms upon which the loyal American people—and we use the word loyal not offensively, but for distinction—propose to allow the return of the late insurgent States. These are the terms which they are *now* willing to offer. Their offer will doubtless be universally and emphatically ratified at the next fall autumn elections. It will then be for the unrepresented States to determine whether they will accept these terms. The intelligent men in those States know perfectly well, whether the Democratic Copperhead papers and orators among us may say, that there is no vindictive feeling whatever upon the part of the Union party, no desire of personal revenge, no disposition to disregard the peculiar structure of our political system. But they know quite as well that it is the very general conviction of that party that there will necessarily be serious agitation until the country can see that equality of rights among the people is in the way of being every where established.

The Boston *Advertiser*, in recently speaking of this subject, truly remarked that the progressive settlement of such questions was like the offer of the Sibylline books. To-day you may have all for a price. To-morrow you can have less than two thirds of the price. The day after still less. Six years ago all that was asked was, that slavery should not go into the Territories. The offer was rejected, and the Slave States made war. In the first months of the war some of our Generals returned fugitive slaves, and offered to suppress insurrections. In a few months more and there was a general demand for colored troops and emancipation. In the second year slavery was generally abolished by proclamation. At the end of the war the defeated States were required by President Johnson to adopt the Emancipation Amendment. They are now asked to guarantee civil rights. It is time for Congress to consider. What rates they gained by refusing to allow that slavery should not go into the Territories, or by making war? What would they have gained by rejecting the Emancipation Amendment? What will they gain by rejecting the amendment now offered?

Had the popular leaders in those States been wise they would have been early convinced that the people who had suppressed the rebellion would not suffer those who had opposed them in the field of battle to settle the terms upon which the Union should be restored. That indeed was doubtless at first the conviction of the Southern leaders, which the President's course, by relaxed. But they should have known the loyal American people well enough to understand that they would not hesitate to repudiate a President even of their own election if he assumed to settle the great questions of the war without heeding them in the persons of their representatives. The people have shouted hoarse by the elections of the autumn, of which we have already seen the beginning, that the terms offered by Congress can not be set aside by the President nor by any lawful power. Do the States in question imagine that the terms will be made easier? Do they suppose that the people are likely after the cause of the war to reduce their demands? Let them remember the Sibylline books. It was not the price that was diminished.

THE AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

THE American Association for the promotion of Social Science is a society of eminent scholars and persons of every pursuit, whose object is *inquiry* into the wisest practicable methods of effecting the most desirable reforms in every department of social interest. At the last annual meeting papers of great value were read by HENRY C. CAREY, of Philadelphia, upon Social Resources; Dr. ISAAC RAY, of the Butler Insane Asylum, Providence, Rhode Island, upon the Isolation of the Insane; President HALE, of Harvard University, upon the Problems of Education; Dr. PALMER, of the University of Michigan, upon Sanitary Science; MR. SANBORN, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Charities, upon the Reformatories of that State, and the Present Condition of Legislation in regard to them; and other papers upon the various variety of social topics by other gentlemen. It is a thoroughly earnest and intelligent association to which the practical legislation of many States will be gratefully indebted. The next annual meeting will take place at New Haven, on Tuesday, the 8th of October, at 10 A. M.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD BONDS.

We draw attention to the advertisement of the Central Pacific Railroad Bonds, given on page 638. The Road is progressing with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of railway enterprise, and the bonds for sale by Messrs. FISK & HATCH are secured by a mortgage which is declared by Congress to constitute a first lien and superior to that of the United States Government. The earnings of the Road for the three months of May, June, and July amounted to $217,545 61.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

AN Italian artist, residing in New York, named PIETRO FERRARI, has engaged another Italian, named ALESSANDRO URANI, to murder his rival at HERO; some dispute arose between them on the 19th of September, growing out of delay in the execution of the work which the employer, killing him almost instantly, and being pursued, shot himself through the head, causing death in a few minutes. Some HERO sent a considerable gift to the family of the murderer, and announced her purpose of giving a representation for their benefit.

A. G. CHITTENDEN has received United States Senator by the New Jersey Legislature.

A curious case of double dealing occurred at Dover 16 at Chicago. A tailor, from Germany, named Landenberg, finding that he could not get credit because of having stolen some money, which he pocketed, decided, rather than be tried by strike him at first, but not speaking the truth. The fearful imprecation had hardly been uttered when he fell to the floor a dead man. Upon medical examination it was found that the man had the heart disease, and that death was brought on by the excitement of the moment.

The Report of the Secretary of State gives nearly full returns of the recent Maine election, carefully prepared from official lists so far as published, and from letters from reliable sources. The list comprises 494 towns and plantations, which show a total vote of 127,000 for General Chamberlain, and 49,147 for MR. Pillsbury: making a majority of 77,719. In 1864 Governor Cony had in the same towns 68,866; MR. Howard, 44,176: majority, 24,690. MR. Pillsbury gains 16,558. The remaining places threw 3846 votes last year, and 2 the ratio of gain in the same as in the rest of the State the majority for General Chamberlain will be nearly 78,000.

It is estimated that 30,000,000 bushels of corn have been destroyed by the freshet in the Mississippi bottoms. The region from the Northwest represents the whole country, and causing an immense destruction of property.

General D. N. Couch has been appointed to the vacant Collectorship of Boston, as successor of MR. Hamlin, and George H. Kingsbury, Postmaster, in place of MR. Palfrey.

Madame Ristori made her first appearance in this city on the evening of September 24, in the character of Medea fulfilled the high expectations which had been excited. On the 26th she appeared in the rôle of Maria Stuarda (Mary Queen of Scots), her performance of which is fully justified the anticipations which had been raised by her Medea.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

September 17:

(PARIS.)—The French circular says that the recent changes in Europe are favorable to France. Prussia could likely not oppose her interest in Belgium. Austria now has no hostile intent. The Convention of August 20 with Italy carried out. Navies of reconciliation Powers insure the liberty of the Baltic and the Mediterranean. Peace justifies the Emperor's mediation between Prussia and Austria and Italy, and blame the inconsistency of people of the same language and interests to any of the Powers of Europe. It knows the necessity of perfect reform and military organization, not, however, as a threat, and proposes a Congress of peace in Europe.

It is said that the Emperor Napoleon has refused to allow officers of the French army to hold office in Mexico, owing to the protest of the United States Government.

(ST. PETERSBURG.)—The news who attempted to assassinate the Czar, several months ago, has been executed.

September 19:

(BERLIN.)—The Prussian fleet in the harbor of Kiel has been put out of commission, and there are evidences on all sides of a general disarming.

September 20:

(TRIESTE.)—A great battle has been fought in the Island of Candia between the Turks and the Insurrectionists. The Turks were the victors.

September 20:

(ROME.)—The Finance Committee sent here from Mexico to negotiate for a loan are in Rome, and have announced that the Empire of Mexico is without funds.

September 21:

(BERLIN.)—The Prussian army, returning from the Austrian campaign, is the principal topic of the National Capital to-day amidst the greatest rejoicings and enthusiasm.

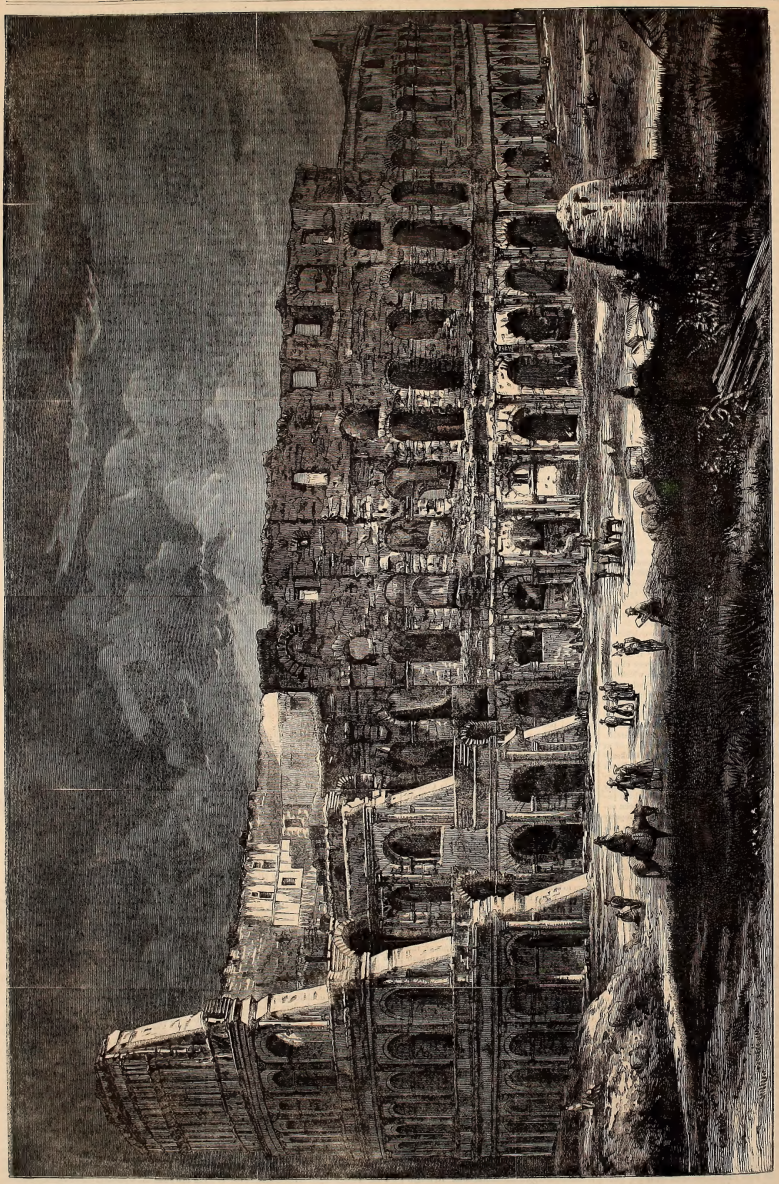
(DRESDEN.)—Peace has been concluded between Prussia and Saxony.

September 22:

(PARIS.)—It is said that the Empress Eugenie will shortly repair to Rome to condole with the Pope.

(VIENNA.)—Count Alexander has been made Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army.

The armistice signed to August 26 are received. Fighting of a most stubborn and sanguinary nature occurred on the 16th and 18th of July, causing a loss of 4000 killed and wounded in the Allied armies, and an approximate number in the Paraguayan army.

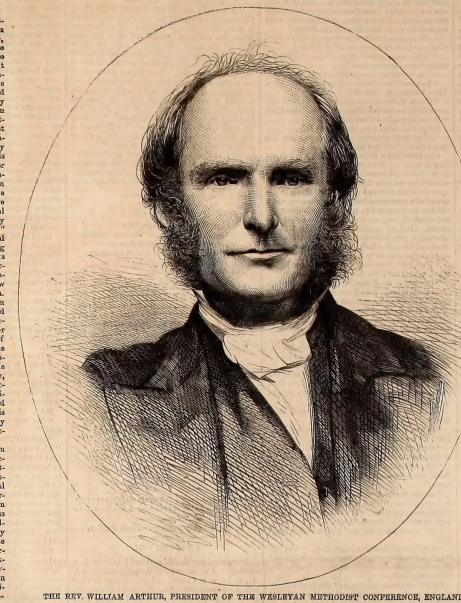


THE COLISEUM AT ROME.—FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 630.]

REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR.

THE annual Conference of the Wesleyan Methodists, held at Leeds, in England, according to their custom, in the last week of July, elected the Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M., to be the President of the Conference next year. He is a popular and useful minister, who was educated at one of the Wesleyan theological colleges, and employed some time as a missionary in the East Indies, but has lately taken his turn at several of the most important home stations, where the earnest and impressive eloquence of his preaching has been highly appreciated by multitudes of listening people. He is also favorably known as an author beyond the limits of his religious connection, having produced, in addition to the "Tracts on Revivals," and "The Tongue of Fire," which relate more particularly to the work of Evangelical ministration, an interesting biography entitled "The Successful Merchant," and a well-aimed book on the political revolution of 1859 in Italy, presenting concisely and emphatically the results of his observations and inquiries during a tour through Piedmont, Tuscany, and the Roman States, a few months after the peace of Villafranca. The cause of Italian freedom had in Mr. ARTHUR one of its earliest and ablest literary defenders; and his remarks on the Pope's temporal power in Rome were dictated by no spirit of narrow sectarian hostility, but by the broadest and most liberal considerations of justice and human right. He visited this country a few years since, and not a few of us have a vivid recollection of his eloquence and genuinity. He was a firm friend of the United States during the late rebellion. His two important works, that on Italy and "The Tongue of Fire," were republished by HARPER & BROTHERS.

The present state of the Wesleyan Connection in Great Britain was reported at the late Conference to be satisfactory. There are 331,193 church-members and 20,819 persons on trial for membership. Several new circuits have been formed in the London district, and a Wesleyan chaplain has been appointed for the Guards in Wellington Barracks. There were sixty seven candidates for ordination to the ministry examined at the late Conference. In educational efforts a remarkable advance has been made, twenty-seven new day-schools having been established last year, with an addition of 4669 scholars. The total number of day-schools connected with the Connection is 606, and scholars 88,194. There has been an increase of seventy-one Sunday-schools during the past year, and of 5756 scholars. A very large outlay has been made in chapel building. The committee intrusted with this department has authorized an estimated expenditure since the last Conference of one million of dollars, the total outlay of the year having been about one and one-third millions, and during the last clergy years $2,000,000 of chapel debts have been paid off. At the meeting of the Theological Institution Committee, it was stated that the estimated annual outlay in future, including that on behalf of the proposed new institution near Leeds, is about $42,500, but the income now only reaches $30,600. The feeling of some leading men seemed to be that it was much better to have several smaller institutions in different parts of the country than only two or three large ones. A resolution has been passed by Conference expressing the hope that the denomination will shortly be in a position to erect another college at Birmingham in addition to the one shortly to be built at Headingley. It is also decided that the expenditure shall not exceed $60,000.



THE REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE, ENGLAND.

SUPPRESSION OF NUISANCES.

WE give on this page a sketch illustrating an instance—fortunately a common one—of the suppression of nuisances in our large tenement houses by the Metropolitan Board of Health.

Much has been said and published tending to throw discredit upon the Board of Health and ignoring the important work which it has accomplished. But there can be no question but that we should have had in this city a repetition of the disastrous cholera seasons from which we have on former occasions suffered so severely, but for the energetic and unceasing labors of the Board of Health. To them it is due that the cholera has been stamped out of this city, and that while from some of the cities in the West we hear of hundreds of cases daily, we are ourselves almost entirely free from this terrible scourge.

New York City is cleaner than it has been for years; and if the Board of Health had not been subject to interruptions from our courts the result would have been still more satisfactory.



THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF HEALTH SUPPRESSING NUISANCES IN A TENEMENT HOUSE IN NEW YORK CITY.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

THE COLISEUM AT ROME.

THE illustration which we give on page 628 of the Coliseum at Rome is from a recent photograph, and gives an accurate view of the present condition of the most stupendous amphitheatre of ancient times. It was commenced by the Emperor VESPASIAN and finished by TITUS. Hitherto amphitheatres had been constructed of wood, like the mont part; but these structures were too frail for their purpose. The fall of one of these wooden buildings at Fidenæ killed or injured 50,000 persons. Accidents of this sort led to the construction of the famous Coliseum. It is said that the expenses of this structure would have erected a metropolis.

Nine thousand wild beasts were destroyed at the dedication of the amphitheatre. These were hunted to death in the presence of the blood-delighted people of Romans, and then the area was suddenly filled with water, and sea animals were made to contend, and a sea-fight exhibited. It was here that the most celebrated of the gladiatorial contests were exhibited; and here it was that, during the era of the persecution of Christians, the martyrs of the new faith were made to contend with wild beasts for the amusement of a heathen audience. In 1750 some depredations began to be made upon the building. Besides former removals, MICHAEL ANGELO took away nearly one-half of the external wall to build the Palazzo-Farnese.

When this amphitheatre was in its glory and filled with Romans, with the Emperor seated in a conspicuous and highly adorned seat, with the aristocracy of the great city in the first tier, the people above, and in the galleries the servants and dependants, with the women seated in their front, the sight must have been magnificent and imposing. But the scene which led that vast audience to gather to gloat over the violent death of human beings gives us an insight into the character of the Romans, and the degradation of the ante-Christian era.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

THE motto of that afternoon might have been:

"Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unmeasured heaven they know not whither:
And the eye forget the tears they have shed—
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache."

For every thing was in a glory of freshness and sweetness: the sky was brilliantly blue; and the thirsty leaves had either drunk up all the rain-drops, or were burnt from so jewels in the sunshine.

The children fairly danced along the road; darting hither and thither after dandelions and buttercups and chickweed; laughing at the tired frogs in the wayside ditches, and studying themselves in the little pools of water that spotted the muddy road.

"Would you get in that little boat, Sam," said Primrose, coming to his side with both hands full of spring beauties. "Is it to hold flowers?"

"No sure; you may put them in by-and-by."

"But what's it now?"

"Some jelly from mamma, for an ailing child."

"Ailing?" said Lily. "What's ailing?"

"He is not always very sick, but will probably never be well."

"Poor child!" said Lily, taking a jump over a little bright pool in her way. "It's nice of mamma to send him jelly. Sam, we're going to plant all the rest of our seeds to-morrow."

"Another time," said Sam, "try and plant just before rather than just after a rain. The ground is harder to work."

"Harder, because it's softer," said Lily.

"I did think of sowing mine yesterday," said Clover; "but it was so cold—and I didn't want the run any risks. Sam, when these are planted—sowed, I mean—and all the rest of my little seedlings are out, my garden will be pretty full, won't it, just left a place for each kind, all marked out and ready?"

"And that's all the spare room you have?"

"Every bit. Except—there's one other little place," said Clover, hesitating.

"What is that for?"

"For—the geranium, you know," said Clover, "Only, dear me, the geranium! I have not forgotten my promise; but the weather has been too cold for such tender things."

"I think our gardens will be replenish'd," said Primrose, "if Maria Jarvis *does* call 'em queer little places."

"I, mine is making quite a show already," said Lily; "it's getting all green. I saw it this morning from the window."

Sam uttered one of his provoking "Ah's!" and inquired whether it was green with flowers or weeds.

"Why, it can't be weeds, of course," said Lily; "I've just planted my flowers there, and there weren't any weeds even in sight."

"I pulled up two out of my garden," said Clover, shaking her head. "Sam, where do weeds come from?"

"They come from seeds; and the earth is full of the seeds, just as our beartaree full of seed thoughts and tempers, all ready to spring and grow the moment they have a chance. Then other seeds come sailing along on the wings of the wind, and drop down and lodge here and there; as some bad thought or impulse drops into our hearts from a poor book or a silly conversation. And as if that was not enough, we ourselves go and walk in weedy places—into foolish company, and bring home weed seeds or sin seeds, or folly seeds, in plenty."

As Sam spoke he lifted the corner of Lily's short cloak, and behold it was stuck full of burs!

"Well, what now?" said Lily. "Tiresome things! they would get on."

"You are taking them home to plant," said Sam. "To plant!" cried Clover, in terror. "Oh, stop, Lily; let me pick them off!"

"If you should try for the road-side they will grow there, and molest future travelers," said Sam. "Never help spread a bad thing."

"But what shall I do, then?" said Lily.

"Wear them patiently till we get to a fire, and then pick them off and burn them."

Lily grumbled a little at that; but she had not long to wait. A few steps more brought them to a little bit of a road house by the way-side, with only an old fence between it and the road. Sam pushed open the little gate and went in, and there, in the morsel of a court-yard before the house, was a child at work, earnestly, patiently, with great toil and effort, digging up the ground with an old fire-shovel. He stood up at the sound of the gate-latch, showing a pale little face, to which not even his work had brought a flush; but it came now, a flush of great gladness, as he looked at Sam.

"Well, Dick, how does your garden grow?" Sam asked, taking the little thin hand in his own.

"I've got it most dug, Sir, and my morning-glory seeds is up. They'll cover the fence, mother says. There's a blue seed and a white seed."

"Two morning-glory seeds!" said Lily, trying to see Clover's face when she heard that, and remembered her little paper bags full of precious bayonet beans and canary-bird vine.

"Is that all you have to plant?" inquired Sam.

"Jane Lefferts gave me some marygold seeds," said the child, "There was *three*—I'm all red and brown and yellow *they'll* be." And stimulated by the thought of the marigold flowers, little Dick piled his old shovel with great zeal; then stopped for breath.

"How do you do to-day, Dick?" said Sam, kindly.

"Better, sometimes, and sometimes worse," said Dick, with a smile.

"Dick, do you love flowers very much?" said little Primrose, sidling up to him with her wistful look.

"Oh, better'n any thing!" said Dick. "Just think, when the morning-glories roun all over the fence!"

Primrose drew a long breath of wonder and ecstasy, and sympathy, mingled with two or three other things that she herself did not know, looking up with an appealing face to Clover.

"It's a grand day for your garden to-day," said Sam.

"Yes," said Dick, with a happy look. "And just think: my mother says the sun's just as bright and the rain's just as sweet here on my seeds as in Mr. Jarvis's big garden."

"Ay!" said Sam, musingly; "the Lord maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

Mother says that's why it's all good, because God seeds it," said Dick. "And she thinks he'll make my flowers grow, because I love him and she love him."

It was such a new idea, you should have seen the three children that it set them wonder.

"Will *that* make 'em grow?" said Primrose, thinking of a patch in her own little garden where the seeds had not sprung up. But Dick gave her no help out of the difficulty.

"It must to that with mine," he said, "'cause there's nothing else! Mother says we never get any thing any other way."

"Happy people you and your mother are," said Sam. "Well, Dick, God has sent you something else to-day—he told my mother to make you some jelly, and to put a loaf of nice white bread in the basket too. So you can have a little supper nobody else. And whatever you want just tell Him, and He'll know just the best person to send with it." And Sam set down the basket he held on the doorstep and strode off into the road again, followed by his wondering little sisters.

"

As if the words had been put into my mouth, and were not my own, I rose and embraced him:

"Oh, dearest uncle, forgive her, forgive her!"

He put me gently away from him after a while, and made me no answer. But when we parted for the night he kissed and blessed me solemnly, and the last words he spoke to me were:

"Counsel are the peace-makers. I will try, Madge: I will try."

The sickly flare of a candle in the faint gray watchy daybreak was the first thing that met my eyes when I awoke next morning. The face of the woman who held it in her trembling hand startled me into complete wakefulness at once.

"Hester, what is the matter?"

"Miss Dorcas, Master! Master!"

"Is my uncle ill?"

"Oh, Miss Margaret! I'm afraid—"

I can remember how I reached his room. I have a confused idea of her huddling a great cloak over my shoulders, and of the chilly feeling of the oaken boards to my bare feet. I had hardly made a step across the threshold of my uncle's chamber when a strong gentle grasp was laid on my arm, and I heard Dr. Dacres's voice, saying:

"One moment, my dear Miss Sedley. Stay one instant to collect your strength!"

"Dr. Dicon. Let me go to him. He is ill; he wants me. You must not keep me from him!"

"My dear Miss Sedley, believe me, I would not so if your presence could be of use and comfort to him. But—be composed, I beseech of you—be—"

I broke from him and advanced to the bed. Oh, my beloved guardian and benefactor! No passionate tone of love he had listened to so often, no loving touch of the hand he had held in his generous protecting clasp, could stir him now. Dead, dead!

I was not unsupported in this heavy hour. Our old doctor was kind and friendly, and Mr. Norcliffe responded with instant promptitude to the hasty summons I sent him. They agreed that some affection of the heart had been the immediate cause of my uncle's death, and that it must have been peaceful and painless. He had passed away in sleep, they believed, for he was lying quite placidly on his undisturbed pillow when they found him in the morning, lifeless and cold. There had been no change made in his will. With the exception of some legacies to the servants I was left absolute mistress of the property.

"I know," said I to Mr. Norcliffe, "that he meant to make some provision for Anna and her boy. I am thankful to remember now that his last words to me were words of softening toward Anna."

"I believe you do, Margaret," said Mr. Norcliffe, "that he so intended. But the alteration has not been made. Whatever portion of your uncle's money goes to Mrs. Les now she must receive from your hand."

"I will hold it in trust for her," I answered. And we said no more.

CHAPTER XIV.

"SOME one wants you, please, Miss Margaret."

Hester's thin straight form stood in the doorway, and Hester's thin high voice spoke to me. I was sitting, very dreary and forlorn, in the old morning-room. The fire had died down to a dull red; the sky was leaden and lowering; winter was without, the house and grief within. Only yesterday they had carried away its master never to return. The last journey across the home threshold had been made; that journey which we must all make some day, and which leaves those who remain behind so desolate. Mr. Norcliffe was staying with Dr. Dicon, and they had both gone home, and left me for the evening. I was sitting solitary and sad, as I have said, by the low fire, with a sensation of utter loneliness and a yearning void in my heart when I was roused by Hester's, "Some one wants you, please, Miss Margaret."

"Wants me, Hester? Who is it?"

"They asked for master first, please, miss," said Hester, pressing her apron to her eyes, "and I said as there was—as there was—as no one here but you."

A tremor in her usually measured tones roused my attention, deadened and dead though all my senses seemed to be, with much crying.

"Who is it, Hester?"

"Oh, Miss Margaret, would you step into the dining-room, please? I couldn't bring myself to tell her. Will you, please, step into the dining-room?"

I got up and followed her with a confused dizzy feeling, and a strange doubt of my own identity, if I may so express the sensation which I have experienced once or twice on occasions of strong emotion. The dining-parlor was without even the dull fire which burned in the morning-room. Its air struck cold and dreary. Some leafless boughs in the garden, bedropped with sleet, tapped like elfin fingers on the window-pane. A woman, dressed in the deepest mourning, was sitting in the corner of my uncle's chair—at the end of the room. She rose up on my entrance. "I want to see my uncle," she said.

"Anna!"

She put out one hand to hold me off as I rushed toward her, and then I saw that she held a little sleeping child, wrapped in her shawl. "I want to see my uncle. Do you mean to keep me from him?"

"Oh, Anna, Anna, for your own sake do not speak so harshly. My poor girl, my poor love—too late, too late!"

She staggered, and Hester, who had come with me into the room, made a step forward, as if to relieve her of the child. But she clasped him tighter, and leaned on the chair behind her for support.

"Too late! What do you mean?" I could barely hear the words, her voice was so low and faint.

"Anna, he is dead. He was buried yesterday!"

She sank down into the great chair, and the little child rolled from her arm, as its grasp relaxed, on to her knee; but Hester took him and laid him, still half asleep, upon the sofa, while I busied myself with my sister. She had swooned. I called the other women-servants, and by degrees we revived her, and half carried, half supported, her to my own chamber, where we undressed her and laid her on the bed. She resigned herself to our hands, but uttered no word, and her wan face was motionless and rigid. After a time I sent the others away and sat by her side, silently watching. A dim light from the shaded lamp fell upon her face, and as I looked at it it seemed as if the years had been rolled back like a curtain, and I lived over again that moonlight, when in her very room I had told Anna of my love. Poor, changed, pale face! Drawn, and haggard, and aged, how altered from the lovely girlish countenance which had lain on the pillow blooming out of its nest of soft dark curls!

I glanced at the black dress that lay beside the bed, and I read in it the history of her grief.

As I sat gazing on my sister's face the large dark eyes opened and looked at me.

"I have been very ill, Margaret," at death's door. That is why I am so weak. Oh, I have suffered much in mind and body!"

She followed my glance to the black gown which lay by the bed. "Yes," she said, slowly, in a faint hoarse voice, "I have lost him. I have come home to die, with my fatherless child. If it were not for the child I would pray that this hour might be my last. But I am not worthy to pray, while you are weeping. How I envy you those tears! Mine are all spent, I think."

She closed her eyes again, and lay silent for a long time. Then her lips moved, and I heard her whisper:

"Margaret, bend down your face to me."

I leaned over her and touched her cheek with mine. I believe the same recollection rushed into her mind that had been in mine, for she suddenly she threw her arms around my neck, burying her face upon my breast, and burst into a flood of hysterical tears. I let her weep, while I held her in my arms, and speaking no word until the fit had exhausted itself. The tears eased her heart, and at last she lay, weak but composed, with my hand in hers. Far, far into the night I sat beside her bed, and listened to the broken story she told at intervals.

"No! Let me speak," she said, when, in consideration of her bodily weakness, I would have urged her to try to rest. "I can not rest now. I have told you all my misery. You know that we were poor, but you can not imagine how poor we were. Eighteen months ago Anna's husband struggled and suffered bravely, but I know now, and I knew then, that he felt it was all in vain. As long as we remained in England there was no chance, and no good husband things were not so bad. They helped us in a hundred nameless ways. Anna, don't I, little Lily boy? Margaret, I could not have procured the necessary help for her if it had not been for our old governess. I may—I may—I may, I anguish and die. But my wicked, proud spirit was not softened yet."

A spark of the old fire blazed in her eyes as she spoke.

"I could have endured it all and more, without clutching, if he had only been spared to me. But I would not bend, so I was broken—ground into dust by the only blow that could utterly overcome me. I mean, weak in body as I am, I should fall into a fever. We were in a wild, almost barbarous place, helpless—penniless. Then, Margaret, when he was struck down in his youth, and lay on a sick bed, then I was humbled and afraid. I would have gone on my knees before you to obtain the least one of the comforts he needed. We were hundreds of miles away from the only friends who cared for us on all that vast continent. I wrote to Madame de Beaupré myself, imploring her to send me help. The good creature came to me herself."

"God bless her!"

"Amen! God bless her! Yes; she made that long dreadful journey alone, traveling day and night to reach us. She found me holding the baby in his, and gazing on the wistful face. The little fellow, barely two years old, would sit mute and still, kneeling by his father for hours. If we attempted to take him away he struggled and sobbed until none of us had the heart to remove him. Many times we have seen us all so dropped asleep to carry him to his own little crib. One night I had fallen into an uneasy slumber from exhaustion, and I lay stretched on the floor at the foot of my husband's bed, when, in the dead silence of the night, I was awakened by hearing your name pronounced in a loud, clear voice. I looked to my feet, and saw Horace gazing intently in the direction of the door. 'You are come,' he said, with a smile, 'I knew you would come!' Margaret, before the avenging God, I believe that the anguish I endured at that moment might atone even for great wrong. I did you. 'My own love, my Horace!' I cried, frantically, clasping his poor, thin hand, 'don't you know me? Speak to me, my husband, or my heart will break.' His gaze never wavered from the door, but he pressed my hand with a feeble clasp, and whispered, 'Look at Margaret!' and so he died.

"Well! Grief does not kill, for I am here. I lay for six weeks, raving in brain-fever, and insensible to every thing around me. Our good friend nursed me, and took care of my boy, and fed us and clothed us, and, when I could be moved, carried us both to her own home near Quebec. And then she urged me to return, and cast myself at uncle's feet, and supplicate for pardon and reconciliation. She spoke firmly and openly to me. She probed my heart, and fearlessly showed me what a wretch I had been, even when I had most glorified myself in my misery. She told me that it was a duty I owed to my dead Horace to confide his boy to the loving care of those who could provide for him. She urged me remember that I had remained of perverse pride in my broken heart, and I came. If I could but have seen my uncle—if he could but have known how I longed for his pardon and his love, even when I was hardest and worst—but that consolation was denied me. It is just."

"Anna, he loved and forgave you at the last. I know that he dearly loved and fully forgave you. Had he not been taken away so suddenly he would have shown you by his will that—"

She laid her hand upon my lips.

"It is better so. I know that my boy and I must owe every thing to your generous hand, and I will take your gift from you as though it came from Heaven. Margaret, I am ill. I have been fought in a hard, hard school. It is better so, Margaret, better so."

I have little to add, Lucy. By slow degrees Anna recovered some measure of strength; but she was never more the blooming creature she had been once. While she lived she shared my home, and daily, hourly, made some new return toward the old fondness which had united us as children. The haughty spirit sometimes rose, the wayward temper occasionally broke forth, but never again was there any serious breach between us. Her boy, little Sedley—your father, Lucy—grew and thrived, and was the pride and sunshine of our home. Stock, bedridden and very near the close of his long life, permitted Anna's boy to climb up on a chair to his bed, all dimpled and chubby-piece in his cheeks, and to reach down and fill for him his cherished pipe. Such a concession Stock never made before. Baby and nurse and crabbed warder was attended by falling from the inexpert little fingers; but Stock resented any attempt to interfere with him.

"Let us be," he would growl out to Hester, who had constituted herself chief nurse-maid, and was a little jealous of her authority. "Women-folks knows nought about babies."

"Children should be obedient, Mr. Stock," Hester would retort, sharply.

"Ah! and so should women. Let us be. He'll be all right, I tell ye. He's got more sense in his little curly poll nor some as is more'n twenty times his age. Let us be, I tell ye, or I'll be wroth, d' that child!"

Nor did any number of mishaps, in the filling of a long series of pipes, shake Stock one jot in his conviction that if the "women-folks" would only have Master Sedley's boy, he would infallibly come out triumphant from any possible trial of his skill and wisdom. The child took greatly to me. Sometimes, when he came willingly to sit on me in his gleeful way, his merry laughter and bright arch glance would make me sad for a season. For it was as if his features spoke some subtle and pleasant lesson to me. But little Sedley, though he inherited Horace's sweet temper and buoyant disposition, was made of sterner stuff than his father. He had what poor Uncle Gough used to say Horace wanted—ballast.

You have heard of Mr. Norcliffe from your father. He took my sister's boy in hand and helped to make him the clever doctor he is now; and the pretty house where you and your brothers and sisters were born once belonged to him. After my sister's death I gave up the Gable House and came to be near Sedley Les and his young wife. When children gathered round him and their pleasant home was filled with the sound of fresh young voices, I begged to have you, my godchild, to be as a daughter to me. Your good parents gave me you with their trusting, and their treasure is very dear and precious to my heart.

Anna died with her head upon my breast, and my hand in hers. My name was the last word upon her lips, as it had been on the lips of him whom we both loved so well.

From my chamber window that looks on the sea I sit and watch the glorious striving waves, that rise and fall, and fall and rise again. With very different eyes do I look upon them now, from those of that poor lonely girl who sat at this window for years near fifty years ago. The waves toss and leap wildly, but the heart that once beat more wildly than they is still. I look out at the sunset, and think with a thankful spirit that my life is setting, serene and bright, even as the daylight dies brightly in the west. I wait the summons to depart, not impatiently—for life has many sweet elements for me—but with hope. The remembrance of my early sins, my errors, persons, and incidents become, not less but more clear to me as I grow old. And sometimes it is with me, as the German poet has said: "I look upon each near scene as far off, and that which has disappeared becomes the only reality."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

CHARITY TOWARD AN ENEMY.—A Mr. Stirling, who was minister of the barony church of Glasgow during the war with France, and other countries, maintained against the insatiable ambition of Louis XIV., that gold, the sinews of war, was the true cause of strife, used to beseech the Lord that he would take the haughty tyrant of France and shake him over the mouth of hell; "but, good Lord," added the worthy man, "dinna let him fall in." The curious prayer having been mentioned to Louis he laughed heartily at his new and ingenious method of punishing sinners, and frequently afterward gave as a toast "The good Scotch parson."

A NOTABLE DIFFERENCE.—The difference between a bank-note and a bird-note is, that the latter is "cheep" and the former isn't.

A distinguished Frenchman don't like American lighthood, because the dear creatures eat with their hats on. Not now—a lamp-mat is no hat.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

An Insolvent Dairyman complained that his only persecuting creditor was his Dun Cow.

An Asylum for Lunatic Creditors would find an appropriate site at Duns-lane.

A gentleman was complaining that it cost him ten dollars every time he went to church, as he only attended five times a year and his pew tax was fifty dollars per annum. "Why don't you go oftener," asked a religious broker, "and reduce the average?" That was a poser.

The Koran has the following passage: "Mohammed, in one of his visions, saw an angel in the third heaven so large that his size reached seventy days' journey apart." What an awful "bridge" he must have had to walk on!

The Telegraph Cable makes a bed of the Atlantic Ocean and pillows of the two continents.

A worthy man, who told that he was about to die, was asked by his wife if he was ready. "Yes," said he, "I have put on my clean shirt, taken off my boots and stockings and on and off. And this is about what life gets reduced to at about seven."

FOREM.—The individual who was lost in thought has since been discovered in a brown study.

An author-friend of ours says that all the elegant Cockneyisms lack about the Still Hour. He only wishes that his adored family would allow Ales such a month.

Why might surgeons really believe there is no such thing as chest?—Because they never saw it.

SWITH. "Brown's a regular wag, isn't he? He's fond of cracking his jokes."

Somerset. "Yes, he cracks his jokes—that's the reason they're so bad."

MOVABLE FEASTS.—"Baked Tatters all hot!"

"My dear Hentick, I had a very mysterious dream about you." "What was it, dear?" "Why, I saw you carried up to heaven in a golden chariot, surrounded by angels with wings." "Indeed! What is that a sign of, dear?" "It is a sign of a foul stomach, my dear."

"Sambo, where de boy?" "Wid de rake." "Whare de rake?" "Wid de hoe." "Whare dey both?" "Wid boaf hands."

JARKINS.—A seller of cement described it as peculiarly useful in mending jars.—"Would it mend the jars of matrimony?" "What was in the cement for in that case," said the peddler, "for that is sound enough." "Then I don't need both," said Jarkins. "In that case, there is more sound than sense," replied the peddler, and unmended.

A NICE HORSE.—"Momma," said a little fellow whose mother had forbidden him to draw horses and slates on the mantel-piece, as he heard with a sharp nail—"momma, this ain't a nice house. At Sam Hackett's house, he has a nice ball on the hall, and when the shovel and tongs over the carpet; but here we can't get any fun at all."

A Western Paradise is thus described: "No income tax; no infernal revenue; no spies to see if you treat the head of the family on special patrol; no day-tax, school-tax, or beauty fund." And, to end with, the Indiana editor hath forgotten to add the greenback from whether, so all our ones are tens."

DRY-GOODS DRUMMERS AT THE SOUTH.

IT would be singular if our Southern brethren did not despise us, if they judge us from some of the men who go among them, and if, in order to secure their custom, odds rebels themselves in their expression of rebel sentiments. In fact, it must be admitted that now, as before the war, the class of Northern men who go Southward, seeking custom, or designing to make a permanent stay, are a most despicable representative of the North, and form the most dangerous class of Southern citizens. We give on page 627 an illustration which we propose a series of too common occurrence upon our Southern railroads and in the hotels of Charleston, Mobile, and New Orleans. The rebel tells his own story, and it is to us a very painful and disgusting one.

We shall hail the day with joy when citizens from Northern States going Southward shall fairly represent the people of those States. Then, and not until then, will the badness of those who are honest, unflinching purpose become habitual, and do much to secure that freedom in the expression of opinion which is now in the South almost impossible.

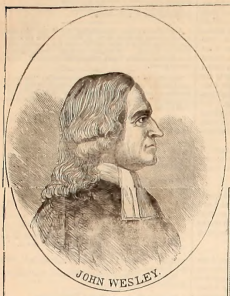
SHERIDAN'S TEN-PINS.

Our soldiers could not very well carry bowling-alleys along with them, but General SHERIDAN supplied this deficiency by the invention of a game of ten-pins, which we illustrate on page 627. A ball, usually a 6-pounder shell, was suspended from the limb of a tree, or from some convenient arrangement. The head of the ten-pins was placed either beyond or in front of the spot over which the ball hangs when at rest. This is necessary, as a direct hit is almost impossible to make otherwise. The game is played by throwing the ball so that it shall miss the pins on its forward swing, and strike them on the return. In order to do this it is necessary to "english" or twist the ball as it leaves the hand. Some very nice calculations are required to do this with certainty. Three shots are given to each player; but he loses these if he strikes the pins on the forward swing.

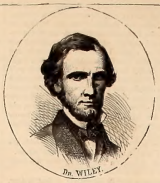
SHERIDAN," says our artist, "is by far the best player that I have seen, although some of his staff, and Colonel CRAIGHILL and CAPERELLE, are quite successful players."

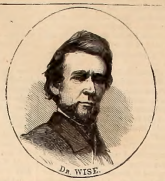
Following his freely-expressed idea, "that a Rebel is a man who can not unbend, but makes an effort to be a great man all the time," General SHERIDAN has arranged a game among the troops which has become lame in New Orleans. Here General with his staff and friends amuse themselves occasionally during the afternoon.

The game was always a favorite in the Army in the Cumberland, but never, we believe, introduce into the Army of the Potomac. General SHERIDAN is fond for the amusement of the contraband which camped near Murfreesborough.

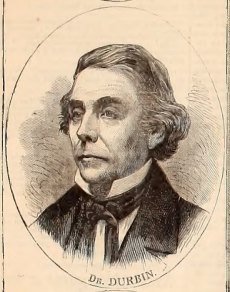

JOHN WESLEY.


DR. CURRY.

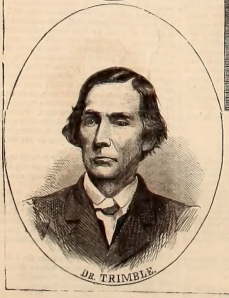

DR. WILEY.

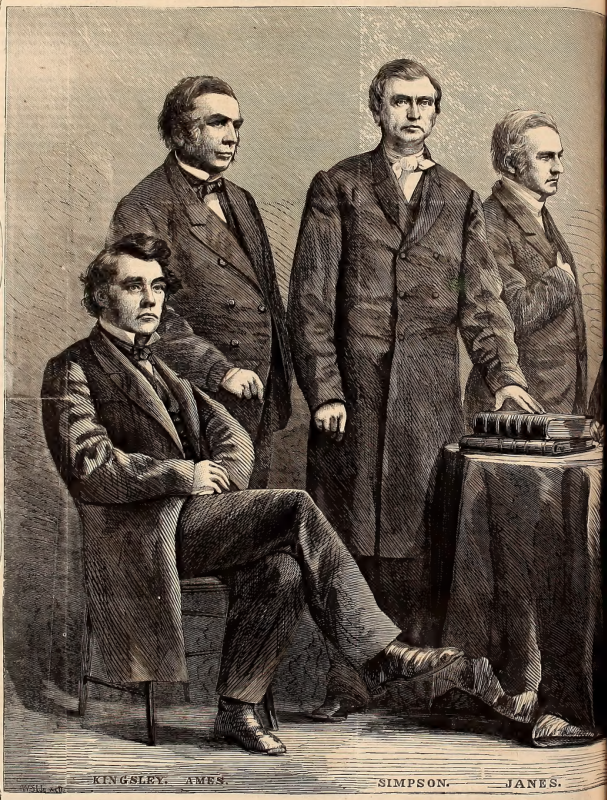

DR. WISE.


DR. EDDY.


DR. DURBIN.

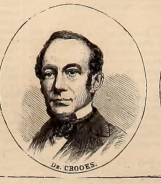

DR. HARRIS.


DR. TRIMBLE.


KINGSLEY. AMES. SIMPSON. JANES.


DR. HAVEN.


DR. NEWMAN.


DR. CROOES.


BISHOP ASBURY.

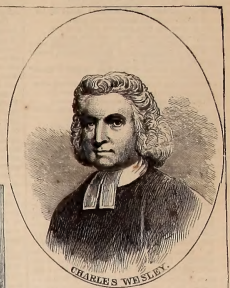
DISTINGUISHED MEN OF METHODISM.—FROM P

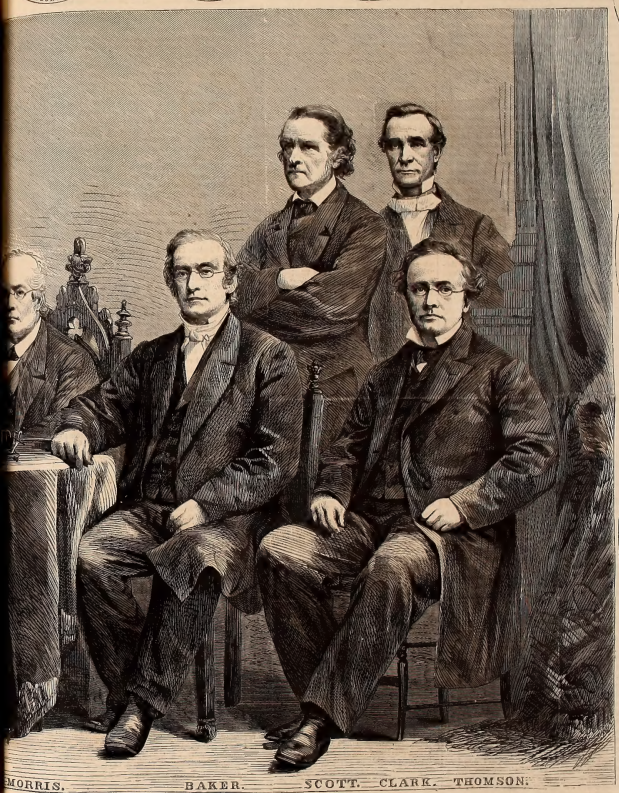

DR. CORLETON


DR. NESBIT


DR. CRARY


DR. REID


CHARLES WESLEY.


MORRIS. BAKER. SCOTT. CLARK. THOMSON.

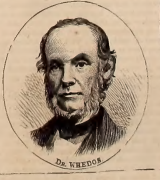

DR. NAST.


DR. McCLINTOCK.


BISHOP HEDDING.


DR. LORE


DR. MONROE.


DR. WHEDON


DR. STEVENS.

APHS BY BRADY, HALLETT, AND OTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 634.]

NOTHING TO SPARE.

WHAT! hast thou naught to spare? Alas! thy lot
Indeed is hapless: thou art very poor.
Poorer than thy poor brethren who have not
The hoarded much, that crieth still for more!
Where are thy baubles? Where thy glittering toys?
Where thy rich trappings? Thy amusements, where?
The daily luxury, that only cloys?
Oh! look, and see if thou hast "naught to spare."

Where is thy wasted time? Thy unbreathed word
Of gentleness? Thy hidden tears unshed?
The look of pity which thou mightest accord?
Oh! do not tell me thou hast "naught to spare."
Rethink thee ere thou speakest so again,
And for thy needy brethren have some care;
Oh! be more grateful to thy Father, when
So much He giveth thee—so much "to spare."

THE CENTENARY OF AMERICAN METHODISM.

THE Methodists celebrate in October their first Centenary in the New World. PHILIP EMBURY, THOMAS WRAN, and ROBERT STRAWBRIDGE, were the earliest pioneers of American Methodism; they were "local preachers," or volunteers, not receiving salaries as do "traveling preachers" whose time is exclusively devoted to the ministry. From the formation of the *first* Methodist Society in America in 1766 to march has been triumphant. In our Centential picture we present the heads of many representative men in the Church, with all of the living bishops. JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY, the founders of the sect, are also there, but they are so generally known that we need only refer to them.

No man did more for Christianity in the Western hemisphere than Bishop ASBURY. In the not only eighteen years old he entered the itinerant ministry in England, and soon afterward emigrated to America. At the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the year 1784, he was appointed Bishop. The Church had then less than 15,000 members, with 60 preachers; and when he died (1816), in his 71st year, the spiritual army which he led numbered over 211,000 Methodists, with 700 traveling preachers!

ROBERT WILLIAMS, a Wesleyan preacher, had arrived as early as 1769, then came JOSEPH MEE, and during the same year RICHARD BOARDMAN, with JOSEPH PILMOOR, who were the first regular Methodists or Wesleyan Missionaries. Bishop COKE ordained Bishop ASBURY, and these were the first Protestant Bishops of the Western World, unless we should except the episcopal officers of some of the Colonial Moravian settlements. From this small beginning Methodism in America has achieved a greater triumph in less than any since the days of the Apostles. About two millions of church-members, exclusive of some six millions of congregational adherents, are now embodied in its churches in America.

ELIJAH HEDDING, D.D., was born in Dutchess County, New York, June 7, 1780, and died April 9, 1852. He was elected to the episcopal office in 1824. He established the earliest Methodist paper, *Zion's Herald*, and labored zealously for the advancement of literary and theological education. He was a man of imposing personal appearance, of singular dignity and suavity, and of rare wisdom in counsel, and high authority in theological science.

BISHOP THOMAS A. MORRIS, D.D., is a Virginian, born 1794. After serving as editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, etc., he was elected to the Episcopal office in 1836. As a preacher, pure and exemplary, he still lives to bless the Church with his wise counsels,—a man of extremely laconic speech, brief but always impressive in his preaching, in conversation given to anecdote and pithy sayings and to a rich humor.

LEVI SCOTT, D.D., is a Marylander. He entered the ministry in 1826; in 1840 he became Principal of the Carlisle Grammar School, and subsequently one of the Book Agents at New York. In 1852 he was consecrated Bishop. In the performance of his episcopal duties he has visited the distant missions in Western Africa, and has recently ordained Bishop ROBERTS, a colored man, to that work. He commands the highest estimation of his Church for his piety, talents, and memorable services.

Bishop EDMUND S. JANES is a native of Sheffield, Massachusetts. He was born in 1807, commenced preaching in 1830, was elected Secretary of the American Bible Society in 1840, and Bishop in 1844. He is a man of ready and laborious minister, and has visited officially the California churches and the Methodist Missions in Europe.

OSMAN C. BAKER, D.D., was born at Marlow, New Hampshire, in 1812. He studied under FISK at Middletown, Connecticut, became a teacher in Newbury, and as a later period Professor in the Biblical Institute at Concord. In 1852 he was elected Bishop. He is a man of sound learning, of singular prudence, and an authority in Methodist jurisprudence.

EDWARD R. AMES, D.D., is a Western man, a native of Ohio, born in 1806, and educated at the Ohio University. He became a professor in an Illinois College, Missionary Secretary for the West, and, in 1852, Bishop. His personal appearance commands respect, and he is noted for his devotion and sagacity in the affairs of his denomination.

MATTHEW SIMPSON, D.D., was born in Ohio, June 21, 1810, and descended from Methodist stock. At first he studied medicine, then became the Professor of Natural Science in Allegheny College, and afterward President of the Indiana Asbury University. Next we find him editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, and finally, a Bishop. As a pulpit orator he is inferior to none in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He abounds in happy and brilliant illustrations: his voice is peculiar and monotonous, but his vigorous intellect and vivid sensibility give his sermons irresistible power.

DAVID W. CLARK, D.D., was born on Mount Desert Island, Maine. He graduated at the Wesleyan University in 1836, and has been a practical teacher, and for several years editor of the well-known *Ladies' Repository*. A writer of eminence, he has published several valuable works. In the year 1864 he was elected Bishop, and is universally respected.

Bishop EDWARD THOMSON, D.D., was born at Portsea, England, 1810, emigrated to the United States in 1819, and studied and practiced medicine. For some years he was either President or Professor in Western colleges. He also edited the *Ladies' Repository*, and in 1860 became editor of the *Christian Advocate*. He was made a Bishop in 1864. He is a polished writer and speaker, and is greatly esteemed.

Bishop CALVIN KINGSLEY was one of the last elected to the Episcopal office. He is a Western man, and a zealous and able fellow-laborer with his brethren and no prelate in the councils of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was editor of the *Western Christian Advocate* for several years, and also a Professor in the Allegheny College at Meadville, Pennsylvania.

Our picture is so arranged as to represent on one side of the Bishops the Secretaries of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The portrait of JOHN P. DURBIN, D.D., is a most striking one. He is a Kentuckian born and was born in 1800. After his graduation at college, in 1825, he became Professor of Languages in Augusta College; in 1831 he was elected Chaplain to Congress; in 1833 he became editor of the Pittsburg *Christian Advocate*, and in 1834 was appointed President of Dickinson College. He afterward published his Travels in Europe, and in 1850 was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, for the responsible duties of which office he possesses admirable qualifications. He is a powerful and most eloquent and popular pulpit orators. WILLIAM L. HARRIS, his efficient assistant, is also a Western man. He was born in Ohio, September 4, 1817. In 1847 he was appointed Principal of the Baldwin Institute, then a Professor in the Ohio Wesleyan University, and in 1860 Assistant Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society. He is a ready debater, laborious, social, and a general favorite.

J. M. TRIMBLE, D.D., is the Second Assistant Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, a Western man, born in Ohio in 1811. He entered the ministry as early as the year 1828, and has occupied the most important appointments in the Church. He is a laborious man, seemed, and is a man of effective talent. He was elected to his present important post in 1864, and now devotes his whole time to the duties of it.

On the right of the main picture are the heads of three clergymen—DR. NAST, M'CLINTOCK, and STEVENS—all of them editors, authors, and pulpit orators. At the top and bottom are the likenesses of the present editors of the Methodist periodicals, and the Treasurer of the Society. DR. CORRY (editor of the *Christian Advocate*), CORLIETT (editor of *Zion's Herald*), and HAVEN (ex-editor), and two publishers, LANE and SCOTT, are distinguished sons of the Methodist Church; DR. CROOKS, the learned editor of *The Methodist*; DR. CURTISS, editor of DR. WHEDON, the metaphysician of the Church, and editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, is from Hamilton. DR. PEIRCE was educated in the New York University; was formerly President of Genesee College, and is now the editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. DR. DASHIELL, the head of the Sunday-school department of the Church, and its eminently, especially as a writer and editor for children. The Rev. DR. H. F. CHASE, editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, is a good type of the House-steward—independent and plain-spoken. The Rev. DR. CURTIS, editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, published at Chicago, is "a live man" and a live paper. The Rev. DR. MAN has become one of the most eloquent and useful men of the Church. His travels in the Holy Land have been published by the Harpers, and fills well the editorial chair; and DR. MOSMER, a minister of great influence, and a powerful preacher, completes the whole list; and talents to the agency of the Church Extension Society, in which cause he has been most energetic and successful. DR. MOSMER, with his organization, has shown great wisdom in the selection of its bishops, editors, etc. All those whose likenesses are given in the picture are "men of mark," and, with two or three exceptions, have at various times been elected to office by the General Conference. The two large principles, it will be seen, have been selected from those who have been connected with the press of the Church.

How rapid and astonishing has been the progress of Methodism! On the 12th of May, 1739, the foundations of the *first* Methodist chapel in the world were laid at Bristol, England; and in November following the "Foundry," in London, was consecrated. The former bore the humble name of "The Preaching House;" and the latter took the former title of the "Old Foundry," having been once used for casting iron. At that moment JOHN WESLEY had no thought of founding a new sect. He was a firm Churchman, and opened these edifices for the temporary accommodation of his followers, and for a still better reason—the clergy of the Establishment had excluded him from its pulpits and his people from their sacramental altars.

The year when these earliest chapels were opened is considered the epoch of Methodism, for it was in the year 1739, also, that MR. WESLEY organized his *first* society; and this, he says, "was the rise of the United Society," which has continued in unbroken succession down to the present day. WESLEY, the great founder of the sect, lived to see METHODISM established in the United States with an Episcopal organization. He also saw it planted in the British North American Provinces and the West India Islands, and died in 1791, with his religious system extending to Africa, and numbered by five hundred and fifty itinerant, with thousands of local and traveling preachers, and over one hundred and fifty thousand members.

In the year 1839 was celebrated the one hundredth aniversary of English Wesleyan Methodism, a festive day of religious observance by Methodists throughout their churches in all parts of the world. Pecuniary contributions were called for and answered by a liberality never equaled in their history, if in that of any other Christian body. The "Wesleyan" gave *one million one hundred and fifty thousand dollars*; and the American Methodists *one hundred thousand*. Signal indeed had been the blessings of Heaven upon their past history, and at that Centenary the denomination had increased to more than one million of communicants in the United Kingdom, British Provinces, West Indies, the United States, etc., including the thousands in the unbridged transit preachers. Its missionaries were about three hundred and fifty, with some three thousand unpaid assistants, occupying more than three hundred stations in Sweden, Germany, France, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, Africa, Ceylon, Continental India, New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, Hawaii Islands, Vavau, Feejee, and West India Islands. In their mission-schools they enrolled about forty thousand. More than seventy thousand communicants, and two hundred thousand hearers, attended their mission chapels.

Such was the *first* century of Wesleyan Methodism, clearly demonstrating its Providential mission and its wonderful adaptation, spiritual life. Introduced into America one hundred years ago, it has retained the spirit of its original mission, and has been a powerful religious agent, and here its growth has been rapid beyond a parallel. Its first religious society was formed in this city in the year 1766. It has now, at the end of the last century, in thirty-four years, its standards had been planted from Nova Scotia to Georgia, and from the Atlantic to the limits of civilized society. By this time there were eight annual Conferences, three bishops—COKE, ASBURY, and WRAN—with 83 preachers, with several thousand local preachers, and about 65,000 members, of whom 13,000 were Africans. By the year 1812 the membership had increased to 250,000, and its preachers to over 1300.

American Methodism, like the parent Wesleyan body, has been the friend of liberty and education. As early as the year 1784 Bishops COKE and ASBURY commenced Cokesbury College, near Baltimore, which was burned by unconscious others have rapidly followed in the denomination. The Methodist Episcopal Church now reports not less than 26 colleges, including theological schools, with 158 professors and teachers, 8345 students, 105,531 library volumes, and property valued at $3,067,861. To these must be added 77 academies, 556 instructors, 17,761 scholars, 10,462 of whom are females. Before the year 1870, Southern Methodists Church had 12 colleges, 77 academies, with 8000 students, making an aggregate in the two bodies of 194 literary institutions with 31,106 scholars. Who can estimate the moral, social, and religious influences which these educational movements of Methodism have exerted on our land?

Methodism is diffusing literature among the people. WESLEY himself incessantly employed his pen. His Methodist Magazine, which he began, is called, is now one of the largest religious publishing establishments in the world, its capital being invested in stock the year 1789 from $600 to nearly $1,000,000. It circulates more than a million copies monthly of periodicals, one Quarterly Review, two Monthlies, one Semi-Monthly, with eight Weeklies. These probably have a larger circulation than any other works of the same class in the world. No one can affirm that Methodism does not greatly contribute to the progress of general literature.

A most prominent place does Methodism occupy in the vital work of Sunday-school teaching. The Methodist Episcopal Church alone has now 13,400 schools, 918,000 scholars, 150,000 teachers, and during the past year chimed in 90,000 converts in these branch institutions. In the school libraries are more than 2,229,000 volumes, and nearly 260,000 Sundays-school papers are issued and circulated weekly monthly. We believe that no institutions in our land dispense a mightier power for private and public good than the Methodist-schools.

Methodism continues essentially, as it ever has been, a missionary movement. From 1808 to the present time it believes have contributed about more than twenty millions of *dollars* for foreign missions. Last year the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church reached almost $650,000; and it has now from this country missionaries in China, India, Africa, Bulgaria, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and South America. From its commencement to 1865 its funds have amounted to nearly *six* million dollars. It is to raise a million the present year.

According to the last United States Census Report the Methodist Episcopal Church, as a whole, is the richest in the land. Her property in churches and parsonages is there valued at $27,000,000; in colleges and theological schools, $3,055,000—making, exclusive of the Book Concern and other property, $30,055,000. Such statistics are by some thought dull and uninteresting, but they are the ledgers of history, and in Church and State constitute the balance-sheet of social and religious improvement, and, as such, we leave these on Methodism without further comment.

SPEAK GENTLY.

"I AM entirely at a loss to know what to do with that boy," said Mrs. Burton to her husband, with much concern on her face, and in an anxious tone of voice. "I never yield to his imperious temper. I never indulge him in any thing; I think about him, and care about him at all times, but see no good result."

While Mrs. Burton was speaking, a bright, active boy, eight years of age, came dashing into the room, and, without heeding any one, commenced beating with two large sticks against one of the window-sills, and making a deafening noise.

"Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed his mother, going quickly up to him, and jerking the stick out of his hand, "can I not teach you some manners or decency? I have told you a hundred times that when you come into a room where any one is sitting you must be quiet. Go up stairs this moment, and do not let me see your face for an hour!"

The boy became sulky in an instant, and stood where he was pouting sullenly.

"Did you hear what I said? Go up stairs this moment!"

Mrs. Burton spoke in a very angry tone, and looked quite as angry as she spoke.

Slowly moved the boy toward the door, a scowl gathering his brow, that was but a moment before so bright and cheerful. His steps were too deliberate for the overexcited feelings of the mother; she sprang upon him, struck him, and, seizing his arm, pushed him from the room and closed the door loudly after him.

"I declare I am out of all heart!" she exclaimed, sinking down upon a chair. "It is line upon line and precept upon precept, but all to no good purpose. I think I will break my rod over him!"

Mr. Burton said nothing, but he saw plainly enough that it was not all the child's fault. He doubted the wisdom of speaking and punishing so unequivocally, although he had often and often been on the point of doing so involuntarily. He knew the tempers of his wife well, and he was sometimes anxious about every thing that looked like charging any fault upon herself, that he feared more harm than good would result from an attempt on his part to show her that she was much more than half to blame for the boy's perverseness of temper.

Once or twice in the little fellow's upward himself at the door, but was driven back with harsh words until the hour for tea arrived. The sound of the tea-bell caused a sudden alteration in the boy's appearance. He impressions made on his mind. His little feet answered the welcome summons with a clatter that could be heard all over the house.

"Go back, Sir!" she said, sternly, as he burst open the dining-room door, and sent it swinging with a loud concussion against the wall, "and see if you can not walk down stairs more like a boy than a horse."

Master Henry withdrew, pouting out his rosy lips to the distance of nearly an inch. He went up one flight of stairs, and then returned.

"Go up to the third story!" was the first started from, and come down quietly all the way, or you shall not have a mouthful of supper."

I do not very well know how he did it.

"Go up, I tell you, this instant, or I will send you to bed without any thing to eat."

This was a threat that former experience had taught him might be executed, and so he deemed it better to submit than to run the risk of having his own way. The distance to the third story was made in a few light springs, and then he came pattering down as lightly, and took his place at the table quickly, but silently.

"There—there, not too fast; you have plenty to eat, and time enough to eat it in."

Harry settled himself down to the table as quietly as his mercurial spirits would let him, and tried to wait until Mrs. Burton had helped all at his efforts to do so, his hand went over into the breadbasket. A look from his mother caused him to drop the slice he had seized; it was not the look to which there was much affection. While waiting to be helped his hands were busy with his knife and fork, making a sad confusion of them.

"Put down your hands!" harshly spoken, remedied this evil, or rather sent the active movement from the fellow's hands to his feet. He had commenced a swinging motion, his heels striking noisily against the chair.

"Keep your feet still!" caused this to cease.

After one or two more reproofs, the boy was left to himself. As soon as he received his cup of tea he poured the entire contents into his saucer and then tried to lift it steadily to his lips. In doing so he spilled one-third of the contents upon the table-cloth.

A look at his mother, and a sudden check and rewarded this feat.

"Have I not told you over and over again, you incorrigible, bad boy, not to pour the whole of your tea into your saucer? Just see what a mess you have made with the table-cloth! I declare I am out of all patience with you! Go away from the table this instant!"

Harry went crying away, not in anger, but in grief. He had spilled his tea by accident. His mother had so many reproofs and injunctions to make that the hearing of them all in mind was a thing impossible. As to pouring out all his tea at a time, he had no recollection of any interdiction on that subject, though it had been made over and over again very often. In a little while he came creeping slowly back and resumed his place at the

table, his eyes on his mother's face. Mrs. Burton was sorry that she had sent him away for what was only an accident; she felt that she had hardly been just to the thoughtless boy. She did not, therefore, object to his coming back, and said, as he took his seat, "Next time see that you are more careful. I have told you again and again not to fill your saucer to the brim; you never can do it without spilling the tea upon the table-cloth."

This was spoken in kindness.

A scene somewhat similar to this was enacted at every meal; but instead of improving in his behavior the boy grew more and more heedless. Mrs. Burton rarely said any thing to Harry about his unruly manner, but when he did, a word was enough. That word was always mildly yet firmly spoken. He did not think him a bad boy or difficult to manage—at least he had never found him so. "I wish I knew what to do with that child," said Mrs. Burton, after the little fellow had been sent to bed an hour before his time, in consequence of some violation of law or order: "he makes me constantly feel unhappy. I dislike to be scolding him forever, but what can I do? If I did not curb him in some way Harry would be no living in the house with him. I am afraid he will cause us a great deal of trouble."

Mr. Burton sat silent. He wanted to say a word on the subject, but he feared that its effect might not be what he desired.

"I wish you would advise me what to do, Mr. Burton," said his wife, a little petulantly. "You sit, and do not say a single word, as if you had no kind of interest in the matter. What am I to do? I have exhausted all my own resources, and feel completely at a loss."

"There is a way which, if you would adopt it, I think might do good." Mr. Burton spoke with a slight appearance of hesitation. "If you will speak gently to Harry, I am sure you would be able to manage him far better than you do."

Mrs. Burton was ever ornamental in an instant; she felt the reproof deeply; her self-esteem was severely wounded.

"Speak gently, indeed!" she replied, "I might as well speak to the wind; I am scarcely heard now at the top of my voice."

As her husband did not argue the matter with her, nor say any thing that was calculated to keep up the excitement under which she was laboring, her feelings, in a little while, quieted down, and her thoughts became active. The words, "speak gently," were constantly in her mind, and there was a reproving tone in them. On going to bed that night she could not get to sleep for several hours; her mind was too busily engaged in reviewing her conduct toward the child. She clearly perceived that she had too frequently suffered her mind to get excited and angry, and that she was often annoyed at trifles which ought to have been overlooked.

"I am afraid I have been unjust to my child," she sighed over and over again, turning restlessly upon her pillow.

"I will try and do better," she said to herself as she rose in the morning, feeling but little refreshed from sleep. When she was ready to leave her room she heard Harry's voice calling her from the next chamber where he slept. The tones were fretful; he wanted some attendance, and was crying out for it in a manner that instantly disturbed the even current of the mother's feelings. She was about telling him, angrily, to be quiet until she could finish dressing herself, when the words, "speak gently," seemed whispered in her ear. Their effect was magical; the mother's spirit was subdued.

"I will speak gently," she murmured, and went in to Harry, who was still crying out fretfully.

"What do you want, my son," she said, in a quiet, kind voice.

The boy looked up with surprise; his eye brightened, and the whole expression of his face was changed in an instant.

"I can not find my stockings, mamma," he said.

"There they are, under the bureau," returned Mrs. Burton, gently as she had at first spoken.

"Oh yes, so they are!" cheerfully replied Harry; "I could not see them any where."

"Did your little crying would bring them?"

This was said with a smile, and in a tone so unlike his mother, that the child looked up again into her face with surprise that was, Mrs. Burton plainly saw, mingled with pleasure.

"Do you want any thing else?" she asked.

"No, mamma," he replied, cheerfully, "I can dress myself now."

This first little effort was crowned with the most encouraging results to the mother; she felt a new peace settling in her bosom, the consciousness of having gained a true victory over the perverse tendencies of both her own heart and that of her boy. It was a little act, but it was the first-fruits, and the gathering, even of so small a harvest, was sweet to her spirit.

For the first time in many months the breakfast-table was pleasant to all. Harry never once interrupted the conversation that passed at intervals between his father and mother. When he asked for any thing it was in a way pleasing to all. Once or twice Mrs. Burton found it necessary to correct some little fault in manner, but the way in which she did it did not in the least disturb her child's temper, and instead of not seeming to hear her words, as had almost always been the case, he regarded all that was said, and tried to do as she wished.

"There is a wonderful power in gentle words," remarked Mr. Burton to his wife, after Harry had left the table.

"Yes, wonderful indeed; their effect surprises me."

"Love is strong."

Days, weeks, months, and years went by; during all this time the mother continued to strive very earnestly with herself, and very kindly with her child. The happiest results followed; the fretful, passionate, disorderly boy became comparatively and orderly in his habits. A word, gently spoken, was all-powerful in its influence for good, but the least shade of harshness would arouse his stubborn will and deform his fair young face.

Whenever mothers complain to Mrs. Burton of the difficulty they find in managing their children, she has one piece of advice to give, and that is "Command yourself, and 'speak gently.'"

THOMANN'S FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The fall season has fairly come, though sultry summer days have been spiritedly interspersed throughout. But the gay world, for the most part, lingers no longer in the green fields and watering places, and fashion, with beckoning hand, invites return, and the streets of New York are thronged with an animated crowd of "old friends and brave men," each intent on business or pleasure. Madame Fashion has not been remiss in the concocting of novelties for autumn, but, with closed doors, has been ingeniously devising new laws to be promulgated this fall; and notably the corsets, ladies especially are looking according to autumn toilets. The eager gazers who threaded their way through the crowds of Broadway Saturday, day last week, regardless of the drizzling rain, showed a degree of interest in the great exhibition of little bonnets worthy of a larger cause.

Although in some instances there seems to have been an attempt to "eclipse," the effort appears to be that the new styles of those little ornaments denominated "bonnets" are rather smaller than ever. The list of the different head coverings recognized by fashion are divided into numerous orders—*Pinchon, Empire, Pamela, Gabrielle, Metternich, Marie, Mignon, Cardinal, Jane, Rotari*, etc., etc.—and these orders into genera and species too numerous to mention. Each lady has a counter for herself—Fashion considerately provides which species is the rarest, and the most becoming for her to adopt. The fancies in all the various varieties, still blossoms, fresh and fair; while the *Cantaine* is a pretty novelty.

In Paris, simultaneously with the recent announcement that the Empress was about to start for Biarritz, was issued hers, christened after Biarritz, from their appearance. These toquets are made of black, white, and light gray felt, and are bordered with a band of velvet studded thickly with gems; a feather appearance to this rather masculine head-gear, either a beautiful, half-spread rose, a china aster, a tuft of pansies, or a bouquet of violets, is set artistically at the side. A Parisian journal, after describing a Lamballe bonnet composed of white felt, set in beads, and ornamented at each side (on the ears as it were) with two bunches of violet velvet pansies, adds: "These tufts of flowers on the ears lead us to hope that we are not doomed to walk out with uncovered ears during the approaching cold season, for a although larger bonnets have been made in preparation for the colder weather, nobody will purchase them."

Among the bonnets intended to adorn the more popular this fall striped and plaid goods of the brightest and gayest colors abound. Velvet is largely used, available as ever; and a new shade of blue, called *azure*, and of green distinguished as *peacock*, are likely to be in special favor. For street wear the new striped poplin, silk and wool, is new and stylish. Plain black dress costumes to be worn with fancy sacques are greatest. Black silk striped with satin is very fashionable. For dress occasions white will be in favor. There is a new material, imported by Arnoux & Co., called *soie d'satin cashmere*, a rich twilled silk with a satin thread. It is to be obtained in all the new shades, and will be a favorite fabric for bridal dresses.

Gored skirts are still in the ascendant, especially for dress wear. Skirts are now universally made shaded up at each side as far as the waist, and edged with deep flutings, box-plaited, and of the same material, either white or striped in colors. The circular will be the favorite style. Sometimes a hood is added, trimmed with jet fringe, and when dress is of wool lined it is very becoming.

The mixture of muslin and silk is at present very popular. The newest white muslin bodices are called "Loyses," and are made in puffings and trimmed with three cross-cut bands of silk, the edges of which are scribing braces, both at the front and back. The waist is restricted with a belt of colored sash, which fastens at the left side: the collar is pointed. The sleeves are formed with three puffings of muslin, which alternate with three cross-cut bands of silk. Velvet is also used for trimming these puffed white muslin bodices, and the velvet is embroidered either in silk or in jet.

Among the various novelties of the season are chains which are extensively used for dress trimmings. They vary in size "from the diameter of a pea" to "pea to that of a small butter plate."

Fabrics promise to be immensely long. Five or six tasteraised rings, falling nearly to the shoulder, are a fashionable model.

There would be no end to the unique and pretty changes introduced by fashion; yet for the present we will make a period here and close our budget.

No one can fail to find in this great city such amusement as is suited to his individual taste. And if his taste happens to need cultivation, he has ample opportunity for training it here. Libraries are to some extent open to the public; and we believe are long increased facilities in the way of public circulating libraries, reading-rooms, etc., will give to every one ample opportunity for indulging a taste for reading. Concerts of various kinds, sacred and secular, vocal and instrumental, are more than ever demanded by the public. The drama, the comedy, and the tragedy, in various grades of excellence according to the popular standard, are source of entertainment to multitudes. Riston's recent appearance has awakened a great enthusiasm in her behalf; and her wonderful power as a tragedienne has seldom been surpassed. Her views of poetry will be also to greatly their taste at numerous places. Messrs. Goupil and Schaus have fine collections of engravings, to which they have lately added some very fine ones after eminent English artists, which are well worthy a careful examination. This has been projected by Mr. T. W. Dufresne of the city to establish a "Garden of Art." A site has been secured in the vicinity of the Central Park. The ground embraces two entire blocks, bounded on the north by Sixty-second Street, on the south by Sixtieth Street, on the west by Seventh Avenue, and on the east by Eleventh Avenue, an area of 41,000 square yards. Here it is proposed to erect a building fronting on Tenth Avenue, covering the entire line of frontage—60 feet—from Sixtieth to Sixty-second Street. The great object claimed by the projector is to provide New York with a place of popular resort, relating in character—a place which will have for its chief features if not the real greatness of the palace and gardens at Sydenham, the popular places world-famous for their scenic beauty: and while he administers to the pleasure of his visitors, he hopes to cultivate a taste for the fine arts, and thereby to bring them in communion with the embodied thoughts of the great Masters of the Past and of the Present.

The following communication with a request to insert, which we do with great willingness, regarding it as a very good item for our column:

Wanted—Wives.

"In your issue of September 8 I notice under the head of Home and Foreign Gossip the following: 'A Western paper contains the following announcement: "Wanted—Fifty Women to go to John Caudal, City Marshal, South of Leavenworth, Kansas," etc. Now, as our 'Western' city of Leavenworth contains about 20,000 inhabitants, it is at least possible that a Miss 'Ann Gleeful' may be willing to be sent to Mr. John Caudal for City Marshal, I, as a resident of Leavenworth, deny such 'soft impeachment' as that Mr. Marshal Caudal or Marshal Caudal, a worthy soldier, who, I hope for the month to come still to remain, and to my young lady who reads, for he has already a charming wife; also, a charming family. Now, I ask you, is not the whole announcement was a scandalous joke on our portly Marshal?

In regard to the above we would simply remark that we have never given our affidavit that nothing but the truth should appear in the columns of "Home and Foreign Gossip." The name is sufficiently indicative of the powerful contents. "Wanted—Fifty Women" could scarcely be "goesly" if it were always true. And while we give our readers a variety of matter, the truthful and the fictitious, every story or amusing announcement is not withheld even if we can not prove its truth. Should any one ever happy to notify the public that Miss Anna Gould and John Caudal have broken off their engagement, or have never been engaged, or have married, we shall, just as the case may be.

We have heard of sugar from saw-dust before, but now it is said that a chemist has extracted from coal tar a substance which is indistinguishable from sugar. He has named it "phenoze."

Some people cover their eyes with green or other shades when they read by gas-light, no matter what. It is now ascertained by the best oculists that shades injure the naked eyes, by overstrengthening it, from their creating heat and inflammation in the eyes surfaces. If the eye be injured and light insupportable, the best way to do is to keep the eyes completely shut. We have heard it stated as a curious fact, that, when the English army returned from Egypt, those soldiers were least affected with ophthalmy who had worn no fronts to their hats.

Various accounts come to us of the immense opera house which Louis Napoleon is building in Paris. It is estimated that it will cost $8,000,000. It will be constructed entirely of brick, and metal, and no inflammable combustible being allowed to enter into its construction. It will cover about a half a mile square, and be two hundred feet in external height, according to report. Every box will have a separate saloon attached. Should this be completed, a new opera house will not be constructed from the street to the second story. There will be a little ahead of any thing built in modern times.

A French paper states that arrangements have been made to send some seventy female convicts to Cayenne, the Government having determined to take measures in earnest for the population of that colony. These girls, several of whom are remarkably handsome, are destined to become the wives of convicts in Cayenne who have distinguished themselves by industry and good conduct. Each couple will be endowed with a grant of land and a sufficient loan to begin the agricultural work. The Government official journal inquires whether the consent of these prospective brides has been asked, and objects that marriage, and, above all, marriage with convicts, is not within the purview of their sentence.

LITTLE JOHNNY.

Every body in Harmouth knew little Johnny, with his curly head and his tiny cronts, with which he could get over the ground a good deal faster than most other people who had free use of their legs. The great favorite was he with the Duff weather-beaten beachmen, who often used to take him out with them in their shore-boats to the loggers when they were fishing within sight of Harmouth Harbor. Then they used to make him sing, for he had a capital voice, and had learned to give out the "Death of Nelson" and "The Boatswain's Bowling" with musical emphasis and spirit not to be expected in a child of ten. Standing on the shore you could hear his notes ascending over the water and presently the shouts and hurrahs of his audience when he came to a conclusion. Johnny had no mother; she had long been dead, having failed to bring her child into the world, and then pass quietly away as if in a peaceful sleep. The only vestige that remained to him of her was a tombstone under the great yew-tree in the corner of Harmouth Church-yard, and there every Sunday after the morning service he would lie father and child hand in hand, silent and sad. For though he had lost his wife close on half a score years, Joe Barton, rough and stern hearted as he was, had not forgotten her who for one brief twelve months made life sunshine to him.

"Poor little woman!" he would say, turning away; and as he passed through the gate that led out of the resting-place of the dead a great salt tear as big as a pebble would force its way out and slowly creep down his brown cheek. He and Johnny lived in a comfortable cottage outside the town, for Joe had been a successful man; from a fisherman he had gradually become part-owner of a lugger, then sole proprietor of it, and then at last had no less than three boats of his own. So in course of time he secured a very nice little nest-egg which he invested in the shares of the county bank, and thus having labored long and well, retired to rest him for the remainder of his days. The bank had a local branch at Harmouth, and most of the fishermen and inhabitants deposited their money there. Joe always had an intense love of the sea. He was worn in a fisher's cot, and his heart good to hear the waves, and that they used to talk to him for all the world like human beings." When he gave up fishing he had built small pleasure-boats, and was much etched with great ceremony *The Sooty Jack*, and a smart, trim little craft she was, with sailing powers resembling those of a miraculous. Although the summer she was kept fully occupied, and heartily enjoyed the speeds she had to listen to from the juvenile frequenters of the beach, she was then cut for a sail with him. But he always had plenty of occupation with what with his sons and his suits and ginger-beer Joe Barton was at last worshipped as a hero. Johnny ever went with him on these marine excursions, and despite his dishevelled and ever-attendant crutch, without which he could not move, he had learned to handle and manœuvre *The Sooty Jack* with the greatest ease, and was as expert at taking in a reef or "putting about" as the oldest salt in Harmouth.

On the particular summer's day, the sea so smooth that it rippled on to the beach without noise, and seemed to be coyly kissing the pebbles. So hot, too, that the crowd in the music boats floating about were leaning listlessly on their oars, allowing themselves to drift lazily along with the tide. All Harmouth seemed to be on the water, every thing in the shape of a boat was engaged. *The Sooty Jack* alone remained idle. There she lay, about a hundred yards from the shore, moored somewhat, and every thing as neatly fastened up as when she had been left the night before. Many and anxious were the inquiries that Joe Barton, and general were the expressions of regret that he should not be in the water such a lovely day. No one could have been and gone, not even Johnny. All he could say was that his father had received a letter the night before from a friend which he had read silent and gloomy all the rest of the evening, and gone out before six o'clock in the morning, when he was back, without saying a word. So Joe Barton's day remained idle all through that livelong summer's day.

Evening came on, and Johnny, who had been lounging about uneasily, for he could not bear his father to be away from him, began to feel very tired and sleepy, and thinking that as his father could be cool and comfortable, hailed one of the passing boats, and was duly transported to *The Sooty Jack*. Creeping into the cabin at her bow, with space sails, empty ginger-beer bottles, and such like were kept, he soon fell into a sound and heavy slumber. How long he never knew, but when he woke he was startled by hearing a rippling sound above his head; it was quite dark, and all the boat felt as if she were moving smartly along. What could have happened? Had he been left on board from harbor? A moment he lay still, frightened in spite of himself. Then slowly he raised himself on his elbow, and making but a slight motion, looked out into an aperture through which he had entered. He could see the moisture bedimmed but with the fresh breeze, and that was all. But was it the moisture? He knew he was out on the sea, but how had he come there? Could any body out of spite have sent him adrift? Joe had by no one ever made a grudge against him; suddenly he was startled by a groan as if of pain. His heart thumped against his side, his perspiration broke out on his cold as ice forehead, he neither moved hand nor foot. Then there was another groan, and another, and presently a moan and broken with emotion, burst into a passionate prayer. Johnny was braver now, and dragging himself along on his hands and knees as quickly as his affliction would allow, he made for the entrance and thrust his head out. There was no moon, but the stars shone out heavily, and in their dim light he could see the figure of a man with his back toward him, rocking backward and forward, his face buried in his hands and murmuring to himself. Who could it be? Johnny essayed to speak, but his lips were parched, soundless, and glued together, as his tongue was hard and dry. He started at the black shadow as if it were a spirit. Between it and him there was a seat running across the boat, and he too stood as if in order to get himself along not could not. The figure moved its head, and in a momentary flash of summer lightning Johnny saw it was that of his father. He tried to speak again, but he could not, while his eyes eagerly devoured his every movement. He saw him move his hand down to the seat beside him, saw him raise his arm with something that glittered in the silver light, he heard a click, and then, as if by an electric shock, every nerve burst upon him. Hurling himself forward with the energy of despair he caught his father by the arm. There was a cry, a report, and then he felt something grasp his fingers. But he heeded it not; seizing the pistol from his hand he threw it with all his strength into the sea, and then sank fainting into the bottom of the boat.

Black grew the clouds, higher rose the wind, beat up the waves in angry consternation. There was no sign or appearance of the advent of a severe storm. *The Sooty Jack*, left to herself, was heeling over as she rode the sea in a tumultuous manner, but still Joe Barton, for it was he, sat with his face in his hands; still Johnny lay silent and motionless in the bottom of the boat. Presently a great, green wave came curling along, and dashing against the boat's side, wetted both to the skin. It roused Joe from his stupor, it roused Johnny from his insensibility; in another moment they were in one another's arms. Still the wind freshened, still the waves rose higher and higher, those two clasped in this firm embrace heeded them not, for the mercy of God was in their hearts, and the storm and tempest had no fear for them.

It blew a gale that night and morning, and a large vessel went ashore on Harmouth sands, but no lives were lost. The wives of the fishermen lay sleepless and uneasy in their beds, for their good men were out on the angry sea earning bread for them and the children. The hoarse voice of the wind and the angry roar of the waves sent a thrill to their hearts as they heard them, and many a prayer rose up through the black sky and gained the ear of the Unseen. When the morning sun broke bravely through the drifting clouds there was a heartfelt shout of thanksgiving to see the toilers of the night come safely into harbor. Hope were the breakfasts eaten, sound was the sleep that followed, for it had been a hard battle between man and the elements.

Later in the day a knot of men were lounging on the shore. "Where's *The Saucy Jack*?" asked one. "Ain't Joe Barton turned up yet?" said another. While old Murtoch, the patriarch of the group, mumbled out "She ain't drawed up, she ain't at anchor; I'm blessed if I don't think she's gone down head first." This inaugurated a conversation about Joe, and various and singular were the reasons given for his continued absence. While they were engaged in this discussion, a man, bareheaded and breathless, rushed frantically down over the pebbles, his face pale as death, his eyes almost starting out of his head. When he reached the group, he stopped and remained speechless. "Hullo, Silas, what's wrong, lad?" inquired one. "You look dazed, man," said another.

"The Bank," he whispered, hoarsely.

"Well, what of the Bank?" asked old Murtoch, impatiently.

"It's broke," he gasped, and then, without vouchsafing any further information, rushed away as quickly as he had come. The news he brought fell like a thunder-bolt in the midst of those to whom he told it; they seemed stunned for a moment, and then hastened up to the town to find if he had spoken the truth.

Alas! it was but too true, the County Bank, being unable to meet a run upon its resources on the previous day at the chief market town, where its head office was, had been compelled to stop payment, and close all its branch establishments. Considerable assets, however, were expected, the number of shareholders being amply sufficient to cover all liabilities. It was some time before the Harmouth fishermen could be made to understand that, if they were only patient, they would have nearly all their money back. They stood in a body outside the Bank door till the darkness took them home worn out and sad at heart to bed. There went out no boats that night from Harmouth to fish!

The morning dawning the day on which the Harmouth ——, sat stopped, a boat was seen some distance out making its way for the shore as well as it could with a broken mast and a ragged sail. All eyes were strained toward it. Whose could it be? Where was it coming from? Old Murtoch, shading his eyes with his hand, gazed silently out over the watery space. Then in a moment he dropped his arm exclaiming, "Well, bless my heart, if it ain't *The Saucy Jack*, with Joe and the kid aboard." Immense was the astonishment; some said "it couldn't be," but by-and-by, sure enough, she glided in past the pier-head, Joe at the tiller, and Johnny making himself useful in hauling in the sails. They both looked pale and weary, but the shout of welcome



LITTLE JOHNNY.

with which they were received lit up both their faces pleasantly. When *The Saucy Jack* had been made fast, Joe and his boy came ashore. All were eager to tell him the news, but none liked to, for it was well known that he was a large shareholder in the bank. But he seemed to understand their whispering, and taking Johnny's hand, he merely said quietly, "I know all about it. It's been and ruined me, but that's neither here nor there," and then moved off toward home. But ere he had gone many steps he took Johnny up in his arms, crutch and all, and carried him home and up to his bed in his own tiny room. He would not undress him, for already was the poor little man in a heavy slumber, but laying him down tenderly on the outside of the counterpane, that great, strong man fell on his knees, and with his face resting on the hands of his sleeping child, thus remained for a long, long time. What he thought, what he prayed, what thanksgivings burst from his very soul only the Book wherein his life is written can reveal. It was one of those times in the existence of a man when the days that are gone are lived over again, and the lessons they have taught are appreciated. Then the clouds roll back, the dawn breaks with promise of fine weather, and he nerves himself anew to face the future, bring it sunshine or storm. Thus taking courage, Joe Barton raised himself from his knees, no longer the craven and coward, afraid to meet the ills of life, but ready to grin and bear them. He was an altered man. And who had been the mysterious agent in the hand of Providence that had wrought his reformation? His poor, little deformed child, who through the night of storm and danger had been near him with lion heart and dauntless courage, who had taught him that mercy is extended even unto him who would take his own life.

A few words more. Years passed on; the expected call had been made by the bank, and Joe's goods and chattels were all sold, but he neither groaned nor grumbled: he set himself manfully to work once again, and though his hair grew gray, and he was not quite so hearty and strong as of yore, yet all were willing to lend him a hand, and he soon began to find his circumstances improving. But for one circumstance he would have been happy. Johnny had never been thoroughly well since that dreadful night of storm and disaster; his back had grown rounder, and he complained of a pain in his leg frequently. Joe grew very anxious; every spare moment was dedicated to his child. One day he took him to London to see a great doctor, and when he came back he looked ten years older, for there was a gloomy prophecy gnawing at his heart. From that day Johnny took to his bed. He was a good, patient little fellow, but he would have no nurse but his dear old daddy; and his thin, pale face, used to light up the moment Joe entered the room; and when his father sat down by him he would put his hand into his horny palms and smile as if supremely happy. One morning Joe came in to breakfast, and, as usual, bounded up stairs to see his boy. Johnny was lying on his back, his eyes turned expectantly toward the door. The window was wide open, and a delicious soft breeze from the sea came playing through it. The sick child was going to his rest, there could be little doubt about that; his eyes were unnaturally bright, his cheek strangely flushed; in a few moments the ebb of the tide must set in. Joe sat down beside him, and then, as he was wont, Johnny put his hand in his, and then slowly and quietly spoke thus:

"Dear daddy, I'm going home. The doctor was right when he told you I weren't good for long. I feel as if I hadn't got no blood in my body, and my legs feel so strange. Hold me up in your arms, daddy, I want to whisper to you."

Joe felt inclined to resist for a moment, for he would have gone for the doctor, but the child's manner chained him to his seat. Putting his arm round him, he brought his head close to his shoulder. Johnny nestled himself close, pressed his lips against the big bushy whiskers, and then continued:

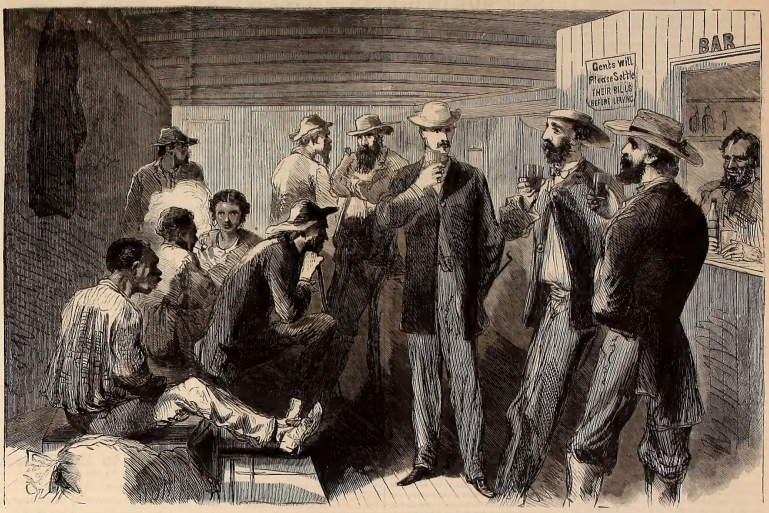
"Daddy, don't lose heart again. Promise me that, won't you? Remember, daddy darling, the secret. I—I've kept it, you keep it too, won't you?"

Pressing his hands to his father's face, he looked eagerly into his eyes, passed his fingers over his cheek, and murmuring, "The secret, remember," in a moment was dead.

They laid him in the corner of the church-yard, under the yew-tree, by his mother, and on Sunday mornings, after service, Joe has now to stand alone and gaze on the spot where rest the two beings he loved so well. But his secret is buried there too. What secret? That having received a letter to acquaint him of impending ruin, and found its information correct, he had sought to escape meeting his disaster by himself destroying the life that a merciful Creator had given him. How he was saved from this crime has been told, and the secret that was is a secret no longer.

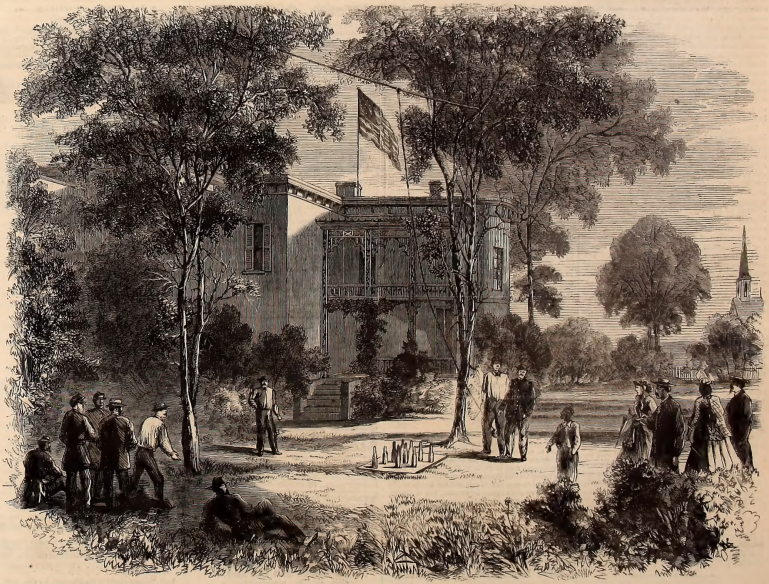


A STORM ON THE PRAIRIES.—A SCENE IN WESTERN LOUISIANA.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—THE DRY-GOODS DRUMMER ON HIS TRAVELS.—SCENE ON THE GALVESTON AND HOUSTON RAILROAD.—"HERE'S JEFF, FELLOWS!"

SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 681.]



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—SHERIDAN'S TEN-PINS.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.

[SEE PAGE 631.]

LAST WORDS.

FROM the time that human beings began to reflect, they have treasured up the words of the dying as peculiarly weighty and sacred. They often become their Icons in a family, are handed on by tradition from generation to generation, and from being emblazoned on the shield of the iron baron, descend at last to the seals and couches of his silken descendants. The last utterance of a falling chieftain has often been made the war-cry of his followers, raged them on to deeds of heroical valor, to recovery of lost ground, and conquest of new.

In Italy the sayings of the departed on their death-beds are sometimes written on scrolls, and hung in their parish church. We have seen a church in Florence, the walls of which were quite lit this manner with the devout reflections of a daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Crowds visited the spot before and after the day of the funeral, and were edified, no doubt, by the many good and wise things the young princess had uttered. All the schools of philosophy that have been ever founded, have failed to inspire men at the close of life with sentiments one half so beautiful, so thrilling to the ear of by-standers, as precious to the memories of mourners as those which the Christian religion has put into the lips of her expiring children. They are as flowers that blossom on the bier, and diffuse an immortal fragrance. They are golden texts, which cheer us and fade not away while the night of bereavement closes round our path.

This is rather a serious subject, nor would it be decorous to treat it lightly. There is no sound in the wide world so dreadful as the accents of remorse on a dying bed, nor any instance of it more striking than that of Julian the Apostate. The Persian army had attacked his rear, and he rode to resist them. The imperial standard bore the letters X. and P., "The Beasts and People," emblazoned on it, instead of the Labarum, under which, since the time of Constantine, the legions of the empire had so often rushed on to victory. The Persians were repulsed, but Julian was wounded. His physicians could not stop the blood, and he called for a horse. He tried to mount, fell back into the arms of his followers, filled his hand with blood, cast it into the air, and cried, "Galilean, Thou hast conquered!" Not half so sad was the voice of Kosciusko when he fell, though not to die, pierced by Russian lances, and exclaiming, "An end of Poland!" The last whose breast is clean, who has confidence in the goodness of his cause, meets his fate with dignity, and brightens the horrors of death with a smile. He may die on the scaffold as a traitor and rebel, and yet, like Lord Lovat, in the rising of 1745, exclaim with his latest breath, *Judex et causam et pro patriâ mori!* Not that the noble sentiment came well from him. It was, in his case, a bitter mockery; for his life had been spent in the violation of every duty, and its sole object was self. "Thou sweet to die for our dear country's sake!" would come better from the general Wolfe; and is in fact, in other words, just what he did say when, having gained the heights of Abraham, and fallen in the French at Quebec, he received a shot in the wrist, which he wrapped in a handkerchief, pressed on, continued to shout out in the gory field, and, having pierced by a fatal bullet in the breast, allowed himself unwillingly to be carried behind the ranks. When told that the French army was taking to flight, he exclaimed, "Then I am happy," and instantly expired.

The composure and fortitude which mark the last moments of some heinous offenders is very baffling to moralists. The usual chain of moral causes and effects seems in them to be broken; and it is sometimes, particularly in Eastern countries, difficult to restore the links even in imagination, and to render a plausible account of the miscreant's end and life. Thun Nuncomar, the chief of the Brahmins of Bengal, who practiced more than the usual amount of deceit which belongs to the timid and effeminate Bengalee, and who had been detected repeatedly in the most criminal intrigues, was at last brought to trial on a false, and condemned to be hanged, during the Governorship of Warren Hastings, met his ignominious fate with the utmost calmness. His crimes were many, and the crimes he had committed were common to his race, and often accounted virtues. He conversed with the sheriff about his execution through a sigh or the motion of one finger of his face. He looked round him from his palanquin on the scaffold and his frantic fellow-countrymen with unaltered serenity, mounted the steps with a firm foot, desired his best remembrances to his friends in the council, and gave the signal to the executioner amidst the wailing and howling of countless Hindoos. Yet all this was the dignity of a deception. It was but stage effect, or the reflection of one whose leading idea is Fate. Very different was the resignation of the great peace-loving general and statesman, Washington, when dying at Mount Vernon. To him craft was unknown. No murmur of complaint or impatience passed his lips, but he suffered severely. His weeping family, his friends, his sorrowing servants stood round him, and a nation, to which he had given birth, was mourning without. "Let me be buried privately," he said; "and let no funeral oration be pronounced over my remains. . . . I am dying hard, but it will soon be over." Such were his simple words. He had never been an orator, nor would the arts of rhetoric, or stage, have been consistent with the extreme simplicity of his character.

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Amount of Issue . . . . $7,386,000.

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The Bonds Have Thirty Years to run, and are secured by a First Mortgage, constituting an absolute prior lien on that portion of the Road, Equipments, Franchises, and entire Property of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, located in the State of California, and extending from Sacramento City to the California State Line, forming a part of the GREAT PACIFIC RAILROAD ROUTE, adopted and aided by the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

The amount of these First Mortgage Bonds to be issued per mile is limited by law to the amount of United States Bonds allowed and issued to aid the construction of the Road, and the Mortgage by which they are secured is **declared by Act of Congress to be constitute a lien prior and superior to that of the United States Government.**

The bonds received from the Government (a) amount equal to this First Mortgage) is economically and judiciously applied to the construction and equipment of the Road, together with nearly $7,000,000, received from Stock Subscriptions and other sources. The First Mortgage, therefore, amounts to but about 35 per cent. of the actual cost and value of the property which it covers.

The road is now completed, equipped, and running from Sacramento City to Alta, a distance of 73 miles, and the earnings for the three months ending August 1st were as follows, viz.:

May, 1866	**$65,115 83**
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JAMES M. WEHLI."

"LONDON, *January 14th*, 1866.
"JAMES M. WEHLI, ESQ.: MY DEAR SIR,—I feel great pleasure in asking you to convey to MESSRS. CHICKERING the expression of my highest approval of their instrument. It is, I consider, not merely the best instrument of America but of Europe. Since I have tried, last one of the finest Grand Piano-Fortes that has ever come under my observation; and the MESSRS. Chickering may well be proud of having turned out from their manufactory an instrument which, for touch, quality, power, and workmanship, it would be very difficult to surpass in any part of the wide world.
"Dear Sir, very sincerely yours,
CHAS. D. COLLARD.[1]
(*Firm of Collard & Collard, Piano-Forte Manufacturers, London.*)

"LONDON, *July 20th*, 1866.
"MESSRS. CHICKERING & SONS: GENTS.—I have just been invited by MESSRS. Collard to try a Grand Piano-Forte manufactured by you, and I have no hesitation in indorsing the opinion of my old friend Mr. C. D. Collard, viz., that it is the finest instrument that I ever played on.
"Believe me, gentlemen, most faithfully yours,
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"I hereby assert and affirm that the Grand Piano-Forte of Chickering & Sons, of Boston and New York, which I have tried and examined, is one of the finest instruments of the class that ever came to my notice.
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Certificate from Y. VON ARNOLD, *the Celebrated Russian Pianist and Composer.*
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"*Third.* Nothing further than this instrument could be desired with regard to power and fullness of tone. In conclusion, it must be acknowledged that this instrument is one of the most perfect Piano-Fortes of our time, namely, as regards tone in general and in the perfection of its mechanical parts.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 511.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' CONVENTION AT PITTSBURG.

THE Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention at Cleveland has met the same fate as the Philadelphia Convention of August 14. Neither of these Conventions were successful in their aims. They were, indeed, an expression of sentiments which responded to those of a large portion of our people. But, as the event proves, they did not touch the practical and immediate question before the people. They had their influence, but they did not create a new party. The Democratic party, condemned in every successive election since that of 1860, during the war insisted upon its claims to popular support in a manner extremely offensive to all patriots; and now it has determined to reiterate those claims and calculates upon the prestige of Presidential support as a certain condition to its triumph. But the people have spoken in Maine and Vermont, and their verdict is clearly against trusting to the Democratic party the restoration of the country to peace. The case stands simply thus: the people are compelled to choose between a party which has carried them triumphantly through the most troublous and critical period of our history, and a party whose immediate antecedents excite their most hearty indignation.

It is at such a political turning-point that a Convention of soldiers and sailors has been held at Pittsburg, the assembling of which we illustrate on our first page.

The Convention met September 26. The evening previous there had been a torch-light procession. It was an occasion of popular excitement and enthusiasm scarcely paralleled in even the processions of our great metropolis. At an early hour on the morning of the 26th the City Hall of Pittsburg was thronged with an enthusiastic audience, of whom a good proportion were ladies.

An eloquent speech was made by General MOODY.

At twelve o'clock General NEGLEY called the Convention to order, and General FRANCIS F. BARLOW, after the delivery of a prayer by Rev. CHARVILLE MOODY, read the call of the Convention.

In the afternoon General JACOB D. COX, of Ohio, whose portrait we give herewith, and whose military record has been one of great and deserved distinction, was chosen President of the Convention. He took the chair, which had been temporarily occupied by L. EDWIN DUDLEY, a private of the Thirteenth Massachusetts, and made a brief speech, in which he insisted that Congress had the sole right to determine upon the conditions of restoration.

General BUTLER, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, reported the following platform, which was unanimously adopted:

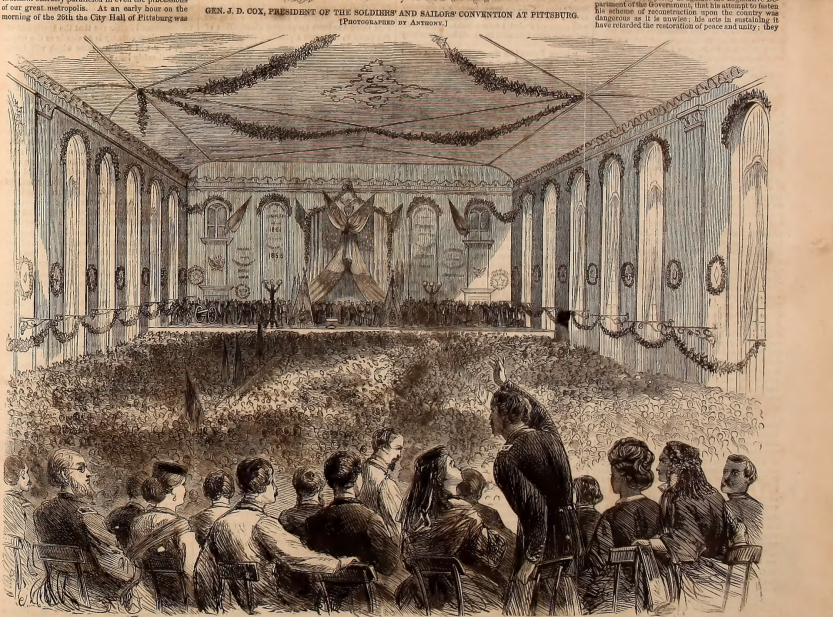
Resolved, That the action of the present Congress in passing the pending Constitutional Amendment is wise, prudent, and just. It clearly defines American citizenship, and guarantees all his rights to every citizen. It places on a just and equal basis the right of representation, making the vote of a man in one State equally potent with the vote of another man in any State. It righteously excludes from places of honor and trust the chief conspirators, guiltiest rebels, whose perjured crimes have drenched the land in fraternal blood. It puts into the very frame of our Government the inviolability of the National Debt, and the nullity forever of all obligations contracted in support of the rebellion;

Resolved, That it is unfortunate for the country that these propositions have not been received in the spirit of conciliation, clemency, and fraternal feeling in which they were offered, as they are the mildest terms ever granted to the subdued rebels.

Resolved, That the President, as an executive officer, has no right to a policy as against the Legislative Department of the Government, that his attempt to force his scheme of reconstruction upon the country was dangerous as it is unwise; his acts in sustaining it have retarded the restoration of peace and unity; they



GEN. J. D. COX, PRESIDENT OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' CONVENTION AT PITTSBURG.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]



MEETING OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' CONVENTION AT PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—[SKETCHED BY C. S. REINHART.]

have converted conquered rebels into impudent claimants to rights which they have forfeited and place which they have deserted. If consummated it would render the victories of the nation useless, the loss of the lives of our buried comrades vain, and the war in which we have so gloriously triumphed what his present friends at Chicago in 1864 declared to be a failure.

Resolved, That the right of the conqueror to legislate for the conquered has been recognized by the public law of all civilized nations, by the practice of all law for the conservation of the good of the whole country. Congress has the undoubted right to establish measures for the conduct of the revolted States, and to pass all acts of legislation that are necessary for the complete restoration of the Union.

Resolved, That when the President claims that by the old of the army and navy he might have made himself dictator he contented every soldier and sailor of the republic. He ought distinctly to understand that the brief patience of the nation can never be used to overthrow civil liberty or popular government.

Resolved, That the neutrality laws should be so amended as to give the fullest liberty to the citizen, consistent with the national faith that the United States Republican party is pledged to sustain liberty and equality of rights every where; and therefore we tender to all people struggling for freedom our sympathy and cordial cooperation.

Resolved, That the Union men of the South, without distinction of race or color, are entitled to the gratitude of every loyal soldier and sailor who served his country in suppressing the rebellion, and to all their present dark hours of trial, when they are persecuted by the common enemy because they are now and have been true to their Government, we will not prove recreant to our obligations, but will stand by and protect with our lives, if necessary, those brave men who remain true to us when all around are false and traitorous.

Resolved, That, in reorganizing the army, justice to the volunteer officers and soldiers demands that faithful and efficient service in the field ought ever to have place in the army and navy of the Union.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A MUG.

NOT long ago a party of six gentlemen were assembled at a private table in one of the best restaurants hotels in Manchester. Of this number I happened to be one, and the guest of the giver of the dinner. A pleasanter and more social gathering I never witnessed, and although we sat down to the table at a little after six o'clock it was near midnight before we rose from it.

When the cloth was removed and the wines were set on the real enjoyment of the evening began. Toasts, speeches, and stories followed each other in quick succession, and with a brilliancy that I have rarely seen equaled.

Among those present was General I——, a veteran, who had seen service in India until his face was as tronzed as his hair was bleached white by the sun of that burning sky. I was especially charmed with him. He was a frank, outspoken, genial man, and at once gained both your respect and friendship.

It was late in the evening, when some of the company called on him for a story.

"A story!" he said, with a smile. "I am but a poor hand, gentlemen, at story-telling."

"Surely, General," remarked our host, "you have seen too much active service in the East not to have passed through some remarkable adventure."

"Oh, if that is what you want, I can give you. I have had some strange adventures in my life," said the General, thoughtfully. "Let me see. What shall it be? Suppose I tell you of my adventure with a Thug?"

"By all means!" we exclaimed.

"Well, then," began General I——, leaning back in his chair, "you must know that I went out to India in the service of 'the Company' nearly forty years ago. I was a mere lad at that time, being barely eighteen. I left England with a determination to make something of myself in the land to which I was going, and when I reached my destination I began immediately to apply myself to the duties of my profession. I labored hard and soon made progress. I studied closely the manners, customs, and language of the natives, and spared no effort to make myself as thorough an Indian as possible. I wanted to fit myself for my station in the Company's service; for I meant to rise, and I knew that as I had no political influence to sustain me, I would have to depend on my own merits for promotion. It was slow work at first, but I persevered; and when I was forty-three, just fifteen years ago, I was a Colonel of cavalry, and I flatter myself that I was the best-informed officer in the service with regard to the country in which I was serving. I do not say this through vanity, but merely that you understand better what follows.

"About that time the authorities at Calcutta were making strong efforts to suppress the sect of Thugs, who, you well know, are a band of fanatics who make murder a part of their religion. They rarely select a European, on account of the great danger in which it would have placed them, but they carried on a regular system of operations against the natives, and especially against those who were friendly to us. Certain sections of the country were kept in a state of the most terrible anarchy by them, and their atrocities had increased to so great an extent that the authorities thought it necessary to at once inaugurate the most prompt and decisive measures for their suppression.

"In the district of Benares the trouble was very great, and the Thugs managed their affairs with so much dexterity that for a time they completely baffled the authorities. The command of this district was one given to me, on account of my knowledge of Indian affairs, and my long experience in the country. I did not need the letter of the Governor-General to assure me that it was a delicate and difficult task which was assigned me, and that I was expected to discharge it. I accepted the appointment immediately. I was given a regiment of mounted men, picked for their long experience in the country, and at once set out for my new command, being determined to use no halfway measures when I got there.

"Upon reaching the neighborhood of Benares we halted and encamped near the Ganges, about five miles from the city. I had two reasons for doing this. One was, that I would be able by encamping there to move on the instant any occasion required it; the other, that I would be freer there from observation by the spies of the Thugs than I would be in the city. I said nothing, and permitted my men to say nothing of the cause of our coming, but at once set my spies to work. As I have said, I resolved to attempt no half-way measures with the assassins, but to proceed against them with the utmost vigor, and to spare none that offered any resistance to me. In short, I was determined to capture or exterminate them. Such as I captured were to be sent to Calcutta for trial, but it was my intention that these should be very few in number, as I thought the example I meant to set my part would do more to strike terror to the sect than a hundred civil trials and executions.

"By the time I had been there six weeks I had sent ten prisoners to Calcutta with their families, had hung twenty caught in the act of strangling had hung twenty caught in the act of strangling their victims, and had destroyed one of their towns and a temple. With my own hand I broke the image of their goddess Kali into a thousand pieces, age of their goddess Kali into a thousand pieces, knowing that this would be a severe blow to them. This act, together with the rest of my career there, caused me being fatal to me. The Thugs began to consider me the most well as the means of their misfortunes, and at length made me the object of their special vengeance.

"When I had been in camp for about two months my orderly informed me that there was a native waiting at the door of my tent to see me. I had him shown in at once. He was a small, spare man, of about thirty, and my first glance told me that he was possessed of great muscular strength. There was something unusually quiet and stealthy about him, and at first I loosened my pistol and regarded him with a suspicious eye. But he did not seem to notice this, but saluted me humbly and respectfully. In reply to my demand to know his business, he said that he had come to engage his service as a syce. He was well acquainted with the country, and was sure that he could make himself useful. He gave me his name, and told me that his brother had recently been murdered by the Thugs and that he desired to avenge them. I looked at the fellow searchingly, but could gain nothing from his countenance, which was fixed and devoid of expression, save a strange and perplexing glitter in his eyes. He told me that his name was Ali, and that he was a Mohammedan. I said to him that if he would come back at the same hour the next day I would give him my answer.

"After he left me I thought long and seriously of his request. I did not like his looks, but I thought it might be well enough to try him more closely. If faithful, he would make an excellent spy; and I thought myself competent to the task of watching him so closely that he could gain no opportunity to play me false. So, after weighing the matter well in my own mind, I determined to engage him, but not to trust him until he should have been fully tried.

"When I gave him my answer the next day I saw his eyes flash and his lips curl into a smile of mouth. In an instant his face resumed its stolid expression. I was startled by this, and was more than ever resolved to watch the man closely. I gave him simple and easy tasks at first. He performed them with so much skill and celerity that I began to place more confidence in him, and gave him more difficult and important duties to perform. Thus ten days passed away. At the end of that time I went out one morning for a walk a small party to follow up a scent which Ali had discovered. Toward mid-day I chanced to be alone, having sent the men away on different errands. The heat was intense, and I dismounted from my horse and stood for a short while under a large tree to enjoy the shade which it afforded. While standing so, I had been there scarcely ten minutes when a rustling in the leaves above me caused me to look up. I saw a dark figure in the act of leaping on me, and from the handkerchief, which he held ready in his hand, I knew he was a Thug and bent upon my destruction. He was so near and his movements in his movements that he might have succeeded but for a timely interposition. He had hardly descended from the tree when I heard the sharp report of a rifle, and the next instant the Thug fell crashing at my feet. I looked around in astonishment to discover whence came the timely aid. Ali was standing at my feet. I looked around in astonishment to discover whence came the timely aid. Ali was all running toward me at full speed, with his discharged rifle in his hand. He asked me anxiously if I was sure that I was not hurt. I answered him in the affirmative, and then, with a look of intelligence which showed me that my suspicions of his fidelity were unjust.

"I could not help blushing with mortification as he spoke, and I felt deeply ashamed of having suspected him at all. I told him that he should have no occasion to feel hurt at my conduct again, as he had that day proved the full extent of his loyalty that I could desire. I could not see his face as I spoke, for his eyes were bent on the ground, and his head was lowered.

"A week passed away after this and the success which had attended my efforts against the Thugs was unbroken. I could not account for it. My movements were as secret and as energetic as formerly, and I felt sure that we had not yet alarmed the band to a sufficient extent to warrant our departure, but each day recorded new failures for us. Somehow I could not help connecting Ali with this, though even though for the life of me I could not tell why I should do so, and I did my best to banish the suspicion as both ungenerous and unjust.

"Toward the close of the week I sent out a party with a better prospect of success than had been vouchsafed to us during the week past. That night, feeling somewhat worn down by my constant exertions, I retired early without undressing.

"I could not have been sleeping very soundly, for I was awakened by a slight rustling in my tent. I endeavored to spring up, but in an instant I was seized by a powerful hand, and a handkerchief, which is the instrument used by the Thugs in their work, was twisted around my neck. I managed to thrust my left hand between the fold of the handkerchief and my throat, and thus prevented the handkerchief from strangling me at once. By a powerful effort I succeeded in gaining my feet, but the fellow clung to me with almost superhuman strength. I was counted then one of the most powerful men in the army, and I was much larger and heavier than my assailant, but I was by no means as much as I could do to keep him from mastering me. By the dim light of the moon which struggled in through the open door of the tent I recognized in my adversary my native spy Ali. Like lightning it flashed across my mind that the whole affair was a plot. Ali had come to win my confidence and throw me off my guard. The shooting of the Thug a week back had been simply a part of the plot. I knew that I had a powerful and desperate man to deal with, and I nerved myself to the task before me.

"The fellow's grip on the handkerchief was like that of a vice, and it seemed that he would crush my left hand. The strain on my throat was terrible, and I felt that unless I was released very speedily I would be at his mercy.

"A novel and desperate plan presented itself to me in this emergency, and I at once proceeded to put it into execution.

"Bracing myself for a mighty effort, I sank back slowly, as if being overcome, and all at once, with a triumphant glance tightened his grip on my throat, and bent over me until his flashing eyes were just above my face. With a sudden bound I sprang forward, recovering myself and throwing Ali backward. At the same instant I spit, with true aim, a mouthful of tobacco juice directly into his eyes. Thoroughly astounded and thrown off his guard he relinquished his hold on the handkerchief, and with a yell of pain clapped his hands to his eyes. This was just what I had expected, and in another instant I put him out of the way of doing more harm by sending a pistol-ball through his head.

"The next morning the expedition I had sent out returned, bringing two prisoners with them. From them I learned that my would-be assassin was no other than the notorious chief of the Thugs, Ranjbeet, who had sworn to take my life in revenge for the damage I had inflicted upon his sect.

"In a month more I returned to Calcutta, having thoroughly accomplished the work assigned me."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1866.

THE UNION PARTY.

THOSE who are anxious to know the exact policy of the Union party must remember that there has been no general Convention of the party to lay down a platform since the end of the war; and consequently, its policy must be sought in the resolutions of State Conventions, in the action of Congress at its last session ending in July, and in the general tone of the Union press. Looking at such authorities, it is perfectly clear that the present policy of the Union party is the requirement of the following measures as the indispensable preliminary condition to the restoration of the unrepresented States. There is a feeling in one part of the party that it is not altogether wise to insist upon the abolition and Rebel debt as another feeling in another part that no State should be restored except upon condition of equal suffrage. But these are not vital points. The Rebel debt extreme, as for instance the *Tribune* and the *Evening Post*, reserving their differences, act with the mass of the party which requires the ratification of the Amendment as the cardinal condition.

Congress, indeed, properly declined to commit its future action by any declaration upon the subject. The Report of the Joint Reconstruction Committee it proposed the Amendment, which, in its judgment, was essential to restoration, and it promptly restored Tennessee upon the adoption of the Amendment. Generally, therefore, Congress said that, in the present condition of public feeling, it was satisfied to limit what it would do as Congress certainly has done. The New York Union Convention, following the lead of Congress, declared that it should be glad to see any State restored which should adopt the Amendment; and, by common consent, the question to be decided at the elections is, whether such adoption shall be required as the condition of restoration?

This policy is practically opposed by the Democratic party only. Its habit of subservicency to the political interest known as "the South" is so strong that it is actually going before the States which have just subdued the rebellion of "the South" upon the proposition that they shall lose political power in consequence of their rebellion. And this party alleges revolution and treason and disunion and tyranny and want of Christian charity upon the people of Virginia, for instance, because they are not willing that Georgia, with a white population of less than 600,000, shall have seven representatives, while Wisconsin, with nearly 800,000 white population, will have only six. This is a more absurd and suicidal platform than the proposition of surrender to the rebellion which the party made at Chicago in 1864. Indeed nothing more clearly proves the loss by that party of the shrewdness which marks a living and hopeful organization than this kind of stupidity. How can a party expect popular support which seriously proposes to the white people of the free States that after 1870 a thousand votes in the late rebel States shall be equal to more than two thousand in the loyal States?

It is not surprising, as the New York *Times* truly remarks, that, however desirous the loyal people of the country may be to have all the States again represented, they naturally prefer a continuance of the present situation to the renewed ascendency of a party whose servile and reckless subservience to the most atrocious of treasons demands that the people is incompatible with the peaceful permanence of the Union produced the war; which in the midst of the most proposed measures of publication; and which, now that the war is over, insists that those who rebelled shall have gained political power. Finding that this is the alternative, those who, like the *Times*, counseled another policy than that which the Union party has adopted, still prefer to intrust the Union to its tried friends rather than to its proved enemies. And this again is natural; for our late political history shows that, however unwise some conspicuous and most faithful Union men may be in the general good sense of the party dictates a reasonable, just, and humane policy—a policy which is alike mindful of human nature and of the structure of our political system.

Yet it must be remembered that in times like these convictions rapidly ripen and measures change. Lincoln was rapidly overruled the emancipation orders of Generals FREMONT and HUNTER he said that, in doing so, he did not question the rightful power of the Government to do what they had done; but he was not satisfied that the time had come, and if it should come, he held that he was the proper officer to take the responsibility. The time, however, did come, and very rapidly; and the Commander-in-Chief, who opposed the partial emancipation of his Generals, issued a decree of general emancipation. The present policy of the Union party is the expression of its present conviction. In perfect good faith it proposes to restore the unrepresented States upon condition of their adoption of the Amendment. Their refusal would create an entirely new situation, to meet which there would undoubtedly arise a new policy. But they will not refuse. Two years ago JEFFERSON DAVIS passionately exclaimed that he would rather fraternize with hyenas than with YANKEES. NOW MR. KOSCIUSKO DAVIS is reported saying that not even all radicals are bad men. When the unrepresented States see that the sentiment of the victorious country is as steady as the north star, they will act in the course which will bring them all safely into port.

CARLYLE AND GOVERNOR EYRE.

THE reception in England of MR. EYRE, the late Governor of Jamaica, is curiously illustrative of English character. The accounts of the massacre of the colored population in Jamaica after the troubles had been repressed, the wanton murder of GEORGE WILLIAM GORDON after a mock trial, and the subsequent refusal of the outraged conscience of England compelled the Government to supersede MR. EYRE and to send out a special commission to investigate the facts. After a prolonged and thorough examination the commission reported, and evidently as tenderly as it could. But it was impossible to deny that there had been a severity amounting to cruelty. In a mild-spoken official verdict, translated into plain English, was simply that the measures of MR. EYRE were revolting and inhuman. MR. JOHN STUART MILL proposed in Parliament that he should be brought to trial for the murder of GORDON, and he is the chairman of a Committee to secure justice in the case, and to vindicate the honor of England share the feeling that the honor and humanity of the British name have been indelibly disgraced by MR. EYRE'S proceedings.

In the month of August MR. EYRE returned to England, and a banquet was immediately offered him at Southampton, where he landed. by various gentlemen and public bodies in county. The speeches were by the Earl of CARDIGAN for the regular army, by the Earl of HARDWICKE for the navy, and by other untitled persons for the militia and volunteers; by the Earl of SHREWSBURY for the nobility, and by the Reverend CHARLES KINGSLEY, author of "Alton Locke" and "Yeast," and now Professor of History at Cambridge, for humanity in general. MR. KINGSLEY'S speech was the most atrocious and silly performance of the kind that has been lately known. Its atrocity was in the declaration that he took MR. EYRE "upon trust;" which course he justified by the puerile assertion that "if they gave upon upon trust, especially rulers and official men, there would be nothing in the world but anarchy, which would be followed by despotism, and in due time by a big tyrant who would not take the people upon trust." MR. KINGSLEY'S folly was in his abject snobbishness. He declared that government made of "gentlemen" and political value only to the most sacred of all institutions, the monarchy itself." An English

nobleman was in his opinion the incarnate chivalry of Britain. The aristocracy "adopted into its ranks all the genius, all the talent, all the virtue, and he was afraid a great part of the beauty," which was a daring proposition for a Professor of History. Finally, he thought it possible that, "after wider and deeper services" upon the part of Mr. EYRE, the House of Lords might have the honor of welcoming him to their society as "not the least nobleman in that august and ancient assembly." So ends Mr. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

But the saddest fact of the whole is, that at a meeting of the Committee of "the Eyre Defence Fund" THOMAS CARLYLE took the chair—regretting, as he did so, that it was not filled "by some gentleman of power and influence"—his own Sir Jabesh Windbag, for instance. He added that it was the solemn duty of the Committee to attack, by all fair methods, the fallacy that the people of England did not approve the course of Mr. EYRE. Mr. S. C. HALL and HENRY KINGSLEY were of the same opinion. This is the natural consequence of CARLYLE'S deification of mere brute force, and his worship of FREDERICK THE GREAT as a hero. For the question is not whether a magistrate ought to enforce the law at all hazards; but whether, after the suppression of a riot, an exasperated soldiery should be allowed to shoot, hang, burn, and ravage as their pleasure? Honor, decency, humanity, the moral sentiment, are all rose-water and sentimental rubbish to the mind of CARLYLE. The more ferocious inhumanity and remorseless oppression are proofs of a noble and efficient manhood. How CARLYLE will rejoice over the anti-rose-water slaughter of Union men in New Orleans! How he will write dithyrambics to Mayor MONROE and President JOHNSON, and be devoutly grateful that while Thugs do their unbridled pleasure there is still hope for the world! The thanks of the meeting were appropriately moved by an army Captain, and seconded by a Captain in the navy.

The story of such proceedings is a more appalling Latter-Day pamphlet than ever CARLYLE wrote. They reveal the tendency of the British mind to confound ferocity with firmness, and the bloody frenzy of fear with the might of real force. Friendlessness and misfortune are getting to be unpardonable and contemptible crimes; and in fact, however obtained and however employed, the sole admirable quality in human affairs. In CARLYLE'S opinion Ireland ought to be put under water for twenty-four hours. "Quashee" and "Sambo" are noxious impertinences in creation, who ought to be caught, enslaved, and scourged forever. Constitutional government is a mania and a folly. MACHIAVELLI said long ago that a government of the people was an impossibility —and CARLYLE echoes MR. CARLYLE. Resolute, embittered, his mind and heart awry, he strives with his last strength to lead a reaction against Christianity and Civilization, and it is the most tragical spectacle of this time. Conservatism, of course, gladly hails him as its ally; but the struggles of his age can not repair the effects of the stalwart blows of his youth. The spirit of human freedom is which he as much as any man has infused into the better mind of England, animates that powerful party to which the future in that country belongs. He himself has educated those who most surely oppose his present influence. "I believe the working-classes of England would rather there should be no House of Lords than see a man of the Governor EYRE stamp there," said one of the speakers at a meeting to protest against the sentiments of the Southampton banquet.

Mr. EYRE may not be brought to a formal trial; but there is no more doubt that he is permanently disgraced in the estimation of generous and thoughtful and noble Englishmen than there is that Mayor MONROE is morally responsible for the most cruel murders in the minds of honorable and intelligent Americans.

A PULL ALL TOGETHER.

THERE is very general confidence of the universal success of the Union party at the coming elections; a confidence which is based upon the evident popular perception of the simple justice and rationality of the policy of the party. It is confirmed also by all public events. The elections are the most emphatic declaration of the drift of feeling. The tour of the President revealed both the peril and the folly of confidence in him as the leader of a party. Then the Rowan Philadelphia Convention was capped and extinguished by that of the loyal Southerners, and the Cleveland Military Convention was but the glory of the last Pittsburg. Indeed both the JOHNSON civil and military Conventions have already an appearance of trick. The padlock, as Mr. SAM HOUSTON says, is in his picture, was the symbol of the first, and the last was utterly pointless, except in expressing gratitude at a message of approbation from FORREST, whose complicity in the massacre of Fort Fillow has certainly not yet been so fully disproved that Union soldiers should hasten to cheer him.

All these are signs of a profound popular feeling, and a feeling which might reasonably be expected of a people which had revealed its character as it did through the war. But the excitement of midsummer has palpably subsided. That was doubtless the crisis. The massacre of New Orleans settled the President and his policy. The RADICAL PHILADELPHIA Convention was a palpable effort of the Democratic party to resuscitate itself. The Cleveland Military Convention was a political mockshow in which Mr. DOOLITTLE and Mr. LEWIS D. CAMPBELL were plainly visible pulling the ropes, and the nomination of Albany of Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, a Fence Supervisor of the war, was the end of the alliance between the "Conservative Republicans" and the Democracy in that State. The Pittsburg Convention actually decided, because it is seen to be merely a question between the old Copperheads of 1864 and the Union party.

But because of great our confidence, there should be no relaxation of effort. As in 1864, we want not only a majority, but a conclusive majority. It must not be forgotten that the Executive patronage is devoted to the defeat of the Union party, and that it has wisely not been wholly given up to Copperheads. A party is not demoralized by receiving patronage away from it; and the single shrewd action of the President in his own interest has been the retention in office of such members of the party which elected him as will help to carry that means to alienate from their political friends. That all such will sustain him at the polls is very doubtful—and it is doubtful not from the most persuasive method to inspire confidence upon any side. Yet there may be a considerable addition from this cause to the forces of the enemy, and it is truly called a mistake. In any case, the present contest is of the very highest importance. The complete success of the Union party will do more than any conceivable event for the speedy pacification of the country. The time is but short. Only a month remains; and a month of active work, of a joyful charge all together and all along the line, will secure that triumph and the peace which the soldiers won. No man has any excuse for indolence because of confidence in victory. The struggle must end not only in victory, but in a rout of the enemy—a rout as of '64.

GENERAL GRANT'S POLITICS.

IT is very amusing to watch the contest of General GRANT with the politicians. The General is evidently the one American who can refuse to make speeches, and who can receive letters without committing himself. His reticence and brevity are equally remarkable. Of course we are of opinion that every American citizen should have an opinion upon public affairs, and be willing to say what it is; but there is more than one method of saying it. We understand also why the General of the army and the Lieutenant of the Commander-in-Chief should decline to express himself directly upon his Commander's civil policy. And he is said with which he does not directly express himself is truly admirable; while the zeal with which the Presidential orators and journals claim his sympathies for the Philadelphia Convention is wisely tempered with discretion, for it compels the General to say that they do so without authority.

Thus Mr. KERR, candidate for Congress, in a speech somewhere in Indiana, announced the General as a supporter of the President's policy. Proof was demanded, and Mr. KERR produced a letter written to him by General HILLYER, of New York. General GRESHAM, Mr. KERR'S opponent, still doubtful, wrote to General GRANT. The General replied by sending him a copy of a letter which he had written to General HILLYER, of which it may be said that the meaning was perfectly clear. In a letter saying to General HILLYER that he had heard of his letter, General GRANT says: "You nor no man living is authorized to speak for me in political matters, and I ask you to desist from the future." It will be refreshing to see the General again chained for the President's policy.

It is a peculiarity of epistolary correspondence that those which express much often say nothing, and those which express nothing sometimes say very much.

NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE recent political action in North and South Carolina is very significant. The Union State Convention at Raleigh, in accordance with the spirit of the article from the Raleigh *Standard*, which we recently published, urged upon the Legislature the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment now pending, and recommended the people every where to demand it of their representatives. In the spirit of that amendment it professed its desire to co-operate with any action that the wisdom of Congress and of the Executive may devise for full restoration without "obstinate adherence to any special plan or policy;" and it nominated for Governor General ALFRED DOCKERY, who had no connection with the causes of the rebellion, and had been active in the Union ranks. This is a very rapid and instructive advance of public sentiment; and even if the Union party are not able to carry the election these proceedings show that it is very intelligently organized, and holds an attitude of wise adaptability to events.

The action of the special session of the South Carolina Legislature is not less interesting. It has passed a bill to declare the rights of persons lately known as slaves or as free persons of color. The text of this bill defines their rights as in the Civil Rights bill passed by Congress, excepting the right of marrying at pleasure—a restriction which seems about as unnecessary as any that could be devised. The passage of this bill shows extraordinary good sense. But the fact that the State preferred to originate the law instead of adopting it in the form of the Amendment proposed by Congress, indicates a present unwillingness to conform to the situation, which, we hope, will not long endure. Certainly a Legislature which is willing to do it in one way can not wisely, under the circumstances, refuse to do it in the other; for the Legislature must see that, however wise its action may be in itself, the very object of the Constitutional Amendment is to defend the civil rights of citizens of the United States in whatever State they may reside from the whims or wickedness of the people of that State. When equal civil rights are established in the national organic law, they are safe from any interference; but when they exist merely by the pleasure of a State they may be destroyed at the same pleasure.

But the most advantage of this action of the South Carolina Legislature is that it familiarizes the people of the State with the idea of equal civil rights. It abrogates the special legislation of the past, which against the freedmen, and is the sign of a wholesome conviction that the population of the State can not be permanently divided into two hostile classes. It is plainly the beginning of that true equality both of personal and political right which is the final security of every State; and while it does not in the least modify the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment by South Carolina less necessary, it certainly makes it much easier.

LUNGS.

No organ in the body is so outrageously interfered with as the lungs. The brain is goaded with unnatural stimulants, and the stomach is overtasked and abused, but systematic pressure is not brought to bear upon either of these organs from without. But there is no limit to the lungs in the female, not only preventing them from performing their full function, but repressing their growth, so that they are born of much less volume than they should be to compare with the other organs of the body. The natural proportion in the human machine, for so it may be regarded, inevitably results in disorder, just as it would in any machine in which the most important part were made altogether too small for the other parts.

To appreciate the importance of the lungs as a part of the body's machinery, let us observe their function and the arrangements for its proper performance. The function of those organs is to effect a change in the blood by means of pure air. The blood that returns to the heart from all parts of the body must be sent to the lungs to be thus aerated in order to fit it to circulate again to the organs. If this were not done it would carry death and destruction, instead of life and growth, wherever it goes. But how is the blood aerated? Not by shaking it up with air in a cavity. This would be man's way of doing it. But the Creator has an arrangement which is not less simple and ineffectual. The lungs are a mass of minute air-cells. There are millions upon millions of them. Into these the air is fully introduced at every inspiration, and there acts upon the blood in the vessels spread out upon the walls of these cells, of course through very minute pores. You can also see how important it is that each cell should have its full supply of air in order to perform its work.

Observe now the pains which have been taken in the construction of the chest to secure the free action of all these air-cells, or, as we may term them, There are no organs that so distinctly proclaim in their structure the purpose of the whole as the lungs. They are fully expanded for the introduction of air into the lungs. The cavity of the chest is separated from the cavity of the abdomen below by a large sheet of muscular substance, called the diaphragm, attached all around to the inside of the chest. This is arched upward, forming a membranous dome, and it is chiefly by the flattening of this downward that the cavity of the chest is enlarged, causing the air to rush in through the windpipe to fill out all the little air-cells.

It is plain enough to any one that this apparatus is designed to have freedom of motion, and that arrangements of dress should surely permit this. But fashion prescribes smallness of the waist in the female, and to secure it the lower part only is lower part, thus limiting its capacity, and preventing the diaphragm from having its full action. And so early in life does fashion, and so systematically is it pursued, that the chest and the contained organs are not permitted to attain any thing like their full volume.

Observe now what are the consequences of this constraint. We will suppose that the capacity of the lungs is reduced one-half—that is, that there are one-third less cells in the lungs than there should be. If, then, the other organs attain their usual size with the ordinary intake of respiration, the aeration of the blood must be defective to this amount. But this result does not come in full, but is in part prevented by another injury which the system at large sustains from the same source; for the response of growth in the lungs, lessening the general vigor, represses growth in all the other parts. In such a state of things there is not as much blood in the body as in a vigorous condition, and therefore there is not as much sent to the lungs to be aerated. Still, this general stinting of growth (*for such it is*) does not so regulate the proportion between the organs as to prevent embarrassment in breathing, and this nature seeks to remedy by increased frequency in respiration, for the tightly corseted lady always breathes more quickly than one whose chest has its natural freedom.

There is another point to be looked at. Growth repressed by pressure will not be a good and regular as natural, unrestrained growth. The air-vesicles, of which we have spoken, will not be uniformly well connected and well arranged. They can not, therefore, do their duty perfectly, and will be liable to disease.

There is another point still. With the chest free the hurried circulation caused by occasional strong exercise is prevented from doing violence to the lungs by the means at command for the full expansion of the chest. But crippled in this respect, injury must be done to the delicate cells, and thus the germs of disease are often planted.

Compressing the chest does harm, then, in two ways—by causing a tendency to diseases in the lungs themselves, and by impairing the general vigor.

We think it ridiculous and cruel in the Chinese mother to repress the growth of her daughter's feet, but is it really as much so to repress the growth of lungs? Is the organ are more important? Which by their disability most affect the general health? Let American mothers consider whether they do not go beyond the Chinese in foolish and cruel obedience to the mandates of fashion.

LITERARY.

"Spanish Papers," in two volumes, by WASHINGTON IRVING (published by HURD & HOUGHTON, New York), a collection, for the most part, of miscellaneous papers left by WASHINGTON IRVING at his death, and only partially prepared for publication, which his nephew PIERRE IRVING has edited and presented to the public, to complete the series of IRVING'S works. Some of the papers have appeared before in periodicals, and a book containing a few of them was published some years ago, but is now out of print. The matter is semi-legendary; but is not, therefore, of any less historical value. The legends of a romantic people are valuable not merely as myths, but as a relex of its history during that period in which legends and tales are blended together in such a way that it is hard to tell where the former end or the latter begin. And all who have read the "Alhambra" of Washington Irving will admit that a narrative told by this most graceful of American authors gains rather than loses in interest from the peculiar guise in which it is presented. We find in these papers the same fidelity to his subject, and the same graces of style, which have made all of IRVING'S work so popular.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The Editor of *Harper's Weekly* acknowledges the receipt of excellent photographs of the Ruins of the Bridge of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, from BRADY & CO.'s National Photograph Gallery, 352 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington. This favor, one of very many received from all parts, was unfortunately came too late to be made available; but our thanks are none the less due to BRADY & CO. for their courtesy.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

The President has appointed Hugh Ewing, of Kentucky, to be Minister Resident at the Hague.

General Dix took formal possession of the New York Custom-House on the 1st inst., and assumed the duties attached to his new commission as Naval Officer of the port.

The Augusta (Maine) *Farmer* of September 27 says: "On Monday of the present week—a few days—three weeks from the day of the great fire in this city in September, there be workmen, by direction of the rulers of the Stanley House, found that the bricks at the bottom of the chimney are as hard as a rock—it impossible to handle them. The cost that was to the cellar was also seen in the heat. Portions of the latter, and also of the bricks, were, when brought into our office, too hot to be retained in the hands."

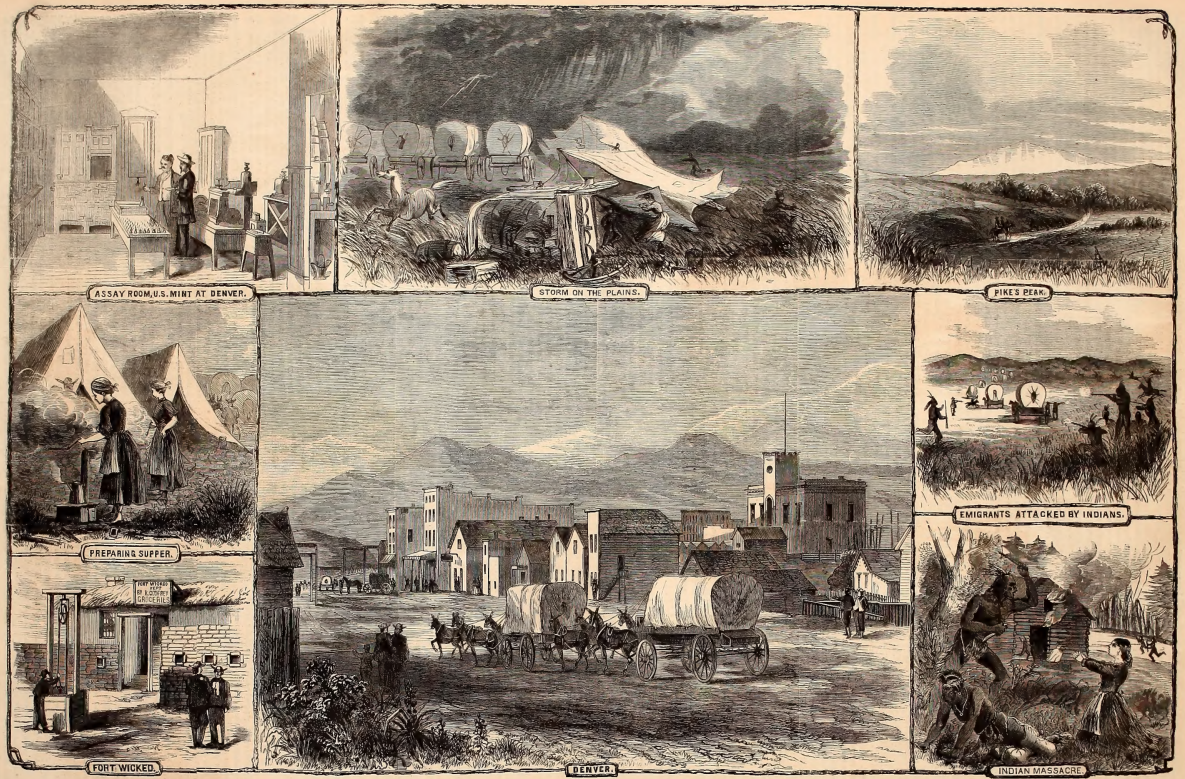
Hon. John Minor Botts had a narrow escape from being killed at the railroad depot in Newark, New Jersey, on the evening of September 26.

W. J. Valentine has been associated with Professor Morse as agent for the United States Government from Massachusetts to next year's Paris exhibition.

The Government contractors have finish a section of the "Original Big Tree" to the World's Fair at Paris in sail for the Marquess to be shipped there, for want of a saw long enough to cut it. The cutting will require a saw 40 feet long.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Ocean Telegraph gives us dispatches up to Friday, September 28. Denmark is certainly ill. Prussia can ill afford to spare at this time the services of the bold and unscrupulous statesman, the Prussian Chamber of Deputies has passed the loan bill, the minister having been to a proposition of 20,000,000 thalers. The Diet has been prorogued. It is reported that Spain has accepted the mediation of France and England between herself and the South American Republics. A Military Commission has been sent by the Italian Government to Venetia to take possession of war materials. The Archduchess Carlotta is visiting the Pope at Rome. Great Britain is still dispatching troops to Canada. Advices from Paris by the Cuba's mails state that the Marquis de Gallo got goes as Civil Commissioner with General Castelnau to Mexico. A dispatch from Madrid says the Spanish Government have been informed that the negotiations are conducted by the United States Government to bring about a peace between Chili and Spain were progressing favorably.



LIFE ON THE PLAINS.—From Sketches by Mr. James F. Gookins.—[See Page 654.]

LITTLE AZURE BLUE.

ONCE upon a time a poor bird-catcher was wandering along a stony, dangerous path up the Montagne Noire. His cloak was torn, his shoes were worn out, his knapsack was empty. He carried a number of cages tied together, but they were empty too, and he walked with the slow step of a tired man who has lost heart, and harshly cares to reach his journey's end. Otherwise he would have been afraid to linger so late on the Montagne Noire, where witches and wizards had their head-quarters, and all manner of evil spirits reside. That day, and many before it, he had not sold a bird or a cage; indeed the birds seemed to have fled out of the land, and the inhabitants would have been glad to do the same if they could, war and famine were so sore in it. He walked slower and slower, and at last he sat down, and looked from the mountain side far away across the country, where the sun was setting the color of a marigold in a pale sky; but he saw nothing; for his eyes were full of tears. The last sunbeams shone through them, and so dazzled him that a tall, grave man in a flowing brown robe was close to him before he had noticed him. The bird-catcher started, thinking of sorcerers and spirits who take deceitful shapes; but he looked again, and made up his mind that this was no sorcerer but a good monk. He held out his hand, asking charity in a hasty, ashamed way.

"Thou hast an honest trade and shouldst take shame to beg," was the answer, while the newcomer looked gravely down upon him.

"Alas! holy father, who is there to buy my cages or my birds? You know yourself that the Spaniards have burned our towns and wasted our fields, and now the plague is on us."

"Alas! it is too true," said the monk, sorrowfully, "and the rich oppress the poor, and the poor have no pity upon one another. But if you, Raymond Caylon—"

"You know my name!" exclaimed the bird-catcher, alarmed, and for a moment again suspecting sorcery; but his eyes sank ashamed as he met the grave, lofty look of the monk, who without answering his question went on: "When it is in your power to help others, remember what you felt in your own need. Show me your cages."

"This is the largest and best made."

"Return home; it is a league hence; but take courage, good news is waiting for you there. As soon as you arrive open the window, set the cage on the table, and say, 'Little Azure Blue, do your duty.' Farewell, Raymond Caylon."

Raymond would have caught at the brown floating robe to detain the monk, and ask a dozen questions, but it vanished out of his grasp, and only a few drops of dew remained in his hand. The monk was gone, and no trace of him was left; but Raymond fell on his knees among the evergreen oaks, and crossed himself in awe, for he knew now that he had seen St. Stapier.

You may be quite sure that he hastened home as fast as he could; have you never yourselves forgotten that you were tired and out of heart when some unexpected delight has proved to be awaiting you? Without stopping to rest a moment after he had reached his cottage, he put the cage on the only table in it, and said, in a trembling voice, "Little Azure Blue, do your duty." In a moment a sky-blue bird came flying in, perched in the cage, and began to sing a song so wild and sweet that there are no words to tell what it was like. And while it sang the table became covered with dainty dishes, fish and game and fowl, a roasted peacock, a boar's head—dishes which only nobles ate of, and they not every day. Raymond stood gazing, too much amazed to eat; he only repeated "St. Stapier! St. Stapier! St. Stapier!" like one out of his wits, till hunger reminded him sharply that these good things were there to be eaten; and then he was about to fall to, when the thought of all the poor starving creatures in the village, as hungry as himself, crossed his mind, and he hurried out to bid them to the feast, as the good saint had enjoined him. The cottage was soon more than full; men, women, and children came, lean and pale with long want, but their great wonder almost took away their appetite. They eat on the floor, they crowded round the table, they stood outside, and there was abundance for all. Such a day had never been known in the village, even in the good old days before the Spaniards wasted the land, and the sire de Chaufontaine became their seigneur. A murmur run through the little crowd that surely the lord of Chaufontaine would hear of this marvelous bird, and then—! But Raymond said that St. Stapier would surely protect his own gift. While they were yet speaking of this matter low and anxiously, like oppressed men, the sweet song of the bird suddenly ceased; it spread its blue wings and was gone in a moment. All looked on dismayed, all wondered whether it would ever return again; but Raymond's faith in St. Stapier was firm, and he assured them that the next day Azure Blue would provide another feast. And he was right. Day after day the whole village was fed; day after day Azure Blue sang his magic song, till a good harvest had brought back plenty to the country, and the Spaniards and fever had both left the land. And then, and not till then, did the seigneur of Chaufontaine hear of the gift which St. Stapier had made to Raymond Caylon.



THE TIRED BIRD CATCHER AND THE MONK.

No one ever heard who betrayed the secret kept so long, but one day a squire came from Chaufontaine with an order that Raymond should follow him instantly, with his cage, to the presence of his master. Raymond trembled as he unwillingly set out; all the villagers stood sorrowful at their doors and watched him go by for they were sure that, even if he came back safe, it would be without the precious cage. The sire de Chaufontaine locked grim when Raymond came before him. "Is it thou," he cried, "who hast kept this treasure to thyself all these months past? a treasure not fit for peasants, for whom black bread and chestnuts are too good. It was thy duty to have brought it to me—thy lord! Thou dost merit death for this base knavery; but none can say that I am an ill lord; fix thy price, and it shall be paid thee."

Raymond looked helplessly dismayed. Not a vassal far or near dared disobey the sire de Chaufontaine; yet he faltered out, "My lord, I may not barter away the gift of St. Stapier!"

"Fool!" answered the baron. "Hast thou heard of my chamber of roses?"

Too well did all his vassals know that name; some had seen the inside of that dungeon deep down in the old gray tower of the castle, where the baron tortured poor wretches who had displeased him. He called it in cruel mockery his chamber of roses, and laughed to see the bird-catcher turn pale.

"Choose!" he repeated; and Raymond seeing there was in truth no choice, hoped that St. Stapier would forgive him—surely he would if he knew the sire de Chaufontaine—so asked boldly for the Mill of Croissac in payment for his cage.

"No more?" laughed his lord. "That shalt thou have; and here is my notary to draw up a deed of gift. Master notary, write that the Mill of Croissac belongs to Raymond Caylon and his heirs forever, and make it sure."

The baron put his large seal at the bottom of the parchment, and Raymond went away, on the whole well pleased, though he had left the cage behind him. Scarcely was he gone when the sire de Chaufontaine sent messengers all over Languedoc to invite his noble friends to a banquet where one single bird should furnish the feast. They came from far and near; the hall was decked, the tables covered with dishes, but all empty; the guests stood in wonder looking at their host. "Silence, noble lords," he said. "Listen!" and placing the cage on the table he shouted, "Little Azure Blue, do your duty." There was a deep silence of expectation. Suddenly through the open window with a great noise of wings entered a gray bird; its eyes were



ACADIANS HAULING BOATS—A SCENE ON THE BAYOU LAFOURCHE, LOUISIANA.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 634.]

yellow and large, its beak and claws sharp. It perched in the cage, uttered three loud shrieks, and went as it had come.

There was no feast at Chanfontaine that day; the guests went away hungry, leaving the baron in such a rage as no one had seen him in before, which is saying much. Doubtless he would have been revenged on Raymond Cayion, but he had not time. He fell ill of some unknown sickness that day, and died before the week's end. And the Cayions are still at the Mill of Croissac.

JANETTE'S HAIR.

"Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet—"
For the words as he had no distinter might
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders white.

As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden glass, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet;
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist,
'Twas a thing to be braided, and jeweled, and kissed—

'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet!

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
It was sinewy, bristled and brown, my pet,
But warmly and softly it loved to caress,
Your round white neck and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janette,
Revealing the old, dear story, my pet,
They were gray, with that chastened tinge of the sky
When the trust hope quickest to grasp the fly—
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Janette,
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet,
When the spring is young, and the roses are wet
With dew-drops in each red bosom set,
And they rifled your gold-brown hair, my pet.

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette,
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet;
But so gentle the bondage my soul did implore
The right to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

* * * *

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,
With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair, my pet;
In the distress of desolate years I mourn,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

MILES O'REILLY.

UNEASY SHAVING.

I WONDER whether a man is more likely to be sleepless on the night before he is married or on the night before he is hanged? I have experience in only the more blissful of these two kinds of anticipation; but I confess that the night before I was to be joined to my beloved Julia in the bonds of wedlock was one of the most restless I ever passed in my life. I am a timid man, a nervous man, a man ever painfully conscious of all his defects and deficiencies, but never before had I felt such a poignant regret that I could not add a couple of inches to my stature; and when I reflected that I had never had the courage to reveal to Julia a carefully-concealed bald spot on my head, which she would now be sure to discover, to my shame and confusion, my remorse was terrible.

I got up in the morning at a not very early hour, and dressed myself with scrupulous care in garments which, though by no means of overpowering magnificence, were unmistakably suggestive of matrimonial intentions. But when I attempted to shave, my hand shook so as to make it likely that the operation, if persevered in, would be unsatisfactory. My beard grows with a strength and determination which no one acquainted with my character would suppose possible unless he saw it. My beard is also of a dirtyish yellow color. I could not proceed to church to meet my bride without having it closely removed. I therefore determined to step into some barber's shop and get it done. And so I made my breakfast with what appetite I might, put the license into the ring into my pocket, and set out for the town where Julia lived.

This town was about twenty minutes by rail from our village. I arrived there in very good time, and Julia and I had agreed that our wedding should be as quiet as possible; and it had been arranged that I should walk alone to the church, while she should proceed thither in a carriage, accompanied only by an uncle and a younger sister. My way to the church led by Julia's door, and, so much was I engrossed by thoughts of the coming ceremony, that it was not until I had arrived at that point that the sight of a barber's pole on the opposite side of the way reminded me that I had not yet got shaved. I glanced at Julia's window, but I was so early that no one was visible, and there was as yet no sign of a carriage at the door. I looked at my watch and stepped into the barber's shop.

The window of the shop fronted the street, but the door was up a little court by the side—so that, as the barber subsequently confessed to me, a couple who, when I entered, I could not see the barber's face, neither did the barber see me. It seemed as if he did not hear either; seating myself in a chair in the middle of the shop, and placing my hat on a form, I said, in a mild tone of voice: "I want a shave, if you please."

The barber did not move, and the expression of his countenance—as far as could be inferred from an inspection of the back of his head—was one of melancholy abstraction.

Again I said, in a somewhat louder tone: "I will trouble you to shave me, if you please."

Still the barber did not move.

Surprised at this, I called out in a sharper manner: "I want a shave!"

The barber, with a callous indifference to all precedent, remained unmoved.

I fancied he must be deaf, and next time concentrated all the power of my lungs—which would have otherwise been diffused over a whole sentence—into a most emphatic pronunciation of one word: "Shave!"

This unwonted firmness of policy produced its effect, and the barber turned toward me.

He was a tall young man, slender but well built, tolerably good-looking, with a dark mustache, but without whiskers or beard; his eyes were large and well opened, but appeared, as he first looked toward me, as if they saw nothing of me, or my beard, or any thing else. One would have supposed that he had never heard of shaving before.

I thought all this very queer, but still supposing that he must be deaf, I put my hands to my mouth, so as to form a natural speaking-trumpet, and bawled out as loudly as I could:

"I want a—*shave!* And please to—make *haste!* I have a pressing—*engagement!*"

In a moment his eyes flashed with a strange light. Advancing toward me with a bound he seized a chair, set it down with most unnecessary violence opposite to mine, flung himself into it, and, leaning forward with his hands on his thighs, eyed me over, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot and back again, as if I had made a most extraordinary request: "You want to be shaved?"

I was beginning to be alarmed at all this, and only thought now of beating a retreat; so, taking out my watch, I said: "If—a—I think of it, but I fear I have not time now. Good-morning."

And I rose to go away.

But the barber rose also; and, pressing me back into the chair by main force, stood over me with one hand on each of my shoulders, while I looked up at him in utter terror and astonishment.

"You came into this shop," said he; "you came into this shop to be shaved?"

"Yes—a," was all I could stammer out.

"And by me?"

"Well, I—I suppose so."

"Then haste me," cried he, "but I'll do it!"

Stepping to the door, he locked it in the most determined manner, and put the key into the pocket of his light linen jacket.

I rather take credit to myself that I did not faint away at once; but that, on the contrary, I began to consider my danger more. The barber was certainly mad, but perhaps I might be able to pacify him, and induce him to let me go; or perhaps some other customer might come, and I should somebody would come! I looked through the window, but the street was quiet and still. A dog lay basking in the sun; a horse seemed to doze over the sleepy where he was tied to the door of a public house next to Julia's dwelling; but scarcely any body passed, and nobody came to be shaved.

The barber went to the little fire-place, took up a pot of soap-suds, and stirred them round with a savage earnestness which I have never seen equaled, and then stropped a razor with such ferocity that I thought my last hour was come. My knees trembled, and a feeling of faintness came over me.

When I had somewhat recovered, I saw the barber again seated in the chair opposite to me; and in him our eyes met. "Sir," I began, "I assure you I have the utmost confidence in your skill; but time, my dear Sir, time—" There was not much time to waste if I was to be married, instead of murdered, that fine morning.

"Time!" cried the barber, with a dreadful flourish of his razor, "time was made for slaves!"

There was something reassuring in this last observation, which I remembered to have heard at a convivial meeting. Certainly, thought I, a barber might not be wholly devoid of human sympathy, I determined to tell him on what errand I was bound, and, in as wheedling a tone as possible, I assured him as I could, and with an attempt to appear jocose, which, I think, was highly creditable to me under the circumstances: "Why—a—the fact is, between you and me and the post, that I am on my way to be married, and that it is time for me to be at church. Ha, ha! I dare say a couple was I expressed by thoughts of the coming ceremony, that I was not until I had arrived at that point that the sight of a barber's pole on the opposite side of the way reminded me that I had not yet got shaved. I glanced at Julia's window, but I was so early that no one was visible, and there was as yet no sign of a carriage at the door. I looked at my watch and stepped into the barber's shop.

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"Quite a mistake," cried the barber; "quite a mistake, I assure you. Never was there a greater fallacy." Married with that beard? Perish the thought!"

Throwing a cloth over my shoulders, he at once began lathering away with prodigious rapidity—lathering not only my chin, but my cheeks, my nose, my ears, my throat, my nostrils, my teeth, my forehead, to the very roots of my hair. My eyes alone he suffered to escape around them with as much care as if he were an artist painting a delicate picture.

Under this infliction I saw the carriage drive up to Julia's door, and presently drive off again in the direction of the church; while through its window I saw a fleeting vision of two white veils and a white waistcoat.

Two or three women came out of their houses to look at the carriage, but otherwise the street remained quiet, the dog still lay basking in the sun, the horse kept on going to sleep outside the public house door, nobody was hurried, and nobody came to be shaved.

At that moment I saw a man walking on the other side of the street. He looked at the barber's pole; he paused; he passed his hand over his chin; he was a dirty-faced man. I could see, even from that distance, that he had not been shaved for a week; surely, surely, he would come, and I should be rescued. He looked at the barber's window, and stood outside the window. He was coming! He paused again. He put his hand into his pocket, took out some pence, looked at them. He shook his head. He recrossed the street, and went into the public house. I suppose he spent his money in beer. Oh, the fickleness of inconstancy!

Still the barber lathered away, as though he would never cease, using the brush now with the light hand, now with the heavy.

Another man stopped in the street and looked at the barber's pole; he, too, passed his hand over his chin. He paused; he looked at the barber. This man had on a cleanish shirt and an average hat. My heart bounded with hope. Surely such a respectable man would not pass by an unshaven acquaintance. Surely such an exemplary man would come to be shaved. He, too, put his hand to his pocket, but looked at pence, and took out a twist. He looked at his watch and seemed startled. He shook his head and passed on.

And the dog still lay basking in the sun, and the horse kept going to sleep outside the inn door, and few people passed by, and nobody came to be shaved.

And still the barber kept lathering away at me, as if it is if the lather must be an inch thick upon my face, and my countenance became ghastly. I became sick and faint, and there was a buzzing noise in my ears, as if I had been under water.

The barber left off lathering me, and the shaving-brush—both he and his soap-suds were pretty nearly exhausted—but he took the razor and passed it once or twice over the strop, and then, pulling a handful of hairs from my head, tried the edge of the blade upon one of them. The hair was split, and the razor was pronounced sharp enough. He left hand and took hold of my nose; he held my nose much more tightly than the exigencies of the occasion required, but my nose was about in every direction, he elongated and compressed my nose as if it had been made of gutta-percha. The pastime seemed to afford him great satisfaction. He forced myself to grin, as though it were a capital joke. At length he ceased and advanced the razor. It was a terrible moment. The barber stared at me, and then again seated himself in the chair, and said in a more conversational and easy tone than he had before used:

"Perhaps—perhaps you think I am mad?"

This, if any, was a time in which a little white lying was warrantable. I said:

"Oh dear no, my dear Sir, quite the contrary—a little eccentric, perhaps," and I forced a smile, "but nothing more!"

"Oh, if you did," said he, lightly and airily, "you would not be the only one. Many have feared the life of many a person, themselves inclusive, have formed that erroneous opinion. But woe to him, and he brandished the razor—" was to him the windows and doors of his mind! You—you do not consider me mad; eh?"

"My dear Sir," said I, "how can you suspect such a thing for a moment? On the contrary, I consider you the most perfectly sane and sensible person I ever met."

"Good. And my conversation is both instructive and agreeable to you?"

"Highly so," I replied. "I should like, above all things, to spend the whole afternoon with you. But at present—I am very sorry, but I —I fear I must be going. In fact, that pressing engagement which I mentioned—"

The comparative mildness of his manner had emboldened me to make this further attempt to escape; but it did not succeed.

He gave me a look which again made me shrink into myself, and said:

"As it is well known, and fully understood both by me and by yourself, that I must and *will* shave you, it is right and proper that I should, before commencing that difficult and delicate operation, explain to you the precise position in which we stand. I perceive that, unfortunately, you treasure a good deal of unnecessary hair. You have a considerable mole on one cheek, and one or two dangerous-looking pimples on the other. I fear," he shook his head, "I fear that these little disturbances may cause most serious, if not fatal, difficulties. It appears to me, then, that, before commencing the serious task, it will be advisable for me to relate to you a portion of my history, so that you may understand the perilous position in which we are placed."

"Know, then," said he, "that at a former period of my existence I had a shop of a similar kind to this. It was a thriving business, and my profits immense, overwhelming. As the customers stood waiting for their turns they were packed as thick as herrings in a barrel. They were mostly coal-heavers. Coals are beneficial to the growth of beards, though detrimental to razors. Can it be wondered at that my arms grew feeble and my eyelids heavy? I had no assistants—I always scorned assistance. I was happy, for on the morrow, on that very Sunday which was so close at hand, I was to wed my Jemima. O Jemima! It was half past eleven o'clock, and it seemed as if I were to have no more customers that night. But I did not close until twelve, and my razors were all blunted; so I determined to get one of them thoroughly sharpened before I shut the shop. I took one, and honed it, and lathered it, and stropped it until it was in wonderful order, and fit to shave the down from the cheek of a peach. This razor that I have just prepared for you is the nearest approach to it that I have ever seen."

He looked the razor a few times with the pale of his hand, and resumed:

"It was close on the stroke of twelve. I put up the shutters, and neatly closed the door. I was about to turn off the gas, believing that work was over for the night, when one more customer entered—a man like myself. I had shaved him before. He was a little old weazen man. He was the clerk of the parish church, to which I sometimes went. His throat was long and sinewy, and its larynx was very prominent. The larynx of your throat," and the barber stepped back a pace and looked at me with the air of a connoisseur, "is remarkably prominent. The old clerk was very angry. I apologized and began again. In an instant, in a moment, a sudden chokingfit of anger seized him, and I feared that I could withdraw my hand his throat came forward with a violent jerk against the keen edge of the razor, and the blood came pouring out. He fell down in a wet heap on the floor, and was dead almost directly!"

The barber paused, and pressed his hand to his head. I was horribly startled at the dreadful accident in the tale. I had expected something mournfully sentimental about Jemima.

He continued, and his manner again became excited:

"I fled at once; fled all night, all next day, for a week, for a month. For six months; straight on, straight on, through fire, water, wind, and snow, fog, mist, thunder, sods-water, and treacle. But the pursuers were on the track, for, before the last mind, I heard them coming. I escaped them. The means by which I escaped I shall never reveal, as I may want them again. A constant escape is averse to this town. I came, concealed in the steam of an express engine. This shop was to be let. I took it. I was constrained upon my profession and upon my features. No one suspected me. Last night was the Tower anniversary. As it approached I felt that I must commemorate it. But I did not go to bed. You would not have had me go to bed, would you? Very well, then, don't look as if you would. I was alone in the shop. From half past eleven to twelve I employed myself in stropping a razor—this one—as I had done *then*. At the stroke of twelve I put out the gas, closed the door, closed door, and seated himself in the chair where you now sit. I could not help myself. I advanced to shave him. But he confronted me boldly, and in the same creaking voice in which he used to say Amen, 'To-morrow one customer will come into your shop. Defy me, and he is lost!' Those were the very words *as you shaved* ME!" He pointed to his throat, and vanished. I have been thinking over the matter, and have come to the conclusion that I am not necessarily bound to cut your throat. I did not cut the old man's; he did it himself; and therefore I think that I may yet be well. If I can shave you without drawing a drop of blood you will escape. But if I accidentally cut you, as I did Towser, the coincidence will be so remarkable that I shall feel myself bound to go on. You see the point? Ever since that terrible night I have not been able to see a drop of blood. I must see some, you know!"

At this time the carriage drove up to Julia's door, having returned from its fruitless journey to the church. I heard the steps of the bride, and the house door open and shut, and then I heard the carriage drive off. But I could see only dimly, for I felt sick and faint.

The barber also heard, and looked toward the window. As he again turned to me I thought I could detect a smile flit over his features. I felt somewhat encouraged.

"Why, you are still trembling," he said. "I can not shave you with any hope of safety, until you are more quiet."

I was glad to hear him say that; for, dreadful as his then precarious position, my fear was better than that he should commence the use of the razor under the terrible conditions he had mentioned. Lending a somewhat unnecessary aid to steadiness, I shook to such an extent that the barber, mad as he was, looked positively alarmed.

The sound his next words I could scarcely believe my ears.

"Why, you are getting worse than ever," said he, "and my hand might be unsteady too. I had no rest last night. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. Let us take forty winks a piece—you in the chair—I in this. The son who makes first shall call the other, and then we will proceed to business. A nap will calm our nerves. What do you say?"

"The very thing!" I cried. And oh, how my heart beat with hope! Nothing could have been more favorable to my escape. I thought the key of the door was still in his pocket. I could see the handle of it peeping out. Oh that he would sleep quickly and sleep soundly!

The barber closed his razor, yawned, stretched out his legs, and folded his arms. I stilled my trembling limbs as well as I could, and, at the earliest moment consistent with probability, began to draw my breath regularly, as if asleep. Presently I fancied I heard the barber snore. I ventured to steal a glance at the barber. His eyes were shut, and he was decidedly nodding. He shifted his position, and leaned back in the chair to rest his head. Half a minute and his breathing became regular, then loud, then outrageous, until he snored like an ogre.

Now was my time! I arose, and two steps brought me to his side. My boots were new boots, and creaked horribly as I stepped. But the barber did not awake. Without trouble or difficulty I drew the key from his pocket. I passed behind his chair. I was at the door. I put the key into the lock, turned it, the door opened easily. I was free! I was gone!

I rushed down the court; I fled up the street; I was without a hat, the shaving cloth was still on my shoulders, my face was thickly covered with lather, so that I must have considerably terrified the persons in the streets. I have since learned that one old lady was frightened into fits. But whither I went, what I did, or what I said, I do not of my own knowledge know at all.

One thing, incredible as it seemed to me at first, I was ultimately compelled to believe. The barber was no more mad than I was. He had come into the town some little time before as an actor at the theatre; but not finding that a very lucrative pursuit, but resumed his original trade of shaving. I believe he had managed to persuade Julia that he did so, solely for love of her; unknown to me he had loved me some time before and even after I had already promised to marry him when I cut him out. He was aware that it was my wedding-day, and was bewilder over his wrongs when I by the merest chance entered his shop. He knew me by sight, and conceived the idea of taking revenge both on Julia and myself by preventing me from going to church until canonical hours were past.

He attained his object more fully, perhaps, than he anticipated: for Julia would never have any thing to say to me again, and her door was always closed in my face in the most uncompromising manner possible. On a letter of explanation I called, but she returned a reply to the effect that it made no difference, for she would never marry a poltroon. Yes, that was the word; as if a person in the drapery, grocery, pin and needle, note-paper, bacon, and general line, were required to be a hero! After a little while I gave the thing up, and, unable to withstand the continual jeering of boys and others, sold my business, and retired to another part of the kingdom.

I have since been informed that Julia at last forgave the barber for having caused the mortifying predicament in which she had been placed, and became his wife. He soon after returned to the stage, where he is pretty well, and would have done better, if he had not been somewhat too fond of drink. I hear that Julia hen-pecks him horribly, and leads him by no means an angel of a life; so, perhaps, I am well out of it after all; for if she can serve *him* so, what would she have done by *me*?

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by HENRY E. PIERREPONT, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN Mr. Mcy left the breakfast-room next morning Clover softly followed him into the hall.

"Papa, did you say Mr. Jarvis sent you some young plants yesterday?"

"He did send me some, my dear—I don't remember mentioning it."

"Papa, aren't they wilted? will they grow?"

"They were quite fresh, and *ought* to grow," said Mr. May. "Jarvis has a capital gardener, and the plants were put up in first-rate style."

"How were they put up, papa? Will you tell me?" said Clover.

"What a curious little mouse," said her father, laughing, "what have you to do with my plants?—they were strawberry plants, not flowers."

"I *can*," said Clover, with a blush; "but I will you please tell me, papa?"

"Well then," said Mr. May, "they were taken out of the ground very carefully, with the roots not injured and as much earth as possible clinging to them; and then they were wrapped up, tops and all, in a large cabbage leaf. There is nothing better than cabbage leaves, my dear, for the purpose." And with a kiss and another laugh Mr. May stepped into his carriage and drove away. Clover stood still, thinking for a minute, and then went quietly back into the breakfast-room and began her lessons.

But it may have been seen that morning that Clover was unusually eager to have the lessons end, and never put in the delay of a single question, nor made but a talk when the recitations were finished; but were such a grave, preoccupied face all the time, that if she had made any number of mistakes you would hardly have wondered. Every thing went on with, the most perfect correctness, however; except that once, in answer to some question in Natural Philosophy, Clover began:

"Take a cabbage leaf—" and then with crimson cheeks stopped short and began again, in the midst of a hearty laugh from every body else.

So the morning passed by, and dinner-time came; and after dinner Mrs. May proposed a walk.

"Do you want me to go, mamma?" Clover said, anxiously.

"Look out at the sunlight—does not that persuade you?" said her mother.

"Yes, mamma, it's lovely; but—"

"But you like books still better. I do not wish you to read away the afternoon, Clover."

"I will not read, mamma."

"Garden work, then? Oh well, do just as you like, my dear."

So the others set off without her, and Clover watched them for a minute with wistful eyes: then put on her business face again, and turned back into the house.

The first thing was to get one of her seed bags and examine it very closely; then laying that on the table for a pattern, Clover turned over all her stores of odds and ends, and found some bits of smooth brown paper, greatly to the discomfort of morsels of ribbon and scraps of silk, which were suddenly turned out of house and home. The bottle of mucilage came next upon the table; then a pair of scissors, and pen and ink; and Clover sat down to her work.

Did you ever try to make little brown paper bags for flower seeds? It is not easy matter when you know how; but Clover found that it may make very wounded fingers tremble. It was so hard to cut the paper large enough, and to fold it in the middle; and to cut off one edge just enough, and then to fold down over it the other edge, with mucilage between. Then sometimes all went on two sides of this, and to run out and made her fingers sticky; or one corner of paper started up, as much as to say, "There's nothing here to hold me fast!" Or the pieces of paper were too small, and she had to make the two sides of her bag separate, and so have a seam all round. The sun went down on his glorious path when Clover looked down with a sigh and a smile, first at her smeared fingers, and then at six little paper bags, spread out to dry on the floor.

She ran off up stairs to wash her hands, and then taking the bags up one by one, wrote on them with great pains and labor (for the pen was a short one across the bag, and the names were so long!) the titles of some of her beloved flower seeds. Then carefully took from a drawer a little jar for tiny pansia seeds, and as many of heliotrysum, and so on, till the six bags had each a treasure within: folded down the top of each, and put it in the middle; and to cut off one edge just enough, and then to fold down over it the other edge, with mucilage between. Then sometimes all went on two sides of this, and to run out and made her fingers sticky; or one corner of paper started up, as much as to say, "There's nothing here to hold me fast!" Or the pieces of paper were too small, and she had to make the two sides of her bag separate, and so have a seam all round. The sun went down on his glorious path when Clover looked down with a sigh and a smile, first at her smeared fingers, and then at six little paper bags, spread out to dry on the floor.

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But the work was not done yet. Clover looked fondly at her little package for a minute, then put it in her pocket and ran away to the great garden at the big House to find Mr. Jarvis, and ask him in her own garden with the air of one whose mind is made up.

It was a little bit of a trial to take up one after another of the young plants that were growing so finely; but if Clover heaved a sigh once or twice over the secret heaved; gently and softly the patch of pinks to another, and then to stocks, and then to amaranthus, laying each little seedling carefully in the cabbage leaf and smoothing down neatly the spot where it had been. Then back to the fresh pansies, and the heliotrysum; remembering about him in the drawing-room; three or four contrarious old maids fell on him tooth and nail.

"Lainy," said Miss Jane, "have you seen this great musician? He salutes no one, and never speaks a word. He takes his bowl of soup in an arbor in the garden, and then goes away if any one approaches. What an oddity he must be!"

"That's part of his malady," said another; "people say that there is some terrible mystery about his life—some love story, I imagine."

"Not at all," added a third; "Paganini is a miser; there's nothing romantic in that. Do you remember that concert which was organized in favor of the families who had suffered from the inundation in St. Etienne? The great violinist refused to take part in it because he would have had to play gratuitously. Depend upon it he fears that were he to mix in society he might be asked for similar favors."

Paganini guessed pretty well how he was regarded by his fellow-boarders; but, like Gallio of old, he cared for none of those things. His health was now gradually better, yet in the whole house he never exchanged a word with any one except Nicette. She was the only person who attended on him—a cheerful, innocent country-girl, whose gay prattle, when she served his meals, often availed to dispel the cloud which habitually darkened the brows of Paganini.

One morning Nicette presented herself with a sad, drooping countenance, and served breakfast without uttering a word. The musician, who was amusing himself with carving a piece of ivory for the handle of a faggot, noticed the change in the young girl, and questioned her upon it.

"What's the matter, my child? You look sad; your eyes are red; some misfortune has befallen you, Nicette?"

"Oh yes, Sir."

"I would be indiscreet to ask you what it is?"

"No, Sir, not precisely; but—"

Paganini fixed his great black eyes on the girl's troubled countenance.

"Come," he said; "I see how it is. After having made you a thousand promises *he* has quitted you, and you are left to bear your failings of *her*."

"Ah! poor fellow! He has quitted me, certainly, but it was not his fault."

"Explain, child."

"Because in the conscription he drew a bad number, and he had been sent away with a great long gun on his shoulder, and I shall never see him again!" sobbed poor Nicette, as she buried her face her white apron.

"But, Nicette, could you not purchase a substitute for him?"

The girl, withdrawing her apron, smiled sadly through her tears.

"Monsieur is jesting," she said; "how could I ever buy a substitute?"

"Is that all, my girl, don't cry; we'll see what can be done."

So saying, out his pocket-book, he wrote on a blank-leaf:

"Mrs. —— see about giving a concert for the benefit of Nicette."

A month passed on; winter arrived, and Paganini's physician said to him:

"My dear Sir, you must not venture out of doors again until after the month of March."

"To hear is to obey," replied the musician.

During the winter a comparative degree of health and strength returned to Paganini. Having no longer the pleasant, shady arbors of the garden as a refuge, he began gradually to linger a little in the drawing-room. After dinner he used to throw himself on a large sofa before the fire, and pass half an hour in turning over a volume of engravings, or in sipping a glass of sugared water flavored with orange flowers. The old ladies of the society gossiped on about him and his odd ways, but he affected not to hear, and certainly did not heed them.

Christmas-eve approached. It is the anniversary of the birth of Our Lord a custom exists in France very dear to its juvenile inhabitants. A wooden shoe is placed at the corner of the hearth, and a beneficent fairy is supposed to come down the chimney laden with various presents and dainties with which he fills it. It is calculated that, one year with another, the Christmas wooden shoe enriches the trade of Paris with two million francs.

On the morning of the 24th Nicette begged for Paganini's female critics were in consultation together.

"It will be for this evening," said one.

"Yes, for this evening; that's settled," replied another.

After dinner Paganini was, according to his custom, seated on the drawing-room sofa, sipping his tea, when a mysterious whispering was heard in the corridor. Presently Nicette entered, and announced that a porter had arrived with a case directed to Signor Paganini.

"I don't expect any case," said he; "but I suppose he had better bring it in."

Accordingly the porter entered, bearing a good-sized deal box, on which, besides the address, were the words, "*Fragile, with care.*" Paganini examined it with some curiosity, and then paid the messenger, proceeded to open the lid. His long, thin, but extremely muscular fingers accomplished the task in a wonderful short time, and company, whose curiosity caused them somewhat to transgress the bounds of good manners, crowded around in order to see the contents of the box.

The musician first drew out a large packet, enveloped in strong brown paper, and secured with several nails. This being opened, a letter appeared, and then a third envelope appeared; and at length the curious eyes of twenty persons were regaled with a splendid violin, inclosed in a case of cedar of oak, and almost large enough to serve for a child's cradle. Bursts of laughter hailed the discovery.

"Lainy," whispered Miss Jane, "I can guess tolerably well who has sent it. Some of these eccentric old bachelors like to conquer one way or another. We'll be kind to him, and see if we can't find out something more about him."

So saying, and scarcely saluting the company, Paganini withdrew to his own apartment, carrying with him the case and its contents.

During three days he did not reappear in the drawing-room; Nicette informed the company that he worked from morning till night with remarkable zeals. In fact, the musician, whose hands were wonderously flexible and dextrous in other things besides violin playing, had fashioned a perfect and sonorous instrument out of the clumsy wooden shoe. Having enriched it with one silver string, his work was complete. Next day a public notice appeared that, on New-Year's Eve, Paganini would give a concert in the large hall of the Villa Lotenias. The great amateur announced he would play ten pieces, five on a violin, five on a wooden shoe. The price of the tickets was fixed at twenty francs each. It soon got about that hundred were issued, and it is needless to add that they were immediately purchased by the *élite* of the *bon monde*, who during the evening had raised the pleasure of hearing Paganini. The appointed evening arrived; the hall, brilliantly lighted, comfortable chairs arranged, and lighted for the occasion, elegant equipages were stationed along the Faubourg Poissonières, and expectation was on tiptoe when at length the announcement respecting the wooden shoe could possibly mean.

At length Paganini appeared, smiling, with every appearance of renewed health, and on his favorite violin played some of those marvelous strains which forever flash upon the enraptured audience a foretaste of heaven of delight. Then he seized the shoe, which, in its new guise of a violin, still preserved somewhat of its original form, and, with the same delicate touch that had inspired





WEIGHING JOCKEYS.



SCENE ON THE ROAD—

INAUGURATION OF THE RACE-COURSE OF THE JOCKEY CLUB, JEROME P







ED BELMONT'S CARRIAGES.

THE WINNING HORSE.

TART FOR THE FOUR-MILE HEAT.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 654.]

MOLLY THE TRAMP.

VERY late on a dark, wet night in June two persons entered together a pawnbroker's shop in Dublin. One was a low-sized countryman, with a fox-like face, quick eyes, hanging brows, an uncertain mouth, a narrow forehead, and a large ear set so among his bristling hair that it had the appearance of being habitually cocked. He was clad in two huge coats of gray frieze, and wore a consciousness of responsibility. He looked hard at the other customer entering with him, who turned away and cowered into a corner by the counter. The pawnbroker, coming from a little room behind the shop, directed his attention to the countryman at once, with only a glance at the timid figure in the back-ground.

The man in frieze was a west-country drover, who had arrived from the mountains only a few hours before with a drove of sheep for market. He found himself unexpectedly in need of money until next day, when his stock would be sold. He pulled off the outer of his two coats and flung it on the counter.

The pawnbroker examined the coat, and a discussion arose as to the amount of money to be advanced upon it. It was thirteen miles from the other, shaken out, folded up, and finally tossed down on the counter, while the pawnbroker, himself in a passion, almost dragged his bullying customer and his little room behind for the purpose of showing him articles of equal value for which he had advanced smaller sums than that which he now offered on the coat. The other customer, a woman, was left standing in the shop alone.

She was a wretched specimen of womankind—a figure whose outlines were lost in miserable wrappings of rags, a dirty trailing gown, and a tattered shawl. Her bonnet, the fit of a gutter, had two or three grimy red roses flaunting dissally under the brim. Her skin was dark, either by nature or from want of care and cleanliness. She was quite young, though one could hardly know it looking on her thin, sallow face, deadened eyes, and colorless lips.

She had in her hand what can only be described as a rag. A woeegone look had fallen over her face when the two men left her standing with a look which was crossed now and then by one of impatience, which burned up and went out of her sallow face again, leaving the stolid weariness to come back. Of what use was it for her to be angry who only existed in the world upon sufferance?

Presently the pawnbroker came bustling back to the shop to fetch something, takes in her wretched odious with a keen eye, and roughly asks her business. She drew him her rag, calling it a shawl. It is perfectly worthless, and he is out of temper. He flings it back to her with an oath, and returns to his more important customer.

The tall figure shakes as if blows had come down upon it, the light of eagerness fades out of the eyes, the habit mechanically fold up the neglected garment. This is no new scene that she is passing through—an unexpected trial that has come upon her; it is one of the daily routine of her life. Harsh words, repulsion, are as familiar to her as the taste of bread and milk to a child who has never suffered hunger. She accepts the award of her existence with the meekness of habitual dejection, but behind it there is something stirring which is not habitual—something which makes the room seem to rise up again, which awakens persistence out of the passiveness of despair. She turns again from the shop-board, from which she had set her face, and takes her stand by the counter once more. She will wait to have another word with the pawnbroker.

Now the rout of this girl's purpose was holy, and yet her next act was the drop of evil which overflowed the cup of her misery, and turned trouble into sin.

She was so weary that the earth seemed to drag her failing limbs toward it. Her eyes were fixed on the opposite wall, looking at a slimy picture presented to them by dying man, struggling with his death, alone in darkness. She heard not the shouts and curses in the street outside, nor the bargaining of the two in the inner room, nor, struggling with the "Drink! drink!" She heard the horrible, greedy cry, "Whisky!" gurgling in a dying throat. Her whole frame started forward, her clothing pulled with one another. She gazed all around the shop. No one near her, no one minding her; and the cost still lying on the counter.

For one moment she was raised to the dignity of resisting temptation. Only one moment; need was the habit of her too strong, misery too deep. The coat was snatched, and the girl vanished.

The two men returned only about a minute too late, and rushed into the street crying, "Stop thief!" The cry was echoed and tossed from lip to lip in the dirty lanes and alleys. Drunken men reeled out of taverns and caught it, wretched children yelled it along the gutter. It clamored in the hunted creature's ears as she strained her weak limbs along the quays, never doubting that pursuit was coming to let the pursuers go by. "It is the last time, the last time!" she muttered. So it was—the last sin of many; but to go unpunished.

The cry had long ceased, and the chase had been abandoned, when the dark figure crept in at a miserable alley-way, and up a dirty, creaky flight of stairs. She had no cost in her hands now, but some money, and a small bottle. She looked from right to left with fierce eyes, and then entered a wretched room where the dawn was stealing wanly through a broken skylight in the roof. The walls were perfectly bare; there was no sign of food, furniture, or clothing. The girl looked eagerly toward a corner where the figure of a man lay stretched upon straw. She went forward, listening and gazing intently, and dropped on her knees beside the figure.

"Here it is," she said, in a voice of fright that matched her face; "here is the whisky. I could not get it any sooner."

There was no answer by sound or movement.

"Father!" she shrieked, with a wild sob. She lifted an awful-looking hand from the straw, and dropped it again. The figure on the pallet was a corpse. The cries that had rung through the room when she left it were still forever.

She drew a covering over the body, looked round the bare walls of the den, and sat down on the floor with a passive despair in her white face. Her foot touched the bottle of spirits. She snatched it up and half emptied it at a draught, stretched herself on the straw at the feet of the corpse, and soon fell into a state of unconsciousness that answered with her for peace.

This is the history of Molly's crime. It is quite the basis for the progress of this story to go back any further into her past. It is not easy to get at the true antecedents of such characters as Molly's. We have told you that Molly Carliel was a charwoman; another, that she was a ballad-singer; another, that she was a drover's daughter; and then she was a thief. Each account would have been true, for she had been all of these things in turns. She had been deserted, motherless childhood until now, her nineteenth year. She had been illtreated and made a slave of by a brutal step-father and the man whose last desire she had sinned to strive to satisfy. A worn-out, battered creature, who had never had any youth, who had never been taught, who had been driven on all her life by the instincts and necessities of the present moment.

It was only six o'clock, but the June sun was shining hotly down into the filthy alleys, glistening on the mud made by the night's rain, and blinding and burning on the broken window-panes crusted with dirt and stuffed with rags; and the Rooney boys were already, and had been since half-past five, astir with the excitement of a wandering mountebanks, who lodged at present in the room under that in which Molly Carliel and her father had passed the night. This den was a singular contrast to the one above it; not that there was a whit more comfort to be found in it, but that, while the one above it was full of the silence of death, the other was overflowing with all kinds of litter, and echoing with the quarrelsome shouting of a family. Mrs. Rooney, one of a coarse breakfast lay about a dirty bench at one side of the room, and heaps of frippery rags mingled with the still grayer ones of the floor, filled in all directions on the floor. The Rooney mother, a stout, broad-faced, vixenish-looking woman, was engaged in pasting dashes of red and yellow over a very thin white muslin short frock—part of the costume usually worn by Miss Matilda Rooney when dancing the sailor's hornpipe. Her husband, the father, who, when he was not in a passion, had a general air of humorous rowdiness, was adorned by nature with a squint, and by art with a cocked nose, which, at last was fiery in color. He was now occupying himself (with one arm in one sleeve of a rugged coat) by knocking the heads off a number of live knuckles on the heads of his two sons, who were unwillingly practising somersaults in one corner, and responding to the usual correction by loud growls of remonstrance. Miss Matilda Rooney, a dwarf of sixteen years who looked about ten, was busied in twisting her own hair into curl-papers, in order for the adornment of her own elf-locks of rusty red and the enhancement of the charms of the professional costume, which she inherited in full perfection. As she worked she beguiled her task by stray words of impudence flung at her brothers, by snatches of airs and by shakings of her fist at a squalling baby who was lying kicking on his back, neglected, on the floor.

The Rooney family was about to divide itself and go upon two separate pedestrian excursions into different parts of the country, to perform in village barns and inhabitants of road-side cottages with the display of its wonderful accomplishments. The Rooney sons were going to Kilkenny, and carried their tights and spangles; the Rooney father, mother, daughter, and baby were going to dance, scrape, and jingle their way westward with pipe, fiddle, and tambourine.

The Rooney family was making so much noise with its preparations for departure that it took no repeated three outside, and no one in the room heard it. At last the door was driven open and a white face appeared.

"Molly!" cried the Rooney mother; and there was a general hush, so scaring for the moment was the white face at the door.

"Arrah, thin, it's you that looks fresh and rosy after yer mornin' walk!" cried the Rooney father, with a look of fear in his eyes.

"Father's dead!" said Molly, her dark, hopeless eyes wandering way from the people in the room up the blank wall in a vacant search for sympathy.

"Dead!" came from all in a chorus; and then from one:

"Best his sow!"

From another:

"He'll give ye no more black eyes."

And again:

"Ye'll be breakin' yer heart after him!"

"He's made a lucky flittin'!" said Tim Rooney, the father, "bad cess to him! Ye'll screen out for nixt to-morrow. Have ye any money?"

"I have money," said Molly, unclosing her hand and showing the coin.

"Where did ye get it?" cried Mother Rooney, eying it greedily. "Ah, ye jail-bird! Ye've been a-thavin' again! Ye've been a-pickin' and shovel some o' these days, my darlin'. Why don't ye take after poor honest folks like us, and get yer livin' dacent, by divil ye?"

"I want to do it," cried Molly, imploringly, "but they won't let me. None of them will let me. The days keep coming round, and I never get a chance to do it. Oh, if you would take me out of the town with you, Mrs. Rooney, I'll give you this money, and I'll thramp the country like the best! Couldn't I carry the baby for ye, Mrs. Rooney?" cried Molly, wringing her hands.

Mother Rooney told her to get out of that for a slut, and sent her away to bury her father; but before daylight next morning the Rooney family had decided that Molly would be a useful addition to the tramping expedition. The neglected baby that kicked on the floor had grown since the last excursion, and Mother Rooney had found difficulty even then in managing both it and her fiddle. Molly could sing ballads and carry the baby. So, the pauper's funeral being over, Molly was bidden to enter on her new profession of tramp.

She locked up the door and surrendered the key to the landlord. The girl's leaden heart was a little less leaden when she had done this. In that room she had starved, sinned, mourned, and despaired. She fetched the neglected baby out of the Rooney Bedlam below, and set it with it in high glee on the top of the rickety staircase. It would be hard to analyze the chaos of poor Molly's brain. It doubtless threw over a heavy retrospective grave on behind those black eyes wide open in the darkness, listening to a "death-watch" ticking at her father's feet. Molly's wanderings must have given glimpses of religion—just enough to let her know that her life was all wrong, and that there was a better life to be led somewhere, but never by her. There was expectation, too, in those wideopen eyes, but it was very vague and dull. That a change, an escape was at hand was Molly's chief idea. She would get away out of the filthy streets and lanes, to which she was not dainty enough to object on account of their filthiness, but because within their boundaries every man's hand was against her. To what manner of region she was going she had not the least care. She had never been out of the town in her life, and the open country was a sealed book to her. Probably she had not even the curiosity of some lively she should not have to steal—perhaps not even to beg, where there would be so many more trouble-tongued to do it. Hard usage had made her so much used to any change must be for the better. She got a crust of bread from the Rooneys that night, and leave to watch herself with them in the morning.

By dawn they were off on the tramp, Molly carrying the baby, her pocket stuffed with dirty ballads, Mother Rooney bearing the fiddle, Miss Rooney with his pipes and some baggage; Matilda with her tambourine, and her dancing-dress covered with a shawl, the property of the brought in the pond and dabbled on the young lady's heels as she went along. The drizzling rain kept on, and for the first day or three days Molly was very wretched. The country was sheeted in mist, and cottagers kept their doors shut. The towns they passed through were uninterested in the Rooneys. A magistrate sent show on wheels and a German band were traveling the same route, arriving in every place of note just in time to secure the whole attention and to leave hardly a stray gape of curiosity for the miserable Rooneys. So they left the route they had intended to follow, and struck out on the bog and mountain country.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! Through the drizzling summer days, and into the drizzling autumn nights, four weary, dreary figures plodding on, and never the sign of a dwelling in sight since the last friendly cabin had been left miles behind. Hitherto they had always found a lodging in the shelter of some town, but to-night there was nothing for it but to camp under the shadow of an ruined chapel and make their beds among the stones and grass.

All were soon fast asleep; but at midnight the last of the rain fell, the mists mustered in long troops, and fled away over the hills. The moon rose, sanctioning the scene, such as city eyes and eyes never see; mountains that had been curtained out with rain-clouds lifted their gloomy heads against the horizon, and the weary Rooney shoulders turned to the plains to catch the silver benediction of the hour. Streams struggling here and there through hollows, with their own burden of waters, flung up glances of delight to the sky, as they had now light to go on their stumbling way. A plover in his nest lifted his head, shook his wing, stirred among the rushes, gave a cry of welcome, and was at rest again.

The cry awakened Molly, who was sleeping with her head against the opening of a broken arch, and her face to the moonlight. She had been dreaming of a tavern-row, full of lights, of gay singer, hawking, curses, and jurs. She opened her eyes to the white purity of the moon, her ears to the dreamy echo of the cry, and her soul to its first knowledge of peace. She laid the sleeping child out of her arms upon a corner of his mother's gown, covered him with the folding of a mantle, stole out from the shadow of the walls, and stood dazzled and bewildered in the mellow glory of the night. The hand of God was as new to her as was he to as if she had been led to the spot blindfold. What strange place was this where heaven bent toward her like a mother, and left the very air scented full of kindness, and the earth looked soothed, as if cruelty and wickedness had been charmed away from it for evermore? She had seen for many a time, and looking with a ghastly glance of disgust on dismal scenes to which she, Molly, had belonged. She had seen the moon in the heavens by a tenement, and out from the shadow of the walls, and stood dazzled and bewildered in the mellow glory of the night. The hand of God was as new to her as was he to as if she had been led to the spot blindfold. What strange place was this where heaven bent toward her like a mother, and left the very air scented full of kindness, and the earth looked soothed, as if cruelty and wickedness had been charmed away from it for evermore? She had seen for many a time, and looking with a ghastly glance of disgust on dismal scenes to which she, Molly, had belonged. She had never before seen the moon

I settled yon ruffian in a way that'll make him think twice before he lifts his hand to strike a woman again. Here, hold this to yer mouth, authore, it'll keep the blood away," and he gave her a fine snowwhite *napkeenee* (head-kerchief), which he had bought at the fair as a present for his mother.

"Now I tell you what it is, my girl," said he, "you must have the bad company ran yit. Yer not o' their sort, it's plain to see, an' you ought to get quit o' them."

"Not of their sort." Molly exalted above any body! Above those whose honesty she had emulated! Oh, if the drover were to appear now and denounce her this friend. She looked fearfully over her shoulder, but there was no cause for fear. Peace and security were all around her.

"I'll be glad to be any thing you bid me," said Molly, out of her heart, "for no man ever spoke so kind to me before. But I wouldn't know what to do, nor where to go, an' besides, I'm sure they'll kill the baby among them if I left it with them. It's not to bether o' them blows this good bit. Whisht! whisht! wee darlint!"

"Yer heart's in the right place," said Haverty, admiringly. "Yer ought to look to yerself, though. Ye could do rightly. The countherty's a good place to make a shift in, not like the town. Can ye sew?"

"No."

"Can ye read?"

"No."

"Well, ye could work in the fields like many a heartsome lass, an' people would be fightin' for law to give ye a lodgin' for a stave o' one o' them darlint songs of yours. Ye know 'em? There'll be a watchmakin', to-morrow night, over at Widow Conneely's in the bog. Lave this clan, an' make a start o' it for yerself at wanst. I'll be linkin' out for ye, an' I'll put in a good word for ye, I'll tell ye the songs that'll stale their hearts. Yell come?"

If he had asked Molly to make an effort to walk across the sea to America she would have promised to try. She gave him her word she would be at the Widow Conneely's. He had been tramping pebbles down the well, emphasizing his words by an occasional splash; now he bade her good-night, and walked away across the moor, strong and sturdy in the moonlight with his black-thorn stick in his hand. And Molly, with the baby, crept away to the barn where they were to pass the night. There was not much sleep for Molly, however. All the time she lay there she was thinking and dreaming of the kind kindness of John Haverty, who had at once become the idol of her hungry heart, which had been so starved of love all its life. She thought if he would but give her a corner of his field to work in, and come and speak to her like that for a minute or two every day, she would reach the very summit of human happiness. By daylight she was up again walking about, having left the child wrapped in the straw by its mother's side. She wandered about in the crimson dawn, meeting in her own wild untutored way wonderful revelations of a new life, drinking in with the pure air exhilarating draughts of unfinished vitality which brought rushes of health into her languid veins.

She went down to a lonely river among the furze and bathed, let down her long, matted hair; she had not even a comb to comb it with. She washed the blood-stains from the white kerchief Haverty had given her, and folded it across her shoulders. Then she cried more passionately than she had ever cried for pain or hunger, because she could not. And then dirty ragged gown, having no other. She bethought her of the motherly woman whom they had left two miles behind them on the road; who had taken the trumps into her tidy cottage, and held the baby while Molly ate of her bounty. So curiously had trust in humanity been roused in her that she set off at once, running along the high-road to throw herself on the mercy of this person almost unknown, a mother hug that she could help her in her dilemma. The motherly woman was feeding her hens before her door, when Molly appeared to her coming along in the sunrise, with her half-dried hair hanging over her shoulders, her eyes lighted with an eager hope, and her face flushed bright with the new flush of health and vigor that possessed her.

"I don't know but I may be a fool," said the motherly woman, as she sorted through the pigments in her household chest, "but I took a likin' to ye at the first when I seen ye so down an' heartsome among them screechy, jangly, bold-faced crew. An' I like ye bether this mornin', for ye've got more o' the clane counthry look about ye, an' a deeper look in yer eyes, too. Go like that to-you, then, and take the lond o' this turkey red; your nappineen 'll cover the misfit o' the body. An' if ye don't turn out honest, it's God 'll settle accounts with you, an' not me."

"The turkey red" was an ample calico gown of that warm hue, and when Molly was arrayed in it, and the white kerchief on her shoulders, the motherly woman was so delighted with her appearance that she insisted on dressing her hair to make her complete.

"I can plat beautiful," said she, "an' I'll plat it up to the crown of yer head, the way I used to be in my own little girl's, before the Lord-took her from me, Heaven to be bed! But let that stan' till we get the rest on. My good man is away from home, an' there's nobody here but our two sels."

Thus treated, Molly's heart overflowed with delight. The motherly woman was preparing she might for a smooth pool outside, and surveyed the alteration in herself, coming back on tip-toe. The words, "an' a pretty face o' yer own we have!" were ready on through her head; but the idea they conveyed was too sudden and wildly original to be accepted at once as the truth. And yet, when the rest of the world was changing so fast, why should not she change too? When her head was covered with shining braids she was still more a wonder to herself. What had this hearty come from? Could more cold water, colored calico, and the motherly woman's simple theories, work such a miracle?

She staid all day at the tidy cottage, being afraid to go back to the Rooneys. After sundown she set out, asking her way to the Widow Conneely's. It was a long walk, and she arrived with her cheeks in a glow. John Haverty was making his pipe as she came up, and he did not know her.

"I've come," said she.

"Why," said he, "you're never the singin' girl that was with the thramps last night?"

"I am," said Molly, enchanted, but alarmed at his not knowing her. "You promised to tell me what to sing."

He beamed on her with his blue eyes, taking in her new appearance slowly, by a long degree.

"I'll tell ye," said he, putting his pipe in his pocket.

He took her in to the Widow Conneely. He placed her in a seat apart, a little brown stool, set up in a deep window-seat, with a strip of dark-green curtain by her shoulder, and the remains of the sunset barring the little window-pane with gold beyond her head. By accident, of course, that these things arranged themselves so as to make of her a pretty picture for the unconscious pleasing of unsatisfied eyes. But there she sat, entitled by respect by the deference that Haverty paid her.

The people had not gathered in for the dance; only a few of the nearest ones were there; the piper had not yet come. Haverty sat with one leg across the end of a table, talking to Molly, getting her to sing over verses of songs for him, and deciding which she was to sing for the company. Molly's eyes and cheeks grew brighter and brighter, and her voice richer and sweeter; and the dusk deepened the golden bars paled away behind the pane, and the red light from the turf fire drove the shadows into the corners of the room, and fell full across John Haverty's eyes, which were watching as only an Irishman's eyes can water at music.

"Ye made of the right stuff," said he, "or yer singin' tells lies on ye. A man might be happy that had you chirpin' like a cricket by his fireside, sweetness! Look at me, sometimes, an' they could ye like me. It's not long since we saw each other first, but I'm not a bad fellow if you can take the soft side of me, and I warrant a girl that could take the heart out o' my body before."

Enter the piper, followed by a troop of noisy young men and women.

If Molly's answer had been forthcoming it would have been lost in the storm of greetings that followed. Je it was no time for love and make-believe, and Haverty was dragged away by a band of companions. Now the piper began to play, and the dancing commenced. Molly was placed in a chair on one side of the fire, with some pipes, tobacco, and whisky; for that purpose did not appear. A Molly looked on at the dancers, all gayly with a pretty girl in a light print dress and blue ribbon, with smooth fair hair, and saucy eyes, and a coquettish air about her. People were looking at with interest and admiration. Both were young, good-looking, and capital dancers. They seemed quite to each other, and for the jig they were footing. The girl seemed fully aware of the admiration she excited, and coquetted with her partner.

"Then they're the handsome pair!" cried one near Molly.

"Ay, thruth!" said another; "it's a wonther the sold man isn't come to make up the match."

"Ould blood is thew; but it'll not take them long to the doin' when they do go at it. Sure, it's the rich enough to make the young people happy."

"What is it?" said Molly, touching her neighbor's elbow.

"Why it's John Haverty and Katty Nee that's to have their match made to-night. You don't know, bein' a stranger, but it's them talked to about. They'll be married at wanst, I believe, as soon as the bargain's made."

Molly stared at the dancers, and then at the speaker, and took it all in. This was his matchmaking—that was what he had called it—only he had not said that he was to get it. Almost she ran, tangled long age, and he had been laughing at the poor tramp. Molly's head fell back behind her little strip of curtain.

"I do think that strange girl's sick in the corner there," said some one by-and-by.

"No," said Molly, rousing the cold drops from her face with the corner of her nappkeen; "but it's very warm. Will you give me a drink?" Habit is second nature; and Molly's habit of politeness was strong.

Two men came in just then, who were received with warm welcome. One was a tall, fair, bold-haired old man, the uncle of John Haverty, the richest farmer in the country; the other was the priest, who had come to bless the bargain. The father of the pretty bride in prospect, Katty Nee. Ah, Molly! "The fox may run, but he's caught at last."

The men sat down at the table which had been prepared for them, and smoked their pipes, and laid their plans, and drank the lively dancers soon began between them, and the pipes were often taken out of their mouths, and the table was often thumped; and others took their place in dancing, and listened in awe. By this time the piper, who had been sipping out of a glass by his side, began to play some of the lively dance tunes, quicker in their utterance, then silent. The dancers were still, and there was an outcry for music: a general demand for Molly, the singing-girl, to lift up a jig from the corner. So Molly sang many a mad, merry jig and whirling reel, only now and again breaking down in a sad song. For then John Katty and Haverty danced wilder and faster, and the lookers-on laughed and applauded, and the priest and the old gentleman, and the people said Molly had a jewel of a voice. God bless her!

But at last John Haverty's uncle got up with an oath and dragged his nephew out of the dance and over to the table by the arm. The dancing stopped in a moment. Molly's tune fell from her lips; the young men smiled to each other and shrugged their shoulders; the girls dried their eyes wide, and plucked each other by the sleeve. Some jumped up and flung up their eyes to the calm rafters; the old men cocked their ears and shifted their feet on the floor, as they were used to do on Sundays when preparing to listen to the sermon. Every one expected that something important was going to be said regarding the business of the night.

"It's time ye stopped yer jiggin' floolery," said the old man, angrily, "an' took a thought o' yer own business. Here we've settled all—land, sheep, house, an' everything, an' there he's stuck fast in the black cattle, an' sorra an inch 'll he budge for me. Sit down there an' make yer own match, for divil a finger more I'll meddle in't."

"I want you to make no match for me," said the young man, sullenly, "for I tould ye that last week. I tould it to Darby Nee, too, but nothin' would do you an' him but yez have a match-makin' here tonight. It's my own affair, an' if ye've fought over it ye can settle it between ye. I've no hand in it. Katty Nee's a purty girl, an' a good dancer, an' many 'll envy me, but I tell ye that I never axed her to be my wife, an' I never will. She knows it with me as well as I know it myself. She has a sweet-heart here to-night, lookin' as sour as bottle milk because his farm isn't as big as mine, an' she'd rather have him than me, for all her white body and soul, wouldn't ye, Katty? An' for my share," said Haverty, looking back at the window, "seein' that this was to be a match-making), I fished a little business for myself, an' I think my match is made, at least, it only wants wan little bit o' a word to finish the bargain, and I'll be off, an' good-evenin'!" said he, stepping up to the window and drawing Molly into the light, "an' tell outforenent the people if you can't make it out yerself."

The people looked surprised, but not so much so as might be expected. Such sudden "matches" are more common among them than longer courtships.

Molly felt that it was like certain death to cross that floor and be claimed by Haverty. Yet, to save his life, she could not have resisted that hand drawing her on.

"A common thramp from Dublin!" stuttered the old uncle, furiously.

"A beggar, instead of my girl with her fortune!" shouted the father of the bride.

Molly, pale and cowering, clinging to Haverty's arm, lifted her eyes with the old fearful look that was common to them in Dublin, and the drover, fixing his fox-like eyes on her, recognized her in a moment.

"Oho!" he cried, "oho! A Dublin thramp, did ye say? Faix, an' we didn't know what fine company we were in! I think you an' me has met before this, young woman. A thief, neighbors! he went on, his voice rising with his anger as the remembrance of his wrong came fully back upon him. "Be very thief that robs the coat I was tellin' ye of, in the pawnbroker's shop in Dublin. Then I was to get back my coat, while ye have picked, master Haverty. Ducent girls isn't good enough for ye, so ye have one that'll do ye crift!"

Molly heard John Haverty's answer nor the murmurs of the people, for at the first word of accusation she shot through the crowd and disappeared from the door.

When the motherly woman got up next morning and began to bustle about her tidy cottage she found her "turkey red" hanging on a pin behind the kitchen door, and Molly's old ragged gown that had hung in its place gone. Trembling with agitation, she counted her half-dozen tea-spoons, and felt that her "stocking" was safe in its nook up the chimney. "Thank God!" said the motherly woman. "I knewed she was ducent; but she might ha' said good-by to a body, an' not come slippin' in an' out in the middle o' the night."

That was the last that was heard of Molly. John Haverty refused to believe what the drover asserted, and swore that he knew the people that it was a calumny. The Rooneys having passed on from the place there was no one to bear witness against Molly's character, and nothing to prove her guilty but her own sudden flight. Haverty had the river dragged, rode to the neighboring villages, and inquired at the turnpikes on the road-side, but not a trace of Molly was found.

Two years passed, and the fame of Molly's appearance and disappearance in the district were told as a romantic story, and Haverty was pointed to as the young man who had been so "quarely crossed in love." Nevertheless, his farm was thriving, and his uncle, who had long since forgiven him for falling in love with the tramp who had so considerately taken herself off, did not despair of making a capital match for him yet, though Katty Nee was married.

Meantime the earth had not swallowed up Molly. She had rushed to the river first, but when she stood on the brink of the water she saw the arm raised above her head she fe- " after all death was worse than any thing that... happened to her yet. She wandered for days and nights, hungry and sick suffering, through deserted paths in the hills, till she made her way at last to the dwelling of a herd who lived at the other side the base of the tallest mountain that looked on the valley where so many strange haps had befallen her in so little a space of time. Here she arrived oppressively and was hired as a servant, and here she remained.

Molly worked well and learned many things; her employers were friendly and found her work. They were perched up so high on the mountain that they seemed to live beside the sun; the air was bracing and sweet, and the active life they led so healthful, that Molly grew strong in body and cheerful in mind, and could romp with her master's children and play at the ball with her singing, for the children's delight. By winter-time she had spun herself a peasant's dress of crimson flannel, with knitted blue worsted stockings for her feet.

The third year had begun, when on an autumn day John Haverty walked the hills with his black-thorn in hand, seeking this herd, who had charge of many cattle, wanting to put a flock under his care. Coming to a sunny rock very high in the blue air he met Molly face to face, coming along the narrow path with a bundle of purple heath on her shoulder. Molly herself, but bright, sunburnt, and buxom; hardly a trace of the old Molly left to know her by.

"Molly!" cried Haverty.

"Yes," said Molly.

He caught her hand in delight.

"No," said Molly, drawing it away, and with a proud lip. "Ye mustn't shake hands with a thief."

"Look here!" said John. "I never believed you guilty; I never believed you guilty suffer?"

"It was no lie, though," said Molly, hanging her head. "I was thrue."

"Whisht!" interrupted he, said Haverty. "An' what if ye did? Is it for the stalin' o' a rag o' a coat you'd make such a murther, an' you hungry, or—or somethin', I'll be bound?" he added, hesitatingly, with a pathetic look of appeal to her for a justification of herself.

"I was hungry," sobbed Molly, "an' my father was dyin' an' callin' for what I hadn't to give him. I never was taught any bether; but I've saved up the price of the coat out of wages I have earned—an' you'll give it to him, plase, when ye see him again. An' when ye tell to my wife about me don't call me Molly the thief, nor Molly the thrump, but just a friend o' years that ye were kind to when she was in throuble."

"I have no wife," said Haverty, "an' I'll never have wan but you."

John Haverty had his will, for they were married the next morning on their way home to the mountain-house in a nest of trees where Haverty lived with his mother. Darby, the drover, was paid to hold his tongue, and no one else dared believe a word against Haverty's wife. And Haverty's wife and the motherly woman are bosom friends.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It is spoonful of yeast will raise fifty cents' worth of flour, how much will it take to raise funds enough to buy smoked herring?

PRINTERS' COMMANDMENTS.

Thou (especially the ladies) shalt love the printer, for he lovely you much.

Thou shalt subscribe to his paper, for he reciteth thee the latest news, of which you remain in ignorance.

It's a business man, thou shalt advertise, that thus thy goods may enable thee not only to pay for thy paper, but to make a little over.

Thou shalt not visit him regardless of his office rules, that he may not swear over you.

Thou shalt not read the manuscript in the heads of the compositors, for he will not hold their blameless.

Thou shalt not read the news before it is printed, for it is not fair to rise in thine own.

Thou shalt not at my time send abusive or threatening letter to the editor, nor corridde him more than five times a year.

Thou shalt not write communications on both sides of the paper, for the editor needeth the other side to light his cigar upon.

An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass, "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman in all your life?" replied the other, "Faith, sir, when she is, I own a woman as thin as two of her put together, I have."

NINE HOURS AT THE SEA-SIDE

By Day.

Four of smoking, two of drinking,
Three of loafing—none of thinking.

By Night.

Two of sleeping, four of scratching,
Three of searching—none of catching.

JEREMY OF SCRIVELSBY.—We have heard that there has been difficulty in securing a Methodist minister to arrange a Scottish Valhalla. Scotch theology stops the way. Could not something be done by getting the eminent Scotchman as sole in the Temple of Fame?

KEEPING HER WORD.—A young lady having promised her gallant that she would never marry a certain fellow "on the face of the earth," repaired with him, after the ceremony, to the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, and was married underground.

"Black Stockings of all colors," were lately advertised in a country newspaper.

A TAX NO ONE LIKES.—Attacks on one's purse.

Put the strongest-minded woman in a bonnet shop and it will instantly turn her head.

"You a dentist, Bob? I did not know you were in the profession." "Yes," said Bob, "I follow an easy business but setting teeth—in beef, potatoes, bread, and butter."

How like is the picture, isn't it?" asked the hostess; What life! what expression! what spirit!" It seems hard to believe," said the spouse, "that it is a mere piece of paint." "That want is its principal merit."

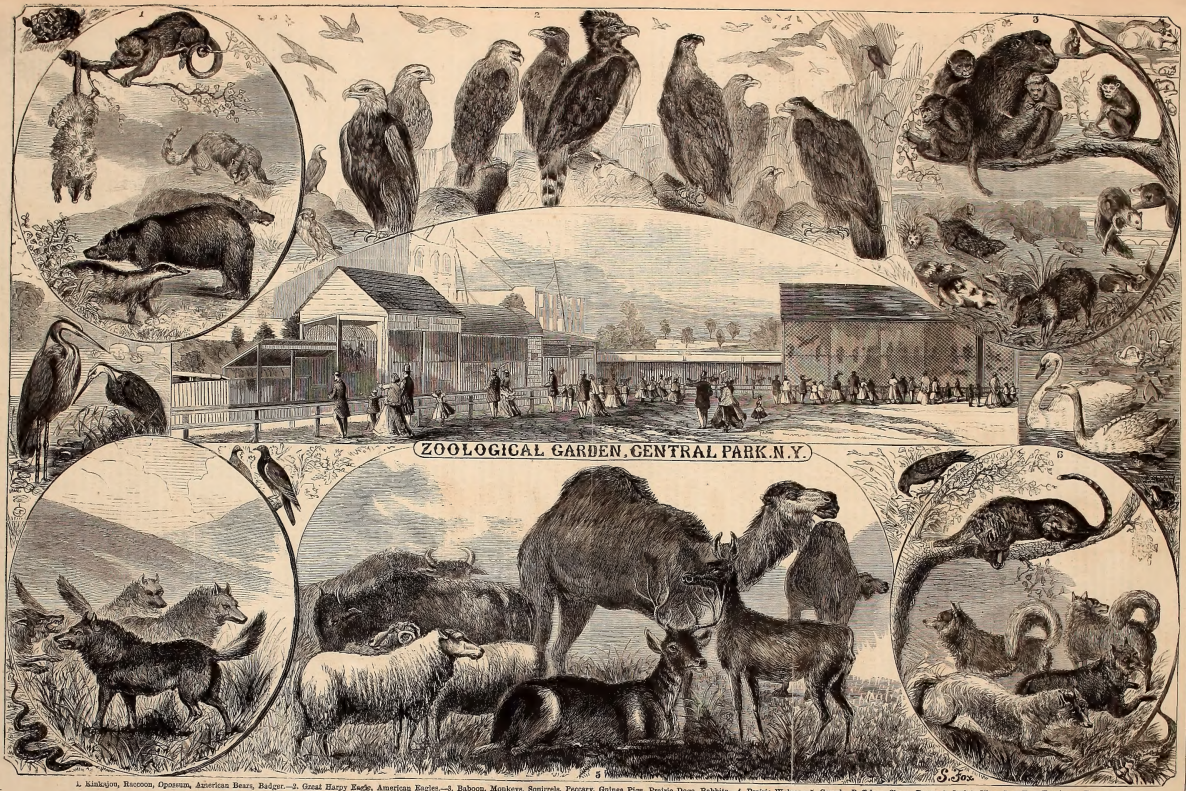
"I've buried my best friend," as the undertaker said when he interred the patch-work quilt.

"Of what use are forms?" exclaimed a pertinent legislator to Dr. Franklin, "you can not deny that they are of some use." "Certainly, my friend, and so are barrels, but nevertheless, they have their uses," quietly replied the doctor.

If any one wishes to know
The best way to worry a foe,
Don't go to inquisitive Sir Johns:
Don't call him opprobrious names;
Don't pull the hair out by roots;
Don't twit him with dyeing his hair;
Don't call him "old" by 2-ds' maze;
Don't threaten his limbs or his life;
Don't touch on his daughter or wife;
Don't tell him to "look in the glass;"
Don't call him a fool or an ass;
Don't tell him he rides very ill;
Don't run him with that "little bill;"
Don't snub him, or step him, or kick him;
Don't ask him, or ride him, or lick him;
There's a crueler trick to employ—
Give a donkey to a boy.

SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY.—The following story is told of a gentleman well known in sporting circles. Being most desirous of purchasing a horse, and not a bit particular how he obtained it, take any thing, he rode up to an outlying, fox-shaved house and fast of. Both horse and rider returned home in perfect safety.

A cooper who was in need of hoop-poles beset a man to furnish him with some. "What kind o' 'em?" questioned the man. "Any where about so 'em?" questioned the man. "Any where about so if you can't do better." The cooper supposed he inquire of the seller where he got them. "Indeed, sir," was the reply, "I get them in the woods." "Where did you steal 'em?" "Oh, up in your woods," returned the man, jogging his pocket.



1. Kinkajou, Raccoon, Opossum, American Bears, Badger.—2. Great Harpy Eagle, American Eagles.—3. Baboon, Monkeys, Squirrels, Peccary, Guinea Pigs, Prairie Dogs, Rabbits.—4. Prairie Wolves.—5. Camels, Buffaloes, Sheep, Deer.—6. Ocelot, Silver-Gray Fox, Esquimaux Dogs.


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Milwaukee, Wis.


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Providence, R. I.


D. F. BROWN,
Auburn, N. Y.


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H. P. EARHART,
Nashville, Tenn.


J. TASKER,
Montreal, C. E.


C. B. LAKIN,
Bangor, Me.


C. M. SMITH,
Indianapolis, In.


H. M. GRIFFIN,
Peoria, Ill.


R. R. HATCH,
Springfield, Ill.


J. W. BRADLEY,
Indianapolis, In.


E. A. BOWER,
Quincy, Ill.


H. S. PARKS,
Troy, N. Y.

THE INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

WE present in this issue the portraits of the members of BRYANT, STRATTON, & CO.'s International Business College Convention, recently assembled in Convention at Cleveland, Ohio. This association of Colleges, as will be seen in the engraving, embraces nearly all the leading cities in the United States and Canada. The purpose of the Association is to combine the best talent in the country in perfecting and putting in practice a system of business education which shall be commensurate with the public demands. The enterprise was inaugurated by MESSRS. BRYANT & STRATTON, in the city of Chicago, in 1853, and has met with success altogether unprecedented. In fact, through the individual institutions, and the admirable text-books which these gentlemen have published, the system and spirit of a purely business education have been so clearly defined as those of law, medical, or theological schools; and it is becoming almost as necessary that a young man, in fitting himself for business, should graduate at one of these Colleges, as that a contestant for professional honors and success should take a preliminary course in an institution specially devoted to the studies incidental to such professions.

The great interest which at present this subject is creating in the public mind renders this representation of the leading enterprise eminently proper.

LIFE ON THE PLAINS.

THE threatening aspect of affairs on our western frontiers leads us to illustrate on page 644 some features incident to a trip across the Plains. In regard to the selection we shall let the artist speak in his own words:

"Our party of eight (including three artists) had quite an interesting trip over the Plains. Two of our artists I have sketched; it is entitled 'Storm on the Plains.' A hurricane took down our tents and blew away heavy loaded wagons, on the 30th of the 9th June, near Cottonwood, Nebraska. Fortunately no serious damage resulted to any one, though some of the train were badly frightened. Some days that just as he was crawling out of the tent his oxen were saluted by a piercing wail and a terrific cry of 'Oh, have you seen my baby?' He looked back and saw the tent down with his wife under it, turned his head, and lo! over went the wagon with the boy down under it; and here was a woman before him wringing her hands and screaming for her baby. Les jeunes gens are natural-born duffing fault-finders, have enlivened the camp by their presence, and have made us humorously, tired and, much disappointed with appearances to-day. Though you have published one or two street scenes in Denver I send the one herewith, which gives a good view of the mountains beyond. It is a different view from any hitherto published, and I think from a better point.

"Fort Wise, Colorado, is noted as the ranche where a brave man and wife named GODFREY held over two hundred Indians at bay for two days during the height of the war—killing many and wounding others, and finally driving them off.

"The tide of emigration and enterprise is setting hither and in astonishing rate, yet it is not to be wondered at when one sees the immense wealth of this region. Denver, a city of seven thousand inhabitants, is well built, and is the commercial centre of a mining region where already over twenty millions of capital are invested in quartz mills and the like. It already needs the eyes of a paper to discern that as the prospective terminus of the Eastern branch of the grandest national highway of the world—the railroad to the Pacific—and as the great outfitting place for trains for Montana, Idaho, and Utah, its growth must be rapid and its destiny that of a great city.

"MESSRS. BAYARD TAYLOR, WM. H. BEARD, WHITTREDGE, and Major-General POPE, are travelling this way before. I have only met BEARD, but expect to meet him and MR. TAYLOR in the South Park, whither I am now journeying.

"By accident I met FRED KNEVELDT, Esq., Melter and Refiner, United States Branch Mint, at Denver. I was shown through all the departments of that establishment, and send a sketch of the Assay Room."

THE RACES AT JEROME PARK.

THE AMERICANS have at last got a Derby of their own. A similar course under the auspices of "The American Jockey Club" has been organized at Fordham, Westchester County, New York, which has been laid out and finished in a complete and judicious manner, both as to the track, the stands, and the stables. The aim of the American Jockey Club is not simply to render horse-racing permanent at Jerome Park, but to dignify it, and insure the improvement of horses and the education of the public taste as to horse-racing generally. At the head of this laudable enterprise are gentlemen of the highest social position—such men as LEONARD JEROME, LEONARD W. JEROME (from whom the Park is named), W. BUTLER DUNCAN, J. P. PURDY, and W. R. TRAVERS. Horse-racing is inevitable, and we are glad that this attempt has been made to give it dignity and to remove from it many of its degrading associations. An important feature in Jerome Park is the arrangement which has been made for the presence of ladies, and which secures these from all intrusion as effectually as if they were at a matinée in their own drawing-rooms.

The establishment at Jerome Park will inaugurate a new era not only in horse-racing but also in horse-breeding.

"From the most reliable statistics," says JOHN B. HAVENS, Secretary of the American Jockey Club, "we may set it down in round numbers that there are now, in the different States, four millions five hundred thousand horses—including, of course, *thorough-breds*. Now some of these command a high price. I know that $20,000 was once offered to my much-loved, valued, honored friend, COLONEL HAMPTON, for Monarch, and refused. Prism cost a great deal more than this to import him. Eureka, the invincible Kentucky, the noblest son of his noble sire, from the high reputation he has won for himself as the big fin distinguished career on the turf, could command any price his fortunate owner thought proper to value him at. But $7000 is frequently given for colts and fillies of promise, in their three-year-o. l form; but putting all the horses down at the low estimate of $75 per head, even at this low rate of $75 per head, would make the prodigious amount of their value $337,000,000, or more than *three times* the whole *cotton and woolen manufacturing capital of the United States*.

"May we not contend with reason, then, that the breeding of fine horses, and the institution that seems immediately promising to do so, *The Turf*, is a most important one to the prosperity of the whole country, and ought to be encouraged and patronized very universally by all classes and conditions of men?"

MR. IRVING gives the following description of the Park:

"This race-track is located on the old Bathgate Farm, near Fordham, Westchester County, State of New York, on the road leading from Kingsbridge, and comprises some 230 acres.

"The land is of somewhat peculiar formation: the valley through which the Croton Aqueduct is conducted to the city of New York runs through the centre of the farm, and is bounded on the sides by hills some fifty feet in height, with a bluff or spur jutting out in about the centre, on which bluff the old homestead was situated.

"This formation made it necessary to cut a track of somewhat novel shape, with a straight stretch and two curves skirting the foot of the hills, and by placing the grand stand on the centre curve, the whole course is brought under immediate view, to the track in the line of the bluff is easily ascended by steps cut from the home stretch.

"The course is about a quarter or a mile from the main road, and the main entrance to the course is on the new avenue now building from the Harlem River to the Central Bridge over the Harlem River, and extending on the same line to the city of New York.

"The grand stand is on the east side of the course, and is 250 feet in length, by 40 feet in depth, and contains or galleries of seats, and will accommodate 8000 persons. There are also in the centre two sections in the centre one of which is exclusively for the members of the Club and their friends, and the other section are for the public.

"The land facing the track presents an open colonnade, two stories high, supported by ornamental iron columns, surmounted by a balcony, and extending on the centre, and each end presenting a very airy and attractive appearance.

"The galleries are fitted up with comfortable seats, and all of which a perfect view of the course and surrounding grounds is obtained.

"Immediately in the rear of the grand, on the bluff above mentioned, are the Club grounds, on which are the club-house and other buildings. The club-house consists of the members of the Club, including an observatory for the use of ladies.

"The stands for judges, time-keepers, starters, and for the accommodation of the reporters of the press, are those of the press, are in keeping with the style of the other buildings.

"At the north of and adjoining the grand stand is an open stand with a colonnade in front, for the exhibition of seventy horses, which are built in detached groups; each group being separated by a wall of privet 9 feet each, and surrounded by sheds ten feet in width—the kitchens for the accommodation of the grooms and others—adjoining the stables is a hall suite of exercising tanks.

Jerome Park was inaugurated by the celebration of its first horse-races on the 20th of September. Several Grand and Maiden Stakes were run or entered, and there was a large and enthusiastic concourse of spectators. The inauguration race was won by Kentucky, owned by J. Hunting, against Fleetwing, Onward, and Idlewild. It was a four-mile heat, and was run by Kentucky in 7.35.

The opening day was not all but the remaining races had to be postponed, on account of the rain which set in the next day, until the following week.

BOATS ON THE BAYOU LAFOURCHE.

ON engraving shows the manner in which boats are drawn by the wild Acadian boatmen. Those with sails set are progressing in the other direction. To see these men laboring along in the noonday heat of the sun, hauling their boats, is sufficient proof that white men can work in the South as well as negroes. Besides these Acadian boatmen of the bayous I saw other white men working in the part of Louisiana; these were making sugar on their own plantations, and told me they stood it very well. The unacclimated suffer from fever—most probably grow sick, from the continual heat and dampness of the atmosphere; but it is certain that the whites born here can work in the fields if they choose.

A. R. W.

ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTION IN CENTRAL PARK.

THE collection of animals at the New York Central Park, of which we give an illustration on page 652, has been for years steadily increasing until it now numbers nearly 800 specimens. Of these 200 are birds. There are eight specimens of the monkey, of which two are chacma baboons. The collection includes two American bears, two remarkably fine prairie wolves, two silver-gray foxes, quite a number of squirrels, white rats and white mice, an American porcupine, a Polish badger, two rabbits, Guinea pigs, elk and deer, sheep of the finest breed, and a few buffaloes. Among the birds are eagles, hawks, and many pelicans, a few flamingoes, storkcocks, pigeons, larks, parrots, and wild ducks. Besides these there are of the reptile class twenty-three specimens, including alligators and several varieties of the tortoise.

These animals have been presented to the Park Commissioners by private individuals for the most part, but some of the swans were presented by European cities. Thus the Senate of the city of Hamburg presented to the Park a pair of swans which had on another tea white swans. Twenty-four swans were donated by the "Worshipful Company of Vintners" of London, and twenty-six more by the "Worshipful Company of Dyers" of the same city.

This collection, already one of great interest, is but the *nucleus* of what will in time become the Great Zoological Garden of America. Our illustration, drawn by STANLEY FOX, includes specimens of all the most interesting varieties of this zoological collection as it now exists.

A MAN WITH A LARGE FAMILY.

THE Old Woman who lived in a Shoe is the traditional representative of the parent afflicted with a large family. The Old Woman might have had seventy children, yet, as she had none, certainly she had as many "she didn't know what to do." There is a man in Bristol, however, who beats the Old Woman out of sight with respect to the number of his family. How many has *he*, then? the reader will ask. Well, to reply with the same precision with which answers a fond old mamma of a fashionable infant, he has twenty-four children. Twenty-four children! Euclid, once described a rout in a ship's side as "about as large as a bit of string." It may be said that George Muller of Bristol has more than a million children. Place them in a line, with a couple of yards between each of them, and then count up what space will be covered by one thousand one hundred and fifty children—that being the number for which George Muller has to provide daily. It is considered a large family when fifteen sit down to table; but eleven hundred and fifty! That is something like a family. What a fortune the man must have to fill so many mouths! It is a respectable colony that has to be dealt with! Eleven hundred and fifty dinners for three hundred and sixty-five days a year; ditto breakfasts and teas; eleven hundred and fifty children to clothe and to educate! Then they are children which are more fit subjects than ordinary dwellings. Beds for eleven hundred and fifty; school-rooms for eleven hundred and fifty play-grounds for eleven hundred and fifty; nurseries for a large portion of the eleven hundred and fifty; play-grounds for those who are old enough to dance on the new fashion of swing on the roundabout, and toys for the little ones. Then there is an army of nurses, and teachers, and servants, to pay the money for. What a fortune that man must have!" The surmise is entirely erroneous. George Muller is a poor man. He has nothing but what he chose to give him, and the rule of his life is never to ask any body for any thing, and never to publish the name of any help who gives to him. What! A poor man keep eleven hundred and fifty children in these handsome dwellings, feed them, clothe them, and educate them? Yes! For eighty-six years! Ay, year; and yet it is not preposterous, when the matter is explained. Although it may have something of the wonderful and even of the miraculous in it.

George Muller whose name will probably hereafter be identified with the history of the age, as Robert Raikes is identified with Sunday-schools, is a Prussian by birth, having been born at Kroppenstadt, near Halberstadt, in Prussia. His father was a collector of excise for the Prussian Government. In 1829 Mr. Muller came to England, with the intention of becoming a minister in connection with the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. This connection, however, never took place, and he became the minister of a small congregation of "Brethren" at Teignmouth. In 1834 he went to Bristol, and with Henry Craik, the eminent Hebrew scholar, became a minister among the Brethren there. These co-workers stipulated that they should have no fixed salary—a practice which Mr. Muller had seen at Teignmouth; and from that day to this Mr. Muller has never had any salary, although he has preached regularly in Bristol for over thirty years. A man who has no means, who declines to accept a salary, and who also makes it a fixed rule of life never to ask any body for any thing, is not a promising candidate. Mr. Muller, having adopted this course, had nothing to depend upon but what people who knew his habits chose to give him. No person would send him a present of a hat; another would send him a suit of clothes; and it happened at times that these presents gifted to Mr. Muller came exactly when they were wanted, and Mr. Muller occasionally was dressed in the reverse of what is called "the extreme of fashion." He was also very cheerful; and shortly before 1836, notwithstanding the fact that many a time he had not sixpence in the world, he conceived the idea that it was his duty to do something in the way of providing for poor orphans who had lost both father and mother in death. Accordingly, on the 5th of April, 1836, he hired the house he was then living in at No. 6 Wilson Street, Bristol, for thirty orphans, who were to be supported in the same way as himself—that is, by the bounty of donors, who under no circumstances were asked for any thing, and whose names, whether they gave much or little, were never published. Viewed as an ordinary attempt to provide for orphans, there was an extraordinary experiment. What followed is a perfect romance of faith and benevolence. Often, after Mr. Muller had filled the orphan-house, perhaps, he was reduced to the last extremity to provide for them. Sometimes he had to sell furniture to supply them with food. He had made a rule never to go into debt, and to pay for every thing as it was bought; and many a time at the close of the day he had no money for orphans to-morrow. Still the orphans never went without either food or without ample clothing. The struggles were extraordinary; and the number of the orphans extreme occasionally; but hour were frequently met is one of the most singular stories that ever was written. Mr. Muller was an enthusiast in the work he had undertaken; and believing that all his needs were supplied in answer to prayer he went on increasing his accommodation for orphans. According to all ordinary calculations he had gone too far with his practical philanthropy; but to there never came a time when orphans applied for by him to took them in, and then his house got too small to hold them. He was almost overwhelmed with pecuniary difficulties, but instead of being dismayed he took another house. The two houses became too small for his ever-increasing family, and he took a third house, and then a fourth. Into these four houses his family of orphans increased to one hundred and eighteen; and as the number continued to increase Mr. Muller decided to build a large house, in which he could place all the orphans together. He selected a site at Ashley Down, about two miles from Bristol, and the land and building cost over fifteen thousand pounds. Still the money needed for any month's supply began to know the work he was engaged in, for they could see the orphans and the magnificent house which had been built for them.

The New Orphan House at Ashley Down was intended for three hundred and thirty orphans, into the four houses in Wilson Street, which, however, this vast establishment soon became too small. Then Mr. Muller built a second house for four hundred more orphans; but after both these fine Welsh orphans were still brought from all parts of the country to Mr. Muller's doors; and seeing that his accommodation was still too small, he erected a third house to hold four hundred and fifty more orphans. These three houses are now full. The expenses in connection with them last year—independent of the cost of building and furnishing—was over twelve thousand pounds, this being the current annual expenditure. Mr. Muller adheres to his old plan: nobody is asked for any help, and all this money comes up annually. A very large number list of subscribers, as in connection with other institutions. Since Mr. Muller commenced the orphanage work he has received for the orphans the extraordinary sum of £233,485, 11s. 1½d. He publishes strictly-kept accounts; but whether a donor gives a single sum or thousands in one name is given. It is no uncommon thing to see in these reports gifts of £1000, £2000, £3000, and upward, until the only indication of the personality of the donors are a couple of initial letters.

In the reception of the orphans there is no seclusion distinguishing feature, and whether favor or partiality the orphans are received in the order in which application is made for them. No interest is required to get them admitted; the only limit is the accommodation. Some time ago Mr. Muller found that his three large houses, built for eleven hundred and fifty orphans, were full, and he has commenced the erection of a fourth, which is to be followed by a fifth. When these new houses are completed there will be accommodation for two thousand orphans.

The institution has already become more than national. It has been in all parts of the world, as we may see by the list of contributions received during the last year. These contributions include donations from all parts of England and Ireland, from the East Indies, from Australia, from Natal, from Demerara, from New Zealand, the United States, Canada, the Cape of Good Hope, and many other places. The donations vary from a few coppers saved by an errand-boy to a thousand pounds. Sometimes they send jewelry to be sold for the benefit of the orphans, others send various articles of clothing, and others send money. Thousands upon thousands of pounds in cash and notes have been dropped anonymously into Mr. Muller's letter-box. The donors who reside in Bristol have before them the work; and the New Orphan Houses being open to the public on certain days in the week, they are visited by persons from all parts of the country.

The three houses now in operation contain, as already stated, eleven hundred and fifty orphans. Each of the houses is built on the very best principles to insure the health of the inmates. The various rooms are heated by steam, and the ventilation being excellent, the mortality among the orphan children is very low. The girls are trained for servants, and remain in the institution till they are fourteen or fifteen years of age; the boys remain till they are fourteen, when they are sent out as apprentices to such trades as they may select. As an interesting sight to see so many orphans well cared for; but when it is known how they are provided for—entirely by voluntary gifts—the character of the institution to give any thing—Mr. Muller and his large family give a complete answer to the cynics who assume that charity is a matter with or other mixed up with the world's charity.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

CAN we find any but *political* news to present to the readers of this "Gossip?" The journals of the day are overflowing with matter pertaining to the "Political Campaign," and quite a willing process is necessary to obtain items which are not connected with the "*Constitutional Amendment*," "*My Policy*," "*Action of Congress*," "*Objections to Amendment*," "*Amendment and Reply*," "*Supporters of Constitutional Amendment*," and topics of similar import. The speech of SENATOR SUMNER on the Reconstruction, and the announcement that Mr. Whate-his-name is not a Candidate, are just now facts of vital importance to—those concerned. We do not undervalue the political topics of our column; yet this is not because we fancy our readers—a majority of whom are not interested in the political issue of the great questions of the day. What concerns our country concerns us all; and we do not believe there exists in our land, even among the most fashionable and careless fair ones, who would say, with a certain—

"Who's in or out, who moves the grand machine,
Nor aims my curiosity nor spleen."

Secrets of State no more I wish to know
Than secret nonsense of the beau monde.

To the contrary, the great political questions which are constantly agitating our country as a whole, are ecclesiastical questions in all classes, are *personalities*, each one employing freedom of thought and speech. Yet, although no one is amenable to another in regard to *opinion*, there is a higher law which should govern all; and no one has a *right* to be on the *wrong* side in moral questions—and many of our political questions are moral ones.

We can not forbear quoting from some expressive lines, written by a lady, whose views, in so far as therein exhibited, are worthy to be adopted:

"When a patriot fails must he fall in the battle,
Where the cannon's loud roar is his only death-rattle?

There's a washer where none but the morally brave stand; nobly and firmly their country to save.
On the war of opinion, where few can be found.
On the fountain of principle, guarding the ground,
With valiant eyes ever watching the foes,
Who are growling about them and aiming their blows.

At the recent Convention of Sailors and Soldiers, held at Pittsburg, many thousand warriors, heroes of many fights, from the highest officer down to the drummer-boy, responded to what they regarded as another call of their country, lit their peaceful homes, and met together with flag, and banner, and other insignia of battle—although the battle in prospect was only one of opinion. Many a hero, maimed in his country's cause, enthusiastically proved at this convention that, even though minus arm or leg, he had lost none of his keen interest in his country's weal.

The war on thieves, commenced by the city author ities about a couple of months ago, still continues with unabated vigor. Although many have become frightened, have left the city, enough remain to render watching a profitable, especially as some of the more fashionable thieves, who have been receiving booty at various watering-places and other summer resorts, have now returned to their ordinary field of operations.

This is a specially interesting year to all who are in any way connected with American Agriculture. Throughout the country an enthusiastic benevolence has been awakened in the Methodist denomination to mark this Centennial year by extensive thank-offerings to important objects outside their usual charities. The Centenary Fund, which is hereby designed for educational purposes, has been increased from time to time in a most liberal spirit. At the recent Conference in Lockport, Rev. Matthew Hickey, best as the Cooper Institute in this city, one of the most successful and generous ever known in the annals of Methodism was taken up. It amounted to $613,490.

The making of paper collars is a very flourishing and important branch of business. It is said that there is at the present time about $10,000,000 invested in the manufacture of paper collars and cuffs, and from 3000 to 4000 persons are finding profitable employment in this business. Unfortunately, a quarrel has arisen among them, and there is a prospect that the strife will absorb a good share of the profits. The quarrel hinges upon patents. The validity of certain patents will be contested by the opposing parties, and it is quite likely the courts of the land will have to devote most of their spare time to the matter for some years to come.

REVELATIONS EXPOUNDED.—The *Times* announces that

"On Monday, October 8, there will be a partial eclipse of the sun, which will be visible in New England and in that part of the State of New York which is northeast of a line drawn on a map from the city of Rochester to the Light-house on Fire Island, Long Island."

What sense is to be eclipsed is not stated, but we presume it is to be *John-son;* as we believe an eclipse of that luminary commenced in New England not long ago, and has been making itself perceptible in the *Times* office lately. If otherwise understood the intelligence given would be truly distressing, as the *Times* proceeds to say:

"This eclipse will be *the last of the sun visible* in the United States until the magnificent one of August 7, 1869."

Or are we to understand that old Sol himself is to be taken in for repairs, and that we are to be "under a cloud" for three years, when we shall receive a "renovated" sun, *vanquished Ye*. No, it is obvious that a political prediction is intended, for the *Times* continues:

"when the shadow of the moon will pass over and produce a total eclipse in part of seven States."

What total eclipse is intended by the phrase "a total eclipse in part," we can not say; but the seven States eclipsed are evidently seven States which will reject the Congressional Amendment, and which will be "totally eclipsed, in part," from the Union, by the Forty-first Congress.

The Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawks, whose death recently occurred in this city, made many valuable contributions to literature during his life of nearly threescore years and ten. Several legal and historical works were prepared by him; and under the *nom de plume* of "Uncle Philip," he, at various times, amused through the Harpers a number of volumes of juvenile works.

Madame Ristori lately appeared in a very pleasant private character. Having learned of the peculiar misfortunes and destitute circumstances of the Italian family in Elm Street, whose case has attracted so much attention recently, she paid them a visit of condolence and sympathy last week, and after giving them something for temporary relief, Madame Ristori told the mother that she should place for their benefit $1000 in the hands of some party, who would invest it for their best interest. The visit of the noted actress was soon noised about the locality, and an immense crowd gathered about the premises, giving the lady a hearty salutation as she drove away from the scene.

A letter from *Lucerne*, in the Cologne *Gazette*, says: "Rarely has so wet a month of August been witnessed in Switzerland. In the Bernese Oberland the smallest stream has become a torrent from the heavy rain. The Rhigi and Mount Pilate offer magnificent scenery such as are not mentioned in any guide-book, and the tops of these mountains are covered with snow as in the middle of winter." Abundance of rain and cold weather seem to have prevailed every where. A letter from Malta has just come to hand, from which we give an extract indicating the state of the atmosphere in that section of the country:

"I arrived here Friday night. It was very cold then, and it has been growingly more and more intensely frigid ever since. The only redeeming feature about the weather is, that (as we say in January) it has been 'warm enough to-day,' and which it has continued to do vigorously ever since I came, with only one or two short cold nips just to take breath, as it were. As the weather this morning, I have not had the courage to go and examine. From the pattering on the pavilion the window, I should judge, however, that it might be 'wet, by-and-by, and be cloudy.'

"Saturday the exercises consisted principally in my taking a severe cold (first appearance in any character for a year). This little investment I doubled at the Old South Church next morning. A fine 'c slight cold.' E. mentioned this morning that she had a 'slight cold;' and from a pretty wide range of observation, during my limited visit here, coupled with considerable research and inquiry, I incline to the opinion that a person isn't well in the latitude unless he or she has a 'slight cold.' The system seems to require it here; it is a normal condition of health. And if a person should wake up some morning and find the symptoms this indispensable attachment he should at once consult the nearest regular physician. Beware of his kind, however, are very rare in this section."

Letters from Cornell Grove, Kansas, state that recently a tremendous shower of grasshoppers visited that place, completely filling the air as high as the court-tree, and looking like a driving snow-storm. In a few moments the ground, trees, house, and every thing green was completely covered. In less than two hours the leaves of trees, bushes, corn, and every thing green was devoured. This is about as bad as one of the plagues of Egypt in olden times.

A Mr. Green died recently in Georgia aged 103 years, 6 months, and 3 days. She had cut three sets of teeth, the last being small, and like a squirrel's. Up to six years ago she had worked two or three days with the greatest ease. About eight years ago her eyesight failed her when she had her set of teeth, about two years ago, it improved very much. Her eldest son died in Louisiana a few months ago, at the age of 81 or 82 years.

Cockroaches are a terrible nuisance in the city. All sorts of poisons and powders are used for their extermination, but, generally, in vain, as they certainly encrease. An English paper gives the following "effectual and refreshing" remedy for them: and though we can not recommend it as being a *concerned* method, it certainly has the claim to *originality*:

A gentleman in Bristol whose kitchen used to be highly overrun by cockroaches, procured a hedgehog and had it put down for the night, allowing it a snug corner near the hearth for a lodging, as the creature is fond of heat. In a few nights his kitchen was quite rid of the insects. He had the curiosity to watch its proceedings. When the house was quiet, and the fire was covered with the insects, the hedgehog would issue from its lurking place, and, moving slowly over the kitchen grate, and—(may though the animal cockroaches with agility of a cat) pointed toes (as pigs are by one tit it had hunted the mortal career of all to sight. Then it went HOME and quietly commenced to eat them up at its leisure. Although a very timid animal, it would venture out in the most populous of any one who sat still and did not disturb it.

The following graphic description of a case of assault, recently brought before the Court of Special Sessions, occurs in one of the daily newspapers. We commend it to the notice of any of the legal profession who are about issuing Law Reports:

It seems that Mrs. C. had a little dog in her lap, when Mrs. B. came and kicked the dog; and when Mrs. C. expostulated with Mrs. B. Mrs. B. threatened to kick Mrs. C., as well as the little lit. dog. Accordingly, Mrs. B. did pitch into Mrs. C. and the little D., and Mrs. C. brought Mrs. B. into Court. The little D., not having been subpœnaed, was not present. Judgment suspended.

The COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION, 19 Cooper Institute originated and has ever since stood ready to extract teeth without pain, *and they certainly do it.*

"The ladies of our household indorse it as unrivaled."—BENNETT'S Cocoaine for the Hair, and Flavoring Extracts for Cooking purposes.—*Home Journal.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

[From Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was organized. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a distressing cough. I was led to use White Pine, previously thought that a preparation having for its base the essence of the oil of white pine might be compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of the White Pine Compound, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine I had been planning, and gave it to the afflicted one. The result was accordingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was relieved, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. So much for this. I was soon after called to visit a lady who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, accompanied by a sudden cold, and which soon became settled with blood. She soon found relief, and was cured. She took about ten ounces of it and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

"As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled."—*Scientific American.*

The Great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, consumption, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for dislocated joints, from the most ordinary sprain to the gravest, and for pleas and scurvy it will be found valuable. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicines generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., Proprietor,
No. 36 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.

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540 Broadway, New York.

$5000 Agents wanted to sell 2 new inventions of great value to families; all pay great profits. Send 25 cts. and get 99 pages of sample. Price List free. Send stamp for sample gratis. Ephraim Brown, Lowell, Mass.

BABBITTONIAN SELF-TEACHING PENMANSHIP. By Babbitt, author of "Babbitt's Arithmetic," *Scientific American, Independents, Evangelist, Methodist, Inquirer, Christian Times, &c., &c.* Babbitt's Penmanship has never been equaled. It is unprecedented success, as well as by the numerous testimonials of the press. Self-instructive, pleasing card-board slips, illustrated by 60 Woodcuts and a Chart, and is sent postpaid to all parts of the Union for $1 50; 84 exquisitely-finished Babbittonian Pens postpaid for 50 cents, or 75 Pens and the Penmanship for $2. Unequaled inducements to Agents and Teachers. Address E. D. BABBITT, 141 Fulton St., N.Y.

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To sell an article, patented, that will sell in every house, store, office, city, and county. Large profits to agents. For full particulars address the inventor,
C. M. BROWN, 74 Bleecker Street, New York.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

Have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, to the last of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON, 80c., 90c., $1. $1 10, best $1 20 P. B.
MIXED, 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 P. B.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 P. B.
OOLONG, 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 P. B.

Gunpowder, $1 25, best $1 50 P. B.

GENTLEMEN,—I once more forward you an order for Teas, and I hope you will send me a good article, as you have heretofore, for I must say it has given general satisfaction to every one to whom I have used it. I have thought when I set out the $30 for February that I would have some of them that have sent five pints a dollar-can from me; and I told them that it would be here on Thursday. I remain, Gentlemen, yours respectfully, JAMES WOODHOUSE.

Woonsocket, R. I., *September* 17, 1866.

Mr. Woodhouse's order foot up as follows:

		By Sam'l's Express.
116 lbs. Tea	at 1 00	$116 00
14 lbs. Tea	at 1 25	17 50
4 lbs. Coffee	at 40	1 60
2 lbs. Coffee	at 35	70
	Total	$135 80

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 81 and 83 VESEY STREET, corner of CHURCH. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

For further particulars, getting up clubs, &c., see Harper's Weekly, Sept. 29, 1866, page 624.

$5 SEWING $5 MACHINE.

100,000

FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical ideas, and the most complete simplicity. *Originally patented May 15, 1862; Improvement patented June 5, 1866.* THE FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with counter-balance movement, is noiseless in operation, sews with perfection a variety of actions with extraordinary rapidity, making reverse stitch to each revolution of the wheel. Will sew, hem, hoffle, braid, tuck, run by hand, &c. &c. Is constructed of the best material, and warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal judges, and of those who have seen it.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing."—*New York Times.*

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A New Edition Now Ready:

NEW PHYSIOGNOMY—OR, "SIGNS OF CHARACTER," with more than 1000 Illustrations. By S. R. WELLS, Editor of *Phrenological Journal.* One Volume, Embossed Muslin, $3; Heavy Calf, $5; Turkey Morocco, full gilt, $10. Agents wanted. Please address SAMUEL R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

FEVER AND AGUE

EXTINGUISHED.

Martyrs to Incredulity Fever, a word with you. The responsibility for your suffering rests upon your own head. Procure at once a sure remedy, and shake to-day, or will shake to-morrow,

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Will extinguish the disease under which you labor. Had you taken this genial tonic as a preventive, you would have no need of it as a cure, for it renders the system impervious to all miasmatic fevers. But since you neglected the precaution, rid yourselves without delay of the complaint by resorting to the only reliable remedy. Sold by all dealers with

HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

And they will return no more. This is the experience of thousands, and it will be yours. Quinine is a slow source of relief, and is so nauseous to the last degree. It is more dangerous than the malady itself: in many cases it utterly fails. How different is the effect of the Bitters! Their curative action is rapid: they are agreeable to the palate; they are not only entirely harmless, but tend inevitably to strengthen the constitution and prolong life. They *never has failed,* and it is confidently assumed that they *never can fail* in any case of Fever and Ague, however inveterate is the character. Try without HOSTETTER'S BITTERS in any region infested with Intermittent or Remittent Fever is simply to reject safety and court disease.

Permanent and Wide-Spread Success

Is the best evidence of the goodness of

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They should be in every family, ready for use on the first symptoms of disease occurring. This method will often save life. Remember, the

Cholera Commences as a Poison,

And your safety demands that it should be got rid of without delay. Colds, rheumatism, asthma, pleurisy, diarrhœa, Colics, in fact, all sickness, is the consequence of impurities in the blood. These being removed, the health is restored at once.

Observe my name on the Government Stamp in white letters. Sold by Druggists.

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$10. Gold and Silver Watches. $10.

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Comfort for Consumptives.

IMPERIAL and LYMAN, Just $1 55 P. B.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, &c. (rich), $1. $1 10, best $1 20 P. B.

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For further particulars, getting up clubs, &c., see Harper's Weekly, Sept. 29, 1866, page 624.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 512.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



WASHING-DAY AMONG THE ACADIANS ON THE BAYOU LAFOURCHE, LOUISIANA.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 670.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1866.

THE NEW ORLEANS REPORT.

THE Report of the military board of inquiry into the New Orleans riot confirms the opinion which every intelligent reader had formed from the facts published at the time. It was a preconcerted massacre of white and colored Union men by late rebel soldiers, with the assistance of the mob and the police, under the general direction of Mayor MONROE, who, while an unpardoned rebel, was elected to his office, and was pardoned by President JOHNSON expressly that he might assume it. The facts of the case are appalling. It is another of the tragical lessons which the people of this country can not safely disregard if they expect to secure public order and the authority of law. It shows us the imperative necessity of acting according to the facts, and not upon any general theory, however generous or plausible. The country must look the truth squarely in the face, and the truth is that the party which elected MONROE, and which planned and executed the fiendish slaughter in New Orleans, is the party with which the President and the Democratic party are allied, and which is again seeking the control of the Government. The success of the Democratic party would be the success of Mayor MONROE and the New Orleans conspirators, whoever would not see a man like MONROE the chief magistrate of any city will not vote so as to put into power the party which pollutes and defends his crimes.

Moreover, there is no reason to suppose that the bitterness and ferocity of feeling which is proved by this massacre to exist in one city is confined to that city. The riot at Memphis, if less elaborately organized, sprang from precisely the same spirit. The incredibly fierce tone of a large part of the newspapers in the late insurgent States, the private correspondence from that quarter of thousands at the North, universal experience and human nature itself, warn us that the worst of passions have survived actual hostilities; and that Generals GRANT, THOMAS, and SHERIDAN spoke merely the truth when they said that a military force must for a long time be maintained in that part of the country. Individual expressions of acquiescence are of little avail in the presence of the overwhelming evidence of the general hostility sentiment of the whole section. Any known Union man is, by the very nature of the case, a more competent witness of the actual condition of the South than any Northern late rebel. When an Alabama judge, like Mr H. D. CLAYTON, lately a rebel general, in exhorting his fellow-citizens to their duty, tell them that they ought not to "sit down night and day cursing and gnawing their chains," but to conform to law, it is very evident that the spirit of the exhortation will hardly lead to a very hearty and zealous conformity. When the bench can express its acquiescence in no more satisfactory terms, the "bar" at the neighboring grocery will be very likely to do what it can to avenge its "chains;" and when Union men declare that they live in constant peril their testimony is confirmed by the tone of such an "acquiescing" judge.

Does it surprise any one who reads the Report of which we are speaking, and who reflects upon the state of society which it reveals, that the delegates to the Loyal Southern Convention at Philadelphia spoke and speak as they did? GOVERNOR PARSON, Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, and other late rebel leaders, who were sustained by the sympathy of their section during the war, and enjoyed the honors of the rebellion without the least apprehension of suffering after its overthrow either from the Government or from their neighbors, talk in very smooth and dainty phrase of acquiescence and forgetfulness and conciliation. But the men whom the rebels during the war hated and hunted, and whom after the war they still hate and persecute, may, it seems to us, be allowed a little rhetorical warmth in the expression of their feelings. They declare that in their judgment, if we would radically and rapidly establish order in the disturbed section, we must make the rebel chiefs ineligible to office and enfranchise all our friends of whatever color. That is the revolutionary and anarchical doctrine with which they are charged. The Report of the New Orleans Commission makes it seem simply common-sense.

It can not be doubted that the New Orleans massacre has done more than the abstract argument of a year to impress the country with the conviction that it was not wisely hope for peace at the South so long as inequality of guarantees of personal and political liberty endure. That is the question which will now be steadily agitated until it is settled. The temper of the people at present inclines them to leave its solution to the necessary operation of the Constitutional Amendment. But the refusal of that measure will indicate a spirit with which the people will take the heroic method. The signs of this resolution are too plain to be avoided. The prompt adoption or refusal of the Amendment by the unrepresented States, after the elections show that it is the present essential condition of restoration, will serve as a test of the actual situation of those States. Their persistent refusal will show that the quality of their acquiescence has been misapprehended, and in the light of this knowledge the next step will be taken. If they adopt it, as we believe they will, the whole difficulty will be made more simple, and we shall be inclined to anticipate a speedy end of the disorders of every question. But, as we remarked last week, Congress has not tied its own hands, and there is no power which can tie them. We may be very sure that the new Congress will fully represent the sentiment of the country, and that its action will be truly the popular will.

The Report of the Commission leaves the tragical part of the President in the New Orleans massacre unchanged. It does not, however, alter or weaken the conviction that he had already taken sides against the Convention, and was therefore unable to act wisely or humanely. Nothing is sadder than to observe, in his as in all passing events, his utter inability to comprehend the situation, or to give even a logical appearance to his own acts. Yet it is unfortunate that the path of duty has been made so plain to the country. If the President had been a shrewd or reticent man, had he attempted the demilitarization of the Union party with greater skill; had he protected the plainest rights of American citizens by defending the debates of the Convention at New Orleans, he might have been secure for the popular mind than it now is that the total defeat of the party and the policy with which he is allied is essential to the national welfare.

SHORT CROPS.

As usual at this season there is an active amount of croaking about the crops. The rain has injured the wheat, and owing to cold weather in August the corn crop has not ripened. As for cotton, that is a total failure. In some places the mischief is due to rain, in others to insects, in others to want of labor, in others to want of seed. The cause in the cause may have been the result is the same; the crop is far below general expectation. Some say 1,250,000 bales will be made; others not more than 1,000,000. Altogether the prospect is blue.

This is what the newspapers tell us; and parties in the trade aver that their statements are correct.

Yet we have not the smallest hesitation in stating that, to the best of our knowledge and belief, there is not one atom of truth in all the stories of short crops.

It is quite likely that in some localities the cold weather of August and the rains of September may have injured the cereal crops. But if they injured the harvest in one meridian, they benefited it in another, and so the total damage is nothing. The Ohio country is so large, and the land under cultivation so various, that it is hardly possible for the whole to be simultaneously affected by rain, or frost, or drought. The year in which it would injure the wheat in Kentucky might help it in Minnesota; heat that would be fatal in Indiana would be just the thing in Wisconsin; rains that would be deplorable in Iowa would be very welcome in Southern Ohio. We have never had a full crop in this country, and probably never shall have one. But if we ever have, the price of food will fall even lower than it ruled when corn went a-begging in Illinois and ten cents a bushel. Remember that on the prairies used it for fuel. Every year the crop fails in some localities owing to drought, or rain, or heat, or frost. The glory of the New Mightied region is that it has short and long crops; the newspapers re-echo the cry, and forth it goes to the world. How is it with foore fortunate localities, when there is no shortcoming? They rarely hold their peace. They know that a prevailing belief in a short crop will insure them higher prices for their grain, and they are shrewd enough to know that in their region the harvest is a full average. Very often the cry of "short crop" is so loud and apparently general that a speculation in produce is started. Then, unfortunately, do the people of the prosperous regions forbear to let their good fortune be known. They are mute as fishes when the hard times country has been taught by the newspapers that a famine is impending, and the speculators have put prices up to a point which renders it profitable to import American wheat from Liverpool, these wary farmers have generally a fair supply to send to market—so much, in fact, as not unfrequently to break the speculation.

As to the cotton crop, we have no doubt but the original estimates of from two to two and a half millions of bales will be realized. Last year the soundest authorities refused to believe that the crop could amount to a million bales; yet over two millions came to market. At present the popular estimate, as we said, is 1,000,000 @ 1,250,000 bales. It is probably quite true, as alleged, that unfavorable weather has injured the crop in some localities. But the region in which cotton is grown, extending from the Atlantic sea-board to the American desert, and from the border of Mexico to the Ohio and the Arkansas, is a pretty extensive country. There is room in that region for crop-failures in many counties without necessarily involving a falling off in the aggregate crop. We remember that even in 1864, when the crop exceeded 5,000,000 bales, there were localities which produced nothing. It must be remembered that, under the food crop, it is the interest of all parties concerned to spread the belief that the cotton crop is short. A short crop means high prices. If Alabama can persuade the world that Mississippi will produce no cotton this year, she will get 30 per cent. more for her yield. Every story of unfavorable weather, of difficulty about labor, thrills the New York and Liverpool cotton markets, and puts money in the pocket of those who own cotton. The prevailing rumors of short crop must be read by the light of these facts.

For the rest, namely, the use which is being made of the cry of short crops in the gold market, quite a number of new considerations come into play. Gold has risen from 145 to 150, not so much on the belief in a short cotton and corn crop as upon the scarcity of gold at the financial centres, upon the now general habit of importers to "hedge" against a decline in goods by short sales of gold. The custom among importers now is to sell at least half as much gold "short" as they have on hand. This, it is considered, places them in a conservative position. If gold falls, they make on their gold what they lose on their goods. If it rises, their goods rise in proportion. But meanwhile they are at the mercy of the operators of the Gold-Room, who, calculating to a fraction how much gold is short, and how much these importers require, can "corner" the market, and compel the shorts to pay them from ½ to 1 per cent. a day for the use of the deficiency. This would not be surprising if the speculators, using the manifest advantages of their position, should run up the premium four or five per cent. higher than it is now. It would be a mistake to ascribe the advance to a confirmation of the prevailing theory of short crops.

CIVIC REFORM IN NEW YORK.

IT is a fatal objection to Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, that he is not wanting, that he is the candidate of the Ring which has made the name of New York city government a stench in the national nostrils. The vast corruption of the municipality is proverbial, and the Citizens' Association estimates that there are sixty thousand voters in the city who have an interest in maintaining it. Its estimate is correct: nothing but a total revolution of public sentiment can save the city. Things will go from bad to worse until the city will be practically governed by the State. This is, of course, a purely abnormal condition. It is in conflict with the fundamental idea of popular government. But it may not be very much indeed, you must sit in a very dark room and do as well as you can. When the city taxes consume all moderate incomes the citizens will gladly see the State come to their relief.

At this moment the efficient departments in the city are under State control. The Police, the Fire Department, and the Parks, are managed by the State. Mayor HOFFMAN, in some fine phrases about the intelligence and energy of the city, protests. The Ring protests. The Democracy of widows and orphans protest. The sharks and leeches, the thieves and bullies protest. But so long as the people of the city prefer that the municipal offices are the head-quarters of plunder, and that however honest a man the Mayor may be, he is the political associate of those who ravage the property of the people, he will not protect against the shield which the State offers for their protection.

The Citizens' Association professes to aim at a reform of these abuses, and it includes names of the highest respectability in its executive council and honorary council. But so long as the present unanimity exists in the city countenances we have little hope of a successful assault upon the present system of plunder. The Democratic majority in this city represents the worst elements of the population, and the agents of such a majority will generally represent its spirit. If the better class among the Democrats can emancipate themselves from the party tyranny for the purpose of civic reform there would be a fair prospect of improvement. But the party discipline has thus far proved too strong, and there are no special reasons why it should be relaxed. Even when a man of fair reputation, like Mr. HOFFMAN, is nominated for Governor it is simply an act of party drill. It is intended to hold the very votes which might rebel at a known corruptionist, with the purpose of securing the continued control of the Ring. Those who were persuaded of the patriotism of the Democratic party by its conduct during the war will perhaps believe in the honesty of municipal administration under Democratic rule; but we think no others will share their opinion.

The present palliative of the total local misgovernment of the city is Legislative interference; the ultimate remedy is the extinction of the Democratic party, which, however, will live longest at this point, because the conditions of its existence, ignorance and vice, are here most abundant.

LOUIS NAPOLEON UPON THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

THERE is a lull in exciting news from Europe, which is not disturbed by the circular of LOUIS NAPOLEON. Indeed, there is less curiosity now than formerly to know his opinions. The events of the summer have revealed Prussia as so united and powerful a kingdom that France has somewhat lost her conspicuous importance; and they have taught Europe and the world that as France is not the only great and united power, so LOUIS NAPOLEON is not the only shrewd and successful statesman of the times. He has certainly gained no prestige by his conduct during the last year. At its close LOUIS NAPOLEON finds the treaties of 1815, which he detests, at an end indeed, but not overthrown by him, nor overthrown in such a manner as to leave him master of the situation. It was, therefore, with a consciousness that he had a little lost consideration, and that there were those who actually believed him to have been snubbed by BISMARCK, that the Emperor dismissed his minister of foreign affairs, summoned a new one to the post, and before he arrived issued a manifesto as a kind of official account current to show his estimate of the actual state of affairs.

In this circular there is nothing which is very new or very instructive. We are told that the treaties are gone, that Prussia has become the head of Germany, that Italy is a unit, that now perfect freedom of commercial action rules the European powers, that France is satisfied and ought immediately to complete her military organization. All that is simply to say that there has been a new deal. But that the new game will be nobody can tell, and France will therefore be prepared for all kinds of emergencies.

This manifest is full of that vague rhetoric which is peculiar to the documents of French diplomacy. Commonplaces are stated with impressive solemnity, and platitudes with imposing air of significance. "France" is constantly mentioned as an ideal existence of the most sensitive conscience and the loftiest pride. Its objects are simply human purposes. Its methods are touchingly honorable and moral. She "must always strive for moral and political aggrandizement by employing her influence for the great interests of civilization." To talk in this way is exquisitely ludicrous, because nobody is deceived and nobody supposes that any body is. As we have said, we know and she knew that we knew that she knew," says the delightful author of "Cranford." It is precisely so with LOUIS NAPOLEON. While he withdraws from Mexico he treats mankind to these fine phrases; and mankind is supposed not to be seeing what he is doing because it is so busily believing what he is saying. But both he and mankind know perfectly well that, if he were meaning to fight to-morrow, LOUIS NAPOLEON would hold the same language.

From the Emperor's "advanced point of view" the horizon of Europe seems to be clear of "menacing eventualities." Peace has been secured without appeal to revolutionary passions, and such a peace must be durable. The moral of all this is that the war has ended without bringing France to the Rhine, and that she is to go fighting if at all, by myself. But of this nothing is directly said. That LOUIS NAPOLEON expected by remaining quiet during the war to push France to the Rhine can not be doubted. That, in common with the rest of Europe, he had no conception of the power and energy of Prussia the event shows. He is, therefore, exactly where he was before the war, with the general sense of his superior sagacity somewhat disturbed, and the general conviction of BISMARCK'S cleverness absolutely confirmed.

DANA'S WHEATON.

THE subject of international law is one of universal interest; not merely, or even mainly, to the men of science since the great majority of lawyers never come professionally in contact with it, but to all who study public affairs, and desire to be in harmony with the noble sense of justice and moral right which is the foundation of international law. Mr. WHEATON'S treatise on this great subject holds long been a standard authority, as the fact of its having now reached its eighth edition would alone go far to prove. Not attempting to exhaust this comprehensive theme, which has occupied many volumes of this size, Mr. WHEATON was satisfied to give a more comprehensive view of the elementary principles of his subject than could be found elsewhere in the English language.

The preparation of the last two editions of this valuable work was committed to a gentleman of some ability and great industry, who, however, labored under three serious defects—namely, prolixity, inaccurate acquaintance with the subject, and violent partisanship, which, more-

over, was all in favor of a policy which his country has irrevocably condemned. The political tone of the last edition of "Wheaton" makes the book as obsolete as if it were three hundred years old instead of three. It is virtually made such a special plea for the rebellion that the State Department, which had been in the habit of supplying copies to its diplomatic agents, refused to take any more, and the sale of the work was absolutely stopped.

It is a matter of gratification to every statesman, jurist, or student of public affairs, who cordially accepts the true national policy of America, that this favorite volume has been at length rescued from the blight under which it had fallen, and that the preparation of the new edition has been intrusted to one of so ripe a scholarship, so truly judicial a mind, and so loyal a heart as RICHARD HENRY DANA. He is the worthy successor of MR. WHEATON and of MR. EVERETT in the chair of International Law at Cambridge; and his personal character is so spotless that the attempt of MR. WILLIAM BEACH LAWRENCE, the late editor of WHEATON, to sully it with a charge of the meanest and most stupid plagiarism, is merely contemptible. It is like accusing him of picking pockets. It is impossible to be gravely angry, for the utter absurdity of the charge. Since, however, MR. LAWRENCE seriously undertakes to specify instances, and alleges that MR. DANA appropriates his translated matter, we may mention that the most careful examination of the whole of MR. DANA'S annotated matter reveals a translation of the same passage by both editors in two instances only, and in each there is an entire difference of language. This is an illustration of the force of MR. LAWRENCE'S charge of literary fraud upon MR. DANA. But the whole question is exhaustively discussed in a note in the *North American Review* for October, to which we refer the reader.

Certain points of method are especially admirable in MR. DANA'S edition. In the first place, he has done well to discard MR. LAWRENCE'S theory. In the next, he has secured substantial service by numbering the sections of the work continuously throughout. Again, his conciseness, which is at first sight rather startling, when compared with the overflowing margins and appendices of the previous editor, commends itself to the judgment, upon reflection, as in keeping with the general character of the book, which professes only to give the *elements* of international law.

But MR. DANA'S labors have higher merits than these. His style is exceedingly terse and clear. He makes no disguise of his sympathy with liberty and humanity, while every where maintaining a judicial impartiality in declaring the *law*. So in dealing with the controversies between his own country and foreign governments he cautiously avoids indulging so far in sympathy with his own side as to overleap margins and appendices of the previous editor, commends itself to the judgment, upon reflection, as in keeping with the general character of the book, which professes only to give the *elements* of international law.

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Many of MR. DANA'S notes will be found very interesting and instructive to general readers. We should mention particularly the notes on the Monroe Doctrine, on Naturalization, on the Impressment of Seamen, on the Slave Trade, on Privateering, on Neutrality laws, on the dispute between the British and American Governments concerning the course of the former during the war, and on Blockades. It is very satisfactory to be able to find such precise, lucid, and impartial statements of the facts and decisions in affairs of such importance.

We could wish that MR. DANA had carried his revision of MR. WHEATON'S work still further, and conformed the mode of citation to the established usage of law-books. No lawyer is accustomed to cite a case as "Dodson, i. 181. The Success." MR. WHEATON, like some other eminent law-writers, was careless of these matters of detail; but so valuable a treatise should be made as perfect as possible.

A work like DANA'S Wheaton is a national benefit, for it is a work in which subjects of vast national importance are treated with a due sense of their gravity; with a candor which seeks the truth above all things; in a practical spirit which aims at substantial usefulness, and not merely at the demonstration of a theory; and finally, with a clearness and elegance which can not fail to charm the taste and reach the understanding of every intelligent reader. May the new book come into as wide use and shall be thus scientific without being uncouthly technical!

A NEW SANITARY COMMISSION.

IT is clear that the enfranchisement of all the people of the Southern States upon equal terms, by whatever authority, can not be very long delayed; and the education of those people is, therefore, a matter of national interest and importance. It is desirable in every way that there shall not be a vast population held in ignorance, whose votes shall be cast under the control of unpatriotic men whose interest might lead them to perpetuate that ignorance. And although education naturally follows the ballot there are social and political conditions under which obstructions will be thrown in its way. Thus, however rosy a view may be taken of the situation in the South, no wise man will spare any proper effort to diffuse education among the Freedmen as widely as possible. Indeed, from the moment the operations of the war opened the way there has been and now remains the most zealous and intelligent and persistent movements to arm the emancipated people with the alphabet.

This has been exclusively a voluntary movement. The Freedmen's Bureau is not charged with any interests of education. It can only incidentally help the work by defending the workers. The story of those workers, indeed, would be one of the most heroic chapters in our history. The earnestness, tenacity, wisdom, and moral intrepidity with which tenderly nurtured women and men have fought the frontier fight with ignorance and hatred, are but very vaguely known to the country. They have died quietly and unknown at their posts, many of them, as truly martyrs of the great cause as the most famous and beloved soldier who fell in the field, and over whose grave a grateful country builds an enduring monument. And the battle is instant. It is fought to-day, and all it asks of the country is a very moderate support. It is a fight, too, in which every labor tells, and tells immediately. Education is the natural security of emancipation. When the freedman can read, he is upon an absolute equality with his fellow-citizens, and has acquired a self-respect which is extremely incompatible with every kind of slavery.

Indeed, we waste words in urging the importance of popular education at the South. But as the supplies of this work in the Southern States are failing, more, as we believe, from ignorance of the field than from any other reason than from any other reason, we commend to the most serious attention of our readers the following extract from the recent appeal of the American Freedmen's Union Commission, the office of which is at No. 76 John Street, New York:

"There are 800,000 colored children in the South needing education and eager for the advantages of common schools; and to this nearly 600,000 whites who can neither read nor write must be added. Nearly 1,400,000 that are capable of being made an immense blessing to the country, religiously, socially, politically, and pecuniarily. Of this number only 14,046 have been in our schools the past year. Of these, 9,503 pupils and 230 teachers have been sent, where 25,000 are needed. Only 1466 teachers and 90,773 pupils have been established by all the various societies. The present rate of encampments will deplete our treasury to the last cent, and we must soon abandon many of the localities where our treasury is empty, and that they can not be reached unless contributions come in more rapidly."

This is a mental and moral sanitary commission, which is the worthy successor of that other which during the war cared so effectively and nobly for the physical condition of the soldier. Now as then there are hundreds and thousands of devoted men and women in every State who are anxious to know how and where to serve the country. Let them send in their local circles organize a system of monthly subscription, which can be very readily done, and communicate with the office of the Commission. The character of the gentlemen who manage it is the sufficient security of the intelligence and economy with which all the funds will be employed. There are millions who would gladly give a dollar a month, if no more, for the purpose if the opportunity were brought to them. Will not our country readers and friends consider?

PLAIN SPEAKING.

THE HON. ISAAC N. ARNOLD, an old and warm personal friend of President LINCOLN, in resigning his post as Member of the 39th Congress, speaks very plainly to President JOHNSON:

"You have betrayed the great Union party which elected ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and which, as an incident of his election, placed you in the office of Vice-President. You have deserted its principles, and are today in open cordial communion with the men who made the overthrow of the Republic, of those who for four long years made war upon our flag, and who perpetrated the long catalogue of crimes by the murder which paced you in the Executive chair.

"You are to-day persecuting and denouncing as traitors the life-long friends of ABRAHAM LINCOLN; because upon whom his great arm leaned for support in the hour of supreme peril for the Union; you are denouncing and threatening the assassins of Mr. LINCOLN for no offense but fidelity to the principles and party which you have abandoned.

"You have chosen as your friends and counselors from the lately rebellious States, not the persecuted, abused, faithful, brave Union men, whose wrongs and hardships are yet stained with the blood of loyal men. In the whole history of our country no more sublime and at a great extent with those whose sympathies were ever with rebels and traitors."

A MERE FALSEHOOD.

"A LIE well struck to" is sometimes supposed to be much more serviceable than the truth. So the party which opposed the war, which nominates Peace Democrats or Copperheads for Governors, and whose sole political capital is hostility to equal rights, has been very zealously vociferating that Congress, in a law equalizing soldiers' bounties, had discriminated in favor of the colored troops, giving the latter three hundred dollars additional bounty, and the white troops but one hundred.

Of course this is a mere falsehood. There is not even a pretext for it in the law in which the word white or black is not mentioned. But the assertion illustrates the spirit of the "Conservative" campaign, which is merely an appeal to popular prejudice and ignorance. But the elections show that it is a popular intelligence and principle which at present govern the country.

VENTILATION.

LOOK at an automatic sitting-belfry on open window, regardless of the cold, though it be winter, with his chest heaving laboriously and his countenance expressive of exquisite anguish. What is the matter? Is he in pain? No. What, then, is the distress? It is simply from want of a due supply of fresh air. The spasm in his lungs not only prevents the free admission of air from without, but the free egress of that which is within, so that the air which in the lungs is a mixture of foul and good air. When so many died in the famous Black Hole at Calcutta, it was because the pure air was so shut out that they could not even get so much as the asthmatic does.

Here we have palpable results, and they startle us; and yet we may be suffering from day to day, in a small a way as to be imperceptible, the evil results of a deficiency of air, which may so accumulate as to impair the health and even perhaps ultimately destroy life. It is only a few that occasionally lose their lives suddenly from want of air, but a comparatively slight but continuous deficiency of the supply is constantly destroying vast multitudes by a slow process.

A good supply of fresh air is an imperative necessity. Such a supply it is easy to get when we are out of doors; but we do not get it when *we are* indoors unless we make such provision for it—or in other words, unless we take measures to secure a sufficient supply. A proper supply of pure air in our habitations and places of public meeting is *something*, at least in our weather. That is the chief difficulty we have to meet. Too much fuel is required with defective than with proper ventilation. A small room, closely shut up, is warmed at less expense from a large room with suitable inlets for fresh air and outlets for foul.

The necessity for freeness in ventilation may be seen if we look to the amount of fresh air required for consumption. Each person requires a gallon every minute, that is fourteen hundred and forty gallons each hour, or about a ton in all twenty-four hours. It is easy to see this in small and closely-shut-up apartments, and large gatherings of people in public buildings, as they are ordinarily conducted, are incompatible with any such supply as this.

That you may see clearly what the necessity for ventilation is, you must feel the lungs actually do with the air which they receive.

Pure air is composed of three gases, in certain proportions—oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid. It is by oxygen that life is supported—and it has also acquired a positively bad character by the increase of the carbonic acid. Much increase of this renders the air palpably poisonous. If, therefore, there be great lack of ventilation, as there often is in small rooms in dwellings or in crowded public assemblies, injury will be done to the health by the diminution of vigor from the less of oxygen and by the direct poisonous influence of the added carbonic acid. And if the exposure to these deleterious influences be frequent there will inevitably be an accumulation of evil, as seen in a broken-down system, in positive disease, and at length in death.

Observe what provision is made in nature for the constant purification of the air, and how it is often more or less defeated by the arrangements of man. As oxygen is taken up in the lungs of all animals, and carbonic acid gas is sent forth from them, breathing is continually deteriorating the air. But this is remedied by a counter operation. Every leaf that grows is just the opposite in effect of what lungs do—it takes in carbonic acid and emits oxygen—so that there is an exchanging going on between the animal and the leaf. In this way the proportion of the ingredients of the air is every where maintained, so that if the chemist examine the air taken from various quarters of the earth he always finds precisely the same proportions. But this is true only of air that is free, and not of that which is shut up from the free access of man's contamination. Wherever there is breathing going on, if ventilation be not properly attended to, there is a want of the due proportion of oxygen, and the deterioration is increased by fires and lights, for they, like lungs, use up oxygen and return carbonic acid to the air.

There is still another important provision for the purification of the air. The three ingredients of the air are not of the same specific gravity. The carbonic acid gas is decidedly heavier than the oxygen and nitrogen. Consequently, as there is a tendency to below them, as water lies below oil. Now if this tendency were not obviated in some way the carbonic acid, generated from the lungs and from various decompositions, would accumulate all over the surface of the earth, pushing up the oxygen and nitrogen before it, and thereby destroy life and destroy life and put out fires every where. But this tendency is obviated by another—the tendency of gases to diffuse themselves. It is just as the heavier water does not remain below the lighter alcohol poured upon it, but mixes with it. Agitation promotes this mingling, and therefore in ventilation the communication of motion to the air is an important measure, and should be accomplished so far as it can be done without inconvenience.

There are other deleterious gases besides carbonic acid produced in crowded ways, indoors and without, that are carried off by this same mingling and diluting process, but of these we will not speak, the most important is that of perspiration.

What now is the inference from all this? Plainly that we ought to make it quite as sure that our lungs shall have a suitable supply of good air as that our stomachs shall have a suitable supply of good food. Oxygen, indeed, is food as really as what is put into the stomach, for it enters into the composition of the blood, and through this of the structures of the body. And besides, the carbonic acid gas which is discharged from the lungs is so much refuse, and should not, therefore, be introduced again, but should be carried off by the means which you see are provided so beautifully and carefully by the Creator.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

LOSS OF THE "EVENING STAR."

OUR dispatches from Savannah, Georgia, bring intelligence of a most appalling disaster, attended with the total loss of life. The steamer *Evening Star*, of the New York Mail Steamship Company, which sailed from this port on Saturday, 6th ult., bound for New Orleans, with about 200 passengers and a crew of 30 men, foundered off Tybee (date not mentioned), and nearly all on board perished.

RESIGNATION OF RICHARD H. DANA, JUN., UNITED STATES DISTRICT-ATTORNEY.

THE following is a copy of HON. RICHARD H. DANA, JUN.'s, letter resigning his office as United States District-Attorney:

OFFICE OF U. S. DISTRICT-ATTORNEY,
BOSTON, Oct. 15, 1866.

"SIR,—Returning from an absence in Europe, briefly allowed me by the Government of my native State, I gladly embrace the opportunity to understand that the President expects of those who hold offices of responsibility the support and advancement by them of his policy expressed, and co-operation in the efforts he is now engaged on for the restoration of American peace as to which he is in accordance with Congress.

"My express wishes and those of a highly appropriate to consider these subjects with sentiments of friendship to the President and cordial confidence and contingencies attendant, and I have endeavored to act upon them. I shall myself continue to express, and to ask for, co-operation, and respectfully request your acceptance of my resignation in the hands of the President.

"I am desirous, however unimportant my opinions may be, that the reasons for which I am led by reasons satisfactory to myself, may not be misunderstood as an approval of a practice of removing the course of all civil offices, whether their nature or tenure permits, on considerations the opinions of the President on all points, at his discretion.

"I shall, of course, continue to discharge the duties of my post until I learn that a successor has been appointed. Permit me to express, in return, my acknowledgments of the consideration with which I have been treated by all Departments of the Government during my tenure of office; and I hope it is not out of place to add my grateful thanks to those uniform friendly kindness I have received from yourself personally.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant, RICHARD H. DANA, JUN.

"HON. WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State."

DAVIS'S TRIAL POSTPONED.

JEFF DAVIS'S trial has again been postponed, as no term of the United States Circuit Court is to be held for six months at Richmond. The term is now closed, and the invalidates the adjournment to October. It is probable that the case will be tried at the February term. Subsequently she wrote another work entitled "Ida Beaumont."

The following circular letter from Major-General ROSECRANS, President of the Board of Visitors of the Academy, has been issued:

WEST POINT, N. Y., Oct. 8, 1866.

CIRCULAR LETTER.—The officers of the Army of the Tennessee wish to commemorate the services of the Army of the Tennessee," to be held at Cincinnati, on the 19th and 20th of November next, and I write to ask you to be present.

Major-General Manning F. Force, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, at Cincinnati, to that effect, that the Committee may have some definite idea of the number that will probably be present.

JOHN A. RAWLINS, President of the Society.

MAJOR-GENERAL ROSECRANS is appointed by the Eighth Congressional District of New York, in place of HON. G. P. FISHER.

Of the 163 towns in Connecticut, about 140 held their elections for town officers on Monday, the 8th inst., and returns are large enough to indicate the success of the Union party, but the Republicans have carried Meriden, Seymour, Windsor Locks, Southington, and Bristol, and probably Stratford, Canaan, and the most of the larger towns. Hartford and the three towns give a Republican majority of 1,000. Connecticut gives a Republican majority of 5,000. The Legislature is Republican by a large majority on joint ballot. The Democrats have elected Grinnell, Chapin, and Hubbard to Congress, and probably the fourth. In New Haven many of the towns has been strictly a vote. Of 11 towns 48 have gone Republican, and 25 Democratic.

REAR-ADMIRAL FRANCIS H. GREGORY, U.S.N., died on board the Navy-Yard Home, Brooklyn, on the 14th inst., after illness, in the 77th year of his age.

THE Mexican Government has given one million of dollars to the building of small tenement houses for the poor in the city of Mexico. The Senate has sent a bill, suited to the means of those in receipt of but small incomes, to the Chamber of Deputies, making provision for rent, etc., to the extension of the undertaking. The Senate of the State of Nuevo Leon has sent a like municipal authorities for a grant of land, merely stipulating that the plan, management of the matter, the appointment of trustees, and one or two minor points should be vested in the municipal councils. Hitherto the request and has not been granted, but in case of a refusal Mr. Nelson will try the Legislature. He intends to carry out his noble purpose at the same, only of course the number of houses will be smaller at first, as part of the sum, which would otherwise be entirely devoted to the construction of the houses, will then have to be used for the purchase of land.

THE well-known horse-dancer, Professor J. S. Rarey, died very suddenly at No. 166 St. Clair Street, on Thursday afternoon, October 4.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE ocean telegraph brings intelligence that the insurrection in Candia is spreading rapidly, and that the Government of Turkey contemplates suspending diplomatic relations with Greece, on account of the sympathy extended by that country to the insurgent Cretans.

FRANCE has formally taken possession of HANOVER, and demands the royal submission of the people.

THE treaty of peace between Austria and Italy gives the Venetian territory to Italy. Austria retains the Venetian debt. Italy has accepted this arrangement cheerfully as a compromise.



THE MULBERRY-TREE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

When the long hot days are nearly gone,
And the fields lie misty in autumn dawn,
With spider-webs hung from blade to blade,
Heavy with dews the dark hours made—
Till the lazy sun rises late from his bed,
Large and solemn and round and red,
And changes them into diamonds rare,
Like Love—which makes commonest things all fair;
Then is the time—the golden prime—
Of the patient mulberry-tree.

O the mulberry-tree is of trees the queen!
Bare when the other trees are green;
But as June creeps onward, while none perceives,
Slowly she clothes herself with leaves;
Hides her fruit under them, hard to find,
And, being a tree of steadfast mind,
Makes no show of blossom or berry,
Loves not an idle bird to make merry
Under her boughs, her dark rough boughs,
The prudent mulberry-tree.

But by-and-by, when the flowers grow few,
And the summer fruits dwindle, poor to view,
Out she comes in her matron grace,
With the purple myriads of her race,
Full of plenty from root to crown,
Showering plenty her feet adown;
While far overhead, hang gorgeously,
Large luscious berries of sanguine dye;



For the best grows highest, always highest,
Upon the mulberry-tree.

And so she lives through her fruitful season—
Fairest tree that blows summer breeze on!
Till the breeze sharpens to fierce wind cold,
And the sun's warm beams wax pale and old;
Sudden hour-frosts the white lawn cover,
And the day of her beauty and strength is over.
Her blighted berries strew all the grass,
Or wither greenly aloft. We pass
Like faithless friends, when her summer ends;
Not a glance for the mulberry-tree!

Yet there she stands in the autumn sun,
Her fruits all gathered, her duty done:
And lets the wind rave through her emptied boughs
Like a mother left lone in a childless house:
Till some still night, 'neath the frosty skies,
She drops her green clothing off and dies;
Answering the call that nature sends,
And ending her life as a good life ends:
Ripe without haste—dying, green to the last,
The grand old mulberry-tree.

THE SCHOOLMASTER M.D.

In the State of New York ('tis a long time ago)
A great operation occurred:
I am speaking the truth, and I'd have you to know
That I am quite willing to swear that it's so,
Or affirm, if you dare doubt my word.

'Twas at Greenwich the school-house I'm speaking of stood—
A battered old shanty, I vow:
Though 'tis twenty years since, it is standing there yet,
On an island not round; if you go there I'll bet
You will find it's the same even now.

And in it, most likely, a hard set of boys,
All ready for any high game;
All ripe for a frolic and fond of a noise;
And of girls, too, quite willing to share in each joys:
In youth you and I were the same.

But just at the time I am writing of new
The building was cheerless and lone;



FIRST HORSE-MEAT MARKET OPENED IN PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 669.]

The windows were broken; and only a cow
Seen grazing beneath the old willow-tree bough,
And a mangy dog gnawing a bone.

And the reason no Busby would take it in hand
Was because of the tales which were told:
How Jack's finger was cut, and Joe rolled in the sand
By the widow's son Dick, and the Hollingshead band
Were licked by Tom Raynor the bold.

Then duly next morn came the mothers to pray
That the teacher would cowhide them well;
Or if Dick and Tom Raynor were not sent away
They wouldn't send Johnny nor Joe nary day,
And take away Kitty and Bell.

Poor teacher! Each day he was bothered and pained
To settle the wars of the eve,
Till, tired and weary, he fairly complained
"No morial could stand it," and further proclaimed
"That he had determined to leave."

'Twas long ere another was willing to try
The place thus vexated and torn,
Till a grave learned Doctor, who that way passed by
And heard of the trouble, without if or why,
Declared he would work a reform.

Being duly installed in the schoolmaster's seat,
The day passed without any rub;
But a friend sent next morning a note short and sweet,
To hint that a stick was no weapon discreet,
As his boy had been struck with a club.

'Twas read: and the boy was called forth pretty gruff,
And asked to exhibit his wound.
So, snivling and wiping his nose on his cuff,
Georgy Williams his trowser pulled up with a snuff,
And held out a leg which was sound.

"Is it here?" said the teacher: "why, this is a bore."
"Oh no, Sir, 'tis here on the shin."
"Tis a very grave case," said the Dominie stern;
"It might have been fatal." Though, reader, you learn
It scarcely discolored the skin.

"Why, Georgy, my son, did you walk to the school?
I declare it was rash so to do.
But as you are here you must sit on this stool,
And hold up your leg like a parallel rule
To the map which hangs over your view."

Then taking him gently with tenderest care,
In a loving and fatherly manner,
He called for a cushion, and then for a chair,
And seating poor Georgy he placed his leg there,
And bandaged it with his bandana.

On further inquiry the Dominie found
The name of the other young sinner
Who struck the foul blow: and in justice was bound
To call for his aid, when the play spell came round,
To bring Georgy Williams his dinner.

And to make him all day like a lackey to stand,
Or a priest doing penance for sins;
To hold Georgy's state, and to place in his hand
Every book he required. While Georgy, right grand,
Sat in state, like a monarch on pins.



GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.—"THEN YOU DO BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!"

With his leg for a sceptre, stretched out on a chair,
He sat through the ne'er-ending day:
While Harry, the villain, did wait on him there,
And with rueful compunction his sorrow did share,
For neither could go out to play.

And when studies were o'er, lest the lame little lad
Should be to his sister a drag on,
The Dominie said, "She must speak to her dad
To gear up his horse, as the walking was bad,
And send down for George the light wagon.

Next morning the patient all rosy appeared,
Declaring his trouble was o'er;
And when his preceptor's inquiry was heard, I
"How's your leg, George Williams?" he stoutly
averred
"It was better than ever before."

And in the prescription such virtue was found
(If you use it I don't care a peg)
That no child ever threatened, while playing around,
To tell of a hurt got on Greenwich school ground,
But was met by the cry, "How's your leg?"

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

"GRANNY, do you believe in ghosts?"

"What has put that into your head, child?"

"Because to-day is the third of May, and Esther Lovell says she would not for worlds go near the old Hall to-night, for strange sights are to be seen there after nightfall."

"Esther Lovell's a goose," replied the old woman, somewhat testily. "The worst that could be seen would be a sweet lady weeping and wringing her hands; and what harm would that do any one, I should like to know?"

"Then you do believe in ghosts?" said the child, timidly, drawing nearer to her grandmother, and throwing her arm round her neck. "I ran so fast by the Hall, and never once looked round, and I'm so glad I'm going to sleep here, for I never should have dared to go home again if it were dark."

"You're a silly child, Meg; it's only wicked people that need fear ghosts, if there are such things. Mind you, I'll not say whether there are or not, for it's not for such as me to judge. One hears strange stories sometimes. But all you've got to do, Meg, is to be a good girl, and then you'll have no cause to fear ghosts or goblins, or any thing else."

"But I'm not always good, granny," returned Meg, despondingly; "and I've been particularly naughty the last day or two; so it's a comfort I'm going to stay here all night. But I did so hope, granny, that you would not believe in ghosts."

"I've never said I did, child, and I've never said I didn't, it's just one of those things that I've no belief about either one way or another; and I take that to be the best way of settling a doubtful point."

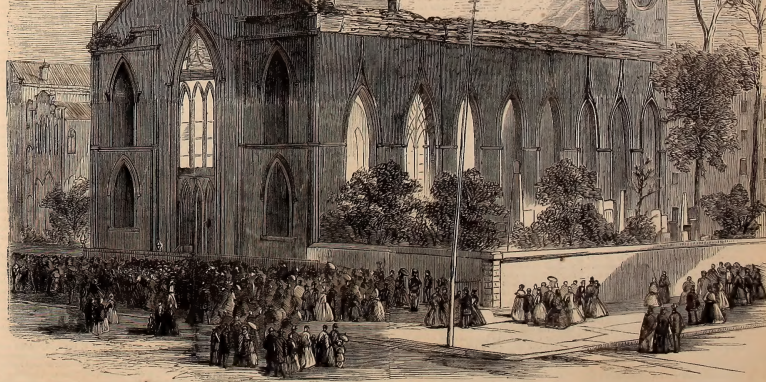
Meg looked as though she did not quite understand the force of her grandmother's logic, or at any rate as though no consolation were to be derived therefrom, but the subject being too deep for her childish meditations her thoughts reverted to what had been the primary cause of her question.

"Why is the third of May a worse day for ghosts than any other day, granny?"

"It isn't that I know of," returned the old woman.

"Then why should Esther Lovell be more afraid of passing the Hall to-night than any other night in the year?"

"That's because of the old story. I should not



THE RUINS OF ST. PATRICK'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK, THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 670.]

mind telling it to you. Dear, dear, what a many years it is since! and it seems just to have come to me as fresh as when it all happened. Sit down to your tea, child, and after tea we'll settle down cosily, and have it all over. It'll be like calling up an old friend that's been dead and buried many a long year to have a chat with one."

Meg did not by any means consider this a "consummation devoutly to be wished;" the idea was not a pleasant one, and she would rather her grandmother had not mentioned it, for there were three chairs in the neat little kitchen, and who knew who or what the occupier of the third might be? Meg gave a little shudder.

"You're not cold, child, surely?" said her grandmother, pouring out another cup of tea.

"No, grandmother," answered Meg, her hand trembling as she stretched it out for the cup.

"Then you're frightened," said the old woman, looking at her. "I wish Esther Lovell and her nonsense were far away. I shan't be able to tell you my story, child. It's not well to fill young heads with fears."

"Nay, granny, you must tell it me now. I won't sleep if you don't; besides, I shall think it more horrible than it really is, and I shall go fancying all sorts of things."

"There's something in that," said the old woman, brightening up, for she had felt a little disappointed at the thought of not being able to indulge in old reminiscences, "and that would be a pity. So make haste and finish your tea, and then we'll clear away the tea-things and have a cozy evening together."

The tea-things were cleared away quickly enough, and Meg took a little stool and sat down close to her grandmother's feet. She would not look at either of the chairs, for she could not divest herself of a queer nervous feeling with regard to them. So she gazed into the fire that burned brightly in the grate, for it was a chill evening, though it was May.

"I've noticed," began the old woman, "that there's never been a third of May without some part of the day feeling chill. However warm it may have been beforehand, or may be the day afterwards, there's never been a third of May for the last sixty years that I've not been all the better for a bit of fire.

"It's the anniversary of a day that sends a chill to all those who remember it, or were in any way connected with it, and it comes to me somewhat the same. I suppose it's getting to be one of the last that it will come to, for I'm nearing on toward eighty, Meg, and what I am going to tell you happened while I was a girl sixteen or seventeen years old.

"One of the earliest things I can recollect is the old Hall being put into complete repair; for seventy or eighty years ago it was much in the same condition that it is now, and no one would take it for three or four in ill story banging to it, and it was said that some who held it in possession ever came to any good.

"Well, as I said, it was put into repair. There were carpenters and bricklayers and masons at work, and in a short time the old place looked as it had known the best. The fine old gardens, too, with their terrace-walks and stone steps and fountains, were all put in order, and a pretty place it was altogether, though perhaps there was still a gloomy air about it; but that only made it the grander.

"The master of it was not the least to be haunted by any thing, and when he was told of the evil stories and the ghosts, as in duty bound, he curled his lip contemptuously, and made some mocking remark that no one at the time cared to repeat.

"He was a tall, dark man, nigh fifty, I should say, with a commanding, resolute, and a proud, stern look on his face, and his hair was black as a raven. He wore a pointed beard and a short mustache, but he used to have a close shave.

"He came from foreign parts, and he brought a mint of money with him; there seemed to be no end of it, and he had no company to keep, and fine horses and the hounds, and every thing belonging to him.

"My aunt was housekeeper at the Hall, and now and then I used to go up to see her; and sometimes, if it was very early in the morning, she would let me look through, but rarely more, when the house maids were dusting and sweeping them. Very splendid they were; and at first I could see nothing distinctly, they seemed to be such a confusion of silk and satin, and gilded furniture and pictures, and vases, and looking-glasses mirrors, and flowers, and tapestry, and I can not tell you what; but by degrees I came to separate them, and to know each room and what it contained; for one day, when I, for as easy to get accustomed to fine things, when one sees them constantly, as to poor ones, and so it was with me.

"The room I liked best of all was my lady's boudoir, as they called it. It was at the end of one of the corridors, and had windows opening into a wide balcony that was always filled with the choicest plants. The walls were hung with blue silk, and the silken curtains were bordered with gold fringe. It was just such a room as one might expect to see in a fairy palace, did I was never tired of looking at the beautiful things heaped together there.

"One day I had obtained permission to go into this room with my lady's maid, and was so much absorbed in looking at a picture that had just been hung up, that I did not perceive that she had gone away, imagining that I was following her; and so I was left alone.

"It was a picture of a child, a beautiful boy, with blue eyes, that had no look of the proud, stern master of the house in them—the Squire, as we country folks used to call him.

"I was still gazing at it, when I heard a voice say:

"'Who are you, my little girl?'

"I had never heard such a voice before: the words were not spoken as we English people would speak them, and the tone was so sweet that I scarcely thought a human being had spoken to me.

"I turned, and there stood a lady in a loose white dress, that seemed to float round her. She was very pale and fragile-looking, and her hair was like a pale gold.

"For a moment I thought she might be an angel, and then it suddenly flashed upon me that it must be my lady herself. So I dropped a low courtesy, and said:

"'I am Mrs. Bridget's niece, my lady.'

"'So you are admiring my room,' said my lady; 'tell me what in it pleases you best?'

"Her eyes involuntarily sought the picture, and I pointed to it.

"A flush of pain passed over my lady's countenance.

"'Yes,' she said; 'you are right, little girl—there is nothing to compare with it. My child! Sweet, sweet child!' and she put her hands over her eyes.

"At that moment who should come along the corridor but the Squire. My lady seemed all trembling-like, but she could not go any whiter than she was. The moment he caught sight of the picture, he tore it from its passion, and began to swear at my lady.

"'How long has that been up here?' he asked.

"'Only since yesterday,' said my lady; 'Geronimo has just finished it for me.'

"At that moment a youth, who bore a wonderful likeness to my lady, advanced.

"'Is this the way you repay my favors?' demanded the Squire, fiercely. 'I thought that we were rid of that child when we laid him deep under the sod at Padua, and now he's risen again to be a curse to me. As if I could help whether he lived or died.'

"The youth looked in amazement at the speaker, and then some sort of recollection came to strike him, for he started back as if he had seen some dreadful sight, and then he gazed steadily at the Squire and the Squire gazed at him, and then I thought I saw a slight quiver on his under-lip.

"'What do you mean?' said he.

"The youth seemed somewhat better to reply, when my lady, who had been intently watching the two, stepped forward and signed to the youth to go. For I too crept away, and was sent down to Mrs. Bridget; I had been too frightened to stir before.

"When I got back to Mrs. Bridget she first gave me a good scolding for having been in my lady's boudoir, and then made me give her an exact account of what had taken place; and then, my lady's maid coming in, she had to tell it over to her women put their heads together, and I could see they thought deeper of it than I could understand. But there were no more strange stories about respecting the Squire.

"I must tell you that my lady was an Italian, and Geronimo, the youth I had seen, was her brother.

"He and my lady were living together in Italy in very slender circumstances, when the Squire was struck with her beauty as she was playing with her child; for she had been married very young, and had been left a widow with one child. She became his wife, and because I had been looking at.

"The Squire fell in love with her at once, and at length she consented to marry him, on condition that Geronimo should be ported from her until he grew to man's estate, and could make his way alone in the world.

"So the Squire gave his promise, and they were married, and all went well for a time; but soon he became jealous of the love of the mother for her child, and could scarcely bear it in his sight. You see he was very fond of his wife, and wished to be first with her in every thing.

"Well, after a while the boy suddenly sickened, he lingered for many weeks, and then he died.

"But my lady was no consolation for all that. Indeed, a shadow seemed to spring up out of the child's death; and at last the Squire thought if he could get away from the place where he had buried his child, and live a country life, keeping open house, that the gay company would drive sad thoughts from my lady's mind. So he had the company ever did that, child? There she was, dressed in her brocades that stood of themselves, and her pearls and diamonds flashing, more like a beautiful spirit than any thing earthly. And the Squire was proud enough of her, as well he might be, and yet he was not happy in his mind, and was half mad if she ever spoke of her dead child.

"And so things went on until the day that I was my lady's boudoir.

"After then my lady began to droop more than ever. She had not the heart to don any of her fine dresses to be seen among the company. She sat, seldom left her own room, and she clung more closely to Geronimo than she had ever done before. Yet, strange to say, she would not hear of him's return to Italy; for she said she knew that she was dying, and what would he do in a strange land without her? But he would not leave her.

"One day—it was early in May, and the weather had been unusually warm—Geronimo went down to the river to bathe.

"He did not return; and some one passing by and seeing his clothes lying on the bank and him nowhere about, gave the alarm, and there was a long search his body was found. When the poor corpse was brought to the Hall, my lady, who had been in a state of frightful despair, came to meet it.

"Every one was surprised to see how calm she was, and how quiet. She went back the street they had flung over him and kissed his cold lips; then she bade them get ready the state-bedroom, and there the boy was laid out, and my lady sat by beside and watched until the day of the funeral, but she never spoke.

"When the day came she took a last look at him before the coffin-lid was fastened down; then she told her maid she was going to have a long sleep, and she went to her own room, where she took to her bed and gradually faded and faded.

"The days went by slowly enough now, for it was very still and quiet in the old Hall. The Squire sat moodily in the great dining-room and scarce a soul dared to say any thing to him. Now and then he went to look at my lady, who never so much as opened her eyes when he came into the room—whether it was that she was too far gone to speak, or whether from some other cause, none knew. But she spoke to no one now, and the doctor said the end was not far off.

"It was just one o'clock on the morning of the third of May—it wanted a few minutes to high-water, and then the tide would turn, and we all know that at tide-turning many a soul that has been waiting is called away.

"Well, as I said, it was just one o'clock, and all the household were abed excepting the Squire, who was still sitting over his sack-posset, and the old nurse who was sitting by my lady's bedside.

"Suddenly a low cry was heard, and it pierced through the house and woke many of the sleepers; but only one or two had courage to rise up and see what it was, and among these was my Aunt Bridget.

"As she opened the door that led on to the grand gallery she saw a white figure gliding down the great staircase, with its eyes staring in wild horror, clinging its hands, and muttering piteously. If it had not been that she was lying on her death-bed my aunt would have said that it was my lady herself; but she had heard the spirits of departing people visiting those they desired to see at the last moment, and so great was her fear at the sight that she fainted away, as did the maid who had accompanied her; but a little fat-page, who had more courage and more curiosity, followed the figure and saw it enter the Squire's room.

"The Squire, he said, started up, and the figure, slowly raising its hand and pointing one finger at him, said, 'Murderer!' And the Squire fell back in his chair and hid his face in his hands. The little foot-page saw no more, for, overcome with fear, he ducked to his room and buried himself beneath the bed-clothes.

"When my aunt came to herself, being a woman of some nerve, despite the sudden terror that came over her, she determined to go to my lady's room, and there she found my lady, as she expected, dead to this world at last. She said, 'The nurse was asleep, so of course did not know how long she had been dead; but my aunt knew that she must have died just at the moment, and that would be just at the time the white figure glided down the staircase.'

"Do you think that my lady's ghost, granny?" said Meg.

"How should I know? I only tell the tale as it was told to me, and it's not for me to tell of use to settle about such things.

"I don't either believe or disbelieve in ghosts, and that's the best way of doing. We never come across them, and I hope never to see one; but still I'll not say but what others have."

"I'm sure I hope I shan't," said Meg; "I should die with fright."

"My aunt didn't," replied the old woman, "and I see no cause that you should. Not that I think you'll ever see one.

"And what became of the Squire?" asked Meg.

"After my lady's death he never felt comfortable at the Hall, so all was put on the market and the house was shut up, and he went abroad, and I heard he wandered from place to place until he died. It seemed as if he could find no rest.

"Do you think, granny," said Meg, lowering her voice, "that he had any thing to do with the child's death or with Geronimo's?"

"Many thought so," returned the old woman; "still nothing could be made of it. But one thing was always heard of in connection: my lady thought so, and that was the cause of the piteous moaning of the figure that my aunt saw glide down the old staircase."

GREEN'S SISTER.

As Mr. Romer was preparing to leave his office Green rushed in with a linen duster and other marks of travel upon him.

"My dear fellow," said Green, "there is the most unfortunate affair in the world. My sister, who applied for a situation as governess, and has been dancing attendance for three or four weeks at Mr. Custers's, in Nineteenth Street, decided to go back to Peekskill to-day. Now, I was ordered to catch the next train for Washington—time for nothing more than to seize my duster and bag and run; you know the rest of our firm. Just as I came down the steps on the run our messenger hands me this," flourishing an official-looking envelope "directed to my sister and read it while I ing, and, by George! if it is not Addy's situation! I must catch the train. Somebody must head off Addy, who is probably at the depot by-now, or her situation will be snapped up. I thought of you, and, says I, Romer is my man; and now, my dear fellow, will you step down on your way up and leave this note for Addy—number 2067 Nineteenth Street, you know—will do as much for you some time."

And Green shot out again, leaving the envelope on Mr. Romer's table.

It was but little. The day in question was the first anniversary of Mr. Romer's wedding-day, and he was under heavy bonds to Mrs. Romer to dine with her and her brother Jack punctually at six. From the first all things worked together for his confusion. The unexpected visitor detained him till it only lacked a quarter of six. Then he hesitated between cars and stage-route, and decided for the former, because the stage must stick fast in Broadway jams till the driver swears them out again; also the tram-way brought him nearer to 2067 Nineteenth Street. Then he determined himself that he would stop only to ring the bell and hand in Green's official envelope. Half-way up town the car stopped with a horse down. Mr. Romer looked out and saw a car directly in front of them, another beyond that, and was told that, still further in advance, a car had run off the track. Mr. Romer sprang from the car and started up town on a quick trot, remembering as he ran that Mrs. Romer, as a phrenologist once assured her, "lacked self-esteem and overvalued the attractions of the rest of her sex," or, as I should brutally put it, was jealous; consequently he had been cautioned never to make Mrs. Romer wait for Green's sister. He rang the bell of number 2067 sharply, and thrust the envelope into the hand of the frouzy maid, saying, "Miss Addy Green."

"She sin't here," said the frouzy maid. "She's just gone to the depôt."

What depôt? and, good Heavens! what would Mrs. Romer say? The frouzy maid called shrilly to unknown people in the basement, and getting no answer, mounted the stairs sluggishly to find Mrs. Custers. All this occupied time, precious time! also Mrs. Custers did something to her cap before appearing, and was a slow, precise person, not to be hurried in things of dress. Mrs. Romer's train was had just left the house, and he would have time to see her at the Hudson River depôt before the train started."

Romer confounded Green, and started once more in search of his sister. He could not in conscience throw the sister little girl's chance over; but what in there be a row with Mrs. Romer! Fortunately the Twenty-third Street line makes good time, and a stage drew in sight as he reached Broadway. Romer hailed it; the driver shook his head and drove obstinately on; he hailed again; the driver passed him with calm contempt. The stage was crowded, and men were hanging on the step. Mr. Romer walked down Broadway. Some cars appeared with the next upward-bound stage. In the third he secured a corner. On the next block they stopped to take in a lady and child—a slow process because of the shortness of the child's legs; three doors further and they stopped to let a lady out. On the corner five or six people lay in wait for them. That stage was never full; that driver shook his head at nobody. When Mr. Romer reached the depôt the train stood ready on the track, cars coupled, and engine snorting in the usual ill-conditioned way. Mr. Romer had seen Miss Green and remembered that she was tall, slim, and she wore a little curl just over a small pink ear, and that she had fine blue eyes; also, that she dressed elderly in dark silk. At the third car from the ground a young lady in black and with a curl over her ear; but on being addressed, "Sir," she answered, frigidly; and it was not Miss Green. He dashed on and. Two ladies blocked the passage, looking about for seats. Trying to edge past them he became conscious of a peculiar oscillation under his feet. The train was in motion. "Good Heavens!" cried Mr. Romer, dodging frantically about the two obstructive females, "do let me pass, Madam!"

"Very sorry, Sir," returned the younger lady; "but see my bundles!"

She carried a two feet square, a traveling-bag, a paper parcel as large as a baby, a basket, and a shawl. Mr. Romer ran back to the other door. Should he jump? Jack Romer jumped, fell between a car and a platform, and died in three hours. Mr. Romer hesitated. *Should* he jump? Then or never. The speed of the train increased every instant. He saw the conductor.

"Where is the first stopping-place?"

"Peckskill. But the run express to Peekskill."

Mr Romer decided to jump, but now there was no longer a choice. The iron horse, warmed up to his work, dashed into the open country at speed, and the long line of cars skimming after him groaned and swayed dizzily from side to side. Mr. Romer sank down seemingly into a express to Peekskill, and Mrs. Romer waiting for him at Delmonico's. It might almost as well have been express to Kamtschatka.

"Why, Mr. Romer!" said a voice beside him. "I thought it was you as you passed, though I have only seen you once before."

The lady by whom Mr. Romer had seated himself was Green's sister.

Mr. Romer has been accused of flirting with Miss Green. But what is flirting, and how ought the model husband to look when a pretty girl is smiling on his pale face, and bewailing her artless little confidences? All this glee and chatter was in reality because of the official envelope. She had been getting home discourses, and liked it, and she was innocently grateful to Mr. Romer, who, out of pure good-nature, had lost his anniversary dinner, and was there carried off to Peekskill. Mrs. Romer is the object of her husband's affections; but, unless she is a pair of blinders also, how could she be conscious of the fact that Miss Green's sister was a pretty girl—a charming girl—one of those women that are delightful even to the details of their kind? Ignorance of a certain sort is happiness? I take sides with Mr. Romer, and I declare that the man who could sit cold and smileless by the side of a pretty girl, and take his perch at once by St. Simeon Stylites or by Miss Riggs.

I shoot Miss Riggs into the most lately-used private vehicle, because I have not used lately that, according to the rules of art, I must not describe what my hero did not see. Mr. Romer did not see Miss Riggs. She sat, wrapped in a veil, in the corner of a seat in line with hers; but Mr. Romer was busy in looking at the bright side of his position. Green was—Green's sister. Green's sister dressed in black, and black became her. In these days it would be presumptuous to decide whether she was or was not handsome. Her hair, but it is rippled and waved under her hat in a lovely way; and there was Mrs. Romer, and, then, unglossed hand resting on the sill of the car window; it was as pretty as the little foot, of which Mr. Romer caught a glimpse from time to time. In fact, a gradual resignation possessed that gentleman. It was certainly a thousand pities, and he quaked to think that Mrs. Romer would never be satisfied somehow; but he had devised a little plan in which, to be perfectly frank, no mention would be made of Green's sister. Mrs. Romer would, then, have to forswear a squall, concluded that he should be able to weather it.

Miss Green was less at her ease. After overhauling a very thin porte-monnaie with great privacy, she grew silent and thoughtful, and finally—

"It is very disagreeable," she said, blushing distressfully, "but I suppose I must ask you, as David forgot to send me more money, and I must take the return train; and if you could—I mean if you would—"

Mr. Romer did not suffer her to finish her sen-

trance. No man likes to see a young creature, with fine blue eyes and a lovely complexion, blushing and embarrassed before him on a money question; but in assuring her of the pleasure he should find by serving her, involuntarily Mr. Romer laid his hand on the pocket in which he carried his purse, and a tingle of dismay went up from his finger-ends to his brain. That pocket had ordinarily a fat feel. It was now flat. He explored it again.

"Have you lost any thing?" asked Miss Green.

"Oh no, nothing; that is, it is of no consequence," muttered Romer, making frantic dives into other pockets, and as his hand came hopelessly down in the bottom of each pocket, rapidly culminating in a nervous agony. He excused himself to Green's sister, and retiring to another car commenced the search anew, turning every pocket and observed the slit in his coat, made by some confounded pickpocket, but no wallet. Here was richness! Here was a predicament! Green's sister had no money. He had no money. Did he know any man in Peekskill? No, he knew no man in Peekskill. Green's sister would be hungry. He was hungry. How should he procure a dinner, and tickets for their returns? He thought of his watch, and looking down saw the guard dangling loosely from his button-hole. The pickpocket had relieved him of that also. As a last hope he went through the train, hoping to find some man who knew him, but strangers only stared at him from every seat. He had confounded Green. He now confounded his sister. I admit that he was a booby, but look at the position! How could a man do in Peekskill with Green's sister on his hands and no money. He went back to his seat, perfectly limp. Something would be done or said on reaching Peekskill, but what that something should be he did not even try to think.

"Mr. Romer," said Miss Green, who meanwhile had been consulting with herself, "while you were absent I have been arranging a programme."

"Oh!" stammered Mr. Romer, and, to himself, "I wonder how much it will cost?"

"As we are to return so soon, it will hardly be worth while to carry my trunks about to hotels, in an expensive way," pursued Miss Green, smiling; "and so, if you please, Mr. Romer, you will take them in charge of the baggage-master, or some such person; and then I have been examining my timetable, and if we return to-night, it will be only by an hour after reaching Peekskill. We shall get into New York late in the evening, and I confess I am tired and hungry already; and if you will go again, Mr. Romer, I should very much prefer to go direct to my cousin's house. My cousin is Mrs. Drake, and the place is so near that we can walk there from the depôt, and she will be charmed if you will stay at her house, Mr. Romer, when she hears how kind and thoughtful you have been for me."

"And then," said Romer to himself, and cutting a mental caper, "if there is a Mrs. Drake there will be a Mr. Drake, and he will understand that I am not a swindler, and I can borrow ten dollars of him!" and he thinks that three minutes before he had privately sworn at this blessed little girl, and wished her at—Ispahan. He could have fallen down on his knees before her if the arrangement of the car seats and the manners and customs of the American people would have permitted, and he came out from his gloomy look like the sun from behind a cloud. He would telegraph to his wife, and he saw his way clear now to that little plan in which no mention would be made of Miss Green; but before leaving him let us look for an instant at the Riggs view of the case. Miss Riggs saw Mr. Romer seated for some person in the car, and as he was recognized by a pretty girl, evidently on the look-out, Mr. Romer's manner was devoted, and Mr. Romer was completely absorbed in the companion so that he did not see her, Miss Riggs. They left the train at Peekskill; neither had bagged that Miss Riggs could see, but walked away in an easy, at-home manner. Miss Riggs considered it her duty, as a neighbor and a member of the same church with Mrs. Romer, to follow them. They were not to a hotel, but to a private house, where they were welcomed in a way that showed they were old friends, and Miss Riggs came away, bowed down by the dreadful inferences that she drew from these suspicious facts.

Meanwhile Mrs. Romer waited at Delmonico's, with brother Jack, expecting her husband calmly, till six o'clock, the appointed hour. After that her little world was often in requisition, and she watched the door till her neck ached and her eyes were tired. Jack proposed to order dinner, but Mrs. Romer indignantly refused. Twenty-five minutes of seven—twenty minutes. "I am sure something has happened," sighed Mrs. Romer. "Nonsense!" said Jack, and ordered dinner. Seven o'clock! Mrs. Romer could not eat a mouthful, but sat with her eyes on the door. Quarter past seven. "I know something has happened!" cried Mrs. Romer, her eyes brimming.

"Romer's head clerk boards in the next street. If you say so I will go there," said Jack, vaguely, uneasy himself, to tell the truth. Mrs. Romer waited, her eyes set on the watch. Jack returned presently, looking quite sober.

"George tells me that he left the office before six o'clock."

Mrs. Romer grew ghastly.

"Come, don't faint! Let us go home. He may be there, you know; taken ill, or something," said Jack, hurrying her out. At the door they met Dolton, whose office adjoined that of the missing man.

"Seen any thing of Romer?" asked Jack, in passing.

"Romer: No! Yes, I have too. I met him a while ago in Nineteenth Street, somewhere about six o'clock, I think."

"Do you know where in Nineteenth Street?" put in Mrs. Romer, reviving suddenly, and growing very red.

"At Mrs. Custers's. I know the house; for I visit there," answered Dillon, eying her curiously. Number 260. He was coming down the steps. I did not speak to him; he seemed in such a hurry." The brother and sister looked at each other.

"Do you know any body in Nineteenth Street?" asked Mrs. Romer of Jack. "I shall go there myself," looking fierce.

"Better go home first," insinuated Jack. "He may be there, as I said."

"Mrs. Romer and Jack went home. No; Mr. Romer had not come.

"I knew it!" cried Mrs. Romer. "He thought I was safely out of the way. He is there in Nineteenth Street."

Dillon saw him coming away," urged Jack.

"Then some one will be there who will know where he has gone," said Mrs. Romer, dropping Jack's arm, and walking the floor. She believed in her heart that Jack was trying to screen him; that Mr. Dillon had fibbed; that all the men were in a conspiracy against her. Mr. Romer was at number 260? that moment, and she would have carried its door by assault if the footman had not withstood her. She would have done, I do not know what dreadful thing she would have done to Mrs. Custers, if that lady, in virtue of the massive sympathy existing between women, had not intuitively comprehended the case.

"A gentleman was here, Madam," said Mrs. Custers. "A gentleman about twenty-eight, I should say. Light mustache—rather a handsome man. Asked for Mrs. Romer."

Here Mrs. Romer faced about on Jack, who quailed before her, as if he had asked for Miss Green.

"She had just started for Peekskill, and he seemed disappointed," pursued Mrs. Custers. "It is my belief that he started on after her. He had time, as I told him, to catch the train."

Mrs. Romer clutched her brother's arm.

"Come, Jack, let us go. Did I tell you the anniversary of his wedding-day? Think of it! Come, I say!"

"Where?" asked Jack, looking obstinate. "There is no use in going to Peekskill, unless we can find a further clew. You are overexcited. Do you know this Miss Green? Don't jump at conclusions."

"I have seen her," returned Mrs. Romer. "One of your round-hat and waterfall girls. Do you know where Peekskill is? She was going in Peekskill, Mrs. Custers?"

"I don't, ma'am," said the Custers; "and, from what I have seen, I should say the less any one knew of her the better."

"You see," urged Jack, "we had better go home;" and home they went again. Mrs. Romer threw herself on a lounge. Jack lighted a cigar, and waited to know what to do next. One cab or bedtime the house was startled by a furious ring. Two telegrams for Mrs. Romer. Mrs. Romer tried to read, but her hand shook, and her head failed her. "He is dead!" she said, chokingly. "Read it, Jack. "Stuff!" quoth Jack, and read out:

"Mr. Romer is at Peekskill, and is very ready. Should you like to know where, will meet you at depôt, and show you. Excuse this liberty, but feel sure but it looks suspicious. ELIZA ROSE."

Mrs. Romer sprang to her feet.

"There! I knew it! The fiend! Jack! there! there! You see now, don't you? you see, don't you? you see, Jack—" beginning to sob.

"What is this?" said Jack, taking up the other telegram.

"DEAR JULIA,—Have been called away suddenly on important business. Home soon. Will explain.

HENRY ROMER."

"Important business indeed! the hypocrite! the wretch! That is the way you men treat women. I think he will explain! Home soon! He may see me in Peekskill, but he will not explain to me." Mrs. Romer had done with tears now, and walked about excitedly. Jack took both her hands, and looked down at her with genuine sympathy.

"Poor little sis! The first train leaves at six, or thereabout; and you had better go to bed now and get a start thing you will be fit for to-morrow."

But Mrs. Romer scorned the idea of sleep. She was too busy thinking what she should say to Mr. Romer, and how she should look. She went over over the various lines of conduct all that night and all the way to Peekskill, sitting quiet and silent to Jack's relief. At the depôt Miss Rose was waiting, to whom Jack had telegraphed at Mrs. Romer's orders, though sorely against his inclination. "My poor friend," cried Miss Rigss, pathetically, "I will take you there at once," meaning Mrs. Drake's house; and on the way she favored Mrs. Romer with her view of the story that we know. Jack they dropped. There was an evident lurking unbelief in that young gentleman, spite of facts, distasteful to both ladies. As for us, we would have it Mrs. Drake came in person to the door.

"Is Miss Green here," asked Mrs. Romer, "or," with an effort, "Mr. Romer?"

Mrs. Drake looked astonished.

"Miss Green and Mr. Romer went down in the first train this morning."

"Down? You mean to New York?"

"Yes."

"And they spent last night here? Mr. Romer spent the night here? You dare to tell me that?" reading in Mrs. Drake's eyes assent.

"Come, come," said Jack, hastily interfering with his usual formula. "We had better go home. God Heavens, Julia! would you quarrel in the street?" and he fairly dragged Mrs. Romer away, leaving Mrs. Drake stupefied with astonishment. So Jack, Mrs. Romer, and Miss Riggs came back to New York. Mr. Romer and Miss Green were already in New York, and had driven to Mrs. Custers's house. The lady herself came to the door.

"Take them trunks back," was her first salutation. "They don't come in here. We have none but ladies here."

Miss Green came up to explain.

"They are mine, Mrs. Custers. Don't you know me? I—"

"They don't come in here. I know all I care to know of you," returned Mrs. Custers, grimly.

Mr. Romer interposed.

"Here is some mistake, Madam."

"No mistake at all," said the lady, sharply; "and you can take yourself off. I have heard enough about you both since you left."

The trunks were replaced, and they drove to the boarding-place of Mr. Green. He had not returned, and there was not a room vacant, not to mention the fact that it was a gentleman's boarding-house. Then Mr. Romer took a frantic resolve. He would take her home till she could find a boarding-place; and for Mrs. Romer, she must bear reason. Why this desire were wrong so hard on each other? Why because Mrs. Romer was perpetually jealous should he leave this poor, friendless, pretty, plucky little girl, who would not cry, though her lip trembled, in the streets, with two monstrous, unmanageable trunks, a stranger to New York and its ways? Was not he, Romer, master in his own house? I think if he had met Mrs. Romer then he might have conquered her; but instead, on entering he found an unexpected silence and emptiness, and was struck dumb by the first words of the servant.

"Mrs. Romer, sir? She has gone off, Sir, with Mr. Jack. I think she said, Sir, she was going to Peekskill."

Gone to Peekskill! Mr. Romer stood thinking. Miss Green explained to him that having found a resting-place for her trunks, she would go and search for a boarding-place; that she knew many of the streets, and had a map of New York, etc. Mr. Romer scarcely heard her. What on earth took Julia and Jack to Peekskill? He sat and smoked and pondered on the question, though it was long past business hours. As he smoked a carriage drove furiously to the door, from which descended Jack, his wife, and Miss Riggs. Mr. Romer's wonder increased. What was Miss Riggs doing there? He hastened to meet them.

"Come in, Miss Riggs," said his wife, brushing past her husband without looking at him. Mr. Romer turned to Miss Riggs. She recoiled on Jack, who shook his head and looked doubtful.

"What the devil is this?" and Romer, with rising wrath. At the same moment, "What is this?" demanded Mrs. Romer, coming in view of Miss Green's trunks, that had been left at her request in the hall.

"Those," said Mr. Romer, coloring and going forward, "why, those are—Miss Green's trunks."

I do not attempt to describe the scene that followed. You will get the nearest parallel by throwing a hand-grenade into a powder-magazine. Mrs. Romer went to bed in hysterics. Miss Riggs went home in like condition. Mr. Romer took Jack into the library, told him the whole story, and begged him to take the poor little fire-brand, Green's sister, who might be expected back at any moment, in charge. Jack came out splendidly: met Miss Green at the door, gave her lunch, excused the host and hostess, escorted her to her boarding-place, filled the whole thing straight through, in fact, so that the poor child never suspected what mischief she had made. When Green returned from Washington Mr. Romer called on Mr. Green. Mr. Green in his turn called on Jack, and both gentlemen waited on Mrs. Romer. Letters were sent to Peekskill, explanations made and received, and then the party went in force to explain to Mrs. Custers. Mrs. Romer confessed that she was too rash, and she has cut Miss Riggs; but she still insists that Miss Green is a forward, designing girl, and lectures Jack, who is never on her side, but still preserves Mr. Romer's mendacious telegram, and flourishes it at times in a way to seriously annoy that worthy gentleman.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MASTER BOBBY. "I say, Gus, why do women always attack the weakest point in a fortress?"

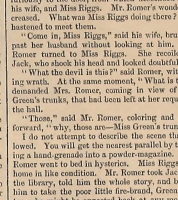
GUS. "I suppose they want to cut their wisdom teeth."

A COLORED STATEMENT.—Facts should always be stated in black and white. Any thing written in red ink of course appears like—fiction.

WHAT is the only pain that we make light of?—A window pane.

"Isaac, my son, let the good book be a song unto thy path." "Mother," replied the thoughtful Jewess, "I should think that was making light of sacred things."

A PARADOX.—When a bootmaker commences to make a boot the first thing he uses is the last.



CHAINS! CHAINS!

Chloe. "Dese yer ain't—If dese White Folks ain't poor specimens of dat Calling dey ack on our Folks has got 'em off!"

DAUGHTERS TO SELL.

Daughters to sell! A LOT OF 'EM NOW.
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!
They cost more money than I can tell;
Their education has been first-rate;
What wealthy young nobleman wants a mate?
They sing like nightingales; play as well—
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Here's my fine daughters, my daughters all!
Germans, and French they know,
Dance like Sylphides for grace and ease—
Dresses as your purse, whatever pleases.
Here's a nice wife for a rich young swell!
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Beautiful daughters, dark and fair!
Look at them well, ere you make inquiries.
Hop! you that in lordly mansions dwell,
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Buy my dear daughters! Who wants a bride,
That can give her a carriage and horses to ride,
Stand an open door for his friends to pass,
And no end of acres of civilized

Deer new furniture, jewels, and plate,
All sorts of servants upon her to wait!
Visits to Paris, Vienna, and Rome,
In short, all she's been brought up to at home.
Here are girls for your money—but you must be shrill.
My daughters to sell! My daughters to sell!

A DEFINITION.—An Irish gentleman of our acquaintance says that the difference between a constitutional monarch and a despot is that in the latter need only be one a unless for his orders; while the former must have "his ordhers" for he.

THE GREAT TEE-DOG.—Calcraft.

A few weeks after a late marriage the husband had some peculiar thoughts when putting on his last clean shirt, as to the ungenuineness of a wedding. His thereupon rose earlier than usual one morning and kindled a fire. When hanging up the kettle he made a noise on purpose to arouse his sory wife. She instantly popped over the bedstead, and then exclaimed:

"My dear, what are you doing?"

He deliberately responded: "I've put on my last clean shirt, and I'm going to cook for myself."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Easy, "you had better wash out the kettle."

A lady fixed the following letters in the bottom of a floor-barrel and asked her husband to read them if he could: O-H-I-O.

"My wife's so very bad," cried Will,
"I fear she se'er will hold it;
She keeps her feet"—"Mine's worse," quoth Phil,
"The jade has just now sold it."

DESCENT OF THE FEMALE SEX.—The Emperor of Austria, to judge from recent events, must belong to the descendants of Miss Nancy.

"And you have been married, Patrick, three times?" "Yes, indeed, Sir." "And what do you say of the last?" "Why, you see, the last?" "Well, Mary O'Brine, that I married the first time was a good woman, and God be merciful to her sowl, she's gone to the Lord long before me. Then I got married to Bridget Flanagan, and a bad woman she was, and she got to the Lord, and the devil took her. Then, faix that I was, I got married to Miss Peggy Fitzgerald, and a sweet, very bad—so bad that neither the Lord nor the devil would have her, so I'm left with her still."

WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me.—2. Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, or likeness of a servant-girl to bow down to her and serve her.—3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain.—4. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.—5. Honor thy wife's father and mother.—6. Thou shalt not fret.—7. Thou shalt not commit fault with the servant.—8. Thou shalt not chew tobacco.—9. Thou shalt not be behind the door with the servant girl, nor in the room either.—10. Thou shalt not covet the tavern-keeper's rum, nor his brandy, nor his wine, nor any thing that is behind the bar of the ramseller.—11. Thou shalt not visit the billiard-hall.—And the 12th commandment: Thou shalt not stay out later than nine o'clock at night.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.—Breakfast is ready.

TEACHING BY EXAMPLE.

"What is the 'Poet's License,' say?"
Asked one simpleton of another.
"Now give me an example, pray,
That what I see I may discover."
Quick as a flash he plants a kiss
Sillikerd-full—which kisses always fail.
"Nay, Sir! what liberty is this?"
"The Poet's *Licenses* that is all!"

CONSIDERATE.—We once knew a city man who never got up till twelve at noon, because, he said, it was only fair, he day broke in the morning, that he should give the evening its position before beginning business with it.

"If you want to buy a sewing-machine," said an old lady, entering a shop. "Do you wish a machine with a feller?" inquired the shopman. "Sakes, no! don't want any of your fellers about me."

Why are your lips often at variance?—Because words are frequently passing between them.

Why is a pair of skates like an apple?—They have occasioned a lot of mash.

A dealer in musical instruments, in one of his advertisements, declares that his drums, among other articles which he has for sale, are "full in bass." Will he be kind enough to tell us what they are good for, then?

Never chew your words. Open the mouth and let the voice come out. A student once asked: "Can't you chew, forchilds, gracilds, gracilds, quercilds dwell with that man who's a stranger to rectitchude?"

Of six hundred and twelve young ladies who fainted last year, more than half of them fell in the arms of gentlemen. Only three had the misfortune to fall on the floor.

A SENSATION STORY.

BY A VEGETARIAN.

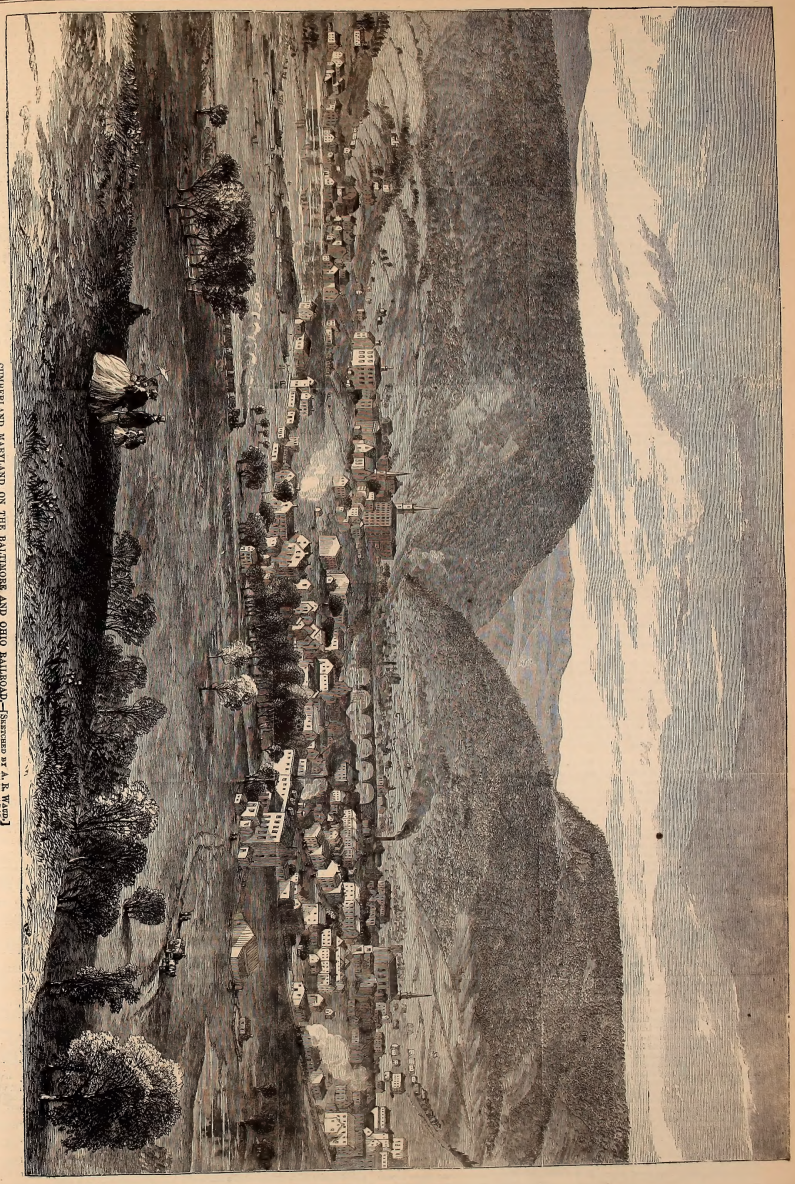
He had done the deed! But little did he guess that the eye of an individual potato in the next field was upon him. The potato pursued the dreadful story into the ear of the turnip, who told the secret to his potato, and though I am bound to add that the corn was out after that betraying confidence, the wind, and the cucumber was in a most distressed frame of mind in consequence. The culprit was overtaken by justice and several scarlet-runners, and taken before a justice of the peas. The case was investigated to the very roots, and the potato was, of course, principal witness for the prosecution.

Wouldst know, O reader, the wretched man's guilt? He had shed the blood of a turnip while expecting it would ever turn up in evidence against him. He was would ever turn up in evidence against him. He was
executed, of course, the mode of execution decapitation, in order to sever the carrot-ed artery.

No man can avoid his own company, so he had best make it as good as possible.



FERRY-BOAT TO BRASHEAR CITY, ON BERWICK BAY, LOUISIANA.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 670.]



CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND, ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.]

THE THREE SUITORS.

"I'll woo her in a golden shower!"
The rich Parpureus cried;
When suitors bring a mighty dower
They may not be denied;
My castle, by a silver lake,
Shall lure her to my side;
My all-prevailing wealth shall break
This haughty beauty's pride.
He came!—his love to Ella told;
She spurn'd his name and scorn'd his gold.

Honorius, polite and wise,
Essayed her heart to move
Deep-read, his lore each passion tries,
And masters all—save Love!
He spake of Glory—her bright eye
Flashed the full meed of Fame;
Each tale of woe and misery
An answering tear might claim.
"Hah! ah!" thought he, "the mail is mine!"
She heard, but bade him hope resign.

Sir Edmund listened to her fame,
And donn'd his armor bright;
He laugh'd to scorn Don Cupid's name,
And dared him to the fight.
Ah! boastless vaunt! Behold him now!
Low at her feet he lies;
His Milan coat of burnish'd steel
Pierced through by Ella's eyes!
She pitying—loosed her captive's band,
And gave the conquer'd knight her hand.

GHOSTS' GARMENTS.

"I CALCULATE from a slight but smart glance at your physical peculiarities that you don't believe in ghosts, younger."

Now, besides being called "youngster"—a thing very irritating when you can catch hell of your mustache without disfiguring your upper lip—there is something very irritating to an Englishman in being addressed thus summarily and personally by an entire stranger. We, the sole occupants of a first-class carriage on the North-Western Railway, had only just emerged from the first bridge after leaving Euston Square Station. I, with a dignity which would convince most people of my majority, drew myself up to my full height (all 5 ft. 8½in., though not all on account of the shortness of my legs), and replied that I was glad that so short an acquaintance had been sufficient to assure me of my freedom from any such ridiculous superstition.

"Ha!" said the stranger, with a strong nasal twang, "I reckon how the land lies in it." "Ha!" I echoed. Then I reckon that the sooner you begin to believe the better, and if you've got such a thing as a cigar about you I'll commence your edification at once."

"Thank you," said I; "here is a cigar, but I prefer my present state of ignorance and incredulity."

"Very well rounded that for a youngster," retorted my tormentor. "Dr. Johnson didn't make his diamond so neatly, I see; but still, as you say, you don't believe in ghosts, your edification ain't the thing quite, neither."

By this time he had selected the biggest cigar from my case, had lighted it with a match which he struck on his trowsers, and had begun to smoke it, rolling it from one side of his mouth to the other, and regarding me with a cool impertinence which stifled me with indignation.

"What!" he continued, after a puff or two, "it's a rank Britisher, is this cigar; but it was the best you'd get, so I won't grumble. Now stick another in your own mouth and then I'll begin your education."

I had intended to smoke, and I was not to be stopped by any false notion of dignity; so I did as he requested, and resigned myself to my fate. No sooner had I done so than he exclaimed, "Now that's what I call comfort!" smacked his legs and his fingers, and evinced such a high state of untouch hilarity that I began to be afraid I was locked up with a lunatic.

"Ha!" he cried, snapping his fingers, "I'll make your hair stand on end, I will, spite of all your manure and sandstone; and your legs won't hurt by a little stretching neither. Air you ready?"

Hoping at last to draw off his attention from my personal appearance by inducing him to begin a story at once, I nodded, and he commenced:

"I'll tell you only a-thinkin' what I'm not a-thinkin' be. I've got one story as kills outright; but I want to cross to-night, and being found with a corpse might be inconvenient, so I'll let you off that one, and another as mostly brings on fits; but this carriage is narrow for fits. And I've another—well, you're a good-natured fellow, you air, and so I'll tell it you; it's only dangerous in heart disease.

"My heart is perfectly sound," I said, in as steady a voice as I could assume.

"Well, then! Here goes. About two months ago I was traveling by express from Dublin to Cork, meanin' to cross to my native land in a sudden bust of affection toward an old uncle o' mine who I loved was about to leave this world for a better, and I was a-moralizing on the shortness of life, and consoling myself with reflections on the advantageous arrangements of Providence, which don't allow rich uncles to take their fat springs with 'em, when I had the most extraordinary adventure with a fellow-shoot that I remember in all my experience.

"I was all alone in the compartment with my luggage, which consisted of a male portmanteau, a flymade trunk, and a bandbox, as I had promised my old woman to bring her some finery from Paris. The bandbox was none of your pasteboard flimsies, but a true Parisian, made of shingle, so I wrapped it up in my traveling rug. I put it under my head, and I went fast asleep. I'm a sound sleeper. Many a time have I gone to sleep when peggy-fishing, and slept all night in spite of the bull-frogs a-leaping and a-croaking all over me, but I never had such a restless nap in my life as in that compartment. First of all I had a tickling in my nose, as if a drunken centipede was a-trying to open his door with a tooth-pick. In the ensuing irritation I lifted my hand, when—which I went my traveling-rug. Still I didn't rouse up definite, but snored on. Presently the irritation increased, and I lifted my head again, when away went the bandbox all. I said to myself, 'Now they'll be satisfied, I hope' (for I knew it was ghosts fast enough, being used to 'em); 'and sure enough, whatever it was left me alone a while; only heard a noise in my sleep like a mouse in the fayrnale trunk. Presently, however, I was aware of pinchin' going on in various portions of myself. I am averse to pinchin', natural, and I twitched and twitched, determined to stand it out. But the pinchin' increased from the desultory to the vicious, I knew it wasn't any good, so I opened my eyes and sat up, and, lookin' round, he wasn't a finger-and-fagger of exceeding beauty dressed complete in my wife's garments! Parisian bonnet with valier ribbons, bright-green shawl, flounced petticoat, and crimp, blue slippers, and pink silk stockings, complete! And if I didn't stare, why this cigar's tobacco, that's all!"

He paused a moment, and looked at me with a most evil expression of enjoyment; I let his impertinence pass without the smallest remark, and he continued:

"Wa'al, I wasn't skeered a fig, but looked at her fixed, took out a pipe (I always have usual), and asked her if she objected to my lightin' up. 'Not a bit,' she answered, quite pleasant, and she smiled, opening her lips, through which I saw the back of the carriage."

"The back of the carriage?"

"Yes. Ghosts is hollow, and got no teeth, no bones, no hair, nothin' but flesh and skin, and only the very outside o' that: a sort of nothing without thinkin. If she hadn't been a ghost she'd have had her head, with the compartment light over it, would a looked like the globe of a gruffine lamp afore it's lit; but when the moon's behind you can't see through; it's only semi-transparent, like ground glass, and if it hadn't been one of those new-fangled hats, like a captain's biled shirt, with strings, I could only a seen the cushions at the back through a chance chink in the straw. As it was I saw three buttons and puffy cords, though—"

"Nonsense," I said. I was delighted when a question suggested itself which I thought would prove a gear to the story. "Nonsense! I don't see how ghosts are made of such slight material, how can you account for your friend's supporting the weight of the bonnet with her head, and the shawl with her arms, or with the gimp trimmings, and the rest of it?"

"Very clever for you, youngster. That was what had presented itself to me, and puzzled me a long time, as it has puzzled most incre'dlous writers on the subject, old and new. Ghosts of clothes, they've say, air ridiculous, and don't exist. Nothing but vapor bonnet, let alone crinoline. Such was the state of my feelin's on the subject when this lady made me a present of the knowledge I'm a-imparting. 'Here's a chance of settling the question,' says I to myself, 'as may never occur again. Here's a fayrnale ghost, as I know a ghost is, and I'll see what the buttons of the carriage through her bump o' phrenologreintiveness, and she's wearin' clothes, as I know—all real and fashionable from Paris.' I've said to the tune of five hundred dollars for 'em; and this here immaterial ghost is wearin' those material clothes as well as if she was a-livin' in the outer steel. Here's an opportunity,' said I, 'of asking a question—'"

"Now then, my friend," said I, "I am impatient to hear the answer." For there was a want of alacrity in his tone, and a falling off in his spirit, and he had taken to looking out of the window and studying the ceiling: all of which, I thought, betokened that either his invention or his memory was failing him.

"Wa'al," he replied, "there is one lesson I never have forgot, 'cause I had to write it seventy-seven times in one week for it, and that is, 'It was Patience is a Virtue, and the sooner you lay it to heart the better for your wife, if you ever have one;' which, looking consumptive, you won't, perhaps, so it don't matter much."

I again took no notice of his grunt and of derision.

"Wa'al, you're beginning to learn, I see," he went on, "a bit of knowledge. For consequence I said, I, 'would you oblige me and the live world in general by informin' me how it is you appear in clothes?' 'Oh!' she answered, quite astride the question,' she replied, turnin' green—which is ghost for blushin'; 'you wouldn't dare put the question to a live lady.' 'Ah!' said I, quite astride the fact, 'seem to think a spirit hasn't got any feelin's whatever. I've heard questions asked, when I've been forced to lay my head in my hands, that would have ashamed of ever havin' lived.' 'I'm sure I beg your pardon,' said I, feelin' very small lager indeed, 'but I meant no offence.' 'Wa'al, I should a said, how do you manage to bear the weight of 'em?' 'Why, do you think we haven't any strength?' she said; 'then how do you account for our standing?'

"Trow,' I answered, feeling I had met my match for the first time in my life; 'but that didn't occur to me.' 'Shall be pleased to show you,' said she, holding out a pretty a little gloved hand as it ever was my fortune to see. Now it's rather a ticklish strain in a man's character when a ghost asks him to shake hands, but I wasn't going to be afraid of a human soap-bubble, especially being fayrnale. So I shook hands with her, and got such a grip as I never had, except from Heenan. 'Now,' she said, a-holding out the pretty hand again, 'give a poke at that with your finger.' I giv' a poke, and the glove tumbled all of a heap on the floor, as if I'd knocked it off a pair of steps. There was nothing but little bare white semi-transparent fingers as were ever manufactured out of opal glass.

"Wa'al, I was skeered a little at that, though I might a known how it would be if I'd a reckoned; and I said, handing her the glove, which she put on all at once without unbuttonin'. 'Excuse my asking an impertinent question, but where on airth do you imitated noblegoes for your strength from?' 'Will,' she answered, with another smile, 'will and spirit.'

"Oh, indeed,' said I. 'And what might you mean by spirit?' 'Why, spirit is a kinder gas, which blows us out to shape, like balloons.' 'Oh, indeed,' says I; 'you're blown out like balloons, air you?' 'Yes,' she answered, 'and if you don't break our fins, which you can't when we don't wish, we are as strong as you felt just now.' 'Oh, indeed,' said I, now considerable quite pugnacious, 'and when I knocked that glove off just now did I break the fins?' 'I wonder guess you did,' she says; 'it's only just beyond.' 'Then, Madam,' said I, thinkin' I'd caught her tripping, for these ghosts most of 'em lie like everlastin', 'if you've blown out like balloons, how is it you didn't collapse right away? It wasn't will, was it?' 'No,' she answered, quite ready: 'I'd given that up; it's the nature of the gas to go right up.' 'How so?' said I, thinking it rather a fayrnale reason. 'Why,' she said, 'spirit and air is like to and water, and won't have you can stir 'em as hard as you like, but they won't mix.' 'Oh, indeed,' said I again, puzzlin' my head for another question. For mind you, youngster, whenever you meet with a ghost, ask ten questions, and never leave off. They're compelled to answer them out of politeness, and I will be glad to have you tell me what's a rule. But once let 'em out of harness and they always run to their own stones, like a horse to his stable, and there's no stopping 'em; and then, I guess a ghost's life togs 'em, they're all so long and dreffal melancholy. But she was politeness itself, was this young spirit. Seeing me a-scratchin' what to say next, she asked me with unusual delicacy whether I had any more questions to ask her, and just at that moment one second long sneeze burst with such impetuosity as knocked my pipe clean out of my mouth. 'Wa'al, as you ask me,' I said, 'I have just one or two or so.' 'You were speakin' of lying up in a tube. What did you mean by that? Were you sick?' 'No,' she said, 'I take it the word is unknown to me never sick. *It was because I hadn't any clothes on.* I was lying spread out most uncomfortable in the smoke-stack.' 'Would you kindly tell you was asleep and I could dress myself.' 'Why didn't you get into one of the cushions?' said I. 'There wasn't room,' she answered, 'for three persons on that bench are all sose, and I couldn't get into two without solution of continuity, which is dreadfully painful for a ghost, and—' 'Stop, stop, I entreat,' I cried, 'you are a friend of mine who did that, and the passengers took one of the cushions to play cards on, and then breakfasted off it, and I sat down on the rest, what with changing partners, and putting down the cushions the wrong way, and one thing and another, the half of them was where the other half should a had got to, and, as they both began searching one for the other at the same time, they were near a dozen this time.' 'Indeed!' said she, 'and then he busied himself three times in the eye before he found the join.' 'Wa'al, I said, I ready with another question this time, 'how comes equally ill-provided with clothing?' 'All,' she replied, 'except those that are buried in clothes, and *they* don't last long. Ghosts used to be buried in their winding-sheets, but it won't do now. A young ghost soon learns that. I had mine torn to rags the first night, and had to get into my present costume, the greatest indignity a ghost has to suffer. And even them that have dresses haven't the right sort. A friend of mine was buried in her wedding dress, but she got so stuffed about it, that she left it off after a week.' 'I suppose you can find clothes generally, can't you?' said I. 'Yes, if a lady has a very overparticular and not fancy,' she answered. 'You see, we only want them at night, not being visible by day, even to one another, but it's very awkward sometimes when we are obliged to put on the clothes you livin' bein's have just taken off, for if you want them in the hurry and flurry of dressing in a hurry, and creep into any refuge we can find, and that's the explanation of many of those stories of crockery falling and storm-doors blowing open like a bit of miscellaneous, but they are the worst sort. Now, I remember—' 'Excuse me,' said I, interrupting her, 'but what do you mean by fancy ghosts?' 'Them that don't care about going about decent,' said she, 'they are the sort that mostly fills your furniture. I've seen 'em lying as they as they are sale in the leg of a table, and they have no sense of decency whatever; they crowd together any how, and never put about themselves like a bit of miscellaneous. They have greatly increased of late, having got a new pleasure in duping the living; but they are never spoke to. I allus go about at night well dressed if I can, but allus dressed. Not but what I am put to straits sometimes, as the other night I was sleeping, on business, at an old castle on the Rhine, and there was no flymale wardrobe there whatever, I had to put on a table-cloth. All of good and decent es, and I had to fix myself up in them as best I could. I met the old baron as I was a goin' down stairs, and nearly frightened him into fits. I saw he sent an account of it to a paper, in which he swears he had a visit from his great-grandmother. I knew the old chap well, for my father had not shin' to do with the old gentleman at all.' '*Bless me!*' I says, catching a clew. 'Do you have classes?' 'Yes,' she answered, quite serious, as she began shakin' her head from one side to the other like a pendulum turned the wrong way up. 'Ah,' she said, 'I have; but our bisness is pure, ishment. We have to go about all over the world, trackin' the history right away three, of all our sins. Some of our sins die out at once, but some little things we never think twice of at the time of committin' go rolling on like snow-balls forever. I've only got two left to work off on them as is a trade a child of mine still to get out of a scrape with his father, which has already led to two murders, a suicide, and frauds without number; I don't know when that will die, but it's not active at the present moment. The other, on which I'm traveling now, in consequence of the way I left my property, I left it to a distant relation, who was a spendthrift, and every penny he spent ill I have had to waste the effects of; but it's pretty well worn out, as a great deal of it has passed into charities, which relieves me. Indeed, the last evil deed done with money was by the housekeeper of that baron on the Rhine. The son of the man the property was left to in new dresses of great, the spoils of Paris, bought with part of his father's fortune. I must be in at his death, and then I think there'll be only eleven and sixpence-halfpenny left.' 'Are you off to now?' I asked her. 'To America,' she answered. 'But what brings you here in this carriage?' I thought you spirits had a quicker way of transit.' 'By day we fly through the air, being invisible, but not by night; and the man whose death I am to be in at will die in Liverpool. By night we are obliged to travel dressed, and so can only go by mortal conveyances.' 'But how even will you get to America?' I said. 'I will say that for her, that, except the gloves were a bit stretched, the clothes weren't damaged a bit. 'Why, youngster, this is my Station, and if you don't believe in ghosts by this time, it's my opinion you never will."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

BY MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

SAM might well talk about the weeds! Oh, how they grew! The flowers might break beneath the harsh wind, or dry up in the sun's fierce rays, but nothing that grew in the garden knew when to cloud—cold or hot, wet or dry—no matter what the weather was, it suited the weeds. Which, to be sure, proved a little how they were of an extremely amiable disposition, and made the best of every thing; but Lily said if that were so, she thought it was very hard that the rose-trees, for what good did *such* amiability do one?

The weeds gave Lily a great deal of trouble. First of all, she had them out of the flower-bed in a nest of sorrel who could tell which was which? at least of such young gardeners. Then chickweed sacked to pick them out of the grass-plots and thistles had such beautiful white and green leaves; and other mischievous things dressed themselves with such very innocent appearances that before she knew it poor Lily's weedless garden showed sorrel and chickweed and mallows enough to supply three sheep. So Sam told her.

Lily fought the invaders bravely; hoeing up some, and grubbing up others, and uprooting the very obstinate ones with her little strong fingers. At first she tried only the hoe; and before long every weed had it head cut off, and the ground was raised smooth and level. Lily was delighted.

"I don't think the weeds matter much, after all," she said; "I've got rid of them already. Oh, aren't my poor plants glad!"

Glad to have a breathing spell," said her brother Sam; "but how long do you think it will take your weeds to grow up again?"

"Don't call 'em my weeds," said Lily—"how long? why they won't come at all: I've cut their heads off."

"And what do you think sorrel cares for that? It's a hydra—with a hundred heads."

"Well, I shall kill them," said Lily; "I never saw such stuff. The roots just run on and on, all over the ground, and there's a head every where. I'll cut 'em up again."

"Look here," said Sam, digging up a trowelful of earth—"here are my number of *underground* heads—little fat roots, pretty white knots, that start up with the first shower. You did not hoe deep enough."

"I guess I did, though," said Lily. "Why, I had my shoes just covered the whole time."

"Had your shoes covered! How did that come to pass, pray?"

"Why—so," said Lily, taking her hoe and walking backward, hoeing the earth toward her at every step.

"But that is not the way to hoe," said Sam: "you must walk forward instead of back, else you will cover your hoe-ing as you walk right over the cut, and cover them all up."

"Yes, that's just what I did, said Lily, "and it was very troublesome. I couldn't tell why I had been."

"Well, do the other way next time," said Sam; "this garden will want hoeing again in a few days; and then use your eyes as well as your hoe. There is a young mullein comfortably established at the root of your rose-tree."

"The mischievous thing!" said Lily. "Well, it shan't be comfortable very long." And she set her foot upon the dock and took hold of the mullein and pulled off a handful of leaves. "Dear, dear!" said Lily; "what shall I do now?"

"Why should I wait?"

"Because now you have nothing to take hold of, and it would be easier to dig. Come, let's go up and see what Clover is about."

"Oh, Clover is always weeding!" said Lily, as

she followed Sam up the hill. "Her garden must be a great deal worse than mine."

On the contrary, there was not a weed in it.

"Always weeding!" Sam repeated, with a smile, as he stood by the neat little patch of ground where Clover was tenderly watering her seedlings; "always weeding—that is the great secret of never having any weeds."

"Well, I don't think she has many flowers either," said Lily. "Just see how many empty places—here—and here—and here. Two somethings in one place, and three somethings else in another place. There's hardly a whole patch of any thing."

"How is that, Clover?" said Sam, watching his sedate little sister, whose cheeks crimsoned in a moment. "I thought you had taken such pains with your flowers?"

"Yes, I have tried to take a great deal of pains with them," said Clover, looking very uncomfortable.

"Ah! you see pains won't do every thing," said Lily, triumphantly; "and I just planted my flowers—and dug—and my garden's quite full."

Sam whistled a little, thinking of the sorrel and mullens, of which also Lily's garden had been full.

"It looks to me," he said, gravely, bending down to examine the little garden—"it looks to me as if the hedge had been encroaching here and there."

"The hedges!" said Lily. "I don't see any hedges."

"I thought I saw signs of it," said Sam, passing on to another place and scanning that. Clover looked at him anxiously. Did he really know what had become of her flowers? But Sam's face was imperturbable.

"What do you mean?" said Lily. "You're as good as a puzzle-book any day."

"What do I mean?" said Sam. "I was only alluding to one of the properties of mignonette—one thing of which you can not be. So, of course, where the hedge creeps in the flowers must creep out."

"Well, I give it up," said Lily. "Why, Clover, I thought you had ever so many of these—what do you call 'em?—and such a only bed!"

"My balms?" said Clover. "Oh, I'm glad you spoke of them! I wanted to ask Sam something, and I forgot all about it. Sam, please do!" Clover stood aside the overhanging leaves of her three balsams, and showed a strange state of things. The ground was thick and very brown, lying in small hills and valleys; and right up from the highest hill stuck out a small brown paw, all furry and motionless.

"A cat!" cried Lily, darting forward.

"No, it's not a cat's paw," said Clover, "and I'm sure I don't know what it is; nor how it could get here among my balsams."

"It is a rabbit's paw," said Sam, looking close at it; "and what's more, the rabbit is here too."

"Oh, has he hid away there to eat up my poor flowers?" said Clover, remembering that squirrels had a taste for mignonette, and there was no telling what rabbits might like.

"Not he," said Sam, "he will never do any more mischief. He has died and hid himself from view."

"But who could have done it?" said Clover.

"Not Jack?"

"It must have been Mat," said her brother. "I saw him with a young rabbit in his mouth yesterday; but he does not like raw meat, you know, and so did not eat it."

"What's the use of hiding it away, then?" said Lily.

"Ah, that I can not tell. A dog generally seems to act upon the supposition that a famine may come some day; and in that case Mat probably thought he would save it."

"Funny old Mat!" said Clover, laughing. "But I wish he had buried his rabbit somewhere else! I don't want to touch it."

"Then I wouldn't touch it," said Sam. "The balsams will not be troubled, in fact they will rather like it!"

"Like it?"

"Why yes," said Sam; "they have not the least objection to a rabbit, and have great appetites."

"There's another puzzle!" said Lily, despairingly.

"Not a bit; I mean what I say. Your balsams are great feeders, and will send their little roots to get many a rich meal from the rabbit."

"I don't like that at all," said Clover, with a little disgust.

"It's what many plants will do, however," said Sam; "though not to be too delicate to relish quite such a hearty meal."

Plants ought not to eat at all," said Lily, "like do-do-nothing fairies."

"Do nothing!" exclaimed Sam; "is it nothing to fill the world with beauty and fragrance; nothing to purify all the air for us to breathe; to furnish our clothing, to provide our fuel, our lights, our food?"

"Dear me, how you run on!" said Lily. "I don't know any thing about that, Sam. What I say is, that they don't work—my flowers, I mean."

"Well, my dear, we are half as busy as they are shall have great hopes of your turning out a useful woman," said her brother.

"Great hopes, indeed, scornfully, "I should think you'd better begin 'em right away then."

"But, Sam," said Clover, "oh, won't you please tell us all about it? It sounds so interesting."

"Can't this afternoon," said Sam. "I promised Primrose that I would help her train her sweet-peas. She is the child all this time!"

"Oh, she's singing to her garden; didn't you hear her?" said Lily.

"Yes, and it's so funny. She does it every day, but she'll never let any body get near her."

"It is funny," said Clover; "only it's so pretty, too. I think she tells manmas about every one of her flowers, and says, I think manmas makes up little verses for them. And then Prim goes out and watches her flowers and sings the verses. But she'll never tell what they are."

"I'm bound to hear some of those verses," said Sam, beginning to move softly along by the fence.

"I shall creep up and listen."

"May we come too?" said Clover.

"If you'll not make the least noise."

So very softly and slowly, moving on tip-toe, and not venturing to speak a word, they crept up the hill and round the house, coming at last to a corner very near Prim's little garden; and a pretty sight it was. The flowers were beginning to bloom quite freely—a white rose on the little rose-bush, and a scarlet blossom or two on the geranium; with white tufts of alyssum, and green ones of mignonette. A splendid dahlia bloom held up its purple-colored cup, and the rich fragrance of the sweet-peas filled the air, while high above all mounted the ipomœa imperialis, whose blossoms were only to begin to show, but never turning her eyes from the beautiful vine; singing softly to herself, so that the silent listeners could but just catch the words:

"Climb, climb a little way,
Follow Jesse every day.
Holding fast his precious hand,
Mount at last where angels stand.
Little creeper, climb and climb,
He is strong enough for all.
In his tender love and care
Fresh, new blossoms shall bear.
All your beauty is from him;
Let him guide, let him trim:
Hide the sun, or bid it shine—
Still climb, little vine!"

And Prim stooped down for a sprig of mignonette and one of sweet alyssum, and carried them off into the house for "mamma."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FEW events—unless it be the annual May-day moving—occasion more commotion in city homes than to "break up" after remaining in the country. Every lady who takes a *personal* interest in the writer can well sympathize with what *true lady* does not?—meets with experiences at this era of hot life which, although by good chance *may* be agreeable, are far more likely to be vexatious. She may come back to the city and find her house in nice order, those to whom it was confided having failed to their trust. But in many cases it is very different.

Perchance the house has been closed during the summer, that is, the parlors opened for a day, while the cellar grating has been shut through (it must have been the latter part of the season, when cooks and burglars have thoroughly ransacked every nook and corner, and carried off every available article, not leaving even spice, and the kitchen in a state only to suit their leisure, with none to molest or make them afraid. And then the upper rooms, the nice chambers and sitting apartments, and feels inclined to fold her hands in despair. But perhaps servants were left in charge; and are general supposed to have made it quite a home like and comfortable. But on inspection the best rooms bear a strange aspect of disorder and dirt, and, surely, are worse than a dingy nor the furniture so marred; and the owner can not understand it until rumors come to her neighbors that the family have returned and callers were often lighted, and the "abode of revelry" sometimes the scene broke upon the midnight air. But leaving the trench broke upon the midnight air. But leaving the thoughtful lady's meditations meet with a stout denial that any but a few "cousins" have "once or twice of an evening" dropped in.

But it may be that a "careful family," with only "one or two children," were left to guard the house and furniture against the inroads of dust, moths, and dust. There must be somewhere a broader definition of "careful" than is current, for the good lady looks with dismay at the blackened walls, marred furniture, at the heaps of dust and rubbish and litter in corners and on floors, gathers up her shirts in disgust from the armies of cockroaches that revel in the basement, and finds that door-knobs, window-sashes and windows broken, and kitchen utensils, generally, battered and spoiled, and she nearly refrains from the last indignity of all. But what is to be done? The "careful" family have been "careful" to leave before the return to town, and, in the first hurry and scurry of hope, she gathers her willing maids about her, arms them with brooms, scrubbing brushes, and cloths, soap, and, in short, all the paraphernalia of cleaning, and top of the house she institutes a thorough cleaning, to which, for once, even the hour intended for meals is forgotten.

Then, one after another, the rooms emerge from the process, fresh and clean, and the old familiar homelike is re-established, and the family return.

It is a matter of deep interest to all, and one in which, as citizens of New York, we may feel a considerable pride, that we have such excellent facilities for free education. Not only do the public schools present unusual advantages for thorough education, but a few years since a system of evening schools was inaugurated for the benefit of those unable to attend day schools. These have accordingly been very successful, as the fact that last winter not less than 25,000 pupils attended, affords ample evidence of the necessity which these duties permitted. Recently the Board of Education have opened an Evening High School in the Grammar School Building in Fifteenth Street. The design of this institution is to afford young men facilities for obtaining a higher education than can be attained in the ordinary evening schools. Experienced instructors have been appointed, and one hour of exercise will be devoted to each of the subjects sent thoroughly successful, and to give to every student the means of pursuing that course of education best suited to render it useful for himself.

The question whether turtles suffer pain in the modes of confinement often employed by dealers, which appeared to be in doubt in our city not many months ago, has been fully referred to Professor Agassiz. Here is the gist of his answer:

"To say that turtles do not suffer when dragged from their natural haunts, tied that they may not bite to prevent it, upside down, etc., is simply absurd. It is true that they can bear a great deal of pain, and go without food or drink; but they suffer. That of turning deed very sensitive to some injuries. That of turning upside down and over is sufficient, for instance, to prevent their eyes from hatching. Their suffering may be lessened by kindness and correct, give movements to which the perforation of their fins gives rise. And yet to this proceeding dealers in turtles generally resort in order to tie them more closely and pack a larger number in a smaller space. Of course, when tied in this manner, they may suffer less by their struggles upon their backs, because the fins are thus relieved from the pressure of their whole weight; but the best evidence I can afford that they suffer is that position is that they die if it is much protracted; and yet turtles are among the animals which resist longest privations of all kinds. In not the few days—a week, a fortnight, or even more—in which they are forcibly kept the most complete evidence of their suffering is that they would cause death if not pain and the unnatural pressure of parts brought into unaccustomed contact."

The latest case of good luck is related of a young Englishman, in New York. It seems that some months ago he left England for America, and not caring where he went, took the first ship that came across his path, which happened to be one bound for this country. Arrived in New York, he soon squandered all the money which he had brought with him in riotous living, and became penniless, for manual labor he was soon entirely destitute. In this sad plight, with his clothes nearly falling from his back, he gained his bread by begging from door to door, making the steps of the City Hall and the barges floating on the river his nightly resting-place. At last, having been reduced to a wretched state of weakness, he succeeded in gaining employment as porter in a grocery store. A few days since he received intelligence from England of the death of a titled relative, who had left him nearly a million of money in the value of £10,000; and the letter bringing the welcome intelligence also contained a draft to pay his passage home. He is now on the way.

A new style of robbery was practiced upon an unfortunate Bostonian who was a passenger on the steamboat on her way to Fall River on Saturday. He had his hat stolen at a way-station by some fellow who threw his own hat in the window in its place, and was starting, grabbed the hat from the Bostonian's head, and disappeared in the darkness.

The following receipt is said to be a sure cure for a terrible disorder of the mouth commonly called "scandal:"

Take of "good-nature" one ounce; of an herb called by the Indians "mind your business," one ounce; mix those well, and add a large quantity of "fun," and two or three sprigs of "keep your tongue between your teeth." Mix the whole well together, and after smelling to the tongue and roof of the mouth, which will usually make the patient sneeze in company with a species of animals called gossip; when you feel a fit of "coming on," take a small dose of the mixture, hold it in your mouth, which you will keep closely shut till you can get home, when you will find a complete cure. Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a small dose always about you, and on the slightest symptoms repeat the dose.

When the cholera was ravaging New York in 1832 Dr. John Mitchell resided in the city. In a description he gave of the appearance of the city on the 31st of July of that terrible summer, he said:

"Business entirely and wholly at a stand; more than half the population had gone into the country; many houses entirely shut up; the whole city seemed to outline were exposed at every corner. It happened to be the day of the Orphan Asylum Society's festival, and twelve persons had died that day. The cold gripe of death was on the whole city, and every city's terror aggravated the ravages of disease; and all the energy, the firmness, the hope of the citizens were prostrated. Only a few days before the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and destroyeth at noon-day, was abroad, and it was a night never to be forgotten."

The meeting of the Scientific resources of our Board of Health have, by the blessing of God, saved our city this year from the virulence of the disease and the dire scourge which in other years of the Southern and Western cities have suffered severely.

At the recent annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions held at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, the resignation of the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Nathan Lawrence, D.D., who has been a faithful officer in the work for forty-four years, was received with deep regret by the Board and numerous friends who were present there. Among other testimonials of esteem two checks of $10,000 each were presented to him by a few friends from New York and New Brunswick.

A Southern paper says, "The other day a wolf came into the door-yard of a certain Mr. H——, and committed sundry depredations. A woman of the house chased it to the fence, and as it attempted to pass through had the presence of mind to grab it by the tail. Another woman present went to the opposite side and with a club beat it to death. Might not Hamlet have had a wife with good effect upon the persons of a certain class of *gentlemen?*) who insist on the strict observance of etiquette, amusing themselves in petty impertinences toward ladies who are unfortunately compelled to pass them? It seems that such a wife would be not secure from the annoyances of insulting intruders.

In a recently published statistical work there are said to be in London one million four hundred thousand persons who never attend public worship; one hundred and fifty thousand habitual drunkards; one hundred and fifty thousand living in open profligacy; twenty thousand professed beggars; ten thousand thieves; seventy thousand juvenile criminals, and five thousand receivers of stolen goods. It is a city the comiller does not give also the number of city rat catchers. Such a city would need many large.

We would recommend Tecumseh, a town in Michigan as a good place to live in. As proof we quote the following items from the Tecumseh Chronicle: Flour: Butter, per pound 23 cents; lard, 15; chicken, 14; turkeys, 15; eggs, 20; cheese, 18; beef, per 100 pounds, $7 50; corn meal, per 100 pounds, $1 50; apples, per bushel, 50 cents; apples, dried, per pound, 10; honey in box, per pound, 30.

People fond of betting on the results of elections should remember what risky business it is—the betting on the Presidential election promises, paid in times past by the foolish, are still fresh in the memory of many. A gentleman of Connecticut who had to carry a fat Republican on his shoulders through the streets, preceded by a band of music. A well-known New Yorker, as an appropriate punishment for being a Copperhead, was condemned to wear for a year a hat two feet high, with a brim seven inches wide. A student in Maine was compelled to part with his cherished whiskers and mustache. Another man had to whistle two hours of shavings in the street. A well-known citizen of Boston, in fulfillment of the terms of a wager, wheeled a barrow of ashes at the horse of a wager, wheeled a barrow of ashes at the horse of a wager, wheeled a barrow of ashes at the horse of a journey which occupied him nearly a week.

Fair warning against dangers of all kinds should be made public, consequently we also give our readers the following cautionary quotations:

"Marriage is like a flaming candle-light
Placed in a window on a summer night,
Inviting all the insects of the air
To come and singe their pretty wingiets there.
Those that are not hurt head against the pane;
Those that are hurt to get out again."

There is a new bonnet on the horizon. It is made of one large, full-blown rose, which lies flat on the top of the head. The stem is a scarf of dove-colored silk, which is crossed under the chin, where another small rose pegs it down. The wearer is a fashionable guy!" In less than three weeks it will be in struggling rivalry with the "chimney-pot."

Cases of *absent-mindedness* are frequently recorded; but here is one quite equal to any we have recently seen:

"I say, cap'n," said a little keen-eyed man, as he landed from the steamer *Potomac*, at Natchez, "I say, cap'n, this isn't all!"

"There's all the baggage you brought on board, Sir," replied the captain.

"Well, see now, I great it's all O. K according to list —four baskets, three trunks, one box-house, a pet mauny, two hums, one part cut, three ropes o' hymns and a bundle o' fishing rods—why, dog dubersnake, feel there's something short, though I've counted on over the things and never took my eye off the whole on board—there's something not right, some how."

"No stranger, the thing is right, there is all I know of; so bring your wife and five children out of the cabin, and let's be off."

"There's em! them's 'em! I know'd I'd forgot something!"

The Chicago *Post* records a singular instance of a woman's revenge. It seems that a certain man in that city, previous to his marriage, had betrayed and deserted a woman to, whom he had paid marked attentions, and she consequently swore that she would be revenged. She waited patiently for years, and then stood a blow at the hearts or those she hated. One day a beautiful little girl, four years old, the pet and darling of the family, while playing around the door, experienced unspeakable agonies. Her mother were in an agony of grief, as month after month passed away, and their anxious search brought no news of their child. Meanwhile the chain had been carried through various cities to Milwaukee, and, by means of a false and artful statement, was adopted by a family who became tenderly attached to her. At length she was discovered, and the parents hastened to take her to their arms. The child but little old had forgotten her past parents, and her affections were entirely centred on those who had reared her from infancy. If she absolutely refused to be taken from them, but the parents, however, insisted upon taking her home. The infidel family, also compelled to see being separated from those she had grown to love so fondly. Her own parents were strangers, and all her endearments failed to pacify her. She refused to eat or be amused with any thing, but sat moaning constantly for home. This continued for about a week, when she was seized with a sudden spasm and died. The woman who carried her off, and who was the cause of it, was the satisfaction of knowing that her revenge has been indeed complete.

The following advertisement, which appears in an English paper of recent date, is a unique specimen of style and grammatical construction:

"TO GENTLEMEN AND BOYS.—Youths (up to twenty 17 years), made perfectly tractable and gentlemanly, in one year, by a Clergyman, near town, of thirty years' experience, whose peculiarly permissive, high moral, and religious principles, and domestic habits of recollar tempers and disposition (because not undersecond to the rest of others. A liberal education (including modern languages, successful preparation for civil engineering, and the universities), and the very gentlemanly comfort) on moderate terms.

We do not know the author of the following original poem; probably the writer was afraid to be ashamed to take any other signature than "Anonymous:"

"Dip the Atlantic Ocean in the deep cup with a teacup; pour into the sea of sorrow bout; send up fishing rods with bullets for sinkers, and hooks baited with a broken heart; choke a mosquito with a brick-bat—in short, prove any impossible thing, and then will the impossible be possible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she will when she has made up her mind to say she won't."

The following is a translation of a passage from a Spanish poet:

"The Heavens are a point from the pen of God's perfection: the World is a leaf from the writer of His book: the Sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom; and the Sky is a bubble on the sea of His power. Time is a moment from the point of sin hidden in the thick veil of darkness. He made every thing of the dust of the earth, and from a selection from His own face on every atom."

A baby, about two miles in circumference, from which bones is obtained in extremely rare condition and in very large quantity, has been recently discovered in Africa. The bones hitherto seen have been procured by combining boracic acid from Tuscany with soda. The new discovery is reported to be certainty, the potteries of Staffordshire alone consuming more than 1100 tons annually.

A curious book has been published at Paris, in which the author endeavors to prove that the destiny of the human race is influenced by the earth's magnetism. The new planet or the solar light, shooting stars, and other natural phenomena are referable to an effect of magnetism, and, as he thinks, are great events in the history of nations and of individuals. For example, the 9th of November, the day of the assassination of Caesar, and the day of great meteoric energy, while the 22d of June is the day of most circulation and most energy.

Paris, again, the author declares it is to mesmerism that certain great moral events are due—Protestantism and the Reformation to Luther, Gallicanism to Francis, and Catholicism in the Papal States. This is a novel solution of difficult questions.

MOTHER'S WORK.

Toiling all day like a galley slave,
Teaching the baby how to behave,
Reading the older ones quarrel and fight,
Hearing the lessons that must be learned right,
Tending and brushing and blowing their noses,
Soothing and washing the mother rose's face,
Sewing up rents in their best pants torn,
Reaching on new cloth over the worn;
Ever alive pausing to count the stitches,
Darning alike the boys and the breeches;
Thankful to hear when they're out of the way,
Such is a mother's life day by day.

Sending each night-gowned urchin to bed,
Hearing to hear the last word said,
Wishing them happy in heaven above,
With all the warmth of a mother's love.
Now, may the good angels be thanked always
That they never work like mothers all day.



STATUE OF THE LATE SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, IN WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON.

MONUMENT OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

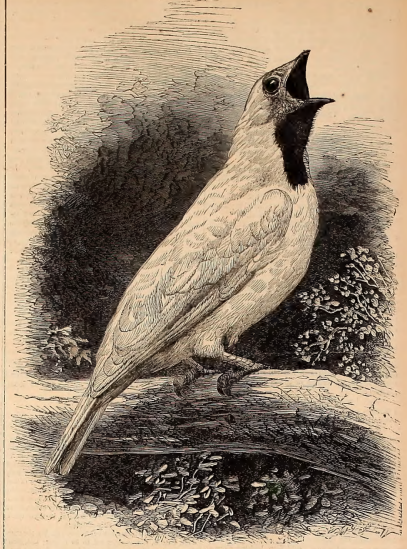
THE accompanying illustrations give an idea of the monument recently erected to the memory of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, the lamented hero of Arctic navigation and discovery, in Waterloo Place, London, and of the bas-relief sculpture on the front of the pedestal. The statue is cast in bronze, and is eight feet four inches high. The pedestal is of polished granite.

The moment selected for representation in the statue is when FRANKLIN was addressing his officers and crew, and telling them that the Northwest Passage had at last been discovered. He grasps in his hand the telescope, chart, and compasses; and wears the uniform of a naval commander, with a loose over-coat of fur as a protection against the extreme coldness of the Polar climate. The sculptor's great object was to give the character of FRANKLIN in the statue, and as far as possible by outward form to indicate those qualities of the mind which enabled Sir JOHN, by his deeds in life and by an example of heroic endurance in death, to add to the fame and glory of his country. The likeness has been pronounced by Lady FRANKLIN, and others who knew her husband best, to be characteristic and excellent.

The bas-relief on the front of the pedestal represents the funeral of FRANKLIN, at which Captain CROZIER reads the burial service. He is surrounded by the other sorrowing officers and crew of the two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*. It is well known that not one of the whole number of these brave fellows ever returned. Their names, however, with the name of FRANKLIN himself, are recorded on bronze panels at the side of the memorial. In the panel at the back of the tribute there is an embossed bronze chart of the Arctic regions, showing the position of the two ships and their crews at the time of the death of FRANKLIN. The pedestal is further adorned with the representation, in bronze, of a large cable at the cornice, to indicate at once the tribute commemorating a sailor; and there is also a bronze moulding at the plinth, enriched with oak-leaves and acorns, to denote strength and magnanimity.



BAS-RELIEF ON THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE LATE SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, IN WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON.



THE BELL-BIRD OF SOUTH AMERICA.

THE BELL-BIRD OF SOUTH AMERICA.

ON illustration of this remarkable bird (the *Chasmorhynchus nudicollis*) is taken from a living specimen. It is not of the same species known and described by the late CHARLES WATERTON, but one very nearly allied to it; in fact, so near that the absence of a singular wattle over the upper bill constitutes almost the only difference in their shape.

The difference in the vocal powers of the two species is, however, very remarkable. It is generally in the early part of the day that this bird sends forth its loud and wonderful notes. The first note is a loud, harsh, and somewhat grating note; this is followed by six or eight fine, clear, metallic-ringing notes, with an interval of about a second between each note. The resemblance of these to the sound of an anvil is most extraordinary, and has given rise to its local native name of the Anvil-bird, though it is called by Europeans the Bell-bird. The clear metallic ring, repeated at about the rate a blacksmith strikes upon the anvil, is so perfect that many persons upon hearing it were unwilling to believe the sound could be produced by the delicate organs forming the vocal apparatus of so small a bird. The bird is a native of Brazil, and is said to feed almost entirely upon fruit.

This bird is a little larger than a mistel-thrush. The plumage is perfectly white, the eyes pale gray; the naked throat and skin round the eyes are a fine bright green.

WATERTON, in his "Wanderings," page 108, speaking of the Bell-bird, says: "His note is loud and clear, like the sound of a bell, and may be heard at a distance of three miles. In the midst of these extensive wilds, generally on the dried top of an aged mora, almost out of gun-reach, you will see the campanero. No sound or song from any of the winged inhabitants of the forest—not even the clearly-pronounced 'whip-poor-will' from the goat-sucker—causes such astonishment as the toll of the campanero. With many of the feathered race he pays the common tribute of a morning and an evening song; and even when the meridian sun has shut in silence the mouths of almost the whole of animated nature the campanero still cheers the forest. You hear his toll, and then a pause for a minute; then another toll, then a pause again; and then a toll, and again a pause; then he is silent for six or eight minutes, and then another toll, and so

on. Actæon would stop in mid chase, Maria would defer her evening song, and Orpheus himself would drop his lute to listen to him, so sweet, so novel, and romantic is the toll of the pretty snow-white campanero. He is never seen to feed with the other species, nor is it known in what part of Guiana he makes his nest."

NATIONAL CEMETERIES IN VIRGINIA.

The erection of National Cemeteries over the Federal dead who now lie on the battle-fields of Virginia devolves upon Colonel JAS. M. MOORE, of the United States Army. For some time extensive parties have been engaged in this humane labor.

Cold Harbor Cemetery was commenced February 27, 1866, and was completed April 30. This Cemetery contains one and one-half acres of ground, laid out in the form of a square. It is divided into four sections —A, B, C, and D—each section containing 216 graves. A mound, fifteen feet high, stands in the centre, over which always float the National colors.

To the rear of the graves are two large trenches, numbered 1 and 2. No. 1 contains 568 unknown Union soldiers; No. 2 contains 321. The total number of known bodies in the entire Cemetery is 685; of unknown, 1245. Of these 50 are the remains of officers, from the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel down, one chaplain, and 89 non-commissioned officers.

The selection of the site for Cold Harbor Cemetery is peculiarly appropriate. It was here, June 3, 1864, that five successive charges were made by our troops—the Sixth Corps on the left, the Second and Ninth in the centre, and the Eighteenth on the right. The fifth and final charge was successful in securing position for the Second, Sixth, and Ninth Corps, the Eighteenth flanking the rebel General HOKE'S Corps, and inflicting heavy loss upon the latter. HOKE was finally reinforced by PICKENS, and drove back the Eighteenth Corps, thus establishing the broken lines of the rebel front. The Union army then threw up intrenchments and held its position for ten days, skirmishing all the time, when they withdrew to a point many miles northward.

The immediate neighborhood of the Cemetery presents a most desolate appearance.

Seven Pines Cemetery, twelve miles from Richmond, was commenced May 1, 1866, and completed June 27. This is also square in form, and of about the same size as that at Cold Harbor. It is divided, like the latter, into four sections, each of which contains 202 graves. But here there are no trenches. Only 154 out of 1356 bodies here interred have been identified. There are 92 commissioned and 17 non-commissioned officers buried here. All those interred in this Cemetery fell in the engagements at Fair Oaks and Seven Pines.

Bodies in many cases have been found unburied on the fields.



DRIVING IN CENTRAL PARK.—[DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.]

HORSE-MEAT IN PARIS.

WHEN it was reported some months ago that a new institution in the shape of a Horse-meat Market was to be inaugurated in Paris, the Parisian public smiled incredulously. But in spite of incredulity, and even of disgust, the thing has been done, and a horse-meat market has been opened in Paris.

They sell horse-meat in Paris and they eat it, as our illustration demonstrates.

It is said that all those who have laid aside prejudice, and have eaten this new style of viand, have found it excellent. The soldiers of Confederate General PENDERTON'S army, we believe, are willing to corroborate this testimony. Doubt is no longer in place.—The Hippophagi have reason on their side.

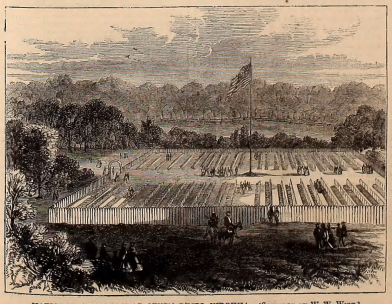
A restaurant adjoins the market, where the Parisian gourmands may eat horse-meat steak or horse *à la mode* at twenty *centimes* a plate. We recommend the experiment to those in our city who, in fashion and in cuisine, are imitators of Parisians.

FLOWER-BEDS IN CENTRAL PARK.

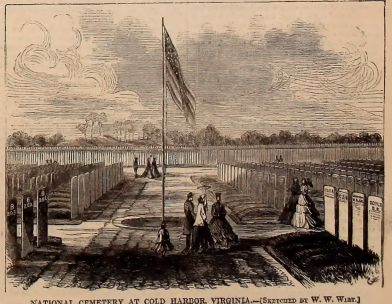
WHY should flower-gardens be laid off in round, square, oblong, or other formal beds? This question must have occurred to many who have laid out or planted a garden, be it large or small. But custom, which dulls even the most inventive faculties, has in this matter been supreme. Flower-beds of meaningless and not beautiful shapes, surrounded by stiff box edging, are still the prevailing fashion.

Our Central Park, which has done so much to improve and cultivate the taste of our people in laying out grounds, planting trees, and making roads, affords just now a fine example of what a flower-garden may be. It has occurred to Mr. I. A. PILAT, one of the principal landscape-gardeners engaged on the Park, that, in forming flower-beds, he might avail himself of the shapes of leaves; and by a proper and harmonious arrangement of beds cut out of the turf, in the shape of different leaves, he has produced an effect which will no doubt strike all lovers of flowers as both beautiful and simple.

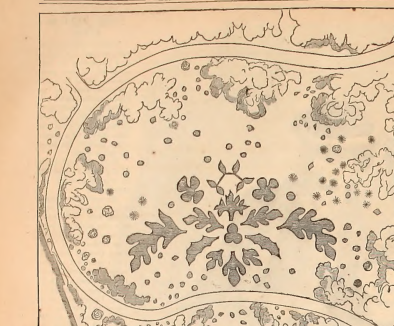
The sketch given on page 670 presents an outline of this flower-garden, which is now attracting attention from visitors to the Park. It is about an acre in extent, and is kept in full bloom. It forms



NATIONAL CEMETERY AT SEVEN PINES, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY W. W. WEST.]



NATIONAL CEMETERY AT COLD HARBOR, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY W. W. WEST.]



FLOWER-BEDS IN CENTRAL PARK.

one of the most attractive objects in the Park. The flowers are planted in masses, which gives an opportunity for the harmonious arrangement of colors as well as forms, in which Mr. PILAT has succeeded admirably. Our lady readers, even if they have but small gardens, will find it a pleasure to work upon the hint Mr. PILAT's plan gives them. They need use but two, or three, or four leaves; and may produce a beautiful effect, in this way, upon a space but a few feet square as well as upon an acre.

ACADIANS OF LOUISIANA.

THESE primitive people are the descendants of Canadian French settlers in Louisiana; and by dint of intermarriage they have succeeded in getting pretty well down in the social scale.

Without energy, education, or ambition, they are good representatives of the white trash, behind the age in every thing. The majority of all the white inhabitants of these parishes are tolerably ignorant, but those are grossly so—as little are they thought of—that the niggers, when they want to express contempt for one of their own race, call him an Acadian nigger. Their views of the future life are principally confined to the prospect of meeting Monsieur VOLIN, a prominent man among them, who departed this life a good while ago. Some of them are devout Catholics, to which Church they are all attached.

To live without effort is their apparent aim in life, and they are satisfied with very little, and are, as a class, quite poor. Their language is a mixture of French and English, quite puzzling to the uninitiated. During the civil war, although forced into the Confederate ranks, they were considered Unionists, and were kind to those who needed their help.

With a little mixture of fresh blood and some learning they might become much improved, and have higher aims than the possession of land enough to grow their corn and a sufficiency of "goujon" (sudgeon). They have suffered a great deal by the overflowing waters, even to making their escape from their houses in boats, or knocking the upper works off and floating to safety on the floor for a raft.

Washing-day is a sketch from life. These simple folks have no acquaintance apparently with the wash-board, nor do they employ their knuckles. Placing their clothes upon a plank, either on the edge of a pool or the bayou, they draw their scanty drapery about them with the most reckless disregard to the exposure consequent, and squatting, or kneeling, beat them with a wooden bat. The approach of a stranger does not disconcert them much, if at all.

The Bayou Lafourche is higher than the surrounding country; and this picture shows the figures on top of the levee, or banquette, as the French residents call it. A. R. W.

BURNING OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

ABOUT ten P.M., October 6, a fire broke out in the packing-room of VOORHIS & CO.'s porcelain warehouse, 44 Crosby Street. The building, belonging to Messrs. C. GODFREY GUNTHER & Co., had a marble front on Broadway, and was five stories in height. The inflammable material in the packing-room gave the fire a rapid headway. The building was only partially destroyed, but the fire spread into the adjacent streets, destroying altogether property valued at over half a million of dollars.

The principal loss involved in this conflagration was that of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Cathedral, the roof of which caught fire from blazing fragments falling from the GUNTHER building. The Cathedral was entirely destroyed. When the rumor spread that the Cathedral was on fire there was the greatest excitement among the Roman Catholic citizens in the streets. Led on by their priests, they succeeded in securing and carrying away from the edifice a large amount of valuable property—carpets, candle-sticks, sacred vessels, vestments, and oil-paintings. The sacred vessels and vestments were estimated at $20,000. One set of vestments alone, brought from Paris by Archbishop HUGHES, was valued at $3000. But all the efforts made to save the building were fruitless. By 2 o'clock on Sunday morning the Cathedral was a complete wreck.

The aggregate loss sustained by the trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral is about $150,000 in round figures, upon which there is the following insurances: On the building, $10,000 each in the City, Harmony, Bowery, and Jefferson Insurance companies; on the organ, $6000 in the Stuyvesant; and $5000 on vestments in the Eagle and Equitable. This Cathedral was built in 1811 by Bishop CONWELL, and the additions were made by Bishop HUGHES in 1838, who had the entire edifice decorated and repainted at that time. It was for many years the pride of the denomination which had erected it, and the edifice was endeared to the congregation attending there by many sacred memories. It may be mentioned that its vaults contain the remains of the late lamented Archbishop HUGHES, and the Right Rev. DRS. CORCORAN, CONOLLY, and DUBOIS. Great efforts were made during the progress of the fire to preserve these vaults, and these efforts were successful. The organ was a very valuable one, and was, at the time of its erection in 1839, considered the finest in the United States. The frescoes adorning the edifice were fine works of art, and very costly.

FERRY-BOAT ON BERWICK BAY.

As the business done between the opposite shores of this beautiful sheet of water is limited, so the ferry arrangements are of the most primitive character—a flat-boat propelled by a couple of negroes, who push the oars instead of pulling them. Infinitely picturesque, however, is this boat, with its freight of oxen, country carts, stray Texans with their mustangs, Acadians, and negroes, forming a picture, as it floats to the mos-draped shore, exceedingly attractive to an artist's eye. A. R. W.

A THIEF IN THE CONFESSIONAL.

EARLY one fine spring morning the saintly precincts of the Vatican were disturbed by the agitated vociferations of a rude-looking peasant man, endeavoring to pass the Swiss guards, who are the particular custodians of the priestly temple. He was thrust back as a person not good enough to be admitted to the presence of his holiness the Pope. But, notwithstanding all these efforts to obtain him, he still prayed very earnestly to be allowed to see the Pope, or at least one of his immediate attendant priests.

His loud cries and vociferations at last reached the ears that he intended, for the Pope happened to pass near the spot when the earnest tones of the man met his ear. With his usual good-nature Pio Nono asked what was the matter, and who it was who wanted to see him. He was told it was a poor man in great agitation, who said that he had to say something which he would only tell to the Pope on his own behalf. "Let him enter at once. Let him be brought in."

The Pope sat in his easy-chair—not the chair of St. Peter—and in all the splendor of his state all soiled and weary, while suffering, fright and agitation were written on his face. On approaching the Pope he prostrated himself, and in agonized tones demanded absolution.

"Absolution! and for what?" said the Pope. "Has your confessor refused it that you come to me?"

"No, holy father; I come to ask absolution for a crime I was about to commit; for I have to tell you of a tale so dreadful. There is no time to lose; but I must have the promise of absolution first."

The Pope, seeing the violent agitation of the man, made him approach him—for he had remained prostrate at the feet of the Pope, who, stretching forth his hand, gave the man the requested absolution, "Ego te absolvo."

The poor man still continued kneeling, and thus began his story:

"I am now, your holiness, going to confess to you the *crime* I was about to commit, and for which I have obtained your holy absolution.

"About five o'clock in the afternoon I was passing the church of ——, when I bethought me that I would go in and say a Paternoster, or I might be in time for vespers. I entered the church, and, sly, holy father! not I have absolution—the sight of the gold and silver, and the jewels on the holy image by the great altar, made me think that with one, only one of the many that are there, I might get many things I want." The poor man looked up timidly into the face of the Pope, and read there the horror which he felt at the confession of his quondam penitent, and he seemed afraid to go on.

"Go on," said the Pope, "and tell the truth, and nothing but the truth." The man then proceeded, endeavoring to keep clear of the searching eyes of him whom he was telling his story.

"I looked about me to find a hiding-place where I should be safe from any of the many priests empty-ed about the church; and, thinking that, as vespers were at hand, no more persons would come to confession, and seeing at the farther end of the church near to the altar a confessional rather smaller than the rest, I hid myself there, closing curtain and door after me, determined to wait until all the services should be over, and the church left quiet for the night.

"But still, holy father, the thought of passing the night alone in the church, under the stones of which so many dead lay sleeping, nearly made me give up my place. Again the thought of the silver, and the gold, and the jewels made me quiet, and I remained in my hiding-place.

"Among the many who came in and out of the church, there came—oh, how shall I tell your holiness?" began the man, trembling violently. The Pope soothed the man, being anxious himself to hear the end of the most extraordinary revelation; and at length, after shedding even tears in his agitation, he resumed: "I was saying that among those who came in was one that afternoon—not a young girl about seventeen years of age. I heard her inquire of the sacristan for one of the father confessors. He told her he was gone, but for her to enter the confessional where I was hidden; but no, at this moment—for I could see through the curtains—one of the monks came toward her to the altar very near to where I was, and, bending his head to speak to her, I heard she had come to confess to him.

"I knew the girl by sight, as the only daughter of a wealthy farmer in the neighborhood, a girl who was noted for her modesty and beauty. The priest, by name Father Mura, told the *bella donnina* to go and kneel down as there were many persons in the church that he could not give her his attention as he ought. This placed me more at my ease, as I now felt sure that there was no time for any one to come to the confessional, as vespers would commence in a few minutes."

The Pope thought it time to have some one as a witness for the strange story to which he was listening, and, touching a silver bell, he ordered that a certain priest, who served as secretary, should be called.

The poor man thought that his hour of pains and penalties had arrived, and prostrating himself before the Pope, he most loudly begged him to let him finish his recital, saying, "If it is not true, your holiness may punish me as you think fit."

The priest for whom the Pope had sent here arrived, bringing writing materials with him, and, being informed that a witness had been passed, prepared himself to hear what was further to be told, and the man proceeded.

"I was still in the box of the confessional when vespers began and ended. The sacristan was going here and there, putting the church in order, when I heard the voice of the girl who had the gift of a his room come into the church in conversation with another priest. They walked up and down, talking together, and the subject they were upon was of no common degree. But suddenly a thought came over me; where was the girl who had gone to the priest's room for confession? She had passed through the church, because, in my position, with nothing to do, I had seen every one who had gone in and out. Oh, holy father! and because my I could not get the thought out of my mind during the hours that I waited for night to do the wicked deed for which your holiness has granted me your benign absolution.

"At length all became quiet in the church, all the sacristans had left, and I came to say an Ave Maria or a Paternoster for a sick child or a husband, had departed; the sacristan had shut the doors, and I remained in entire solitude. Still I must wait, for I had not dare to leave my hiding place until after midnight, as some of the priests or monks might come to say their private prayers, so I waited until the great clock of the monastery chimed midnight, when I had made up my mind to leave my hiding-place, and, with cat-like tread to creep softly forth. I was startled at hearing, from the corridor which contained the apartments of the priest, a door open, and then a woman's voice—my! then all was still. What could I do but go back to the confessional and wait? In a short time I heard again about to get into my box when a kind of procession entered the church, which, oh, holy father! makes me tremble to think of. First came a priest, holding a long iron bar in his hand, such as is used to lift up the stones in the church; another priest, bearing a lantern; while, dragged in by two other priests, one of whom was the monk Father Mura, was the hapless girl who had entered the convent church in the afternoon. Her hair was hanging over her shoulders, and her dress disordered, and her face was pale with death. I dared not put my head out too far, but was trembling all over, well knowing that if I was seen I should never live to tell your holiness of it.

"The priest who bore the crow-bar now lifted the stone over which they had been standing, and discovered a large vault; here they threw the body of the girl, and, replacing the stone, they took their way, thinking that there was no witness of their diabolical crime.

"I can not tell how I passed the night. The fear that some one should return and find me, as also the terrible deed which I had witnessed, kept me from even closing my eyes; and, as soon as the sacristan had opened the doors, and as soon as he had turned his back, I left my hiding-place, and came at my best speed to tell to your holiness all I had seen."

The Pope was deeply moved at the recital, and giving the man into the custody of the priest his secretary, he ordered that some of the carabiniers should go to the monastery, with the priest, lift the stone, and verify the truth of what had been said. When the carabiniers arrived at the church they found the vile Father Mura endeavoring, as it seemed, to give consolation to a neat-looking woman, something above the peasant class, who was deeply distressed at the absence of her daughter, whom, she said, she had not seen since she left home for the purpose of confession the night before her father evening.

"Your daughter has no doubt gone to visit some of her friends," said the wily priest, "and will return before night."

The poor mother little thought that she was almost standing over the grave of her child. At this moment the monk caught sight of the carabiniers, and he became rather agitated; but, recovering himself, he asked them what they wanted.

"We will show you, but our orders are to say nothing."

Upon this the guards formed themselves around the stone which had been pointed out to them, and the mason, advancing at their order, raised the stone, and there lay a heap of what seemed clothing, but when taken up proved to be the body of the poor girl, with a stiletto stab in her breast. Horror took possession of every one who saw it, and all revolted to the monster who had done the foul deed as to murder that innocent, childish-looking form. But there was one whose guilty heart told him that God's justice was overtaking him, and that the deeds done in the darkness are sure to be brought to light. Had this thing happened in any other place than Rome nothing would have saved the monk from the just wrath of the people; but in that wonderful but priest-ridden city the papal clergy act almost with impunity.

The carabiniers bore back to the Vatican the lifeless body which only yesterday was the pride and support of a mother, and the full story of what came forth to verify the truth of what he had been told.

The grief of the mother we will not speak of. May He who has her in his holy keeping pour balm into her wounded heart. The Pope ordered masses to be said for the girl's soul, and gave her a Christian's burial.

And the monks, says the reader, how were they punished? A secret conclave sent from the Vatican, and charged with *a severe reprimand*, met at the monastery, and the next morning it was known that the inmates had all left under cover of the night, and had gone to another monastery in the hills.

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For further particulars, getting up clubs, &c., see Harper's Weekly, Sept. 29, 1866—page 624.

PITTSBURG, *May 10, 1866.*

Messrs. Hostetter & Smith:

GENTLEMEN,—During a visit to the West, last fall, I contracted chills and fever, which brought me to my bed, and finally terminated in typhoid fever, and confined me to my room for several months, during which time I was physically so prostrated that I almost despaired of ever recovering my health: having almost entirely lost my appetite, for days not being able to eat a morsel, added to which I was distressed with a reeling sensation in my head, and passed many sleepless nights—all from debility, caused by my prostrate condition, brought about by fever. At this stage of my condition a friend recommended me to use your celebrated Bitters, but, believing that nothing equaled to the use of stimulants in any form, I at first declined, but afterward yielded my prejudices, and, after taking the medicine for several weeks, my appetite returned, and with it I am rapidly regaining my former strength and vigor. My sleep (from the use of which I have suffered much) has never been better than it is now, and the reeling sensation (before alluded to) has entirely left me. My bowels, which were much constipated and irregular, are now quite natural, and, in fact, I am glad to say that I feel myself a new man, and tender you this testimonial of my appreciation of your valuable compound, in order that others may avail themselves of its virtues, which prejudice kept me from enjoying for so long a period. I may also add that my physician, after seeing the beneficial effect of your Bitters on me, recommended that I use them regularly.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 513.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

LADY LOBBYISTS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

We need not direct special attention to the picture of the Lady Lobbyists given below. The picture itself calls attention to what all good men and women must regard as an evil, and, we are sorry to say, a growing one. The Washington correspondent of the *Herald* thus describes the scene at the White House:

"There was no diminution of the crowd at the White House to-day, nor of the persistency manifested by those present to secure interviews with the President. The usual number of females were conspicuous in the throng. It is a noticeable fact, and by no means creditable to the age, that there is a growing inclination to use the gentler sex in manipulating the political wires. In the lobbies of Congress during the last week, about the Departments at all times, and at the White House this element largely prevails. And it is observable that they are not the wives, sisters, or daughters of those whose interests they represent. In most cases they are purely professional wire-pullers, who for a consideration undertake the prosecution of any claim, secure the appointment of their principals to office, or labor for the passage of bills. Relying on the deference universally paid to the sex, they thrust themselves in where the most venturesome man would be repulsed, and once obtaining the official ear they plead their cause with a pertinacity that will not be denied. It has come to be quite a common remark of late when a difficult job is on hand, 'Get a woman to work.' So numerous have these female politicians and agents become of late that the heads of Departments and official personages are compelled to denounce them as nuisances. At the White House this afternoon there were upward of fifty of them at one time awaiting an audience with the President. The courtesy due to womankind forbids that when once they are admitted they should be treated precisely as are the sterner sex, hence their interviews are usually protracted, greatly to the inconvenience and annoyance of others who may be in waiting. If ladies throughout the country could fully understand the estimation in which these female lobbyists are held here the number of them would certainly not be increased."

It is only too notorious that, with few exceptions, "they are not the wives, sisters, or daughters" of those whose interests they represent. As a rule they dress well, few of them deeming it necessary to plead poverty in approaching a public functionary, especially one upon whose too susceptible heart "beauty wreathed with smiles" may be supposed to make a quick impression.

The class of female lobbyists has always existed in Washington, as in all other political capitals, and has included many ladies of high social position and brilliant accomplishments. From these bright particular stars of the *salons* of aristocracy, however, the quality of feminine influence employed to influence refractory heads of bureaus or obstinate Congressmen shades downward—to just what depth and infamy we do not care to say.

Old Washington story-tellers are full of "funny" things in which by-gone political magnates and bygone beauties figure not exactly as heroes and heroines. In the past, however, the halls and anterooms of the Capitol, especially of the Lower House, were the peculiar field of the female lobbyist, and no doubt this is still measurably true; but it is only lately that they have appeared in any considerable numbers at the White House end of the "Avenue." No doubt their numbers and character indicate with fair correctness the usual extent of their success—their well-known audacity and experience may be trusted for that much.

In Mr. LINCOLN'S time it was no unusual thing to see some pale and anxious petitioner, in sober and often threadbare habiliments, waiting in the ante-room for an opportunity to beg of the "good President" a pass to visit some sick son or husband or brother, or mayhap to petition for the life or liberty of some erring but loved one; but Father Abraham's well-known dislike for professional lobbyists, male or female, was a sufficient security against the occurrence of such scenes as our artist has so well depicted. He could be kind and tender, even if justice or necessity compelled him to refuse the petition of honest sorrow; but even his courtesy and chivalry did not prevent the plain expression of his disgust for the character and pertinacity of such women as have earned in this day so unenviable a notoriety as "pardon brokers."

Some noble and devoted women there were, laboring as true women should, and honoring their sex by merciful and charitable deeds, who always had free access to Mr. LINCOLN; but they were few in number, and unexceptional in all respects.

It may be that the many anecdotes in circulation of the manner in which lady applicants were thus received stimulated the professional sisterhood to their apparently extensive and successful assault upon the susceptibilities of Mr. LINCOLN'S successor.

We read, in the annals of the most corrupt days of the French Revolution, of the vast influence exercised by the brilliant but unprincipled galaxy of wit and beauty which shone in the Parisian *salons* of that day. Can it be that we are to furnish an ignoble copy of the folly and frivolity of that day of feverish excitement and gilded vice? Not that among the suitors for Executive clemency or favor there are not now to be found ladies who really represent the subjects of their application, and among them also some of the gifted leaders of that Southern aristocracy which is now laboring to reconstruct its plantation nobility; and *their* animus may be gathered from the following anecdote, the verity of which is beyond question:

The widow of a prominent rebel Senator called upon Mr. JOHNSON for such a pardon as should release the immense estates of the family from the operation of the Confiscation Act. After so employing her eloquence and other facultiations as to secure a favorable result she flounced out of the White House *à la reine*, and proceeded to repect of a sympathizing coterie of Southern ladies.

"Well, Mrs. ——, and how did you succeed with *the beast*?"

"Oh, very well; of course he consented to every thing."

"But how did he receive you?"

"Why, well enough; but do you believe, the beast had the impudence to invite me to make the White House my home during my stay in Washington!"

"How ridiculous!

"And you know we never even *visited* with the JOHNSONS in the South! As *if*—indeed!"



LADY LOBBYISTS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

MY ANSWER.

I am a widow—grief and many a care
Have made the furrows deeply in my face;
Thick are the threads of silver in my hair,
And my poor trembling hands can hardly trace
The Good Book's words, or turn from place to place,
As mind and eyes go wandering every where.

Little I know of politics or laws—
But women made them there had been no strife;
No deeds had done, no hatching up of flaws,
With its heart-burn of many a noble life;
No promises unkept, or treasons rife,
To clog the feet of Freedom's holy cause.

They tell me wicked men are plotting still
Their schemes of ruin, and that good men lose
A thoughtless ear to mischief and to ill.
For such they cry, Let every difference end!
And those who should a worthier cause defend
Turn and reject it with a stubborn will.

I will not weep—and yet I can not take
My grief in silence, smother as my fears.
Men say we moan at trifles—I will make
My humble answer, and though quaking tears
Pray that my words fair not on heedless ears.
Mothers I bear with me for your children's sake.

There are two graves upon the Southern plains,
Far, far apart, perhaps, and overgrown
With the rank grasses—where the summer rains
Blot out the letters on each time-worn stone,
If there are any. I am all alone!
No one to call me "Mother" now remains.

They rise before me now, my precious dead!
Their faces beautiful with Christian peace;
Those lips which yearned at mine, when hot and red
Their dying prayers, and waited for release:
Nor did they murmur then that life must cease,
Who had not covered by the way, nor fled.

And yet I glory, and can offer praise,
That I had sons to give at such a time.
Their lives early in the pleasant ways
Of Justice and of Freedom—truths sublime
We've taught from lessons, and to manhood's prime
They loved the precepts learned in early days!

But can it be that this was all in vain?
Were those two nameless graves heaped up for
naught?
Must I, when thinking of my children slain,
Exwail the love of country that I taught?
Losing by this the only thing which brought
Comfort and gladness to me in my pain?

Must we obey and follow the commands
Of men my boys faced on the battle-field?
Our native soil or fuller where she stands,
And to their trust bet their own treasure yield?
How can we reverence laws which they have sealed,
And with our dear ones' blood upon their hands?

We, who in wakeful moments on the night
Hear voices calling from the stillness deep;
Or, sitting by our lonely fire-light,
Listen for footsteps, and can only weep,
Those prison cells their horrid secrets keep—
In unkempt graves our children's bones are white!

Oh wretched, wretched country, it she needs
To take rebellious offspring to her heart,
And to be reckoned anew in sinful creeds,
Which tear the laws at God and man apart!
What glorious harvests from the earth shall start
If unrepenting traitors sow the seed!

Oh, loyal women! 'tis to you I speak—
And most of you have shed more tears than I—
Your prayers were fruitful when man's soul was weak,
When armies wavered, and defeat seemed nigh.
He is our friend who gave us victory,
Let us again His aid and favor seek!

Men of New England! of the East, the West,
Whose mighty will a savage thought can tame,
Grasp hands and unite! Faster not nor rest
Till the good work a hands and hearts can claim.
He who 'mid changes is unchanged, the same,
Will bless your cause who do His high behest.

H. B.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1866.

WHAT NEXT?

THE President has for some months declared plainly that, in his judgment, Congress is not a constitutional body, and the air has been full of rumors and surmises as to his probable action upon the meeting of Congress. Indeed, the late story in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, although immediately confessed to be false, was not so improbable but that the public mind was at once directed more earnestly to the actual situation. Nor ought that attention to be relaxed. This is not a time in which any good is to be gained by refusing to consider every possibility.

The case will bear to be constantly stated. The President differs with Congress as to the conditions of restoration which ought to be imposed upon the late rebel States. He speaks of their "exclusion," and of their "right" to be represented, and of the "usurpation" of Congress in requiring conditions, but it is nevertheless true that he himself united in such exclusion; that he denied their "right" to representation by exhorting them to form governments which should be satisfactory to Congress; and that he imposed certain terms satisfactory to himself. The theory now adopted by him is utterly subversive of the Government and of a harmonious Union, for it allows any State to make war upon the Union, and at any moment, by laying down its arms, to resume all its relations within it without any guarantee whatever of future security.

That such is not the theory of the people who have maintained the Government during the war is made perfectly clear by the autumn elections, and nothing is plainer than that they will not submit to its practical enforcement.

If the President should undertake to withstand their resolution, he could succeed only by totally overpowering them, and surrendering the Government to its most envenomed enemies and the Union to the care of those who hate it. His success would, of course, be the present end of the American Union, and the discomfiture of the principle of popular government. But as his chief reliance in the struggle would be upon the late rebels, it would be for him and his friends to remember that his opponents would be the mass of the lately victorious people of the loyal States, and even with all the Union men of the South of every color.

Every patriotic and thoughtful man is naturally unwilling to believe that so grievous a contest is possible; but with a man like the President every thing is possible. No fear of being an alarmist should prevent every man from looking steadfastly at facts, or from considering the drift of the situation. The President has not ceased to vituperate Congress as an illegal body. The difference between him and has been presented to the people, and they have declared every where for Congress. That is not a result which is likely to pacify such a man as the President. He is not likely to be even threatened with impeachment. Mr. BOUTWELL, at a meeting in Faneuil Hall in Boston, announced that he should move in Congress an inquiry looking to impeachment. Mr. LORING, in supporting the nomination of General BUTLER, says that he is pledged to the same course. As it probably will be, Congress will meet, Congress and send in his Message as if nothing had happened? If he be persuaded that he is likely to be impeached, is it not possible that he might endeavor to gain the advantage in advance over the impeaching body?

These are questions that can not fail to suggest themselves to every one.

But we hope sincerely that the President may not only hear but fully understand the result of the elections. He has constantly asserted that he was the special representative. He has now heard from the people. But as the spiritual medium always insists when the experiment fails that the conditions are not favorable, so the President may assert that not "the people" means the whole voting population of the country at the South as well as at the North. If, however, the President persists in that ground, he should remember that even then the majority of an entire Congress must be held to indicate the popular will, and that that has decided against him.

Since it has so decided, the President may now wisely and properly say and do what he did when the Civil War broke. He may present or veto. He may declare that he differs, but at the same time he may submit to the superior will. It is well for us all to anticipate that action upon his part, without losing sight of the possibilities of which we have spoken. That is the plain way of peace, and his own satisfaction in walking in it would be beyond his most ambitious dreams. Should he acquiesce in the popular decision, public opinion would forbid Mr. BOUTWELL and General BUTLER from fulfilling their pledge.

THE END OF THE "EVENING STAR."

THE fate of the New York and New Orleans steamship *Evening Star*, which sailed as one of a fortnight since, with almost three hundred passengers, of whom but a score escaped, is another of the terrible warnings which seem to pass almost unheeded. The disaster has become so perilous as the Southern coast passage. And what is the reason? Why at this moment is there such untold misery in so many homes? There seems to be no doubt of the reason whatever. Many of the ships that sail for the Southern ports are utterly unfit to go to sea. They are sent to sea when, if owners were but worthy, and crowded steamers have been floated upon the Southern coast passage only by the most strenuous exertions. While those who officially knew the facts and the dangers have been for various reasons silent.

The insecurity of this particular steamer has been alleged by "one who knows," but who ought to have known enough to sign his name to his testimony. He says: "Speaking generally, every thing about her was in a loose condition;" while JAMES HARRISON, secretary of the Steam Firemen's and Coal-passers' Association, writes to the *Times* that the *Evening Star* was manned by men who did not understand the engine and who were unused to the sea, and who were hired because they could be had upon better terms than proper seamen. And of how many other ships is the same thing true!

We do not forget that, in the excitement of so great a disaster, it is very easy and very common to exaggerate defects and to believe in carelessness. Moreover, at this season there are furious hurricanes before which the best and stanchest vessels may go down. But the knowledge of many of our readers will assure them that nothing also is easier, and nothing more common, than the most culpable carelessness in regard to steamers that carry an enormous crowd, and that the most frightful risks are often unnecessarily taken. Indeed it will be found that most of the melancholy disasters at sea, reported within a year or two past, have happened to ships of whose security there was great doubt, or of whose insecurity there was full knowledge. The Australian steamer that foundered some months since in the British Channel was notoriously unfit for sea-service.

It is not easy to indicate a remedy. The only sure one is the conscience and knowledge of the owners or examiners. But official examiners may sometimes be bribed, and owners are sometimes capable bribing. It would be a true service to humanity if passengers who have known of any real danger, or who have even experienced actual discomfort, would report the facts to the papers upon their responsibility. For these great companies are virtual monopolies, and the only check which the public has upon them is patronage. But while nothing is said of the perils escaped, and when a great accident is put off upon "Divine Providence," instead of being charged where it belongs—to the avarice or carelessness of men—no adequate or sufficient remedy will be applied. Yet if every such Company felt that the ship's passengers were a body of witnesses who would give ample evidence, it would take a very desperate case that the evidence should not be damning.

THE NATIONAL BUDGET.

THE Treasury Department has at length published its official account of the public revenue and expenditure for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1866. From this it appears that the expenditures of that year were $\$$520,814,337, of which $\$$281,649,701—or more than half—were for the War Department, and $\$$13,519,632 for the Navy Department; while the gross revenue was $\$$556,039,195, of which $\$$179,046,-630 were from customs, and $\$$309,226,812 from internal taxes. There was thus, on the business of the year, an excess of revenue over expenditure of $\$$39,691,857.

It need hardly be observed that though the war had ended in July, 1865, the year 1865-66 must nevertheless be classed, financially, among the years of the war. The war expenditure of the first quarter of that year, during which period three-fourths of the volunteer army were paid off and mustered out of service, were almost, if not fully, as heavy as during the corresponding period of the previous fiscal. They amounted to over $\$$165,000,000, being at the rate of $\$$660,000,000 per annum. From October they declined rapidly. During the two months ending on the 31st of August, 1865, and ending 31st March, 1866, they amounted to $\$$104,000,000, and for the last quarter of the year ending 30th June last they were only $\$$12,000,000.

Were it not for the bill of last session equalizing the bounties paid to volunteers, the army expenditures during the current fiscal year would not probably exceed $\$$40,000,000, or at most $\$$45,000,000. The Navy expenditure will probably be brought within the compass of $\$$25,000,000; say, at the outside, for the two arms, $\$$70,000,000 a year. For interest a sum of $\$$125,000,000 will probably suffice; and for civil, foreign, and miscellaneous service, including pensions and Indians, $\$$56,000,000. At this rate the aggregate public expenditure (exclusive of the money voted to the volunteers by last Congress) for the year 1866-67 will be as follows:

Army	$45,000,000
Navy	25,000,000
Interest charge	125,000,000
Civilian, foreign, pensions, etc.	56,000,000
Total expenditure	$251,000,000

On the other hand, the customs revenue last fiscal year was $\$$179,046,630. Thus far the customs revenue for 1866-67 shows a considerable increase; and though it is not particularly safe to speculate upon the probable course of our foreign trade, especially in the present condition of the gold and exchange markets, the prospect now is fair for a revenue in customs (gold) for the current fiscal year of not less than $\$$200,000,000. The internal revenue may be estimated more nearly. During the first quarter of the fiscal year 1865-66 trade was in a feverish condition, owing to the heavy fall in gold and the general dislocation of commerce produced by the peace; hence the revenue from taxes was light. Thus far this year trade has all branches has been prosperous, and if no commercial revulsion occurs the chances are that it will continue so throughout the remainder of the year. In this event it would be fair to estimate the produce of the internal revenue tax at not less than $\$$400,-000,000 as against $\$$309,226,812 in 1865-66. The miscellaneous revenue of government, which was large in 1865-66, owing to heavy sales of government property and war material rendered useless by the end of the war, will be less this year, probably $\$$50,000,000 as against $\$$65,126,966 in 1865-66. At this rate the public revenue of the United States during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1867, would be as follows:

Customs Revenue	$200,000,000
Internal Revenue	400,000,000
Direct Tax and Lands	5,000,000
Miscellaneous	50,000,000
Total Revenue	$655,000,000
Deduct Expenditure as above	251,000,000
Estimated surplus	$404,000,000

In other words, if these calculations be verified, the country will have an excess of income over expenditure of up to 15 per cent. of its total indebtedness, and will be enabled to cancel so much of the principal of its debt after paying interest on the whole.

If any thing could be more remarkable than this statement of income and expenditure by a country just emerged from a four years' exhausting war, it would be the fact that, in the face of this astounding display of resources, the obligations of this same country are offered for sale at a discount of 25 per cent. At 70@72 per cent. Europe can purchase a new issue of six per cent. bonds as it wants; and at home, the United States dollar, for the due payment of which we pledged the entire resources of this great country, with an income more than double its expenditure, will only purchase seventy-two cents in gold. A merchant who could show as large an excess of income over expenditure as the country shows would think himself outraged if his paper did not sell readily at 5 @ 6 per cent. interest—assuming that his character were good, and his record clean. Why is it otherwise with the National credit?

Something must be allowed for past mismanagement of the public finances. The throwing away of thirty odd millions of coin in May last transferred the control of the gold market from the Government to the Gold Room, and even at this day enables the unscrupulous operators of that locality to corner the market, and force up the premium. Yet so little wisdom do people learn by experience as to suppose that *This* one keeps, from day to day, hounding on Mr. MCCULLOCH to repeat the blunder of May, and sell his reserve to enable rest our only hope of a resumption of specie payments.

Nor is the record of the Government entirely clean. A large proportion of the current legal tender notes bear on their face the promise that they are exchangeable for Five-Twenty six per cent. bonds. Many holders have applied for the Department for such bonds. They have been told that the Department could not fulfill its bargain for want of appropriate legislation. This is quite sufficient to account for some depression in the public credit. Only securities will never command the price to which our revenues and our resources entitle them so long as the slightest taint of repudiation adheres to the administration of the finances.

For the rest, we must have patience. Our vast capacity to bear taxation is comparatively a new discovery. Only a couple of years ago, sound and judicious financiers doubted whether the people would submit to be taxed an amount sufficient to meet the interest—to say nothing of the principal—of the national debt, and with the best wishes in the world for the prosperity of the nation, dissuaded their friends from purchasing Five-Twenties at 45 in gold. Opinion has since taken a vast stride onward. In financial effect follows, though at a slower pace. Our sweet friends of the London *Times*, who predicted that Americans would be ruined by its purchases of Five-Twenty bonds @ 45, almost recommend the investment of British capital in the same securities at 70. By-and-by, when the true financial status of this country is realized, they may seem cheap at 90. And as to the Gold-Room, it, too, may once more realize that riches have wings. Twice or thrice since its establishment has an unexpected turn in the market stripped the kings of that unclean realm of their money. Let them beware of the Law of Averages. Gold is scarce, the necessities of the merchants are pressing, and "the game is a sure one, if you have nerve," so they say; but for all this we tell them: **Beware of the Ides of November!**

THE POPULAR JUDGMENT.

THE elections of this autumn are full of triumph for every man who honestly believes in the intelligence of the people. Indeed there is no hope, and of course no confidence, for any one who does not. A man like Mr. THURLOW WEED, who never appreciated the force and value of the moral conviction which underlies popular action, is a mere terror-stricken ass and utterly adrift at a time when the only sure reckoning is to be made by confiding in the good sense and justice of the people. He is therefore obliged to the ridiculous plan of flying from the storm into the cave of the winds. He thinks there is danger ahead, and incontinently frantic to himself to the society of those from whom the danger is now to be apprehended, as it has always proceeded. Mr. WEED in the same breath complains of the appointment of a Copperhead to office by the President, and declares that he hopes a Copperhead may be elected to office by the people. That is the exact measure of the value of his judgment.

But his hopes are being sadly disappointed. The elections show that there is no reaction, and that the whole weight and blandishments of the Executive patronage are not powerful enough even to bend the line of loyal hearts, but best still as they have been for six years, true to the Union and to liberty. The plan of the Executive and Copperhead alliance has been to devote every energy to carrying certain Congressional districts, so as to secure a majority

of the whole number in a full Congress by uniting the Copperheads with the members elected in the Southern States. This plan has utterly failed. The people have defeated it exactly as they defeated every rebel and Copperhead combination during the war, and exactly as they will defeat every other rebel attempt.

Questions of tariff and finance, however radical and important, must, in the nature of things, yield to a question of the national existence. For nothing less than that is the exact central point of the present situation. Should the President's policy succeed, the national unity is a tempered question. Parties would continue grouped as they now are. On one side there would be the party of the old State-rights school, and on the other the Union party. The difference between them is not one of policy under the Government, but of the very nature of the Government itself. And while such a party division has no other is possible.

It seems to us very necessary that all Union men should constantly bear this fact in mind. While the present situation continues, while part of the States are unrepresented, and the main question is upon what conditions they shall be admitted, all other debate is impertinent and dangerous, except as a discussion of expediency within the party. If a Union man who favors protection sees Congress inclining to free-trade, or a free-trade Unionist sees signs of a tariff, let him remember that though it may be an evil, and an evil sufficient to drive him in ordinary times from the party, yet now the alternative is pursuit of the Union party or surrender of the Government to the party which is still warm with the effort to destroy it.

The grand proof of the capacity of the people is, that they see this just as plainly as any man can state it. They have not gone astray in the mists of theories of trade, or upon any point of merely material expediency, but they have held steadily to the primeval principle of the national existence. It is this which binds their victorious columns together from Maine to Iowa. It is the voice of fidelity to this essential necessity which is heard ringing out of the mines of Pennsylvania and over the prairies of Indiana. When the national security is beyond doubt—when the unrepresented States have returned under just conditions, and the ground is firm beneath our feet, then we may turn to other issues, and other parties will arise upon secondary policies and expedients.

SHEEP AND DEMAGOGUES.

The Richmond *Times* has an easy explanation of the situation. It all comes from the fact that "The masses of the Northern people do not think for themselves. They are led like sheep by their demagogues, and evil times having put bad men in office, the grooves of error into which they have slided are now difficult to leave." It adds that the "North has not had such a deluge as would cleanse all her gutters. The South has apparently been equally unfortunate; some Augean gutters remain.

Does the *Times* suppose that any sensible man will imagine that such stuff is written for people who think for themselves and who are not led like sheep by demagogues? If good sense and moderation are the necessities of the time is it sensible and moderate to say, as the *Times* does, that "Cimmerian darkness envelops the intellect of that howling faction which will neither heed the voice of justice nor listen to the cry of suffering which comes up from this stricken land." Of what does the *Times* complain? Of the unwillingness of a sensible nation to put a premium upon treason. In the view of the *Times*, not to reward States which have plunged the country with bloody war by giving them twelve additional representatives for a population which those States themselves differentiate, is to be enveloped in Cimmerian darkness and to be a howling faction.

The *Times* also alludes to the "fell spirit and demoniac power which drenched the land in blood." That is a very characteristic portrait of the spirit and the party which stole custom-houses, forts, and ships, and fired upon Fort Sumter when peaceful, drowned, shot, and maimed Southern Union men, and tortured Northern Union men in prison pens. Is it because "the masses of the Northern people do not think for themselves" that the Richmond *Times* imagines they will believe the Government of the United States to have been that "howling party"? Or is it because the masses of the Southern people are *not* led like sheep by their demagogues that they swallow such chaff as food?

Once more the Richmond *Times* speaks of "that fierce tempest of blind hate and passion which, urged on by all the arch-fiends of Radicalism, is now sweeping the North from centre to circumference." What, again, is this tempest? It is the resolution of those whose hearts and homes are bleeding, that the hand which smote them shall not be paid for its devilish work. This "blind hate" does not call for a word or an act of vengeance; this "passion" demands only that the worst conceivable treason shall not be consummated; these "arch-fiends of Radicalism" ask only that the States shall be equal in representation.

These are the "grooves of error into which they have slided," these unthinking masses of demagogue-led sheep, and they are now very "difficult to leave." Indeed, they are quite impossible. The Charleston *News* sees this clearly. Having seen the election returns, it says:

"Disagreeable as the prospect may be, we are forced to conclude that, without any power in us to control the tide of events, we are drifting slowly back into the Union on the terms of the Abolitionized Government, and that we will only cease to occupy our present anomalous position when we are represented in Congress by men who can take the test oath, and when our States stand where they did when we have never violated an express oath of allegiance to the United States."

We trust the eyes of the Richmond *Times* may soon be opened likewise.

MR. STEWART'S TENEMENT HOUSES.

The proposal of Mr. A. T. Stewart to give a million of dollars for the erection of good tenement houses, upon condition that proper ground shall be supplied, is a generous offer in which the whole public is interested. For so large a sum, judiciously expended, should be sufficient to establish a few models of such buildings. There has been a great deal of attention devoted to the model lodging-house, especially in London, and it is quite time to see something were done in this country to furnish better houses to those who are able to pay only the smallest rents. The extortion practiced upon the poor by the owners of the dens and cellars in which the poorest people of this, or of any great city, huddle is among the chief infamies of civilization. If half the money now given to the prevention of crime that is bestowed upon its punishment, the sum of human happiness would be infinitely increased, and every man's taxes would be lessened. At least half our taxes go to correct consequences which a very little foresight would have avoided.

Mr. Stewart's example in this matter is one which may very profitably followed. It is one also which is not only most serviceable but most natural to this country. The system of opening up happily the great cheap properties which exist wherever a family is to be "found ed" or maintained, and where, consequently, great hereditary estates are to be acquired and sustained. That is a ruinous selfishness which is entirely uncongenial to our climate. When a rich American has built a fine house in town and country his whole social importance could be wastefully expensive, even if it be profuse and splendid, for our scale is entirely different. Of course any man may toss money away; but the spur of an English estate, for instance, and his expenses are very different from those of the American merchant. The tendency here is happily not merely to the gross enjoyment of great fortunes, but to the participation of their advantages with the public. The Vassar College, the Cooper Union, the Astor Library, the Central Park, are illustrations which at once occur to every New Yorker, while other States have their own monuments of the same kind.

We do not understand that Mr. Stewart's intention is to erect a "Poor-house," or a place in which poor people are to be made paupers in a decent as such, but to build handsome, useful and pleasant dwellings at truly moderate but just rents. He does not offer a premium upon poverty; he hopes to provide respectable men and convenient lodgings at the same price which is now paid for nolsomeness, filth, darkness, disease, and death. Probably he knows quite as well as the rest of us that clean houses alone are not enough to make clean people; but he doubtless is also fully aware that dirty and detestable houses do not make clean people. We see, also, we may infer, that a vital reform of the inhabitants of the slums must begin outwardly in the material conditions. Sunday-schools, however excellent in themselves, are very pointless to a starving man; while the Christianity which begins by stimulating and helping those who are willing to help themselves is the very one which once proved to be a system of brotherly love. Good tenement houses in New York will be a model for all other cities, while the wise example will lead to many more inspire similar designs every where.

IMBECILE FURY.

The *National Intelligencer* of Washington—a paper latterly known only by its abject servility to the President—says, with amusing falsity and fury, "They know that they are sworn to resist the restoration of the Union to the last extremity and with every means of violence which they can invoke." The desperate follies which are thus intent upon national destruction are those who do not think that rebellion ought to be rewarded, and who believe in those who have been true to the Union, rather than in those who have made war upon it for four years. They also hold that the people in Congress are the proper authority to settle the questions arising from an armed effort to destroy the nation, and they object to the admission of accused persons to the jury-box at their own trial. They also believe that the Union is not dissolved and its most solemn pledges are to be inviolably respected by the people; and they are now engaged in expressing at the ballot-box their judgment upon such "conservative" influences as the *National Intelligencer*.

That delightful journal sees national safety only in the Conservative course of patriots like his Honor Mayor Monroe, of New Orleans, and perceives vital fidelity to the Constitution and the Union only in Judge Raphael Semmes, of the Probate Court of Mobile, or the Northern Governors who refuse to hear that John Logan's yacht, the *Alabama*, had come to grief two or three years ago. The people who have saved the Union are the mere canaille, thinks the *National Intelligencer*. Those who by fire and blood and unimaginable tortures of Union soldiers strove to destroy it, are its proved friends. The men of Copperhead faith hissed and darted at every act of the Government during the war in the true Union League; while those who elected Lincoln and told up his arms are a disorganizing, incendiary crew, of which the delectable *National Intelligencer* exclaims with anguish, "Anarchy is its opportunity; cruelty is its passion; and bloodshed is its game." The anarchy of the Union party was proved, probably, by saving the Government; its cruelty by not imitating the "conservatism" of Andersonville, its falsehood by asserting the truth of the Declaration of Independence.

It has been understood for some years that the *National Intelligencer* survived only by liberal alms; but what an enormous supply of Executive cold pieces must have been bestowed to produce such a ludicrous explosion of "Conservative" gratitude.

"AND, MOTHER! DRAW IT MILD!"

Carl Schurz took the liberty of observing that the freedmen universally celebrated the last Fourth of July while the late rebels did not. Thereupon the *Louisville Observer*, in Lincoln County, Kentucky, remarks:

"Is that any of your business, you squash-headed, flap-eared, beer-swilling, garlic-eating, negro-loving, Dutch scoundrel? We don't, we don't know about the Sixth, or the Fourth of July either! We are old on country, and always celebrate the anniversary of its independence in a becoming manner until it was overrun by several millions of Dutch, Irish, Scotch and cutthroats like yourself, whose votes were bought up by Northern demagogues at a pint of liquor beer each."

The *Observer* is wrong, of course, a warm friend of "conciliation" and "magnanimity," and has no patience with an "unconstitutional Congress," which suggests that rebellion shall not be rewarded with increased political power.

VENTILATION AGAIN

It is a previous article we developed the principles of ventilation; but there are some practical points in their application which we will now very briefly notice.

Before coal was introduced so extensively, and the open fire-place was in general use, there was ordinarily sufficient ventilation, at least among people in comfortable circumstances. The upward current in the chimney secured both that agitation of the air in the room which is necessary to the diffusion of noxious gases, and that change of the air by which it is renewed from without. This supposes, however, a sufficient flue for the introduction of fresh air. There was generally no difficulty about this as houses were formerly constructed—enough to spend good deal of time and service about the doors and windows, with the necessary occasional opening of the doors, to supply the want. But not so with the kitchen fire-place, where there are no doubt windows, making an almost air-tight arrangement. Then there must be some special provision for the introduction of fresh air.

In heating rooms from a hot-air furnace it is easy to effect proper ventilation. Here fresh air is constantly introduced, and in such a way as to agitate the air in the room. All that you need in addition, therefore, is sufficient outlets to afford a proper escape for the air, and these secure continual change. An objection is sometimes made to this mode of warming, that it tends to dry the air by heating it, as it issues at the furnace, and therefore is not fresh air. But what is meant by burned air? The gases which are produced by combustion, and escape in the heated flue, unless it be the oxygen, and that only by oxidizing the iron, which can not be done to any appreciable extent, if at all. Impurities in the air may be burned, and the products may or may not be deleterious, but we are supposing that the air which goes to the furnace is pure, as it does.

If the furnace be a steam-heater, the apartments being warmed by reservoirs of steam, there is here no introduction at all of fresh air, as there is in the ordinary furnace, and it must be secured by entirely independent expedients. These are very commonly not adequately practiced, sometimes wholly neglected, and it is probable that the great majority of houses heated by steam are nothing like as well ventilated as those which are heated in the common furnace.

In our arrangements for ventilation it is hopeless to avoid using portions of cold air strike upon individuals. In ill-ventilated public rooms, whose resort is had to temporary expedients, much harm is often done in this way, especially to persons who are in delicate health. It is not our intention to discuss the various plans for ventilating rooms for public assemblies, but we would say that, in all cases, such permanent means of ventilation should be provided that there will be no necessity for resorting to temporary expedients. It will cost something to do this, for the simple reason that, besides the expense of providing for more heat to heat a sufficient supply of fresh air than half or one-third of that quantity. A few hundred dollars will cover all the expense of apparatus for any church or hall. This expenditure should be considered, in every case, an absolute necessity; and if it can not be provided for in any other way, it should be taken from the ornamentation of the building; for pleasing the eye is of small importance compared with the vital necessity of getting the lungs their due supply of air. But this is not the common sentiment; and any one who advocates the securing of ventilation in the construction of a public building will encounter opposition from the great mass of those who are interested. The difficulties that he will meet with are thus given by a clergyman, who succeeded in having his church properly ventilated at a expense of only three hundred dollars: "First, he will meet with indifference and opposition, and even ridicule. From the many of those who are to be the most benefited. Secondly, not one architect in a hundred will render him the least assistance. Thirdly, builders will be sure to regard the whole thing as a humbug, and if not closely watched will trick up his flue or flues after his tales, or do some other careless or malicious thing which will frustrate all his plans."

A harm is done to the health from imperfect ventilation in churches and halls, much more is it so in ill-ventilated factories and work-shops; for here the effect is both prolonged and often great. And to say nothing of humanitarian considerations, securing ventilation in a manufactory is a matter of economy in the sense. Just so far as there is a lack of supply of fresh air will there be a diminution of vigor in the workmen, and consequently a reduction in the amount of work which will be accomplish. Their efficiency depends as much on their being well aired as on their being well fed.

If the health as well as the comfort is to be warmed by a hot-air furnace, and there be freedom in leaving the doors of rooms open, there is no difficulty in effecting the ventilation in the simplest means. The letting down of a window from the top will secure the best air current. But when each room is warmed by itself more care is needed to guard against exposure to cold currents. The smaller the room the greater is the difficulty. It is accordingly difficult to ventilate properly a small room heated by a close stove; and therefore, even among well-informed people, a great deal of air is breathed over and over again in such rooms to the constant deterioration of the health. It we remember that the object to be attained is the exposure of every one person every hour, we can have some appreciation of the failure of this supply to persons who spend the greater part of their time in offices. It is accordingly difficult to ventilate properly a small room heated by a close stove; and therefore, even among well-informed people, a great deal of air is breathed over and over again in such rooms to the constant deterioration of the health. It we remember that the object to be attained is the exposure of every one person every hour, we can have some appreciation of the failure of this supply to persons who spend the greater part of their time in offices. It is the consequent depressing influence to which the physical system is subjected. The effect is like that of a slow general poisoning, breaking down the health gradually but surely. Defective ventilation is, in fact, one of the prominent causes of disease, especially in cities, where there is so much economy as to room, even among people that can well afford to have enough good air.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ELECTIONS.

General Geary's majority for Governor in Pennsylvania is 11,000 and more. There was a fullquorum of the Union vote in Philadelphia, but this was counterbalanced by the absence of the Home Guard. The Union gain of two Union Congressmen, Mr. Cake succeeding Mr. Chapman, and Mr. Cowden, Mr. Myers.

The Union majority in Indiana is about 12,000. The Union Congressional delegation remains as at present, a decision as in the present Congress.

In Ohio the Union majority amounts to nearly 50,000. The Congressional delegation remains essentially as at present.

Iowa goes all one way. She has not a single Democratic Congressman.

NEWS ITEMS.

Another city in Maine suffered severely from fire on October 19th. More than 1500 persons were driven from A fire broke out in Wiscasset, and raged for nine hours, destroying half the business portion of the place, and rendering forty families homeless.

Letters from Hayti, dated Cape Haytien, September 18, state that the arsenal, containing a large quantity of gunpowder, was struck and exploded, the fire spreading and destroyed the greater part of the town. Several thousand lives were lost. The loss of life is reported as very heavy.

A fire on 19th October a few broke out in a suburb of Quebec, in the house of a grocer, and destroyed from 1500 to 2000 houses, dwellings, rendering homeless upward of eighteen thousand people.

FOREIGN NEWS

The Emperor Napoleon left for Biarritz on the 6th of September. The state of his health, according to all accounts, is not to excite alarm. The Gulf Stream, which is on the Bay of Biscay, the Emperor hopes to derive much benefit from his sojourn during the period. At Biarritz Count Bismarck met the Emperor Napoleon by appointment of the utmost importance. Question is that which now presses for solution upon the attention and the attentive Emperor's late speech. Italy promises to withdraw from Venetia, and to respect the Pope. But some of the Powers insist that the Pope shall not only be the defense of the Pope's authority is to be maintained. The Pope has refused to accept the terms which they offer, but a necessary portion of 1100 men to whom Monsignor Merode Landelle has entrusted the command of the Papal troops will scarcely suffice to defend the Papal States against the attacks of the Italians. The latter will proceed with caution, and will not, it is said, cross the frontiers without a violent outbreak. of the Emperor keeps his attention fixed on Rome. The question of the Pope will be limited by the walls of the Vatican and the Quirinal. As to the military force of the Pope and Spain for the Pope's protection, they will never be allowed to land.

The Cretan insurrection appears to be confined to the island. There is nothing further of any progress of revolutionary movements on the Turkish main land. The Turkish troops are said to be concentrating. They will be able to throw continually fresh troops into Crete as they may be needed, and the Greeks will be compelled to flee to the mountains or leave the island. The latter course many are taking, and no less than 40,000 of the Turkish peasantry have quitted their houses in the interior and fled for safety to the city of Candia. If this continues the wealth and labor of the country will be scared away from the scenes of outrage and bloodshed that may take place, and the Turkish Government will be unmolested in the sway over the solitude they have made. It is possible that Count Bismarck may seem, in this state of affairs, to be advisable in the interests of humanity.



"BABY HAS DROPPED ASLEEP."

Now Franky, boy, 'tis time for bed;
Put up those books, I pray:
And Katy, dear, those toys of yours
Must all be cleared away.
The clock struck six some time ago,
Sounding through all the room;
And ere it gives us seven, you know,
Father will be at home.

He says there is no place to him
So sweet as this his home;
So sweet that he can never care
Elsewhere for joy to roam.
So let us make it nice and snug,
That he may not complain,
But feel it o'er his guiding-star
Through all the dark and rain.

Now softly, Frank; don't make a noise—
Baby has dropped asleep:
She's been as good as gold all day;
I want her so to keep.
Off with your boots, and say your prayers;
You must be ready quite
To go to bed when father comes,
And you have said "good-night."

NOTES FROM A SEA JOURNAL.

By ROGER STARBUCK.

In the year 18— our ship, the *St. Athans*, anchored off Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.

The vessels in the harbor were mostly whalers; but there was a large merchantman anchored to windward of us; and about fifty fathoms ahead lay the Russian frigate *Diana* of fifty guns. Beneath me, on our decks, the men were at work, bunting water-casks from the hold, under the superintendence of Mr. Gibbs, the first mate, who, to the amusement of some of the Russian officers leaning over the quarter-rail of their vessel, was constantly breaking one of the ten commandments in a manner peculiarly his own. Suddenly he paused and colored with confusion as a tall, thin, benevolent-looking old gentleman, who had come off in a shore boat, stepped aboard, and, touching him on the shoulder, offered him a tract. The visitor was immediately recognized as the Rev. S. C. Damon, Seaman's Chaplain, and editor of a Honolulu paper. His timely arrival was hailed with pleasure by the persecuted watchmen, to each of whom he presented a tract and a copy of his interesting little paper, *The Friend*. Soon the first officer, who had dodged into the cabin, reappeared, dressed in shining broadcloth. He seemed to think that the splendor of his attire would atone for his late violent behavior; he strutted rather than walked toward the "divine," and grasping his hand, pompously remarked that "he was now in a fit condition to welcome his visitor to the ship in the absence of the captain, who was ashore."

The Chaplain was evidently amused. He said, however, that he was very glad to be so kindly received. Then, having by this time distributed all his tracts and papers, he turned to depart, gently declining an invitation from the mate to step into the lower hold and see the "fun" (oil).

An hour later I was ashore. Having a few reals to spend I entered a shop kept by a Chinaman to purchase a straw-hat. While trying one on I heard a plaintive voice outside of the store, and turning saw an old Kanaka—a pitiful-looking object, who seemed to have lost the use of both legs—clinging to the sleeve of a gentleman whom I recognized as a well-known and very benevolent "missionary."

The native was begging for a few cents; he declared that he had not eaten any thing for several days, except a piece of a watermelon, thrown to him by a sailor.

To my surprise the missionary, turning a deaf ear to the man's pleading, disengaged himself from his clutches and hurried off.

"That is very strange," I said, turning to the shop-keeper; and I put down the hat, remarking that I had concluded to give my reals to the beggar.

The Chinaman could not speak a word of English. He posted himself between me and the beggar, however, and motioned me back, rattling off at the same time a whole volley of words in his own tongue, which I could not understand. I pushed past him and gave my reals to the beggar, who thanked me with tears in his eyes, after which he dragged himself toward a bake-shop not far distant.

Feeling very glad that I had found an opportunity to relieve the sufferings of a fellow-creature, I returned to the ship.

Early the next morning, while seated in the steerage, I heard on deck such cries as are seldom heard in port.

"There it is!" screamed a number of voices—"there blows!—off there toward the reef—a big blackfish!"

I rushed on deck, and glancing to leeward saw, sure enough, the well-known spout. It was seen, I believe, almost at the same instant, by every man on the decks of the whole fleet; for a simultaneous shout, that seemed to pierce the very caverns of the clouds overhead, now was heard, followed by clamorous orders to "clear away the boats there!"—to "hurry up that line"—to "get those harpoons ready," etc. etc.

In a few minutes the waters of the harbor were dotted with hundreds of boats, their crews with rolled up sleeves and strained eyeballs, pulling like madmen toward that single spout. Four blackfish!—it had certainly entered upon dangerous ground. The din of voices was terrific; while each officer, anxious for the honor of being the first to strike the fish, encouraged his crew with all the power of his lungs; the rigging of the merchant ships and the frigate swarmed with spectators, who laughed, clapped their hands, and applauded. I belonged to the larboard boat, which, on this occasion, contained the best oarsmen in the fleet, as was soon proved by our leaving our competitors many fathoms behind us.

On we flew, and presently I heard the mate order our harpooner, Tom Chimes, to "stand up."

A moment later we peaked our oars, when the voice of the first officer, shrieking the well-known order, "Give it to him!" pierced our ears. While went the iron from Tom's hand, and, turning, we were sorry to discover that he had missed.

Breeching its full length out of water, the frightened fish now bounded like a shot over the surf that sweeps, booming, across the reef at this point to a great height.

To stem the careering wall of water in a whale-boat was out of the question, so the whole fleet of boats now became nearly stationary, their crews and officers uttering yells and groans of disappointment.

Suddenly, however, all eyes were riveted upon a canoe, which, worked by a single native, was rapidly approaching the reef. In the bow stood another Kanaka, armed with a well-sharpened harpoon of great length and calibre. As the light vessel shot past us I was astonished to recognize in this man the old beggar to whom I had given my reals!

I pointed him out to Tom Chimes, and told my story in a few words. "You've been imposed upon," said he; "that chap is an old Kanaka who is worth his thousands, earned by whaling in different vessels as harpooner. Of late years he's grown lazy and taken to begging for a living, pretending to those who don't know him that he has lost the use of his legs. Now, however, is there's a chance for him to make something in an easy way—for he's one of the best at an iron that was ever known—he's grown smart again!"

Even as my shipmate spoke, the canoe, skillfully worked by the man at the paddle, was borne forward over the reef with terrific velocity on the crest of a sea that rose to a height not less than thirty feet!

This manœuvre is often practiced by the natives of Oahu, and is performed with a skill that usually enables them to clear the reef without shipping a drop of water into their frail vessels. Very soon we perceived that the Kanaka was fast to the blackfish. He had contrived to strike that tender part of its body which by whalemen is termed the "life spot." The creature came up near the beach, spouting blood, and died in a few minutes.

Subsequently the Kanaka sold his prize to a whaling captain in the harbor for fifty dollars, after which, I believe, he continued his occupation of street begging, until he was arrested and locked up in the calaboose.

When released he shipped in a vessel bound to the United States. I do not know whether he is now living or dead; there are few old whalemen, however, who have not heard of "Kanaka Jim," once the best harpooner that ever hurled an iron from a boat's bow.



ORANGE-PEEL;

OR, A NEW-TESTAMENT LAW.

"EMMA," said a faithful nurse, "don't throw that orange-peel on the flags, and thereby break a New-Testament law."

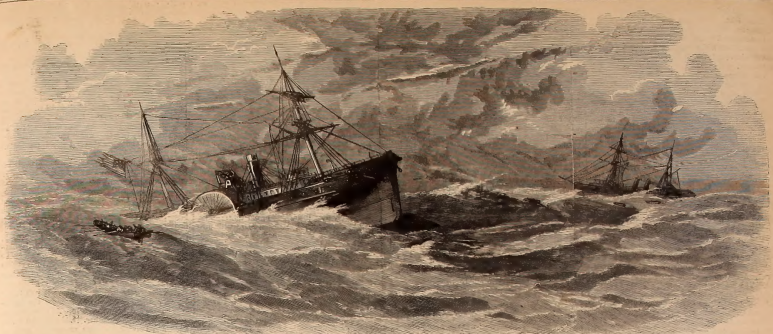
"What! is there a law in the New Testament about orange-peel?"

"'*Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*' You would not like any one to throw you down, or cause you to stumble, and perhaps injure a limb for life. Do not, then, endanger the life or limb of another. Many have been lamed for life by people throwing, as you have done, pieces of orange-peel on the flags. Some time ago a porter in New York was carrying a heavy bag on his back, when he stepped on a piece of orange-peel which a boy had carelessly thrown on the flags, and that fall caused his death. When his poor wife and children arrived at the hospital he was a corpse! I could tell you of several cases of persons who are cripples for life through falls by orange-peel. If, therefore, you would love your neighbor as yourself never throw orange-peel on the flags."

"Thank you, nurse, for so kindly reproving me of a very thoughtless habit. I will strive not only to remember what you have said about the New-Testament law, but will also throw off from the flags any pieces of orange-peel that I may find left there by others."



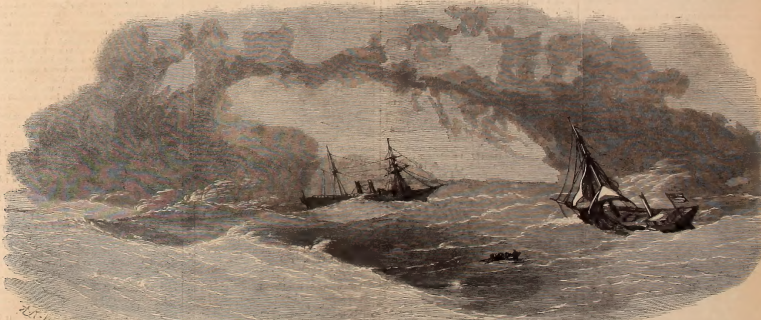
ORANGE-PEEL.



SINKING OF THE "DANIEL WEBSTER," AND SAVING OF THE PASSENGERS AND CREW BY THE "GEORGE CROMWELL," OCTOBER 3, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY W. D. HEMPSTEAD.]



SINKING OF THE "EVENING STAR," OCTOBER 3, 1866.



THE "GEORGE CROMWELL" PICKING UP THE CREW OF THE SCHOONER "MINNEHAHA," OCTOBER 4, 1866.
[SKETCHED BY W. D. HEMPSTEAD, PURSER OF THE "GEORGE CROMWELL."]

THREE SHIPWRECKS.

WE illustrate on this page three shipwrecks—those of the *Daniel Webster*, the *Manchaka*, and the *Evening Star*, occurring during the recent disastrous gales off the Atlantic coast. The *Daniel Webster* and the *Manchaka* were so fortunate as to prove shipwrecks fatal only to the vessels, while the *Evening Star* foundered and went down with nearly all of her passengers.

The *Daniel Webster* (Captain J. BOLDER), a side-wheel steamship of 1050 tons, was owned by Captain GEORGE S. WRIGHT. She was used as a transport during the war, but has since plied as a regular trader between New York and Mobile. She started on her last trip for Mobile September 27, with a crew numbering 25, and 18 passengers. On the 29th she encountered strong gales, with a heavy sea and rain. The gale increased, and on the evening of October 2 there came on a heavy storm with a tremendous sea, the vessel laboring heavily and shipping large quantities of water. Before the morning of the 3d the gale had become a hurricane, and the ship hove to. The guard and wheel-house were broken up at 4 P.M. on the 3d, and the vessel had the appearance of a wreck. That night a heavy sea stove in the forecastle hatch, and every sea that came on board went below and the ship filled rapidly, the water putting out the fires. The pumps now gave out, and all hands, including the passengers, went to bailing water. The vessel was soon at the mercy of the elements and sinking. At 7

A.M. on the 4th the *George Cromwell* (Captain VAILE) bore in sight. The boats were launched and the passengers, with the greater portion of the crew, were transferred to the *George Cromwell*. At 10.30 A.M. the *Emanuel Webster* sank, stern foremost. She was an old vessel, and believed by some to be unseaworthy.

The schooner *Minnehaha*, of Baltimore, sailed from Savannah for Richmond September 29. On the 30th, about 35 miles east from Charleston, she encountered a gale which soon increased to a hurricane with a tremendous sea. The vessel sprang a leak, and the hands applied themselves to the pumps. On the 4th of October the crew, numbering five persons, were saved by the *George Cromwell* from a disastrous death by shipwreck.

But the *Evening Star* had no saving *George Cromwell* near her when she went down, October 3, in a hurricane. The *Evening Star* was considered a good vessel, and was built in this city at a cost of $500,000. She was one of the celebrated Star Line of steamships, plying between New York and New Orleans. She was under the charge of WILLIAM KNAPP, an officer of acknowledged ability and experience. She encountered a storm on the 2d, when 180 miles east of Tybee Island. After weathering the storm for seventeen hours she foundered at 8 A.M. on the 3d, with 270 souls on board. Only twenty-three persons are known to have been saved. All of the women but two seem to have been lost. The captain was drowned. There were on board nearly one hundred young women of the *demi-monde*, a New Orleans opera troupe, accompanying Forbes who had been engaged in Paris, and a circus company numbering about 30 persons.

It appears that the ship went down, boats and all. But a few of the crew and two or three of the passengers were fortunate enough to lay hold on the life-boats when they came to the surface. Forbes E. S. ALLEN and nine others were two days out on the open sea without food or water, when they were picked up by the *Fostering*, bound for Queenstown, England. On the 6th they were transferred to the *J. S. Waring*. The *Morning Star* picked up three of the crew and four passengers, two of whom were women. The third mate, three sailors, and a passenger, FRANK GARRARD, of Brooklyn, New York, succeeded in reaching Fernandina, Florida, October 7.

COUSIN JANE.

WHEN my little cousin, Jane Lumley, came to me one morning, and said in her blushing way: "Cousin William, Mr. Forbes has proposed to me, and I have accepted him," I felt that I must be a very old cousin indeed, a very safe cousin as girls would say, or she would never have chosen me for a confidant.

I was pleased, and I was sorry, to hear the tidings. I was pleased, because it was a very good offer; and I was sorry, because I knew Forbes would take Jane away—selfish animal!—and though I had never cared to marry her myself, I thought it a hard case to see her marry another. Forbes was a gentleman he had come first, so it was the predominant feeling, and I shook hands with Jane, and congratulated her on her good fortune. Forbes, though a widower, was not thirty: he was good-looking and accomplished; he was well off, too, and had a charming home within a convenient distance of London; in short, he was a most eligible husband for Jane, who had not a farthing of her own, and who owed the very clothes she wore to my father's kindness. Not that he thought it much kindness, dear old boy! Jane was a pet, and I feel pretty sure that he considered Mr. Forbes a very fortunate man in having secured her. Of course, I thought so too, for I knew Jane's value. Still Mr. Forbes's offer puzzled me.

Jane had come with her little story to me in the garden; we were alone in one of the grove arbors. She stood in the shade, bareheaded, modest, with a happy blush on her cheek, and a soft dewy light in her brown eyes. I had never seen her look half so well in her whole life as she looked then—and, shall I say it?—Jane did not look at all pretty? No, not as all. No one, indeed, could call Jane pretty or even plain; but there was an absence of beauty in her face, which was the more remarkable that pretty girls abounded in our country. She had a nice figure, a graceful carriage, a pleasant voice, and a happy look; that look she had, and no more. She was also a sensible girl, clever, well-bred, and unaffected, though dreadfully shy with strangers; but how could Mr. Forbes see any thing of what was her shyness? He had not seen her more than a dozen times in all, and Jane was so quiet that he must be a very penetrating and far-seeing man indeed if he had discovered her merits during those brief interviews. I ventured on expressing some surprise. "How do you both have been, Jenny," I said.

"No, William, not at all sly, I assure you," she replied, gravely. "I had no idea Mr. Forbes thought of such a thing till he mentioned it the other day."

"Then you did not say 'yes' at once, Jenny?"

"How could I? I was so confused that I should not even have asked for time to think over it, if he had not made the suggestion."

It was very plain that Jane was not in love; but then how cold it'd were! I had seen them together the day before this, and Mr. Forbes, for a young man, was a good lover, to say the least of it. In spite her inexperience in such matters, Jane felt some surprise too, and she expressed it with a mixture of seriousness and simplicity which delighted me, played with me, but which she had certainly never showed to Mr. Forbes.

I was alone with her on the evening before the wedding-day. We sat in the parlor, by one of the open windows, and we looked out at the garden. I could not help thinking that this garden would seem very dull and lonely when my little cousin Jenny was gone. No more should I hear her gayly carolling in the morning, as she ran down the alleys, light and lithe as a bird on the wing. No more would I see her reading in one of the arbor tent as a young Muse. No more would the waving of her muslin dress or the pattering of her little feet on the gravel give me pleasant thoughts of youth and girlhood. She was going off to Paris with that cold Mr. Forbes, and after their honey-moon trip he would . . . be her to his house and keep her there forever. These were dismal thoughts; so, with a groan, I said:

"You are going away to-morrow, Jane?"

"Yes," she answered, in a low voice. "Do you know, I can scarcely believe it, cousin William."

"Nonsense," I said, with a groan. "You like it. I have no doubt you are desperately in love with Mr. Forbes by this time."

"No, I am not," she replied, with one of her little solemn ways; "it is very odd, but I am not in love with Mr. Forbes, in spite of all his devotion to me."

Mr. Forbes's settlements had been very liberal indeed, but other devotion I had not seen.

"It is very wrong, I suppose, my dear Jenny, in a tone of keen remorse; "but it is no fault of mine, you know. Nevertheless, I spoke to Mr. Forbes about it the other day."

"Did you, though?" I exclaimed, rather startled at this unnecessary piece of candor.

"Yes; and he said it did not matter, that we should be very happy together, and that I would be, he knew, a good mother to his little boy."

I don't exactly know what I said; I gave little Jane; I dare say some truism about the non-necessity of ardent love on her part, for she said, in her serious way:

"So I think, cousin William; besides, you know, feeling that deficiency, I must, of course, make it up by living ever so much better. I might have been ill I had returned all Mr. Forbes's feelings."

But she sighed; perhaps the prospect of being so very good seemed to her a trifle in my young cousin. Aunt Mary came in and put an end to the conversation. I went out to smoke a cigar, and did not see Jane till the next morning.

A pleasant blushing bride my cousin looked, almost pretty and quite happy. Mr. Forbes was, as usual, very handsome, very polite, very genial. He sat down to say that he went through the trying marriage ceremony with much fortitude. When it was over he seemed to have cast a weight of care away, and accepted our congratulations and good wishes with something like a happy smile. The wedding-breakfast was late, and I did not see much of him before we all sat down; but, when we did sit, I thought Mr. Forbes looked a most excitable bridegroom, and that even quiet little Jane had very fitful spirits for a bride. I drew no conclusions until after breakfast, the library, where I stood alone, to bid me good-by. We had spent many pleasant hours in that library, and I did not wonder that Jane showed some emotion at leaving it forever. But when she came up to me, and, instead of taking my hand, threw her arms around my neck and laid her cold cheek on mine, I felt certain that sobs and tears, I felt a wonder verging on alarm.

"Jane, my dear girl, my darling, what ails you? I said, anxiously.

"I am going away," she sobbed; "oh, cousin William, I am going away!"

She would not stay. She was going away, but surely she had known that all along; and surely it was not to go and leave us that could put her in such a state of excitement. It was to go and meet a plantation from her. There was no time. The carriage was waiting; they were looking for her.

"I am coming, my love," I said, hurried, darting from me, and speaking in a light-hearted voice. I followed her out. Mr. Forbes handed her into the carriage, stepped in after her, and in a little course Jane, now Mrs. Forbes, was gone forever from among us.

Jane had not been long married when my father died: Aunt Mary was ordered to the south of France, and I remained alone with the housekeeper. I was very dreary indeed. Jane, whom I had proposed to Jane and married her, I fancied we should have made a happier couple than Mr. and Mrs. Forbes. She seemed to love me, I had never complained, but she never once said, "I am happy." She praised Mr. Forbes and his house, and spoke of her position and future prospects with pleasure. The theme that most frequently recurred in her letters was Arthur, Mr. Forbes's little boy. She recorded his sayings and doings with maternal pride, and I began to think that a young bride whose mind was so much engrossed by her husband's child could not be a very happy one. I had received a pressing invitation to Mr. Forbes's house, and though Jane did not once remind me of it, I resolved to visit the Elms. It would be a charity; besides, I wanted to see why Jane was not happy. I am bound to say that, though my visit was unexpected, Mr. Forbes received me with great civility.

"Jane will be delighted to see you," he said; "she is not with my little boy."

Jane came in presently with a sickly, peevish-looking little fellow—the wonderful Arthur, about whom she had had so much to write. She colored on seeing me, but deftly. I had not the least idea I could have believed it of Jane I should have thought she was sorry I had come. She stammered a welcome, however; but, as Jane always had, showed every opportunity of remaining alone with me. Once I caught her on the staircase.

"Well, Jane, are you happy?" I whispered.

"Oh, hush, hush!" she replied, shrilly. "Is not the Elms a charming place?" And she made her escape.

Yes, the Elms was a charming place; a brown old-fashioned, spacious mansion, with a gay flower-garden around it, and bowling-green in front, an ancient elm-trees scattered on a grassy slope. Truly the mistress of this pleasant abode and well-ordered household, the wife of that handsome, agreeable gentleman, ought to have been a happy woman; but she was not. I saw it at once. Jane had grown thin and pale, and looked sad and careworn. Nor did Mr. Forbes look a happy man. I did not like the slight frown which at times had spoiled in his handsome face. He was very kind to his wife, and strictly polite; but of fondness, of love, of tenderness, I saw no sign. He kept these for his child, who was certainly one of the most illtempered little five-year-old wretches I had ever seen. Yet Jane seemed to rival her husband in doting affection for that little monkey, who began our acquaintance by making faces at me, and followed it up by biting my leg before dinner. "He was a great sufferer," apologetically said his father.

I thought Jane's health was the particular instance, but I bore the pain—I have the mark to this day—with that heroism which politeness alone can inspire. I had intended going to Paris, and his wife a long visit; but our intentions have little power over the course of events. That same evening I was thrown from Mr. Forbes's stumbled over the root of a tree, and sprained my ankle. It was very provoking. My sprain was one of the worst; the doctor said so. I was called in ordered rest—total rest, he said. In short, I was condemned to spend many days, some weeks, perhaps, at the Elms. Mr. Forbes received unreceptionably; he was cordial, he was kind, he was hospitable; and my little Jane, on seeing me in severe pain, became more attentive than ever to her friend her uncle.

"I—I am very happy," she stammered.

"No, Jane, you are not; neither is Mr. Forbes. I do not see why you should not tell me the truth, Jane, if a word of sound, sensible advice from cousin William would help to set matters right, you may rely upon yourself the chance, and his pleasure, of that word?" Her color came and went; her head dropped on her lap; she clasped her hands and said:

"Oh! if you could—if you could tell me something—advise me, I—I—I am very unhappy."

Were you? I could only mutter to myself.

"I always suspected this," I replied, rather fearfully. "I did, indeed. I must know why he married you. Do you know?"

"Oh yes," she answered, in a very peculiar tone; "and that is just the mischief. If I had known nothing, all might have been well."

This was very mysterious. It took me some time and trouble to make Jenny more explicit; at length she said with a sob:

"When we were really married," she began, "and I came home his wife, and looked at him and felt myself his wife, I—I—I hated him. Oh! so happy. Perhaps you remember that, even before changing my dress, I went down the garden. I had a foolish fancy that there lay some of my favorite flowers and take them with me. I thought to be alone there; but some one had given Mr. Forbes a letter on our coming in, and he followed me to read it. I saw him in the summer-house, sitting in your chair, his head flung on the table, his arms clasped above it; and I—I—I thought nothing as if he were ill—not agony. I turned cold and trembled. I knew it was no physical pang that wrung those moans from him. I knew he had been reading what was on the ground by him. I picked it up and read it. It was from my hand, dated at sea. It had not heard, and he did not heed me. I looked at him at the first words; and when I had read them, I could not look at him till I had finished the whole."

God help me! It was a love-letter, written to my husband by one who had been compelled to marry him, lured by the eleven hundred a year of her error and asked to be forgiven! She wrote full of hope and fondness. She had suffered so much from Mr. Forbes's love, she said, to long every with his own Annie! Yes, she called herself his own. I was his wife; I had not been as dear formerly; I still was not as dear now as that poor, my orange-wreath, and another woman wrote thus to my husband! He now roused himself and saw me. I laid down the letter. He turned, and, pale face, no doubt, told him that I had read it; for he took it from me and walked away—both without a word. I remained where I was. "Was he sorry for the letter had not come sooner? Would he have given me up even at the foot of the altar? I knew better now—I had not been married to my husband before; but then my mind was not my own. One thing, however, was clear. He did not love me. He had wished to marry me in order to punish the ingrate, and to hurry our marriage in order to forestall hers, and show her how little he felt her faithlessness. He was very good, quiet, and not unattractive, that I might owe him much, and he, the rich, handsome gentleman, owe me very little. That was it, poor Jane! That was very like her.

"You know now why we are not, and can not be, happy. It is because I read that letter. I am Mrs. Forbes, and I am sorry, I pay for my error. I had remained ignorant I should have been content. Mr. Forbes would have acted his part to the end, and I should have had no way thought that I had fascinated him. But my poor little pride has had a fall, and little cousin Jane has been sorely punished for it. Tell me what you know all along that she was never loved, but merely made the instrument of an angry lover's revenge. Still, I must be just to Jane. I am sure he meant to make me very happy—to be generous, kind, and attentive, and perhaps, in the end, he would have liked me. Only, you know, you must. I know you must. As he is in your presence, so he is in private—a perfect gentleman. I, who meant to be so good, so devoted to him, never had a word to say, a look to my husband. I answer when he speaks, and that is all. I am cold as a statue when he is by. I feel it, I know it, and I can not help it: that Annie is ever between us, and she freezes me. I have never seen her; I do not know who she is, what she is like; but sometimes I lie awake at night and think, 'If he were to find them dead together, would he be very sorry; he could marry his Annie?'"

Poor little Jane! My heart ached for her, and it ached all the more that I fancied she was fond of her husband. "Jenny, Jenny," said I, with a sigh, "I will tell you why you can do nothing to win Mr. Forbes; it is because you love him."

She hid her face in her hands, and I saw her forehead, her neck even, turn crimson.

"Yes, that is it," she said at length, looking up and turning pale again. "I like him—I who reproached myself for not caring enough about him when we married—I who meant to try so hard to get that liking. I like him. He does not see it, he never will see it; but if he should I shall be the most wretched of women. It is the thought of my indifference that reconciles him to his fate; I know he trusts me, he would find it unendurable."

"How do you know that?" I asked, much startled.

"I can not tell you, but I know it. I nearly betrayed myself once, and I can not forget his look of uneasiness and alarm."

"Jane, you deceive your husband."

"No," she replied, quietly, "and you must not misunderstand me and wrong him. I am quiet, you know; well, I believe Mr. Forbes does took me partly for that. 'Here is a girl who will expect no devotion, no fondness, no nonsense,' he thought, 'nothing, at least, that I can not give her.' Suppose he finds out that I am not the woman he thought me, and that when I married I did expect to love and to be loved, will it be necessary to him to try and fulfill his part of the compact?"

Alas! that was true, and because it was true I heaved a deep sigh. At that moment the parlor-door opened and Arthur came in. At once he crept up to his young step-mother. She took him on her knee, and twining her arm round his neck she nestled on her bosom, and thence looked at me with a pale, pitiful little face that made me forgive him all his sins.

"Jane," I said, and I am not ashamed to add that my eyes were dim—"there is your hope and your link with the father."

Jane shook her head rather sadly.

"No link," she replied, "but, if possible, a cause of further division. When I came and found this poor sickly thing my heart yearned toward it, perhaps because it suffered like myself; perhaps," she added, with a fond blush, "because it was his. I called it, and it came. I caressed it, and it fell asleep in my arms. When it was sick I tended it; when it was peevish and fretful I bore with it. I bore with it; and thus, I suppose, it loved me. But, you see, it loves me too much. One who ought to be first is second now, and second he says. I am obeyed when another is not; and I am not his Annie that the preference should not be resented as against me, indeed, not against the child, but resented as a wrong. For if there be a being passionately loved it is this little fragile creature. He watched when he was born, and his father almost became a woman for his sake. He nursed him, he tended him, and I reap the whole fruit of love—I, who had not the care of the tree. But I can not help it. This is my comfort in sadness; this little warm living creature whispers to me, and I can not help it. When I talk to it and play with it, when I dress it, as I like to do daily, I feel almost happy. Arthur is not always as you have seen him to-day, cousin William; Arthur does not always bite, for Arthur is not always in pain, poor little fellow! He has days when he is bright and merry and rollicksome, without mischief, just like a young kid. Eh, Arthur?"

Arthur looked up; she stooped, and their lips met in a long fond kiss. They were thus when Mr. Forbes entered the room. I saw his color change as he perceived the child in his wife's arms; but he soon recovered his composure, came up to us cheerfully, and, bending over Jane's shoulder, asked Arthur to kiss papa. Arthur frowned, and gave papa a sulky push. Mr. Forbes tried to smile as he had already done, but the smile was forced, though a blush which followed it was real. I took no more of us perfect, and I am bound to say that as Arthur pushed his father away a saucy little look of triumph passed through Jane's tears. It was a look that to me, at least, said plainly: "I am not lonely; but there is one who loves me." Perfect! At was this look which, whether he understood it or not, made Mr. Forbes color like a girl.

Nothing is easier than to solicit confidence under pretense of giving advice. I have more troubles some, to a conscientious person, than to give the proffered counsel which the confidence begets. I have made. So, at least, I now felt, and I dreaded being alone with Jane again; but I found, to my great comfort, that she was under no such apprehension, that Jane had spoken to get relief, not to be advised. At least, she never asked me to suggest what line of conduct she should pursue with remedy to her sorrows. I pitied Mr. Forbes too. You see, it is one thing to marry a woman with the intention of giving and receiving affection and regard, and it is another thing to marry a girl who takes the bitterly of falling in love with you, and who feels separated by your side from what you know all along that she was never loved, but merely made the instrument of an angry lover's revenge. Still, I must be just to Jane. I am sure he meant to make me very happy—to be generous, kind, and attentive, and perhaps, in the end, he would have liked me. Only, you know, you must. I know you must. As he is in your presence, so he is in private—a perfect gentleman. I, who meant to be so good, so devoted to him, never had a word to say, a look to my husband. I answer when he speaks, and that is all. I am cold as a statue when he is by. I feel it, I know it, and I can not help it: that Annie is ever between us, and she freezes me. I have never seen her; I do not know who she is, what she is like; but sometimes I lie awake at night and think, 'If he were to find them dead together, would he be very sorry; he could marry his Annie?'"

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that he resented that love, or that it bored him; but he could not return it.

I was beginning to walk about with the help of a stick, when I saw Mr. Forbes go off in his chaise one morning with Arthur.

"Please to tell Jane that I am taking the child—" he said to me.

On hearing this Arthur, who had sat quietly till then, uttered a scream of dismay, and called on his "mumsie." I saw Mr. Forbes bite his lip, but he drove away all the faster, and both father and child were out of sight in a few moments. Jane had heard the cry, and now came down rather scared. On hearing the explanation I gave her she turned very pale.

"Oh, why does he take him to Harting?" she cried, piteously, "my maid has just told me the small-pox is there. Oh, if one could only overtake him!"

That was out of the question, so I did my best to comfort Jane till the tears stood in her eyes as she still kept sighing:

"Oh! why did he take him?"

Why, indeed? The child came home bright and well, and his father seemed quite triumphant at having kept him half a day away from his step-mother.

"And he was not at all unhappy, Jane," he said, with marked emphasis.

All day the child continued well and merry, but next morning he felt sick, and by the time his father came home at night he was ill; he had the small-pox. I was told Mr. Forbes. He turned dreadfully pale; he had learned in the course of the day that the epidemic was at Harting. It was there the child had taken his child-ish ill; he had taken him to illness, perhaps to death, just to brave and tease his poor young wife! I knew all this passed in his mind, for the first words he uttered were:

"God forgive me!"

His next words was the question:

"Has Jane ever had it?"

"Never," I replied, gravely.

"Then she must not stay with him," he said, quickly; "she must not."

His went up; I followed him to the nursery. Jane was there bending over the little cot, with Arthur's hand in hers. Mr. Forbes went up to her; he was much agitated. He could scarcely speak.

"Jane," he said, without looking at the child, "you must not stay. I know you have never had this complaint—you must not stay."

"Would you say that if I were his mother?" she asked.

"You have no right to risk your life," he urged. "I have had it, so has your cousin." (I am dreadfully pock-marked, reader.) "We risk nothing, you risk much."

"What?" asked Jane, and my pale, sad-faced little cousin became for a while a glowing and almost a beautiful woman; "what is it I risk? Why? It is not so dear, Mr. Forbes. Disfigurement! What change for the worse would that make in my lot?"

Mr. Forbes said not a word.

"I have had that child's love," continued Jane, looking very forward the cot, "and nothing, nothing shall make me leave him!"

No more was said. Arthur moaned as he lay, and Jane sat on one side of him, and her husband on the other.

Three days they sat thus. Three days the little sufferer lingered. On the fourth, an angel lifted him and released him from his pain. A two present when he died. That poor, prevish little fellow had become so patient and so meek in his illness, that I, too, had begun to love him. My heart smote me when I saw his eyelids flutter strangely, and his right eye quiver, and his little face turn, and neither blotched nor altered—take the strange calmness of death. Jane wept silently. Mr. Forbes was fearless, and sat looking on him as though he were stone. At first he seemed incredulous, but at length he understood that it was all over. I do not think he saw me; if he did, he forgot me. He turned to his wife.

"Jane," he said.

She looked, and did not move.

"Jane, come to me."

She rose, and went and sat on the couch by his side. With a sudden moan, in which love, remorse, and pain seemed to mingle, he drew her toward him. He laid his head on that kind bosom where his child's head had so often rested. It had been the refuge of all little Arthur's troubles, and it now received the strong man's passion of grief. Jane flung her arms around her husband's neck and mingled her tears with his, and while they wept together the young and innocent dead slept on and smiled down by, with closed eyes, at that fair world, without sorrow, passion, or pain, which it had just entered.

I softly stole away, feeling that out of the saddest grief good may come. Long after this Jane said to me:

"Cousin William, my husband gave me his heart in that hour, and he has never taken it back again."

"And never will, little Jane; for if there be a fond-hearted wife you are that woman."

Jane had the small-pox; but her husband nursed her through it, and she recovered quickly, and was not at all disfigured. Happy Jane! I saw her the other day when I called at the Elms on my way to London. What a bright old house it looked, now that Jane was loved and happy! How proud Mr. Forbes seemed of his wife and of their only child—a beautiful boy very like him—and I say his name is Arthur? Well! Do you know, fond though she evidently was of him, I doubted if Jane loved this Arthur quite so much as she had loved the other one? I told her so.

"The first Arthur," she replied, "was the child of my sorrow; the second Arthur is the child of my happiness. Both could not be dear after the same fashion. Besides, the other Arthur loved me best, and this one prefers his father."

"And why?" I suggested; "what about her?"

"I neither know nor care," replied Jane, with superb indifference. "The dead Arthur makes me fool secure in the past, and with the living Arthur I can defy a dozen Annies."

Dear little Jane! She was just the same little goose as ever. It was like her to think that her hold on her husband depended on a dead or on a living child. Mr. Forbes knew better. In the fullness of his happiness he told me the whole story about "Annie" as he drove me to the station. Of course he did not tell me who "Annie" was; but he knew her again at a party, and he could not help saying:

"Cousin William, you can not imagine what I felt when I conquered those two wounds—my dear pretty Jane" (pretty Jane! oh, love, love!), "and that cold, shallow, frivolous woman! My darling felt me shudder as we left, and she was the first to grow cold. Cold! I was thinking—I might actually have married that woman!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EVERY body should live on the sunny side of their house as much as possible, and so the new social rays to penetrate the rooms. Darkened parlors are fashionable evils. Pray, is it gloomy enough to be ushered into a tomb-like apartment, where one can scarcely grope his way to a seat, and to discover, when his eyes become accustomed to the dim light, that every chair and sofa has on its knee "duster," contemptuously consigned for traveling to some unknown land. But ladies must have their carpets kept bright and fresh, even if their cheeks are the paler for it! And so the shutters are closely closed, and the heavy curtains drawn. But for the sake of health and beauty, ladies, let this be done only in the first hours, if it must be done at all. Let the rooms where the family live be cheerful and sunny. No lady would expect her horse plants to grow tall, blooming blossoms, unless she placed them as a window where the sunshine could fall upon them. Then, how much more she expect her children to show fresh, rosy complexions, or to develop genial dispositions, unless they have light, sunny, airy rooms.

Whoever has the National Debt in charge reports that it was reduced in September last twenty-two million dollars.

It is reported that the renowned race-horse "*Kentucky*" has been sold by Messrs. Osgood & Travers to Mr. L. W. Jerome for the round sum of $40,000. The famous animal has won an imperishable name from his matchless speed and endurance. It is said that he was never defeated on the turf but once, and then he was in an utterly unfit condition to use his strength.

A short time since a young man, aged about 20 years, died in the Alms-house in Portland, Maine. She had been an inmate of the House for the last thirty-five years, and not quite six months ago took a child at that time. Having been disappointed in love in early life, she made a vow never to marry another word, and she religiously kept her vow till her tongue was paralyzed in death.

The Masonic Journal, in speaking of the Atlantic Telegraph and the difference in longitude between the two Continents, remarks that it is seven o'clock in the evening at New York when it is midnight at Paris. It then goes on to suppose that some great edifice in Paris, the Grand Opera House, for example, is to-day two hours to-morrow, and the event is immediately telegraphed to New York, dated: "Paris, a quarter before midnight." Any people living in New York may say in two hours, to make ample allowance for interruptions, which would be a little more quiet than the evening previous, so that a New York manager could appear on the stage, and, after the three customary bows, could thus express gratitude to his patrons, gentlemen, I am sorry to have to inform you that the Opera House was destroyed by fire three hours before after the present time. Our director has just transmitted to his Paris confrere his condolence on the disaster which is going to him."

Very curious statements sometimes appear in print. A Pittsfield journal says: "A man fell dead in this city last week, and on his person could not be found a single bill his wife was nearly extinct."

A foreign newspaper, in giving an account of Tonbon, remarks: "It is a large town, containing upward of sixty thousand inhabitants *built entirely of brick*."

A Pennsylvania paper reads as follows: "The cases are holding meetings in the north part of the State, and are being addressed by Governor R——— and General C———." It is to be supposed that an ex-bitcherist slipped out of the proper place in the arrangement.

A Western paper recently contained the strange announcement: "The grasshoppers have destroyed every green thing in Deer Lodge Valley, except the grass and weeds." The reader will be desirous whether "or" substituted for "of" in the last word, or a *by phrase* in the place of "and," would make the best sense.

A country newspaper states that on one end a meeting-house in that place the following notice was recently appeared: "Any body sticking bills against this church will be prosecuted according to law or any other manner."

An ingenious French arithmetician has calculated that the space which a young Parisian belle, who is fond of the sublimer exercise of dancing, traverses in the gay *saloons* of Paris amounts, in the course of one dancing season, to four hundred and thirty-four miles and a half. He has also examined that a French lady, fond of performing the functions of a tee-totum, would go round in a waltz as fast as many times as are the wheels of a steamboat revolve while running the distance between Dover and Calais.

Another novelty announced for the Great Exhibition is a new model of a guillotine, invented, it is said, by a compatriot of Count Bismarck. It works by steam, and is capable of cutting off six heads per minute—or eight, if great haste is required! It can be taken to pieces and put together again in ten minutes! The engine works the wheels, and the machine can steam to the place of execution, with the body up to the cemetery afterward. Really, if such a charming invention is to become popular in France, those not represented as being among the elite of society will be in a fix. The lower classes, the fast ladies of society, with her dress all tucked up to her knees, her hair all bundled up like as if she hadn't time to comb it for a week, and one of her grandmother's old caps in an awful crumpled condition on her head. Why, have, honey, when I was a gal, if any of the fellers come along when I had my clothes tucked up that way, and my head kivered with an old rag, why I would run for dear life and hide out of sight. Well, well, the gals them were innocent, unconsecrated critters: now they are what the French call "blasés."

We do not know who is the author of the following little poem, but we believe it will be read with many a tender remembrance by those whose bones have been made desolate by death; and may also reveal to the busy mother, who sometimes feels that the little ones make a great deal of work, what home would be without them:

No baby in the house, I know—
'Tis far too nice and clean.
No hope by morning fingers thrown
Upon the floor are seen:
No finger marks are left on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs:
No woodsy dirt on the floor,
Or marshaled off in pairs:
No little shoes to be darned,
All ragged at the toes:
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby-clothes:
No little bodies to be soothed,
No little hands to fold:
No little faces to be washed,
No stories to be told:
No trundle-bed alone to be given,
No nicknames, "Love" and "Mouse,"
No little forms to be dressed for tea—
No baby in the house.

A curious story—with a moral—is told of a fair lady who was lately dining with a friend in Paris. The dinner had passed off pleasantly, when, on rising from the table, the fair and fascinating lady thought proper to flirt. She was immediately carried to the bed of the lady of the house, where she remained immovable. Her lacing was so tight as to compel to utter moan—everything was useless; she still remained immovable on the elegant bed surrounded by sighs and lace. The attendance grew impatient; even the mistress of the house grew weary of being employed for so long a time about the same person. At last she made her a little malicious, and, to spread a snare for the fair finisher, she simply said: "Let us cut what makes her ill! Her hair is too tight; it must be untied."

These words acted like magic. Forgetting every thing, by an involuntary movement the fair invalid put both her hands up to her head, to defend her false curls from the aggression which might reveal too much; and, following to come to herself, "Where am I?" said she, in a feeble voice.

"At my house," replied her friend; "that your carriage is here, and in five minutes you will be in your own."

Moral of the story: Pretended fainting requires real skill.

Readers of Charles Dickens's works will remember the account he has given of the way in which he came to adopt the name of "Boz," under which his earlier writings appeared. He says: "Boz was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed Moses, after the Vicar of Wakefield, which being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, which being shortened became Boz. 'Boz' was a very familiar houseword to me long before I was an author, so I came to adopt it." It is now pronounced by the younger brother, Augustus N. Dickens, recently died at Chicago, where he has resided for several years past. He came to the country many years ago, and settled at the West. He was for some time, but not very successfully, occupied in literature, as are many of his relatives. In 1860 he was appointed to a position in the Land Department of the Illinois Central Railroad, which he retained until his death. He was a man of remarkably cheerful and kind-hearted disposition, strikingly resembled in personal appearance his famous brother Charles, and shared to some extent his genial humor.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A PEG FOR A JOKE.—When does a Greenwich pensioner make a hole of his misfortune?—When he takes off his wooden leg.

WEATHER FLATTERING.—In the new cottage now being erected for the King's head is surrounded by a laurel wreath.—*London Punch.*

A DECISION due to Dr. Franklin is to be found on Prussian coins since the days of *Frederick the Great.* This is a new sort of grinding for the sort of head His Majesty possesses. All that is required now is a lemon in his mouth.

The following story is told of an Irish newspaper editor, who was pressed for copy:

The Secretary called down to him from the printing-office, "We want six lines to fill a column."

"Kill a child at Wexford," was the reply.

Soon after came a second message: "Where's killed the child and still want two lines."

"Contradict it."

A timid gentleman some days ago found one of our bluff, burly dockmen who is more noted for the force than the polish of his language, when the following colloquy took place:

"Doctor, what shall I do for the cholera?"

"The cholera! Have you got the cholera?"

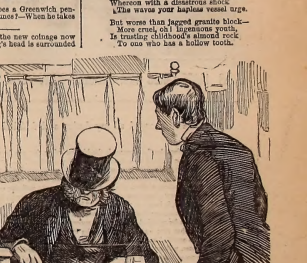
"No."

"Well, take the cholera first."

The gentleman, not having taken the first prescription, has since inquired for a second.

Why is an editor's life like the Book of Revelation?—Because it is full of "types and shadows," and a mighty voice like the sound of many waters is ever saying to him, "*Write.*"

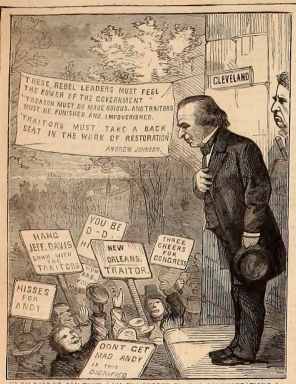
What is that which passes over the land and then with to get rid of?—A good appetite.



SEASONABLE LUXURY.

Old Gent (disgusted). "HERE, WAITER! HERE'S A—HERE'S A—A—BUG IN THIS CHOP!"

Waiter (flippantly). "YESSIR. ABOUT THE TIME O' YEAR FOR 'EM JUST NOW, SIR!"

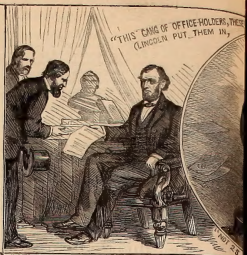


"I DO FREE TO SAY THAT I AM FLATTERED BY THE DEMONSTRATIONS I HAVE WITNESSED, AND BEING FLATTERED, DON'T MEAN TO THINK IT PERSONAL."

("WHAT DOES GENERAL SHERIDAN SAY?")



("NEW-ORLEANS?" "I TRACE IT BACK TO THE RADICAL CONGRESS!")



(ANDY FORGOT)



"IT IS A QUESTION FOR YOU TO SETTLE AND YOU

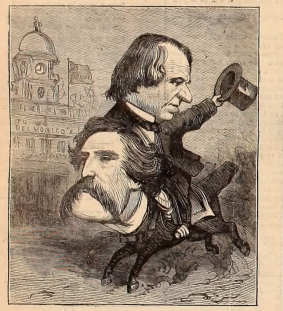
ANDY'S

"FELLOW CITIZENS:" "IT IS NOT FOR THE PURP
"I HAVE DISCHARGED ALL



WHO HAS SUFFERED MORE FOR YOU A

(THIS SAME MAYOR IS RUNNING FOR GOVERNOR.)



(OUR MARE TAKES HIM THROUGH NEW YORK CITY.)

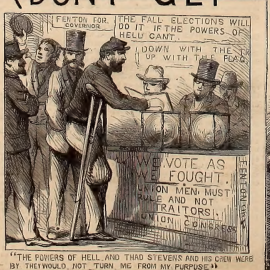
OUR



SOLDIERS & SAILORS.)

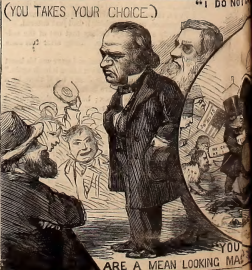


"DON'T GET



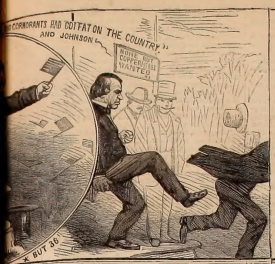
"THE POWERS OF HELL AND THAD STEVENS AND HIS CREW MEN BY THEY WOULD NOT TURN ME FROM MY PURPOSE."

(YOU TAKES YOUR CHOICE.)



"I have discharged all my duties and fulfilled all my pledges."

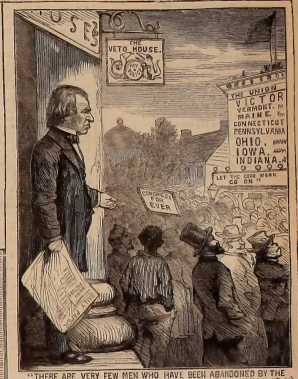
"Treason against the Government is the highest crime that can be committed, and those engaged in it should suffer all its penalties"..... "The day for protecting the lands and negroes of these authors of rebellion is past" ..... "After making treason odious every Union man should be remunerated out of the pockets of those who have inflicted this great suffering on the country. Their great plantations must be seized and divided into small farms, and sold to honest, industrious men."..... "Many years ago I moved in the Legislature of Tennessee that the apportionment of representatives in Congress should be by qualified voters. The apportionment is now fixed until 1872; before that time we might change the basis of representation from population to qualified voters. North as well as South, and in due course of time the States, without regard to color, might extend the elective franchise to all who possessed certain mental, moral, or such other qualifications as might be determined by an enlightened public judgment."..... "In calling a Convention to restore the State, who shall restore and re-establish it? Shall the man who gave his influence and his means to destroy the Government? Is he to participate in the great work of reorganization? Shall he who brought this misery upon the State be permitted to control its destinies? If this be so, then all this precious blood of our brave soldiers and officers, so freely poured out, will have been wantonly spilled."..... "Why all this carnage and devastation? It was that treason might be put down and traitors punished. Therefore I say that traitors should take a back seat in the work of restoration. If there be but five thousand men in Tennessee loyal to the Constitution, loyal to Freedom, loyal to Justice, those true and faithful men should control the work of reorganization and reformation absolutely. I say that the traitor has ceased to be a citizen, and, in joining the rebellion, has become a public enemy. He forfeited his right to vote with loyal men when he renounced his citizenship and sought to destroy our Government. We say to the most honest and industrious foreigner who comes from England or Germany to dwell among us, and to add to the wealth of our country, 'Before you can be a citizen you must stay here for five years.' If we are so cautious about foreigners, who voluntarily renounce their homes to live with us, what should we say to the traitor who, although born and reared among us, has raised a parricidal hand against the Government which always protected him? My judgment is, that he should be subjected to a severe ordeal before he is restored to citizenship."—*Extracts from Speeches by* ANDREW JOHNSON.



"BRING A BALM AND OIL FROM GILEAD."

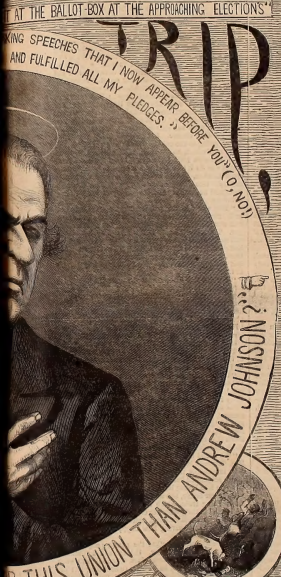


"A BALM THAT IS HEALING IN ITS CHARACTER AND POUR IT INTO THE WOUND."



"THERE ARE VERY FEW MEN WHO HAVE BEEN ABANDONED BY THE PEOPLE UNLESS THEY HAVE DESERTED THEM FIRST" (1863.)

AT THE BALLOT-BOX AT THE APPROACHING ELECTIONS."



(ANDY FORGOT



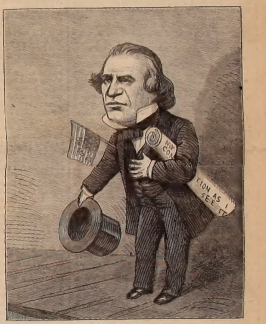
OUR





MAD, ANDY.")

"THIS WAS MY OBJECT IN PRESENTING MYSELF ON THIS OCCASION AND TO TELL YOU



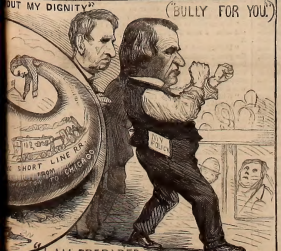
"HOW DO YOU DO," AND AT THE SAME TIME TO BID YOU "GOOD BY"

"Where is the man or woman who can place his finger upon one single act of mine deviating from any pledge of mine!"

—I hold it a solemn obligation in every one of these States where the rebel armies have been beaten back or expelled, I care not how small the number of Union men, if enough to man the ship of State, I hold it to be a high duty to protect and secure to them a Republican form of government until they again gain strength. They must not be smothered by inches."..... "There rebel leaders must feel the power of the Government: treason must be made odious, and traitors must be punished and impoverished."..... You have been deeply pained by some things that come under your observation. We get men in command who, under the influence of flattery, fawning, and expressions, grant protection to rich traitors, while the poor Union man stands out in the cold. Traitors can get lucrative contracts, while the loyal man is pushed aside."..... "The power of these persons who made the attempt [at rebellion] has been crushed, and now we want to reconstruct the State Governments, and have the power to do it. The State institutions are prostrated, laid out on the ground, and they must be taken up and adapted to the progress of events: this can not be done in a moment. We are making very rapid progress—so rapid that I sometimes can not realize it. It appears like a dream. We must not be in too much of a hurry. It is better to let them reconstruct themselves than force them to it: for, if they go wrong, the power is in our hands, and we can check them in any stage to the end, and oblige them to correct their errors."..... "If I were in Tennessee I should try to introduce Negro Suffrage gradually: first, those who had served in the army; those who could read and write; and perhaps a property qualification for others—say $200 or $250."..... "A fellow who takes the oath merely to save his property, and denies the validity of the oath, is a perjured man, and not to be trusted. Before these repenting rebels can be trusted let them bring forth the fruits of repentance. He who helped to make all these widows and orphans, who draped the streets of Nashville in mourning, should suffer for his great crime."..... "If a man who gave his means to destroy the Government should be permitted to participate in the great work of reorganization, then all the precious blood so freely poured out will have been wantonly spilled, and all our victories go for naught."—*Extracts from Speeches by* ANDREW JOHNSON.

UT MY DIGNITY"

("BULLY FOR YOU.")





DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

Nor forever on thy knees, man,
Would Jehovah have thee found;
There are griefs Jehovah sees, man;
There are burdens thou canst ease, man;
Look around!

Work is prayer, if done for God, man;
Prayer which God, delighted, hears.
See, beside you upturned sod, man,
One bowed 'neath affliction's rod, man;
Dry her tears.

Not long prayers, but earnest zeal, man,
This is what is wanted now;
Put thy shoulder to the wheel, man;
Bread unto the famished deal, man,
Bring, then, thou.

Not high-sounding words of praise, man,
Does God want 'mouth some grand dome;
But that thou the fallen raise, man;
Bring the poor from life's highways, man;
By kind deeds.

Deeds are powerful; mere words weak, man,
Battering at heaven's closed door:
Let thy love to actions speak, man,
Wipe the tear from Sorrow's cheek, man,
Clothe the poor.

Be it thine life's cares to smother,
And in brighten eyes now dim,
Kind deeds done to one another,
God accepts as done, my brother,
Unto Him.

HIS YOUNG LORDSHIP.

A Story for Great and Little People.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENT."

It was a pat of butter—only a pat of butter—a small, silly thing, and yet it made me feel, as the children say, "like to cry." For I knew the spot it came from—a lowly nook in a lowly land. I could picture the narrow valley, so rich and green, over which the huge grey granite mountains watched, frowning or smiling, but still watching. His faithful eyes never left their charge, collecting the sunshine, gathering the rain, and sending both down alternately upon the fertile tract below. I could summon up the "pasture green," not like English meadows, hedged and dotted, but divided only by stones and rocky copses, among which grew innumerable ferns and accidental clumps of heather and white, white here and there in patches, where not long ago pure butter-wort, with its flat leaves and tall-stemmed blue flowers; the white tufts of cotton-grass; the aromatic bog myrtle. Nay, as I looked at my pat of butter I could almost see the cows that produced it—small, shaggy, active Highland beasts, or the dainty little Ayrshire breed, the prettiest of cattle, moving slowly and peacefully in quiet contentment under the shadow of these same mountains which—whom, I was nearly writing, they feed as they feed the people—by one who knows none, and once loving, loves forever.

"Yes," said Mrs. Burns, whom I had neter can by the good Scotch name of Mrs. Burns, "it is real Scotch butter: we don't get any thing here but what is. I'll send to you when—" naming the place, to which I mean to give an imaginary name, and call it the Laighlands.

For upon it, and the butter, hangs a story which we immediately set to tell me: a story which was simply as that of Jeanie Deans—of which, while she related it, we were both strangely reminded. I asked her now to tell it here, just plainly as it was, with no elaborations or exaggerations—for indeed it required none; only changing the names and the places, so that while the fruit remained—the eternal truth, which is the real life and nutriment of fiction—the bare outside facts may be quite unrecognizable by the general public. And I wish a good give to the written tale my little tale the simple graphic power with which it was unconsciously told.

"Yes," said Mrs. Burns, looking me through with her clear, kind eyes, "I must tell you all about that butter, and how we got it from such a distance. You know the Laighlands? Isn't it a bonnie place? Such a sweet, quiet, out-of-the-way farm. We lived there a while a-married—We had come to the neighborhood, and did not know where to get lodgings; the whole countryside was full; and they took us in at last, Jamie Leask, eight ill—pays, and me, and our six; and we lived there a happy while. I was like to leave them again."

It was not nearly so long since I had seen the farm myself, and though I was only there, at that particular farm-house, for one day, I could still remember it, with the particularity real and well-stocked for that part of Scotland, where the lazy Highland nature has not yet arrived at the difficult science of business life, and among the common people life implies mere living, without any attempt to adorn the life with even the beauty of a cottage flower-border, or the small luxury of a dozen gooseberry bushes, and a row of beans or peas. Nevertheless, I could especially call to mind the house, for it had a capital garden, and an upland orchard behind it. Its loftiness was one of those picturesqueness, which is a great deal to say for dwellings of as size and character in the Highlands of Scotland.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Burns (I will go straight on with the story, as the conversation of two old women, which indeed consisted mercly of a few questions), "we lived there six weeks, and during the whole time got to have quite an affection for our landlord and his wife. They were much simple people, and no housekeeping pairfuls. Of course in country lodgings, where the people can only make hay while the sun shines, and in her about two months of the year, they are almost expects to be cheated, or at least made the most o as many pennies as they could slick and shave out themselves. For instance, we had the run of the garden, and you see imagine what a rapid my sit chin! We would open up the gooseberry bushes, and besides, we had an unlimited quantity of vegetables. But when, after the first week's all, I looked over what was put down in the bill, there was nothing at all! 'Oh,' said the gudeman, a tall, handsome Highland woman, much younger than her husband, and speaking English with a quaint, slow purity of accent that you often find among those who have to learn it like a foreign language—'Oh, I hope you'll use your freedom with the garden—we'd never ask ye to pay. But when I remonstrated—for I don't like that Celtic fashion of being too proud to receive honest payment, and yet expecting a ways as equivalent in kind—Mrs. Kennedy (that is her Scotch) only kindly assented, with a sort of dignified acquiescence that had a touch of regal reconcile in it, suggesting I would put my own price on the things we took, for she nearly did not know what they were worth, which doubtless was the truth, for you are aware how little actual coin is current in that district, and how people there often live half a lifetime without ever having a town errand, or the inside of a moderate-sized shop.

"This woman, Mrs. Kennedy, was a case in point. She was about forty, her husband being somewhat over sixty; yet neither of them had ever crossed the sea more than once from Iona, which had been rented by Kennedy, and his father before him, for the best part of a century, from the Laighland landlord or his place parts.

"And the landlordly kens us well,' said the gudewife to me one day, when my children had been describing a grand-looking gentleman whom they met riding over the hillside. 'He's a fine man, and a gude friend to us. Many's the day I has seen him stand and crack wi' the auld gudeman. Gude Kennedy's father, as I'll be never means Kennedy himself but he'll stop and talk the hours and differ as much as twenty. Ay, a fine man—his landlordship—and a gude landlord; he kens a' that's done on the property. Though I'll be ay but he might has ower many tenants than oursels; for my man and his father before him has lived at the Laighlands, and held their leases, every one, for—I'll no' serestly-five years.'

"I remember that little incident," continued Mrs. Burns, "because I remember the woman's face as she spoke—full of that honorable pride which is as justifiable in a farmer as in a lord—and, also, because circumstances brought it to my mind afterward.

"Well, we staid there the Laighlands all summer. It was a glorious summer to my young folks—and a sorrowful day when we left the place. We had to start about four in the morning, in Kennedy's cart, which had been our sole link with the civilized world, and to which he had consented to go daily, for this absolutely refusing payment to the last—all provisions which the farm could not supply, and for which we gave ourselves silies—letters, newspapers, linen-drapery, etc., which he brought from the town and delivered. He brought them from the nearest town, of course, but what flattered itself was a town, several miles off. We had given him a deal of trouble, and now he had taken on him the final trouble of all, by bestowing endless pains on the arrangement of seats and stowage for us and our boxes, a rough jolting cart a little comfortable for me and the children. They cried at the parting, poor bairns, the pretty place where they had been so happy, and the good folk who had been so kind to them; and I, who had been the most phlegmatic hitherto to cry too, when Mrs. Kennedy, who had been rather invisible of late—she had been gathering eggs, I suppose, or making cheese at the Laighlands—appeared, week and white-looking as she was, in the cool dawn of the morning, and gave me a basket neatly packed with all sorts of good things —eatables and drinkables—for the journey, and on their account also. 'Well no forget the weans.'

"And it was a very long time before the weans forgot her or the Laighlands. Many months passed before I had to go over every bit of our slittne time there—from the day I left my native country, a child in the steerage, to my tidy parlor, in the clean bedrooms, full of furniture that looked as if it had been bought the last century by a grandfather, to the furnishing the final day when old Kennedy, he was quite an old man, though hale and hearty, and I, we had to start off in a hurry, for the waves were running high—and carried the children through them on his shoulders, for there was no pier, and the steamer that was to bear us far away—to horrid London, to streets, and squares, and work, and school, and care and worry and fret, and the society of fine ladies, whose memories were fainter than they cared to confess. I had written to them, and received letters, but be could speak but little English; the boys answering him in their words and tongue, and Mrs. Kennedy could remember ever so long, till Gaelic was rubbed out of her head by English, and she could only write to me a mother can not help having toward any one who has been kind to her children. And I was not much of a store-clopard the basket Mrs. Kennedy had filled for the bairns on their voyage. And every New Year, for many years, we received a letter from one or both of the Kennedys, hoping every summer that we should manage to go back to the Laighlands. But we never did; and in process of time our connection with the place became only a pleasant memory likewise: in this busy London life it is so easy to forget.

"It was last New Year, or possibly a few days after then, that I was sitting alone in my little back room"—(which was a very nice one, for Mrs. Burns's former position as nurse-maid in a large wholesale house in one of the best streets in London)—"I was sewing by myself, and the young folks were down in the kitchen-school-room. It was one of those terribly cold bleak days that we had last winter, the wind howling in the chimney, and the rain pouring down in a way to fill, for it was too cold almost to snow. I was sitting with the door ajar, for the fire-light and the feeling of intense thankfulness which I always have in such weather, that I have a good home over my head and all my dear ones about me, when a message came that some one below wanted to speak to me.

"It was a lad, a boy of the lowest appearance and class in our house, and generally prove to be applicants for employment, or for charity, whom we always relieved; a woman with a little girl, and she would not send up her name, but insisted upon speaking to me.

"I thought it was one of the former genteel, poor, but don beggars, and you know what London begging is, and how often it is a cloak for worse things. I myself once has to harden one's heart'—(a process which, I am afraid, Mrs. Burns has not yet had to undergo to be sudden or easy). "Of course, I could not refuse to see the person; but I went down to her, looking, I dare say, as hard as a stone.

"She was a tall, thin woman, remarkably tall for a woman, and dressed in widow's weeds, with a large sailing black shawl, no thicker than yours to-day, though it was bitterly cold, drawn over her head and shoulders still. I looked in her face, which was sharp-featured, worn, and elderly, but I could not remember ever having seen it before. So I asked her what she wanted. very coldly I suppose, for she drew back at once to-ward the dining-room door.

"'It'll no mind me. Pin trudling ye; so I'll just step down again.'

"It was a Scotch voice and a Scotch manner: the air of quiet independence that, I am glad to say, even the poorest of us notice and respect. The Scotch don't beg like your London beggars. So, o course, I asked her to come back and tell me her business.

"'Do you no ken? Eh, Mrs. Burns! I must be sair changed, and what sort of a welcome she got—she and her daughter, for the little girls that hung by her gown, and peered from behind her with shy, dark Gaelic eyes, must be here—possibly the baby that was born while we were there.

"'Ay, so she was. She's the youngest; and I could see how it was behind: Donald, the eldest, and joyous at once on to this awful London. Oh, it is an awful place, Mrs. Burns, for a young soul to come into, and the gudeman and a' the bairns!' added she, with the instinctive tact and courtesy which one sees almost universally among Highland people, and which we have always noticed so much in the Kennedys. Though a farmer's wife, her manners were as good as many a lady born. But she looked so ill, so depressed, so actually weighed down with care, that I shrank from asking her the especial trouble which had brought her hither. By-and-by she poured it out.

"'No, the gudeman's no dead, Mrs. Burns, though sometimes he almost wishes he were. He has got no-tice to quit the Laighlands. Just think! the Laighlands! Where he was born, and his father before him, and where he has paid his rent—never behind a day—for fifty year. Is not that hard?'

"It was hard. We folk who live in streets and houses all just like one another can scarcely recognize how hard. Habitation and property went on to expiain, and which I myself knew well, in that thinly-populated district are sometimes acres. turning out, with small prospect of finding another home. The farms were few enough, and there was a law by tenants who had held them for generations. A notice to quit meant not merely a flitting but a come up-rooting. No wonder the poor woman's face was as speak of some heavy calamity.

"'But you have a good man,' said I. 'Did you not appeal to him?'

"Mrs Kennedy shook her head. 'I'm no sayin-aught against the factor, but he's my lord's servant, and they say my lord wants money, and they're willing to fet the rents. He has already had let my man keep the Laighlands a bit while. I'll no be lang—he's always severely true to his word, his heart.'

"I asked her why she did not write to the young lord for the old one, for I knew the latter, though a rarely just middle age when he died, had, I knew, been dead a year or more.

"'We did write at first. His young lordship—do you ken him, Mrs. Burns?'

"That was not likely; but I had heard about him—a promising lad in his teens, left under master of one of the best Highland estates. He was too young for people to know much good about him—but nobody knew any harm: he was a college youth, frank and lively, going to all the pleasures of his age and rank —not much of a student, but that could hardly be expected—he had plenty of time afterwards a year. Still, as I told Mrs. Kennedy, a young man scarcely twenty, in any rank of society, and in the circumstances, and in his rank great people often do little people a deal of harm without in the least intending it.

"'Did your young lordship never said—the lawyer I went to in Edinburgh, yesterday.'

"Yesterday! Mrs. Kennedy repeated.

"'Ay, ma'am, though it seems a year sleepyse. The Laighlands were let to a new tenant, and we must flit-tem, so I just thought I would go up to Edinburgh myself, and see Mr. Campbell, a friend o' mine that's a writer there, and—and—' Mrs. Kennedy's.

"If was you I would gang up to London and speak wi' his young lordship himself.' That was yesterday, and as I said, there seems a day to-lon—in a week's time the notice was to quit from the Laighlands was due, and we would be turned out. So I wrote to my husband frae Mr. Campbell's office, I put myse,' in the train—he and the bairns will neither come and bee lame nor leave her in Edinburgh: and we traveled a' that night and the morning, and here we were.

"Just as they were—I mean the clothes, and also a terrible cold night as it had been! No wonder they looked as they did, and that my servant had made such a mistake in admitting them into the kitchen in-lie. Very much surprised she must looked when I rang the bell and desired her to bring the little girl and make her comfortable in my children's nursery; and bring the breakfast down for my friend and myself, who had come all the way from Scotland last night.

"Mrs. Kennedy said nothing, nor resisted in the least; she was completely worn out. She sat by the fire with her hands on her lap, and her eyes looking straight before her, considering the things around her, as if she had been familiar with them all her life. And when at last she got a little strengthened by warmth and food, she began to tell me her story, which she did so with a composure and quiet dignity that made it impressive and touching in the extreme. How the Jeanie Deans's nature, fearless, self-reliant, yet absolutely truthful, unconventional, is not exceptional, but lies dormant in many and many a Scotchwoman, ready to appear at once when circumstances require it, as in this case it did. I suppose, can hardly realize what such a burden and journey to London must have appeared to the poor woman, who had never been to the Antipodes.

"'But you came, and safe?' I asked her.

"'Maybe,' she answered, faintly smiling. 'But somebody maun do it, ye ken, and there was naebody but me.' In the circumstances the woman was heroic at all.

"Poor body! only imagine her, dropped in the gloomy winter morning at the terminus in Euston Square, and requesting a cabman to take her and her go to in all London, and with her Scotch directness of purpose she went right to it—his young lordship's lodgings, which, of course, remained in—town.

"It was partially closed, as most great houses are in the London season, and the servants were scarce. 'The London folk are awfu' late of rising,' and unwilling to disturb the family, sat down on the lowest stone step with her little girl beside her. There she waited, pinched with cold—but she was now accustomed to cold—until there appeared signs of life in the lower house within. By-and-by came a brawny sooperg young man, to whom Mrs. Kennedy told her tale. She had no fear of disturbing his lordship's slumbers, but he poked his fetters in at a slit in the door—and still she was not spoken to. Mrs. Kennedy took off her age, and rang the bell likewise, and begged the footman who opened it to tell his master that a woman from some all the way, from Scotland to speak to him, and that she was not to be answered on private business, as soon as he rose?

"But the footman only laughed, and called another gentleman who passed too, and they told her it was a capital story, but that she didn't go away they would call the police-man. 'Police!' said she, 'I didna know what the young man meant,' added Mrs. Kennedy, 'but I left them, and went back to the little girl, for it was only doing his duty; that his young lordship would mind me well, I was Mistress Kennedy of the Laighlands, and Mr. Kirk-Hill in Mrs. Burns?' and she looked at me with a grieved simplicity, 'he had never been in a London house before.

"There must have been some uncomfortable passages between the young lord and Mrs. Kennedy, with her natural dignified reticence, which did not like even to own that she had been insulted, Mrs Kennedy avoided particularizing them. Besides, the feudal reverence in which the young lord was held every where on the estate was such that under the shadow o. it even his domestics were exempt from blame. I could only gu her that she was turning to quit the house, when up there came a young man, or, as Mrs. Kennedy pointedly put it, a young gentleman.

"He entered as if he owned the property, as that she might have taken him for her landlord, only it had been plainly seen that the young nobleman was absent from home; 'and,' reasoned she, in her simplicity, 'his lordship must be the first to greet a gentleman to hold his servants tell a lee about himsel.' But the new-comer was of considerable importance in the establishment, for he perceived the confusion in the hall he asked impatiently what it was all about. He was informed by Mrs. Kennedy's name, and where she came from.

"'He was a Scotsman—I'm gey sure he was a Scotsman,' she said, looking at me as if he was a kindly-natured young gentleman, and evidently had some good position in the establishment, for when he was once listened to her answers the servants ceased 'incertin' him,' and were quite respectful. At length he ordered her to walk into his 'study,' a little room leading off the hall, and there told her who he was.

"Mrs. Burns gave me the gentleman's name and position in the young lord's household; but neither as of consequence to my story. It was sufficient that he may take the reward of one of those small kindnesses which exist so little and so rare as much, and recognize himself.

"He placed the weary woman in his own armchair, and shut the study-door. Then, before he allowed her to speak another word, he opened a cupboard and took out a large bottle of wine and a log of brandy, which he put a little like into her and the child—the good bairn, who had been daughter, sister, and school silent and sleepy and hungry, but had never once shed a tear. Then he bade Mrs Kennedy tell him her whole case from beginning to end.

"It was very simple, and he, of course, must have seen it contained no grounds for complaint more than the poor woman herself saw it. It was the common story of a young lord, who, with the whole world before him, set about his task and duties. Probably nobody was to blame, or the whole, or else it was a matter of mere carelessness. In his absence the young nobleman's agent, whose business about it, and never would, unless some one came to call him, 'You can see him,' he said Mr., 'the really is not here, but you might write to him.' But he was not left unassisted. He had a friend who was not unbeautiful Highland face—her companion and sister, Miss Kennedy, to whom the whole she had before her. So, after a little consideration, he agreed with the woman's persons, and proceeded to give the best chance. But it could only be attained by her going to the college where the young lord then was; and which, to avoid all recognition, I will call St. Cuthbert's Hall, Oxbridge. Would she do this? Could she do it? For if it was a journey from Surrey from London, and it would cost a good deal more money. But the woman was not one to be hopelessly reckoned her purse. It fell short by at least twenty shillings.

"This was a hard discovery, but she kept it to her self. She had never borrowed a halfpenny in her life and would not begin now. Silence was better a stra gee. The only thought that occurred to her was to call something to her husband to remember to send it; but how to set about it she did not know. And then, in answer to the young gentleman's question, had she any friends in London? she remembered Mrs. Burns.

"She did not know, or if she ever did know, had forgotten, our London address, and our name was a common one enough. The literary gentleman sat and took down and diligently searched in, scarcely helped her at all; till at length she recollected my husband's profession from the somewhat peculiar Christian. 'That's him!' she cried, and found to her comfort that Mr. —— was known, at least by reputation, to the young Scotsman in London knew my husband. So, without more ado, he left the room, and went down to one of the gentlemen, put herself into a cab by his advice, and drove to our door.

"Here, however, for the absolutely refused to go to bed or to sleep, I went in to consult with my husband. He was out, but I knew his habits from the story I had heard, by the odd remembrances which the sight of Mrs. Kennedy and the children's things in general, that I could not speak a word, but fainy began to 'greet.' He, too, was in no small degree affected by what he had to tell him, for he knew as much that he had to take refuge in the study of Brodsham, and clergyman of the Church of England.

"We found the only available one now would take Mrs. Kennedy and the children, and without delay—an impossible time to see a young undergraduate. So we persuaded her with great difficulty, for it seems not to be like the Scotch to accept hospitality, and accept our house, she and Jessie, and take the earliest morning train which was at hand. To this she consented, seeing, with her clear good sense, that nothing better could be done, and was withal greatly comforted by perceiving how happy Jessie was with our children.

"The children—or rather the young people—were in great excitement all day. It was such a reminiscence—in a humble way, of course—as Jessie's was a remarkable person, and Jessie (who being left behind in the Laighlands, was at a boarding-school) and then being taken to the Zoological Gardens, found consolation in a ride on the big elephant was such a great sort of thing to happen. Besides, Jessie, the child of a curious Highland grace and Highland intelligence, was a bit village to another order of child, for when we all thronged round her, eager to learn how she had fared in fact, greatly over every one of her story.

"It was told in her face. Never was there such a face. I wish his young lordship could have seen it.

"Understand, I don't mean unwarrantably to blame the young nobleman. He was but a boy—as wise as boys are; and upon him had fallen, much, before his time, the solemn responsibility of property. I do not suppose he meant any harm, or had the slightest idea he was doing an unkindness. Only he did it.

"When Mrs. Kennedy and Jessie arrived at about nine in the morning, she was told that his lordship had not been out late, in fact, he had not gone to bed. This she valet informed her confidentiany; adding, as he seemed to feel a kind young man, and one who knew Scotch property, and even thought he remembered the farm at the Laighlands, that as soon as his master rose he would tell him. There was a woman waiting, who had come all the way from Scotland to see him.

"She did wait—hour after hour—wandering, often by about the college gardens and quadrangles—then going into the town for a little food—then walking hurriedly back again, led by chance she should miss the summons, and yet trembling to be forgotten and overlooked, until nearly three in the afternoon. Then, in despair appointed to see her, she sent and told him she would wait at breakfast; some friends were breakfasting with him; he could not possibly be disturbed.

"Nevertheless, she was left waiting in a message, importing that she might see him after breakfast.

she would not trouble his lordship longer. He surely must remember the Laighlands; he had ridden there many a time on his little pony. He sent out word last he did remember the Laighlands, and that though he could not see her now, he would see her on Monday following, at his house in London.

"Mrs. Kennedy knew that Monday would be too late. If she could not leave London on the Saturday evening, she would not reach home in time to prevent the stories from taking effect, and the ejection being accomplished. She urged this upon the valet, who was really kind, and he, as was during Monday, went to go in and speak to his master a second time. Then one of the gentlemen—a merry-looking gentleman they seemed a merry set, Mrs. Kennedy thought, for she heard their shouts of laughter through the doors—came out and spoke to her, quite civilly, but with a cooling entertainment at the idea of her thinking it was possible she could see his lordship. But, nevertheless, he told her to make her mind easy, for that a telegram should be sent to the factor to-night, and an ejection until he heard further.

"This Mrs. Kennedy was forced to be content with, but she left Oxbridge with a very heavy heart.

"She staid with us until the appointed Monday, and we took her about and showed her and directed the wonders of London, and diverted her mind as well as we could from the painful suspense under which she was laboring. She tried to enjoy herself—she was touchingly grateful. But all the heavy sense of what was hanging over her—hanging upon half a dozen words from a youth's careless lips—seemed to cloud over every thing. I never spent a more restless and comfortless Sunday than the one before that Monday. In thinking and wondering what would be the end of it, her application: a result so such slight moment to the young gentleman, was a breathless sequence to the old farmer and his family.

"I hope I'm no wicked, Mrs. Burns,' said the poor woman, pausing in her pitifully on coming home from church—we had taken her to hear our own dear minister, though he was Free Kirk and she Auld Kirk—'I hope I'm no wicked, but I'm very grateful to Providence Almighty that I'm not to be called to be wicked or unthankful'—and I likit the look o' him, and his sweet voice and kind eyen—but I didna hear one half o' the minister's sermon.'

"Neither did I, so I could say nothing. It was no use to begin comforting to Mrs. Kennedy's mind the relations between class and class, and the respective duties that each owes to the other. It is just what I practise in my own household, that what seems a very small thing to me may be a very great one to my servant; and that I discovers all who are in the habit naturally to take the utmost pains to look at every question from the point of view of the upper class.

"Eleven in the forenoon was the hour fixed for the interview. We dressed Mrs. Kennedy for it with great care, and helped her out with some few things; for she had hardly any clothes with her; and we thought it advisable in the lordship's tenant of fifty years' standing, and representing a tenantry of fifty years previous to the second agent having been seen, to be able as possible. To this end, it being a fearfully wet morning, we sent off in a decent cab, which no husband gave orders should wait for her at the corner of the square.

"This cab—we, too, waited; in a suspense that for my young people was very exciting, and to me actually painful. We had given her a full hour, though I expected a much longer absence, for I thought she would be a long time hinting; people whose time is little value never reckon the values of time to others. So if we were back by one I should have been well pleased. But before the clock struck twelve the cab drew up to the door, and Mrs. Kennedy stood in the hall. The moment I saw her face I knew that I was lost.

"'Come in,' I said, and drew her into the study, and shut the door to keep the children out a while. 'Come in and sit down.'

"She sat down and then lifted up to me the forlornest face! 'Ye're vera kind, ma'am; I'll tell the gudeman ye've been wonderful kind. My puir gudeman!—and he past seventy year!—It's a sinful hard for him.'

"I took her hand—poor soul! and then she shed one or two tears, not more, and rose.

"'I maun go home as soon as I can, Mrs. Burns, to look after the auld man.'

"Then there is no chance? What did his lordship say to you?'

"'Nothing. He went aff to Paris yesterday.'

"'And did he leave no letter—no message?'

"'Ne'er a word. He's clean forgot me. Young Sir has had memories. Maybe he minded no harm.'

"This was all she said. Not a word of blame or reproach or bitterness. The instinctive feeling of fondest respect in which she and hers brought up, up to them as a higher order, still sealed her tongue even then. Nor did I—indignant as I was—desire to be more severe upon the case than he deserved. I only wished that he, who had such an infinite power of good in his hands—such an unlimited power of—exercising the keenest joy in life—making people happy—could have seen the misery on this poor old face thrown away—of her returning journey to—to the bitter tidings of her husband, about whom she seemed to grieve far more than for herself.

"'If his lordship would but let us stop at the Laighlands while the auld man lived,' she said, 'we wad hae paid a better rent—we telt the factor that—and he wad hae had auld Kennedy wad hae done his best wi' the new-fanged ways, though he hates them sair—and it would be but for more than ten years at most, and what's ten years to his young lordship, that will scarce be a man when my auld man has left the farm?—Ochone—Ochone!' And she began rocking herself with a low moan, and talking to Gisle to console her. I had run in myself with several of my children. I took them aid away, and left the child and mother together.

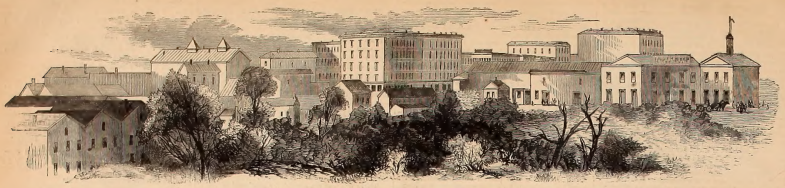
"There was no more to be done. To appy to Mr. ——, who had given a kind, was also useless: he had told her he was only in London for two days. Besides, he could not interfere openly in her behalf, while, from his position in the household, he had nothing whatever to do. The only thing was to accept passively the decree of fate, and trust to the chance that the telegram sent had stopped present proceedings at the Laighlands. While in the morning I had fervently night take the course which had at first been intended of addressing his lordship by letter.

"We were not here, putting the case in her name, but in as strong terms as we could, and my husband took care that it should be forwarded in such a mode as that it was almost impossible his lordship should not receive it. This done, we sent the poor woman away by the night-train to Scotland—for she was most eager to be gone—making her and Jessie as comfortable as we could, earnestly hoping, and with perhaps an allowable hypocrisy trying hard to persuade her, that after all we might earn out best not to be much feared. We assured her—and ourselves in doing so—that the telegram would make all safe for a few days to come; and in the mean time her letter—that momentous letter, the invention and indicting of which had cost us, as well as herself, such a world of pains—might, nay, must, not only appeal to the young landlord's sense of justice, but touch his heart, even in the midst of his Paris enjoyments; so that he would immediately send back word, confirming the Laighlands Farm to poor old Kennedy for his lifetime. My young folk, full of youth's romance and inherent belief in goodness, felt quite sure it would be so; nay, I think the younger ones actually imagined his lordship would do it in a manner of noble and generous self-sacrifice—in driving to the farm in a coach and six, personally to announce to the old man that his lease for a year and a time he happened to be on his property.

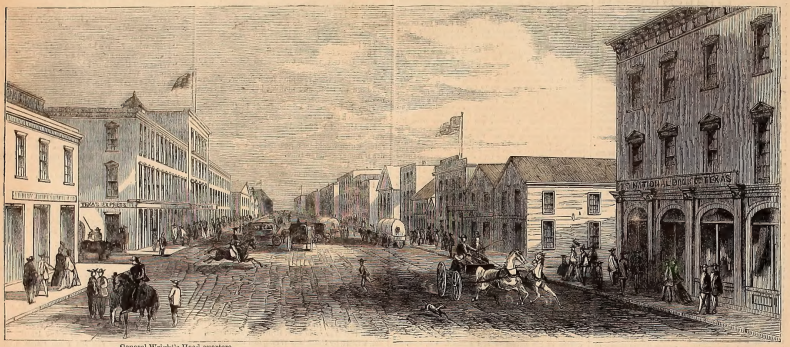
"I myself was not of—poor boy!—with many good wishes on both sides: husband or her very often for a week or so, and then, hearing no more, we concluded it was well over. We had other matters to be involved in, and the subject dropped out on our memories.

"It was only a few months ago that I was in the letre here, and it is dated 11th March—that my husband got the following letter, which I transcribe at once, as the old man's hand, but carefully composed and spelled, as became one of the well-educated peasantry of the North; one, who though used to write, but little could his forefathers for more generations than many a member of a magistracy could.

"'DEAR SIR,—I beg to return you my sincerest thanks for your unremitting kindness to my wife and daughter when Sir Landon's letter to Jessie came and told us, the whole family were delighted to hear of such kindness being shown to them. Before Mrs. Kennedy came home, a friend put a paper made out in our favor before his lordship, and he signed it himself. The friend was home in the boat along with Mrs. Kennedy, and I got the paper from him as soon as I went. In the morning to call upon the factor and see if he had got the telegram from his lordship, but I could not see him, and I asked his clerk if he knew it he had been, and he said he had had a word about it. I told him the telegram was certainly sent, for that Mrs. Kennedy saw the valet put it into the letter-box at Oxbridge with it. The officers came to the farm, but I told them to wait a little, because I had received afterward that the telegram had been misdirected, and as it would be sent on to Paris, it would be best for me to call on the factor. We have got no answer from his lordship, but I am sure he would not leave London without seeing his lordship, and I am sure he would not leave London without seeing his lordship, and I am sure he would not leave London without seeing his lordship, and



HOUSTON, TEXAS.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

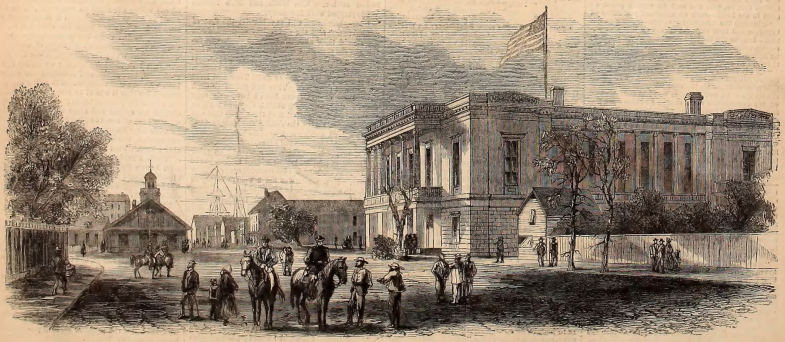


General Wright's Head-quarters.

THE STRAND, OR MAIN STREET, GALVESTON, TEXAS.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



GALVESTON, TEXAS.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



CUSTOM-HOUSE, GALVESTON, TEXAS.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 686.]

FANEUIL HALL.

FANEUIL HALL has been denominated "the Cradle of American Liberty," having been the popular gathering-place of the Sons of Liberty during the incipient stages of the Revolution. It was erected in 1742, at the sole expense of PETER FANEUIL, Esq., of Boston, and by him generously given to the town—the basement for a market, with a spacious and beautiful hall above for public meetings. It was burned in 1761, nothing but the brick walls remaining; but the edifice was immediately rebuilt. It was enlarged in 1805, by the addition of another story and an increase of forty feet in its width. The hall is about eighty feet square, and contains some fine paintings of distinguished men. The original vane, copied from that of the London Royal Exchange, still turns upon the pinnacle: the vane is in the form of a huge grasshopper. In 1776 Faneuil Hall was converted into a theatre by the British. When the news reached Boston of the passage by the British Parliament of the Boston Port Bill (providing for the removal of customs, courts of justice, and government officers of every kind from Boston to Salem, and for the discontinuance of landing, discharging, and shipping of wares and merchandise at Boston), a town meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, at which SAMUEL ADAMS presided. The meeting voted to stop all importation from or exportation to "Great Britain and every part of the East Indies;" and with this declaration in his hand PAUL REVERE took his celebrated ride from Boston to New York, inflaming the country as he went along.

It was in Faneuil Hall that THEODORE PARKER and WENDELL PHILLIPS aroused the citizens of Boston to resistance against the Fugitive Slave Bill in the case of the slave BURNS.

COUNT BISMARCK.

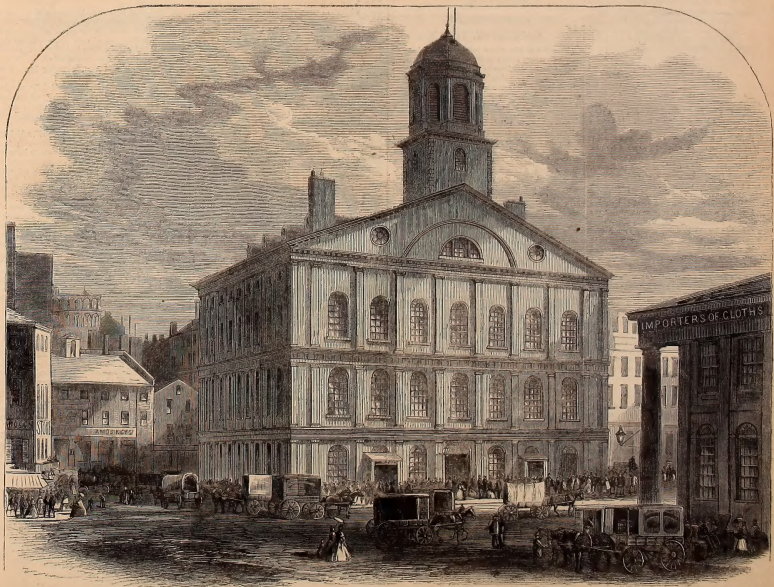
KARL OTTO VON BISMARCK auf Schönhausen, the bold and dextrous Minister who has conquered Germany for Prussia, was born at Brandenburg, in 1813, the year of that great uprising of the German nation against the empire of NAPOLEON I.,



COUNT BISMARCK, PRIME MINISTER TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

from which may be dated the movement in favor of national unity among the different populations of the German race. It has been the fortunate achievement of Count BISMARCK in Germany, as of Count CAVOUR in Italy, to invent the political emergency which has enabled the progressive tendencies of the divided nation to rally around one of its principal States, on the occasion of a great military victory won over the rival Power, which had long been viewed as the representative of illiberal and anti-national interests. The kingdom of Prussia has by this means gained the same kind of supremacy in Germany which devolved seven years ago in Italy upon the kingdom of Sardinia—or rather, as it should have been styled, of Piedmont. The parallel, however, between the conduct of the German and of the Italian statesman can not be pursued further by an examination into their dealings with the internal affairs, and especially with the constitutional liberties and franchises, of the State which each Minister respectively ruled. For while CAVOUR applied himself fairly and honestly to the working out of parliamentary government, on the English model, in order to win the attachment of the other populations of Italy to the Piedmontese monarchy by the attractive example of freedom, BISMARCK, on the contrary, persisted in outraging and corrupting the Prussian representative constitution till he had almost made the King an absolute despot, prepared to cope on equal terms with the Austrian military empire.

In the earlier part of his career Herr von BISMARCK does not appear to have shown any promise of future distinction. He was educated successively at the Universities of Göttingen, Greifswalde, and Berlin, where he is said to have been addicted beyond measure to the boisterous pleasures of the German Burschen, and to have displayed no great proficiency in his studies. It is even asserted that he failed to pass the requisite examination for entering the civil service, and was admitted by special favor. His father was a country squire of noble birth and moderate estate; but more than one member of his family had held high



FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN A. WHIPPLE, BOSTON.]

office, and OTTO VON BISMARCK was not without the aid of influential patrons. Nevertheless, he had obtained no higher promotion than the post of Superintendent of Dykes in the Altmark up to the time of his election, in 1847, as a member of the Prussian Diet, having previously had a seat in the Provincial Assembly of that part of the kingdom where he dwelt. He was immediately noticed as one of the most vehement and even insolent champions of the Junker or Tory party, as he ostentatiously manifested his contempt for the principles of constitutional government, ridiculed the practice of parliamentary legislation, denied that the Rule of Prussia was bound to grant those franchises which had been solemnly promised at the time of the war against NAPOLEON, and declared that the Royal prerogative was derived, not from the consent of the people, but from the grace of God, and was practically unlimited save by the voluntary concession of the Royal bounty.

These opinions were not the extravagant conceits of a youth, but have been asserted by VON BISMARCK on all occasions since he began to take a conspicuous place in public life, which was in the thirty-fifth year of his age. He has repeatedly denounced the freedom of the press, and the spread of intelligence among the working-classes; he has gone so far as to express a wish that the large manufacturing and commercial towns could be destroyed, so that a purely rural population might subsist solely by the produce of an absolute crown. These and similar utterances of rampant Tyrism, such as can scarcely be matched by any instance in this history of St. Bartholomew, rendered HERR VON BISMARCK one of the most unpopular men of his time. He was excluded from the German Parliament Assembly of 1848, and lived some months in retirement; but in the following year, upon the triumph of the reactionary party, he took his seat in the Chamber of Deputies at Berlin as member for the district of Zuache. Here, again, he was the bitterest assailant of the Moderate Liberals, and was accustomed to deride the aspirations toward Germanunity which the so-called Gotha party already began to express, as associated with the cause of constitutional liberty in Prussia. Herr von BISMARCK, for his part, maintained that it was to Prussianism, not to Germanism, that they must look for the safety and advancement of the State. He afterward in three days to vote into Austria as the proper representative of the ancient power of Germany, while he censured the struggle for Schleswig-Holstein as a petty act of revolution, and an infringement of the rights of the King of Denmark. As an instance of his sagacity on questions of political economy, it is remembered that he was the advocate of a law by which the trade guilds should be empowered, as in the Middle Ages, to fix an arbitrary price for every sort of goods to be sold, and to prescribe the number of apprentices who should be brought up to each trade.

In 1851 HERR VON BISMARCK was admitted to the diplomatic corps, and sent as First Secretary of Legation to the Prussian Embassy at Frankfort; but, within three months of his arrival at this post, was elevated, by an extraordinary promotion, to that of Embassador at the sittings of the Federal Diet. He had evidently been selected for his independent and superficious bearing, no purpose to bid defiance to COUNT REICHBERG, who was then Austrian Embassador at Frankfort and President of the Diet. Many amusing stories are told of the encounters between them, HERR VON BISMARCK, by his spirit, tact, and courage, gradually obtained the better of his more dignified antagonist, who was once so plainly insulted by the Prussian that they were on the point of fighting a duel. It became necessary, therefore, to recall HERR VON BISMARCK from Frankfort, and he was transferred to the embassy at St. Petersburg, where he entered into intimate relations with Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, then busy with schemes for a triple alliance of Russia, Prussia, and France, by which each of those powers was to acquire an extensive addition of its territories at the expense of Austria, Turkey, Belgium, and the smaller German States. The Crimean War, however, prevented, or at least postponed, the execution of these projects, which seem not to have been agreed to by the Emperor of the North, and were afterward disavowed by the Prince Regent of Prussia, who at that time was unwilling to entertain any thought of self-aggrandizement at the expense of his brother sovereigns.

After his accession to the throne a change, apparently of the worse, came over the mind of Prince. The Liberal influences of the Crown Prince, the Prince of Hohenzollern, and their friends, now gave way to the intrigues of the Embassador, or they are sometimes called, from the title of their newspaper organ, the *Kreuz Zeitung* party. COUNT BRANDENBURG having become Minister of Foreign Affairs instead of HERR VON SCHLEINITZ, a new line of foreign policy was resolved upon, though it was necessarily to be kept dark till the views of the other European Powers could be ascertained. HERR VON BISMARCK, therefore, COUNT GOLTZ remaining still at the Russian Court, had no sooner returned to Berlin than it was intimated by the French Minister that the Emperor NAPOLEON would like to see him as much as Prussian Plenipotentiary at the Tuileries. He had more than once spoken in favor of a French alliance, under certain circumstances, previously to the war between France and Austria in 1859. Herr VON BISMARCK thus became Prussian Embassador at Paris; what passed between him and the Emperor NAPOLEON is best known to themselves.

In September, 1862, HERR VON BISMARCK was summoned home to Berlin and intrusted with the task of forming a new Ministry, over which he has since presided, with the port-folio of Foreign Affairs, COUNT EULENBURG being Minister of the Interior, HERR VON ROON, Minister of War; and BODELSCHWINGH and VON DER HEYDT successively Finance Ministers. The whole course of their administration, from 1862 down to the outbreak of the late war, has been a pertinacious conflict against the majority of the Chamber, whose views have been impudently set at naught, and whose Constitutional power to control the public expenditure has been nullified, while the Prime Minister has coolly declared that he and his colleagues will not be responsible to Parliament, and that they consider themselves only servants of the Crown. The subject-matter of the original dispute was the augmentation of the army estimates and the law extending the period of compulsory service in the army to three years. The Chamber having, by majorities of 272 against 68, and of 251 against 86, decided those propositions against the Government, BISMARCK dissolved the Chamber after a series of angry altercations, and informed them that the King would govern without a budget, if need be, for years, and would put in execution whatever measures he thought best for the public service. The campaigns which ventured to encounter on this high-handed procedure of the Government were prosecuted with great severity; and those who ventured to defend to raise their voice on behalf of the Constitution were punished by removal to distant places, if not by the loss of office.

This practically despotic, the rule of King WILLIAM I and BISMARCK, his Minister, during the last three or four years, has been marked, with astonishing success, though by conduct which history will perhaps stigmatize as perfidious and double-dealing, to the achievement of two great objects, the expulsion of Austria from the German political system, and the consequent union of the several States of North Germany to the Prussian system. Both are regarded by most impartial observers as a change beneficial to the interests of European peace and civilization. Nor can those of their views which are equally acceptable to the national spirit of the Germans. It is unnecessary here to review the series of transactions by which HERR VON BISMARCK's main provinces, which led to the open quarrel between Prussia on the one hand, and Austria, with the minor German powers on the other, finally issuing in the rupture of the Federation, and the short but decisive war of last midsummer. It would be a difficult task to reconcile the principles of honesty and good faith of the Prussian Government in these transactions; but the skills and valor of the Prussian army, the intelligence and patriotic spirit of the Prussian people, have justly earned for their country a degree of political and military importance second to none of the Powers of Europe.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

THE city of Houston, Texas, is situated in Harris County, on Buffalo Bayou, 45 miles by water from its entrance into Galveston Bay. It is a flourishing town, the centre of a large area of commercial importance, and is advantageously situated for trade, at the head of steamboat navigation. It is the principal shipping point for several adjacent counties, in which cotton, sugar, and maize are produced, and toward which a copious flood of emigration is flowing. A railroad is being built which is to extend westward to the BRAZOS River, and probably to Austin. Houston was founded in 1836. Its population in 1860 was nearly five thousand.

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

THERE are few towns in the South where so much Northern energy and the effects of Northern capital are as visible as in Galveston. The reason of this seems to be that the city was the principal port at the close of the war as a good place to make money. Army officers soldiers and other persons connected with the army have settled here, seemingly for a permanent home.

The climate is delightful and the people, generally speaking, courteous and hospitable.

On the Strand, or principal street, there are some fine stores and other buildings. A bank, the First National of Texas, has a fine building. Colonel A. South Carolina president, and an ex-General—Major-General W T CLARK, of the Army of the Tennessee—their cashier. Colonel CLARK is a fine business, and is cordially supported by the people.

A fine Custom-house, in which is located the Post-office, attracts the eye from the new-comer almost the first thing upon his entrance into the City.

The Collector, General KENT, was General GRANT's Provost-Marshal at the time of the surrender of Vicksburg, and did the tedious duty of policing PEMBERTON's army. General KENT has not forgotten his army discipline, and locks sharply after the revenue laws. The Surveyor, a fine-looking gent of parties that used to "slip things through."

The Galveston beach is said to be finer than any beach in the country. D.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I REALLY think," said Mr. May, one morning, at the breakfast-table, "that you children have done wonders with your flower-garden. Why, the gardens are splendid!"

"Yes, indeed," said Lily, "I think they are. If it wasn't for two or three things gardening would be so delightful."

"What are the two or three things, pray?"

"One is the weeds, papa."

"Ah!" said her father, laughing; "I thought you did not mean to have any weeds?"

Lily shook her head with an air that said very plainly if she had not meant it the weeds had.

"It's so hard to rake 'em off, papa. I toe them up ever so nicely, but the minute I begin to rake away comes the earth and every thing, as if I was going to take off the whole garden."

"How do you hold your rake?" asked Mr. May.

"I don't know, papa. In both hands."

"Yes, of course. But is the end of the handle high or low?"

"Pretty low, I guess," said Lily.

"Hold it high next time," said her father.

"When you rake a bed after digging, and have to level it here and there, the handle must sometimes be held low; but when you are raking off weeds you can hardly hold it too upright. Then the earth sifts through the teeth of the rake, and only the weeds are drawn off. What's the other hindrance to the perfect felicity of gardening?"

"My children!" said Lily, with such a pitiful intonation that every body in the house laughed in the most unsympathetic manner.

"Yes, I perceive that papa," said Jack. "If you don't, just ask Malvina."

"I will when I desire any of Malvina's conversation," said Mr. May. "I am not the greatest passion he dislike to hearing the kitchen quoted for any thing. What's the matter with the clothes, Lily? They will get soiled, just as the weeds will grow."

"Oh, papa, muddy don't express it!" said Lily, despairingly.

"Well, keep up your courage, my dear," said her father, laughing. "I am much inclined to fear that you will see little more mud this summer; it seems like the beginning of a dry time. Clover, I have seen no balsams so fine as yours any where, except at that little house of Nobody's by the hillside. I can't remember the boy's name."

"But oh, papa!" cried Primrose; "have you seen my heart's-ease?"

"Your heart's-ease?" said her father, lifting her up in his arms; "why, you are heart's-ease yourself! If you can show me any better I should like to see it."

Prim pulled him away out of the room, followed by Lily and Clover, the one talking eagerly about her own flowers, the other about those of the cottage of the beautiful balsams of little Dick Nobody.

Mr. May was right—a dry time set in; and Lily soon began to rue the day she found again, with all its troublesome qualities. The soil in the little gardens lost its rich brown hue, and looked hot and sandy; while the grass-borders hung their heads in the pitiless sunshine and cried for rain. Lily would fain have watered them at all hours of the day, but Sam assured her that that was the very way to kill them.

"Wait till the shady hours come," he said, "and then water thoroughly. And do not begin watering at all unless you are sure your patience will hold out."

"Mine will—till the cistern fails," said Lily. "But why do you say that?"

"Because a little watering only cakes the earth round the roots, and makes matters worse than ever," said Sam. "Keep the earth as loose and soft round your plants as ever you can in dry weather."

"That's odd," said Lily. "I should think it would just let the heat in."

"It lets the heat in, but the air brings moisture with it. And it leaves the roots at liberty to go every where in search of all the ground may contain."

"Ah, I think the ground must contain very little just now," said Lily, "for it seems as if all the water I put on my plants at night was just drunk up by the rest of the earth before morning."

It did seem so, indeed. However, the children took good care that no corner of sweet herbs in that dry time; and Mr. May ordered Robin to draw and carry to the little gardens as much water as they would use. It may be certain the three little watering-pots were not idle. Lily, to be sure, made a good deal of splashing with hers, and sometimes the mischievous mud flew higher than she cared for; but holes in the rose of her watering-pot were so large. Ogden, that it was quite easier to sway the earth from the bottom of her flowers, and had to coax it back carefully with her trowel; though still the plants looked thirstily upward in search of a good thing. But Clover's garden at sundown, when she had done watering for the night, looked as if there had been a gentle shower from the clouds; for she, with her long-nosed watering-pot she could reach even the tops of her plants; now and then Sam lowered it to her, and still flowers a shower-bath. But both plants and children were very glad when the weather changed and there came a rain. And then the plants grew then! how the blossoms opened, one kind after another! Prim's heart's-ease were the loveliest things that could be; and after four days of rain, and though just the heat of the weather (for heart's-ease does not bear the sun) the flowers were rather small, yet as the cool days came on they were larger and larger; and they were a wonder to look at. There was the King of the Blacks—a great black purple pansy with a small yellow eye, and another pansy that was bright yellow, and another that was pale yellow, and another that was yellow, with crimson marks. And there were striped purple, and striped purple and gold, and another purple and blue, and another crimson and white. Almost every plant as it came into bloom seemed to be of new color and markings; and Prim would come running into the breakfast-room with a breathless

"Oh, papa, another heart's-ease out! Won't you just come and see it?"

Then when the snow-white smothers began to open in large flowers every evening, there was no end to the joy Clover declared Prim's eyes grew as big as her primrose blossoms.

Clover, too, could boast of beauties; the balsams, with spotted blossoms, as double as any rose; and tall sheets of scarlet sage, with crimson tassels drooping till they touched the ground of love-lies-bleeding. Stocks promised to make a fine show by-and-by; and the finer, quite covered with hyacinth beans and canary-bird vine, looked almost like a green bank, spotted with purple and yellow.

Lily's garden was, to say truth, a little wild: things had been planted without much thought about such trifles as color and height, and some of the flowers had grown to think themselves overcrowded. For instance, the little dwarf convolvulus was planted to go back in the bed that, without stepping in among the flowers, it was hard to see its delicate trailing colors. On the other hand, the hollyhocks were so near the front that their broad and somewhat coarse green leaves stretched out even across the walk. Petunias were every where—Lily had set them out wherever she could find a bit of room—and they rejoiced in blue and whither, ran over the delicate little scarlet flax (which was a real beauty), and climbed quite over the head of Lily's favorite rose-bush. Then they did furnish a great many flowers—pink, and purple, and white-threated, and white-edged. Lily was proud in her praises, and, in fact, seemed to have almost adopted Mr. Jarvis's maxim of "Quantity—quantity," and actually said that the flax was pretty—what there was of it. The hollyhocks were not in bloom yet, and the sisters were more drawn faith in them by the sticks every morning, and the canna spread out its broad pale leaves with quite the air of a distinguished foreigner.

"The three gardens are a like the three children as possible!" Mr. May declared.

"How?" said his wife, smiling.

"Excellent, brilliant, and poetical," said Mr. May.

"I am sure Clover's is brilliant too," said Mrs. May.

"Yes, but in a way so perfectly orderly and neat that the lady-like qualities strike you first. Look at Lily's gardening, running into a most brilliant fashion! And there's my little Prim dreaming over her pansies! This gardening is a great business."

Nothing had been heard of little Dick Nobody's garden for some time, and though Clover had been very anxious to go there, she had not dared to say a word. But one day, after the dry weather had passed by and the showers had come to make everything fresh and green, Clover knew should take a walk that way and see Dick's balsams.

"Well see if they look like yours, Clover," he said.

"Has Dick got any heart's-ease, Sam?" said little Primrose.

"I think not."

"Then I'd better take him some," said Prim, with a very grave face.

"But you'll fill the plants, dear, if you take them up now, when they're all full of flowers," said Clover; "or at least kill the flowers."

"It's only the flowers I want to take," replied Primrose, as gravely as before. "I will take Dick a bunch of 'em."

"What! what for?" said Sam, putting his hands under her chin, and bringing the little sober face into view.

"Because," said Prim, "I've been thinking about it a great deal—about what mamma said. And if God asked me what I had done with my heart's ease I should like to be able to say I never given Dick one."

"Oh, if that's all," said Lily, "I can pick him a great bunch of petunias. Do 'em good too—they want cutting."

While Lily flew down to her garden and began to pull off the petunias with an unsparing hand, Prim rose crouched down by her patch of heart's-ease, carefully culling one of each shade and tint that she could find, putting them loosely together, with quite an artistic arrangement of colors.

"Exquisite!" said Sam, watching her. Prim looked up and smiled.

"Dear me! how splendid!" said Lily, running up with her hands full of petunias; "but just look at these! Clover's are the best, I do think."

"I think—I shall not take any thing," said Clover, slowly.

"Nothing out of all your garden!" said Lily. Clover flushed crimson.

"I'm not sure that Dick would care to have me bring any of our flowers," she said, in a low voice. "Maybe I can find—" And she hurried off, coming back presently with a half open rose-bud, which she quietly put in Prim's hand, to go with the heart's-ease. Then they set off.

Dick, of course, was in his garden—he was always there when it did not rain, and sometimes when it did; and visitors were a particularly pleasant thing to him at any time. He came to show He welcomed them very joyfully, beginning at once to display his treasures.

Great was the surprise of Lily and Primrose to see the very same flowers in Dick's garden that there were in Clover's. The beautiful camellia-flowered balsams, and the speckled carnations, and the showy zinnias. Even a canary-bird vine was there, fluttering over the fence.

"But where did you get them all?" cried Lily.

"A lady," said Dick. "She's a good one, and that's all I know."

"Does she live?" inquired Sam.

"Don't know, Sir," said Dick. "Nobody didn't tell me that. Man that fetched 'em—that's the seeds and the little green trees they grow here by. These be out of the young lady's own garden, says he."

"A young lady!" said Lily. "Oh, I dare say it was Maria Jarvis. You know, Clover, she's got such *loads* of flowers in her garden, and a man to take care of 'em, and all."

But Clover did not answer, and seemed rather in haste to get away, opening the little gate, and stepping out upon the road. And when Sam looked at her, he saw that she was biting her lips very hard to keep back her laughing. It must have pleased him —Clover's face, or the laughing, or the flowers, or something; for the first thing he did, when they were all outside the gate, was to take his arms round Clover and give her a good hearty kiss.

Little Prim all this while had said scarcely a word, looking on with all her eyes, as we say. But when Prim was going to bed that night, and Mrs. May bent over her for a parting kiss, Prim said:

"Mamma, I don't think God will ever ask Clover what she's done with her flowers."

"Why not?" asked her mother.

"Because," answered Primrose, sedately, "I think He left her what to do with 'em—and I think she's done it!"

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2d. The Banker makes large profits on Drafts for the purchase of Teas and Coffees.

3d. The Importer makes a good profit of 10 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of 10 per cent. additional.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lots of 100 packages, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 20 per cent.

7th. The Retail Dealer sells to the Consumer for all the more he can get.

When you have added to these enormous profits many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste of time, and the original cost of the article will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now let us show you how we can sell you at very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all the various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, our cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

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Respectfully . . . . . J. ADRIANCE DONNELLY.

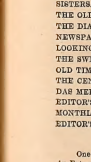
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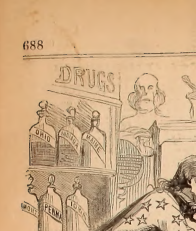
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"UNCLE TOM" AND HIS GRANDCHILD. [SEE PAGE 699.]

"UNCLE TOM" AND GRANDCHILD.

THE scene represented in the engraving on our first page was suggested to the artist, Mr. WARD, by a few months since while on the road from Columbus to Macon. It is by the roadside, on the six-skirts of a Georgia plantation. A little child, almost white, and very beautiful, is teaching her grandfather—a pure negro—to read. The little girl is just from school, as appears from the satchel hanging on the chair. We did not know or ask the names of either the old man or the child; but from an affection for "Uncle Tom" and its gifted author we have adopted the title subjoined to our engraving. The picture, as we saw it, seemed to tell at the same time a very sad and a very hopeful story. The contrast of color, at first violent in those so near of kin, told the history of a great wrong. The little girl, with far more than "Southern chivalry" in her veins than of negro blood, was, or had been for all that, a slave—a thing to be bought and sold, to be unbelievably abused or insultingly petted, to whom children she must become a curse, as they would be a curse to her. But this sad fate had in her case been averted. She was now free; and her present occupation spoke of a new era for the negro race. So that, on the whole, the picture was a hopeful one. It all seemed to us to be concentrated the great moral of our civil war.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1866.

SHALL THE PRESIDENT BE IMPEACHED?

IN the course of our political history it has been often said by stump orators, in the rhetorical exhilaration of their discourses, that the President ought to be impeached; but to advise a measure has never yet been adopted by Congress nor justified by the country. But when two gentlemen like General BUTLER and Mr. BOUTWELL, each of whom will be members of the next Congress, announce that they shall take the preliminary steps of impeachment, and when one of them states that he has the grounds upon which he would justify his action, it is but fair to suppose that they mean what they say, and intend to bring the subject before Congress.

Mr. BOUTWELL says, and with perfect truth, that an impeachment is not a revolutionary measure. It is no more so—indeed, it is not so much so—as an election. The Constitution plainly provides for impeachment as it does for any other emergency. It is the only way in which the official offenses of certain officers can be reached. But it is, of course, a measure of the very gravest character—one which in ordinary times might profoundly excite the country, and which in extraordinary times like these would produce an equally extraordinary agitation. It is a remedy which should be invoked only in great emergencies. The offense must be plain, the peril indisputable, to justify the temporary suspension of the executive authority in the person of its constitutional representative. It is unlike other trials, it seems, according to General BUTLER, that, in case of impeachment, the accused is to be considered guilty until he is proved to be innocent. He may be suspended from his functions until he proves his unblemished right to exercise them.

There are two questions which immediately present themselves. Has the conduct of the President made him liable to impeachment? and if so, would it be wise to impeach him?

We are obviously correct in saying that there is no general conviction at present that the President ought to be impeached. That his Presidency is a national misfortune, and that but for him the country would be rapidly returning to a normal condition, is unquestionable. That he is entirely unfitted by natural capacity and training for the office he holds is painfully conspicuous. That the comprehends neither the causes nor the consequences of the war, and is seriously ignorant both of the American people and of the dominant idea of our politics is undeniable. But these, although misfortunes for the country, are not impeachable offenses. And we are to remember that the President did not thrust himself into his office, but came to it by constitutional election and success. Much is said of his supposed habits, but it is rumor merely. It has not appeared, nor has it been seriously alleged, that he has habits which substantially prevent him from properly fulfilling his official duties.

Ought he then to be impeached for perilous political offenses? He is charged with usurping the prerogative of Congress in settling the questions of to-day by the way, and with a shameful prostitution of official patronage to personal ends. But as to the first charge, his offense is in the beginning more than a violent and indecent assertion of what is constitutional and of what Congress ought to do. He has expressed opinions, but he has as yet attempted no acts. He has, indeed, denounced the opinions of those who differ with him as treason, and their holders as deserving of the gibbet. But this merely shows the mental temper in which he has been long involved. It is natural to suppose that a man of his passionate temperament will endeavor to enforce his views in some way, and it is the part of wisdom to be watchful and ready. But until that time his views are merely his own opinions, and they are opinions held among a people who thoroughly comprehend the situation.

The President's abuse of the appointing power, and his total misconception of the relations of the various officers in the Government, are indeed extraordinary, but they are not unprecedented. His conduct is not essentially different from that of other Presidents, and will lead undoubtedly, as it should, to a legal remedy of a very menacing danger to which the Government is exposed. But the whole question of appointment and removal, in its exact constitutional relations, is still an open one, and if the President be guilty of the grossest and boldest attempt at usurpation in this particular age, his offense is not so peculiar as to justify, in the public mind, so extraordinary a correction as impeachment.

It would be enough, therefore, to prove the inexpediency, under the circumstances, of an impeachment that the grounds of action are neither evident nor adequate to the public mind. But there are other reasons which render it especially impolitic. It would unnecessarily embitter and prolong the present party conflict. Under the circumstances for it in circumstances which determine expediency—it would wear the air of an act of intolerant revenge; and it would be curiously and preposterously timed for the present offense. If, indeed, as Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS seems to suppose, the President is a conscious and malignant conspirator, in concert with the rebels in the Government and the hands of its enemies, and to force its friends into the position of rebels, the situation is revolutionary, and demands unusual measures. But the country know that it is never may be the foul intentions of any man or party, the great mass of loyal American citizens are neither deceived nor terrified. They have paid a fearful price for their control of the Government, and they do not mean to relinquish it. Mr. WADE HAMPTON, and Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, and Governor ORR, and RAPHAEL SEMMES, and the President, and Mr. SEWARD, and Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, and Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, and Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR may say and do what they will. They can neither wheedle nor frighten the people who saved the Union from securing it in the way which seems to them most just, most safe, most wise, most enduring. And that security no more requires the impeachment of the President than the hanging of JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE AUTUMN SPECULATION IN WALL STREET.

THE usual autumn speculation in Wall Street set in this year later than usual; but the start is promises to be a brief one. Thus far, an advance of 10@15 per cent. has already been realized in some leading stocks, and all have risen enough to return a handsome profit to September buyers. How long the speculation may last, how much higher prices may rise, how soon the turn will come—these are questions which are engrossing the intellects and dividing the opinions of speculators.

It must be remembered, on the one hand, that the autumn rise of this year did not start from a depressed market. Prices were not unusually low in September. On the contrary, taking the price of United States Five-Twenty bonds as the standard, the average quotations of railroad securities last month were fairly up to intrinsic values. The first-class dividend paying stocks were all above par. Chicago and Alton were at 125, Fort Wayne at 94, Rock Island (ex-dividend of some 30 per cent.) was 108, New York Central was 110, Reading 115, Hudson 120, Toledo 104, Michigan Central 118, Assuming that United States Five-Twenty bonds, paying 6 per cent. in gold, were not unduly cheap@109@110, these prices may perhaps be considered as fairly warranting railway stocks paying from 8 to 12 per cent. per annum. The second-class shares, which pay dividends irregularly, were likewise higher than usual. Erie was at 75, Cleveland & Toledo 84; Pittsburg 88. Northwest, preferred, 70; Northwest, common, 36. So with the miscellaneous list. Cumberland preferred was 51, Ohio and Mississippi certificates over 30; Canton, steady, at 54@55; Quicksilver 55, etc., etc. Within a couple of years we have seen all these securities selling for long periods together at prices much lower than these. The autumn speculation of 1866 thus started with the disadvantage of being, on the average, average prices, and of undertaking at the very outset to carry prices above what might fairly be considered intrinsic values.

But, on the other hand, no calculations with regard to prices can, in our day, be safely made, without proper allowance for perturbations induced by a variable currency. And, moreover, no calculations with regard to prices can be safely based on any fixed standard so long as the value of the money in which all prices are reckoned is subject to fluctuation. So long as the currency consists of paper-money, irredeemable in specie, prices will vary incessantly, widely, capriciously, and in defiance of all rule. They will not always rise with the rise in gold. Sometimes they will do so, but just as often they will fall when gold rises, and rise when it falls. Erie sold at 125 with gold at 150; when gold rose to 250 Erie was 110; when it fell to 128 Erie was 125; when it was 130 Erie was 97; when it was 150 Erie was 60. As all these periods the intrinsic value of Erie was the same, and Wall Street was aware of the fact. The only principle which can be set down as certain, in an era of paper-money, is that prices will fluctuate—that there will be periods of wild speculation, followed by periods of great depression, both of them independent of intrinsic values, and irreconcilable with any known standard.

It is by reliance on this principle that speculators in Wall Street look for higher prices for stocks this fall and winter. They say that two years and a half have elapsed since the last great speculative movement, and that how much more paper-money now than we had then; and that the disturbing element of an irredeemable currency being still in full play, the time is ripe for a new carnival, perhaps as crazy as that of 1864. They argue that it is not material from what point the speculation starts. In March, 1864, Fort Wayne was a great purchase at 125; in April it was a great sale at 100. In the one case the tide set upward, in the other downward. It was worth no more in March than in April, no less in April than in March. Yet those who bought in March made their fortunes, and those who bought in April were ruined. In a paper-money era, they say, prices must necessarily change or falling; all that you require to discover is which way the tide is setting at the particular moment you operate.

There are two influences which make in favor of the speculators. One is the bank expansion, which is so enormous and unparalleled that the very mention of the figures which bank discounts have reached seems to start speculation in every article of commerce. In this city alone they have increased 50 per cent. since January, and in the country the expansion has been still greater. The other influence is the prosperous condition of the railway interest. To this we have more than once called attention, and it is being calculated to effect, sooner or later, a radical change in the status of railway securities. To say nothing of such stocks as the Fort Wayne, Rock Island, and Reading, which are uncertain guides, every city five years ago, which now are now safe 10 per cent. dividend paying stocks; here is the Toledo, which sold its bonds at 50 cents in 1858, and now pays 10 per cent. on its stock; the Hudson River, which for ten years never could earn quite enough to pay its interest, and now pays 8 per cent.; Michigan Central, which for a snug extra dividend some fine morning; the Chicago and Alton, bankrupt in 1857, and now paying 10 per cent., and laying by nearly as much more as it pays, which now can be used to have any but a nominal value, and which is now going to take a place on the regular dividend paying list. It is impossible that these changes in intrinsic values can take place without corresponding changes in market-prices, and the experience of Wall Street is that the market, in such cases, generally runs about as far in excess of the facts as it had previously lagged behind them.

It is about twelve months since Mr. M'CULLOCH delivered his Fort Wayne speech. In the December following he reiterated, in his Report to Congress, the cardinal doctrine of that speech, and declared his unalterable faith. Whether he would or could have contracted the currency, if Congress had given him the powers he asked, may be an open question. Certain it is, now, that he has no power to interfere materially with the volume of paper-money; and equally certain that, if he had the power, it would at this period be impolitic to use it, until $150,000,000 of compound legal-tenders are paid off, and the first issue of Seven-Thirty notes maturing next year snugly funded into long bonds. So the speculators do not seem to have much to fear from him.

THE NEW YORK "RING" REVEALED.

THE article upon the government of the city of New York which the *New York Times* printed on October ought to be printed in a cheap and legible form, and read universally. The bald iniquity which is synonymous with that municipal government is so generally familiar to every citizen as his own sins. But here we have the details, the wires, the ropes, the whole machinery by which the widows and orphans are ground into hopeless poverty, and the wages are picked out of the pockets of honest men. The story is told with such humor and felicity, and the malice of the writer has been evidently so thorough and faithful, that it would not be surprising if the publication of this article should mark an era of reform, first, by arresting public attention, which mere indignant denunciation will not do; and then by awakening the honest revolution that such shameless corruption and recklessness squandering of hard-earned money shall cease somehow or other.

The article opens with a description of the halls of the councilmen and aldermen, and an analysis or the composition of each Board, with the assistants and salaries. Of the twenty-four councilmen the majority are apparently under thirty, and at the time of writing the article some six of them were honorable and honest legislators. The course of proceedings, as observed by the article in six different sessions, shows that we are all cheated and robbed without the least delay or debate. "The visitor perceives a kind of ungovernable propensity to vote for spending money, and a prompt dragging at any obstacle raised or objection made." The instances given are incredible and preposterous. A vote of money requires the presence of three-fourths of the councilmen. When, therefore, any peculiarly luscious job offers itself, a special meeting is called, and the honest members are summoned in such a way as to be sure not to receive the notice until too late. The aldermen are as like the councilmen as twins to each other. And when there is the Board of Supervisors, who take care of the county as the former bodies have charge o. the city; the city and county being of exactly the same extent, and identical in every particular. The Board of Supervisors is that exemplary body which, being authorized eight years ago to build a courthouse at an expense of not more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, have already expended upon it two millions and a half, and it stands to-day just half done. Professional architects compute that the every dollar which has gone into the building another has gone into somebody's pockets.

The whole swindle of the "Manual of the Common Council" is also revealed. For an utterly unnecessary book, adorned and eked out with the fac-simile autograph signatures of all the aldermen, the tax-payers of New York paid in the year 1865 the neat sum of $57,172 30. Experts in publishing compute the cost of manufacturing this totally useless book at $16,000. The truth is, according to the writer of the article, that the book costs the compiler, who is Clerk to the Common Council, $15,000. He himself assures the world that the other $1 30 goes out of the pockets of the tax-payers into those other pockets wheresoever they may be. The city contracts are exposed in the same satisfactory manner. The ceremonies of "opening streets" and of appointments to office, including the position of teachers in the public schools, are laid bare. "Another poor girl came on the witness-stand" the other day, and testified that she had paid $75 for a situation of $300 a year," and it was proved "that the salaries of all this feel impinged no other than the principal o one of the schools."

On every side and in every detail the municipal Government is an organized system of plunder. In 1830 the city debt amounted for half a million of dollars. In 1865 the entire government cost more than forty millions. In 1830 the population was a little more than 180,000. The population now about 1,000,000. Thus while the population is five times larger, the cost of governing it is sixteen times greater, and yet while the value of the real and personal property owned by the city, that shrewd business men are of opinion "that a private company could govern, sprinkle, clean, and teach the city for ten millions," the whole remuneration only the fair revenue to be derived from its property."

The cause of this astonishing fall from an honest and able city government, in which the best citizens were proud to take part, to the present ignorant and dishonest conspiracy, the writer of the article attributes to the constitutional change of 1821, which abolished the household restriction upon the suffrage and admitted to the polls every body but criminals and madmen. This change was strenuously opposed by MARTIN VAN BUREN. But while this was, in the writer's judgment, the cause, the succession was the railroad grab of 1853 and onward, when "Rings" were first formed and universal spoliation began. At the present time the central "Ring" is composed of about seven men, heads o city departments, Aldermen, Candidates for Congress, for the Legislature, and for the numerous appointments of the city authorities must be approved by them.

For the remedy of this evil, which, if not checked, will sooner or later destroy the Government, the writer looks to the Constitutional Convention of next year. The present relief by the interference of the Legislature is, indeed, a necessity, but it can not and ought not, he thinks, to be relied upon, both because the principle is radically wrong, and because the Legislature is itself rapidly becoming a corrupt body. The writer suggests, therefore, as a fundamental remedy, that while no man should be deprived of the right of suffrage who now legally possesses it, yet that henceforth no man, native or foreign, should be allowed to vote "who can not read English understandingly and intelligently." The ground of the exclusion is, that those who can not read are dependent upon others for information, without which no intelligent vote can be cast. He would further impose a certain tax payment as a qualification; limit the profligate elections to Mayor and members of the city Legislature, and abolish the distinction between the city and the county of New York.

The article, which occupies about fifty pages

of the *Revoire*, is the most vigorous, shrewd, and able assault upon our civic iniquity. The dangers of that iniquity are so plain and appalling that no man can doubt the truth of the closing words of the writer: "The thieves must be driven out, if it costs a bloody war; and it will cost a bloody war if they are not." Nor is it at this moment the least startling of the facts of the case that Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, a Copperhead during the war, is the present candidate of this shameless "Ring" for Governor of New York.

SOUTHERN VIEWS OF THE AMENDMENT.

WE observe that many of the Southern papers are very urgent that the Amendment shall not be adopted. Governor HUMPHREYS of Mississippi speaks of it as an insult, and Mr. WADE HAMPTON speaks upon the duty of the North to conform to the terms upon which the rebel armies surrendered. All of them talk of the section of the country in which they live as their "country," and with us to understand that they will never submit to indignities, and will die with dignity in the last ditch before they will acquiesce in the Amendment.

Now let us be as frank as these gentlemen. If there were any thing which seemed harsh or unjust in the Amendment we should at once concede that it ought not to be adopted. But they will strive in vain who undertake to prove that it is not magnanimous to take the most legitimate and reasonable security for the future, or that it is unjust upon one side to insist, or upon the other to allow, that the basis of national representation shall not be increased by those whom the States disfranchise. The question at issue is not of sides, or terms, or parties, or sections, it is simply of the existence and security of the nation. When Mr. WADE HAMPTON talks, or of an unsuccessful and utterly baseless and cruel effort to destroy this nation, that all is lost but honor, what idea of honor can he be supposed to entertain, and how is it possible for him to conceive the amused contempt with which honorable men listen to his words?

The adoption of the Amendment is regarded by the loyal people of the country as essential to the national security. It is repudiated by the late rebels as insulting and dishonorable. If, then, the question is a point of honesty, which party is more likely to yield? There is nothing said at the South about rejecting the Amendment which is comparable in fury to what was incessantly said and reiterated during the war about never surrendering. But those who said it most stoutly and most sincerely, and who seem to believed them, have seen the result. The last ditch was nothing but the consciousness that further fighting was useless. And has the war thrown no light upon the quality of Northern tenacity? Do the elections leave the Northern determination doubtful? Do the late rebels and their friends still suppose that the stale threat of staying out forever rather than assent to the Amendment has any other effect than to fortify impregnably the resolution of the people?

The editorial writers of the Southern States forget that it is not the country of fifteen, or even of six and seven years ago, with which they have to deal. They forget that those who, affecting to be their friends and to know Northern sentiment, urge them to oppose and reject the Amendment are utterly scorned by the controlling and governing spirits of the loyal States, and are wholly powerless to stem the great flood of popular conviction and purpose. They should remember that assent is required to the Amendment as an arbitrary condition upon which the unrepresented States may be restored, but as a measure of essential justice and national safety. It is a mild and moderate proposition which assumes a certain state of feeling in the Southern States. If that assumption proves to be mistaken, another policy will become just as certainly the necessity of the situation, and it will be just as universally supported as the present. The paramount right of the nation is to secure its existence, and it will do it just as decisively in legislation as it did in war. It is an inexcusable misfortune for the true interest of our fellow-citizens at the South that the election of the Governments and the real public opinion of the country are misinterpreted to them by such intolerable gasconade as the speech of WADE HAMPTON and the Message of Governor HUMPHREYS.

ABUSES OF RAILWAY TRAVEL.

THERE are certain abuses in the conduct of our railroads which have been brought into recent notice by the tragical death of Mr. DWIGHT, and which the people ought not to tolerate any longer. The trains ought never to be moved without due and sharp warning, and a careful observation of the proper officers that there is no evident risk; and railroad companies should be restrained by law from locking any car when there are passengers in it. In the station at Jersey City Mr. DWIGHT, an old gentleman of seventy, was thrown from the train, which moved without sufficient warning, and his daughter, being locked into a car, was brutally insulted by the conductor, and finally put out upon the track at her request, and, with her child, made the best of her way back to her father, who on the next day died of his injuries.

Upon all railroads there are among the officers with whom the passengers are thrown many truly kind and thoughtful persons whom we remember with pleasure, and who would certainly agree with us that there are many others passengers are subjected to the most surly and even insolent treatment. If questions are answered at all by these gentry, it is with a mixture of surprise at the audacity of the questioner, and of contempt for his insignificance which is not encouraging to the further pursuit of information on any terms. The arrival of baggage they resent as a personal indignity, and they wreak their vengeance in a manner of which the trunks of every traveler are fatal witnesses. Indeed the experienced traveler has learned by experience to avoid all intercourse with the persons of whom we speak as far as avoidance is practicable.

And why are drunken men permitted to travel in the cars with decent people? Whenever travels much by rail is sure frequently to find himself sitting near a person who whistles, sings, shouts, and threatens in the madness of drink. Scores of times we have ourselves seen a conductor pass such an offender with a half-confused half-ashamed smile, as if he knew that it was a rank offense, but that he had no remedy. Why has he no remedy? Why do not the New Jersey Railroad Company, and the New Haven Company, and Mr. VANDERBILT, who is the Hudson and Harlem Company, strictly enforce a regulation that every train is at a proper place and put out the drunkard, or secure him in some fit solitude upon the train? Or why do the passengers, gentlemen with their wives or mothers or sisters, submit to it? Why do they not demand that the conductor shall remove the sinner? Is not a fair share of our personal national good-humor merely pusillanimity?

For the remedy is in the hands of the travelers. The trains will be clean, orderly, and safe, if the passengers insist that they shall be. Officers of every grade will cultivate good manners if their ill-manners are publicly exposed. There is no sanitary purifier like the sun, and the sum of publicity will be the assay of the serious annoyances to which railway passengers are now exposed. Nothing is more for the interest of the railway than that its servants as sistants than the friendly feeling which springs from pleasant manners. They cost nothing, says the proverb; but they bring in a great deal.

Yet locking cars and starting without the sound of bell or steam or voice are offenses of which the law should at once punish. If companies and conductors know that heavy damages must be paid for immuring passengers or for exposing them to the consequences of unnecessary speed, they will be at once careful to avoid them as they now are to obey the Connecticut law, which stops every train before crossing a draw-bridge. The improvements of railway travel are very few and very slow; but the sad death of Mr. DWIGHT warns every man how foolish a risk the railroad companies make him run.

A FIRE ON THE "PLYMOUTH ROCK."

WE have as yet seen no published account of an incident which might have had the most tremendous consequences, and of which we apparently the result of a negligence which should be exposed.

A passenger by the *Plymouth Rock* steamer from Stonington, upon one of her late trips, was aroused at about two o'clock in the morning by a cry of fire, and saw that his state-room was crimson with the flame. He sprang up, and opening his door he saw the flames rising from the floor of the saloon as if they had burned through from below. At the same time another passenger, who had already been awakened from his state-room with all the bedding from his berth, to which our informant added it, and also very generously contributed to smothering the flame before the rest of the passengers had assembled. But the cry had gone through the steamer, and as the saloon was full of thick smoke, and it could not be known that the fire was stopped, the alarm and agitation were very great. Gradually, however, it was understood that the danger had passed, and the passengers slowly retired.

The gentlemen who discovered the fire were, of course, ignorant of its origin until a kerosene lamp was found on the floor under the bed-clothes which had been thrown upon the flame. One of the gentlemen had heard a fall, and upon looking out discovered the fire at once. The conclusion was inevitable that it had been caused by the fall and explosion or merely the emptying of the lamp upon the floor. It seems most probable that some one had been reading at a late hour in the saloon by the light of a kerosene lamp which had been left upon the table, and the jar of the steamer, which was the notable pedestal of the lamp along the marble surface of the table until it fell from the edge. The sound of the fall was fortunately heard, and by the good sense and activity of the two gentlemen the steamer and how many lives were saved!

Is it the habit of the Sound steamers to supply kerosene lamps to midnight readers? Is it the custom of the watchman in the saloon to drop asleep, or is there no watchman? Do these or other steamers often take fire or explode unnoticed? Without any general knowledge of the fact? These and other equally interesting questions naturally suggest themselves to the reflecting reader. There seems in this instance to be a clear, culpable carelessness somewhere, and it is very clear that the police of the steamer might be improved. We might add, also, for the comfort of the nervous, that passenger who nimbly brought a pail of water and emptied it upon the legs and feet of the gentlemen who were extinguishing the fire, and who was very properly knocking the water out extinguishing it. Of course he could not know at the time that the fire was caused by kerosene, and he will certainly take our suggestion kindly.

One obvious moral of the tale is, that when passengers are ready to go to bed upon the Sound steamers they should glance at the many ble-topped tables in the saloon, and see if any marble-bottomed kerosene lamps are dancing on them.

LITERARY.

THE November Number of *Harper's Magazine* completes the thirty-third volume, and the thirty-fourth opens upon a prosperity which is alike gratifying and remarkable. *Harper's* is truly the People's Magazine. It reaches the best classes of society with constant skill, and it is an established domestic institution in thousands of households all over the land. The secret of its success is to be found in the careful variety of its articles, and the graphic and admirable illustrations which adorn them, but chiefly in the editorial sagacity which assumes the popular taste to mean only that, after its long career, the *Monthly* enters with unflagging freshness upon its new volume. The publishers speak in agreeable and significant illustration of American character. For the Magazine which is thus foremost in public regard is of a quality which no such periodical in the world rivals. Among the promises of the new volume is a tale by GEORGE P. HARSHORNE, the author of the remarkable story of "Old Pinchbeck and the Harems. It is called "The Virginian in Texas," and will be, like "Inside," the work of one who thoroughly understands the life of which he writes, and whose power and skill in narration are established. The papers of picturesque travel, of natural history, of popular science research, with all the pleasant literary miscellany of story, poetry, biography, and criticism will be continued; and the new friends and readers of *Harper* will understand why its old friends and readers never tire of their cheerful and instructive monthly visitor.

THE HARPERS have published a new and convenient edition of the works of "Felix Holt, the Radical," which will enable all those who place "Adam Bede" and the "Mill on the Floss" among the best novels upon their shelves to add "Felix Holt" to make a uniform companion. The popularity of this novel is very great. It has been strictly the novel of the year, both in England and this country, and has a peculiar interest for us at this time, when the electoral question, which was the great debate of England in the time of "Felix Holt, is engaging every intelligent mind in this country.

"An American Family in Germany," by J. ROSS BROWNE, is a volume of humorous descriptive sketches just issued by the HARPERS, which are well meaning rather than of a great deal of shrewd observation and mother-wit. Mr. BROWNE is known for a vein of peculiar humor, which has found much of its subject in the American frontier life of this country; but his "Yusef"—a book of Eastern travels—is perhaps the work by which he is most generally known, except to the readers of *Harper's Magazine*, who know him as one of the most entertaining sources of life at the mines. The present volume treats of observations in Germany.

"Hurd through Algeria," and "Visit to the Salmines of Wieliczka," and is illustrated by the author's graphic and lively pencil. His criticisms upon life in Germany are unique and original, and the reader can be very sure that he will find something stale or wearisome in Mr. BROWNE'S pages. He have given my experiences of life and character [he says] in Germany, so that they were picked up in a reckless, harum-scarum way as the vagabond who lies down in a haystack or a stubble-field to sleep, and picks up the husks, burrs, and seeds that happen to stick to his coat." But we warn the reader not to take the author at his word, or it throws the way what is called chaff he will reject plump wheat.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MISSISSIPPI LEGISLATURE.

THE Mississippi Legislature met October 16. Governor HUMPHREYS delivered his message at the opening of the session. The Governor said in regard to the Constitutional Amendment:

"Though our voice can not be heard nor our rights respected in the adjustment of our federal relations, many questions present themselves for our consideration and action as citizens of the State that may affect our condition as citizens in the Union. Prominent among them is the amendment proposed by Congress as No. 14, which, at the request of the honorable Secretary of State, W. H. Seward, I herewith submit for your action. This amendment, adopted by a Congress of less than a quorum of the States of the Union, is palpable violation of the rights of more than one-fourth of the States, and is a gross infraction and total denial of the equal rights of so many of our worthiest citizens who have shed lustre and glory upon our section and our race, both in the forum and in the field, such a gross usurpation of the rights of the State, and such a centralization of power in the Federal Government, that I presume a mere reading of it would cause its rejection by you."

The Governor also opposed the Civil Rights bill, on the ground that it conflicted with State law. He added: "While the Civil Rights bill can not be received as a rule for our guidance, the interests of the State will be best subserved by the recognition of the rigidity of our laws, which, in order to guard society against the freedman, was and is necessary. Public justice to both races demands the admonition of severe punishment in all cases brought before the civil and criminal courts. Now that the negro has shown conclusively that he has abandoned the idea of insurrection, and a desire to engage in the pursuits of honest labor, public and private demand of us the full protection to his person and property, real and personal. Free labor is essential to the protection and prosperity of the laughing, and society should be guarded by regulations which will prevent a tolerance to crime and idleness. Hope be can always secure where his character for good conduct and honesty is known."

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BY TELEGRAPH.

October 19:

(FLORENCE).—The cession of the Province of Venetia to the Italian Government was fully completed to-day.

(BERLIN.).—Rumors are afloat that the Prussio-Saxon treaty of peace was signed on the 18th, and that the occupation of Saxony.

(TURIN.).—The French statesman, M. Thouvenel, died to-day.

October 23:

(MADRID).—Spain has announced her intention to recognize the Mexican power of Maximilian, and the French forces leave Rome.

(HAVANA).—The United States iron-clad *Miantonomoh* and the other vessels of the American fleet are at Havana.

(BERLIN.).—The Prusso-Saxon treaty of peace was finally signed on the.

(FLORENCE).—The plebescitum of Venetia has resulted in nearly a unanimous vote for union with Italy.

(VIENNA.).—A steamer will sail from Trieste for Mexico forthwith by express order of the Emperor Francis Joseph. [May not this be confirmatory of the report that the Emperor CARLOTA is afflicted with insanity?—ED.]

HURRICANE AT THE BAHAMAS.

The recent terrific West India hurricane on the Bahama Islands are thus portrayed by Lieutenant-Commander William Hargood, commanding the United States steamer *Tuscarora*: "The centre of the hurricane passed over the Island of New Providence on the 11th inst., and the scene of wreck and devastation is marvelous and very sad to see. More than half of Nassau is in ruins. Most of the houses are unroofed; many blown to the ground. Some second building from the foundations into the streets. Churches, warehouses, and other buildings of solid stone are shattered as if by a bombardment. The trees are destroyed, leaf and limb, as if by a conflagration. Every vessel was cast and boat is sunk or swept high and dry. On the outer Islands the loss of life is appalling. Three thousand persons are suffering is said to be dreadful. The important light at the 'Hole in the Wall' is not burning. The harbor light here is only a temporary lantern. The lights on the Great Isaac, the Northern frontier light of the country; but his "Yusef"—a book of Eastern travels—is perhaps the work by which he is most generally known, except to the readers of *Harper's Magazine*, who know him as one of the most entertaining sources of life at the mines. The present volume treats of observations in Germany.

"Hurd through Algeria," and "Visit to the Salmines of Wieliczka," and is illustrated by the author's graphic and lively pencil. His criticisms upon life in Germany are unique and original, and the reader can be very sure that he will find something stale or wearisome in Mr. BROWNE'S pages. "I have here given my experiences of life and character [he says] in Germany, so that they were picked up in a reckless, harum-scarum way as the vagabond who lies down in a haystack or a stubble-field to sleep, and picks up the husks, burrs, and seeds that happen to stick to his coat." But we warn the reader not to take the author at his word, or it throws the way what is called chaff he will reject plump wheat.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MISSISSIPPI LEGISLATURE.

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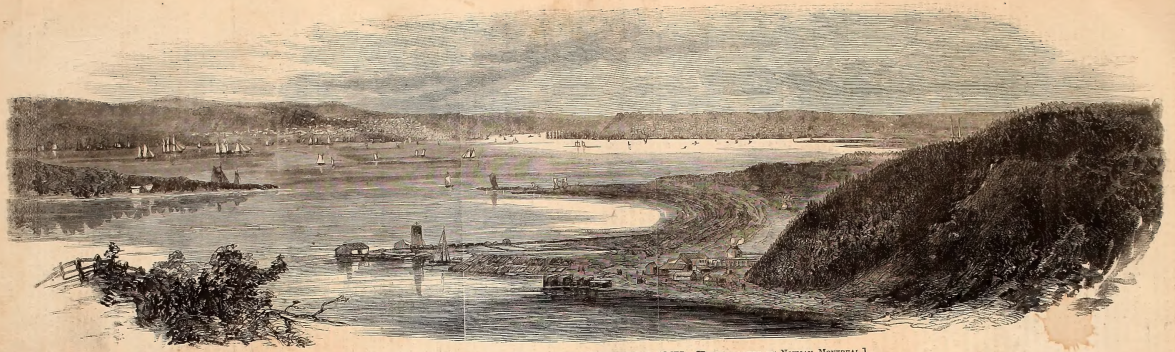
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VIEW OF THE CITY AND HARBOR OF QUEBEC FROM MONTMORENCY RIVER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOYMAN, MONTREAL.]



THE GREAT FIRE AT QUEBEC—VIEW OF THE RUINS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. A. LEGGO & CO., QUEBEC.—[SEE PAGE 702.]



ST. ROCH, QUEBEC—THE PORTION OF THE CITY DESTROYED BY FIRE.—SKETCHED BY C. D. SHANLY.—[SEE PAGE 702.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

THERE are no particular novelties in fashion at the present moment in Paris. One would have to seek for them at Biarritz, where all the beau-monde are now congregated. The most striking toilet we have recently seen was a robe of light gray taffeta, with a train of moderate length, made without gutters in the front and trimmed at the bottom with a silk fringe. A large "biais" of gray satin, in the centre of which was an entre-deux of white cluny, ran down the entire front of the robe, half-way down each side of which was a similar ornament. A small Figaro vest, cut out at the bottom in squares and trimmed at the shoulders and cuffs with gray satin and white cluny, supplied the place of a corsage. The belt, which fastened behind, was of gray satin, and also trimmed with cluny. This robe was worn with a chemisette of plain white crape, with a frill of very fine cluny round the neck. Another toilet worthy of mention consisted of a robe of black foulard, cut round the bottom into large vandykes and lying flat upon a jupe of scarlet cashmere, except at the sides, where it was caught up by two scarlet rosettes. The casaque, also of black foulard, was very short and trimmed with a narrow scarlet piping at the shoulders, the collar, and the cuffs, and with scarlet and black silk buttons. We may mention, as an example of a quiet evening dress, a robe of brown taffeta, with black satin stripes, with a long black sash tied behind. The corsage is made extremely low. With this dress a Spanish "berthe" of black lace, closed at the front with small rose-buds, is worn.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. Robe of black taffeta, scolloped at the lower part and trimmed with small white frills; belt ornamented with jet beads. Under-jupe and sleeves of blue silk or cashmere. Chapeau Lamballe, encircled with small gold coins, with similar coins attached to a chain of white lace, which falls beneath the chin.

Fig. 2. Robe of silver-gray mohair, trimmed at the lower part with cerise-colored ribbon, above which is a narrow row of black guipure. Casaque of the same color and material as the robe, and trimmed to correspond. Cream-colored glazed sailor's hat, also trimmed with cerise-colored ribbon.

Fig. 3. Robe of black moire antique. Paletot of black cashmere, embroidered with jet ornaments and with a fringe of the same. Chapeau Lamballe of lemon-colored tulle, trimmed with flowers and violet-colored ribbon.

Fig. 4. Robe and casaque of striped foulard, trimmed with black and white galloon. The jupe of white cambric, with broad plaits. Straw-hat, encircled with a garland of flowers.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1866.

A MERE SCRATCH.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"Yes, then, is your answer?" said George Gosling, in a voice that somehow rendered almost inarticulate.

George was twenty-four. With the famed old barometer of which he was the representative, there had descended to him the state of Gosling Grange, and sixteen thousand a year. These, with himself, he had poured at the shrine of Miss Mildred Mulcaster, and, from the tone of his observation, it would appear that the young lady had decided in his disfavor.

Sir George had been taken by surprise. The like may be said of the ingenuous, single-hearted reader, when apprised that Miss Mulcaster had arrived at deliberate exaggerations with her lover, accepting a horsehad sing, supplemented with gifts demonstrative but written of, received from him, as many letters as an ordinary postman of these degenerate days could lift; in full, dozen-tempered, and otherwise circled with him at least one hundred and fifty miles; had, in effect, deported herself on all, or most occasions (for she was very much and given to teasing), as an engaged young person should.

"This, then, is your answer?"

"Yes. Take it," said Miss Mulcaster, "and," extending her white hand, "as they say in melodrama, be happy."

She was laughing. But George had not heard the ring of the bell, nor three minutes were before nothing. The laugh was a disguise. Therefore, though stricken with a miserable apprehension, he hesitated for an instant to accept his fate.

"But, Mildred—"

"Miss Mulcaster—Sir George Gosling," interrupted the young lady, as though reintroducing those parties on a new footing.

George resumed:

"You will, you must, forgive me, Miss—Miss Mulcaster—if, at the moment, I can not successfully imitate your self-possession. It is a great gift. I envy you. I will not ask—"

"Don't, if it would be useless."

"Mildred—can you justify this conduct—"

"I shall not try."

"I mean to yourself!"

"It is to myself I have already appealed—my calmer self. Flattered for being at length consulted, that extremely sensible and discreet adviser frankly discerns that the step is unpardonable—as we never, by the way, within the limits of possibility—and that its ever having seemed so is a revelation to my—my common self. I pray

A few moments, and Colonel Lugard was announced. He had been taking his evening ride, and, as was his frequent wont, dropped in for a chat with his fair neighbors.

In the course of conversation the Colonel observed:

"By-the-by I have had what I might almost call an adventure! I was cantering up to the Grains to have a word with Goulding. Good fellow, George. Rides capitally to hounds. I will back'd take them himself out of the hands of that mere horse-jockey, Sevenoye. As I was saying, I was riding up the park, when my horse made a furious swerve. It needed the old dragoon grip to sit and measuring my length on George's turf, so startled was my usually steady old hunter at what he had seen. And what do you think it was? A young lady, Miss Malcuster! Yes, Miss Lucia, a beautiful young lady! We had come suddenly upon her, rounded into view, and she stood in some surprising beauty, or else a scarlet thing that covered her head and shoulders had thrown my horse into the consternation I have described. I had managed to drop my whip in the manœuvre; but even before my groom, Will Crooke, could ride up the young lady had stepped gracefully forward and placed it in my hand. Her hood fell back as she did so, and you see I The Colonel stopped, as if quite overcome by the remembrance.

"Who upon earth could she be?" said Mrs. Mulcaster, looking at her daughters.

"Who, indeed?" resumed the Colonel. "She was plainly, my dear Mrs. Mulcaster, a friend of her cottage class, for I noticed that her hand, though well-shaped and of delicate clean, was not quite white, as if it had not disdained rough work. Her manner, however, was perfect. A precious old churl she must have thought me, for so much was I taken aback by her singular beauty that I merely clutched my whip, grunted, and jogged on. I wish I had stopped and wish I'd gone back. If Will Crooke hadn't been behind me I think I should."

"Very well, Colonel," said Mrs. Mulcaster. "I am coming to call upon Lugard to-morrow, and it will be no painful but imperative duty to place her on her guard."

"It will be a most neighborly precaution," replied the gay veteran: "and, in order to assist your admirable scheme for the promotion of domestic harmony at Bramleigh, I give you authority to say that, for my fixed resolve to find out, by hook or—more probably—by Crooke, who this damsel is."

"Did you not see Geo—Sir George Goulding?" asked the lady of the house.

"I did not see Sir George Goulding, my dear lady. They told me he had ridden over hither, and would possibly not return to dinner. I thought it quite possible," added the Colonel, with a sly glance at Ethel.

Shortly thereafter the visitor took his leave.

Mrs. Mulcaster, who had been watching her eldest born with carefully solicitude, now cut down beside her on the sofa and took her passive hand.

"How pale you look, my own darling!" she began.

"That wicked George! I declare I can not forgive him; vexing my pretty rose!"

"I am quite well," responded the flower addressed. "Come up to me, some of you, in two hours, and see if I am not blushing. Knock softly, and if I don't answer, go away."

And her majesty withdrew.

But she did not go to bed. Mildred sat looking in her glass for half an hour. It was a habit she had, holding these tête-à-tête with herself. Whenever, on this occasion the parties did not agree. She rose pettishly, went to the window, and leaned forth. Resolute and out of place as she was, for the rain fell in sheets, wearing for repose, seemed to rebuke with its severity the evil passions that swelled within her perplexed bosom. Conscience, suddenly awaking, began, in accents stern and inexorable—more distinct, as it seemed, to the keeper-bush—to accuse her of a vice that her willful heart gave way. She began, calculating, to palliate her doings.

"I was mad," she found herself murmuring, as in miserable extenuation. "I was not mistress of myself. The scoundrelism came"—from the days of temptation has always "come"—"on the sudden. If I had reflected I should not. But I never can reflect. Besides," she continued, gaining courage in her self-vindication, "I am not sure that, after all, I was so very wrong. Goulding! Lady Goulding! Don't you? Perhaps I expected that he would have resumed with me. I think I remember having spoken of Ethel. Then, to be found! Stay, though, *did* he threaten? Good Heaven! if she should do it! Who can this girl be, and in his way at this unhappy moment? What shall I do? What can be done? Fool that I have been! false to my word, to my peace; for now I *know* that I loved him, and, in resisting him and his detestable name, I have but proved myself a truer Gosling than he!"

With something between a giggle and a sob the beautiful head sank down, and the voice lost itself in genuine tears.

When the obedient Lonies, followed by a maid bearing tea and other restoratives, came, as commanded, to her sister's chamber, a startling change had come over the spoiled one. She was affable, not to say humble, thanked and caressed her sister as she had done since their school-days—sent her love and duty to dearest mamma—who received the latter comment with, at all events, with profound astonishment), declared she was well—better, in fact, than usual—and begged to be left quite alone.

CHAPTER II.

GOSLING GRAITH had been all that day since the meridian in a considerable stir. Mrs. Turnover, the cook, had received an unexpected visit from her niece, Esther Vann, a young lady holding the lucrative post of unremunerated nursery-governess in a poor but respectable family some few miles distant.

Esther was little more than seventeen, but had, like Bellairly's representative, a mind "more elder than her years." A richer rose-bud than Esther never brightened a cottage-garden. What might have been her mother's station, had she been born in a higher station, we can not say. As it was, she merely won all the hearts with which the course of a quiet, humble existence brought her in contact. She had known no schooling beyond what was attainable in her native village: all she knew besides, and that was not a little, being due to self-education and industry.

Esther was already known at the Grains, and her unlooked-for appearance at a moment, too, when the master's absence left every body more at liberty, created a complete rubicic: all the domestics, save Mrs. Mapes, the housekeeper, who was an invalid, vying with each other to make welcome their bright young visitor.

"If ever I see such a blessed creetur in my life!" said Dolly, the dairy-maid. "She have no more pride than my bold slipper!"

Certainly the object in question—frayed at the edges, cracked in the sole, and exhibiting an orifice at the toe —could have small excuse for the vice referred to.

"She's well enough for the matter of that," said Mrs. Turnover, with affected indifference.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said Gertrude Cornish, the house-maid, "but I don't think you're as proud as you justly ought to be. Being as she knows to pop her tip-top bedclothes—which I'm sure a big school boy self—why, you ought to be double proud of such a condescension."

"I done my best for to putt her in the way," said Mrs. Turnover, modestly, "but she 'ave 'elped herself wonderful since. She 'ave a good 'ead for to let her alone."

"If your shu'll marry soon and stock a dairy-farm," observed Dolly, to whom this was the very climax of ambitious hope.

"I wonder what have married a doctor," said Mrs. Turnover, "but I wouldn't hear on it. An 'ectic, sicky young man, always a-feeling his patients but himself, which, my dear, it didn't pay."

"A doctor?" cried Gertrude. "She might marry a duke! Where's Esther shu'll?"

The hardihood of this prophecy almost took away Mrs. Turnover's breath, but, recovering, she progressed that, master being absent, they should adjourn to the great hall, there to meet her niece, on the latter's return from a ramble in the park, in order to share her the family pictures adorning that apartment.

Almost as they entered the great hall, a pitch and rosy from her scamper, made her appearance and told them of her meeting with Colonel Lugard. Then there was a long discussion of the individual—of a shoe, "Hurnor's nose than nothin' at all, nowadays,"—directed like arrows at Duncans, guns, and pistils deer it; don't they, Esther?"

Miss Vann responded that, in her opinion, a gentleman provided with a fowling-piece, and not a revolver, might prove a troublesome opponent, even for a human treacher.

Mrs. Turnover, who was of full habit, though hardy, as Miss Mulcaster had affirmed, "enormous," now took a little repose in the interests of the fair-the party proceeded to inspect the pictures, Mrs. Turnover cautioning her nieces as to caution.

"Sir Tiledrand de Golding, 1432—that is, it were him, but he's rubbed out all but his dog," said the guide.

"Law! what a pity!" said Dolly.

"Which, Mrs. Mapes told me, is on'y makes him the more valuable," continued Mrs. Turnover. "Leftenant-General Sir Redered Golding, twelfth barrowknight. You's 'e a 'eroic-looken man?"

"Why is he a-turnin' of his back to the fightin's?" asked the captious critic, Dolly. "That ain't like a soldier."

Esther hinted that the artist might have experienced some difficulty in arranging the full-length portrait at one and the same time, give his attention to the face and his face to the observer.

"Sir Gilbert Golding, banker and citizen," announced their guide. "Rayther a fat 'un."

"Thick layer of padding," Esther took explains the phenomenon," said Esther, laughing, and exhibiting two dimples which lay in ambush in her rosy cheeks.

"And now comes to the ladies," resumed Mrs. Turnover. "Dame Golding, Sir Redered's wife."

"Miss Hilithes Golding!' I've heard say thesum was the beauty of the barn, when she were married, lived single all her life, and died a old maid."

Dolly sighed. The cook's way of putting it gave the saintly feeble force.

"Poor young creetur! and she so pretty! Cut off in her spring!"

"Died 1705, ætat 97," read the cook. "Well, *that* ain't so wonderful! But at ninety-two? Stop, though. That's a long while!"

Her niece was absorbed in contemplation of a portrait at another part of the hall; but she heard and answered the appeal.

"'Aged,' dear."

"Come, that won't so bad," said Mrs. Turnover. "If she couldn't get a husband in ninety year it wasn't worth trying no longer, so why did she?"

"It wouldn't like to be an old maid," observed Dolly. "Should you, ma'am?"

"Being a Widow I can be expected to realize any thing so frightful, you see," responded the lady addressed. "If you means to ask me, would I marry again? then I makes answer that I've turned it over in my mind—and my conclusion are, I *would*. It was my dear husband's last wishes and words. 'Barney,' he sez, squeedgie' my hand, 'I han't seidge, marry again —marry whesoever you're astit.' If you could make Duff men as you've made me, why make me, you know. Don't marry a baker, nor don't he' nothin' to say to a night-porter. Rise to a pleasure—but 'im dead. It makes sexegular sours. To'ave your husband breakfasting when you're at supper, and wicey-versey, is er from comfortable. I should prefer my old perfession. Adoo,' which," added the good lady, wiping her eyes, "she were a bone-feeder."

"A *what*, ma'am?" asked Dolly.

"Cut and dressed 'air," explained Mrs. Turnover. "Yes, sich was her own perfessional observations' (Mrs. Turnover's first remarks, as reported by his lady, might have filled a moderate volume), 'and sich, lies, is my feelins. I'm in no hurry, but if master marries any body so leet—can't be my relief—as I'm very much afraid he will—then I don't mind sayin' that I should accept the first respectful offer as is made me. Where's Esther got to?"

"What pitur's that she's looking at so long?" asked the dairy-maid.

Mrs. Turnover waddled a little way in the direction of her niece, and came back laughing.

"It's the picter of master, took by Sir Philip's orders, three year ago. It was hung in that dark corner 'cause it looked so new. She thinks it's one of them old Goslings. We won't tell her yet."

As they approached the girl started from her reveries.

"Aunt, aunt, who was *this*?" If ever there were a real hero Golding, here he is! Tell me, tell me quickly, something about him. Soldier? Statesman? Poet? He must have been one of these. What a brow! And oh, what expression!" continued Esther, clasping her hands in a sort or rapture. "Dear, brave eyes! you look as if every thing vile, pitiful, dishonest, must wither up before you! Aunt, look you, I would trust this man before the whole world. Look at that mouth; sweet, yet resolute. Strong will, too. I should not like to argue with you, Sir George de Gosling, if not be your name. For, in the first place, I know you would be in the right; and, in the second, that you would invariably get your way. If ever I loved man, it would be you."

"My dear, my dear!" said Mrs. Turnover, hastily. "Remember, you are talking to a young gentleman."

"To a young gentleman who flourished only five centuries ago. Oh, nonsense. Aunt, she pushed to a date '1870' scratched on the frame.

"Well, master's handled now!" said Mrs. Turnover, aside to Dolly. "I remember his saying he wouldn't be dubbed under five 'un of the lot, and I see him, one day, scratching with his knife on the picter frame."

"That's the beauty of it, aunt," said the pretty Esther, saucily. "I can say justexactly what I please to this dear darling of my heart, and not be forsworn at all! I could, should, and would have loved him if I had flourished in his time. Do you hear *that*, Sir? And, if he had loved me back, I could have been the most devoted wife that ever Gosling married. I do think he's smiling, as if he understood and believed it."

"What upon earth is the girl talking about?" began her perplexed aunt. But she was interrupted by an exclamation from the house-maid, who was at the window

"Here's somebody galloping up the avenue!" gasped out the latter.

Mrs. Turnover waddled up.

"Gracious me, if it ain't master! Why, he said he shouldn't be back till to-morrow. Perhaps he's only come back to dress—he do sometimes. Come along, Esther dear. Lo! how he's a-turnin' along! Where's Mr. Plumbert? Oh, he's out, I know. Gertrude, call William—go, Dolly—quick!"

William's run over to the village," said Dolly.

"Then Gertrude must stay and open the door," said the cook.

But Gertrude had disappeared.

"Dolly, Dolly! You small," said Mrs. Turnover. "*I'll* I himself," said the shy dairy-maid.

The horse's trampling was now heard, and presently a violent tug at the bell-bell.

"What shall I do?" cried Mrs. Turnover. "Where are we all the men?"

"We got upon the door yourself, dear?" suggested Esther, quietly.

"I can't do it, the figure," returned her aunt, struggling with some agitation. "You go, child."

"Then there was another peal." "Hark! What a flurry he be in!"

"*I?*" said Esther.

"Yes, you. 'Tis the 'ighteal of the very pictur you was looking at. Master himself."

"What?" ejaculated Esther, becoming scarlet. "But the—the duke?"

"*That* be done himself."

"Aunt, do you call this a joke?" said Esther, hiding her burning face in her hands.

"Nonesense, dear! Run you and open the door."

"Not if he stood there till the first grew into the stones," returned the girl, laughtily; and with the step of a queen she quitted the hall.

Mrs. Turnover opened the door.

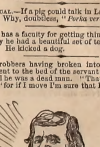
HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SPLENDID lounge is exhibited in the Rue Montmartre, which is meant to keep poor with this age of luxury. The price is 60 francs, and a splendid piece of poetry (doggerel) describes its qualities.

CLASSICAL.—If a pig could talk in Latin what would he say? Why, Gooliusy, *Porkin vorkus?*

Beiges has a faculty for getting things cheap. The other day he had a beautiful set of teeth inserted for nothing. He kicked a dog.

Some robbers having broken into a gentleman's house, went to bed of the servant and told him if he moved he was a dead man. "That's a falsehood, said he, "for if I move I'm sure that I'm alive."





UNCLE SAM. "I'd like to have you fix this Coat for me, Mr. JOHNSON. I've worn it now about sixty-nine years, and it's getting rather too small. But it's a good one yet. Couldn't you fix a sort of Amendment to it?"

A. JOHNSON. "No, I'd rather not; I'm not in the Jobbing line now."

A PASSING THOUGHT.—The great difference between the young and the old is, that the young have the world before them, while the old are behind the world.

A few Sabbaths since a teacher of a Sunday-school was engaged in questioning his pupils upon the wonderful connection with their previous studies of the Holy Bible. And, turning to a young lieutenant, a member of the class, he asked, "What did Adam lose by the fall?" And the young officer, appearing at a brown study, but at last his face brightened, as he intelligently replied, "I guess I'm sure it is his wife."

A doctor who has been trying to establish a practice in Wisconsin says that the village is so extremely healthy that he is actually thinking of there recently for the purpose of starting a grave-yard.

An Edinburgh clergyman, of a rare and quaint genius, was one day crossing one of the Scottish mail coaches thundering down the bridges. "What are you thinking of?" said a reverend brother. "Why, replied this, next to preachin' the everlastin' Gospel, I would like to drive the mail."

"The password is Sure—now don't forget it, Pat," said the Colonel, just before the battle of Fontenoy, at which Sure was shot. Another: "Sweet Kate and I will not. Weren't we fitter a mile?" "Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, after the Irishman had arrived at his post. Pat was as wise as an owl, and, in a sort of whispered howl, replied, "Begor, yer Honor!"

SURPRISING INTELLIGENCE.—At the next Meeting of the Zoological Society a paper will be read "On the Tears of the Crocodile."

HOW TO MAKE GOOD JAM.—Crowd treaty fashionable-beloved ladies into one crowded car.

"A pinch of snuff,
That horrid sniff
Take from my nose," I cried.
Such, Sally, dear,
Was my idea,
Until my husband said, 'You *shu'n't*.'

"You shu'n't? to me!
Fiddle-de-dee!
Of course I take it on the sly.
But now, dear, dear,
For shu'n't or 'shall,'
What husband can say 'no' to my eye?"

NO FLIES LIKE THE CITY.—The Man who has a Stake in the Country writes to say that he is longing to get back to a Slop in The Town.

A Canadian newspaper contains the following plaintive advertisement: "Will the gentlemen who stole my coat on last Sabbath night please return the same to return me a few of the seeds, as the melons are a rare variety."

Thirteen objections were once given by a young lady for declining a match: the first twelve being the sufficient twelve children, and the thirteenth the sulker himself.

A newspaper editor inadvertently wrote, about a woman who had not been buried with great pomp, that the following sentence: "She was buried like a dog with two children." Next week he published, and corrected it thus: "She was buried with her clothes on like a dog." The third week, surprised with the previous blunders, he had it thus: "Like a dog with her clothes on she was buried." He gave it up.

A glutton of a fellow was dining at a hotel, who, in the course of the "battle of knives and forks," accidentally cut his mouth, which being observed by a whisker sitting near by, he hovicked out, saying, "Well, don't make that a hole in your countenance any larger, or we shall all starve to death!"

Deacon Brown lately took occasion to administer a reproof to old Joe for swearing. Joe listened attentively to his words, seemed to appreciate the admonition, and when he had concluded, replied as follows: "The fact is, deacon, I may swear a great deal, and you may pray a great deal, but neither of us mean any thing by it." The Deacon alludes to Joe as an instance of total depravity.

"Oh, I am so glad you like birds! What kind do you most admire?" said a wife to her husband.

"Well, I think a good turkey, with plenty of seasoning, about as good as any."

The young married couple who thought they could live on love and nourishment had their mistake in virtue in baked beans. For taking the romance out of young folks marriage is nearly as bad as a newspaper.

KING ANDY I.

HOW HE WILL LOOK
WHAT HE WILL DO.



LONG LIVE KING ANDY I.



DO YOU WANT ANDREW JOHNSON PRESIDENT OR KING

Th. Nast.

YOU PAYS YOUR TAXES AND YOU TAKES YOUR CHOICE.

THE "ATHLETICS," OF PHILADELPHIA.


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ABBC
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ABBC

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHILDREN, it will never do to tell the grown-up readers of *Harper's Weekly* all the work that was done that summer by our three little spades; and as I can not tell you without telling them, this must be my last chapter. Many other things that I might say about weeds, and slugs, and cutworms, and caterpillars, must be kept for "The Three Little Spades" to come out in book form, which I hope will be soon. And so, as I am not going through the summer with you just now, the best thing I can do is to jump at once to the end of the summer and finish with that.

Summer was passing softly away, like a sweet dream; vanishing silently out of sight, hiding herself before the frost should come. There had been no frost yet, and the three gardens were in full bloom; asters, and zinnias, and heart's-ease, and amaranthus—there was a splendid show. And the children thought they were as happy as they could possibly be, when suddenly an event took place which proved that when people are gardeners there is no end to their happiness; or rather, that it stretches on in such a long perspective that it is quite impossible to guess where the end is.

The event was this: Mr. Vick sent the children his Catalogue of hardy bulbs for fall planting and spring blooming. Absolutely sent it to them by themselves—a new, fresh Catalogue, with a pink cover, and with such flower pictures inside that Lily nearly screamed with delight at the sight of them. Sam had brought it from the post-office after tea, and now in the lamp-light the three young heads clustered together above its pages. "A double hyacinth!" "A parrot tulip!" "Crocuses!" "You could hear such exclamations every few minutes, but smothered and spoken softly, so as to disturb no one else. The children talked hurriedly, under their breath, even in their wonder and admiration.

"But oh dear! what's the use after all?" said Lily at last, with a long sigh of all my money! I guess Mr. Vick didn't know that."

"I'm very glad he sent it, though," said Clover; "I like to see about things. I think it was a kind of him, Lily. But what are 'hardy bulbs,' I wonder? That's on the cover."

"Hardy," said Mr. May, looking up from his paper with a quizzical face, "mean, in this case, only tulips, hyacinths, crocuses, snow-drops, and such trifles."

Such trifles! Clover and Lily looked at each other, and Primrose heaved a sigh that came from the very lowest corner of her heart.

"They're to be planted right off," put in Jack, peering over at the Catalogue "and then they stick up their heads through the first snow, and are covered with flowers immediately. That's being hardy bulbs."

"Jack Jack" remonstrated his mother. "You are certainly a hardy boy."

"They're so ungrateful and grasping, these girls, mamma," said Jack. "Here they've had flowers upon flowers all summer, and now they're crying for hardy bulbs!"

"We're not crying for hardy bulbs!" said Lily, indignantly.

"Come here, Prim," said Mr. May, throwing down his paper. "let me see your eyes."

Now Prim's eyes were certainly not tearful as she raised them for her father's inspection, but wistful they certainly were. Jack had some reason for declaring that they were full of crocuses and snow-drops.

"I don't see the drops of any sort," said Mr. May, smiling. "Prim, would a dollar's worth of hardy bulbs make your spirits happy?"

Prim laughed—there was no need to say a word more.

"Here it is, then—or rather, here they are," said her father, as he once more took three dollar bills from his pocket-book and laid one before each of the children. "And Mr. Vick happens to have an endless variety of Catalogues what will become of my purse?"

"Pete—don't!" said Clover; "I did not mean to ask for a thing more, indeed, papa! Please take these back."

"On the contrary, I please to leave them there," said Mr. May, with a laugh. "My dear, you did not ask, it's my own pleasure. I want to see what new wonders will bloom out in those fairy-land gardens."

"Well, I didn't mean to ask, either," said Lily, "but I wanted dreadfully."

"Mamma, what are bulbs?" said little Primrose.

A bulb is a kind of thick, fleshy root, shaped like an onion."

And if they're planted in the fall what do they do all winter?" continued Primrose.

"They lie in the earth and wait, Prim," said her mother, pushing back the soft locks of hair from the child's forehead. "Wait till the winter is over and gone, and then with the first soft airs of spring they begin to appear; shooting up their fresh green leaves first, and after that the glory of their blossoms."

"Oh, here are such beauties!" said Lily, from the Catalogue. "'Deep blue, and tall,' and 'white, and low;' and red, and every thing. And tulips—gold striped tulips! It's enough to make one crazy! Papa, there's nothing like you in all the world!"

"Not even a gold striped tulip?" said her father, laughing. "I'm afraid a dollar won't go far among such wonders, Lily."

And in truth it was harder work to make out these lists than those seed-lists of long ago; for many of the bulbs, as Lily said, considered themselves worth a good deal. To be sure, a dozen snow-drops might be had for twenty-five cents, and some of the tulips were but ten cents apiece; but then it was as hard for the children as for one other people quite to withstand the fascination of a higher price; and there was an irresistible attraction to them in those dignified bulbs which only two or three could be bought for a dollar.

"I dare say they think themselves cheap at that," said Lily. "but I don't. I wish I'd got a tall, blue Prince Frederick hyacinth for forty cents, and a low, red Princess Royal—"

"A low Princess Royal!" quoth Jack.

"Be quiet!" said Lily, "a low, red Princess Royal for seventy cents—no, that won't do at all."

"I shall begin with the little things first," said Primrose. "I want some snow-drops."

"Oh, well, you can have 'em," said Lily; "but if you begin with the little things, you'll have no money left for the big ones. I can tell you that."

"How would it do to get one dear thing first?" said Clover—"one of the very expensive ones, you know, just to see what it's like; and then spend the rest of the dollar in smaller ones?"

"That's a beautiful plan," said Lily. "You begin, Clover."

"I think I must have one hyacinth, and one tulip," said Clover, pressing her hands on her flushed cheeks. "I'll take this yellow hyacinth—La Prime d'Or—the rain of gold, you know; that must be splendid."

"Oh, magnificent!" said Lily. "But that's only thirty cents; you must have two more."

"But my tulip is," said Clover—"Dorothea Blanche—very beautiful new white.' It's forty-five cents."

"That makes seventy-five cents," said Lily, quite lost for the moment in Clover's arrangements. "Dear me, how much you'll get!"

"Then with them," said Clover, in the same absorbed way, "this Milton—'very purple.' That goes well with the yellow hyacinth."

"Ten cents more," said Lily—"eighty-five."

"And then one Persian iris—fifteen cents. That's it exactly. You see the iris is 'a magnificent border plant.'"

"There's no picture of it, is there?" said Lily. "Dear me, I wish I could have had a good deal. But here's one tulip at any rate—white, striped with rose—Marriage de ma Fille. I wonder if that's pretty?"

"Extremely—sometimes," said Mr. May, with a mocking tone. But Lily was deep in her Catalogue, and scarcely heard him.

"I guess I won't take that, after all," she said. "I'll have the Grand Duke of Russia, all red and yellow; then, he says, 'mixed colors,' and that's red striped, and fifteen cents—that's thirty-five; and my blue hyacinth is thirty-five more."

"Which hyacinth is that?" said Prim. "This one—A la Mode. I guess *that* must have grown at Grundy Castle."

"Well, that's only seventy cents," said Clover; "and you haven't taken any very expensive ones after all."

"No, let me see," said Lily, studying the Catalogue. "I guess I'll have to leave them to you and Prim—I want so many things. What shall I do with my thirty cents? Two more hyacinths, and three tulips? Here are some little ones, the earliest of all, but they've got no names. I'll tell you all I have a fancy for—"

"Oh, get this one—the Hoop Petticoat," said Primrose.

"Carb," said Lily; it costs fifty cents. I'll get Butter and Eggs—that will do just as well, and be nice when spring comes. Eighty cents—and then one of those blue grape hyacinths over here—ninety cents."

"Those blue grape hyacinths are the Blue Bells of Scotland," said Sam.

"Are they?" said Lily. "Now, ten cents more. I think I'll have a white tulip, too, among all these blue and yellow things. That's a good one—La Reine; rosy white, and just ten cents."

"Now, Prim," said her father, who had been listening with great interest to the last items, "come here and sit on my knee, and let us see what sort of a choice you will make. You can only, and I will look over your shoulder. What comes first?"

"A white lily, papa," said Prim, putting her down. "And a brave parrot tulip; and a blue flag—fifty-three cents, that makes. And I must have one hyacinth, you know," said Primrose, turning back to that part of the Catalogue. "This one, papa—rose ingenome. And then six crocuses."

"Named or unnamed? Thousand cost twice as much as the others."

"But I like 'em so much better!" said Primrose. "I want the Cloth of Gold, and the Cloth of Silver, and the dark-blue King William, and the striped Captain Cook, and the light-blue Passetout, and the white Bijou."

"How much does that come to?" said her father, smiling.

"Let me see, papa. I said fifty-three cents, and rose mignonne is thirty, that's eighty-three cents; and six crocuses are twenty cents more. Oh, papa! that's three cents too much!"

"I'll stand the three cents," said Mr. May, looking with much loving amusement at the intent, earnest little face.

"But that wouldn't be fair, papa."

"Then you shall give me some of the crocus flowers when they come out. I bespeak a dark King William and a striped Captain Cook."

Primrose laughed and looked very happy, and the three lists were at once inclosed in an envelope, ready for the next day's mail.

"I suppose," said Mr. May, standing on the rug and looking at his wife, after the young ones had gone to bed, "that you would as lieve have our hardy bulbs display their colors in the children's gardens as any where?"

"Could not be a better place," she answered, smiling.

Thereupon Mr. May sat down and wrote another order, and put it in the same envelope; and the children in their little beds never even dreamed what he had done.

In due time the bulbs arrived, beautifully packed in a little box, and at first the children did not notice how much too large the box was for their small lists. But when they began to pull out the little packages of bulbs, and loose seeds in which they were stowed, and to read new names on this one and that one, they were almost beside themselves. Each little package separately wrapped in soft paper, with a nice printed label; and when they had said a few times, "That's yours, Clover," or "That's Prim's," they began to say, "And how much is this?" and their father, standing by and laughing at them, said, "You will have to divide." But they could not. But even Mr. May was surprised, after that, by a whole package of snow-drops, for which nobody had sent, but which Mr. Vick had put in "by way of experiment," he said.

"Papa, what *can* he make him do it?" said Primrose. "Did you tell him I wanted 'em, and hadn't enough more money?"

"No, I did not tell him that," said her father, laughing. "But some people, you know, do more, and some less, than they are asked. Now Mr. Vick likes to do more."

"Well, I wish every body did," said Primrose "it makes people so happy!"

"But oh, papa," said Lily, "just listen to the colors of our tulips! Clover's been making a list of them. Listen, mamma, dear. Clover, read."

And Clover read:

"Gold striped purple; gold [as (whatever that is!)]; white, red, with a yellow edge; rosy white; white and red; blue; orange striped; golden yellow; striped with crimson; red striped; pure and white (what's puce, I wonder?); white, striped with rose; and copper, striped with violet."

"And then there are red and blue and yellow hyacinths, and snow-drops, and six crocuses, and a Narcissus, and a white lily, and a Persian iris. It's just like the Arabian Nights," said Lily; "and we shall be as happy as the day is long!"

"Or as the spring is," said her mother, with smiling eyes, that were yet for a minute as wistful as Prim's own.

THE END.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

On one of those delicious Indian Summer days which October brought to be last week the Committee and Trustees of Woodlawn Cemetery, with over a hundred invited guests, made an excursion to that new burial place. To accommodate this party a special train left the Harlem Depôt about half past one in the afternoon. The day was perfect for the trip, fresh air, mingled with that yellow haziness so characteristic of the season, the most charming view of the hitherto almost forest-leaves, the pleasant company, and the courteous attention paid to the guests, made the ride a very pleasant one.

Woodlawn Cemetery is situated on the line of the Harlem Railroad, four miles above Harlem Bridge, and is about an hour's ride to the city from Twenty-sixth Street. On reaching Woodlawn Station we found that a private conveyance had been made for the convenience of the party. Refreshments were served throughout the afternoon in the Lodge at the entrance, carriages were in waiting for the use of the visitors, and information on all points easily obtained.

The main avenue of the cemetery, and the first steps from the station, is by a high, wide stone bridge, planted over a ravine, and a running brook which forms a beautiful little pond below. The gate and lodge, surrounded by a grove of forest trees, are on elevated ground, a natural terrace which border the Central and Northern avenues on one side are not quite so central, but give, on entering the inclosure, an immediate sense of picturesqueness which is peculiarly appropriate. The Cemetery contains over three hundred acres of undulating ground, much of wood-land hills, overlooking the valley of the Bronx River, and commanding numerous and picturesque views. Although the Cemetery has been but less than two years ago, great progress has already been made in tasteful improvement. The introduction of roads, sents and arbors, which were scattered here and there throughout the grounds, attracted our special notice as being a very desirable feature. Many of the lots are surrounded with nourishing hedges of arbor vitæ—in fact, hedges of evergreens are to be recommended rather than iron fences—and certainly have the beauty of simplicity. There are two large receiving tombs on the Central Avenue, with Gothic entrances, with suitable arrangements for temporary use.

A drive through the principal avenues gives one a general idea of the natural advantages of the site, and of the plan of the grounds. Greenwood is an unsurpassed and beautiful cemetery. Woodlawn seems as lovely as possible in its own way—is a quiet, rural, rural-place. And for passing a couple of hours most pleasantly in Woodlawn, we returned to the city, feeling that this new cemetery, both from its beauty and convenient location, will become a favorite resort of our citizens as an appropriate spot for the resting-place of the dead.

The most extensive shatter in this country has recently been completed at Communipaw, a little over a mile from the depôt of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. This extensive work commenced about four months ago, and is a gigantic work in every sense, consisting of the main buildings, with a sufficient number of spacious feed and sale pens adjoining, and all other needful conveniences.

A Maine journal has a glowing account of two new passenger cars which have been put on the Eastern Railroad within a short time. Improvements in cars and saloons are being constantly managed with an eye to show than to comfort, but there seems to be one exception found in these cars, and that is the space there is between which are layers of saw-dust to deaden sound, and conversation can be carried on without difficulty while the cars are in motion. This is a real improvement which we should be glad to see adopted on all our railroads.

On Thursday of last week a meeting of a somewhat novel character.—"Fall Reunion" as it was termed—was held at the New England Church in West Forty-first Street, near Sixth Avenue. A few months ago a new Congregational Church was organized here—and this was, as it were, the christening of the infant enterprise. The house was well filled, and the exercises were of a social character, consisting of music by the choir of the church, assisted by friends, and addresses by the Rev. H. W. Beecher, Rev. J. T. Duryea, Rev. S. H. Tyng, Rev. Dr. Adams, and others, acting pastors of the church, and others. Mr. Beecher was greeted with spontaneous applause, and spoke in his usual happy vein on the elements needful in a true Congregational church—good nature, cheerfulness, sociality, and congregational singing being prominent ones. All the addresses were marked by a kindly welcoming spirit and were warmly applauded. The entire part of the evening the lecture-room was thrown open and refreshments were served, and the latter part was filled in social greeting and pleasant interchange of thought and feeling.

The *Jacksonville Telegraph* is astonished to learn that at a church, in a neighboring town, *four* silver quarters were recently found in the contribution box.

The *Savannah Republican* says that a party of highlands which divide the waters flowing into the Savannah from those flowing into the Atlantic" is the oldest land in the world.

If some unseen individual could pass around from house to house about ten o'clock on a Sunday morning, he would be likely to hear a lot of excuses for not attending church, something like the following:

Overslept myself. Could not dress in time. Too cold. Too hot. Too windy. Too rainy. Too wet. Too dusty. Too muddy. Too cloudy. Don't feel disposed. No other time to myself. Expect a letter by this evening's mail. Newspapers to rights. Letters to write to my friends. Nothing to wash, starch, or iron. Have to attend to business six days in the week. No fresh air but on Sunday. Have to sleep. Can't get ready in time. Have a headache. Severe cold. Not a little chilly. Feel very lazy. Expect company to dinner. Have no bonnet nor coat nobody.

The following from *Punch* gives the following, which will amuse those who are fond of reading Dutch:

Scene at the counting-room of a morning newspaper. Enter a man in a drab overcoat, with a carpet-bag and the worse for last night's spree.

Man in Drab. *Is the editor at the desk?* "If you please, Sir, I vants de loper mit die morainge. One yer back de names of de last dree months, and dat vill do vile."

He was handed a paper, and after looking it over in silence, he said:

"Vill you pe so good ash to read de names vot don't have de dollar after dem? Dere vas dat vone, and dere vas if Carl Gemeinkopper[illegible] after hash got 'em?"

The clerk read slightingly the list he had, the Teuton listening with trembling attention, wiping the perspiration from his brow meanwhile in the great excitement. When the list was completed the name of Carl Gemeinkopf did not appear. "Dere vas dat vone, it vasn't dere. The Teuton's face brightened up, and he exclaimed:

"I vos don't ked 'em yet."

"No such name there, Sir," said the clerk.

"Dat vos *zertainly him warning by the hansh*." "This leh me pe a tam fool," continued the Teuton; "dat vos de vone I gin trunk ash never was, and py tam, I vas 'fraid I vas going to get chobbs and didn't know it. Miss Cot! I vos scart."

A LEGEND OF CORPUS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"AND have you ordered supper yet to come to my rooms when the 'bus calls?" I said to my friend Wilkins, who had come to wish me good-by; "you have not much time."

"Yes, it will be here in a minute, and upon my word I shall be uncommonly glad to get out of Cambridge: the place looks like a cemetery, and I shall have not seen a soul pass through them all the afternoon, except the doctor, to see you, poor old fellow—and he is a sight to say!"

"Well, you know, he made me undo my waistcoat, laid one finger on my rib, which he tapped with the other, muttered, 'Secundum artem,' and now take a long breath,' says he, holding down his head to listen. 'Ah!' he added, when that horrid sort of stifled cough my breath had caused, 'not a touch of pleurisy, and must be very careful.' 'Can't I wrap up and get up to London?' I said; 'there's not a soul here to speak to, and I shall die of it, shall die of ennui.' 'Well,' said the doctor, 'I know it, will be slow enough, but traveling in a fog like this, with the chance of losing their half-unconscious mate, would be certain death; you had better turn into bed at once. Any fire in your bedroom?' 'No, but even a fire [Shall I tell you the truth, thought in here.' 'Very good idea,' he said; 'where is your bed-maker?' 'In Jones's gyp-room, I expect. Didn't you hear something bumping on my bedroom-heath? You can generally tell where Mother Carr is by those sort of noises, you know; men call her fuggerinum' 'Well, because she says that a thing that comes in her way; besides, you know, she ain't unlike an Indian idol in the face, color on the nose put on to-day.' And as I finished, I smiled, and the doctor was giggling, trying to be as convivial as I could, though upon my word, Wilkins, I could have sobbed, if I only thought it would have any vent, in tears like Niobe.

"At this old lady's maid, who had been busy packing, and who, I could hear, was now and then talking with much loving amusement at the intent, earnest little face.

"But that wouldn't be fair, papa."

"Then you shall give me some of the crocus flowers when they come out. I bespeak a dark King William and a striped Captain Cook."

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He was handed a paper, and after looking it over in silence, he said:

"Vill you pe so good ash to read de names vot don't have de dollar after dem? Dere vas dat vone, and dere vas if Carl Gemeinkopper[illegible] after hash got 'em?"

The clerk read slightingly the list he had, the Teuton listening with trembling attention, wiping the perspiration from his brow meanwhile in the great excitement. When the list was completed the name of Carl Gemeinkopf did not appear. "Dere vas dat vone, it vasn't dere. The Teuton's face brightened up, and he exclaimed:

"I vos don't ked 'em yet."

"No such name there, Sir," said the clerk.

"Dat vos *zertainly him warning by the hansh*." "This leh me pe a tam fool," continued the Teuton; "dat vos de vone I gin trunk ash never was, and py tam, I vas 'fraid I vas going to get chobbs and didn't know it. Miss Cot! I vos scart."

A LEGEND OF CORPUS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"AND have you ordered supper yet to come to my rooms when the 'bus calls?" I said to my friend Wilkins, who had come to wish me good-by; "you have not much time."

"Yes, it will be here in a minute, and upon my word I shall be uncommonly glad to get out of Cambridge: the place looks like a cemetery, and I shall have not seen a soul pass through them all the afternoon, except the doctor, to see you, poor old fellow—and he is a sight to say!"

"Well, you know, he made me undo my waistcoat, laid one finger on my rib, which he tapped with the other, muttered, 'Secundum artem,' and now take a long breath,' says he, holding down his head to listen. 'Ah!' he added, when that horrid sort of stifled cough my breath had caused, 'not a touch of pleurisy, and must be very careful.' 'Can't I wrap up and get up to London?' I said; 'there's not a soul here to speak to, and I shall die of it, shall die of ennui.' 'Well,' said the doctor, 'I know it, will be slow enough, but traveling in a fog like this, with the chance of losing their half-unconscious mate, would be certain death; you had better turn into bed at once. Any fire in your bedroom?' 'No, but even a fire [Shall I tell you the truth, thought in here.' 'Very good idea,' he said; 'where is your bed-maker?' 'In Jones's gyp-room, I expect. Didn't you hear something bumping on my bedroom-heath? You can generally tell where Mother Carr is by those sort of noises, you know; men call her fuggerinum' 'Well, because she says that a thing that comes in her way; besides, you know, she ain't unlike an Indian idol in the face, color on the nose put on to-day.' And as I finished, and the doctor was giggling, trying to be as convivial as I could, though upon my word, Wilkins, I could have sobbed, if I only thought it would have any vent, in tears like Niobe.

"At this old lady's maid, who had been busy packing, and who, I could hear, was now and then talking with much loving amusement at the intent, earnest little face.

"'So this is the old lady,' said the doctor.

"'Which it is,' said she, 'and begging your pardon, if so be as you are the doctor, I should like to know what you thinks of him, Sir; for, as I said just now to Betsy (that's my lady, as does summer two stair-case), Betsy, says I, if my second-floor air's a-sinking, as well as did Mr. Arris, the wine-merchant, who kept in his room, and never would wear flannel shirts, and died honored by all, being the promise of his calling, as ever sported an bath and china, my name ain't Carr, nor yours Betsy.'

"After the old hag was winded she shut up, and we told her we have Betsy up, and bring in the bed, as you see it here.

"'Ah!' said she, 'if you don't look the very moral of poor Mr. Arris, with the same pale face and red spot on your cheek, lying in the same bed, in the same place, who left me that bespoke of a shirt, only being taken with a fever three, groundfloor, Old Court, was inadvertently shot by a saloon pistol, and leaked over since, number three being no gentleman.'

"Now have not I a pleasant prospect for Christmas-day? Every one down and this old wretch telling me most horrid stories. Still it is my cheery here than in my bedroom. Just poke the fire."

Wilkins got up and poked the fire.

"Oh! old fellow," he said, "I'm awfully sorry for you; keep your courage up; I shall be back the day after Christmas, and then I shall come and read

Paley in your room. But here is Edwards to say how fine it is here. Good-by, good-by!"

As my friend left me I felt more desolate than I had ever before felt in my life. I was far too distant from home to think of returning for the few days I could spare from reading for my degree, so had accepted an invitation to London, where I was to have escorted two pretty cousins to all sorts of concerts and balls. I had looked forward to my visit with great pleasure, and it was a bitter disappointment. My relations lived in Cornwall, so it was quite out of the question that I should come down to see me. The weather was such as is to be seen in Cambridge; the thick fog choked up the courts, which seemed to contain the thick damp air like boxes; all the rooms were empty, and there were no lights burning to give a look of life to the ivy-covered court. The grass-plot was covered with dusty patches of thawing snow, and the university bells, which were ringing for Christmas, cease like a muffled peal ringing for a funeral through the thick atmosphere. The kitchens were the life after one o'clock, and the head cook was to be seen, for the only time in the year, clad in ordinary apparel. The streets were full of men, looking like so many degenerate class of university men. The same short, sheetig, and long Noah's Ark coats, the same hunting hats and whiskers; as Willkins said, it was like a terrible dream; you crossed the street over and over again, believing that you saw a friend, but immediately recalled back again when you found it was but his grip in his old things. The time of the university was passed, gyps and shop-boys were the ruling power, and the unfortunate undergraduate who remained up during Christmas was withered by the contemptuous glance of the servants and shop-boys, who looked upon him as an intruder, and any how as a man without a friend, and therefore to be despised.

The streets, lit by the lamps, which had to be lit before there o'clock, looked sad enough, but some of the colleges were terrible. King's College Chapel, with its four corner towers, looking like some enormous mastodon or other antediluvian animal, lying on its back, with its four legs lifted up into the thick air, and the whole running along the streets like ghastly skeletons of mysterious beasts that the huge animal now lying supine on his back had devoured and was vainly endeavoring to digest.

The big Court of Trinity was sad beyond description, vast, damp, and mysterious. The fountain, with the nibbled head with a terrible monotony, only broken by an occasional drip of snow water from its roof, and a large icicle hung and dripped from the nose of the king above the gate. But the hideous climax of desolation was on the Bridge of Sighs which joins one new court to the old buildings of St. John's. Large masses of ice floated slowly along the river, and the cold evening air sighed in the iron frames of the roof, and made the passage-way damp, cut tighter round him and quicken his pace, shuddering at the terrible gloom of the grim black buildings, dripping windows, dark mysterious river, and the abomination of desolation around him.

Perhaps the most cheerful college room in the university at Christmas-eve was mine, and the most desolate though it appeared to me. The fire burned brichtly, and the mustard-plaster which Mrs. Car had put on my chest helped to keep me warm, as the doctor had said that I must not be left alone. Mrs. Car had a party at her house, to which several bedmakers and a washer-woman had been asked, and I hear it went off very cheerfully, as my illness caused a pleasing topic of conversation.

A deputation was Mr. Maitland always, and to think of him a-rowing yesterday, which to me is madness, seeing instead of putting on great-coats on that grievous river, they strips as nobody wears their skins. An inflammation at this time in those rooms, always damp, is most dangerous, and he too in face the moral of Mr. Avis". This he'll be to me, the college funerals that any of the party remembered being talked of. Mrs. Car began with poor Avis. "Barring," she said, "the said, "poor creature, her, that X = g—g, and such like un-Christian remarks, to which I said, 'And oh, Sir, to think of you be dying,' by which he said, and I still shudders as I thinks of it—' Therefore MX = Bi, quod erat diagrammach," by them is the very words I'll be died and buried content like, that lasting as proved."

Of course I did not hear any of this, but Betsy the help, who came into my room directly after the tea was over, all of the exciting topics that had been discussed, repeated them all for my edification.

Betsy was to sit up with me, and as I could not sleep, I required her gossip, which amused me.

"And who else did here, Betsy?" I said.

"Oh, many a one, Sir. Mr. Baker, number two, took pison, as at least Mr. Cannon the coal-porter avers, but for Sir! none of 'em had such a tale as I had, but I did not tell it, seeing that modesty is a precedence over helps, and it was not my turn when I had to come to you, Sir."

"What a tale, Betsy?" I said, feeling almost inclined to laugh at the little demure woman sitting bolt upright opposite to me, her face drawn up with a look of importance and mystery I had never noticed before.

"Well, Sir," she said, and though I shall give the story word for word as she gave it to me, I shall simplify some of the sentences which were somewhat involved, and not inflict Betsy's H's and omissions on my reader.

"Well, Sir, I must tell you, though only a help myself, my family for three generations have been connected with this college, my mother being the large washer-woman, and my grandmother before, and a better one for getting up surplices there never was, at least as my poor mother used to say. In as many years ago now since my grandmother was bed-maker here; I remember her as a child, an old woman, clean and most respectable to look at, as all our family ever were, sitting in the chimney-corner at home; she was then nearly eighty, and had been pensioned off fifteen years, but had as good a memory as ever, and many was the tales she used to tell me about the gents she did for. Of course you know, Sir, college isn't now as it was then; the rooms are sitting in was part of the Master's old house, and that is the reason why the fireplace is covered over with that curious oak-carving. This room, so my grandmother used to say, was one of the bedrooms; through that panelling across the staircase was a door leading to a long passage which the Master in old times used when he went out to the college-library, which you know has been pulled down.

"Well, Sir, when my grandfather was first made bed-maker, Dr. A. was master—a great scholar by all reports, but one who bore his head rather too high.

"The young gentlemen did not like him, no more than did the college-servants; for the smallest of the gentlemen used to be sent down, and servants dismissed. Among those most liked by the servants and the young gentleman in general, was a Mr. Bond, as lived down in a many, my grandmother declared, as ever came up—over six feet two, with black curly hair, an eye like a hawk, and a laugh as did one good to hear.

"The college servants would have done any thing for him, as he spent his money like a prince, gave sixpence to all and never shut the door unseen, and had a cheery word for every one; and that is, after all, what they like better than any thing.

"There was nothing Mr. Bond couldn't do. He kept two horses, hunted in pink, rowed better than any one else, sang songs of his own writing, and made love; and this leads to the sad part of the story.

"Well, Sir, never being at lectures, and giving wine parties, when the latter used to be so great that it could be heard in the street, was not the way to make him a favorite with the Fellows and Master.

"He was brought before the grand young gentlemen, he was hated by the tutors and Master, the latter especially; for one night after having dined with royal gentlemen, his door was screwed up, and painted pea-green. Who did it, no one for certain knew; but the Master and every one believed it to be Mr. Bond.

"Dr. A. had a daughter, the loveliest girl ever seen; grandmother used never to tire of talking of her beauty, bright golden hair, and tall, slight figure; Miss Dorothy was her name.

"Her mother had died when she was a child, and her poor young lady had a solitary time of it from all accounts. The doctor was too much taken up with his books to give much attention to anything, and he (as he was well born) to let her associate much with the other young ladies in the town; and so the poor girl lived a most solitary life, always looking out of the window into the court-yard, or wandering listlessly about the old home, exploring all its corners and passages.

"There was no college chapel in those days; the young gentlemen used to go to St. Bennet's Church. The Master had a high pew there, for the Master in which was generally occupied by Miss Dorothy, who used to come (as grandmother would say) fluttering in by herself like a bird, and look all round her blushing like a rose behind the red curtains, for all the young men could not help looking at her as she came in, she was so pretty, and what is more, she knew it.

"Mr. Bond, from all accounts, was not a very religious young gentleman—indeed, my mother said he did he ever miss; and this, I believe, saved him from being sent down on several occasions, when he got into some mad scrape. But I am wandering from my story that he went to look at Miss Dorothy, but when they first spoke to each other they did not know, though seen in church, they had never met. I'll dare say, Sir, you will wonder how my grandmother came to know so much as she did; but you see, Sir, there was a great deal of time in the winter, and when Miss Dorothy was taken ill my mother acted as nurse, it being vacation-time, and so was the servant your lady's mother had lent her used to fill her every thing, and seemed happier talking to her about the sad story than at any other time.

"I told you, Sir, that grandmother thinking there was a private passage to the library; the key was kept in the Master's study, and no one was allowed to go in it but he.

"The first time Mr. Bond ever met Miss Dorothy was when the Master's door was open, and the Master sent for Mr. Bond, suspecting him, though unable to prove any thing against him. The young lady and gentleman met on the staircase. Miss Lady and gentleman met on the staircase. Dorothy had never noticed Mr. Bond from her window, and seems, Sir, to have taken such a fancy to him that every young woman would have done. Suddenly and Friday, she was at the window to see him walk through the court, looking like a prince in his red coat, and Mr. Bond looked up, I mean Edge. I remember the name, for when my father started his donkey and cart to take the clean linen home, my grandmother begged him to call at Edge too.

"Miss Dorothy, as I said before, was timid as a fawn, and never looked at Mr. Bond on the staircase. Trying to get quickly out of his way, she would have fallen, being tripped up by the red-cloth, if he had not put out his hand and caught her.

"This was the first time that a word had passed between them, and it was only an expression of regret at her clumsiness on the one side, and pleasure on the other that he had been able to save her from a fall. Still it was something to others.

"Miss Dorothy used to ride. Mr. Bond met her first as if by accident, but in time met her every day, fixing her going out hours, for he knew not to reveal that his young mistress had any other companion than himself. For some time these rides were not on well enough, Sir, for she should they meet but the Master himself. He was driving with the provost of King's in a close carriage, and prefended not to recognize the couple.

"However, when he got back he sent for the groom and dismissed him on the spot. Then he sent for Mr. Bond. Miss Dorothy was coming crying and pale as death out of her father's study when she met him.

"'Bless you, my darling,' he said, as she passed him.

"It is all my own fault; cheer up; I ought to have spoken to your father before; he can't object to me as a son-in-law. I am rich and well-born, so don't cry, my pet.' Then he went into the study, and she into her room.

"The Master was white with fury when Mr. Bond entered the room.

"'Sir,' he said, 'you are no gentleman; you are a disgrace to the university. I shall expel you.'

"'And what for?' asked Mr. Bond, doing his best to remain his passion at the insulting tones of the old man.

"'What for, Sir? why, for insulting me: it was you who fastened up my door, you who dared to ride with my daughter.'

"The first of those charges you are not in a position to prove, Sir,' Mr. Bond, politely; 'and the second, I fancy, would hardly be deemed a reasonable cause for expulsion by the university authorities, who must know the true sentence. There was truth in this, and the Master knew it. 'But,' continued Mr. Bond, 'I humbly beg your pardon. I have acted wrongly. I should have spoken to you before. Your daughter loves me: may I make her my wife?' and Indeed, Sir, you shall never rehear language committed such a jewel into my keeping. For God's sake, Sir, forgive us. You were a young man once, indeed, indeed—'

"'Quiet, young man' shouted the Master, who had set his mind on Miss Dorothy marrying a distinguished man, a man who was then undergraduate at Trinity, and had shown her considerable attention. 'Quiet! I care not for the honor you would honor me with. Leave me, Sir, and never let me hear of either of you two speaking to each other again, or it will be the worse for both of you.'

"Mr. Bond left the room in a towering passion. 'You have no right to separate us, nor shall you, by Heaven, Sir! I am in a position to support a wife, and your child is of age. Good-by for the present, Sir!'

"Good Miss Dorothy heard of the Master and the bother quarrel between them, showing Mr. Bond out. The young lady came, blushing and crying.

"'Oh, dear father, forgive us both; he loves me so much, and he is so good and noble; we did not intend to keep it secret from you any longer; do, dear, good father—it will break his heart and mine too.'

"'Child,' said the old man, savagely, 'get up at once, and no more follys. You shall never speak to Mr. Bond again. Promise me never to see him again.'

"'Oh, father, I dare not promise you that. God knows I would do any thing else to please you, but it would be death to me and to him also. Oh! have pity, he loves me.'

"'Love you, child!' said the Master, 'don't flatter yourself; a man so devoid of principle as he has has told many a girl the same story; he has been making a bet, Miss, for a bet between another. I despise the man. Get up!' Here he laid his hands roughly on her shoulders. 'Get up, child!' He rose to his feet, white, pale as a statue, without saying another word. 'Stop,' he cried, as she reached the door. 'I shall swear never to speak to that bad young man again.'

"'Never, father!' cried the girl, her eyes flashing with passion. 'Never! I cannot so speak evil of Mr. Bond. He is good and noble, and I love him. I will not promise you this.' Without waiting for an answer she rushed out of the room.

"But her self-possession did not last long; she ran up stairs and threw herself on her bed (in this very room, Sir), and when her maid came to call her, she was still crying as if her heart would break.

"'Oh, miss,' said Nancy, as she came in, 'what is the matter? you a-crying your eyes out, and the Master furious. And, oh! I'm ashamed to tell you of it, but it is true, Miss, it is cruel like; you are not to leave the house all the week till Tuesday, when you are to go to your aunt in Wales.'

"'So I am a prisoner, am I? and you are to be my jailer. My father is kind and considerate. Get me some tea.'

"Then Miss Dorothy got up, set her things straight, and determined not to show her sorrow to her maid; but Nancy told my mother it was no good, the poor young lady was wretched about her father and Mr. Bond, and never got a wink of sleep all the night.

"Next morning she thought she would try once more to overcome her father's resolution, but he was incensed at her display of temper the evening before, and refused to see her.

"Miss Dorothy was allowed to go into the little patch of garden where the stables used to stand. Once morning she went out to get a breath of air, and to look at her horse, as was her custom, she found the groom who had been dismissed packing up his little property for you.'

"'Oh, I am sorry you are going to leave, William, and I am glad I have met you to say good-by. Here's a little present for you.'

"Williams touched his hat as he took the sovereign. 'Bless your pretty face, miss, don't care about me. Master has taken me on to look after his hunters, and miss' (here he lowered his voice to a whisper, though there was none within hearing, 'my new master bade me give you this 'ere, and I am not to go till I has an answer, "No," says he, "not if your old master blows your brains out."'

"Dorothy took it trembling up into her room; it was a little letter in pencil-hand, and she had the leave of Heaven to let him see her once more. She had once told him, he wrote, that she had discovered a way from her window to the old college library, and as she was forbidden to leave the house, would she meet him there; it was their only chance.

"Dorothy left her room, and went to the study: the key was in its old position, and she took it. As she passed by the window she saw her father crossing the court-yard in his surplice. It was some time before the passage-door would open, at last the latch lifted, and, hardly daring to breathe, she walked to the library door. Not daring to open it at first, she knelt down and listened: the place was as still as death. In a few seconds' time she heard the door open, and a light footstep on the floor, then a voice humming a familiar air.

"Without waiting longer she timidly turned the key and entered the room. That passed between the two I never heard, but the interview was interrupted by the sound of some one on the stairs. Miss Dorothy started.

"'We shall be detected, George,' she said. Still he held her.

"'Dearest, love,' he said, 'or I shall die.'

"Yes, I promise; God forgive me,' answered she. Then she closed the library door, and ran back to her room, and there was there arranging a dress, and started as her young mistress entered, she looked so lovely, with her cheeks still flushed with the hot kiss her lover had imprinted on them, and the excitement of the meeting.

"As the clock struck nine Miss Dorothy stole down stairs, the hall door was open, and she was soon out of the college gates. There was no gas in the courts and streets in those days, and the porters who saw her hurry across the court took her for one of the bed-makers. 'Wrapping her cloak round her, for it was a cold November night, she hurried along the street, nor did she stop till she reached the end of Parker's Piece, where a fly with two horses was waiting.

"Williams the groom was there, but no one else.

"'He should have been here before, miss; clocks are striking nine and more. I'm afraid you will catch your death of cold.'

"'No, thank you, Williams. I shall see him soon, or if I stop here I shall die, dear! I wish I had not come. It is too late to go back?'

"'Go back! why, bless you, miss, he will be here in a minute. Look there, ain't that him? No, he was to come alone.'

"'Oh yes, alone,' said she, shivering and beginning to cry. 'How wicked I am!'

"'Quiet, miss, for Heaven's sake. Get into the fly: it's the carriers, I can see their bands, you will be suspected.'

"She sprang in, and Williams lowered the shutters. The horsemen were three in number, they had seen a woman's dress, and were suspicious.

"'Who have you there?' one asked, as he came up.

"'A lady, Sir, if you have no objection.'

"'Any one else?' asked the other, 'no member of the university, no, I hope: no, I am sure, it is a suspicious place, please to open the door.'

"The door was opened, and they looked in. Miss Dorothy sat in the corner, and pulled the veil over her face. The moon was shining brightly, and in the procter she recognized Mr. Hardy, the senior fellow of Corpus, who had been a good friend of her father's, and who might have won her heart if she had not met Mr. Bond.

"'I beg your pardon, madam,' he said, raising his hat, but not recognizing her. 'You must forgive the liberty I have taken, but we are forced to be very careful. Has he closed the door?' to the coachman.

"'Yes, Sir, but shall I see you before night?' Miss Dorothy says he spoke in a most impudent way, words to your young misuse, and then I shall see you.' But he never came, so I follers former orders and come home.' And come home they did, up, them great gates is shut, and the porters won't let him out. But what had we better do now, Sir?'

"'Oh, take me back, take me back!' she cried. 'Oh! I wish I had never come. I will ask my father to forgive me.' As she spoke impudy and cruelly of George, still I am very wicked. Oh, drive me back!'

"'If I were you, miss,' said Williams, 'I should not go back to college; there's no cause, as I sees, that the Master should know any thing about it. He thinks you are in bed, and nobody can slips in with bed-makers, and no harm comes of it.'

"'Oh, Williams, but then where can I sleep tonight?'

"This question puzzled him, and he scratched his head in silence. At last he said, 'Well, miss, I've you've seen me afore vehicle; I'll keep you on the box; eh, miss?'

"'Oh no, Williams, you know you would die of cold. I must go back; perhaps he will forgive me.'

"Williams went on faster some piece of harness prevented him starting; in a minute he returned, and lowering the window, looked in again.

"'Bless you, miss, what a fool I am not to think of it before; why, miss, you are if you goes back it must be through the porter's lodge, as the other entrance shuts early. A deal of gents may be in the court. You will not like to go by yourself; s'pose you come to my sister's, eh?'

"Oh no, Williams; I should die if I met any one in the court. Thank you for thinking of Mrs. Gifford; she was my nurse, and I know would have pity on me.'

"Well, Sir, you know my grandmother's name was Gifford, and she was sister to Williams, he being my mother's uncle. Mother was then only ten years old, but remembered the night Miss Dorothy came to our house.

"She and her father and mother slept in the same room. They had been in bed about two hours when they were awoke by a knocking at the door. My grandfather sprung up and looked out of the window.

"'Why, bless me, wife,' he said, 'if there ain't that brother of yours. What on earth is up now?

* Betsy must have meant "demonstrandum."

Coming in a minute, lad,' he said, as George again thundered at the door, 'you'll wake the whole street.'

"Grandfather threw his wife's shawl over his shoulders and ran down stairs. In less than a minute he was back again. 'For Heaven's sake, old lady, get up; here's a pretty go, your beautiful young creature, and perished with cold.' Then he turned round to my mother, who was sitting up wondering in bed, and told her to go to sleep. This my mother pretended to do, but was far too excited and curious to do more than close her eyes. Her father and mother were soon both down stairs, and the sound of a tinder-box being struck, and a fire lit, soon reached her ears. In another hour's time her father returned alone to bed, and in the next room she heard her mother trying to pacify some one who was sobbing loud enough for her to hear through the partition. After a time all was quiet again, and she did not wake till her father rose; he was one of the buttery-men at Trinity.

"Then she got out of bed and listened: there was more crying in the next room; she went to the bedroom door and looked out, and saw a tall young lady, very beautiful and pale as snow, pass hurriedly along the passage, followed by my grandmother.

"Mother says she never saw a lily of the valley without thinking of Miss Dorothy, as she looked then, so frail and trembling, with her white face bent down.

"The Master had discovered his daughter's flight, and was beside himself with passion. Grandmother knew this the night before, and was not so much surprised that Miss Dorothy had come to her house at that late hour as she would otherwise have been. She was Mr. Bond's bell-maker, and going to his rooms about chapel-time she had noticed his portmanteau locked and lying on his bed, but had seen nothing of him. He had not slept in college, and no one knew any thing about his whereabouts. There was nothing else talked of in college but the disappearance of Mr. Bond. That Miss A. had intended to run away with him, thanks to the diligentness of my grandfather and the Master's servants, was never generally known: at last, like all other wonders, it ceased to interest any one. All knew Mr. Bond was a mad young gentleman, and cared for no one: what more likely than he should have betaken himself to his home in the north for a week's change, and had not cared to consult the college authorities on the subject? Still to Miss Dorothy, my grandmother, and others, there seemed some mystery which they could not fathom. Nancy, the lady's maid, who slept in a little room out of her mistress's, had sat up till past three, waiting for her return. Twice in the middle of the night she started up, hearing something like a cry of distress coming seemingly from the college library. At first she thought it only a dream, for she was anxious and nervous about her mistress, but the next time she felt that it was more than a dream, and woke one of the maids, who sat up the rest of the night, Sir, by this very same fire here, Sir;—but there was no more sound, so Nancy believed it to be a dream, till what was discovered afterward proved it to be no fancy.

"Well, Sir, I need not tell you that the Master was furious about Miss Dorothy: at first he threatened to turn her out into the streets, but his pride prevented him doing this, as all the university would have known his disgrace, so he wrote off to his sister in Wales, begging her at once to come and take her back with her, and in the mean time strictly forbade her to leave the house. At the time of which I am speaking, the Master's house ran along the west side of the old college library, and there were two small oak-paneled rooms at the end of the east corridor, which were separated from the rest of the house. In these rooms Miss Dorothy was confined; they were well suited for the purpose, for there was but one means of escape, and that was actually through the Master's study, which had a door opening on to the further end of the passage.

"Poor child! she was miserable indeed, and Nancy her maid hardly liked to leave her alone for a minute, she was so low and nervous. One evening Nancy had to go out into the town, and Miss Dorothy was left alone.

"It was getting dusk, and the solitude of the dark old room frightened her. It seems that the library was connected with her bedroom by means of a small door opening in the panel. This door was not visible from the library, as it was covered by another thicker door, which was covered with books, and was not distinguishable from the rest of the walls. Miss Dorothy had noticed the door in her room, a door which had not been used for years, and of the existence of which I believe the Master himself was not aware. As she wandered about the room, feeling too nervous to sit still, her eyes fell upon an old-fashioned key lying in the corner of an oak cupboard. Taking it in her hand, she determined to try the door on the opposite wall that she had watched the morning before.

"Grandmother happened to be that evening in the housekeeper's room, when suddenly she heard a piercing cry—a cry, she says, she can never forget, so full of horror was it.

"She started to her feet, and just at that minute Nancy dashed into the room. 'Oh! did you hear it?' she cried. 'Come with me, come with me.' All three started off, pale as death, and met the Master, who had heard the scream, hurrying in the same direction. They opened the door, Mrs. Brown the housekeeper bearing a light. On the floor, pale and rigid as marble, lay Miss Dorothy, the door in the panel open, and just in front of her, and across her feet, lay Mr. Bond, his hands stretched out and clenched, rigid and cold as a statue, as if to embrace her, his once handsome eyes staring lustreless out of their sockets, and the marks of corruption already on his beautiful face.

"Miss Dorothy was taken back to her old room here, but only survived her shock two days.

"An inquest was held on the body of Mr. Bond, and the verdict returned was accidental death. It seems that the poor young gentleman, knowing that as an undergraduate he had no right in the library, after Miss Dorothy had left him, seeing one of the book-shelves swing back, had retired behind it. It was the librarian who was entering, the shelves of the door were empty, and he filled them with the large volumes that lay on the table, and then left the room.

"When the room was empty Mr. Bond no doubt tried to leave his hiding-place, but the door closed with a bang, and the heavy books that had been placed on the shelves rendered all his attempts to force it open vain, and what is more, excluded the air, for the doctors all agreed that the cause of death was suffocation. The door the young lady opened corresponded with the door in the book-case, and when the double doors were closed there was just room for a man to stand up between them. The body, which was in a standing position, fell down at the wretched lady's feet as she opened the door in the panel.

"And this, Sir, is the story as my grandmother used to tell it, and many were those among the servants who rejoiced when the old library was pulled down; unearthly noises and screams, it was said, were often heard there; and indeed, Sir, there were several who declared that they had seen Miss Dorothy herself more than once in her shroud, kneeling and lifting up a skeleton hand before the door which had made a living tomb for her love."

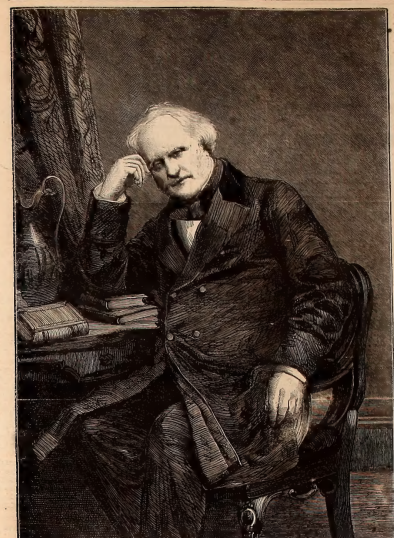
As Betsy finished her story I looked round my room, and a shiver ran through me; nor could I sleep one wink, thinking of the sweet young lady who died in the very room where I was lying, and never shall I forget that Christmas-eve and Betsy's tale.



A LEGEND OF CORPS.—"YES, I PROMISE! GOD FORGIVE ME."



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.—SKETCHED BY J. IVES TEASE.—[SEE PAGE 702.]



GEORGE PEABODY, Esq.

THE PEABODY INSTITUTE.

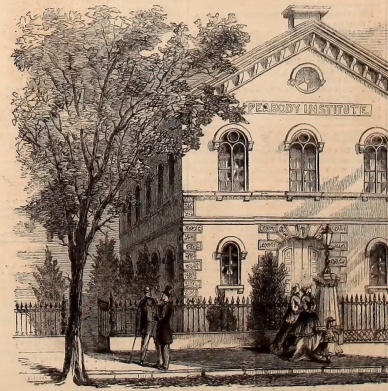
We give on this page a portrait of GEORGE PEABODY, Esq., the eminent American banker in London, and public benefactor, accompanied by a poem; also sketches of the exterior and interior of the Peabody Institute at South Danvers, Massachusetts, and of the snuff-box presented to Mr. PEABODY by the Lord Mayor and citizens of London.

The Institute is a brick building, ornamented with freestone. It was erected in 1853, and was Mr. PEABODY'S gift to his native town. It was dedicated in December, 1854. The library on the first-floor contains 12,000 volumes. On the second story is the lecture-room. In an ante-room there is an original portrait of General HARRISON, painted in 1840. The portrait of Queen VICTORIA, soon to be presented to Mr. PEABODY, will be deposited within the Institute in a fire and burglar proof vault. The gold snuff-box (about 5 inches long by 3¼ wide, and 2 deep) is kept in the library for public inspection.

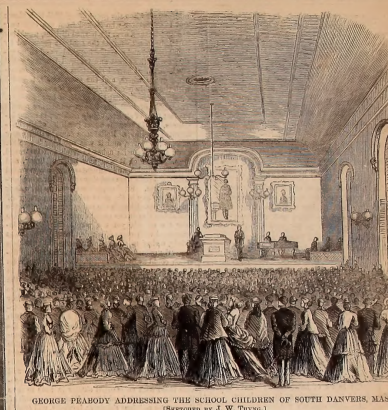
On the arrival of Mr. PEABODY in this country from England last spring he was tendered a reception by the citizens of his native town, South Danvers. This at the time he declined; but in accordance with his own wish, on October 15 he met the school children of the town. The Hall of the Institute was entirely filled with children; all the schools in town, eight in number, were represented, and between eleven and twelve hundred scholars were present.

Shortly after 10 o'clock Mr. PEABODY entered the Hall, accompanied by his sister, Mrs. DANIELS, Mrs. ERZA SUTTON, and the Board of Trustees; and as he ascended the platform the children rose in a body and greeted him who had done so much for their welfare with waving handkerchiefs, to which Mr. PEABODY responded by waving his own in return; on seeing which a shout of welcome arose spontaneously from the scholars.

Mr. PEABODY delivered the following appropriate address to the children who had assembled to greet him:



THE PEABODY INSTITUTE, SOUTH DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. TRYON.]



GEORGE PEABODY ADDRESSING THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF SOUTH DANVERS, MASS. [SKETCHED BY J. W. TRYON.]

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.—Nearly two generations have passed away since I left this my native town, with probably less education than even the youngest among these I now address, and with no prospect of future success in life beyond that of any boy now before me who possesses good health, industry, and perseverance, with a heart and mind determined to make pure principles his guide.

"My course is well known, and, I fear, too much appreciated by our whole country; but praise, even but partially deserved, tends to stimulate to extra exertion, both physically and morally, particularly the young; and I hope and pray that every one who is now within the sound of my voice may experience, as I have, the truth of these remarks, and derive that profit and satisfaction which are sure to attend all those who conscientiously strive to do right and benefit their fellow-men. All of you, my young friends, should aim at a high mark in the respect, and undoubtedly many of you, members of both sexes, will arrive at distinction in society.

"But neither my regard for truth nor past experience will justify me in promising any one of you that great success which has ever attended me; scarcely one in a million attains to it; and I feel most sensibly that it is only by the guidance and blessings of my Heavenly Father from early life to my present advanced age that I have been enabled to accomplish so much for the purposes of laying the foundation for the mutual comforts of the needy, and the promotion of knowledge and morality for the present and future generations.

"As you advance in life you will find that years will appear short in comparison to those occupied by your studies at the present time. This is my second visit to my native land for thirty years, and the period appears short to me; time and generations pass most rapidly. But I was not long since, on a beautiful sabbath day, I addressed, from the front of this Institute, the scholars of the Danvers schools, numbering, I think, over seventeen hundred, and I then said to them, 'I would tell you remember that but a few years will elapse before you will occupy the same position toward your own children which your parents now hold toward you. The training you are now receiving, therefore, is a precious talent, for the use of which, on each one will be on a future day called upon to give an account.' This language, my young friends, I will apply to you now, as I then applied it to them. Where are now that assemblage of nearly two thousand scholars? In the short space of time I doubt whether fifty of them occupy the place of scholars here to-day.

"Many of them have become husbands and wives, and nearly all have entered upon the duties, the cares, and anxieties of more mature life. You have taken the places which they occupied in 1826, and by the great centennial celebration of the birth of our glorious Union, in 1876, they, your fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, will have taken another step forward on the stage of life, and you will take the places they now fill. Be prepared for that important change while your present high privileges of learning remain open to you. On the 5th of October, 1866, I did not anticipate the pleasure of being here at this time, but God has graciously permitted me, living beyond the allotted limit of threescore years and ten, to return and enter upon the realization of hopes and plans which I have entertained for many years.

"And to endeavor to show my gratitude for His goodness and watchful care by taking further and wider action in extending to the inhabitants of my native town, of my native State, and my native country, not only for the present generation but to those who will appear and act upon the stage of existence in future ages, the means of mental culture and moral improvement.

"At my advanced age I can not expect again to meet you, collectively, and it is to me a saddening thought, for though since I addressed your predecessors at the time I have mentioned I have met many assemblies of children, and to some I have spoken, founded on a long experience, words of simple advice and caution; yet in none on either side of the Atlantic can I feel so deep an interest as in the children of the schools of South Danvers. They seem intimately associated with thoughts of my childhood and early youth; they take the same lessons, they occupy the same play-grounds, and their feet tread the same paths over which I once trudged to school.

"With such feelings, therefore, I earnestly exhort you, my dear young friends, to strive by your present advantages to prepare yourselves for a life of usefulness in the responsible positions which you are to fill, to honor, and, if necessary, protect and support your parents; to never depart from the path of honor and integrity; and, above all, remember your Creator in the days of your youth, and when you are old He will not forsake you." Farewell! Farewell!"

GEORGE PEABODY.

We mourned the old chivalric times,
Their virtues, with their glories, dead—
Life stricken wholly from romance—

"And what is left to us?" we said;
Up through the land the murmur rose:
"Oh for the days that are no more,
When love of God wrought love of man,
And all were human to the core!

"The great Arthurian days we mourn,
And all the lapsing years that wrought
Change after change, yet evermore
Some varying phase of splendor caught;
Still noble deeds, still gentle lives,
Still every knightly form grew cold,
And Valor's sunset-radiance lit
The tourney of the Cloth of Gold.



THE GOLD SNUFF-BOX.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. TRYON.]

"The poetry of earth is dead:"
What lesser grief should we bemoan,
With Science in the place of Faith,
With quicken'd brains and hearts of stone?
Our noblest triumphs mock our skill,
We link the Continents in vain—
It only tends to sordid ends,
And whets the appetite for gain."

So from our lips remonstrance fell,
When through the land a rumor went—
"The old heroic fire revives—
Its pulsing force is not spent!
The record of the glowing past
Shows in its dim and doubtful page
No deed like that which greets the eyes
Of this debased, prosaic age.

"For, lo! a Queen of sovereign sway,
Of noiseless empire, quits her throne,
Stooping to welcome one who comes
A nameless and unknown:
No comely youth in knightly guise
Shining at ruffled beauty's knees—
A silvered head, a homely form—
No more one queenly woman sees.

"No more; but in her heart there glows
The memory of a noble deed,
Of succor to her people lent,
Of purity laid in sorest need.
And gracious is her tearful smile
As forth she thrusts a trembling hand,
And bids him in her name receive
The homage of her grateful land."

Homage to Goodness! Queenly meed
Of generous thanks to simple Worth!
Thus does the old chivalric soul
Survive the lapse of time birth;
Nor doubt its promptings in the heart
Of him—his nation's noblest son—
The largest of whose liberal hand
A sovereign's thanks has rightly won.

Never did truer beauty clothe
The radiant limbs of courtly knight,
Than clothes that brow serenely smooth,
And fills those eyes with gentle light.
To latest time shall honesty form,
And that familiar, kindly face,
The holier memories of men
Will with a tender beauty grace.

Where'er that honored name is heard
The tears will gleam in woman's eyes;
The hearts of men will stir and creep,
And blessings to their lips will rise.
Though Science yield the mastery of worlds,
It needed yet what he has done—
A noble action, meekly wrought,
His knit the hearts of both in one.

Yes, and as, far above the glow,
When in the West is fierce with flame,
A faint star brightens to the night,
Deep'ning about it—so his fame,
Surviving all the transient bloom
That makes the passing present bright,
Will shine, and still resplendent shine,
An orb of ever-gathering light.

ST. ROCH, QUEBEC.

To the north of the Rock of Quebec, and in the very shadow of the steep old cliff, lies the suburb of St. Roch, which, previous to the disastrous conflagration of the 14th October, was a closely-packed agglomeration of houses, occupied by some 20,000 inhabitants. The present writer, having resided for some time at Quebec, can realize the scene of desolation presented by this district, which has been almost exclusively inhabited by French Canadians of the poorer class. Ship-carpenters, riggers, and mechanics in various branches of skilled industry connected with the ship-builders' craft here had their homes; for the River St. Charles—commonly known at Quebec as the "Little River"—winds close by the northern edge of the suburb, and it is on the banks of this narrow but deep stream that the principal ship-yards of Quebec are situated. There are few more picturesque views than that to be had from the high cliff near Mount Pleasant, where the rood winds down Sawagneau Hill to the flat, marshy tract beneath, called the *Bijou*. It is from this point that the sketch looking over the suburb is taken—a point just below where the marshello-tower stands upon the edge of the cliff. Here, while St. Roch is good intact, it was pleasant to stand and look down upon the dense mass of buildings that stretched away to where the "Little River" empties its waters into the great St. Lawrence. Beyond this stretches the Bay of Quebec, sweeping in deep indentations along the Beauport shore to a point where the eye rests upon a deep cleft in the precipitous bank, and a short way above the opening of this cleft the magnificent Fall of Montmorency hangs down like a silver scarf tossed against the dark-brown rock. From the point just referred to, however, Montmorency is not visible, being shut in from the spectator by the western bank of the cleft. Further away there extends a serrated ridge of blue mountains, which form the horizon beyond the beautiful Isle of Orleans, a glimpse of which, dotted with white villages, is visible in the middle distance. Nothing can be more lovely than this scene on a calm autumnal day, when the bright tints of the foliage on the nearer mountains lend the charm of color to the landscape.

Many years ago it was the fortune of the writer to view the scene just described under circumstances of a visitation similar to the one by which St. Roch has just been desolated. It was about midsummer when the great fire of 1845 took place; and the spectator who looked from the cliff near Mount Pleasant, over the burned district, would not be likely soon to forget the contrast presented by its blackened and smouldering gables and chimney-shafts with the sweet and tranquil landscape that lay beyond. Charred skeletons of timber frames work every where, and the summer air, poisoned with the sickly odors arising from the scorched carcasses of animals that had perished in the flames. Thousands of homeless beings wandering amidst the lost lines of streets, vainly seeking, in many instances, to discover the exact localities of their obliterated dwellings. Relief soon came in from other quarters, however, and it was not long before St. Roch arose from its ashes in fresh and improved form. Much of it was rebuilt again in brick, and massive churches and convents of gray stone reared their steep roofs here and there above the more lowly structures. St. Joseph Street was for a time the street than any in the more aristocratic portions of Quebec; but although the red of the brick was the prevailing hue at one time, and the bright tiles over the suburb, yet the whole quarter was interspersed with nests of wooden houses, and it was chiefly owing to these flimsy tenements that the late fire early gained such headway that no human exertion could avail to check it. The pressure upon the destitute *habitans*, or the upper peasantry of St. Roch, is heavier by far than it was after the calamity of 1845. Then they had much of the summer before them in which to arrange for shelter while their houses were being rebuilt. Now the inclement—nay, savage—winter of Eastern Canada is close at hand. In the midst of Quebec the elm trees are bare of their leaves already, and the summer birds have flocked away to more hospitable climes. In four weeks at farthest the river will be shrouded with snow. Tents will be of little avail then for the protection of the sufferers; and it will require almost superhuman exertions to provide them with substantial shelter in time to save them from terrible hardships. The great wealth of the various religious *fabriques*, however, will enable the priesthood to do much toward alleviating the sufferings of the unfortunate citizens of St. Roch.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

A very beautiful Monument of brown freestone has been erected in the public square in front of the Episcopal Church at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, to the memory of the brave soldiers who went from that town and laid down their lives in the recent war against the Rebellion. The Monument is 24 feet high (exclusive of the foundation), was built by J. G. Batterson, Esq., of Hartford, Connecticut, and cost $2000.

On the front, or south side of the Monument, are the coat-of-arms of Massachusetts and the shield of the United States; and above this, on the shaft, are a spear and flag and two wreaths crossed. The whole is surmounted by an eagle, most beautifully executed, with wings outspread, as if just taking its flight.

The inscriptions on the Monument read as follows. On the south side:

To
Her Sons,
Believed and Beloved,
Who died for their Country
In the Great War
of the Rebellion,
Stockbridge,
In grateful remembrance,
Has raised this Monument,
A.D. 1866.

On the north side:

To Bravery and Patriotism.

On the east and west sides are the following names of soldiers from that town who died in the war:

1st Mass. Inf.—Major William D. Sedgwick, Adj. Gen. 6th A. C., Joseph Ratshon, Michael Mullady, Thomas Hogan, John Dyer, William V. Rice.

37th Mass. Inf.—Thomas Hogan, Edward W. Newton, Charles Parsons, Cornelius Miller, Stephen Kirby, Frederic Mills.

1st Mass. Cav.—James W. Clary.

37th N. Y. N. G.—Corporal Marshall B. Brewer.

49th Mass. Inf.—Godfrey Wollinger, Wells Fuller.

54th Mass. Inf.—Joseph Ellis.

5th Mass. Bat.—Captain Elson T. Dresser, Sergeant Henry S. May, Sergeant Edward Crosby, Charles Jones, Edward Clary, Charles Hathorn.

9th Conn. Inf.—Harry H. Watson.

20th Conn. Inf.—Sergeant-Major John S. Root.

1st Conn. H. A.—Henry Bacon.

On the four sides of the shaft are also inscribed: Wilderness, Gettysburg — Antietam, Chancellorsville—Spottsylvania, Petersburg—Donaldsonville, Andersonville.

The services appropriate to the dedication of this beautiful Monument took place on Wednesday, the 17th inst., at 11 o'clock. Harry D. Sedgwick, Esq., of New York, delivered the address. William Pitt Palmer delivered a poem.

BASE-BALL MATCH IN BROOKLYN.

We publish on page 697 portraits of the "picked nine" of the two celebrated Base-Ball Clubs—the "Atlantics" of Brooklyn and the "Athletics" of Philadelphia. These Clubs played a very interesting match game in Brooklyn, on Monday, October 15, which resulted in victory for the "Atlantics," who scored 27 aglains 17. The Club is thus the Champion Base-Ball Club of America. In our illustration the position of the "Atlantics" occupy the fore-ground of the picture.

"Enjoy the highest reputation among the ladies."—Brewer's Kalliston for the Complexion and Cocoaine for the Hair.—*Louisville Journal.*

Moth and Freckles.—Ladies afflicted with discolorations on the face, called moth-patches or freckles, should use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is infallible. Prepared and sold by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, No. 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists.

" 'The poetry of earth is never dead.'"—Keats.

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Containing pure Medicines of very best quality.

Castor oil,	Citrate of iron and quinine,
Cod-liver oil with quinine,	Oil of turpentine,
Cod-liver oil with iodine,	Norwegian tar,
Cod-liver oil with bark and iron,	And all other nauseous medicines.

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MAGIC BOW AND ARROW. Send 15 cts. for sample to L. FOWLER, 418 Broadway, N. Y.

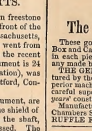
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BECAUSE by invigorating the constitution and the frame they *avert sickness*.

BECAUSE they peculiarly their use prevents the atmospheric poison which produces *epidemics* from taking effect upon the system.

BECAUSE they cure *indigestion*, and impart unwonted vigor to the *stomach*.

BECAUSE they are the best *appetizing medicine* at present known.

BECAUSE they are the only preparation upon which persons of a *bilious habit* can safely rely to *keep the liver in good order*.

BECAUSE they *tone and regulate* the bowels, and invariably relieve them when constipated, without causing undue purgation.

BECAUSE they *strengthen the nerves*, clear the brain, and cheer the animal spirits.

BECAUSE they are a specific against Ague and Fever and all intermittents, and with all their potency as a preservative and a remedy, are *as harmless as we are from the mountain spring*.

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To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also testimonials, from those who want in every town and county. J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

Close of Vol. XXXII.

Harper's Magazine

For November, 1866.

Contents:

THE CIDER MILL.
THE MYSTERIOUS BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.
THE LADY OF MY DREAMS.
VENICE.
HEROIC DEEDS OF BERRIC MEN.—XV. FLORIDA: HER CRIME AND HER PUNISHMENT.
MANASQUAN.
THE LITTLE BLACK DOGS OF BERKSHIRE.
AMONG RELATIONS.
MY SISTER MARIAN.
PICKED UP AT SEA.
SISTERS.
THE OLD BOOKSELLERS.
THE DIARY OF A PRECIOUS FOOL.
NEWSPAPER AND PERIODICAL NOTICES.
LOOKING UNDER THE BED.
THE SWEETEST DAY.
OLD TIMES AND NEW.
THE CENTRAL PARK OF NEW YORK.
DAS NEERMADDICHEN.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THE PRESENT NUMBER closes the Thirty-third Volume of Harper's Magazine. The Conductors believe that in variety and interest it has been exceeded by no periodical Volume, and their arrangements insure that this interest and Volume will be fully maintained in the ensuing Volume.

In the Number for December will be commenced "The Virginians in Texas," a Tale by ensconce F. Hallenden, author of "Inside: a Chronicle of Secession." This tale was written just before the breaking out of the late Civil War, but its issue was postponed in consequence of the events of that time. The Author, at the time a resident of Texas, describes the life and adventures of a Virginian Planter, who, with his family, emigrates to the "New Dominion." The tale is of special interest at the present time, setting forth what Texas was before the war, what it now must have been but for the war; and what it may yet become notwithstanding the war, when liberty is secured, law maintained, and industry restored under the Union.

General Sherman will continue his "Personal Recollections of the War;" and the various departments of the Magazine, whether furnished by the Editors or by Contributors, will be maintained in such a manner as to merit a continuance of the favor which the Magazine has received for almost Seventeen Years.

Terms for Harper's Magazine and Weekly, 1867:

Magazine, One Copy for One Year.....$4 00
Weekly, One Copy for One Year.....4 00

An extra copy of either the Weekly or the Magazine will be supplied gratis to every Club of Five Subscribers at $4 00 each, in one remittance, or Six Copies for $20 00.

Bound Volumes of the Magazine, each Volume containing the Numbers for six months, will be furnished for $3 00 per Volume, and sent by mail, postage paid. Bound Volumes of the Weekly, each Volume containing the Numbers for one year, will be furnished for $7 00, freight paid.

** The Postage on the Magazine is now 24 cents a year, payable quarterly, semi-yearly, or yearly, at the office where received.

The Subscriptions from the British Provinces of North America must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the Magazine, and 52 cents for the Weekly, to prepay the United States postage.

Subscribers to the Magazine and Weekly will find on each wrapper the Number with which their subscription *expires*, as entered on our books. In *renewing* a subscription it is desirable that the Number with which it is to *commence* should be stated. The name of the post-office, County, and State should be plainly written. State, should be distinctly written: Thus—"Renew subscription to [Magazine or Weekly] commencing with Number —. John Adams, Jackson, Pike County, Ohio."

In changing the direction, the old, as well as the new address should be given. Thus: "Change address of [Magazine or Weekly] from John Adams, Jackson, Pike County, Ohio, to Mary Adams, Franklin, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania."

The Magazine and Weekly are always stopped when the term of subscription expires. Notice is necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

Subscriptions to the Weekly can commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscription is to begin with the first Number issued after the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the Weekly commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscription is to begin with the first week after the Number next after the receipt of his order.

** Back Numbers of both Magazine and Weekly can always be supplied.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or a Draft payable to the order of the Publishers of *Harper & Brothers*, is preferable to bank notes, as should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

** *Those who wish to renew subscriptions, or to commence with the present Volume, are requested to notify Harper & Brothers at once, in order that the Subscription-Book may be promptly adjusted.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Terms for 1867:

One Copy for One Year.....$4 00
One Copy for Three Months.....1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

The Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding.....$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco.....10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

Terms to Advertisers.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for the first insertion. *One Dollar* per line for each subsequent insertion. No deviation.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

STARTING OF

The Great American Tea Company.

The proprietors became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized Tea Grand American Tea Company to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the Community, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American Importer, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Tea.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 10 to 20 per cent. in many cases

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 100 to 500 packages, at an average profit of about 5 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lots at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 20 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFITS HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these many profits as many brokerages, storages, cartages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, storages, cartages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for the services of our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on the whole, will not supply pay as.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently expect getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following 4 kinds from their stock, which are recommended to meet the wants of Clubs They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
MIXED, 75c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
OOLONG, 75c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

The following "Club form" is the most convenient for such orders:

SEE BOTH ORDER FROM THIS CLUB.

MADISON, IND., *Sept. 10, 1866.*

To the Great American Tea Company, No. 31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.:

I reserved by express this morning the last lot ordered. It gives very general satisfaction. I will have to order more soon, and think I have been doing well to keep up a supply. I shall not wait for Club names, but forward at once. Send C. O. D.

Respectfully, JAMES DONNELLY.

20 lbs. Oolong	at $1 00	$20 00
10 lbs. Imperial	at 1 20	12 00
10 lbs. Gunpowder	at 1 10	11 00
5 lbs. Young Hyson	at 1 20	6 00
5 lbs. O. Japan	at 1 20	6 00
Total		$55 00

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by clubbing together, can realize the cost of their Tea and Coffee almost cost-bind by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company

NOS. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church.
Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

NEW BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.,
110 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

VOL. IX. OF BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE SCIENCE OF WEALTH, a Manual of Political Economy, by AMASA WALKER.

THE AMERICAN LAW REVIEW, Vol. I., No. 1.

To be Published in November:

THE CHARACTER OF JESUS PORTRAYED. A Biblical Essay, by Dr. Leander Richardson Schmidt, Professor of Theology at Gettysburg. Translated from the German by W. H. Furness, D.D., with Introduction and Notes.

WALTER THE ANGLER. A reprint of Major Edgeworth, with over 80 woodcuts and 12 steel engravings.

NEW MUSIC.

COME BACK TO ERIN, by Claribel: price ..... 35c.
THE LAND OF THE MOUNTAIN AND FLOOD, by Virginia Gabriel
TWILIGHT DREAMS WALTZES, by that celebrated composer, D'ALBERT: for violin, 50c.; piano, 35c.
MAIDE WALTZES, by Godfrey 35c.;
GRAND MARCH, by Godfrey 35c.;
Mailed postpaid. FREDK BLUME,
No. 289 Broadway, N. Y.

MADAME DEMOREST'S BENGITON PATENT CORSET SKIRTS, in Silk, Roanoke Braid, &c. Price, 50 cents to $2 per set. These Loopers are very economical, convenient, and universally approved. Mailed free. 473 Broadway

THE NEW LIGHT.

Atmospheric Kerosene Lamp.

No Smoke. No Smell. No Chimney.

Gives double the light of a chimney lamp, and consumes less oil. This is no humbug patent lever affair, but a lamp peculiar to itself, and the only one ever invented that will produce a pure white flame from common kerosene or coal oil. The right for the sale of this invention can be secured by county and State purchasers by applying to the inventor, at his factories at moderate rates. A rare chance for persons of large or small capital to make money. H. DANFORD, Watertown No. 2 Cortlandt St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED

To sell Brewer's Glass Cleaning Polish. Sells every where, city and country. Large profits to Agents. Factories sent free. C. S. Brewer, 14 Beekman St., N. Y.

A GOOD AND AMUSING TRICK.

The Disappearing Picture. Price 50c. Agents supplied, $3 per doz. W. C. WEMYSS, 979 Broadway, N. Y.

Remember the Little Ones;

THE DESTITUTE AND ORPHAN CHILDREN OF OUR COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.

Grand Charitable Fair AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

Home and School for the Maintenance and Education of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

NEW YORK, *October 1, 1866.*

THIS HOME ARD SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1862 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union. Its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering over 130; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones denied solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (on Fifty-eighth St., New York) now occupied must be removed for the erection of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the Public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, that will be a lasting **monument** to the cause of charity as a fitting response to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which **shall, in affording** an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for all needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. General ULYSSES S. GRANT, President.
Mrs. GEN. F. DAVIS, Acting Vice-President.
Mrs. Major-Gen. J. C. FREMONT, 1st Vice-President.
Mrs. Rear-Admiral FOOTE, 2d Vice-President.
Mrs. JOHN S. FOSDICK, Treasurer.

Mrs. DAVID HOYT, Secretary.
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Mrs. HENRY G. LAW, Manager.
Mrs. J. J. VAN DAMM, Manager.
Mrs. JOS. H. WHITE, Manager.

NEW YORK, *October 1, 1866.*

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Managers of the Grand Festival, as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General CADWALLADER C. WASHBURN.	Major-General JAMES F. RUSH.
Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.	JNO. H. WHITE.
Brigadier-General JOHN FOGERTY.	O. P. H. HOYT.
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL.	J. H. PULESTON.
Brigadier-General ROSS C. HAWKINS.	

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE,
WASHINGTON, *October 6, 1866.*

Whereas, Messrs. Thomas & Co., as Managing Directors of a Charitable Enterprise, have made due application to T. M. Egan, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Ninth Collection District of the State of New York, for permission to hold a "FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL," and presented to him satisfactory evidence that the proceeds of such Enterprise will be devoted to charitable uses, permission is hereby granted to Messrs. Thomas & Co., to conduct the said FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL exempt from all charge, whether from special tax, or other duty in respect of such FAIR AND FESTIVAL.

(Copy.) THOMAS HARDY, Acting Commissioner.

The following Card will be fully appreciated by the Public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"*To the Managing Directors of the Festival:*

"Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festivals. EMMONS HOWARD."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, New York, Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determ ne. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1 *Present in United States Greenbacks*	$10,000
1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	10,000
1 corner House and Lot, Avenue E, Jamaica, N. Y.	4,000
1 House and Lot adjoining above	2,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
1 Carriage, pair, and Horses complete	1,000
1 Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,500
5 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each	7,500
1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	1,000
1 "Elsie Patent Hot-Water Apparatus for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1 Oil Painting of U. S. Military Chief	500
15 Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $200	3,000
10 Ladies' fine Gold Watches, @ $125	1,275
1 Elegant 1st Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	150
50 Silver plated Tea Sets, @ $70	3,500
100 Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	7,500
100 Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens	1,000
250 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, @ $3	1,500
500 Turkish and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, @ $3	1,500
1000 Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, @ $1	1,000
1000 Presents for Gentlemen & Ladies, viz.: Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Gold and Silver Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Bosom Buttons, Miniature Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Adornment, Engravings of Noted Personages and Pictures of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to	24,925
Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at	$200,000

THEODORE THOMAS, Esq.,

The talented Musical Director, promises a most delightful treat in the Orchestral and Vocal Exercises for the occasion, and a most fairy scene will be engaged, and nothing will be spared to make this the finest Musical Festival ever given in the United States.

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

The tickets will be supplied to all Booksellers, Periodical Dealers, Hotel Keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at $1 00 each, or in quantities at the Club Rates.—Subscription Lists are now ready for Subscribers and others (male and female) who prefer this way of subscription, to obtain orders for the Tickets. Circulars giving full directions and terms to Agents will be mailed on receipt of stamp for postage.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a *registered letter at our risk*, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

CLUB RATES:

6 Tickets to one address	$5 00	50 Tickets to one address	$35 00
10 Tickets to one address	9 00	50 Tickets to one address	42 50
20 Tickets to one address	17 00	100 Tickets to one address	85 00
30 Tickets to one address	25 50		

Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to N. H. DAVIS, General Agent for the Home and School, } 616 Broadway, New York.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

We solicit contributions to assist the Charitable Fair and Festival, and each aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,
Have just Published:

I.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN GERMANY. By J. ROSS BROWNE, Author of "Yusef," "Crusoe's Island," "Land of Thor," &c. With illustrations by the Author. 12mo, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $2 00.

II.

FELIX HOLT, THE RADICAL. A Novel. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Scenes of Clerical Life," "Romola," &c. 12mo, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $1 75.

III.

ALL IN THE DARK. A Novel. By J. S. LE FANU, Author of "Uncle Silas," "Guy Deverell," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

It has the charm upon the delicacy with which it suggests the natures of two loving women, one a coquette, vindictive, and cruel, and the other her young companion, Violet Dunkesell. The delicacy of the sentiments of Aunt Dinah's character is equaled by the sketch of the beauty of young love in Violet Dunkwell. This is a book which deserves to be re-printed among those in years to come.—*Examiner.*

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above WORKS by Mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

$5 SEWING $5 MACHINE.

FIRST PREMIUM and DIPLOMA, and the extraordinary commendation of the Judges, at the late Fair of the American Institute, for the best machine in competition, sews with success or double THREAD OF ALL KINDS with perfect elasticity, making two rows of stitches to each revolution of the wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, STITCH, BIND, BRAID, SEW TO and FELL, &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order for 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have used it.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the most pleasing execution."—*The Independent.*

"Works beautifully, all complete, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of price, $5. Safe delivery *guaranteed*. Agents wanted every where. Address all orders, ELLIOTT'S GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 109 Nassau Street, New York.

MADAME DEMOREST'S UNEQUALED ROSE-BLOOM and LILY BLOOM for the complexion. Price 50 cents each. Sold at all the Drug Stores, or sent postpaid. No. 473 Broadway, N. Y.

$1,000,000 Worth

OF

Watches, Jewelry, and Silverware,

To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to cost, but to be paid for until you have what you are to receive:

100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches each $175 00
500 Silver Watches each $20 00 to $35 00
1000 Gold Vest and Silver Cases, each $5 00

And a large assortment of Jewelry and Silverware of every description. The method of disposing of these goods at ONE DOLLAR each is as follows:

Certificates, stating the article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail, or express on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; 11 for $2; 30 for $5.

Agents wanted, to whom very special terms and premiums. Address

H. ROYAL & CO., 36 Beekman St., N. Y.

$30,000 IN GREENBACKS.

Send for our circular and GOLDEN ENVELOPES, drawing articles of value, and a chance of drawing $30,000. Two envelopes for 25c., mailed. Address Manufacturers' Association, 197 Broadway, New York.

ABRANDALE & CO., 162 BROADWAY, N. Y., are offering a stock of 10,000 articles of JEWELRY in Dresses, Pants, and Coat Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, &c., together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS, at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR, which is one of the several terms to agents.

Send 10 cts. for a certificate, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and to those who desire it we will send our terms to agents.

New York, *October, 1866.*

CURL YOUR HAIR!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. Robb's Curlique will be sent free to any address. The Curlique will curl the straightest hair on the first application without injury to the most luxuriant, beautiful flowing curls. Address, with stamp, PROF. R. H. ROBB, PARKMAN, OHIO.

Gems of Scottish Song.

A Collection of the most beautiful Scotch Ballads, with Piano-Forte Accompaniments, Complete, arranged from the very Best Sources and Latest Revisals of the Author's Works. In one vol., 8vo, 400 pp. $2 00; Cloth, gilt, $3 00. Sent postpaid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington St., Boston.

SNELL'S CORN CURE.

No Knife or Poison used. Mailed and warranted for 50 cts. Address N. S. SNELL, Watertown, N. Y.

"How 'tis Done." Whisters in 6 wks. Gambling exposed. Secrets of Prize Fighting revealed. Big crop secrets. Free for 3c. Address Hunter & Co., Hinsdale, N. H.

$1500 PER YEAR paid by SHAW & CLARK, Boston, Mass., Hartford, Conn., or Chicago, Ill.

$150 A MONTH! NEW BUSINESS FOR AGENTS. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, and all who want to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Stowe of Type, Cuts, &c. Address C. G. CRAFTS & Co., Type Foundery, 16 and 18 Lincoln St., Boston.

Agents Make $20 per Day

On $10 capital with MERRILL'S WASHING COMPOUND. Address R. WAYNELL, Box 276, Chicago, Ill.

ENVELOPES explaining 50 frequent phonographic short-hand signs, as I for it, for the, "for is, which they have to learn. Sent to any address for 25 cents. Circulars and all private writing, 16 for 30 cents, postpaid.

Address A. J. GRAHAM, 344 Broadway, New York.



ANDY. "Here, BILL, hand us up that poster! We may hide some of these old ones. They're played out!"

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our personal attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

D.D.& C°S — **SOFT CAPSULES.** — See Advertisement Inside.

STEEL SHIRT COLLARS.
"Snow White," by mail on receipt of 30 cents.
BILLON & FOGGAN, 78 Nassau St., New York.

At Reduced Rates. POLLAK & Son, Meerschaum Manufacturers, 602 Broadway, next Fourth St., N.Y. *Pipes and Holders* cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send for wholesale or retail circular. Pipes from $5 upward.

FEABODY'S BREECH-LOADING MUSKETS, CARBINES, AND SPORTING RIFLES,
FOR METALLIC CARTRIDGES,
Manufactured by the
PROVIDENCE TOOL CO. ARMORY,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
These arms are made in the most perfect manner, are interchangeable in all their parts, and are unequalled for symmetrical appearance, simplicity, accuracy of fire, and strength. They have been received with remarkable favor in our own and several other countries, and can now be supplied in large numbers. Send for descriptive pamphlet and illustrated price-lists, printed in English, French, German, or Spanish.

JOHN BONNER,
Stock Broker,
22 BROAD STREET.
Government Securities of all kinds. Railway Stocks and Bonds, Petroleum and Mining Shares, and Gold, bought and sold on commission.

SURE PILE CURE.
DR. Gilbert's Pile Instrument, for the radical cure of piles, prolapsus, &c., without an operation or ligature, relieves the worst case in minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for circular. Sold by Druggists generally. Agents to dealers. Agents wanted every where. Sent by mail on receipt of $4.
J. B. ROBAINE, Manager, 875 Broadway, New York.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS,
Metal or all Wood. Send for a Pamphlet.
J. W. WESTON, Patentee, No. 760 Broadway.

WHISKERS.—WE WARRANT a Heavy Beard in Five Weeks to those who use RUSSELL'S ITALIAN COMPOUND. Price by mail, $1. Address RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, N. Y.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH SAPONIFIER.
Only 2 cents the pound of excellent soap if you save and use your waste grease. Only 6 or 7 cents the pound of the very best of soap if you buy the grease. Any dealer in baking for Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company's Saponifier. Directions in attached to every package. Ask your grocer for it, or send 25 cents for a sample package by mail. Address JOHN PITCAIRN, Agent, 110 Fulton St., New York.

1866 Fall Fashions.
J. W. DALEY'S DUPLEX ELLIPTIC or Double Spring SKIRTS. The LATEST STYLES are made VERY LIGHT. They combine *Comfort, Durability,* and *Economy* with the ELEGANCE of SHAPE which has made the "DUPLEX ELLIPTIC" the STANDARD ARTICLE of the FASHIONABLE WORLD.
AT WHOLESALE by the EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS and SOLE OWNERS OF PATENT,
WESTS, BRADLEY, & CARY,
97 Chambers and 79 and 81 Reade Streets,
NEW YORK.
Also at WHOLESALE by the LEADING JOBBERS.

Our Young Folks
This Monthly, begun in January, 1865, has already won the reputation of being *"the best Juvenile Magazine published in any land or language."* Prominent Educators, distinguished Clergymen of all denominations, and the Press generally, have commended it in the highest terms. Its contents are always thoroughly interesting and healthy, at once variously attractive and useful.
Among its contributors are the most eminent American writers, and it is profusely illustrated from designs by the best American artists. Full-page Illustrations are now given in every number. An able department of Evening Entertainment and Correspondence makes our YOUNG FOLKS A HOUSEHOLD FAVORITE.
TERMS: $1 00 a year in advance; Three Copies, $2 60; Five Copies, $3 75; Ten Copies, $15 00; Twenty Copies, $30 00, and a copy *gratis* to the person procuring the club.

Every Saturday.
This popular Weekly reproduces promptly for American readers the best and most readable portions of Foreign periodicals. These embrace Serial Tales, Short Stories, Essays—Biographical and Descriptive—Poems, Sketches of Travel and Adventure, Literary Intelligence, and popular papers on Science. Translations from the admirable French periodicals are a prominent feature.
Among the authors represented in EVERY SATURDAY are many of the wisest and wittiest writers of Europe. EVERY SATURDAY contains two large double-columns large octavo pages.
TERMS.—Single Number, 10 cents; Yearly Subscription, $5 80 in advance; $4 00 a year to subscribers for any other periodical published by TICKNOR & FIELDS. MONTHLY PARTS, 50 cents a number. Yearly subscription, same as for Weekly Parts.
TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers, Boston.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS
STEEL PENS.
TRADE MARK. JOSEPH GILLOTT'S Designating Numbers.
HENRY OWEN, MANUFACTURER, WHOLESALE SOLE AGENT, 91 JOHN ST. NEW YORK.

LIEUT. F. M. GILLILAND, of Paducah, Kentucky, who was confined for eleven months in the Libby Prison, and was there attacked by Dyspepsia in its worst form, and so debilitated that he could not walk one square, states that he has been entirely cured by COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE. Let the suffering try it.

Stammering
Can be cured by Dr. Bates's Appliance. Circulars sent free. Address DR. BATES, 1,231 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT. CAPITAL PRIZE, 30,000 DOLLARS.
KELLEY'S GRAND NORTH AMERICAN PRIZE CONCERT will positively take place at the WABASH AVENUE RINK, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, NOVEMBER 15, 1866, when over 50,000 Prizes, valued at HALF A MILLION DOLLARS, including $100,000 in GREENBACKS, will be presented to ticket-holders.
A CARD.—We announced that the North American Prize Concert would be given on the 28th of September; but the time set we found to be too short to complete a work of such gigantic magnitude as we were compelled, in justice to ticket-holders, to extend the time to November 15, at which time it will positively take place. For fifteen years we have been engaged in the gift business, and we point with pride to the reputation we have won for honesty and integrity. Many of the prominent citizens of Chicago will bear us out in the statement that we never have made any promise to the public which we have not literally fulfilled. In spite of all opposition, *we still live,* and shall prove to the public that the *North American Prize Concert* will be given at the time advertised, and that the prizes advertised will be distributed *fairly, impartially, and without reserve.*
Arrangements for the drawing are completed. The checks, 500,000 in number, are ready.
The plan of drawing adopted is the following: Duplicate numbers from 1 to 500,000 are placed in a wheel; the first number drawn out secures the highest prize, the second the next highest, and so on, until the whole 250,000 prizes are drawn.
We advise all parties contemplating tickets to send for them at once. All orders for tickets up to Saturday, 10th November, will be promptly filled.

NUMBER OF TICKETS ISSUED, 500,000. PRICE, ONE DOLLAR EACH.
EVERY OTHER TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE.

1 Gift in Greenbacks		$30,000	100	Gifts in Greenbacks, $5 each	$ 500
1	"	10,000	1	Gift, Residence in Chicago	5,000
1	"	5,000	10	Gifts, Lots in Chicago, $500 each	5,000
1	"	4,000	40	" Pianos, $500 each	20,000
1	"	3,000	20	" Melodeons, $150 each	3,000
1	"	2,000	100	" Family Bibles, $20 each	2,000
20 Gifts in Greenbacks, $1000 each		20,000	200	" Gold Watches, $100 each	20,000
50	"	500	300	" Ladies' Gold Watches, $100 each	30,000
100	"	1,000	200	" Silver Watches, $50 each	10,000
50	"	50	1,000	" Silver Watches, $40 each	12,000
500	"	10	5,000	" Gold Watches, $10 each	50,000
			247,042	other Gifts, worth $250,000.	

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References.—Tappin, M'Kellop & Co., Commercial Agency, Chicago; Lot C. Whitford, Wholesale Paper Dealer, Chicago; S. B. Cobb, Esq., Chicago; Louis Suarbach & Schwarz, Importers, Philadelphia; Samuel D. Barlow, Publisher, Philadelphia; Crosby & Ainsworth, Publishers, Boston; James Harper & Co., Importers, New York; Sheldon & Co., Publishers, New York; John E. Potter & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.
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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



ARKANSAS TRAVELLERS.—SKETCHED BY A. F. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 700]

ARKANSAS TRAVELERS.

IN regard to the picture of ARKANSAS TRAVELERS on our first page our artist, MR. WAUD, says:

"Being desirous of making a perfectly truthful representation, I have refrained from adding a double to the outfit of either of these gentlemen, although, out of respect to the time-honored custom of Arkansas travelers, the temptation was great. The little group is sketched just as it appeared. They are calculating the chances of crossing a bayou and cedar swamp. On what enterprise they were bound deponent hath no knowledge; what long-looking fellows, armed with the long rifle, no intimate acquaintance seemed desirable. I am not fair however, to judge from appearances, and they were probably good citizens enough as times go; certainly the presence of the bundles of provender with the owners of them carried grave evidence of their intention 'to live off the country.' If they were bound on a hunting excursion they have the artist's best wishes, out of a powerful fellow-feeling for the sport."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1866.

THE PRESIDENT'S MANIFEST.

THE most important recent political publication is the letter of Mr. O. H. BROWNING, Secretary of the Interior, to some of his former constituents. Its importance is not due to its authorship, for Mr. BROWNING is not a prominent known to the country; and although he was for a time Senator in Congress, he did not succeed in making his opinions remembered by the public guidance. The significance of his letter is that it speaks for the President, who read and approved it. It is therefore a Presidential manifesto. It apprises us of the spirit in which he receives the popular judgment to which he has incessantly appealed.

Unfortunately the letter abounds in platitudes. It formally announces that our Government is worth preserving—a truth of which the people who have carried on the late war may be supposed to have some glimmering consciousness. But mere platitudes are harmless. When, however, the Secretary of the Interior proceeds to argue he is simply dogmatic and feeble. He tells us that the Legislative Department of the Government is the only one from whose encroachments serious danger is to be apprehended for our institutions. He says he differs from JEFFERSON, who considered the Judiciary the menacing department, and from the loyal people of to-day, who see in the conduct and claims of the Executive the plainest public peril. If Congress were not restrained by the Constitution, says MR. BROWNING, what might it not do? The President also is restrained by the Constitution, but what has he not done, and tried to do? If MR. BROWNING had been born a Spaniard of the thirteenth century, it has father had been his mother, there really is no knowing what would have been the present price of sweet-apples. Inasmuch as Congress is created by the Constitution, and acts in obedience to it, it is rather useless to speculate upon its possible action if there were no Constitution.

We are further instructed that our system is destroyed if the States are not respected in their appropriate spheres. That is indisputable; nor does it admit of much debate that these two make four. But the constitutional limits of State rights—the national authority in composing a prodigious war—these are our present questions. MR. BROWNING leaves us in doubt that one of the sovereign rights of a State—for like MR SEWARD he falls into the bad habit of speaking of State sovereignty, a thing which has no existence—is to exhaust every effort to destroy the Union, and upon its failure to resume all its national relations without the smallest security against a similar effort, except the fact that the first has failed.

MR. BROWNING objects to the disabling clause of the Amendment, without the slightest reference to the fact that the disability may always be removed by Congress, either in special cases or altogether, as good policy may prescribe. He says that it is an unparalleled proscription, and that it is not to be supposed that the educated—by which he means the late rebel—class of the Southern States will submit to it. This is an echo of the DOOLITTLE Philadelphia address. But the New Orleans *Picayune* says that there are plenty of able men at the South who are not disabled by the Amendment; and the Charleston *News* is of opinion that there is no way of return to national representation but by submission to the Amendment. And after all, is it cruel, despotic and inhuman provision? It is simply that those who in order to overthrow the Government have violated an oath to support it shall not hold office until Congress is satisfied that they safely may. It provides that a man caught in an attempted murder shall not have a knife presented to him with the request of the intended victim. This may be an outrage greater than any since the days of PHILIP II. of Spain. But there are minds to which the late exhibition and its Andersonville and other methods were not altogether an airy jest and gallant tournament, and to which the conditions now offered to the offenders are the most clement ever recorded. The Administration theory apparently is that there are several millions of criminals at the South who owe their lives to the law. But as it is impracticable to hang men by the hundred thousand, that the only alternative is to give them greater power as legislators.

The President, it appears from this letter which he has read and approved, does not regard the result of the elections as indicative of public opinion upon the Amendments. We are sincerely sorry that he is so deluded. He has read the speeches, platforms, and papers of the political parties very carelessly if he has not seen that the whole issue has turned upon the Amendment. Vermont, Maine, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio, and Iowa have spoken to that point and no other. Even if they have not, indeed, expressed themselves upon impartial suffrage as a condition of restoration, which MR. BROWNING insists is the real question, for the question of the contest has been the policy of Congress or of the President. That of Congress has been triumphantly sustained, and that policy has been indicated not only in the Report of the Committee and the proposition of the amendments, but in the admission of Tennessee. If the President has not seen it, it is but another illustration of his blindness. The truth remains nevertheless, and if the Southern States see with him, who does not see at all, they will surely stumble to their destruction.

But we find one passage of this letter which is valuable. It is that in which the action of the President toward Congress is foreshadowed. MR. BROWNING denies that the President has ever done any thing to encourage the assertion that he would try to force rebels into Congress; and, by implication, the Administration says that Executive will not fail to treat Congress as the representatives of the people, however wrong he may consider its conduct toward the unrepresented States. This is by far the most important remark the President has made—for it is really his. It denies upon his part any intention to do any thing but protest. That is his constitutional official right, and the right of every citizen. If the Secretary's letter had been confined to that statement, and published as approved by the President, he would have been a valuable public service; and as we have no doubt it was written for the express purpose of saying that, our regret is the greater that the statement should have been drenched with such prolix fallacies and follies

HIGH PRICES.

IT is again asserted that the Government has been selling gold. MR. MCCULLOCH and his subordinates, after the most careful inquiry, have assured all inquirers that the Government would not sell any more gold. To that determination they adhered at a time when the operators of the Gold-Room had control of the market, and gold was worth one half per cent. a day. They did not depart from it at the time when gold was above 150, and the mere rumor that the Government was selling would have put down the price 5 @ 10 per cent. But now, when gold is 146 @ 147, when there is no scarcity of specie for the payment of customs, and on the eve of the disbursement of $24,000,000 in gold for interest on the public debt, the Department is understood to be a seller once more.

Explain the phenomenon as you may, all Brest is baffled, and profanely remarks that the Treasury moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform.

It was understood among those who are supposed to enjoy the confidence of Treasury officials that MR. MCCULLOCH's newest theory was to accumulate in the Treasury a fund of specie sufficient to enable him, at some not very distant day, to resume specie payments with gold coin of the whole of his circulating obligations. For instance, if he had paid off his compound legal tenders and exchanged the bulk of the first series of Seven-Thirty notes for long bonds, he would have in the Treasury $100,000,000 of gold in the Treasury, resume payment on half the existing legal tenders, dividing them for the purpose into classes by date or numbers. In addition to this a still smaller accumulation of coin would enable him to retire the remainder of his legal tenders, or to issue an equivalent amount of bonds. With a large excess of specie revenue over expenditure, the scheme seemed feasible enough. But if the Treasury is going to continue to sell its surplus coin, it is clear that the scheme is never ripe.

So far as we can judge, the country is getting tired of high prices. Almost every thing which we eat or drink or wear or use in any way is dearer now than it was during the war, when gold was 250. Some portion of the advance is due to the existing heavy taxation. But by far the greater portion is the fruit of the general unsettlement of values resulting from an irredeemable paper-currency, which enables manufacturers and dealers to gradually advance their prices without check from the public. The only true standard of value being removed, all commercial values become capricious; if all the dealers in eggs should suddenly refuse to sell eggs under a dollar a piece, we should after a time submit to the extortion, and the consumption would not materially decline.

Let us take three articles of common use—beef, butter, and milch cows. Before the war we in New York used to pay 15 @ 20 cents for the best beef, 25 @ 30 cents for butter, and $35 @ $60 for the finest milch cows. When they rose in price during the war the butchers and dealers were ready with an explanation. It was mainly owing to the interruption of our trade with Texas and other Southern cattle-growing regions. The rise in butter was to a good part due to the advance in gold, which being 250, rendered butter a good article of export. Well, the war is over; we have unrestricted intercourse with Texas; gold is down to 146; and yet we are paying 30 @ 35 cents for our beef, 60 @ 65 cents for butter, and $150 @ $250 for milch cows. It can not be pretended that we consume more beef or butter than we did in 1860, or that the country produces much less than it did in that year. The increase in the demand can not be any greater than the increase in the supply. Why, then, should prices have doubled? The reason is simply that an irredeemable paper-currency has unsettled all values, and that drovers and dealers, having begun to advance prices in order to pay themselves for the taxation to which the war has now subsided, discover no obstacle to further successive advances, to which the public submit after a moderate demur. Competition, which may generally be relied on in such cases to correct any temporary extortion, fails to work in this case, because the great prosperity of the country affords a market for all; and the trade has virtually formed a syndicate—for the time—abolished the needy class.

Take the case of buildings. An authority in this trade calculates that it costs to @ 10 per cent. more to build in New York than it did when gold was 250. Iron and a few other articles which can be imported are cheaper; but lumber and labor are both higher than they were in 1864. Yet the supply of labor has been swelled by the disbandment of half a million of men, and by an unexampled immigration; and lumber is far from active. Lumber is no scarcer than it was, and we do not see that the demand for it can have increased much. It is the same story. Carpenters who used to think themselves well off when they got $4 a day now strike for an advance from $4. They tell you that the cost of living has more than doubled. The statement is false, no doubt, even in consequence of the depreciated currency and increased taxation, but much more from the increased profits demanded by dealers of all kinds; and the same reply is made to the think that when prices are rising they may just as well have an advance of 75 as 50 cents. The only true standard thrown away, there is no reason why prices should not go anywhere.

A daily journal has been looking into ladies' hats. Every fashionable reader is aware that the price of the most modern hats—which are also so diminutive and gossamer that you can hardly tell when they are on the head or off—is $60 @ $80. A sensible lady bethought herself that she would buy the materials and make her own hat. She made a very pretty one at a cost of less than $15. The *modiste* would have charged $50 for the same article. The difference was the extra profit which the *modiste* deemed it necessary to charge in order to pay the extra profit charged by the butcher and butter-dealer, with a margin enough to pay the extra profit charged them by the drover and farmer, who had to charge enough to meet the extra profit charged by the country store-keeper which had to put on something extra to defray the extra profit charged by the New York jobber and the manufacturers, and so on throughout the list. Every body, in a paper-money era, wants more than a fair profit, and charges accordingly. Nothing will check the universal rage for exorbitant profits but the competition which will follow the narrowing of money.

With these facts before him, and a country groaning audibly under oppressive taxation, it is to be presumed without permission given to it to cede certain territory to the United States.

If this is intended to affect the elections it is too late. If it means war with England the Administration has forgotten that this country does not wish war with England, and is perfectly capable of seeing the national disgrace of answering LORD STANLEY'S late Orders-in-Council by war with a throw. The British Government is by no means a model, and British opinion was steadily hostile to this country during the war. But the question of the *Alabama* claims is, in the present state of international law, peculiarly a subject for wise and amicable arbitration, toward which the disposition of both governments evidently inclines. It is not in the least a matter for the Captain Bobadil statesmanship which mistakes bluster for bravery and threatening for firmness. It is desirable for every nation that the principle which shall hereafter govern neutral action in such cases as that of the *Alabama* shall be determined in friendly council, and the Government of the United States will greatly err if it proposes to adopt any cart and offensive method of settling a point of general interest, which would mean exactly as it is even if war should be invoked.

As for MEXICO, if the proposition be that the United States shall by force of arms be indemnified by a slice of territory, the Administration must show the necessity of enlarging our present domain and the advantage of buying off LOUIS NAPOLEON. Why should we interest ourselves to secure his debts, which he has just failed in trying to settle by measures based upon jealous hostility of this country? The French-Austrian empire in MEXICO is visibly crumbling. We have never recognized any government in that country but the Republican. Let us continue to do so, and if that Government asks for a loan to pay a debt which menaces her if not paid, and offers us the security of territory, let the question be generously considered.

Upon all such questions, however, the Administration can merely propose. It is for Congress to determine—a fact which should be carefully remembered; for Congress is not likely, we believe, to permit the friendly relations of the United States to be foolishly imperiled. It is, however, always surprising and gratifying that so few of the intelligent members of Congress protest against the bold Buncombe of the resolutions often offered upon foreign subjects. At the present time the fewer foreign complications we have the more speedy and satisfactory will be the solution of our domestic questions. Any resolution tending to foreign entanglement must therefore be regarded as intended to divert the public mind from the great duty of the hour.

THE EXCISE LAW.

ONE of the chief private arguments against the Union party during the campaign, although it has not been very publicly urged, is that it is a party whose tendency is to make it difficult to get drunk. The Excise Law of the last Legislature prohibits the sale of liquor on Sundays. But that law is more liberal than we have ever had in the State, or than there is now in any other State. It is not new except in its liberality. The law of 1857, which is still in force in the State outside of the city of NEW YORK, forbade selling upon Sunday; and although the law was by its terms applicable to the city as well as the country, the protection of the Metropolitan Police Commissioners and the easiness of the Excise Commissioners and of the courts, caused it to be generally disregarded in the city.

The prohibition of the sale on Sundays was intended to preserve public order, not to promote private morals; and a very few figures will show how well it did its work. It was enforced only during May and June, and has been suspended since the 4th of July, in consequence of the decision of Judge CARDOZO that it was unconstitutional. Now the average arrests for the four weeks of May, 1865, were 503; those of 1866 were 257; those of June, 1865, were 575; in June, 1866, they were 253, being a reduction, in grouping the figures, of about one half during the months of the enforcement of the law. Since the Cardozian decree the comparative figures are these: the daily arrests in July, 1865, were 779; in July, 1866, they were 748; in August, 1865, they were 684; and in August, 1866, they were 680. If the Court of Appeals should sustain the law the sale of licenses will yield more than $1,000,000, and save so much taxation to the city. But the Ring, which delights in free rum and high taxes, is naturally opposed to a law which tends to public order and economy; and was the more willing to nominate MR. JOHN T. HOFFMAN because he had declared against the law.

It is not a pleasant thing to say, but it is the strict truth, that MR. HOFFMAN is the candidate of the "conservatism" of the grog-shops on the one hand, and on the other of the "conservative" dining-rooms in which sympathy with the rebellion was feasted during the war. He is the candidate of "Delmonicoism" which fostered slavery, the source of our troubles, and invoked the assistance of the British Minister to end them.

THE RETURN OF THE FAIRIES.

SINCE the Arabian Nights there has been no good genius to be MR. GROSVENOR PRIME. Like a meteor, he leaves a golden track behind him. He sends princely fortunes hither and thither. He buttresses colleges with gold, and with his autograph calls institutes into affluent being. He gives two millions of dollars to build houses for the poor in London. He tosses a hundred and fifty thousand to Harvard College. Before Yale can look jealous he appeases her with a like sum; and reaching Baltimore, his song of *Cure Soph* is a gift of half a million. How many country churches, organs, libraries, halls, he spills by the way nobody can tell. But there seems to be no limit to his liberality. What a sublime balance he must have at his banker's!

We fancy him buying apples of the old women at the street corners and paying in C greenbacks, refusing the change. He drops a thousand-dollar note into the plate at church. Indeed, nothing is extravagant when we read of this Parcelian purse of Fearony forever flowing. His benefactions gleam among the morning news like a bird of Paradise among lions. Every reader is surprised with a fine glow of expectation. It comes to the Arab on Nights when Scheherazade is about out of Job to the reporter? asks the pleased an speculating reader.

Lately reading the romance of 'Codlingby we re struck by this passage: 'She had three necklaces on, each o which would have rendered a Princess; her fingers glistened with rings to their rosy tips, and priceless bracelets, bangles, and armlets wound round an arm that was whiter than the ivory grand piano on which it leaned.——.' My lord's pipe is out,' said Mirfarm, with a smile, remarking the bewilderment of her guest, who in truth forgot to smoke; and taking up a thousand-pound note from a bundle on the piano, she lighted it at the taper, and proceeded to relume the extinguished chibouk of Lord Codlingsby." There seems to be a touch of extravagance in this passage until you read of Mr. Fearony's last in the morning or evening paper. Then it becomes commonplace literature.

Of course the good fairy who chooses now to appear as an amiable London banker, no longer young, will choose what guise she will. But she can not really conceal herself. We presume that Governor Swann and the authorities of Baltimore very perfectly well that they were receiving and honoring the fairy godmother of Cinderella, and that the Connecticut Professor were fully aware that they had not received a letter from that benign being who could make good little girls talk pearls and roses. As for the fairy mouth itself, it can not open but amply-endowed institutions of learning drop softly out. It is a touch of kindly humor that this generous spirit which is in its very nature immortally young should select the form of a venerable and respectable merchant through which to work its beneficent will. But its pleasure must be respected, and since it deigns to be known as Mr. Peabody, as George Peabody it shall be honored.

"SEZ GUV'NER OR, SEZ HE."

Governor Orr, of South Carolina, authorizes the *South Carolinian* newspaper to deny that he is in favor of the Amendment, or that he will recommend its passage to the Legislature. This is not surprising. Mr. Orr is a politician. He was a ringleader in the rebellion. He was a Senator in the rebel Congress. He was one of those who, despite his oath to support the United States Government, took up arms against it. And he is consequently one of those whom the Amendment would disable from holding his present office or any other. It is not surprising that he opposes it.

But he has very frankly comprehended the situation, and proposed to the South Caroline Legislature to ratify the Amendment, how long does he think it would have been before Congress removed his disability? Mr. Orr prefers to fight on—to resist the inevitable. If there, then, no one of the old leaders who will say to his neighbors: 'We believe our cause was just; we put it to the decision of the sword, and we have lost. Now, then, the Amendment is naturally disagreeable to us, but we certainly can not ask the people who have sustained the Government to believe our cause just, nor can we be surprised that they require security for the future by embodying the fair results of their victory in the organic law. Let us honorably accept the judgment we invoked, and adopt the Amendment."

We do not think this tone from the States lately in rebellion we shall have reason to believe that there is acquiescence in the result of the war. But the acquiescence which consists in demanding increased political power as the result of unsuccessful rebellion is an acquiescence which is not very likely to deceive Yankees. Governor Orr is not in favor of the Amendment, but the loyal people of the country, including General Grant, are. Which does the Governor think most likely to prevail?

Mr. LINCOLN'S POLICY.

While the loud orators of the party which opposed the war and vilified Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Johnson are now urging the support of Mr. Johnson on the ground that he follows the policy of Mr. Lincoln, it is worth while to understand what President Lincoln's policy would have been—for, whatever his action during the war, he died before he could develop a policy of restoration.

The Hon. Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War during the latter part of the Lincoln Administration, made, in a recent speech, a most important statement, showing precisely what President Lincoln's opinion was. "I can affirm," says Mr. Dana, "that, previous to the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, the reconstruction of Virginia was considered by the Cabinet, and a printed document was prepared setting forth the plan of reconstruction to be adopted in regard to that State. That printed document never became official, but it met the hearty approval of Mr. Lincoln. That plan of reconstruction provided for the calling of a Convention to amend the Constitution of the State of Virginia, and states most positively that all loyal citizens, whether white or black, should be allowed to vote. And it further stipulated that rebels should be denied the right of suffrage. That plan was Mr. Lincoln's idea of reconstruction."

This is conclusive, even if Mr. Lincoln's letter to General Wadsworth, and his sympathy and sense of national duty toward the colored men who had borne arms for the Union were not universally known. It is, indeed, abstractly impossible that the restoration policy of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Johnson should be the same. The dominant characteristic of Mr. Lincoln was a clear sense of justice, while it is plain that Mr. Johnson considers the colored race an impediment and a distraction. The point of view of the situation was essentially different in the two men, and their policy must inevitably have differed. It is not conceivable that Mr. Lincoln would have deserted the Union party; that he would have been supported by the Copperheads; that he would have removed from office the enemies of the Union Government during the war to make room for its bitterest enemies, as in the case of the Brooklyn Navy-Yard; that he would have espoused the slaughter of Union men in New Orleans; that he would have insisted upon abandoning the freedmen to the exclusive care of an angry population; or that he would have opposed an amendment to the Constitution so reasonable and generous as that proposed by Congress.

Mr. Seward, we are told, declares that Mr. Johnson is merely fulfilling Mr. Lincoln's policy. But a policy is public, not a private, affair; and every man who understood Mr. Lincoln's character and public views is as familiar with his acts, is as competent as Mr. Seward to form an opinion upon the subject. What that public opinion is the elections show.

Mr. SEWARD TO Sir F. BROWN.

Some months ago, when a band of marauders crossed the Canadian frontier, killed two or three Canadian citizens under pretense of making war upon England, the Government of the United States instantly and properly took the necessary measures to prevent our soil being made the base of predatory and murderous incursions upon a neighboring territory. That band was captured, tried, and duly punished, and had encouraged destructive raids upon us was a reason why honorable men should despise them, but it was no reason whatever for considering it a violation of our laws and for justifying one crime by another.

Some of the raiders have been sentenced by death, and the United States Government, by the Secretary of State, now informs the British Minister that it will make careful scrutiny into the legality and regularity and justice of the trials, and communicate its decision upon the subject. It further recommends the British Government to adopt a policy of tenderness and forgiveness and the liberal.

Every Government should doubtless see that none of its citizens are unfairly dealt with, and to urge a generous policy toward offenders is always commendable. But we think it certain that the Government does not suspect any irregularity in the Canadian trials, and does not believe the sentences will be carried into execution. The President and the Secretary are doubtless glad that an opportunity was offered before the election of appearing as the interceding friends of the Fenians. We believe, however, it is very well understood that the condemned are not to suffer, and we have no doubt that the Canadian authorities will recommend a pardon in this instance is better than punishment. But the offense of the invaders is none the less glaring, while in sentencing them to death the Canadian courts justly indicate the character of the St. Albans raid from their own side of the line.

COLD AS A CAUSE OF DISEASE.

"A GREAT Christmas makes a fat church-yard," is an old English proverb, expressing the supposed fact that a mild, open winter is of course unhealthy. But statistics show that this very common supposition is incorrect. By comparison of different winters it has been found that the colder is the weather the greater is the mortality. And this result of cold is seen most in the two extremes of life—in the young and the old—the middle-aged being best able, from their greater vitality, to resist the depressing influence. Cold is, in fact, one of the prominent causes of disease. Let us see how it operates.

If on going out in a clear, cold day we have a fine glow in the fresh air, we feel that the cold is a source of vigor to us—that it promotes health instead of impairing it. Why is this? It is because, from the circumstances of the exposure, the cold air, acting upon the sensations, awakens a reaction in the system. It is in this case a stimulant, and an agreeable one. Now, it is when this reaction does not occur that the cold is injurious to health, and it is by its depressing influence. It is simply in this way that it is so largely productive of disease.

We will suppose a very common case. A student who is obliged to be economical sits in a room that is not sufficiently warmed, and is scantily clothed when he goes out into the air, so that he is, for much of every twenty-four hours of all the cold season, chilled, though only slightly. He is suffering from a continuous depression of his vital energies, which will inevitably undermine the constitution and sow the seeds of disease. Such a course is quite as injurious as the enervating course of those who go to the other extreme, subjecting themselves continuously to too high a degree of temperature. When we are sitting still in the house we should aim at keeping such a temperature of the apartment as will make us comfortable. And when we expose ourselves to cold we should aim at maintaining the same comfortable condition, either by putting on, in the open air, enough of the cold to be a suitable amount of clothing, or by wakening a proper reaction by exercise, or by both conjoined. The robust can scorn this result with much less clothing than the feeble and delicate, who should be very careful in relation to outdoor clothing. The modes of dress of children and females have often been exceedingly faulty in this respect, and many a life has been sacrificed in obedience to the behests of fashion.

The hardening, as it is termed, which some attempt to accomplish, is always a failure. The destruction consequent upon the bearing to cold aids to the evil that it is intended to remove. So far from invigorating it renders delicate and feeble. We have known many persons who have built by an habitual use of scanty clothing, with the delusive idea of thereby hardening themselves. In one sense the system may, it is true, in this way be accustomed to bear the cold—that is, the sensations produced by it may be less painfully disagreeable in a measure by habit. But there is no real gain in this. The only true hardening is in accustoming the system to react under the invigorating influence of the cold—here our help is needed from exercise and clothing. With care on this point exposure to cold is a prominent means of invigoration.

It is often said that our well-warmed houses are far from being an improvement on the open fireplaces unwarmed except in the rooms so far as health is concerned. This is only true where ventilation is neglected, and too high a degree of temperature is maintained. With proper regulation of circumstances the diffusion of heat throughout the dwelling is decidedly promotive of health. It may bring its injury to the student in a cold room; but any such continuous exposure as the delicate and the very young to cold, when they are not in such rooms, is far more than the direct temperature of the body, must impair vigor. Discomfort is always injurious. Many a delicate female has been rendered consumptive by the depression of the daily discomfort of dressing in a pinching cold atmosphere, who would have escaped this malady if she had lived in a room of proper temperature.

A large cause of disease among the poor is the daily depression of vital power from their poorly warmed apartments and the inadequate clothing which they wear out of doors. It acts in consonance with the depressing influences of causes which operate upon them—defective ventilation, emanations from filth, scanty food, and the discouragements of life. With these facts before us we generally must clearly indicate the presence of the element of depression in the action of the causes that produce them.

But great heat will overcome the system, and so render it very susceptible to the influence of cold. If one is shut up in a small room heated by a stove, the temperature of the atmosphere may be high—far above that which is needed for comfort. This is in itself injurious, relaxing the system, and inducing debility; but besides this direct result it enhances the depressing influence of cold in the frequent exposures to it both indoors and out. The poor, and even those who are well-to-do, as it is expressed, subject themselves often indoors to changes from a high temperature to pinching cold. The liability to such alternations is very great in a difficulty with contracted accommodations. With the most careful and judicious management it is very hard to maintain properly the temperatures of small apartments; and carelessness, with the ill-proportioned and ill-adjusted arrangements that are so commonly found, makes an entire failure of it. And when you add to the alternations from overheating to shivering in the cold at least the exposures to cold without, with the scantiest clothing, you can see how largely cold must operate in inducing disease in the poorer class of people in the small apartments of the ten meest houses of our cities.

THE BOYS IN BLUE.

Leave the flag with us who loved him,
Whom the Copperheads assailed,
As he stood, our chosen leader,
When the storm of battle rose.
'Tis the flag that waved above him
As the ship of State he sailed—
Freedom's last and grandest pleader,
Struck to earth by Freedom's foes
Leave the flag with us!
We're the boys in blue,
To the Union true—
Leave the flag with us!

Leave the flag with us who saved it,
Standing close by Lincoln's chair;
Not with those whose lips defamed him
Till death hid him from their view.
He smiled on us as we waved it
Over Where its colors were denied.
For our friendship never shamed him—
We're the Country's boys in blue!
Leave the flag with us!
We're the boys in blue,
To the Union true—
Leave the flag with us!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

INDEMNITY FOR BRITISH PIRACIES.

The New York *Times* of October 24 has the following from its Washington correspondent: "In regard to certain claims, founded, principally, on the depredations during the late war of the privateers *Alabama* and *Florida*, Mr. Adams, our Minister to the Court of St. James, was some time since instructed to make a representation thereof for indemnity for the losses sustained by our commercial interests. To this demand Mr. Adams received a reply from Lord Stanley, who immediately instructed to repeat the demand. He did so, but the definite response has yet been received. The British Government is now putting out feelers in its various directions to ascertain the disposition in the matter. From these it appears that it is willing to embody the claims in an arbitration, or to submit to Judicial Commissioners. Our Government will accept the agreement of this way, but will insist on a prompt and full payment of the claims. This is the substance of the reply to Mr. Adams's instructions under which Mr. Adams is now acting."

NEWS ITEMS.

Brevet Major-General George W. Getty has relinquished the command of the District of Texas, which he assumed by General Order, Major-General Hamilton, Colonel of the Seventeenth United States Infantry.

On October 26 the Semi-wool Cemetery at Winchester, Virginia, was inaugurated with imposing ceremonies, a leading feature being the re-interment of the bodies of General Ashby and his brother, Captain Ashby. Ex-Governor Letcher delivered the address. The Virginians are making systematic efforts to gather the remains of the rebel dead from the various battle-fields, to reinter them in cemeteries and burying-grounds. At Winchester 1,500 will be reposited at Fredericksburg and Petersburg.

The Democrats have been carried out in the counties of Pennsylvania, and the vote for Governor at the October election stands up: General Geary, Republican, 297,083; Hiester Clymer, Democrat, 259,496; Geary's majority, 37,587. The total vote cast for Governor last in Pennsylvania, and aggregates 556,579. At the election for the third vote was cast, Republican, 238,499, Democratic 216,749, and the Republican majority was 21,750. At the Presidential election in 1864 the total vote was 574,761—for Lincoln 6,391, for McClellan 296,370. Lincoln's majority 19,391. Since 1864 the Republicans have gained 16,004 votes and the Democrats 36,879, the aggregate increase to the State being 52,883.

Governor Lewis E. Fisk, who has taken a trip through to Montana over its Northern route, under the auspices of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, writes that more than 800 emigrants have left Minnesota for Montana this season. Fare to Yellow Stone, seventy miles on the route, and the whole distance to Virginia City, Montana, is eleven days with fresh horses. Captain Fisk had no trouble with Indians on the Northern route.

On the 23d of October the Vermont Legislature elected United States Senators as follows: To fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Foot, Governor, Hon. L. E. Poland, 1 to fill the unexpired term of Senator Foot, Hon. George F. Edmunds, 1 to take the seat from the 4th of March next, Hon. Justin S. Morrill.

The work of Mr. Lincoln has written a better advertisement as the true policy, that the Liberal Government under the Constitution as supported, and the Liberal Party by laws by the Imperialists and others be prom ely by the Democrats.

It is reported on good authority that Governor Wells and Judge Howe, who claims to be Governor by the Constitutional Convention of 1864, are about reconciling their differences, and that they have agreed to divide of delegates to fill vacancies. The Governor says that he will recommend to the Legislature that Congress that he will be sustained by force if necessary.

Colonel Lynch and Rev. John M'Mahon, the Fenian prisoners, were tried at Toronto, Canada West, and are sentenced to be hung.

The work of the Mont Cenis Road Mountain, in Western Massachusetts, is going forward at three principal places—on the eastern side, near the Deerfield River, at the top, and on the west side. The shaft on the top is 317 feet deep. From the bottom of which the bore is extended east and west. The distance already or led is about 1,000 feet. Sixty persons are now in Shafting, and found more effective than gunpowder. The progress is about 3 feet in from 24 to 30 hours. The total distance gained is more than a mile. Three years more will be required to complete the tunnel.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company have reduced the tariff on messages 50 per cent.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

October 23:

(Vienna.)—The Vienna *Presse* of to-day says that Baron von Beust is very likely to be the Foreign Minister.

(London.)—Lord Clarendon is seriously ill.

October 24:

(Berlin.)—The treaty between Prussia and Saxony has been fully ratified. Contingent to its provisions Saxony is to pay ten million florins. The Army of Saxony has already been disselved.

The Baden House of Deputies has rejected the proposed alliance with Prussia.

(Paris.)—Rumors are current that changes in the French Cabinet are imminent. The threatened rupture is caused by the Emperor's insisting on the organization of a large loan.

It is now said that the French troops will leave Rome in December.

(Vienna.)—Field-Marshal Benedek, of the Austrian army, has been placed on the retired list.

October 25:

(Paris.)—The condition of the Empress Carlotta is described as being hopeless.

The Emperor Maximilian will probably return to the Austrian frigate which was recently dispatched from Trieste for the Emperor Francis Joseph.

It is said that twenty war steamers will leave for Mexico in November to bring home the entire French force now in that country.

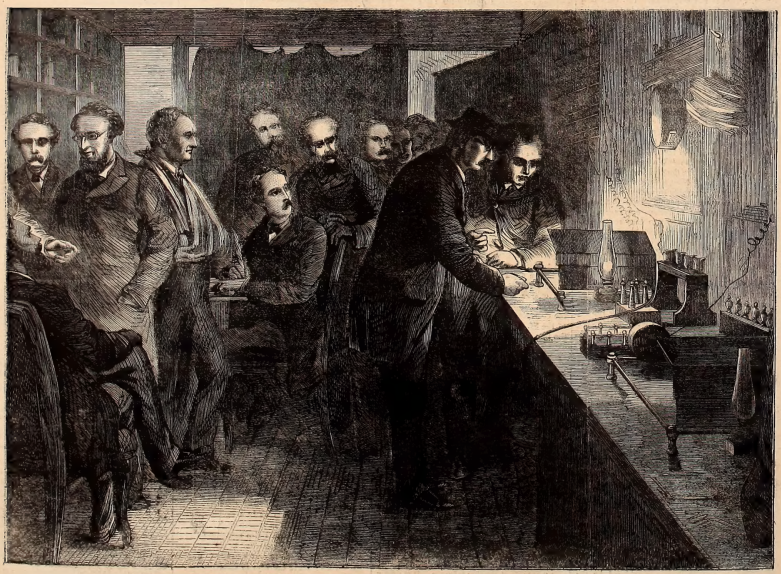
October 27:

(London.)—The protocol submitted by France and England to the Danish Government for the settlement of the Chilian difficulty has been approved by her Queen and her Ministers.

(Florence.)—An arrival from Candia states that another great battle took place on the 17th instant. The Greek report is that the Turkish army was repulsed.



THE "GREAT EASTERN" PICKING UP THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE OF 1865.—[SEE PAGE 718.]



TESTING THE RECOVERED ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE OF 1866.—[SEE PAGE 718.]



MEXICAN INDIANS BRINGING FLOWERS AND FRUITS TO MARKET BY THE CANAL FROM LAKE CHALCO.

THE WIFFLES AGAIN;

OR, THE WAY OUT.

How to get out of it! That was the question with which Georgiana Wiffle occupied her days and nights. Perhaps you remember Miss Wiffle, mentioned in a late issue of *Harper's Weekly*, and the unprincipled stratagem by which she imposed on an unsuspecting druggist. I have been asked if she paid the druggist. Of course she did, and till that happy day arrived walked three blocks out of her way to avoid his corner. Meanwhile, as I have said, the Wiffles were ravening for a dinner, and went about broiling imaginary chops, and looking hungrily at empty platters and gridirons.

The Wiffles formed the upper half of a house. The lower part was occupied by Mrs. Kahn, the round, rosy wife of a grocer in prosperous circumstances. Mrs. Kahn broiled ham for breakfast, roasted chickens for dinner, and fried fish for supper, and these appetizing odors beset the Wiffles continually, and made their hunger more poignant. If Mrs. Kahn could ever have seen the Wiffles sitting down to their dry bread and tea would have been an excuse for sending more than the odors of her table up stairs; but Mrs. Kahn stood just a little in awe of the Wiffles, and in her veiled imaginings could never have figured those genteel women, so evidently ladies, as hungry. So she broiled and roasted and boiled, to their unspeakable misery, and set about cooking a beef-steak, unlawfully, just as Miss Wiffle set herself about four little verses on the "Drift of Life."

Miss Wiffle had not even yet received the check for "At Low Tide:" but it is necessary to take editors as well as time by the forelock. As Georgiana commenced operations Mrs. Kahn commenced also below, trotting briskly about, and humming cheerily to herself as she laid the steak on the gridiron. She smelled so deliciously that Georgiana could not write a word. The Drift of Life is a fine subject, but you can not boil it, or fry it, or pepper it, and turn it over, and move it about a little, that the fat may crisp and not brown; and Miss Wiffle knew as well what Mrs. Kahn was doing as if she had been clairvoyant. She tried to fix her attention on the slate, which served her for paper till she could buy foolscap. She wrote the word "The Drift of Life," in large capitals, with a flourish under it, and, on second thoughts, added *Now at a glance*, Mary Lillie, and then, glancing up, found her sister Harriet looking at her.

"I declare," said Harriet, solemnly, and laying down her work, "it is almost more than I can bear! How can people eat continually?"

I have not studied these circumstances with intention of offering an excuse for what Miss Wiffle did next. This is a photograph, not a fancy sketch, and I am responsible only for the accuracy of its statements, not for the moral make-up of my characters; neither do I believe that we have a right to make moral laws of ourselves, and go about the world seeking whom we may devour. Suppose Miss Wiffle's butcher could have fattened the guile under Miss Wiffle's quiet face! What would he have been his opinion of his fellow-mortals from that time forward? Could the dinner thus procured for the starving Wiffles have balanced the butcher's loss of confidence in his race? He never guessed, honest man! that Miss Wiffle had left her pocket-book at home because there was nothing in it, and the confiding and friendly pat with which he shut down the cover of her little basket should have smote on her heart, when that druggist leaned his on her conscience a trifle crisp.

Mrs. Wiffle, however, stood aghast, and "I do believe it is burning," declared Harriet.

"I presume it is," returned Georgiana, recklessly. "Put the steak on the fire, and I will fix another turn at it," and down she went to Mrs. Kahn.

"Can you spare a little butter, Mrs. Kahn? When I've used it—"

"Dear heart, yes!" cried Mrs. Kahn, delighted, and so the Wiffles had a dinner.

That afternoon they were thrown into a state of the wildest excitement, for Mattie, watching for Georgiana, who had gone to the post-office, announced that she was coming back with a letter in envelope, and that she had waved it as she turned the corner. Mrs. Wiffle peered out between the blinds, and came run away to Harry's mother because, she said to herself, "if we are disappointed again I know I shall cry." Harriet sat down, trembling very nervously, and pretended to be quiet when Georgie opened the door. You see it is only people who lead monotonous lives who affect serene and disengaged manners. Those who deal largely bearing; but Mattie, who was only a little mirror, and not yet arrived at feeling, on her own account, burst into a tremendous shout of, "Boots, dollar, I told you so; she has got it!" That brought Mrs. Wiffle from the bedroom. Then Georgiana opened ten dollars in triumph, for the grocer had cashed the check in one-dollar notes, and piled them in an imposing manner on the table. Mrs. Wiffle began to reckon.

"One dollar and a half for the—"

"Dear me cried Harriet, petulantly, "what could you not let us feel rich for five minutes, mother?"

"One dollar and a half to the butcher," pursued Mrs. Wiffle, calmly; half a dollar for Harry's lessons and sugar, one dollar for the druggist; and, as we have to buy butter to repay Mrs. Kahn, and matches, and salt, we may as well call it four dollars."

"Four dollars from ten leaves six," put in Georgiana, sharply, as if something had hurt her. "We must lay aside at least two dollars for Harry."

"I thought I was to have shoes," observed Mattie.

"I met Miss Gregory upstairs, and she almost asked me for that fifty cents," added Harriet.

"I used our last flour yesterday," commenced Mrs. Wiffle, "and the coal—"

"We are in worse plight than before," interrupted Georgian, sullenly. "I can not get the 'Drift of Life' in print, at the very least, before two weeks. Mrs. Duverray will not return till next month, and there is no work yet. I stopped at the shop this morning. I can not get credit as I did before, or people will suspect. What are we to do? When people are unable to live in a grove, I suppose it is a clear indication that they are to get out of it. How are we to get out of it?"

Looking over this paragraph, I see that in the heat of writing I have forgotten to mention a secret which I kept in reserve, because I was a little ashamed of it. There might be a show of gentility in the little poems, and the fact that Mrs. Duverray being very fine, and done very privately, was not wholly vulgar, though deplorable. As I proceed, however, I see that it is better to state that I should have preferred to write a story that dealt entirely with the aristocracy, if I knew anything about them; for even if I had not possessed the words shop and work how am I to get on in a domestic history that reckons up the Wiffles to their last cent, unless I frankly state at once that Georgiana earned on the average four dollars a week by sewing for a ladies' furnishing establishment, and contrived to cover their rent and fuel? And now that we understand each other, let us go back to the Wiffles discussing how to get out. Here are the methods discussed:

A Boarding-house.—Dismissed, because they had no furniture, no money to buy it, no security to pay the rent in advance, and no one who would act as security, or lend them money.

Teaching.—Dismissed, because they had no money to rent a room, buy furniture, and advertise, while teachers in public schools must be graduates of the city schools, and the vacancies were to the applicants in the proportion of one to fifty.

Governessing.—Dismissed. Georgiana, as the prop of the family, could not be spared. Harriet, besides educational deficiencies, was physically unequal for the domestic service, as Mrs. Wiffle was infirm and much of the time confined to her bed.

Other Branches of Female Employment.—Dismissed. Neither of the ladies understood mantua-making, or millinery, and Georgiana made as much money by her sewing and her verses as she could have done by operating on the machine.

Recurring to the Country.—Dismissed. No money for moving expenses, no work to when there.

The trouble evidently was with that abstraction Fate, who had given a woman a man's responsibilities.

"What a pity that we could not freeze up for a few hundred years or so, and come out on better times, when everybody has a chance to win in the world for working-women," said Georgie, sighing.

"If I were a young man, exactly as clever as I am now, there would be no trouble. I'd go to Montana, and a few years would see me a thriving merchant, or something of the sort, and the Wiffles family would take head and shoulders in the West of course, and not as a thing to be agonized about. Being women, we are doing the best possible now, and need hope for nothing better. We have many butchers and grocers there are in the city. I shall be obliged to try them all, you know, in the course of time."

"Hush," said Mrs. Wiffle, "come one at the door!" and at this juncture came Mr. Welt.

You may not know Mr. Welte, though he is a member of a firm in fair standing in Worth Street; but if you have a good-looking, middle-aged brother, or husband in your house, make no doubt that a man exactly similar visits her. He is a gentleman in little; fairly thirty. You know all about him. Where he commenced business, and what he is worth, and you mention the last item with respect. He is a republican in politics, and conservative in views. He is fine friends with your little boy, and if he wanted any body in your family he would be quite welcome, always excepting your mother-in-law Maria, to whom he offers a persistent devotion that she sarcastically tests in pieces and throws in his face. Sometimes, when the circumstances are, "That if he does not like the treatment why does he come there, she should like to know?"

Why indeed! Not an unnatural question, and Georgiana Wiffle that did not indignantly ask that question concerning Mr. Welte, partner in the firm of Welte, Hagle, & Co., was not to be trusted with your house and his horses. They, the unmarried aforesaid, would not have turned their backs on Mr. Welte, or scornfully answered his questions, or talked over his head, or pretended to fall asleep, as one entirely worn-out by the length of his visits!

Now all these things would have been notwithstanding. Mr. Welte continued to adore Miss Wiffle.

Mrs. Wiffle rose at once to welcome Mr. Welte. Georgiana stood where she was, in shock.

"Does 'a way out' ever come walking in?" she asked Harriet, in a low voice. "We were looking for one, you know," and smiling, graciously offered the new-comer her hand. Harriet looked bewildered; so did Mattie. Then Mattie's face descended to her before? Several good openings for snubbing Mr. Welte presented themselves, and when Georgiana pushed a chair forward, he began to look seriously at her daughter. Miss Wiffle looked seriously also, but not at any one in the company. She was thinking of the extremes of their extreme and hopeless poverty. How was Mattie to be educated? Harry would always be ailing. Mrs. Wiffle grew daily more helpless. She had no prospect. She prospered as well as a woman without genius and friends had a right to expect. In fact Miss Wiffle had decided already, when she flashed out that quick question at Harriet, but she pretended with herself that it was still an open question, and asked herself should she take this way out, if life would be bearable with that man? She had her romance like other girls. Her dream of a perfect love. We all have our dream of love. The romance and the dreams may under seal, and trust her own promise that the seal should never be broken?

Mr. Welte did not know why Georgie looked at him, and ever after he was certain that she was civil at all, and gathered courage to propose a walk. Mrs. Wiffle and Georgiana accepted the invitation, while Harriet staid at home with the children, and the elements were good to Mr. Welte, and got up a shower of such proportions that the ladies, being near Mr. Welte's house, were obliged to shelter there.

Bachelors' houses are apt to be damp and ghostly, and Mr. Welte's house was no exception to the rule. Leave out the kitchen and his little library, and a more dispirited set of rooms, moped in linen and darkness, never existed. Ghosts, such a house's marble mantles, and Brussels carpets. And privately lifting one of the linen covers, Mrs. Wiffle ascertained that there was brocatelle beneath; while Mr. Welte, bustling about for a slight collation, and apologizing for deficiencies, remarked that he kept his china in the bank.

Hereupon, all unconsciously, Mrs. Wiffle looked at Georgie with an unconscious appeal in her countenance that made the girl wince, and yet grew in complaisance toward the delighted Weltie.

When a young man has been elected to be won courtship becomes an easy matter. Mr. Welte wooed Georgiana with bouquets and silks, with Baltimore's and Dodsworth's, with much driving about in carriages, and continued arrival of costly packages in brown paper. The neighbors looked on envious of the Wiffles. Harriet, though they were sorely embarrassed and driven to their wit's end for flour, coal, sugar, butter, and dinners generally, to the end of Georgie's silks and purple cassock; but there was a way out, for Georgie had told Mr. Welte, with dignity, "that though she did not love him, she could respect him, and for the sake of her family was willing to marry him," and Mr. Welte had eagerly taken her at her word.

Miss Wiffle's romance had brought about Sunbeau, and Circassian girls, and hated the things Mr. Weltie brought her, and saw spots and stains on the whitest and most perfect roles, no one else was troubled by such unpractical fancies. Mrs. Wiffle looked ten years younger. Harriet grew actually gay. Harry ceased to ail. Mattie, and Mattie's rejoice in new shoes and frocks. A number of people, who had suddenly recollected the Wiffles, declared every virtue that Georgiana was a sensible girl, and would do well for herself. Shall we throw stones after their carriage, or bid them God-speed, and admit Georgie's excuse: "What other way was there out?"

A MERE SCRATCH.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

Two time occupied in the ride home had wrought no change in Georgie's resolution; but it had shown her sufficient of the danger and perplexity of the course she had determined on to suggest some slight caution-ary measure. He resolved, therefore, to proceed, without halting, straight to his own dwelling, where, admitted as usual by his own housekeeper, he would retire to his chamber or study, and enjoy a season of reflection, which, undisturbed as it will evenly, of being in a position still to exercise some liberty of choice. The idea of present security was then yet dominant in George's mind, and his thoughts opened.

"You have not hurried yourself, I hope," he began. But the fatal words were still on his lips when George became conscious that he was standing face to face with his portly cook!

The young man literally staggered, as if he had received a blow, and his face became deadly white. Collecting himself, however, he gave his horse to a groom, and came slowly, very slowly, into the house.

Mrs. Turnover, executing an apologetic bob, or courtesy, was following a hasty retreat to her master's voice recalled her.

"Mrs.—Mrs. Turnover, come with me a moment." He went into a sitting apartment and sat down. His agitated face alarmed the cook.

"You're ill, sir, indeed, Mr. George. Shall I make you any thing? Cup o' tea: little drop o' sperrets?"

"Nothing. Sit down, if you please."

"Sir!"

"Sit down."

Mrs. Turnover obeyed.

"Tur—Mrs. Turnover, by-the-by, what is your other name? I forget," said her master.

"Barbara Ann, sir."

"Barbara Ann," his voice trembled.

"Sir!" said the good lady, getting more and more anxious.

"Barbara" (Mrs. Turnover startled), "don't be surprised or scared at what I am going to say, Barbara."

"Certingly, Sir George," said the cook, getting up to courtesy, and subsiding again. "Owever, if 'is about the butter, I've—"

"It has no especial reference to butter, or any thing of that description, Barbara. Sit down, pray."

"A warning, truly," said her master, with a dismal sigh, "and a warning, Barbara, not to keep me in the dark. Listen. I am perfectly serious, perfectly resolved, and I shall presently require of you an answer to a question which, as you are perhaps unexpected question I am going to put to you. Without at present meeting your reply, I must request you—nay—or—willing, Barbara, to—become—my—ay?"

Mrs. Turnover gave utterance to a slight scream, and bent her head, which, I think, revealed, sympathetically, as though exhorting the sitter to take heart. Her master was then in the act of preserving the jovial adjective "drink," ripe for any of those little aberrations to which Georgie, from his boyish days, owing to his genuine habits, this idea specially gave place to a worse—namely, that he had gone suddenly mad.

But the good cook had both heard and read that the prevailing mode of dealing with lunacy at the present day involves a protracted coincidence in, and production of, any remarkable fancy. Demeaning herself accordingly, Mrs. Turnover, with a confidence and presence of mind highly commendable herself, returned a soothing answer.

"You're very good, Sir George" (poor creeter!), "and a merry natural thing" (George started) "it were if you to wish for to give me such a little information, you're welcome, I'm sure."

Bless—but I don't think you're quite your own quiet self this night. There, now, there! Don't, like a berceliant gentleman, hexcite yourself. P'raps you're a bit flustered like, with riding so sharp home. You feels that, too," continued Mrs. Turnover, in persuasive accents, 'and, at this wery individgial moment, I sees you wibrating to yourself—Barbary's right, I'll lay down for 'alf an hour, and 've a cup o' tea, and then enjoy any further conversation comfortably."

"Barbara you," replied Sir George, "you're a kind-hearted creature, and you mean well. But, Mrs. Tur—that is, Barbara—understand, I pray, without more words, that I am as sane, as sober, and as morally incorrect as ever I was in my life. Come, does that satisfy you?"

"Of course it do, Sir George. Unappy creeters! it's what they all says," added Mrs. Turnover, aside. "Ever I knowed a lunatic as hexpressed 'imself in a settin' there. In hearnest?—why, o' course you are. Would you please, Mr. Turnover's last words, Sir George, when sinking?"

"I don't remember—I never heard," said the bare-ned, absently. "Words?"

"Putt every confidence in the sperior sect," he see, 'meant 'em. They were them what they're about, and if they does mislead you, why, they're sometimes werry sorry, which makes,' he sez, 'all square.' Wherever, Sir George, you may be now in you, and expressly feels for your kind preference," concluded Mrs. Turnover, rising as she spoke, in the hope of putting an end to the embarrassing conference.

"Listen to me, Turnover," said the young man, grave'y. "On the supposition that I am mad, you affect to indulge what seems to you an extraordinary fancy, and to make as little sacrifice to your natural stay, to be expected! This is nonsense. Having taken the matter in its insane aspect, suppose you try it now in its reasonable one. Suppose I stand the step I appear to take in unusual, and may be judged of by the world in a manner not flattering to my discretion. Here are reasons which outweigh such considerations. I once more distinctly place before you, Barbara Ann Turnover, my position and my servant, the probability of becoming my wife."

"I thought I should ha' dropped," said Mrs. Turnover, subsequently, "when, repesting it so steadfast, as though actially seting the banns, master putt out 'is hand, and 'e took it, and 'e see 'is face were exact as angel. While I were hesitating and wiping my hand on my apron, 'e sez in the cooel formal, tender sort said: 'Come, my good Barbara, I have giv' you a unfair surprige. Go now, for the present, and think over what 've proposed. I don't want to be hurried or to hit it,' he sez, 'anyways secret. You will let me know tomorrow morning—yes, to-morrow morning.' So I wiped off my face, and 'e kissed me, and 'e kissed down again, kivering his white face with his hands. Which I courtesied," continued Mrs. Turnover, "and I left master as I were, didn't I go, as fast as ever I walked in my life! But I didn't get no further than the staircage, for there I stunned to forgit where I were, and all about it."

George had raised his eyes in time to witness that precipitate withdrawal of retiring Barbara—as he herself described. It recalled so vividly the action of a frightened goose that he could not repress a bitter smile.

"She will do justice to the name in one particular at least!" he muttered.

He was in the act of rising to go to his chamber, when a loud, singular sound, such as, if a poop eye had been at the window, one might by that animal, echoed from the staircase, followed by a well and noble accompaniment. Mrs. Turnover again was pushed out to inquire their source, and beheld the poor cook on the upper steps in high hysterics. Before he could recover the presence the disturbance had reached other ears, for somebody—it was a young person George had never seen before—was bounding from an adjacent apartment to the rescue. For a second their eyes met. George had only time to note that the girl was handsome, haughty in appearance, was of singular beauty, and father, that a crimson flush had overspread instantly as it seemed, to the stranger's brow, when other help arrived, and the young master of the house directly withdrew.

"Mrs. Turnover, what is my love! what a complexion!" was his comment. "That blush alone was perfection. Ah, but perfection, Mr. Turnover, then? Who is the girl, I wonder? Not of these parts, surely. No servant, I am sure. Perhaps a seamstress of Chatham's. Perhaps—"

He fell into a strange reverie, standing so long with one boot off and the other on a chair that he positively started when, rousing himself, he looked at his watch. Night was coming on, a fact of which he was further reminded by the appearance of Mrs. Fanshaw at the bell, bringing candles, and a request to know if he would be pleased to take dinner.

Sir George had had the superior meal, but ordered coffee to be brought in to his room, and prepared to write. Thereupon Mr. Alexander, that ex-slight gentleman, produces buzz about the room, and a wistful but stealthy look at his master, withdrew.

Mrs. Fanshaw took the look in his mirror.

"They all know it, then, by this time!" was his correct conclusion.

When Mr. Fanshaw reappeared with the coffee George forced himself to inquire for Mrs. Turnover.

"Mrs. Turnover's very badly afflicted, sir," Mr. Fanshaw was good at improvisation, for he at once replied.

"Mrs. Turnover's duty, Sir George: she 'ave laid down for a few minutes, Sir George, and feels quite unusual, Sir George."

The suitor uttered something between a cough and a groan, and turned steadily to his writing.

He was occupied with one letter full half an hour. The pen traveled swiftly, but the journey was apparently long, for at the end of that time Sir George suddenly stopped, glanced back hastily at what he had written, and tore the letter in pieces.

"To *her*, to-morrow," he muttered. "To-night I am distraught. Poor Clara!"

Poor George! he would be sadder. For it is no easy matter to communicate in an entirely satisfactory manner with a distant attendant of sisters especially if she be the wife of a haughty earl) that you are about to be affianced to your cook.

"It is not for the post, I suppose?" said George to the butler, who entered at the moment.

"Well if it was immediate, Sir George?" was the reply. "Dawes can take it at once, Sir George: he's at the stable gate now, Sir George, with the dog-cart, Sir George."

"The dog-cart? Why?"

"Going to Sir George."

"Who is Miss Esther?"

"Miss Vann, Sir George. Mrs. Turnover's niece, Sir George," said the butler, rather smilingly.

"Mr. Dawes does not consider it necessary to await my instructions in any one case," said the young baronet, with unwonted tartness. "Be good enough to desire

him to put up the dog-cart instantly. I have se letters to-night."

"And, and the young la—, person, Sir George?" "Is too for for such a girl to walk at night, and all alone, Sir George."

"Who wants her to walk? She can sleep here if she chooses."

Mr. Fanshaw quitted the room.

"Not badly managed," thought George. "Two things gained. I must keep down this disposition in my household to be one as they please. This will be more than ever necessary now. And I shall persuade also see how the *morning* roses bloom. Here pretty she was!"

The butler reappeared.

"I beg pardon, Sir George: Mrs. Turnover is quite agreeable, Sir George; but Miss Esther herself insists on walking home, Sir George, nor we can't prevent her, Sir George."

"Present my compliments to Miss—what name did you say? Sweetman—and request her, as a favor, not to put me to the pain of sending a lady from Gosling Castle, even in a carriage, at this hour of night, and when twenty chanders are at her disposal. Dawes will receive her orders in the morning, at my hour she pleases."

"Yes, Sir George, very good, Sir George," said Mr. Fanshaw, vibrating approving the unended message, and went his way.

George thought of Mildred till he went to sleep. A revolution then ensued, and slumber, which is the tyranny of its own, decreed, and somehow contrived that he should dream of Esther Vaux.

CHAPTER IV.

In the mean time there had been proceeding, in the apartment occupied by Mrs. Mapes, the housekeeper, a grand council, or divan. Stretched upon a couch (for she was, as has been stated, a victim to rheumatism), Mrs. Mapes, excited by the astounding intelligence which had reached her, looked less like an invalid than she had been expected, and took an active share in the deliberations. Truth to say, there were almost exclusively of a conjectural character, and had reference to the genius present to every mind, and expressing itself *there*, in the simple terms "how ever" master can mean to make such a fool of herself as *this* comes to?"

The heroine of that eventful day—Mrs. Turnover herself—was seated in a chair of state, close beside the presidential couch, surrounded by her admiring, not to say sympathizing, friends, while Betsy Jane, pale, sad, bewildered, hardly able to believe that what she saw and heard was not a foolish dream. Compelled to yield to Sir George's proposition, she was content to let it be thought that the restraint put upon her movements on that day affected her temper, and made her disinclined to take part in the debate.

"And you *are sure*, my dear soul, he sin't mad?" said Mrs. Mapes, *affectionately* (for she didn't like her), placing her hand on the pudgy paw of Mrs. Turnover.

Some hours, it will be remembered, had now elapsed since Sir George's return, and the observant reader aware how readily the human mind adapts itself to the same circumstances and contingencies, will not be surprised to learn that Mrs. Turnover began to be a little annoyed at the circumstance of every body at once jumping to the conclusion that nothing could be so easily could explain their master's choice. She therefore replied with a little asperity, that he might have been mad, for aught she knew; but, at the same time, he evidently knew'd well enough what he was a doing on.

"Don't be angry, my dear creature," said the mild housekeeper. "We don't think it strange, we don't know your value, that you should have a handsome offer. But master's seen so little of you, so very little, hasn't he? And ever can be his reason?"

"To be sure, he's seen a good deal more of you," retorted Mrs. Turnover. "But it don't seem to have made any difference, is a matrimonial pint o' view."

"He might have heard what a hextract creature you be," said Cook, going in flattery for second battery.

"It's not a nodding thing," remarked the laundry-maid. "Depend upon it, this has been a long time shimmering in his mind. He wanted to be quite sure of his feelings, I s'pose, when a man see she he loves you, and then finds he don't. That's why master was so long speaking out."

"Well, at all events he done it effectually at last," said Mrs. Turnover, hardly knowing whether the last speech could be taken in a complimentary sense or not.

"There's no guessin' o' men. They hides their feelins so," said Gertrude, who squinted, had a snub nose, and from whom mankind in general had managed to conceal their feelings most successfully.

"Did you notice any simtims of affection at hoob times, such as when she was a-burdening master, or paying your wages, and that, ma'am?" inquired Mr. Fanshaw, whose presence in the lady's room was tolerated in consideration of the importance of the occasion, and on condition that he did not sit down.

"Come! did he never make no excuse for to sweejee your hand?"

"I—I don't remember as he ever did—no, I am positive he never did," said Mrs. Turnover, after due reflection.

"Or was you ever stittle' by him pernicious and unbecoming?"

"Never," said the lady.

"Prupe he's heard as you're "tilled to some money I'm suggested as to the distance. But this spiteful idea was scouted.

"It can't hardly be my figger," said the cook, frankly. "N' more it couldn't be my face, for I'm changed a bit since Turnover first kep company with me at Mabberly Fair. I wor pretty then."

"Why, what airs you sow, ma'am?" put in the unblushing Gertrude. "Look at your hays, and your hair. I've heard tell it used to be sot upon."

"Law!" said Mr. Fanshaw. "Is that good for the hair?"

"Turnover was as proud as a peacock of my curls, just as if they was his own," said his relict, with a sigh. "His last words to me, muttered just as his voice was failing, was these: 'Barbary,' he sez, 'give me some drops.' We giv' 'em. Then he goes on: 'French is good 'air, specially for middle-aged fronts and puffers. North German makes good working wigs: but Swish is best of all,' he sez. 'I've paid,' he sez, graspin' my hand, 'as much as three pound sivven, ay, and four pound twelve, for Swish light brown, afore baking. But into any thing like yaws, for substance, gloss, and fibre, I never yet did put a comb in.'"

"Well now, to business," said Mrs. Mapes. "What shall you say, my dear? Of course, if master's offer's serious, you accept it. The only question then is, is it serious?"

"Yes, ma'am, it is," said Mrs. Turnover, resolutely.

"Make yourself quite easy as to that. When a gentleman asks you in plain words whether you'll be his wife, I suppose he means to ask whether his wife you will be."

Mrs. Mapes admitted that the phrase might be regarded as cucurbite; but, as a final conjecture, would be glad to know the general opinion whether it were not possible that the young master's desire to retain permanently under his person so skilled in her peculiar vocation was the real source of his offer.

Mrs. Turnover thought within herself that the object might have been attained in somewhat cheaper conditions; but she made no reply.

"Well, I always fancied there was some one else under handed," said the housekeeper.

"You mean—hum—down there, the Hale," said Mr. Fanshaw, dubiously.

Mrs. Mapes nodded. Esther suddenly felt herself becoming interested in the conversation; but it was but a moment in the direction, and, feeling weary, she bade the party good-night, reminding them that she had to be stirring early.

"Master's made a mistake," said Mr. Fanshaw, in an undertone to the housekeeper, during the little movement caused by Esther's exit, "and took the wrong number of the family!"

Mrs. Mapes nodded, and the council, too much interested in their subject to think of separating at present, returned to the discussion.

"Don't feel all in a twitter, ma'am!" inquired Dolly.

Mrs. Turnover responded to the effect that "twitter" time was past, and all she was conscious of was a sort of heavy stillin' down.

"I suppose it's some of the circle that this state of things would shortly become more applicable to the other party to the matrimonial contract."

It being now universally assumed that Sir George's suit was to receive a favorable answer, the next consideration was how it should be received, and to this point Mr. Turnover, after a little coquetting, frankly owned herself at a loss, and sought counsel among.

"I should do it respectful but cordliwal," said Mr. Fanshaw.

"Sweet, qualified, by an unspoken impression that, on such a subject, Mr. Fanshaw should have permitted the latter to speak first.

"Pop upon him when he leaves his room," proposed Gertrude. "He'd take it kind."

"I think I wouldn't be too forward," said the housekeeper.

The head word you couldn't come for orders about dinner, being that you was hapset," said Dolly.

"I think I wouldn't be too *backward*," said Mrs. Mapes.

"Meet him promiscuous, and say you've loved him better than words can express, ever since you 'd' was the daring counsel of Martha, the kitchen-maid.

"I won't do nothin' of the sort," said the honest-hearted cook, contemptuously. "I'll not demean myself, you'd make me out to be, spooning' on a little boy in the dawn colour, and a-hanging' on his neck."

"You sout give master his answer, child," said Mrs. Mapes, in full enjoyment of the difficulty. "Come, now, no nonsense, and tell us what you mean to say to him."

"I won't say nothin'," said the cook; "I'll—I'll write."

But this craven resolution was received as it deserved, with manifest disfavor. Nevertheless the lady of the form. She would reply in writing.

"And slip it under his door," was one suggestion.

"Or pin it on to the curtain," was another.

"Or lay it in a hopen tart," was a third.

It seemed that the idea of sending such a letter at the outset was not new to Mrs. Turnover herself.

"Well, now, about the letter," said Mrs. Mapes, settling herself comfortably. "I suppose you don't want any assistance *there*."

In other words, "I know we shall have to do it for you." And so they did, in fact.

Mrs. Turnover declared that she would be greatly obliged for any suggestions.

"The last words Turnover ses to me, so as to be understood distinct," added the good lady, deliberately, "was these: 'Now, Betsy Jane, never be alone' having advice that's freely offered. The best *of that* sort generally is, that it's given for nothing. Ado?"

Far from being deterred by this last qualification, the council plunged at once into the discussion, and a long conference ensued. Mr. Fanshaw, and Mr. Fanshaw, took part at the same moment. That gentleman, remarking that the subject was becoming delicate, took his departure.

Numerous were the forms of love-letters adduced in precedents, and many interesting quotations made, but it would seem, derived from valentines—imparted a poetic character to the debate. But none of them exactly hit the point. It is not every day that a young baronet of ancient lineage, aged twenty-five, proposes to the cook. Hardly.

"This will never do," said the lady-president, getting rather weary of the long discussion. "My proposal I write down what each or any one has to propose, and we can correct the letter afterward."

The proposal was agreed to, paper and ink were produced, and Mrs. Mapes, whose right hand was helpless with rheumatism, commenced the epistle thus:

"Honored Sir—"

"I don't know about 'honored'" said Mrs. Turnover. "Dear, I think, would be better."

"I thought we were to *write* the letter first," said the housekeeper. "Now, Mrs. Turnover, you?"

"Being as you wished an immediate answer," suggested Gertrude, and stopped, exhausted.

"Do you remember, Betsy Jane?" said, rushing to the rescue.

"Made to your noble servant, Barbary Hann Turnover,'" prompted Martha.

"Tha'll do capital!" cried Mrs. Turnover, thinking, in the letter itself, she had got a seal!"

"I don't think *that* would satisfy any body," said Mrs. Mapes. "Do you, Betsy Jane, my dear?"

"Which," said the lady chiefly interested, making a great effort—"I which, if you really think it's for your good—"

"Happiness—yes!" put in Gertrude.

"Way, you know best," said the laundry-maid, timidly.

Mrs. Turnover nodded appeal.

"Shouldn't you add something about not being fully prepared—you know, unexpected—that sort of thing?" said the housekeeper.

"Took by surprise," resumed the inexhaustible Dolly.

"In my hapron and all," put in Mrs. Turnover.

"I might have simmed—have simmed," said Gertrude, and again collapsed.

"'More cooler,'" suggested Martha.

"Than suckenstances required," said the laundry-maid, timidly interrogative.

"But, for the future, you shan't—you shu'n't—have no—no—" hesitated Dolly.

"No call to complain," said Mrs. Turnover, desperately. "There, that'll do. I signe it."

"Oh, Mrs. Turnover, ma'am, there's something forgot," said Betsy.

"Forgot!"

"Why, usually, so they tells me" Dolly mushed, "sends a lock of air."

"Bless my heart, do they?" cried the lady.

"Yes, and real nice of the hair to think," said Betsy, "Let me cut off a bit. There, don't be shy, ma'am," said Gertrude, playfully.

"Well, here, hundersenth, where it ain't so gray," said Mrs. Turnover, hitching up her cap.

A tress of auburn being presently secured and tied—to avoid dangerous contrasts—with white thread.

"Now, Betsy, and the lady in the chair, to Sir here's the letter." She had made some improvements in the spelling, but retained the sense intact:

"Honored Sir,—being as you wished an immediate answer to your handsome proposal made to your humble servant, Barbara Hann Turnover, which you really think it's for your happiness, and which I dare say it will, Sir, I am sure, I am upon and duty might have seemed more cooler than circumstances required, but, for the future, being you have no call to complain.

"Yours to command,

"BARBARA HANN TURNOVER."

"Well," concluded Mrs. Mapes, "will it do?"

"I don't like 'honored Sir,'" said Mrs. Turnover, returning to her former criticism. "It reads cold, and besides, mun, you see, I'm not an immediate answer, nor I never said he did."

"Very good, my dear. I cut that out," said Mrs. Mapes.

"Now she needn't put her name there, since 'tis stated at the top of the letter," said Betsy.

"*That's* out," said Mrs. Mapes.

"And I think 'made to your noble ships' 'if you really thinks it's for your happiness, sweetener,'" said Gertrude. "O' course it's for his happiness, and o' course he knew'd it so he'd ha' left off immediate bundering."

"Truly, nu'am," said Mrs. Turnover.

"*That's* out," said Mrs. Mapes with the pen.

"Mrs. Turnover, ma'am," said the laundry-maid, humbly, "I ask for information. Don't it seem as if you must first have the wedding and then the ring?"

"Good gracious, child! Reproach! Not for any sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Mapes, much disturbed. "Out with it, please, ma'am, quick!"

"Yes out," replied the president. "Now about 'the future?'"

"If I were Mrs. Turnover, little enough I'd promige about the future," said Dolly, darkly. "Past you see how he bcyaves herself."

"Perhaps you're right, child," said the cook. "The less you promige the better for your Tur—"

"There, *that's* out," interrupted Mrs. Mapes, and she laid down her pen.

"Go on, if you please, 'm," said Mrs. Turnover.

"That's all."

"Why, bless me! what's gone of the letter?" ejaculated Mrs. Turnover, looking at the document in some surprise.

"There's nothing left but 'yours to command,' the name, and the hair," said Mrs. Mapes.

There was a general laugh at this assembly at this unexpected result of their labors, but Mrs. Mapes, who had become quite interested in them with the sentence that nothing in the world could be better than what still remained. The hair, and the "yours to command," it was unanimously agreed that the offer was accepted, and that Mrs. Turnover purposed to be a dutiful spouse.

This appearing satisfactory, thanks were presented to Mrs. Mapes for her "able conduct in the chair," and the meeting broke up, the ladies to their several apartments, leaving Gosling Grabe under the guardianship of the ever wakeful ancestress, who frowned and smirked below.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In an article which recently appeared in one of our daily journals it was stated that last year, during the "dull season," at least *one thousand* balls were given in New York city; and that it was probable the number this year would reach two thousand during the five regular months of the coming season. This is exclusive of the innumerable soirees, private parties, and other convivial gatherings where dancing is practiced. It was also estimated that an average of one hundred and fifty persons attend each of the public balls, giving a total of 150,000 persons. An additional estimate was made as follows: that if the cost of the above number, 30,000 gentlemen attire themselves in fashion dictates, and attend half a dozen of these balls, their expenditure would amount to the enormous sum of $5,100,000; and if but 5000 ladies expend $1000 each, the amount will be regarded as a reasonable average by many fashionable ladies, we would have an additional sum of $1,125,000. This gives a total of fifty-seven millions of dollars sufficient to build more than 3500 comfortable houses for the poor, at $15,000 each, or to support something like 30,000 poor families with food and fuel during the dancing season!

Whether such considerations as these will have the effect to check the fashionable excitement seems likely to be somewhat doubtful, when we remember that the 19th century has developed a mania for dancing. Gymnastics are more fashionably practiced at other times than at the "over short" hours of night, we can hardly say. On the contrary, that a recent revolution in fashions, just reported from Paris, will prove a financial convenience to fast ladies will be received with the diminished quantity of material put into ballcostumes, and not be foolishly ambitious to add the cost of the French fashionable *trains* to some other portion of their dress.

We are forgetting, by-the-way, to enlarge upon the fashionable dancing mania as it will unfold on first taking our pen. For the question of dress is a very perplexing one at such a time, and fashionable ingenuity can devote undue care and thought to the subject, there are many who desire to bestow upon personal adornment only such attention as is fit and proper. Both classes, however, wish to keep somewhat "posted up" in regard to the changes of fashion.

The Paris journals state that the Court dress-maker has actually made ball-dresses with short skirts—a great innovation, since trains have so long been regarded as essential to a fashionable evening toilet. It is said that the Empress has worn them on several occasions; but that she will encourage short skirts for dancing as trains are so inconvenient.

This shortening of ball-dresses will probably lead to the same operation with dinner-dresses and evening toilets of all descriptions. Trained skirts in the streets are now absolutely suppressed in Paris.

Parisian skirts are now made very simply: they have either a plain niche or three narrow quilled flounces round the edge. A pretty addition to an evening dress is a basque cut out round the edge in six scollops. This basque is entirely closed in front, and is trimmed with buttons; it is usually made in some heavy material, and particularly in velvet. Black and white are peculiarly now fancied to be worn over rich silk, satin, and velvet evening dresses. Sleeves are worn open in evening dresses, but bodices are not cut so low as they were a few months ago.

Habits for the approaching winter season are all used, even cloth ones consequently black cloths are not used. Young girls will wear out of doors exceedingly narrow velvet sometimes, but ladies of a certain look nothing more than house-jackets. They are trimmed either with broad braid or fringe, and they never fail to have the sleeves and pockets embroidered to the back.

A graceful style of arranging the hair for evening is formed with four small rolled *bandeaux* which taper one above the other, and leave the ears perfectly uncovered; in order to separate these small *bandeaux*, either a narrow gold cord, or an equally narrow velvet ribbon is used, the cord being generally the color of the *chignon* in a row of thick curls placed up at the ends, which is crowned with a fine net made either of gold, silver, or hair. A bow of velvet with long flowing ends is added at the top of the *chignon*, but if gold cord has been used to separate the *bandeaux*, then gold cord and tassels are substituted for the velvet bow.

The Commissioner of Statistics in the State of Ohio reports that the number of marriages in that State in the year 1865, is full twenty per cent. above that in any previous year, making the aggregate increase in the State at thousand over any previous year. This is a pretty decided indication that the young men who served in our army were not thereby rendered unfit, or the loss of home comforts, and desired when they were discharged from service to possess a home of their own.

A Washington journal records a climax of "matrimonial celebrations." A short time ago a gentleman residing in Philadelphia celebrated his golden wedding, his eldest daughters' silver wedding, and at the same time the wedding of his youngest daughter. Relatives were present from Indiana, Ohio, and Germany. Such a triple celebration is truly remarkable.

An exchange paper, comparing the days of seven-days with those of olden times, speaks of our first parents in the following antique strain:

"We fully believe Adam and Eve as having been, before the fall, in a very 'happy condition,' but one thing they missed—they had no lawn mower. They had no playedmarbles. He never played 'tuckpy.' He never played tenth-pins. He was with a single bound, around on a pond, or played 'ball,' or rode down hill on a hand-sled. They had no parlor organ to practice on. He never took tea with another little girl from the vicinity of Paradise, and drank the tea-leaves, rolled a hoop, or jumped the rope, or pieced a baby-quilt, or played 'Copenhagen.' He never played 'Authors,' or the 'game wants a corner,' or 'hurly-burly,' or any of the thousand and one other childhood diversions. How blank their age must have been, wherein no memories of early youth could come back to bring up their sweetness!"

The following extract from an English letter will afford food for thought to many a person who has cherished visits to the old country as a time when peace place where a good dinner can be served at a trifling cost. Here, moreover, his entertainment might be easily "*digested*" by some benevolent individual in this country.

"A man of benevolence and wealth in Glasgow has opened a large number of establishments where meals, ranging but sufficient, are provided at very small cost—breakfast for seven cents, and dinner for—well, wait till I tell you. I recently, determined to obtain actual detail of the ordinary bill of fare prepared for the working-men, and found everything for the small sum of a penny-ha'penny, or three cents. Here it is: A bowl of pea-soup, well made and hot, which I ate with good relish, being fond of the dish, and a meat-pie. Corned beef and three meaty potatoes. The beef was tender and not too salt, and the potatoes such as they should be. Course third—Plum-pudding, savory and well-compounded in its solidity without being heavy. There was a dinner not to be despised by any hungry person, and it was cheap enough. Think of purchasing and cooking food in large quantities. The proprietor informed me that his daily return into the ordinary interest on his money.

A California paper, in commenting upon the great temptations to profanity in that country, gives the following incident:

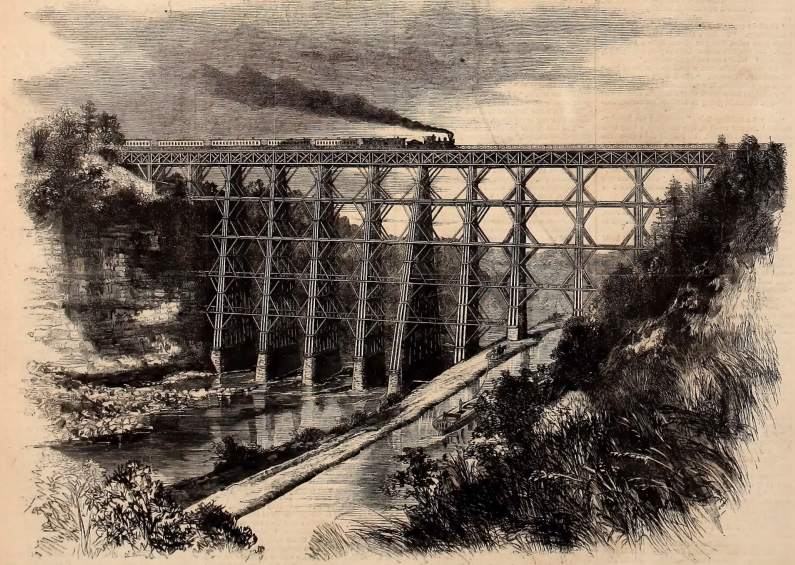
"An intelligent lady of our acquaintance, whose life the writer has frequently risked with mistakes in grammar to her child her horror of profanity, hit upon the novel means of weaning him out. He started to swear, and whenever he swore. It was an effectual cure. The youngster thought himself choked by the strong grasp of an oath and the taste of soda, which together produced the desired effect."

By all means go to the Park Exhibition; especially if you like chocolate. The latest amusement is to "guess" on the quantity whatever that is to be "wholly devoted" to chocolate. In the centre will be a cocoa-tree, with the nuts ripening or ripened, and mixed with sugar and flavoring condiments. Making, boiling and eating tablets will be carried on in constant work; and, finally, visitors will be enabled to appreciate the merits of the article manufactured by Messrs. Cadbury, which will be handed around to you by young women. We deem it a matter of importance that the Cadbury tablets should be tested, and that they made public; therefore we shall try it—if a cup is handed to us.

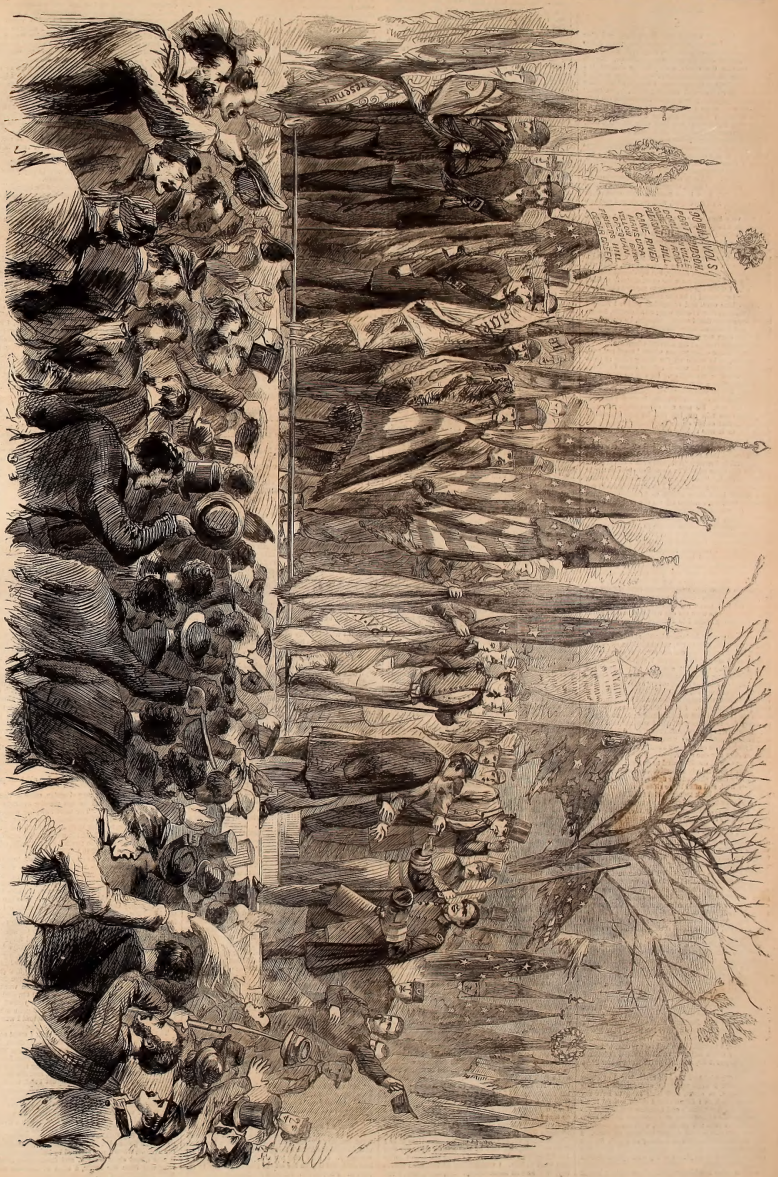
Among the curious discoveries of modern times is one which has just been made in Milan. It seems that in one of the bathrooms of that city was a statue of St. Sebastian. The statue was covered with ornaments, by pointed its tears on infidels and heretics. After the manner of the Madonna, this revolution is universally. But at length it happened that the venerated monument needed repairs, and it was necessary to remove the statue. This, when done, revealed to contain a little reservoir of water, which was heated by means of a furnace concealed in the base. The water, in evaporating, rose to the head of the statue, where it condensed and reached to two little tubes of the eyes, when it escaped and was drop by drop over the cheeks. A very ingenious arrangement that! We wonder if the contrivance would be of weeping by steam and be introduced into society generally. It would be a great convenience sometimes to those who depend on tears to move hard-hearted papas or miserly husbands.



THE INTERNATIONAL SUSPENSION BRIDGE, TWO MILES BELOW NIAGARA FALLS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO., 823 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 718.]



RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE GENESEE RIVER AT PORTAGE, NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO.—[SEE PAGE 719.]



PRESENTATION OF MEDALS TO THE VETERANS OF BROOKLYN, OCTOBER 25, 1866.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 716.]

ESTELLE.

I.

My mother died when I was very young, and after her death, my father having no settled home, I was sent to receive my education in a convent, where I remained almost entirely till I was seventeen. My life there was on the whole, a very happy one, for, if I knew little of the pleasures of the outside world, I knew also little of its sorrows. I was very fond of the sisters, and had several bosom friends, "girl like," among the pupils. It was rather dull during the holidays, as very often I was the only one who had no home to which I might go, and I was left entirely alone with the sisters; but they were so kind, that although years have elapsed since then, I always recall with pleasure that period of my life.

My father died unexpectedly when I was about seventeen, and the information was then considered rebel. I went to live with my aunt, Mrs. Vereroft, who was my father's sister. My Aunt Vereroft was a widow, who, she had only one child, my Cousin Estelle. Estelle was then, I fancy, about five or six-and-twenty, very beautiful, with large flashing dark eyes, raven hair, tall and well developed, with the air and carriage of a princess.

I felt very lonely on first night I arrived at Gundringham, a large old-fashioned house, situated in one of the midland counties. It was built in red brick with deep mullioned windows, and was surrounded by a richly wooded park, with a river winding away in the distance, forming altogether a pretty landscape. My aunt, who seemed to be a very gentle, quiet woman, received me most kindly, but my Cousin Estelle, after the first salutations were over, scarcely noticed me at all. I think she looked upon me as a child, and I dare say I appeared to be one to her, and being delicate, with long flaxen hair and altogether pretty, I fancy I looked younger than I really was; at all events, Estelle heard me say I was a child, perhaps, but remembered pretty, but I seemed more babyish in looks and manners than my years warranted, which she supposed was the result of my convent education.

There was one other person whom I must not omit to mention, as she made up the family party at Gundringham, although he was not there when I arrived, and this was Cousin Geoffrey. He was no relation to me really, being a cousin of my aunt's husband, Mr. Vereroft, but he was always called Cousin Geoffrey, so I fell into that way of addressing him quite naturally; by with the rest. He was not engaged to live with them, my aunt told me, but that he was constantly there, and that at her death the property would become his, as he was entirely childless, and he was the next heir.

I was very glad when Cousin Geoffrey did come, for Estelle hardly took any notice of me, and my aunt was a great deal by her own room, and even when she was down stairs, she generally sat in an arm-chair working or reading a book. The real management of every thing seemed to fall to Estelle, and I think in her heart my aunt would have been afraid to interfere. Cousin Geoffrey took me quite off me the first day he arrived. He was about seven-and-twenty, tall, and very good-looking, with certain outdoor appearance about him that seemed to oblige people to let him have his own way whether they would or no: even Estelle was different with him, and not know what power he had over her, but he certainly influenced her as I did not think any one else ever done, and she delivered to his opinions and consulted his wishes in a manner that surprised me. And she was quite the same manner to him than any one else, and I noticed her eyes would follow him when she thought no one observed her. Cousin Geoffrey was very kind to me; he helped me to arrange my collection of wild flowers, and sometimes he took me out walking, and he never by an occasion seemed to overlook me as the others did.

There was a good deal more bustle at Gundringham after his arrival, and to me, who had lived so quietly all my life, it seemed an endless round of gayety; but I suppose it only seemed so, for I heard Estelle and Cousin Geoffrey say it was very stupid, and they hoped something would happen soon to enliven them. Some people or another did not know what to do next. I seldom talked myself, I enjoyed listening to the conversation about the neighborhood and whatever happened to be going on. I don't think any one thought about me at all. I had a high white dress, so I put in on every day for dinner, though I was not told to do so. Estelle was always most beautifully dressed herself, and dressed me in very much admired, but somehow I fancied she cared more about Cousin Geoffrey's opinion than any one else's.

She and Cousin Geoffrey used to go out riding. Estelle looked particularly attractive on horseback; the light-fitting habit showed her figure, and she rode exceedingly well, and after those rides it struck me that she always looked more brilliant than usual. My aunt said they had been brought up together, she and Cousin Geoffrey, and naturally they liked each other's society; at all events, they seemed very intimate.

About a fortnight after Cousin Geoffrey's arrival my aunt asked me if I should like to go to a ball, as there was to be one given in the neighborhood, and that they were invited. I hardly knew what to say. Estelle, I thought, liked it of she did not want me to accept, but it was finally settled by Cousin Geoffrey, who said, decisively, that of course I was to be introduced some time or another, and that this was a very good opportunity; and so it was arranged. A few days after the ball Miss Allington, a young lady who lives off, for Estelle to select dresses. Cousin Geoffrey went with us, and kept going into the materials, saying, gayly, that he hated seeing the raw materials, and that he could only judge of the effect when the things were made. We watched his handsome face and figure going leisurely down the street, and then we went to Madame Marie's establishment, a much smaller concern to where Estelle, and I felt quite bewildered by the variety of things she drew out of her boards and boxes for her inspection. After a great deal of trouble in choosing, a pink silk was finally lace was settled upon, and Estelle was leaving the shop without even remembering me at all, when I went to ask if I was to have a dress also. So she stopped, and told Madame Mackenzie, hurriedly, to make me something, and never she liked, only it was to be white, and quite plain. When my dress did come home I thought it looked very pretty, although it was only white tarlatan, and I felt quite childishly anxious to put it on, as I had never worn a low dress before.

At last the night o. the ball arrived, and at about eight o'clock I went up stairs and plaited my hair quite simply, as usual, and then rang to have my dress fastened, as I found that I could not do it for myself. Both my aunt's and Estelle's maids were engaged, so one of the other servants very kindly offered to do her best, and succeeded, with some difficulty on her part and a good deal of patience on mine. I had no ornament, except a string of pearls for my neck, which had belonged to my mother: but I was rather pleasantly surprised at my own appearance in the looking-glass.

Just as I was thinking of going down stairs a knock

came to my door, and a hand put down upon a table close by it a beautiful bouquet and one large white rose. It was Cousin Geoffrey's hand, and a voice said, "The rose is for your hair," but before I had time to speak the door had shut again, and he was gone. I took up the rose. I don't think I have ever seen such a rose since, and the perfume of it lingers in my memory still. I felt my fingers tremble with pleasure as I fastened it in my hair, at the thought that I was not forgotten after all.

Well, I went down my aunt said we were late, and that Cousin Geoffrey had gone on. We waited some time for Estelle, who appeared at last, apologizing as to get into the carriage, as she was coming immediately. How beautiful Estelle looked that night! When she came down stairs she had forgotten her fan, so she went waiting for it, and coming to button her glove, just under the hall-lamp, so that I had a good view of her, and I thought pink silk and white lace the most becoming dress, especially when contrasted with Estelle's masses of black hair.

When we arrived at the ball we were given in the Assembly Rooms by some officers who were quartered at Lichfield, a little distance off, and by the lights and the music, and I kept close to my aunt as we passed up the grand staircase, which had a great many people upon it already. Nor did the ball-room reassure me: it all seemed like the fairy land I had read about, and I felt that I must be the enchanted visitor to some genii's palace. Presently I was startled by Cousin Geoffrey asking me to dance. I hesitated for a moment, with a kind of uneasy conviction that Estelle would not like it, but he would not take no answer, and before I could be pointed to Estelle, who was quite at the other end of the room, leading on the arm of some gentleman in uniform, I was whirling round in a uniform all covered with gold lace; so I put my hand into Cousin Geoffrey's arm, and we took our place in the middle of the room, and then he put his arm round my waist, and he seemed to float rather than walk with me, so lightly and gracefully did we tread. When he stopped he said, "You dance very well, little Mabel; are you fond of it?"

I tried to think him for his flowers, but he only laughed, and said that he was glad to see I felt no cheeks flush with pleasure, I was so unused to flattery, and I had received none since I left the convent, and I had received none since I left the convent, and I had received none since I left the convent

"You need not be afraid, little Mabel," a voice said; and in the stranger I recognized Cousin Geoffrey.

"Cousin Geoffrey!" I exclaimed, "here—and at this hour."

He took my hand, and said, gravely, "I wanted to see you. I have waited to see you all the afternoon, and I fancied you would come here this evening."

I wondered why Cousin Geoffrey wanted to see me, and I felt as if something were going to happen.

"Little Mabel," he continued, "I know I can trust you—I have trusted you, and I have come here to-night, because I want you to do something for me. Will you promise to do it, and ask no questions?"

I promised. I should have promised to do whatever Cousin Geoffrey asked me. He drew a sealed packet out of his breast-pocket.

"Will you give this to Estelle?" he said. "Will you give it to her to-night, when she is in her own room, and alone?"

I took the packet in my hand. It had no direction. "For Estelle," was simply written upon the cover.

"I dare not stay my longer," he said, "and I can offer no explanation now, but I promise you," God willing," that on some future day you shall know the reason for my strange visit here to-night. Heaven bless you, little Mabel!" And, before I had time to say another word, he was gone.

I went home directly: I felt afraid of being out alone; my life had begun to seem haunted and unnatural. Cousin Geoffrey's mysterious parting words were all trembling, and when I waited in my own room till thought flowing would have dismissed her maid, and at about twelve o'clock I went to fulfill my promise.

Estelle's room was at exactly the other side of the house to mine, hers being in one of the wings, and mine in the other. Strange as it may seem, I had never been inside it before, and I had never asked me. I knocked softly at the door, and, in answer to the "Come in," I entered. What a strange room, I thought it! Gandringham was a very old place, but in this room, more than any other, I noticed it. The walls and bed were hung with faded tapestry, and a curious oak wardrobe stood against the wall, but the strangest thing of all was a large and beautifully carved black crucifix, beneath which was a prie-dieu, the black velvet cushion of which seemed worn away by being constantly knelt upon. Estelle was sitting by the fire, in which, although it was early in autumn, the embers of a fire were smouldering. She was wrapped in an embroidered cashmere dressing-gown, with all the luxuriance of her raven hair hanging over her shoulders. She started on seeing me, and said, in a tone of great surprise:

"You, Mabel, and at this hour?"

I closed the door behind me, and bolted it.

"I have come, Estelle," I said, "because I promised to give you this letter, and to give it to you when you were alone."

She seized the packet with trembling fingers, and hurriedly broke the seal. I watched her reading it, for I did not like to go away till she had spoken. I never saw any face change so frightfully as hers did in only twenty minutes, it became absolutely gray and livid. Her teeth chattered as if from extreme cold, and when she tried to lay her eyes were dilated, as if she had been horror-stricken. She moved her hand to her head as if in confusion at times, and then for the first time she seemed to remember me.

"Who gave you this?" she said, pointing to the letter.

I told her how I had received it.

"And you know nothing of its contents?"

"Nothing," I replied.

She came closer to me, and stood before me.

"Mabel, you must never mention to any living being what you have seen here to-night; do you promise me?"

I promised.

"Or even say you've been here?"

"Estelle" I exclaimed, "can I do nothing for you?"

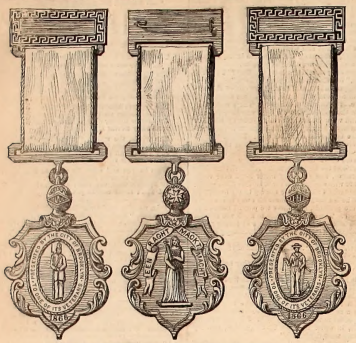
Something in my speaking stirred some dreadful ghastly ligs as she said: "Nothing; you have done your work, Mabel, and done it well." And she kissed me, and I left the room.

I looked back as I went out: Estelle was still standing pointing to the door, and I thought her hair looked unnaturally long and black, contrasting as it did with her sad face, and involuntarily I shuddered at the undefined feeling of terror as I crept back to my own room.

I could not go to bed. I was fascinated to watch Estelle's window, which, being in the opposite wing to mine, was what I had a view. Her lamp never went out, and all night long I saw her shadow passing to and fro. What was the mysterious letter that had been so fatal in its effects? What was the mystery hanging over the Vercrofts and Gundringhams?

The next day I heard that Estelle was ill, but that no one was allowed to go near her except her own maid, who was a Frenchwoman. My Aunt Vercroft sat and cried in her arm-chair, and all the bridal preparations were suspended. I wondered and wondered till I felt my brain turn giddy, but I arrived at no conclusions. Cousin Geoffrey never came, and was never mentioned, and the other guests were admitted. The wedding-day came and went by. I supposed all the guests had been put off; but Mabel undeceived my surprise I don't know.

Every day I heard that Estelle was ill, and sometimes I thought she would die, and that unknowingly to mine, was what I wished. Her image



MEDALS PRESENTED TO THE VETERANS OF BROOKLYN.

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS IN BROOKLYN.

THE presentation of Medals to Veteran Sailors and Soldiers of King's County, at Brooklyn, October 25, was an occasion of much interest. We give an illustration of the presentation ceremonies on page 718.

Governor FENTON and Staff and a large number of invited guests were present, including Admiral BELL and Staff General NEWTON, General VERDERA, General DE LACY, and other military men. The members of the Board of Supervisors, the various judges, and many leading clergymen of Brooklyn were present.

The persons present were introduced to Governor FENTON, who cordially greeted them. At the close of this ceremony Admiral FARRAGUT was announced, and received with applause. The veteran was introduced to many of the gentlemen present.

DR. VINTON called upon Governor FENTON to make a few remarks, when the Governor said that he was glad of an opportunity to visit the prosperous city of Brooklyn, and to extend his acquaintance with her citizens. In introducing his military family among them, he was grateful for their warm reception.

Admiral FARRAGUT was called upon for a speech, and said he would follow the example of the Governor, and be brief. He had understood that the occasion was meant as a compliment to the veterans of Brooklyn. As he was not a soldier of this district he esteemed the honor of this warm reception more highly.

The procession was then formed. The avenues through which the troops moved were thronged with spectators. Flags were displayed from windows and balconies, and the veterans were greeted by the waving of handkerchiefs all along the route.

The military looked well, and the procession was very imposing in respect to numbers. There were over one hundred carriages in the line, and about eight thousand troops. The column marched from the City Hall at about twelve o'clock, moving through Remsen Street to Henry Street, through Henry Street to Atlantic Street, through Atlantic Street to Hanson Place, through Hanson Place to Fulton Avenue, through Fulton and Gates Avenues to Clinton Avenue, and through Clinton and Myrtle Avenues and Cumberland Street to the Park. On reaching the Park the Governor and Staff took a fine position in the centre of the east side of Fort Greene, where he reviewed the procession.

After passing the Governor the troops entered the Park at the northeast gate. On the centre of the hill a large platform was constructed, from which the prizes were to be delivered. The police kept a large space open in front of this platform, in the centre of which the veterans took position.

The other troops marched around the brow of the hill, and halted at various elevated points. Notwithstanding the fact that a cold wind was blowing there were from fifteen to twenty thousand spectators present, who remained until the close of the ceremonies.

The view from the platform was very imposing. It took in several thousand troops, and a greater number of citizens. The review occupied over an hour. At its close the Governor and Staff proceeded to the stand in front of which the veterans had gathered, and the medals were presented to those entitled to receive them. In order to avoid delay they had been put up so as to deliver to the respective captains under which the men had served.

The medals were presented by Mayor BOOTH, and were received by ex-Mayor WOOD on behalf of the veterans, who made an able and eloquent speech.

The members of the committee had a beautiful gold medal made for Admiral FARRAGUT, which was presented to him at the dinner.



ACCIDENT AT CHICAGO ON THE NIGHT OF OCT. 21, 1866.—SKETCHED BY W. H. ADAMS.
[SEE PAGE 717.]



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—BARBECUE AT AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 718.]

FALL OF BUILDINGS IN CHICAGO.

WE illustrate on page 716 the terrible accident which happened at Chicago on the night of October 21. The event is thus described by the Chicago *Tribune* of October 22:

An appalling calamity befell a portion of the city during the violent storm of last night. Between eleven and twelve o'clock a terrific crash resounded ominously over the whole of the central portion of the city.

It proved to be the fall of a huge brick structure in process of erection near the corner of Madison and State streets. It was one of those hastily and cheaply-cobbled-together pieces of architecture which are a disgrace to any city. The gale last night, though not excessively fierce, proved too much for this fragile mass of uncompleted mason-work, and the whole edifice caved in and fell like an avalanche, carrying death and tortures worse than death, to the homes of many families who lived in the surrounding tenements.

Such a scene of devastation and misery as presented itself immediately after the edifice fell it would be difficult to describe. Almost from M'Vicker's Theatre, on Madison Street, round the corner and along State Street for some distance, making a very considerable section of a square, the frame tenements which had stood there were so completely flattened and crushed that the upper stories were on a level with the sidewalk. The sidewalks were entirely uprooted from the ground, and the outer edges stuck out in the form of an abatti. Clambering up to these swaying planks, one had to slide down an inclined plane to the horrible mass of ruins in the centre. The police were summoned, and from every station they soon began to muster in large force. The fire-bell pealed forth its alarm, and the department were speedily on hand. The citizens, too, came to the spot in crowds, attracted by the alarm from the Court-house. Then the work of excavation began in earnest. The inmates were dragged forth from their living graves, some terribly mangled, some only cut and scratched, and some entirely unscathed. Every one was of course eager to help, and the real difficulty with the police was now to keep the volunteers from overcrowding the scene of action. Body after body was carried out, most of them fortunately alive, and again the search was prosecuted, until about two o'clock it was supposed that the great majority of those who had been buried were recovered.

How so many escaped being crushed to death will seem little short of miraculous to every one who views the ruins. Yet such hair-breadth escapes are often heard of in such accidents.

The building which has been the cause of all this devastation was being erected by Mr. SWARZ as a wholesale store. It appears that the walls of the new block were but sixteen inches thick, much too thin for the great height to which they were carried up, and during Sunday they were found to have bulged out in an alarming manner—so much so that the opinion had been expressed that they would fall before morning, and the families in the adjoining buildings had retired with a considerable feeling of apprehension.



TROUTING.

SCRAMBLING over boulders,
Grumbling over "falls,"
Rambling through green meadows,
Where the May-fly calls;
Tumbling out by daybreak—
"Madam" in a pout—
Gracious! this is pleasant,
Tripping after trout!

Violets by the brook-brink,
Sweets as "Stella's" eyes;
Bluebirds flood the morning
With a glad surprise:

Off before your mother
Fairly knows you're out—
Goodness! ain't it jolly
Tramping after trout!

Tripping over mosses,
Slipping over stones,
Creeping through morasses,
Chill'd through blood and bones;
"Dipping" into spring-holes,
Ripping *something* out—
Goodness! but 'tis pleasant,
Whipping after trout.

Stumbling over saw-logs,
Where they've made a jam;
No one can say *this* stream
Isn't worth a dam:
Water, "cold as *blazes*,"
Foams your feet about;
Catch your death of—"Whist, man!
Did you *see that trout?*"

Ply him gently—kindly—
Horse-hair is but frail;
There's a speckled "beauty!"
Crook's hooks never fail.
Twenty ounces, plump, Sirs
(Heft him if you doubt);
Silver, gold, and garnets—
What can match a trout?

Lightly drops the "hackle,"
Blithely sings the stream,
Brightly burst the foam-bells
Like a poet's dream.
Splash! There goes a "luncheer!"
Whir! and he is out!
What school is so charming
As a school of trout?

Now you spread your luncheon
'Neath a spreading tree;
Never son of "Walton"
Half so glad as "we."

Berkshire skies above us,
Berkshire hills about,
All the pools a-sparkle,
Bright with speckled trout.

Clambering over cascades,
Where the senses reel;
Stonishing the "natives"
With a well-fill'd creel:
Whipping out the "*said*"-cre,
Who "*jabbered*" flout,
Maybe 'tisn't pleasant
Angling after trout!

Soon you hook your "fifty"
('Tis a fet you're on)—
Soon you join "The Colonel,"
Who declines he's one!
Soon you reach your cottage—
Kiss *the Maiden's* pouting
Lips (still in your *dot-and-go*)
And so ends your trouting!

Rattle-snakes! and 'sketers!—
Wet feet and burnt faces!—
Who says anglers' *lines* are
"Cast in pleasant places?"
Try it in "*Green*" River;
But, before you trout it,
Just ask Mr. Editor
What *he* thinks about it!

THE CRETAN INSURRECTION.

OUR latest news in regard to the Candian insurrection is a telegram from London of October 23, which conveys the intelligence of the defeat of the Turkish army by the Christians after four days of heavy fighting.

Four months ago the Christians of Crete demanded justice according to the laws of the Ottoman Empire, and asked for the execution of the privileges conferred on them by the Hatti Humayoun. That phase of the movement is passed. They now assert the inalienable right of nations to enjoy political liberty, and in virtue of this right they have declared Crete independent, and decreed its union with the kingdom of Greece.

A virtual declaration of war on the part of the Christians took place on the 12th of August. The population of several districts about Mount Ida published a decree establishing a "Sacred Battalion" of 400 veteran soldiers to fight for the cross, and appointed a chief to command it. Several revolutionary proclamations have been subsequently published in different parts of the island. At last, on the 24 of September, a number of leading men from the Eparchies, in the western part of Creta, met and signed a document decreeing the perpetual abolition of the Turkish authority in Crete and its dependencies, the union of the island with Greece under GEORGE I. as King of the Hellenes, and intrusting the execution of the decree to the valor of the people, the assistance of all Greeks and Philhellenes,



CANDIAN INSURGENTS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF CRETE.

and the intervention of the great protecting and guaranteeing Powers of Europe.

The first engagement with bloodshed took place on the 28th of August, not between Hellenes and Ottoman soldiers, but among the Cretans themselves. The Mussulmans of Selinos and the Christians had a skirmish, in which it was said that the Turkish troops took no part, but this was perhaps only the first spark to the train which has since lighted up the Greek fire for a general conflagration.

It is to the mountainous character of the Island that the insurgents probably owe their present security; for, bodies being traversed throughout the whole length by the lofty range running parallel to the south coast, there are other ranges dispersed over the whole surface. In the centre of Candia, more modestly known as Mount Psiloriti, 7690 feet high. The other loftiest summits are toward the west, the Sfakian or white mountains, where the heights are covered with snow for three parts of the year. The highest elevations there are about 8000 feet. The greater part of these mountains are clothed with forests of olive, chestnut, walnut, and pine trees, oaks, and cypresses. They contain a remarkable number of caverns and grottoes, including that famous classic labyrinth, the extensive and intricate natural excavation at the foot of Mount Ida.

Crete is unquestionably an island worth winning. If it can be won either by writing about it or even by fighting for it—which is a thing the Greeks seem less inclined to undertake. In size and population Crete is little inferior, and in fertility and position far superior to Corsica. In extent it has not yet been all destroyed by repeated conflagrations, like its trees which once covered the mountains in Greece. The population exceeds 250,000 at whom upward of 60,000 are Musulmans of the Greek race, and who speak only the Greek language.

Our illustration is taken from a sketch of an insurgent encampment in the mountains, where, with that defiance of fatigue and that indifference to luxury which are such prominent characteristics of the people in a time of national tumult, the men are waiting and watching from the mouth of a cave in a irregular army, amidst the mossy rocks of that chain from act to west, the culminating point of which is Mount Ida.

FISHING UP THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

We give on page 08 two sketches taken by Mr. ROBERT DUDLEY on board the *Great Eastern* the first representing the *Great Eastern* at the moment of raising the hole, while another shows the interior of the electricians' testing-room on board the ship, with the group of gentlemen anxiously watching the process. The following narrative, which is from Mr. DUDLEY'S own pen, will be read with much interest:

"For nearly three weeks—from August 12, when we reached the long-looking-ground in mid-Atlantic, to September 1—had hope and disappointment alternated in the heart of those who, hovering like the gulls above the quarry, watched and waited to secure the prize that so often escaped them. Again and again grapnel after grapnel had felt along the dark bed of the ocean in search of the trust rope; and on the one memorable occasion they not only secured the treasure, but held it firmly until the eyes of the eager crowd over the bow bulwarks saw the veritable cable dragged slowly out of the water, glided over the rail and given had no subsequent triumph been won than the one to secure to all the double, the redoubled, the denials, the accidentally irrefragable proofs that to expect ever to have the lost cable to be found was to look for the working of an impossibility. The cable had been found, but it had been again lost. Perhaps sadly, though under most skilful handling, and sheltered as we had proved to the directing hand of her ever-watching commander, had seen the sport of the elements, driving her ship, but not driving her was or wanted to go. The elements had been adverse, and in spite of all we had no vessel under us to receive us all efforts to continue the work, and we had Canseau and Halifax before us. Still we had hope, but a more prosy time might come than was in the nature of man to wish was, we might yet be met with calmer and brighter weather, were it but for a day or two. Winter—calm winter—was the time for hope-word. And well was their indomitable, a perseverance in that of a day or two was given us on the last day of August the sun shone out; the pulse of the ocean, grown still beating, but gradually calming down; the wind was heard; and as the grapnel was thrown, hope and grasp grew strong.

"No need to write now how during that and the following day hope trembled, disappointment became sensed, and found its climax in certainty; that days in succession on which it would be needful for any description to cover a full idea of the anxious watching of the appearance of the cable on the night of September 1. A hope almost painful in its intensity seemed to fill the air all, as from midnight until 4 o'clock the hours of the great ship were filled with earnest, eager labor, her forward bulwarks and after passers seeking to pierce the darkness as the dredging was below the sea, casualties even accompanying the rearing more of the straining grappling rope as it dragged its way. Was ever a ship ever so long? And so along over 2 wheels and past the recording dynamometer, as the huge drums ran round, well performing their Titan task, slow but very sure! It came on at last the wire grappling rope, succeeded by the strong chain upon which hung the grapnel. And so it came at last, and was long, seemed an one's month; scarce a second was heard from the experimental watchers; the quiet word of command from Captain Anderson as forward by the wheels stopped, and the chain, in the bight of which as the grapnel, holding a wire-rope group the next measure, was put more away from the ship's side. During waters, it was almost as sacred experience that the words "Stop!" was needful to speak, for to be said it is there!" We were entranced, so hope's resurrection of the cable from the sea when, on the 2d great, the sight of a small and calmed cable from a floating welcome of hands as I may be that the so long sight and the safe arrival of the consuming mystery of mourning and inconsistency and the electrician's test. And so we sing from sea to sea, even upon the cables of the sea, and our land resounds with the shouts and most accessory measures were taken for securing the cable. A piece of rope and chain passed from which strong hawsers passed over the side of wheels on the bows. At night all was secured, and the cable freed from the grapnel, which, hauled in on the port side, was carried aft past us by two sailors, though not without much examination and interest expressed for the skilful servant; and now the cable then appeared over the centre wheel. How it was marshalled at each sight as the moon and night's hour afforded. How it was followed in its course along the platform toward the drums by many feet and hands. For my own part, with others, I made my way, in accordance with an invitation from Willoughby Smith, to the electricians' room (the Test-room, to speak more technically). Here, after another hour's preparation, during which time the cable had been carefully passed round the drums of the picking-up machinery and a sufficient length drawn on board, the severed end was received. And now, In their mysterious, darkened haunt, the wizards are ready to work their spells upon the tamed lightning. Not 'unholy spells' are there, or secret, for, though the Atlantic flow is but of limited dimensions, they have not been averse to the presence of a few visitors. Mr. Gooch is looking on; Professor Thomson, be sure, is here, a worthy Wizard of the North; Fleeming Jenkin could no more be absent than the cable itself; I think, too, CANNING, first at work, as he is, beyond it in the ship, must have dropped in just for a moment; CLIFFORD, Lewis, Clifford, Halpin, Dean, Wollaston, all have in their several ways a great interest in every movement of Wilkinson Spencer and Willoughby Smith, and Bernard Oliver; and, when the core of the cable is stripped and the bare line-for-deed—the wire—placed in the instrument, and three two electricians bend over the galvanometer in patient watching for some message from that fore-of hand of home to which the great news has just been signaled; then the momentary stillness of the test-room is even deepened; the ticking of the galvanometer seems to sound as in the night's quarter of an hour has passed and still no sign! Suddenly! Whatsoever may what it is not for the British bursts from his lips, echoed by all on board with a volley of cheers, echoed from the world far having been 'bottled up' during the last three hours. Along the deck outside, over the ship, throughout the ship, the pent-up enthusiasm overflowed; and even before the test-room was cleared from the throng of our guns drowned the buzzes of the crew, and the whir of rockets was heard right high into the clear morning sky to greet our consort-ships with the glad intelligence.

"When came the effecting of the recovered cable with that rolled in one and the same time, and the delicate operation of passing the cable round from the bow to the stern of the ship, and the commencement of paying the order was given, 'Full speed ahead!' and we soon had our course of the ocean, and were steaming in the wake of the ship; and so, by eight o'clock in the morning, securely say once, I think, that the night was safely paying out again, and the ship's head was once more toward the shores of Newfoundland."

SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

The International Suspension Bridge, of which we give an illustration on page 712, is two miles below Niagara Falls. It connects the Great Western Railroad of Canada with the several railroads of New York. The bridge is a single span of 800 feet in length, elevated 230 feet above the Niagara River, which runs beneath it at the rate of 25 miles an hour, with breakers dashing from 10 to 20 feet high. During the season of travel the *Maid of the Mist* makes trips from the New York shore under the bridge to the foot of the Falls. It was from the deck of this vessel that General Scott took the sketch after which he celebrated painting of Niagara Falls was made. The view from this point is the most magnificent which can be obtained.

The Suspension Bridge is supported by four wire cables 9½ inches in diameter, with an ultimate capacity of sustaining 10,000 tons.

RAILROAD BRIDGE AT PORTAGE, NEW YORK.

The railroad bridge across the Genesee River at Portage, on the Erie Railroad, which we illustrate on page 712, is surrounded by as wild and picturesque of the kind in the world. It is built across a deep dell, into which the Genesee enters at this point, upon thirteen massive stone piers. At the top of the river, the stone being built sufficiently high to avoid all danger of freshets. The bridge itself is a huge mass of timber, and is 800 feet in length. It was completed in 1853, and is undoubtedly the finest wooden bridge in the world. It is said to be so constructed that any timber in the bridge can be removed and replaced at pleasure. The Genesee Valley Canal passes under the bridge.

The scenery at this point is wild and picturesque. The Genesee River enters the ravine only to seek lower and still more picturesque depths. Under the bridge, and in sight of the cars, is the first fall, a half horse-shoe, about 40 feet high and a quarter of a mile further down the river, another fall, one of the most beautiful cascades in America. The fall is 80 feet high, and when the water is low the appearance is that of a huge irregular wall of lace thrown out in front of a black rock.

BARBECUE AT AUGUSTA.

The illustration which we give on page 716 represents a scene very characteristic at the South. It has special reason now for attention which we have illustrated was a desire on the part of the citizens of Augusta, Georgia, to do honor to General Sheridan and Peyton, sent by President Johnson to investigate the Freedmen's Bureau.

Barbecues are very frequent at the South in time of political excitement. The negroes also have their barbecues, generally at the close of their labors in getting in the cotton crop.

"Remarkable for delicacy, freshness, and purity."—Burnett's unrivaled Cologne Water, and Cocoaine for the Hair.—*Christian Guardian*, Toronto.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Ask for Dick's Soft Capsules, and take no others.
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They should be in every family, ready for use on the first symptoms of disease occurring. This method will often save life. Remember, the
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STARTING OF
The Great American Tea Company.
The proprietors became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying far too much for the good but low priced articles on these articles at every-day consumption, and therefore organized Tea Company, and by importing in large quantities at specially low rates, and selling for enormous Gains upon the Cost.
To give our readers an idea of the profits which are here avoided, we present the following:
1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large purchases of the various descriptions—and some of the richest retail merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.
2d. The Importer adds a profit of 50 to 75 per cent. in many cases.
3d. The Jobber adds a profit of 25 to 75 per cent. in many cases.
4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the Cargo, and the Speculator sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 5000 packages, which are sometimes sold in a day or two.
5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lots at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.
6th. The Wholesale Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.
7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.
8th. The Retail seller it to the Consumer for all he can get.
Where you have always paid these separate profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, to which we pay not one cent. This will be perceived what the collected Tea and Coffee, and how we propose to do away with all of these various profits and charges.
We propose to do away with all of these various profits and charges, and to send our Agents to China and Japan, one cartage, and a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in

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[From Rev. J. W. Toland's Autobiography.]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1858 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was affected with an irritation of the throat, attended with a most distressing cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation having for its base the inside bark of white pine might be so compounded as to be very useful in the care of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in the diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure effected. Soon after the cure I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for years with a bad cough, which was occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. In a few weeks she found relief, and was more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1858, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

"As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled."—*Boston Journal.*

The great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheritic affections, spitting of blood, and all bronchial affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel, and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable.

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H. SCOVILLE, Chicago, Ill.,
FARRAND, SHELLY & CO., Detroit, Mich.,
General Agents for the West.

TO THE

DEBILITATED AND THE DECREPIT.

For general debility and exhaustion of the powers of nature, whether occasioned by sickness, fast living, constitutional decay, old age, or any other physical or mental cause, the one thing needful and indispensable is HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. When the fire of life seems to be declining or dying out in the system, and the mind, sympathizing with the body, is reduced almost to a state of imbecility, the stimulative seems, as it were, to lift the sufferer out of the Slough of Despond, and recruit and reinvigorate both the frame and the intellect. An old farmer in the Valley of the Monongahela writes thus to Dr. Hostetter; "I can compare the operation of your Bitters upon me to nothing but the effect of a fine shower on a long dry spell in the fall of the year. The rain falling on the meadows starts the second crop of grass, and your wholesome medicine seems to have started a second crop of the vital spirits in me." And this is truly the effect of this grateful and powerful preparation. Ladies of weak constitution, or whose strength has been impaired by sickness or age, find it a most efficacious and delightful Tonic, and it is administered with great success, in marasmus or wasting of the body, to young children. In fact it is a much safer and surer cordial for the nursery than any thing advertised specially for that purpose.

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IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

NEW YORK, *October 1*, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for all needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

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NEW YORK, *October 1*, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General VAN VLIET. Major-General JAMES F. HALL.
Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW. JNO. H. WHITE.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE. C. P. B. HOYT.
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1 House and Lot adjoining above	3,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	6,000
1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	2,500
1 Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,000
1 Lot in Marion, City of New York, $1500 each	4,500
1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
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1000 Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens	7,000
200 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Silver Buttons, @ $6	1,200
500 Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, @ $5	2,500
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The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Desks, Work-Stands, Work Boxes, Mink Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to	24,925
Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at	$100,000

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5 Tickets to one address	$4 50
10 Tickets to one address	9 00
20 Tickets to one address	17 50
30 Tickets to one address	26 25
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50 Tickets to one address	43 50
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SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company, No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors,
616 Broadway, New York.

Close of Vol. XXXIII.

Harper's Magazine

For November, 1866.

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THE PRESENT NUMBER closes the TWENTY-THIRD VOLUME OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The Conductors believe that its variety and interest it has been exceeded by no previous Volume, and their arrangements insure that this interest and value will be fully maintained in the issues of Volume.

In the Number for December will be commenced "THE VIRGINIANS OF TEXAS," A Tale by GEORGE F. HARRINGTON, Author of "Inside: A Chronicle of Secession." This tale was written just before the breaking out of the War, but its publication was postponed in consequence of the events of the time. The Author, at that time a resident of Texas, describes the life and adventures of a Virginian Planter, who, with his family, emigrated to the "New Dominion." The tale is of special interest at the present time, setting forth what Texas was before the war; what it would not have been but for the war; and what it may yet become notwithstanding the war, when liberty is secured, law maintained, and industry restored under the Union.

GENERAL STEPHENS will continue his "Personal Recollections of the War;" and the various departments of the Magazine, whether furnished by the Editors or by Contributors, will be maintained in such a manner as to merit a continuance of the favor which the Magazine has received for almost Seventeen YEARS.

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*** The POSTAGE on the MAGAZINE is now 24 cents a year, and on the WEEKLY 20 cents a year, payable quarterly, semi-yearly, or yearly, at the office where received.

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Subscribers to the Magazine and Weekly will find on each paper the Number with which their subscription expires, as entered on our books. In renewing a subscription, it is desired that the Number with which it is to commence should be stated. The name of the Post-Office, County, and State should be clearly written. Names should be distinctly written: Thus—"Renew the subscription of Harper's Magazine or Weekly, commencing with Number ——, John Adams, Jackson, Pike County, Ohio."

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Half Morocco . . . . . 10 00 "

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 516.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A CONFEDERATE CEMETERY.

We give herewith a view of the Confederate Cemetery at Franklin, Tennessee—the scene, as our readers remember, of the battle between General SCHOFIELD and the rebels under General HOOD, a little before the great and decisive battle of Nashville. The Cemetery is beautifully situated, about a mile southeast of Franklin, on the farm of Colonel JOHN M'GAVOCK. It contains 1483 graves, and in its general appearance is an improvement upon some of the National Cemeteries which we have had occasion to illustrate.



CONFEDERATE CEMETERY, FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. J. TERRY.]

HURRICANE IN THE BAHAMAS.

THE storm at Nassau, which we illustrate below, was but a portion of the sweeping hurricane that, on the 1st of last month, visited the Bahamas.

At Nassau the storm came on gradually. The day before its violent outburst the gale blew a fresh breeze from the sea, which increased during the night, and the next morning became a regular gale, accompanied with rain. The bar of the harbor appeared a ridge of foam, and the harbor itself, though protected against the main sea, had no shelter from a gale which was every moment increasing in violence. The ships, as far as they could be seen up the harbor, began to sway to and fro. The shipping along the wharves soon began to suffer. Small boats, lumber, and various fragments began to be scattered about on the wharves, and spacious stores and warehouses in the vicinity were unroofed, and the sheets of metal of which the roofs were made were whirled along in the wind and torn up like sheets of paper. Soon the whole thoroughfare was covered with fragments of shipping and stores. Both the violence of the wind and the missiles which it hurled recklessly about made it perilous to walk the streets, and the few foot-passengers out might be seen clinging to lamp-posts waiting for a lull.

About 1.30 or 2 P.M. it was impossible to remain abroad; it was dangerous to take shelter under walls or houses, and totally impossible to remain standing when exposed to the presence of the wind, which shook every building. The sensation within doors was like the vibrations of a railway-car attached to an express train; the noise of the wind, combined with the sound of the waves, kept up a loud bellowing roar, varied with thunder-like gusts, and were succeeded by a crashing sound which indicated destruction of some kind or other. Green seas were now breaking upon the wharves of the town and Government property, sending their spray over the tops of the houses, and, together with the heavily falling rain and hail, made the air as obscure as the thickest fog, which, as it now and again cleared partially for a few moments, shows some further damage. Houses being dismantled in all directions, and the fragments intermingled with branches of trees, swept along at an alarming pace. The trees that remained standing were being rapidly stripped of their leaves. About 2.30 fully a third of the roofing of the Officers' Quarters came off and fell with a heavy crash into Fleming Square, and shortly after the shingles began flying off the roof of the west range of the men's barracks like feathers. The pinnacles of Christ Church Cathedral had gone—the flag-staff at Government House likewise—and the roof of that building began to show signs of going; every house was in a state of commotion, the wind and rain penetrating every where, doing every kind of damage, and causing indescribable inconvenience. A lull in the storm occurred about 7.30 or 8 P.M., which fortunately enabled those who had some shelter remaining to offer a share of it to their less fortunate neighbors. Next morning the whole scene was indeed a desolation, the most familiar objects were scarcely to be recognized; some gone entirely. The fine Methodist Church had fallen, together with many minor buildings; the landscape was bleak and dreary, the leafless trees, a dull gray sky with dusky scudding clouds gave quite a wintry aspect, very unusual in a tropical climate.

The United States Consul, Mr. KIRKPATRICK, under date of Nassau, October 9, in addressing the Secretary of State, says the hurricane on the 1st inst. was one of the severest and most destructive that has occurred since 1815. "There is scarcely a house in this place," he adds, "or on the Bahamas, that has not suffered to some extent, while the destruction to the shipping in the harbor and along the coast has been alike fearful. The loss of life, although small here, has been severe on some of the out-islands. Out at sea a large number of vessels were wrecked.



THE HURRICANE ON THE BAHAMAS—SCENE AT NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE ISLAND, October 1, 1866.

A RING POSY.

Jeas and Jill are pretty girls,
Plump and full of fun to do,
In a cloud of windy curls:
Yet I know who

I'm not pretty, not a bit;
Thin and sallow-pale;
When I trudge along the street
I don't need a veil:

Yet I have one fancy hit.

Jess and Jill can trill and sing
With a flute-like voice,
Dance as light as bird on wing,
Laugh for careless joys:
Yet it's I who wear the ring.

Jess and Jill will mate some day,
Surely surely;
Ripen on to June through May,
While the sun shines make their hay,
Skeleton steps demurely:
Yet even there I lead the way.

NOTES FROM A SEA JOURNAL.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

THE weather was cold and blustering; we had rounded Cape Horn, and were now rolling along under close-reefed topsails and jib, past the dreary Isle of Desolation. Muffled in their great pea-jackets, the men would walk the decks briskly, occasionally dancing, sparring, etc., to keep themselves warm. I used to amuse myself for hours watching their movements from my post of observation on the quarter-rail, where, rolled up in my Esquimaux coat, I loved to sit and smoke my ivory pipe, made of a whale's jaw-bone.

Not unfrequently some anxious tar would come up from the mug forecastle to take a look at his beloved clothes, recently washed, and now whipping about on the line extending across the deck.

Alas! the poor clothes, incapable of keeping themselves warm by exercise, were all frozen as stiff as pasteboard; so that their owner must carry them to the galley in his half-benumbed fingers, and thaw them by the stove if he wished to have them ready for Sunday.

The captain's wife was aboard; she was a neat little body, with hair combed very smooth, kind blue eyes, brisk manners, and a sweet voice. The rough fellows—every man of them—liked her, and I believe would have gone through fire and water to serve her; for she was always sending forward something nice for them to eat, and there was no end to the unexpected watches below which were accorded them through her influence. On pleasant days—dear me! how few of them lately—she would bring up her sewing, and sit near the binnacle chatting to the man at the wheel, and taking his part by cracking a joke and a while, gentle face, who was saved many times from the blows of a "rope's end" by his "little lady." She seemed to take quite a fancy to the boy, who hadn't a single chum aboard the ship. In fact he was so reserved, so devoted to a few old books which he had brought with him, that there was no chance for the men to cultivate his acquaintance. He seemed well disposed, however, never interfered with his shipmates' business, and was always ready to give away a part of his allowance to the man who was not satisfied with his own.

Will, as I said, the "little lady"—so we called her—was out on the lark. Not one of the officers dared to say a cross word to him when she was near. She felt for him a sort of motherly interest. I think, because he had nobody but her to watch over and protect him; for he—alas, poor boy!—he had none of the feelings of a man, young as he was, and so loved and cherished her with his whole soul.

One cold, moonlight night, while he was steering, she brought him a pair of mittens which she had made with her own pretty hands. One of these soft hands he kissed by some uncontrollable impulse as he took the mittens; but he soon had reason to repent of his temerity. The captain saw that kiss; furious with jealousy, he raved like a madman.

"What!" cried she, "jealous of poor little Derrick?—of a mere boy?"

"Hy, ay," he replied, grinding his teeth, "but I don't believe this is the first of your 'billing and cooing' with him."

"How ridiculous!" answered the little lady; and by every art in her power she endeavored to soothe her angry lord.

For the first time since her marriage she was unsuccessful. The captain ordered her into the cabin, and shut her up in her own room.

And now it fared hard with poor Derrick. Day after day, night after night, with but little intermission, he was kept hard at work by the cruel skipper. Lumber and palet grew less and every hour. I believe the absence of the woman he loved affected him fully as much as his hard tasks; for he would cast his glances toward the quarter-deck, robbed of that gentle form, and breathe heavy sighs.

Many of us remonstrated with the captain, but he heeded us not, and went on overworking the boy. Soon the sufferer was reduced to a mere skeleton—nothing shadow—and then the skipper relented a little. His victim was permitted to go below once in a while to rest himself. He kept pining, however, and was finally unable to leave his bunk. The men were not surprised one morning when the mate, entering the forecastle, looked at the sharp white face, the damp brown hair, and said that the boy was dying!

Then the captain, struck with remorse, sent for his wife.

What strange power is there in a woman's hand? The moment the little lady's touched the invalid's brow he seemed to revive.

A week later he was able to go about the decks. One evening about a month from that time, during a heavy gale, the captain's foot slipped while he was on the lee rail, and he fell into the sea, but contrived to cling to the main chains. There was his wife, half distracted, begging somebody to save her husband—endeavoring to save him herself, perling her own life for his, but without success.

It seemed as if the captain must soon let go his hold. The men were all aloft, and could do nothing in time to save him.

Derrick, who had been steering, now bounded into the waist, fastened around his body a rope, one end of which was attached to the mast, and plunging overboard, succeeded in holding his captain until both could be lifted from their perilous situation by the crew.

The skipper received his half-fainting wife in one arm, and with his disengaged hand clasped that of the boy.

"God forgive me for my jealousy!" he cried. "You are a noble lad, Derrick; and had I allowed you to die my own fate must have been scaled a moment after."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1866.

CONGRESS.

THE Congressional elections of the autumn have been another and a noble vindication of the principle of our Government, and a prodigious warning to any officer of the Government who ventures even to seem to erect the personal will above the public will and conviction. The grossest insult ever offered to the American people was the declaration of the President that he might become himself Dictator, and the most stupid political blunder was the assertion of the Postmaster-General that the officers of the United States Government were the masters of the President's bread and butter. Both of the remarks were rhetorical, doubtless; but they struck that righteous, popular indignation in which alone dwells safety in the Republic. For the first time Congress was publicly derided by the Executive. And what is Congress? It is the people of the United States representatively assembled. In the Congressional elections have been the prodigious, threefold protest of the people—first, against the assumption of the President to have a policy in a matter entirely beyond his authority; second, against the fatal incompleteness of the conditions he proposed; and third, against the Executive assault upon Congress, which dared even to hint at military subversion of the Government. The elections of 1864 were not more significant than those of 1866.

Now that the Union majority in Congress is fully determined, and that there is no question of its overpowering ascendency, it is natural to ask what Congress is likely to do. Will it impose severer conditions of restoration? Will it impeach the President? Will it pass a high tariff? Will it adopt a peremptory tone toward England upon the Alabama claims? Will it be a rash or a wise Legislature?

The Congress that meets in December is not, indeed, the Congress that has been just elected, but it is composed in great part of the present members, and the elections have been a distinct popular approval of the general Congressional policy. But we have not those who suppose that the elections have given Congress *carte blanche*, authorizing it to do whatever eccentricity or extravagance may propose; and we have every reason, from the character of the last session, and from the general tendency of human nature, that the policy of Congress will be neither timid nor rash, but will faithfully express the general good sense of the people, which is carrying the country swiftly and safely through its present perplexities. Those who persistently reason of the people of the United States they as if they were the French Revolutionists of 1793 will probably see nothing but a reign of terror in the assembly of "a Radical Congress." But many persons have neither faith in popular government nor in any other principle which requires confidence in the public good sense. When a New York mob hangs and burns negroes and children these persons think they see the inevitable result of a free popular system. But when the American people wages tremendous war for Union and Liberty and then expresses and see no reason to believe that the American people know what they are doing.

But they did know what they and they do know now. The new Congress will be like the late Union Convention in this State. There has never been a Convention so harmoniously radical, and never one whose action was so sagacious. It could have done any thing. It could have said any thing. To the most radical sentiment it was like tinder to the spark. The good sense was as conspicuous as its profound conviction. The very consciousness that it was unchecked by any opposition, and that it was merely acting for vast national ends, kept it in warm temper to a moderate speech, and its wisdom disappointed its sincerest enemies. It will be the same with Congress during this session as it was during the last. The President and his friends have tired the language with abuse of Congress. But what did Congress do? What Radical leader said, "Follow"? Congress completes the conditions upon which alone the President approved the restoration of the rebel States; and while it honored, as all faithful citizens must, the fidelity to liberty and justice of men like Mr. SUMNER and Mr. STEVENS, the Congressional policy was indicated by men like Mr. FESSENDEN.

Unless in the Maryland difficulty or some other matter the President shall exasperate and alarm the country, we do not believe that in the present condition of public opinion he will be impeached. Mr. BINGHAM and General BUTLER and their friends will doubtless represent that the strong feeling against the President has been in great degree placated by the elections. So long as there were doubt and fear as to the condition of the public mind and the President's opportunities and intentions there was naturally extreme bitterness toward him. But as it appeared that the public sentiment and resolution were unshaken, the Presidential chances and designs, whatever the latter may have been, dwindled so as to become mainly matters of curiosity. Nor do we anticipate at this session of Congress the proposition of any severer conditions of restoration than the adoption of the Amendment. The precedent of Tennessee will undoubtedly be followed. If any unrepresented State ratifies the Amendment she will resume her place in Congress.

The experiment of the last session in regard to the tariff will not be lost upon Congress. The Union party as such takes no ground upon the subject. It is neither a Protective nor a Free-trade party. It does, without question, favor a tariff for revenue during the present exigency. But the attempt to frame a protective tariff during the last session was direct aid and comfort to the President in his plan of demoralizing and destroying the party. The alienation of a certain portion of the party in the early summer was greatly due to the extremely unwise and inexcusable course upon this subject of some prominent representatives. The latter policy could be repeated only with the same result, and at a time when Union is the most sacred, patriotic duty of the party.

The tone of Congress in our foreign policy ought to be conciliatory and moderate. The only disturbing questions are the position of France in Mexico—a question which is conclusively answering itself, and which needs no rhetoric to invoke Monroe—and the Alabama claims, which can equally dispense with BUNCOMB in their settlement. All that is necessary is, that Congress should apply the same vigilant good sense to the foreign affairs of the country which the members individually devote to their private affairs. And it will be of the utmost service in the saving of the country, public vexation, and national honor if those members who may be classified as the sensational members should be left at home to mind their own business, and not regarded as especially representative of any body but themselves, or of any purpose but their own ambition.

The country has ratified the policy of restoration. It has expressed its confidence in Congress, and it remains for Congress to work rather than to talk.

THE END OF AUSTRIA IN ITALY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Daily News* writes from Venice, from Venice, that "There was a trampling of feet along the narrow passage beside my hotel at four o'clock this morning. At the bells grew fainter and fainter there was a hoarse word of command and a hurrying forward of the rearmost files. Then there was a dead silence again, and we had the last of the Austrians in Venice."

What a ghostly end is here of one of the most cruel tyrannies known in history! How impregnably intrenched in the very heart of the people of Italy this tyranny may be seen in the graphic pictures of the famous Quadrilateral or military square of fortified cities, published in another part of this paper. This was the point at which the iron hand of Austria clutched and held Italy. The records of the old Venetian Council of Ten can not be more tragical than those of Austrian rule. The daily and steady oppression has almost ruined a nation, and has nothing to show but a few military roads. Venice, wonder to Lombardy for that generation has never been able to escape the perception of the nightmare that brooded upon the land. The young men lounging and listless, frivolous and effeminate, the Italian Austrian eye and hand every where, and every where hated; superstition and ignorance and frivolity encouraged because they tend to enervate and demoralize; these things no observer could help seeing.

It was one of the wicked arrangements of the "Christian alliance," upon the fall of NAPOLEON, which disposed of countries according to the ambition of rulers, and not in obedience to the wishes of the people. But that settlement, so cordially hated by all lovers of national liberty in Europe, was not only overthrown by the Prussian arms at Sadowa, but in another direction by the uprising of the Italian people and by the whole mass of the population of adult age voted. The vote was enormous, and almost uniform in its result. In the city of Venice, out of 30,000, 26,180 voted, and almost all affirmatively. In Padua 8000 votes were cast. In the country district of Dolo the people marched to the polls with the priests at their head, and 7170 persons voted out of a total of 7700 electors. In the city of Verona there were 16,075 votes, and only one in the negative. At Udine there was but one negative out of 5473 votes. Chioggia and Rovigo more than 10,000 affirmative votes and no negatives were thrown. At Vicenza two negatives out of 8810 votes.

There was never so unanimous a vote, and Italy now enters with all her heart upon her new career. The Pope is the only potentially disturbing element, and surrounded by a free and constitutional Italy, it is not possible that the Pope can long sit upon his temporal throne. Whether he will choose to remain upon his old ground merely as supreme head of his Church, or emigrate to some island where he can still be political lord paramount, the event alone future will disclose. Austria can no longer defend him upon his throne, and poor old Spain, which can hardly stand, proposes to him that they shall combine their weakness and try to hold each other up. It will be a mummy trying to prop a falling statue. Meanwhile the ocean telegraph will at any moment herald the news of the entry of VICTOR EMANUEL into Venice, and then it will be for Italy to show by the energy and sagacity of her legislation that she was really worthy of the victory that has achieved her unity, but which is due to other arms than hers.

FLATTERING THE FENIANS.

IT seems to us that honorable men can have but one opinion of the Fenian foray into Canada, and consequently but one opinion of the attempt to excite hostility against the President for his action in the matter. It is, indeed, the one energetic, praiseworthy, and thoroughly American act of his administration. The laws of the United States were deliberately defied by a mob which sought to make our soil the base of treasonous and piratical assault upon a peaceful neighbor. It was not only defiance, but contemptuous defiance, and the President instantly and effectively stopped the whole enterprise. It is foolish to say that he had encouraged the Fenians before he opposed them. He received a deputation of them, and in their report they lectured JOHN BULL; but he was very careful to say no more than that the release was a compliment to the large "section of our countrymen with whom he was professionally identified." It was the usual irreverence of a Democratic politician to the Irishmen, and it was not as a Fenian that MITCHELL was released.

That the President's action was prompt and decisive the moment that overt acts were committed shows that his sense of official duty properly transcended all his inclinations as a politician. He did not hesitate to take the risk of alienating that part of Irish sympathy which is Fenian, and which Mr. SEWARD, the Head Centre, numerically estimates at 20,000. This was the course in which the President was fairly entitled to the most generous and cordial support of all lovers of the honor of the national name and of the utter immorality and indecency of party-spirit could be shown in nothing more than in the efforts of some of our political friends to turn the matter to their own ends. The most extraordinary spectacle of the late canvass was General WALBRIDGE extolling the lower wards of the city of New York as the scene of an intelligent peal, of which Mr. GREELEY and Mr. BENNETT were the fraternal Castor and Pollux—the whole being intended to obtain the same result for Mr. GREELEY that Mr. GREELEY is a true friend of the laboring man is unquestionable; but this method of electioneering must certainly strike every honest man with disgust.

Every fair means of gaining votes should be constantly and vigorously practiced; but every similar method. Certainly in any contest, an election, loses a cause. The danger of our general politics is the kind of corruption upon which the Democratic party relies in the city of New York. It is the spirit which makes a foreign ignorance and vice, and if ignorance and vice succeed the result is tremendous and disastrous. Could there be any thing more likely than the appeal to an ignorant foreigner for his vote, upon the ground that the President was his enemy because he had faithfully executed the just laws of the land? Besides the enormity of the appeal in itself, there is the perilous folly of supporting the theory that an American citizen as an Irishman, or a Fenian, against his country is a foreigner and undertakes to make war from our soil against a friendly power, the law deals with him very promptly. But if he be an American citizen his offense is even greater, and his pretense that he is acting as a citizen of some other country is an insult to all of us.

When Irishmen, or the people of any other country, leave their land and come to live among us, they must understand that they are to obey the laws. If their sympathy with the sorrows of the land they leave behind inspires them to help them strike for their liberty, let them return and help them. But an Irish Republic

which establishes its head-quarters in New York, and numbers a few innocent Canadians by way of making war upon England, is not an Irish Republic which commands the respect of honorable men; and to attempt to propitiate its supporters by complaining of the President for enforcing its laws is a betrayal of the authority of law and a blow at public morality.

JOHN BRIGHT AND ENGLAND.

MACAULAY used to say that the next great convulsion in his country would be the contest between the Barons and the People, as that in 1645 it was between the Parliament and the King; and the speeches of JOHN BRIGHT seem to announce the approach of that contest. His present movement is the most significant political event in England since the revolution of 1688. It is the suggestion of an actual, although not necessarily a forcible, revolution. English statesmen and political philosophers hitherto have agreed in recognizing the balance of classes as essential to British stability. The objection of certain liberal papers, like the *Spectator*, to Mr. GLADSTONE'S bold claim of the suffrage, a few years since, for every innocent and intelligent man, was that it tended to throw all political power into the hands of one class, and thereby to destroy the sacred class organization. This was also the argument of Mr. LOWE, in his famous and memorable speeches which Mr. BRIGHT constantly and bitterly reviles. Mr. LOWE made his speeches offensive by declaring that the class which this controlling power was to be given was the most ignorant and vicious class in the country.

JOHN BRIGHT says that the government of the balanced classes has failed; that its historical tendency is to make the rich richer and the poor poorer; to concentrate the ownership of land in a few hands, and to exclude the great body of the population from political power. He proposes that an appeal be taken from the governing class to the nation, and that the nation govern itself. This involves nothing less than the disappearance of King, Lords, and Commons—the end of a monarchy, and the erection of a republic. It needs a shiver through the kingdom, as the monarchies are erected by reason of their moss and mould, if there be nothing else to endear them. It sets all England to thinking of the Lords and the Tennis Court, and the flight to Varennes; and already one quivering letter-writer thinks that JOHN BRIGHT may yet cause the London mob to cry *à la lanterne*, and to take to hanging Mr. LOWE and his adherents.

The striking fact of the situation is, that the movement is conducted entirely by the laboring, unenfranchised class. The middle class holds as far aloof as the aristocracy. Indeed, the aim of the middle class in England is to amass money enough to buy land, and so to aristocratize itself. JOHN BRIGHT may be said to head this unenfranchised and landless class, which is the last assured majority against all the other classes, the political power, and the impregnable traditions of the monarchy. The foreshadowed contest is tremendous. But Mr. BRIGHT is dreaded as the forcible revolution. He asks the governing class merely to consider history and human nature, and to be warned in time. Dropped letters from the mail-coach to see is sure destruction. Yielding and yielding more and more they may indeed at last yield the very British system itself, but better that than an explosion which will shatter every thing. Shall we learn nothing? he earnestly asks. What is the part of common-sense but to see what is unavoidable, and adapt ourselves to it? And what is statesmanship but common-sense making laws?

We rank JOHN BRIGHT'S movement in England, in its ultimate sense, with the vindication of popular government in this country and the prostration of the Austrian empire.

WHY WAS THE "EVENING STAR" LOST?

A SHIP-MASTER who has had more than twenty years' experience at sea in every kind of vessel, and three years upon the Southern coast in the naval blockading service in all seasons and all weathers, writes to give us his views of preventing such accidents as that of the *Evening Star*. Our ships, he says, are as stanch and swift as can be built; and the *Evening Star* was not long. She thinks, because of her weakness. The storm was not unusual for the latitude and the season, but at the height of the gale "the rudder-chains gave way, or some accident happened to disable the ship because unmanageable." A similar entanglement of the rudder-chains was almost fatal to the *Great Eastern*.

The great mistake, says our sea-faring friend, is that "almost all our large steamers have no steering gear immediately connected with the rudder-head, while the chains pass at many angles, and along the length of the ship, and in many obvious ways can be entangled. An iron bar attached to the rudder-head directly over the rudder-head, and a pair of rudder-tacks ready at all times, which could be worked with a few hands, the course dictated by the officer in charge of the deck, could have been used effectively to keep the *Evening Star* head to the sea; or if not head to, might have kept her before it, and in either position, in all probability, she would have weathered the gale." Our correspondent says that during the blockade many vessels of all classes, which were near or intended for sea-service, rode out at anchor many of the most severe gales upon the very worst parts of the coast, and that they had been exposed "broadside to, or in the trough of the sea, many of them would have gone to the bottom." Whether the facts upon the *Evening Star* are correctly apprehended or not by our correspondent, he makes a very sensible suggestion, which can be very easily followed.

The fate of the *Evening Star* is attributed, by the report of Captain MEW, who has charge of the enforcement of the United States laws in relation to steamships, to bad management. The hull of the steamer was sound, the machinery in good condition, but she needed another engineer, and instead of her proper complement of fourteen men, she carried but ten, and some of these are reported to have been employed otherwise than as seamen. The force was not enough to handle the ship; the facilities suggested in the letter of a ship-master, were not at hand; no effort was made to get her head to the wind, though her rudder had not been most of the time, and they were the ship and two hundred passengers. The report does not say that a larger crew would have saved the ship, but it does say that she would probably have been kept afloat, and a full crew could have manned the boats, which were large enough for both crew and passengers, and in that way many more lives might have been saved.

The owners and officers of the *Evening Star* certainly owe some explanation to the public of a great disaster for which this report makes them partly responsible.

FIRE!

As all Americans travel more or less, we are all peculiarly interested in making travel safe. Nothing tends to that result so surely as the publication of the numerous disasters and accidents by which travelers observe; for when the officers of railroads and steamboats fully understand that any negligence will be promptly reported to the public, they will take good care to avoid all accidents that are not inevitable. The American is a pestilent mus traveler; but JOHN BULL grumbles in his discomfort or his danger is remedied. We lately described a fire upon the *Plymouth Rock* steamer which was promptly discovered by a vigilant and extinguished before serious harm was done. We have received a letter from the *Occident* of *State-room* 53, who was the passenger of whom we spoke, and who makes the same statement, which we commend to the attention of the Company and of all travelers by the Sound steamers.

"The boat that night was lighted by lamps having a temporary standard made of wood or pasteboard, and placed on the mantle tables without being fastened. This lamp (the occasion of the fire) being the nearest to the curtains of the berth, the passenger fell first. Suppose there had been a collision, there would have been thirty fires instead of one to put out in the darkness and fear. I was the owner of the gentleman who knew of the fire preceding night *but the lamps had been taken with fire and quenched, and was unlit when he so that no more fires occurred.* They are, although of only four cents each, supplied in the hands or passengers smoking cigars around the baggage (freight), which consisted in part of cotton and wool."

No one who travels by the Sound steamers but perceives the perils to which this is exposed. But does not this system of lighting foolishly multiply the perils? How grave they were felt to be in the case of which we have spoken is proved by the fact of some of the passengers forming themselves into a Vigilance Committee. It is quite time, as our correspondent suggests, that we should be on our guard against the abuses that are stealing in upon us to such an alarming extent.

BATHING.

HUFFELAND, a German physician who wrote on health at the end of the last century, said that the whole body ought to be bathed in cold water every day, and this has been constantly repeated by writers on health up to the present time. And yet there are very few, even among those who consider themselves in good health, who are that physical condition, who comply with this injunction. Are they who neglect it altogether in error? Is certainly not the case with those who are in most of them to comply with it; but still, if the means be requisite for securing the full health of the body, the inconvenience should be no bar to employment. That bathing should be used far more than it is by most people there can be no doubt; the question is, to what extent it is required, and in what ways should it be used? We will answer this briefly as well as we can.

There are two objects in bathing. One is to cleanse the skin. This organ (for it must be remembered that it is an active organ, and not a mere covering) is continually discharging a large quantity of refuse matter from the system, in the form of both insensible and sensible perspiration. For this purpose there are innumerable tubes closely set together. It is important that the outlets of those tubes, the pores of the skin, should be kept well open. They are liable to be obstructed, both by the accumulation of some of the matter which passes out of them, and by the lodgment of matter brought to the skin by the air, and in various other ways. These accumulations are removed in three ways—by becoming attached to the clothing in its friction from the motions of the body, by the application of water, and by the washing out of the tubes of the skin by the free flow of perspiration occasioned by brisk exercise.

The second object of bathing is to influence the skin as an active and sensitive organ. We see this in a marked manner when cold bathing is attended with a glow of warmth. The skin is highly endowed with nerves, and, as a sensitive organ, has an important play in the economy of the system. The impressions that the *Occident* of *State-room* 53, as attributed, by the report of Captain MEW, who has charge of the enforcement of the United States laws in relation to steamships, to bad management. The hull of the steamer was sound, the machinery in good condition, but she needed another engineer, and instead of her proper complement of fourteen men, she carried but ten, and some of these are reported to have been employed otherwise than as seamen. The force was not enough to handle the ship; the facilities suggested in the letter of a ship-master, were not at hand; no effort was made to get her head to the wind, though her rudder had not been most of the time, and they were the ship and two hundred passengers. The report does not say that a larger crew would have saved the ship, but it does say that she would probably have been kept afloat, and a full crew could have manned the boats, which were large enough for both crew and passengers, and in that way many more lives might have been saved.

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You see, then, that as the skin is an active secreting organ it can, to a considerable extent, take care of itself. It is not entirely dependent on bathing to clear away the refuse which is disposed to collect at the outlets of its tubes. The whole of the skin, or face and hands, need to be washed every day as a measure of cleanliness. Only the most exposed portions of it need this. The frequency with which it should be done in other parts depends much on circumstances. We had better, however, err on the side of doing it too much than too little. Not that so much time comes from doing it too much, for there is such a thing as making the organ too sensitive, and impairing its functions to too frequent bathing. Daily bathing, accompanied by friction, may necessitate too active a renewal of that very delicate covering of the skin which we call the cuticle, and so injure the true skin, from whose surface this is constantly forming. So, some portions of it being as constantly thrown off in the shape of very minute scales.

Neither is the skin wholly dependent on cold bathing, as some seem to think, to give it tone and activity. This is the case of the many means of doing this, and we may add, a subordinate one. Even exercise, as one of the most important of these means, giving vigor to all the organs, the skin as well as the rest. This can not be dispensed with. It is absolutely essential, while cold bathing is far from being so, for even a high degree of healthy vigor is often maintained without it, if there be but such brisk exercise.

Observe that it is as true of bathing with cold water as it is of exposure to cold air, that a good reaction is necessary to healthy influence. If this do not occur the effect is depressing to the vital powers, and tends to produce ill-health and even positive disease. It is from this plain fact that led to much injury, especially in the case of persons of delicate health. So popular has been cold bathing of late that it has often been to indiscriminate.

Let us look, then, at some of the points of discrimination which should be observed. The robust can use cold bathing with comparatively little precaution, because they have a reaction so readily excited; but even with them it should not be resorted to when the system is fatigued. For this reason it is generally improper in the after-part of the day. The best time for its use, in relation to the morning, is that which is toward the latter part of the forenoon, for the system is then in its most vigorous condition. But early in the morning is the most convenient time, and when the rest of the night there is sufficient vigor for a suitable reaction in most persons.

In mild cold bathing as a tonic (and it is a capital one), there is no necessity for bathing the whole body. Sometimes one part can be bathed and sometimes another, but never all the regulate tonic effect to be secured by merely putting the feet into cold water every morning. Neither is it essential that there should be immersion—sponging will do as well. What is required is simply the impression of cold upon the skin generally. The benefit that results comes from accustoming the system to thus react on receiving the impression of cold through the nerves of the skin, instead of succumbing under it into a state of depression. It is in this way that cold bathing is so serviceable in ridding one of the disposition to take cold, and in making it in the summer and continuing it on into winter.

Many persons of delicate constitution, as already hinted, have been injured of benefit from cold bathing by the failure to have a reaction. They can ordinarily succeed in obtaining this result, however, if they manage to do the right way. It may be necessary to begin with using water somewhat warm, having it cooler from day to day till they get to use the coldest. Or they can first carefully rub the water over a small portion of surface, daily enlarging the bounds of its application as the habit of reaction becomes established. Of course friction may be employed as an auxiliary in securing reaction, the exercise requisite in applying it and the stimulation of the skin both uniting to produce the effect.

THE ARTISTS' FUND WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

THE artists have wisely resolved to devote one of the galleries of their Annual Exhibition to *paintings in water-colors*; and so generous has been the response of private owners that so complete and beautiful a collection of water-colors has never been seen in this country as that which has been gathered at the National Academy rooms in which the Exhibition is held. Visitors and readers are aware that some of TURNER'S finest and most characteristic works are in water-color; and until really good works in this style have been seen it is impossible to know of what force, variety, and exquisite tenderness water-color is capable. The collection is composed of works by the most famous painters, which will be so arranged that they can be most conveniently and satisfactorily studied; and the Exhibition will unquestionably be one of the freshest and most interesting ever held in the city.

LITERARY.

A LITTLE book just published by LIPPINCOTT, in Philadelphia, "With General Sheridan in Lee's last Campaign, by a Staff Officer," is a peculiarly valuable chapter in the story of the war; for although the author assures us that General SHERIDAN will not know what is in the book until he sees it, and has in no way prompted it, yet it is clear that the writer had the General's fullest confidence, and that his views are those of SHERIDAN. The book is a luminous and graphic account of the part borne by SHERIDAN and his men in the closing campaign. It goes at a hand-gallop, and is the most brisk and breezy reading. Moreover, its frankness, truthfulness, and generosity give great weight to all its statements upon disputed points; and it is especially interesting as presenting General SHERIDAN'S view of his own action in relieving General WARREN, which has also appeared in the narratives of General WARREN'S capacity or fidelity, as was proved by his appointment to an important command immediately afterward. The portraiture of SHERIDAN in this book is very striking and satisfactory. He is evidently a clear, electric man, of marvelous energy and celerity. But his "dash" is not reckless. It is a mere gush of fine animal spirits, and not the fatal swiftness of insight and genius. If SHERIDAN is the most romantic, he is also one of the ablest heroes of the war.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

SEVERDY DAVIS, through direct orders from Washington, has restored all extended privileges, he also allowed the liberty of the grounds during the day, and the reception of friends in the evening.

The receipts of Internal Revenue for the month of October, ending October 31, are $34,414,000.29, against $30,657,872.93 for the month of October last year. The aggregate receipts for the four months of the present fiscal year, commencing July 1 and ending October 31, are $120,761,345.49, against $124,151,209.19 for the same period last year.

MEMPHIS, in 1860, had a population of between 19,000 and 19,000. The *Avalanche* states that in 1860 the lowest estimate of the number of inhabitants was 40,000—an increase of 200 per cent. over the census of 1860 in eight years. The *Avalanche* says, with truth, that the population will number at least 60,000, some placing it at 70,000.

In Nashville colored children are heartily invited to attend the Sunday-Schools established for the other children, and no distinction is made on account of color or previous condition of servitude.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

October 27;

(FRANCE.)—An attempt was made to shoot the Emperor Francis Joseph as he was leaving the theatre this evening, but the assassin was arrested in time. The ball before the ball was fired he was seized by an Englishman and others, and under arrest.

October 29;

MEMPHIS.—The latest advices from Candia state that fighting between the Christians and the Turks has been continued, but the accounts of its progress are unreliable.

October 31;

(LONDON.)—The *Times* of to-day again editorially urges the reference of the claims of the Government upon Great Britain for the property destroyed by the *Alabama* to a joint commission to be appointed by the two Powers. The *Times* thinks this would be a set of policy, if not of justice.

(RUSSIA.)—The Czar of Russia has directed the celebration of a solemn *Te Deum* in this capital on the 11th of November, for the restoration of peace.

October 31;

(RUSSIA.)—The Turks claim great victories over the Christians in Candia. In a hard-fought battle near Sphakia, on the 26th inst., the Turks say the Christians lose was very heavy. Three thousand Cretans had been driven from their position, and sought a hiding-place and refuge, a tide rising and submerging them. Large concessions were being made by the Christians to the Turkish authority.

(HONG KONG.)—The Governor has delivered an allocution condemning the conduct of Italy, declaring that he is ready to die in the defense of the rights, and that in case of need he will seek the free exercise of his ministry in mountains.

November 2;

(PARIS.)—The *Presse* says the alliance between Prussia and Russia is a fixed fact.

(ROME.)—The Italian Press denounce the allocution of the Pope against the conduct of Italy.

(PARIS.)—It is said that Count De Montholon has been ordered to return from Washington and repair to Berlin, that Count Rechberg will go to Washington and take his place there.

November 3;

(PARIS.)—The Moniteur says that the Government of Russia has been ordered to be raised to their full strength.

(VIENNA.)—The Diet of Hungary has been convoked for the 19th.

November 4;

(VIENNA.)—Decrees have been promulgated relieving Messdorf from the Foreign Ministry Office, and appointing Von Beust as his successor. Messdorf has also appointed Baron John Minister of War, vice Esterhazy, relieved. The Ministry is virtually reformed. Von Beust has issued a circular, wherein he declares himself entirely German from this part. He says he states the Austrian service free and unprejudiced. Austria will maintain a strong and peaceful constitutional policy, but will uphold the dignity of the Empire.

(BERLIN.)—The Queen of Prussia and his family re-entered Dresden yesterday, and were well received by the people.

November 5;

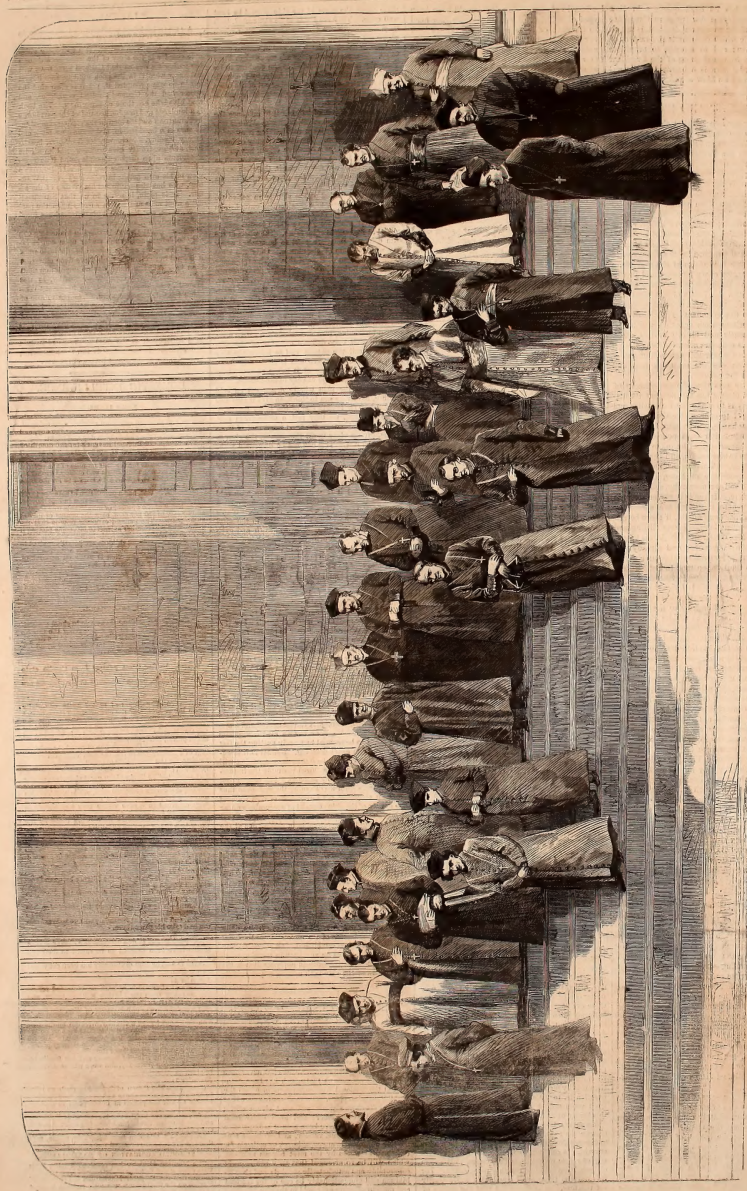
(MADRID.)—The Queen of Spain has made an offer to the Pope of a residence at Granada, and Spanish vessels of war are placed at his disposal in case of emergency.

(ST. PETERSBURG.)—The war is renewed in Bokhara, and the Russian forces have besieged and taken the city of Dirutzie.

LONDON.)—A telegram from Tien-Tsin, China, says that the French have declared war against Corea.

RUMORED ABDICATION OF MAXIMILIAN.

The Mexican Minister has received a letter from Vera Cruz, dated October 20, by way of New Orleans, stating that the Emperor Maximilian left the city of Mexico on the 9th instant, resigning verbally in favor of General Rasalez.



ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF THE SECOND ROMAN CATHOLIC PLENARY COUNCIL ASSEMBLED AT BALTIMORE, OCTOBER 7, 1866.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BENDANN BROTHERS, 50 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 736.



THE IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY.—[DRAWN BY GEO. C. MASON.]

VENICE AND THE QUADRILATERAL.

THE transfer of Venetia to Italy, which is now completed by treaty, and will soon be complete as a practical fact, imparts a special interest to the capital city of the province, and to the four fortified cities constituting the Quadrilateral, of which we give illustrations on pages 728 and 729.

VENICE,

for many centuries the capital of a celebrated republic, the first maritime and commercial Power of the world, and one of the finest cities in Europe, is unique, both as regards position and construction, being built entirely on piles, and occupying seventy or eighty small islands, separated by 140 canals, which are crossed by 300 bridges. The chief of the canals is the Grand Canal, 100 to 180 feet wide, and bordered by magnificent palaces and churches; it separates the city into two nearly equal portions, which are connected by the bridge of the Rialto, built of white marble, and consisting of a single arch. The streets or lanes are so narrow and intricate as to render the city a vast labyrinth, and, being fit only for foot-passengers, the place of wheel-carriages is supplied by small barges called gondolas, the peculiar form and great number of which constantly traversing the principal canals presents one of the chief characteristics of the city. The largest street, the Merceria, in which are the best shops, is only 15 feet wide; the principal promenades are the square of St. Mark, and the public gardens, which are nearly surrounded by the sea. Among its many squares, the most remarkable for extent, regularity, and beauty of situation, is the Piazza di San Marco (St. Mark), on the south side of the city, at the entrance of the Grand Canal. On the east side of this is a smaller square called the Piazzetta, and at the angle, between these, is the Church of St. Mark. Venice contains a vast number of magnificent churches and palaces, adorned with the paintings of Titian and the frescoes of Tintoretto and Paul Veronese. The chief edifices are the palace of the Procuratie Vecchie and the Procuratie Nuove, which occupy the greater part of the square of St. Mark, around which extends a vast gallery containing elegant shops and cafés. The former palace of the Doge, built by MARINO FALIERO in the fourteenth century, is remarkable for its architecture and its imposing mass; its interior is decorated with many of the finest works of the great painters. The Bridge of Sighs connects this palace with the former prisons and dungeons of the Inquisition. Among the ecclesiastical edifices the most magnificent is the Church of St. Mark, with its golden ceilings, its pavement of jasper and porphyry, its 500 columns of black, white, and veined marble, bronze, alabaster, verde antique, and serpentine.

In the Middle Ages Venice had a monopoly of the manufacture of glass; but this has greatly declined; and its manufactures are now confined to mirrors, jewelry, artificial pearls, silks, and porcelain. The imports comprise sugar, coffee, and other colonial produce; cotton and woollen fabrics, cotton yarn, and raw cotton; hardware goods. The exports, silk and silk goods, glass wares, and books.

Venetia attained the height of its prosperity in the fifteenth century. It began to decline at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and its overthrow was completed by the French in 1797. By the Treaty of Presburg, in 1805, it was made over, with the provinces of the continent, to the kingdom of Italy; and was held by the French till 1814, when it reverted to Austria. In 1848 the Venetians revolted against the Austrians, and held the city for several months. The Government of Venice comprises eight delegates, which bear the names of their capitals—Venice, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Rovigo, Treviso, Belluno, and Udine.

Venice is not only an interesting relic of past magnificence, but a great fortress capable of holding back an army from penetrating within her ports and canals, and also able to act as a point of concentration for a force that might assemble here and threaten the rear of a southern army marching against Goritzia or the Tyrol. Around the city there are no less than eighty-two forts, fifty-eight of which are permanently armed, and the remainder would receive their guns on the first tidings of the enemy's preparing to attack. The place is provisioned for four months, and the works are capable of holding out for a still longer period, especially since Admiral TEGETHOFF took the command of the sea, and thus insured the freedom of communication with Trieste. The great high-roads and the railways to Venice approach the city through Mestre, a small unfortified town to the northwest, only important as the junction of the routes from all directions. The railway is continued over the lagunes by a bridge about two miles and a quarter long.

THE QUADRILATERAL.

The sensations with which one regards a nest of fortresses such as the Quadrilateral are very different in war and peace. When the Archduke fought the battle of Custozza

VERONA

was regarded as a port in a storm—a refuge in the hour of need; for his whole army might have sought shelter within the line of her forts if the fortunes of the day had turned against the Austrians, and defeat instead of victory had attended their arms. But now that Italy has achieved her long self-set task, and is only remains for diplomatists to settle the exact terms of the treaty, there is a crushing weight in the parapets, ditches, and detached forts that makes one long for the free mountain air so near in space and yet so far removed in nature from these oppressive fortifications. Josefstadt, Koniggratz, and Theresienstadt are border strong-holds: Olmütz is a great fortress: Venice is a pearl placed in an almost impregnable casket; but Verona is a



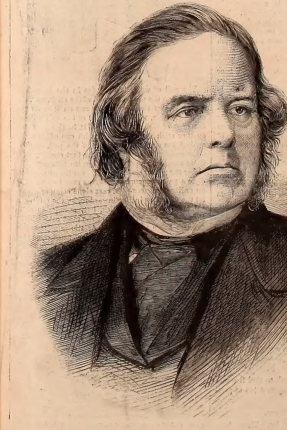
JAWBONE OF A MASTODON, RECENTLY FOUND AT COHOES, NEW YORK.
SKETCHED BY R. WEIR.—[SEE PAGE 726.]

fortified camp, built to contain a host, which it can shield from sudden attack, and yet suffer to go forth against the enemy without a check upon the mobility of the mass of men. The town contains some 60,000 inhabitants, yet it seems but a garrison of soldiers; none of its fine old churches are turned into hospitals, its theatres into corn stores, and the most perfect Roman amphitheatre in Europe, a contemporary of the Coliseum at Rome, was used as a prison for the Italians taken at the battle of Custozza.

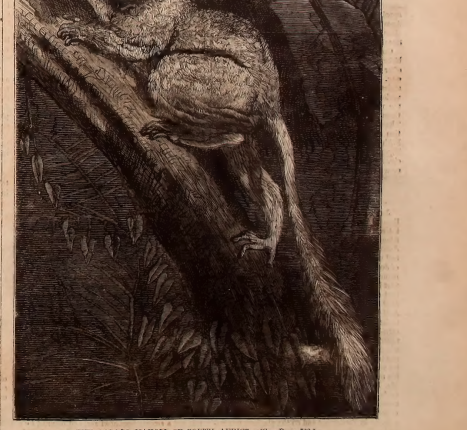
PESCHIERA, situated on the northwest corner of the square, where the Mincio leaves the Lake of Garda, is commanded by heights surrounding it, which gave it the name of the Spittoon. The town is small, containing about 2000 inhabitants, principally engaged in fishing. Peschiera is connected with Verona by a railway. A treble circle of walls and bastions, raised on the surrounding heights, enables the fortress to contain an army of at least 30,000 men, thus giving the commander the opportunity to act on the offensive as well as the defensive. The terrain of the Upper Mincio from Volta to Lonato—to which, besides Peschiera, Valeggio, and Salionzi serve as bases—is extremely favorable for the defensive. The town and barracks of Peschiera are surrounded by strong walls and bastions. These fortifications, however, are now of very secondary importance for its defence. It has been surrounded by a chain of very strong forts—nine in number, which lie at from half a mile to a mile distance from the town, and about a quarter of a mile from each other. Fort No. 1 is on the shore of the lake looking toward Lombardy. Fort No. 9, on the shore to the north of Peschiera. These forts are all very strong; they are of earth-work, with stone containing-walls, and are surrounded with moats. Peschiera, with this chain of fortresses, appears to be, like Verona, Mantua, and Venice, absolutely impregnable.

MANTUA,

at the southern point of the line of the Mincio, distant from Peschiera twenty miles, is a town of nearly 30,000 inhabitants, and is one of the few fortresses that inspired even NAPOLEON I. with respect. It is built on a flat island in the River Mincio, which forms here several small areas and a tolerably large lake, that bound Mantua on the north and east, while the river proper and a wide marsh surround it on the south and west. The fortifications of the town itself are of no great importance, and consist only of an old wall and bastions. It derives its great strength from the forts around it. The River Mincio, widening above and below Mantua, and the whole country around being extremely marshy, would render it very difficult for a besieger to construct bridges near enough to each other to secure



JOHN BRIGHT, ESQ., M.P.—[SEE PAGE 726.]



THE GALAGO MAHOLI OF SOUTH AFRICA.—[SEE PAGE 726.]

the necessary support. The besieged, on the other hand, can change with ease from one bank to the other, and attack an enemy where he is weakest.

Legnago is a small place; about 1000 men suffice to garrison it. The fortifications are, however, very strong, and the place is of importance, as guarding the passage of the Adige, which is tolerably wide here. Immense rice-fields stretch away far to the southwest, and are traversed by but few roads.

THE IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY,

of which we give an illustration on page 725, is an interesting heir-loom, which, by special stipulation, now reverts to Italy.

This crown was used for the coronation of the kings of Italy, and was given, in 616, by THEODOLINDA, Queen of the Lombards, to the Basilica of Monza. It derives its name from the circle of iron incrusted in the interior, and supposed to have been forged out of one of the nails of the cross. The diameter of the crown is six inches, and it is two and a quarter inches wide. It is composed of a kind of jointed collar of gold, and is loaded with sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and other precious stones, uncut and interspersed with flowers of gold. Apart from its antiquity, it possesses no other merit than the richness of the materials of which it is formed, and does not manifest any great artistic talents in the Lombard or Italian goldsmiths at the end of the sixth century—the date of the crown. It served at the coronation of NAPOLEON at Milan, when he placed it on his own head, saying, "*Dio mi la dette, guai a chi la tocca!*" words which afterward became the motto of the Order of the Iron Crown.

PRELATES OF THE SECOND PLENARY COUNCIL.

On the 7th of October the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore commenced its session. It was a religious gathering of great importance to the Roman Catholic Church, comprising seven archbishops and thirty-nine bishops. The venerable appearance of most of the delegates, clad in robes fashioned after a model eighteen centuries old, made a striking effect. We may readily believe the *Catholic Mirror* when it says that "the representative character of those who composed the ecclesiastical part of the Council, their eminence of station, the collected wisdom of those present in all departments of sacred and profane lore—letters truly splendid and learned—mingled of religion—revered age and experience, united harmoniously with the strength and fire of early manhood; the splendor and richness of ecclesiastical vestments, such as our Church ritual requires, blended with the pomp of ceremony; the swelling strains of sacred music pouring forth in consonance with the Pontifical High Mass; each and all conspired to ravish the heart, and entrance the soul with the transports of divine adoration."

The State of Maryland may well be proud of her Catholic history. Her CALVERT was the great pioneer in the cause of religious liberty. "He was the first," says BANCROFT, "in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice, and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; to advance the career of civilization by recognizing the rightful equality of all Christian sects. The asylum of Papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers which, as yet, had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a Proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of its State."

The objects of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore were the re-establishment of discipline, and the general well-ordering of the affairs of the Church in America. It is fourteen years since the First Plenary Council met. That Council was also assembled by express direction of the Pope, who appoints a representative of his authority in the Apostolic Delegate he commissions to preside over them. In this case the Delegate was Dr. M. J. SPALDING, Archbishop of Baltimore.

Our engraving represents the archbishops and bishops assembled in front of the Cathedral, and is after a photograph by BENDANN BROTHERS, of this city. Mr. BENDANN spent two weeks in making a series of pictures—single figures and groups—of the various prelates at the archiepiscopal palace, and the results, apart from the interest attaching to them as portraits, are remarkable as works of art. These and other choice pictures are on free exhibition at the BENDANN BROTHERS' Gallery, No. 707 Fifth Avenue, corner of Seventeenth Street. The BENDANNS deserve great credit for their efforts to elevate their art, and we trust that success will crown their enterprise.

JOHN BRIGHT.

JOHN BRIGHT, Esq., member of the British Parliament for Birmingham, the great agitator in the interest of manhood suffrage, and one of the warm friends of America and her institutions, is the son of JACOB BRIGHT, Esq., of Greenbank, near Rochdale, and was born in 1811. He is a partner in the firm of JOHN BRIGHT & BROTHERS, cotton-spinners and manufacturers, of Rochdale. Though he had taken part in the reform agitation of 1831-32, he first distinguished himself in political life when, in 1839, he became one of the earliest members of the Anti-Corn-Law League, which sprang out of an association formed in 1838 to obtain the repeal of the corn-laws. In April, 1843, he unsuccessfully contested the representation of the city of Durham, for which, however, he was returned in July following; and he continued to sit for Durham until 1847, when he was first returned for Manchester. He made his maiden speech in Parliament on the motion of Mr. EWART for extending the principles of free trade, August 7, 1843. During the interval between his election for Manchester and the accession of the first BERRY Ministry to power Mr. BRIGHT's activity in Parliament and on the platform was varied and continuous. In the House of Commons he proposed to apply the remedy of free-trade in land to the state of things which produced the Irish famine. He appealed, unsuccessfully, for the dispatch of a Royal commission to investigate the condition of India; and in 1849 he was appointed one of the members of the once celebrated Select Committee on the House of Commons on Public Business. At Westminster, and still more in the provinces, especially at Manchester, he co-operated with Mr. COBDEN in the movement which the latter sought to create in favor of financial reform, mainly with a view to the reduction of the naval and military establishments. In 1851 he added his vote to those of the famous Parliamentary coalition which attempted to censure LORD PALMERSTON in the Pacifico affair; and in 1852 he took a prominent part in the welcome given to KOSSUTH by the advanced Liberals of Lancashire.

On the formation of the first Derby Ministry Mr. BRIGHT aided in that temporary reorganization of the Anti-Corn-Law League which the acceptance of free-trade by the new Government afterward rendered unnecessary. He was re-elected for Manchester, after a contest, at the next general election. With the accession of LORD ABERDEEN's Ministry to power began the discussion of the Eastern question, his share in which alienated from Mr. BRIGHT many of his former supporters. Mr. BRIGHT denounced the policy of the Russian War with energy; but his protests against it were dogged by an attack of severe illness, and just as the war had been brought to a close Mr. BRIGHT was compelled to forego all public action. He withdrew eventually to the Continent, and the news of the defeat of LORD PALMERSTON on the Canton question reached him while in Italy, in March, 1857. Although he had, of course, taken no personal part in the debate or division which produced LORD PALMERSTON's appeal to the country, yet he averred his entire approval of the vote of censure which had been proposed by Mr. COBDEN and seconded by Mr. MILNER GIBSON. While offering himself for re-election at Manchester, he was forbidden by his medical attendants to appear on the hustings; and Manchester rejected both Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. GIBSON by large majorities. A few months afterward the death of Mr. MUNTZ caused a vacancy in the representation of Birmingham. The constituency invited Mr. BRIGHT to become a candidate, and he was elected in the August of 1857.

Mr. BRIGHT has sat uninterruptedly for Birmingham since, no opposition to his return having ever been attempted. He is now the acknowledged leader of the more advanced section of the Liberals, and certainly the most talked-of, and perhaps the best-abused, man in her Majesty's dominions.

A MAMMOTH JAWBONE.

Our engraving on page 725 represents the jawbone of a mammoth, recently discovered by some workmen in their excavations at Harmony Hill, in Cohoes, New York. This relic is quite perfect as regards preservation, but the fact that the other tooth, while the left has three, all in good condition. The extreme length of the jaw is 82 inches, the greatest width at the hings being 21 inches; it weighs 48 pounds.

Professor HALL of Albany, the geologist, has visited the locality for the purpose of seeing the huge jawbone of a mastodon. The excavation has now been arched over and the work of building commenced; hence we can only say that the other wonders in that great curiosity-shop of nature, the peat bed, are forever sealed from the public eye.

THE GALAGO MAHOLI.

THIS beautiful little animal is a native of South Africa. Its habits are very interesting. It sleeps chiefly upon insects and fruit. When at rest with it on the wooded mountains about Tete, on the Zambesi, and the sides of the banks of the Nyassa Lake. He says it would leap at least 6 feet in a horizontal direction, as noiselessly as an owl. Mr. FRAZER observed squirrels, or some animal allied to it, at Cape Coast, Western Africa, in a tamarind-tree, at the top of which it had its nest, composed of loose leaves in the forked branches of the tree. The quick and froglike leaps of this pretty little animal are most remarkable for the perfect manner in which the animal alights from a leap of many yards. Long-tailed, and of the size of a squirrel.

OUR MEXICAN ILLUSTRATIONS.

AMONG the various battles, sieges, captures and recaptures, executions and retaliatory executions which now diversify the military history of MEXICO, not the least interesting incident is that which is the immediate occasion of our illustrations on page 732.

The French have for some time suffered more serious loss from their mutua. dissensions than from MAXIMILIAN's soldiers. In the anarchy which at present exists, with the prospect of an early withdrawal of the French, every ambitious Mexican chief thinks himself the Coming Man, destined to control the country and to seize the Presidency. And those leaders of factions hate each other more than they hate the French. A few weeks since Colonel CANALES usurped the control of Matamoras, and imprisoned General TAPIA, the legitimate Governor of the State of Tamaulipas. To rescue TAPIA, and restore to him his legitimate authority, was the object of an expedition undertaken on the night of September 21. The expeditionary force, under command of General FORD, was not large. It consisted of about 175 Americans and 30 Mexicans. A reinforcement of 200 TEXAN Volunteers was expected, but did not appear in season to participate in the attack. The expedition was to be supported by the gun-boat *Granite*, armed with a 3-inch rifle and a smooth-bore howitzer, and manned by a crew of eight men, under command of Captain B. S. OSBON, of New York. The attack was to begin at midnight. The expeditionary force was in camp on the American side of the Rio Grande, a few miles above Brownsville. The night proved stormy, and hours were wasted in collecting the force, so that it was three in the morning before the attack began. The fighting was of short duration. The troops went forward, seized the Plaza, the Department Head-quarters, the Custom-house, and were storming the Jail when, from some unaccountable cause, the order was given to fall back. Only a few shots had been exchanged; none of the advancing party injured. As soon as it was daylight the *Chimeca* steamed across to Brownsville, where, as CANALES threatened to open fire upon her, she was surrendered to the United States officials, leaving the United States authorities to decide a question as to who was justly entitled to her. CANALES, a usurper, or the Juarez Government. The expedition was mostly made up of Americans. It is claimed by the reports which have reached TAPIA was reduced. Since the affair of the 21st September General FORD has organized a larger force, with which he intends to make southern attack on CANALES.

Our illustrations give a view of Matamoras from the opposite side of the Rio Grande; a view of the outer defenses of Matamoras—Forts Zaragoza and Monterey—where the American-Mexican troops under General FORD were quartered previous to the attack which we have described; a sketch representing the attack on the Government House, CANALES's head-quarters, in which General TAPIA was confined; and portraits of CANALES and his right-hand man, Colonel CERDA.

PARLOR MAGIC.

THERE are a number of simple mechanical tricks which can be, and indeed often are, performed in the parlor and drawing-room, which depend on some principle of practice, as well as a reliance on some mechanical or philosophical principles. Others, known as "jugglers jokes," are simply absurd, and are occasionally introduced to vary an evening's entertainment, or to distract the attention of the audience. Among the best of these feats is

THE REGAL PROBLEM.

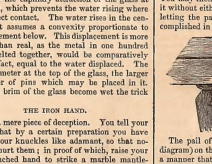
It is said that in the early days of the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, Inquired of the learned fellows how it was that, if a pear mullet was placed in a bucket of water, full to the brim, the water would not overflow? The learned answers and explanations were given, but the Merry Monarch demanded that they should be submitted to the test of practical experiment. The fish and the vessel of water were procured; some went the fish, bestartering the astonished philosophers and laughing with the splashing water. A modification of this regal problem may be thus solved: Fill a clean, dry wine-glass with water to the brim, so that apparently a drop more would cause it to overflow. Now, in place of the gray mullet, you propose to place pins in the water. How many do you think could be dropped in without causing the water to overflow? Probably a spectator would say, "Not one; more sanguine individuals would say, "Four;" others, "Twenty;" but the most enchanted would not believe that several hundreds could be dropped in without causing one drop of water to overflow. Nay, by carefully dropping them in, one at a time, point downward, you can continue until the glass is pretty closely packed with the pins, and they are piled high above the surface. This trick depends on the capillary attraction of the glass at the margin, which prevents the water rising where it is in direct contact. The water rises in the centre until it assumes a convexity proportionate to the displacement below. This displacement is more apparent than real, as the metal in one hundred pins, if melted together, would be comparatively small—in fact, equal to the water displaced. The pins displace the water to the top of the glass, the larger the number of pins which may be placed in it. Should the brim of the glass become wet the trick will fail.

THE IRON HAND.

This is a mere piece of deception. You tell your audience that by a certain preparation you have rendered your knuckles like adamant, so that nothing can hurt them; in proof of which, raise your firmly clenched hand to strike a marble mantlepiece; but as you bring it down open your fingers suddenly and strike the marble, then close them again. If this is quickly done it will seem as if you had struck your knuckles in the most violent manner.

THE SMOKER'S TRIPOD.

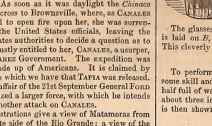
This ingenious trick consists in so placing three tobacco-pipes with the bowls downward (as shown in the engraving), each stem resting upon the stem



of its neighbor, close by the bowl, so that it would support a decanter of water or wine, a pot of porter, or other similar weight.

THE BRIDGE OF KNIVES.

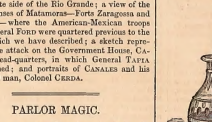
This is a pretty feat in mechanics. Three glasses are arranged in the form of a triangle, and three knives are arranged on them so as to form a bridge, as shown in the annexed diagram:



The glasses are shown at *C G G*. The knife *A* is laid on *B*, and *B* on *C*, which also rests on *A*. This cleverly formed bridge is self-supporting.

THE FLYING KNIFE.

To perform this trick with adroitness requires some skill and no little practice. A decanter about half full of water is placed on a *square* dining-table, about three inches from the edge. A dessert knife is then shown, and the blade is inserted between



the decanter and the table, just sufficient to keep it in a horizontal position. The problem is to introduce the knife into the decanter by one blow of the hand. To do this seemingly impossible feat the handle of the knife must be struck a sharp blow by the index finger of the right hand. This, if properly done, will cause the knife to fly upward and descend into the mouth of the decanter.

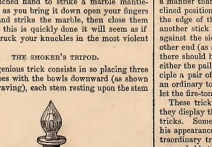
Another curious instance of mechanical force, acting in an apparently magical way, is the

MAGIC STROKE.

A stick which has been tapered off from the middle toward each end, if placed with its tapered ends resting on two wine-glasses, may be broken without injuring the wine-glasses, if struck smartly just in the centre. The stick must not be too thick. The firing of a candle through a deal board or a bullet through a glass window are parallel instances of the law of force applied in a similar manner.

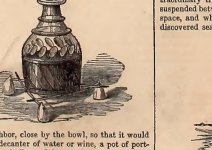
SELF-BALANCING.

There are two or three feats performed which depend on the laws of gravitation. I will here briefly describe one of the simplest. A stick is laid across a table, so that one-third of its projects over its edge. You may then undertake to hang a pail of water on it without either fastening the stick on the table or letting the pail rest on any support. This is accomplished in obedience to the laws of gravitation.



The pail of water is hung (as in the foregoing diagram) on the projecting end of the stick, in such a manner that the handle passes over it in a re-clined position, with the middle of the pail within the edge of the table. To fix it in this position another stick may be applied with one of its ends against the side at the bottom of the pail, and its other end (as shown) against the first stick, where there should be a notch to retain it: this prevents either the pail or stick moving. On the same principle a pair of common fire-tongs may be hung on an ordinary tobacco-pipe, care alone being taken to let the fire-tongs incline inward under the table.

These tricks are childish, but, strange to say, they display the principles of the most astonishing tricks. Some years ago an Asiatic juggler made his appearance in London, who performed some extraordinary tricks. Among others, a shawl was suspended between him and the audience for a brief space, and when taken away the old fellow was discovered seated in the air in the following pos-



ture, quietly smoking his hookah. His left arm alone rested on a small bar of iron, which was at-

A MERE SCRATCH.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

THE day was very young indeed when pretty Esther bright and fresh as the morn herself, stole out of her little chamber, and, thanks to thoughtfulness received overnight, made her way out into the beautiful garden for which Gosling Grove had long been renowned. She was to leave at eight, before which hour Sir George seldom quitted his room, and thus the young lady calculated that she might enjoy a ramble in the gardens, if not a short run in the woods, without attracting the notice of her host.

But she reckoned without that host.

She tripped gayly on, across the lawns, up one walk, down another, trying to lose her way in that, to her, enchanted labyrinth, and almost dancing in the buoyancy of spirit which a fair morning, lighting up love-things, enormously brings to the young. For a moment she sat down on a rustic seat; now she peeped into an arbor, and lingered beside a cynical sprite, and caught the liquid diamonds as they glittered forth. Passing up a path shaded with laurel and arbutus, she approached what appeared to be a garden more private than the rest. It was, however, guarded only by a light trellis-work. The gate was open, and a flow of roses beyond proved too tempting. Esther glided in. It comprised about half an acre, and was filled with rose-trees. It was the famed rose-pleasance of Gosling Grove, pride and solace of many a defunct Dame Gosling, the fruitful source of heart-burning among all gardeners of the district whose hearts were in their office.

Rose-lore was past, but a few varieties were yet in bloom, and Esther, whose passion was a rose, examined them with delight. One, just above her reach, tempted her, turned its glowing face toward her. She gathered it tenderly.

"What, Miss," she said, aloud, "may the last of God's beautiful works I see—except the dear human face—be cut off?"

"Who comes into the giant's garden at cock-crow to steal his favorite roses?" said a voice of assumed ferocity, as the speaker, looking as unlike Cormoran or Blunderbore as a handsome youth might, leaped from a trellised arbor artfully concealed in an angle of the pleasance.

Esther uttered a startled exclamation, and, in catching back her hand, scratched it somewhat smartly with a thorn.

"I am the unluckiest fellow in the world," exclaimed the giant, at once contracting into the ordinary dimensions, "in practical jokes! See, now, what I have done! My savage Khamsin, forbid-Thrumbo the Three-headed, could do no more than shed your blood. Let me assist you, Miss."

The hand had to submit, and afforded George an opportunity of noticing what we have learned already—that it was pretty hand, but one that had not spared itself in the battle of life, and now accepted the thorn-scratch with the indifference of a veteran.

Esther smiled, and murmured some excuse for her intrusion.

"My dear young lady, not a word," said the baronet. "It was by the merest chance—a fortunate one for me—that I rose so early, and wandered hither; a corner protected by a fine spinney, but which I rarely, I observe," he continued, "that you called me by my name. What has a spinney?"

"Not quite. I saw you last night, for a moment, on the stairs."

"You knew me *then*?"

"I—I had been looking at your picture," said Esther, hastily, "and, indeed, I might more properly ask, how do you know *me*?" she added, laughing to cover her embarrassment.

"I had been questioning my butler," replied Sir George, with affected hesitation. "Come, Miss Vann, since the gardens is fancy for retaining me in his den (though without, I do assure you, any culinary purpose), let him do what he may to atone for the detention, by showing you the treasures of his garden."

Sir George looked at his companion. Esther was without a bonnet, and the burnished hair, in its smooth bands, was the sole protection to the little shapely head, which rested upon a white and not too slim neck. Her countenance betrayed a rare mixture of firmness and sensibility. Her mouth and chin might have been cut in stone, so inexorable was their expression; while, on the other hand, her ready color, blossoming eye, and an occasional quick nervous movement in conversing, betrayed the excitability of a nature that must have attained the self-government by her beauty displayed.

She wore a dress of poor material, white here and there, a neat, though palpable darn, but adapting itself perfectly to her little, faultless figure, and set off with collar and wristbands like the driven snow.

It would seem that Sir George speedily forgot his promise concerning the flowers; oddly enough, Miss Vann appears to have forgotten it also. Certain it is that, without any pretense of visiting the choice parterres, the two strolled on, from walk to walk, in a state of perfect contentment. It would be difficult to say which had been the more surprised. Expecting in Esther a half-educated girl, whom a few months' tuition might, in an easy, patronising way, would more than satisfy, perhaps instruct, the baronet found himself engaged with one whose information seemed fully equal to his own, in whose taste he could detect no flaw, and whose modes of expression, singularly terse and clear, were wholly free from those conventionalities which are frequently indicative of superficial education.

As for Esther, the more she listened to her companion's discourse, the more overpowering became her amazement that a nature so refined should have been prompted to seek such an association as that which impended! Could it be that Sir George was about to be Esther's taste and judgment had long since convinced her that the gentleman was a man of mark? Indeed she might not be considered a shade below, the station to which she belonged. Could there be some unconception? Or was it an idle jest? The latter theory did not seem to harmonize with Sir George's character and bearing. What was or other of the parties used? If so, which?

"Will you look at me in that quick way?" asked George, abruptly, but with a smile.

"*Did* I?" said Esther, caught in the fact.

"Now, then once; and do not look at me, remember," continued George, "that my observations were, in either instance, of a strictly character, hence my curiosity. You must have discovered by this time that I am a tame and civil-spoken monster, and can have no serious apprehensions of me. Come, Miss Vann, something prompted that quick movement. Was hesitate? Then I proceed to query. You have been debating in your mind whether there is not in my family a slight taint of—of insanity—"

Esther colored.

"—and endeavoring," continued George, "to detect some evidence of it in my face?"

She blush deepened.

"An eloquent answer," said the young man, laughing. "Now, my dear Miss Vann, for it is out, in, confident on us to observe a solemn pledge—"

"How can you use it?"

"At hazard of every thing?"

"Yes, at—"

Esther paused a sudden pause. A thought, suggested she hardly knew how—most probably by a remark she had heard overnight—flashed across her mind.

"He has had a love-quarrel with—with the lady they spoke of at the Hale. This absurd proposal to my self was made in a moment of pique. Wrong—foolish—cruel to all three!"

"Do you answer me," said George.

"Or do you need the assurance of a nursery-governess," said Esther, rather spitefully, "that *every* promise should be kept, sacredly—"

"What?"

"—canceled by its wicked rashness."

"I should have said, a deliberate promise."

"There is a deliberation in passion itself," said Esther. "I spoke, at the moment, of that reason which wilfully blinds itself to former obligations, inconsistent with the new."

"But if the penalty of such doings attached only to one's self—"

"It would be simply what we deserve."

"Only, it rarely does," said George.

"Rarely," said Esther.

"That's the worst of it," said George.

"The worst," assented Esther.

By this time they had arrived at a few moments, following their own instinctive thoughts.

Esther's: "Poor, rich, unhappy man! A whole life of regrets, remorse, mortification, for perhaps one moment's augre! Two happy, beautiful lives spoiled, a third and a fourth blighted, possibly, and a most dear old aunt find in a position so false as *this*? What a fate for such! Can nothing be done? Nothing? And she girt's heart swelled with genuine compassion as she glanced at the fortunate descendant of twenty-five generations of the lords of the manor.

The musing of George: "She would have me pause. Now *why*? From pity? What interest can she have in my infirmities, and to overlook the advantage, to her, of the connection? Stay, now; is *this* possible? Can the old story—George shuddered as he checked the epithet 'is his mind)—can she have reflected on the absurd anomaly of such a union, and, by way of expiation, entered this air temptation in my way? In that case, my vow compels me to accept it. She is not a Miss Vann, but a Lady Esther in disguise. Nothing? Ah, fair, sweet, and, if I am mistaken, eruditely lovable. Not an atom of vulgarity, or its refinement, in pretense. Ah, if it be so! The good old creature's thought George, glowing with gratitude for the supposed generosity. "The child can't be sacrificed" is noble. It invests her whole fraternity with a duplicity of which one would not have conceived it susceptible. Shall I undeceive her?"

"It is time for me to return, Sir George," said Esther. "Is the sun almost stopped?"

"Our progress shall end among those myrtles," said George, pointing onward.

"There will be little trade of verbs and pronouns," returned Esther, laughing, "if I am not at home by eight o'clock, my—my—" She was going to say bank, like one accustomed to have her own way, Sir George had to yield.

They had scarcely made a step or two, when Esther, seeming to take a sudden resolution, abruptly addressed her host.

"Sir George, I wish to do you an essential service. I have heard that you have made an offer of marriage to my aunt. Do you wish to marry her cook?"

"I by no means forget that she has been. If—if she is my lawful wife," said George, "the situations are incompatible."

"You reply so frankly that I am encouraged to continue my candid task," said Esther, with a beaming smile with which she was wont to reward a promising pupil. "Do you think she will prove a better wife than cook?"

"Scarcely possible," said George, laughing.

"Do you consider her a fitting wife for yourself? How will your sister receive this news?"

"Miss Vann is my especial affair," replied the young man, in a low voice.

"You are right, Sir," said Esther. "I shall presently have finished with my impertinent questioning. Will you answer three times more?"

"According to my usual indiscretion—yes," said George.

"And you any thought, before yesterday, of making my aunt your wife?"

"None in the least," was the prompt reply.

"Was this condescending offer the only courtship you pursued yesterday?"

"No—I—yes—well, upon the whole, no," said the disconcerted.

"Last question—it will be long and somewhat circumstantial; but it is necessary, the minuter particulars, since we are at liberty to put the whole aside unanswered. Were you not yesterday paying your addresses to a lady of your own condition, whom you believed not averse to them? Had you not some difference with her, ending in grief and anger—at least on your side? And was not your proposal to my aunt the offspring of that momentary passion?"

"That may be called a triangular query," replied George, smiling. "No matter. All is true. But the story is not fully told."

"Enough is told," said Esther. "Now listen to the lecture that concludes my catechising. Whatever your motive, sir, Sir George, was all in root. It was the act of a being not wholly reasonable, but who, casting all moral guidance to the winds, wilfully commits himself to the current of wrath, not knowing—not for the moment, heeding—what wrong or peril it may entail. Because you have become indifferent to the vengeful fair who has spurned you, you would tamely cast down the barks of others? Can this folly compensate for the slight offered to be, that you have suffered at your lady's hand? Is it intended for revenge? If she does not love you, there is none. If she does, will nothing but the most complete reinstate satisfy your resentment? What can she have done to merit that? Sir George, you are a coward! Could you look her thirteen years' faithful service should be so rewarded?"

"You speak, my dear young lady, as if it were a penalty."

"It is," replied his monitress. "To be dragged up from a station in which she was contented, useful, and respected, to one in which she can only be a mark for ridicule and scorn!"

"If your aunt partakes these sentiments," said the young baronet, with affected pique, "far be it from me to press my claims. Does she?"

"I might reply, 'That alone is her especial affair,'" said Miss Vann, "but it is possible that she may not yet have fully weighed the incongruities, the endless inconveniences, the miseries, of such an ill-sorted match. See, we are at the end of our walk. The last of you will ever hear from my lips shall be honest. If not overpowered by your insult—but honored—your old servant by the preposterous offer you have made her, she will, I am confident, see it in its true light, that is a greater reflection upon your openness than her judgment. I wish you good-morning!"

"A moment," said George. "The last words I shall hear from your lips! Not so, I hope. Should the marriage take place, I—I—"

"Strangers," said Esther, almost fiercely. "May this foot wither if ever it passes the threshold of they gates!"

The young man hesitated, and the color rose to his brow.

"Had I had such a counselor before, my course might have been wiser. Even now," he added, "since it is not what I wished to hear—"

"Since what is not wholly certain?"

"Since what I have not accepted."

"Pardon me. As I have said, that is no affair of mine," said Esther, coldly.

"Pardon me," retorted George. "It may be. Condescend to hear me for an instant," he continued, noticing her impatient gesture, "and I may succeed in some severity, but not without justice. Though undeserving as such a lot, I would fain, were it possible, retain the friendship of one who has cared when my judgment is disposed to stray. Tell me, Miss Vann—Esther—if I have not been sufficiently explicit, should she—"

"When we arrive at the dominant verb," said the young governess, interrupting, "I hope, to better be better able to reply."

George was constrained to stammer at my lessons," replied Sir George. "The consciousness of having made one grievous mistake—"

"Sometimes leads to another," said Esther.

"Is it so? Have I, then, no hope?"

"Hope, Sir?"

"Let me, for Heaven's sake, make myself understood. Esther, you who have penetrated the secret of that fatal proposal, entered me, I hope, to better reason, will you—should your aunt's refusal leave me free—accept this hand? Worthy of more than I can offer—"

"Worthy of *more*?" interrupted Esther, turning her face upon him, and speaking in a calm, low voice. "Worthy, at least, of more than a love some minutes old—a hand pledged to one person, and offered to another—a heart that has undergone as many as I do the infatuation of supposing it a passport to the favor of any woman who chose to wrote wisdom. Good Heavens, Sir! in discarding you from the folly you were best upon committing, do you dare to imagine that I would wish to retain you? Our conference has been too long. I am obliged to you for your courtesy. Not another word, if you please. Farewell!"

She turned, and walked away.

"Another false move!" muttered George, as he gazed after her. "Fool, coward, culpable blockhead!"

He walked thoughtfully toward the house, taking, however, a circuitous route. Esther, on the hand, had made many steps when one of the under gardeners, bursting through the belt of shrubs, came running, hat in hand, toward her.

"Redditch! what now? What's the matter?" asked his master.

The man thrust his hoe into George's hand.

"Swarts—Swarts—Swarts!" he gasped, breathlessly.

"Swarts! What of him? Collect yourself, man. What do you mean?"

"He've gone mad, Sir George! Raging wild about the garden, snapping avage at every thing he come near! Here's Swarts' hand, and *he*!" added Mr. Redditch, with a decided disposition to take to his heels.

A large hole in the glove visible, for a moment, glancing across the flower-bed, and taking a direction which, intersecting at a right angle the path on which they stood, would lead the infuriated keeper upon Esther's track.

"Stand behind me, sir," said George. "Keep quite still. I am going to whistle. If he notices it have no fear. A mad dog never regards his master, nor turns from his prey."

Mr. Redditch did not seem to relish the experiment, but he stood behind.

The black mass came bounding into the gravelwalk, some forty yards distant. George whistled sharply, and called:

"Swarts—Swarts!"

The animal seemed to swerve, as though recognising the summons, but next moment, with a sprawling plunge, dashed himself through the opposing shrubs, and confronted the baronet.

Seriously alarmed, George set off at once in pursuit, followed by his attendant, by the time, was in sight. The servant stoke. At the place where the dog had made his blundering charge through the covert, beads and flakes of foam were plainly visible on the stems. It seemed not too plain Mr. Swarts, a powerful mastiff, had become rabid.

The alarm had already spread. Shouts and cries were heard from the vicinity of the stables, and thither the young man bent his flying steps. All was evidently in commotion.

"Where is he, boy? Where is he?" called out George, catching by the sleeve an excited stable-boy who came rushing forth.

"Oh, Sir, the gun! the gun!" cried the boy.

"Let me have. The gun! the gun! Away with you! Is—is Miss—"

But the lad was already out of hearing.

In the stable-yard a singular scene presented itself. Crowded in the stable windows, mounted on ladder, and on the roofs of coach-houses, or any other coign of position, almost the whole household of Gosling Grove were assembled, watching with intense anxiety the proceedings of the groom and a little-dog-fox-terrier, one of him who had been dispatched for the gun.

The latter animal had run the boy into a corner, and, though as yet without doing him any injury, lay on the ground within a yard of him, his great black head between his paws, howling in tone, and his bloodred eyes glaring as if each moment he were about to make a deadly spring. Why he did not, seemed to be the mystery. With the spurning of his hinder paws this animal had thrown up a regular outwork behind him, and it was manifest that his incessant movement was edging him nearer and nearer to his prisoner. As for Swarts—as that little boy about ten, and likely, even enjoying the most friendly relations with Swarts —he set up another shrill terror, his face opened to their full extent, as if fascinated by the danger from which he could not escape. Attempts to drive the dog away had as yet evidently added to his fury; it had been received to leave him alone until fire-arms were at hand.

The young master thought differently. To his generous heart the boy's danger seemed too imminent to admit of any delay. Disregarding the remonstrances of his servants, and taking no notice of a command that he insisted, as in the case of Miss Turnover, George walked steadily toward the crouching dog, and spoke to him in a tone of quiet, sharp command.

Swarts uttered a low growl, and flung the foam from his mixed jaws, but never took his eyes from his little prisoner.

"Lie—down," said George: "I am about to take off the—the—" he checked his eye in of you, use no dogs."

The boy's lips moved in assent.

"Come, Sir, to kennel," said George, and, as he spoke, struck the hoe he carried sharply on the ground close to the dog.

Quick as lightning the brute was upon him, seizing the weapon in his jaws. It was an exchange of prisoners, for hardly less swiftly, the boy had vanished from his perilous position, and was in safety. A loud cry burst from the spectators, and a total two or three, unashamed by the urgency of the occasion, were hustled down from the window by master's assistance. But he continued them back. Though held up in a vice, George's hoods had resisted the animal's teeth, and he was as yet perfectly unhurt.

But what was now to be done? A gun had been brought, and presented with swan-shot, but Swarts dared use it while man and dog retained their relative positions. Neither was it possible to convey the weapon into the hands of the boy, for all but certain death. The infuriated beast would only quit his present hold to fasten, perhaps with more fatal effect, upon him who approached him. To complete the difficulties of the situation, the iron portion of the hoe had, when wrenched from the ground, become detached by the handle, thus depriving George of all chance of dealing an effective blow at his dangerous opponent.

At this moment Esther, prepared for departure, and astonished at the sudden solitude that seemed to reign in the house, made her appearance on the terrace. A few words made her acquainted with the danger of Miss Vann, and the young creature—of the house, and the difficulty of interposition. The girl's face become scarlet, then white as snow. Without betraying the slightest hesitation, she sprang down, within a pace of the dog, and, stooping slightly, strove to engage his attention. The animal turned toward her voice, and became fixed. He ceased to shake and mouth the object on which his fangs had closed, and George was about to avail himself of the situation of his whole hold. Would he spring upon the new-comer?

"For God's sake," began George, trying a last appeal.

"Be silent!" was Esther's only reply, her eye never quitting that of the dog. To the amazement of everybody, Swarts now displayed evident symptoms of quailing. Gradually his mouth relaxed, he detached his teeth from George's boots. Then Esther slowly extended her hand. Swarts struck back an angry paw, which sent the foam from his jaws, and uttered a piteous whine. As if this had been a signal of surrender, her fingers grip, without hesitation, put her hand between his collar and his shaggy neck, and turned him in the direction of a vacant kennel, close at hand. Yielding to the impulse, Swarts allowed himself to be conducted thither, and secured to the chain. But the creature was not yet over. In turning, Esther's foot came in contact with the water-can placed there for the usual occupant of the kennel, and upset it. The dog, with a howl of rage, for the first time for at her; but, checked by the chain, only touched her dress, and fell sufficiently to sneeze with the unmoved fluid that fringed his jaws.

George had recognised the fatal sign—even if the truthful agony of the dog' reared on end, and snapping with convulsive fury at fancied objects around, had not made the matter indisputable. There was but one thing to do, and no time to lose in doing it. The staple that held the chain was of no great strength, and must yield before the powerful strain. He beckoned to the keeper, who put the gun into his hands.

"Farewell, my brave old boy!" he said, regretfully, and fired.

The foam changed to blood, and Swarts rolled over dead.

"Where is Miss Vann?" asked George, looking round for his young preserver.

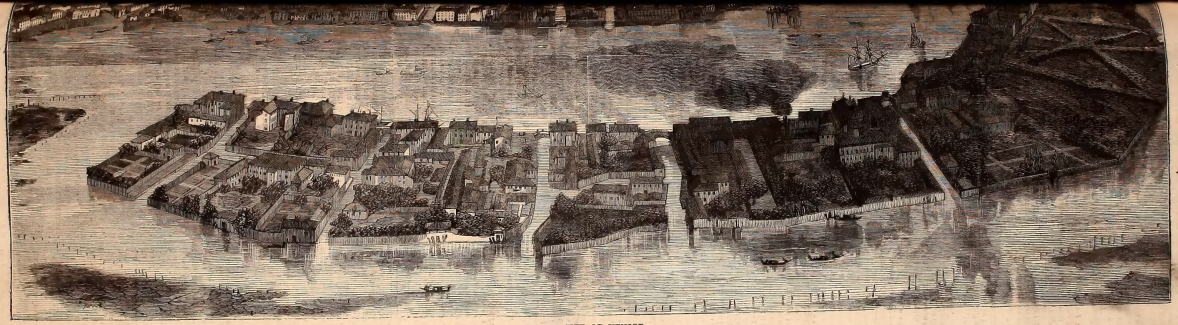
"In the house, I think, Sir George," said Mr. Frashaw. "I think she got a little faintish, Sir George. Shall I tell her you wants to see her, Sir George?"

"Do no such thing," said his master, and walked into the house.

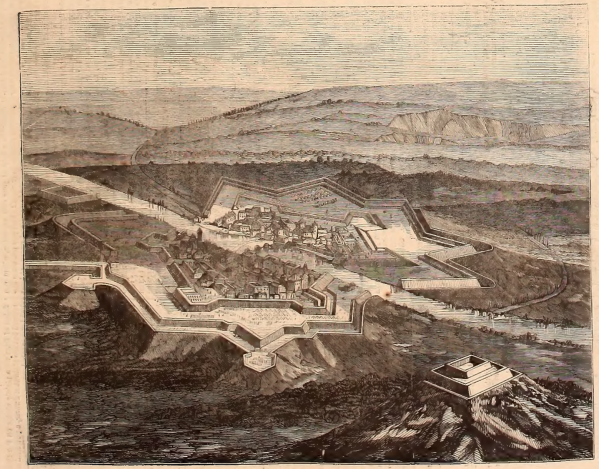
Mr. Frashaw took a letter from his pocket, and examined it.

"There's something inside o' you, I can feel," he muttered. "Shall give it, shall give it, shall not? I ort to. But, somehow, he don't seem in good cue."

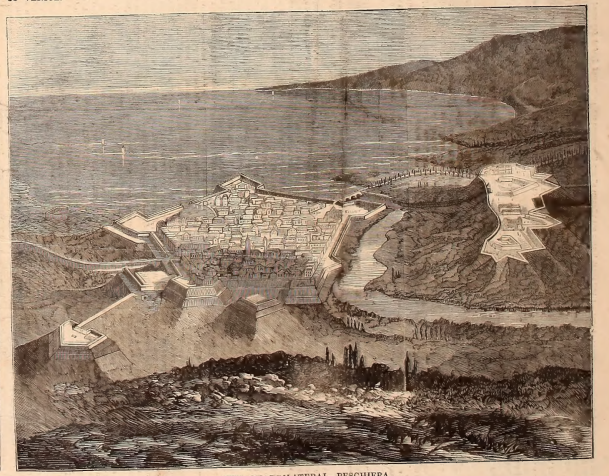
And Mr. Frashaw thoughtfully followed his master.



THE CITY OF VENICE.

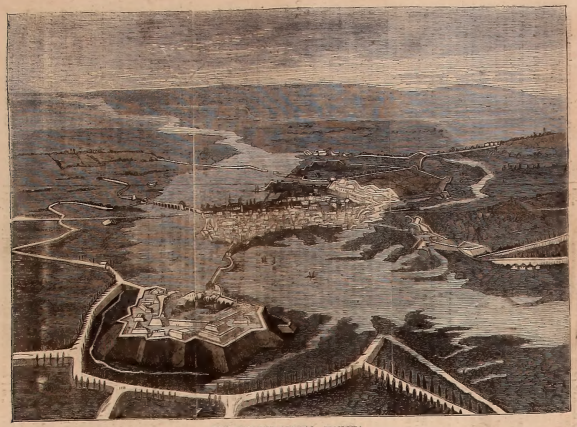


THE QUADRILATERAL—LEGNAGO.

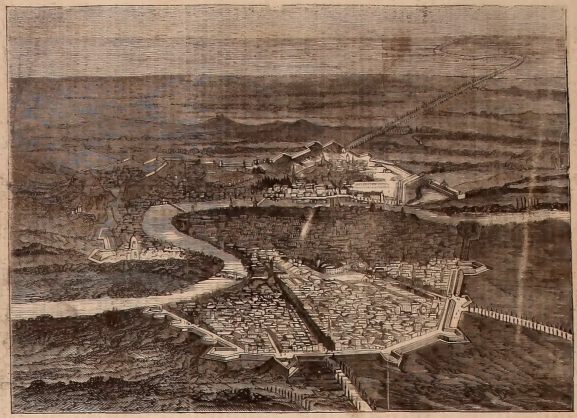


THE QUADRILATERAL—PESCHIERA.

VENICE AND THE QUADRILATERAL.—[See Page 725.]



THE QUADRILATERAL—MANTUA.



THE QUADRILATERAL—VERONA.



AUTUMN DAYS.

Adapted from the French.

Again the year throws down her golden horn
On thankful harvest field and granary floor,
And sun-decked fruits roll out, and ears of corn,
And bulbous roots sweet to the inmost core.

What wealth is here! Earth's hidden, rocky veins
Of gold, slow-curdled as the ages passed,
Are pampered where the shining harvest plains
Spread out the store her short life has amassed.

Nor wealth alone. Lest man should grasp the prize
With thankless hands, and hasten to depart,
In holy beauty his softened eyes
She passes in to sanctify his heart.

Her midwinter glory lightens on the leaves,
Her soft air folds the fields in deepest calm,
Her voice is in the rustling of the sheaves
And dropping fruits—the low, glad harvest psalm.

Her days are full of charity. The sun
Clasps warm the purple bubbles of her vines,
And dries her dusty bulbs that, one by one,
Are rolled from their damp beds in golden lines.

Perfect and pure is all the season's good,
Healthful and tranquil, unto heart and brain;
So may life's harvest draw through heated blood,
And lull to rest its weary toil and pain.

NARCISETTO.

On the afternoon of the 23d of December, 18—, a stylish cab, driven by a young gentleman, drew up at the gate of "The Limes."

The cold was of that ferocious kind which devours most sensations, and makes their loss appear supremely arid ridiculous, painting their lips indigo, and with icy flame scorching into tender wetness every part whereon it might not be. But the young gentleman in question appeared to advantage amidst frost and east wind: a light did it seem, but his temper suffered any more than his outer sun. His large green-gray eyes shone out, by will unirritated lustre, like cold and gleaming aqua-marine. He checks were deeply colored just on the right spot: his lips appeared of a crimson fresher and richer than to set off the even white teeth to best advantage, and wore a smile which told of inward content.

The small figure alighted, rang, and stationed himself under the tall iron-grip's nose. The iron-grip jingled his silver bells, fluttered his blue ribbons, paved the ground with pompous self-appreciation.

But a moment more and Narcisetto descended from his cab, showing a brief, tight figure, well-built and comfortable, made up with just carelessness enough to keep the inner fire cheerfully aglow; showing too a perfect boot, fitting, however, and all the better for unconstraint.

Narcisetto's errand to the Limes, be it known, was important; but as he walked the short space of the way to the door he looked comfortable—almost careless.

He was shown into the drawing-room, which was pretty but not pretentious, full of proofs that the average comfort was taste, if not great means. After he youth had waited as it seemed to him twenty minutes, actually three, the door opened, and a lady entered.

The lady of the house—Mrs. Arlingford, widow of the late Capt. Arlingford (lost at sea two years ago from his pretty clipper-built *Sea Spray*, homeward-bound from Bombay)—She was beautiful. She was thirty-six, forty, but there was no silver among the gold of her plain braided hair, no wrinkle on her blood-red cheek. Weeds had just now given place to modified mourning, which became her well.

Did she affect change color, give just a nameless hint of inward disquietude as she entered? Her visitor thought so, and wondered. But he could not reason on the subject, being a trifle flustered himself. His heart had ebbed, and now bolted off in a manner almost unusual.

And no wonder. For Narcisetto was come to the Limes, or we have not done an important matter. He was come, in fact, to make an offer.

But he certainly had not felt again into his usual amble. Narcisetto's being was wont to flow on smoothly as a stream of glycerin, and nothing could give turbulence to the easy current for any length of time.

The conversation remained for a while comfortably general and vague. But through it all, gently, both speakers were conscious that this kind of thing could not last. Narcisetto seemed, with her every look, to dive below the surface stratum of the good-humored, boyish talk. He could have her companion to him as a very special note of interrogation. For his part Narcisetto grew mildly puzzled. There was that in my lady's manner which showed (as his stupid little instance taught him) that she not only scented out the true object of his visit, but that her very, very good reason or other, was preternaturally keen on the subject.

How it came about that the conversational breeze veered from the quarter of light literature and other generalities I am not of love to do so. But so. The change was accomplished.

He offered it. Mrs. Arlingford was rehunchable. Her head sank gradually back upon the crimson chair on which she sat. Her young grave face and lower her features—the Grecian features they were—became paler, more statuesque each moment: till at last, when she heard it, but not pretty English the momentment which a strange prescience had all along told her was at hand, when she knew positively—that Mr. Harry Beresford was in love with her daughter Lucy, and that he could not help but make known his situation to the young lady herself, she seemed on the verge of fainting.

Now that Mr. Harry Beresford, sole son of a wealthy country squire, was a good match or catch for Lucy Mrs. Arlingford knew well. But—

The cause of, and what hung upon this "but" shall be placed before the reader in three pages.

We will not undertake to say how far Narcisetto was really ensnared of Lucy at this time. To what extent a good-natured gentleman's fancies may be led by a wish himself may be capable of passionate attachment to another who is not able to decide. It is enough, however, that Harry Beresford wished to marry Lucy Arlingford, and that he expected to succeed with his suit.

He was therefore surprised and disappointed at Mrs. Arlingford's reception of his declaration. The manner of that lady, in fact, became extremely embarrassing, and evinced a nervous excitement quite unintelligible to her visitor. It was plain that she struggled to repress her agitation, but her efforts were painfully unsuccessful. There was a mixture of reversity and of gentle chiding in her disjointed remarks. She did not refuse, she would not assent to, an interview with her daughter. She smiled sarcastically, then wept. She rose and resumed herself repeatedly.

Meanwhile Mr. Harry Beresford gazed upon the beautiful lady before him with a childish surprise which would have been supremely entertaining to any third person. He wondered whether he had been a fool: strove hard to be, at any rate, perfectly gentlemanly: stole glances at his shapely boyship in the mirror, and puzzled himself as to what could be the objection to him: wishing heartily at last that he were safely out in the frosty air behind his iron-gray, rolling on the open road to the music of silver bells. Love and ladies, he concluded, might go to the antipodes if they were to be so unintelligible as this.

A glass door led from the room to a conservatory, which door reversed was also curtained by a thick, crimson curtain. Presently the lady gently and scarcely perceptibly drew certain aside: but her visitor as she did so to look through.

Nothing could be more puzzlingly dramatic than this gesture. Narcisetto immediately thought of the vision displayed to Faust, and irreverently said to himself, "What can this fidi be expected to do when he sees me?"

But a glance into the conservatory made plain the lady's meaning. The vision was clearly intended to disenchant, not to arouse, the love of the beholder.

The conservatory was long, and well clothed with foliage. At its further end, near the outer door, stood Lucy Arlingford; but she was double. A tall thin boy, the cut of whose clothes and the length of whose whiskers would equally announce him as an old boy. Her face was turned from the drawing-room: she did not know, therefore, that her mother's lover had arrived. Knight, also, appeared too intent upon his suit to notice it either.

Lucy's tall figure was planted firmly; but her head was bent down, and a glossy loop of raven hair, resting upon a neck like snow, made the dainty outline see of the neighborhood of her closest face. There was no driving-the state of feeling for Narcisetto to see, but Narcisetto readily accepted the interpretation of the scene which he saw that he was intended to put upon it. He colored and looked somewhat away.

"I see," he said, with well-bred considerateness in his tone, "I see, Mrs. Arlingford, that I am wrong in making a proposal to which you can not assent. I am too late in the field, that is all. Pray, madam, that you will forgive my ignorance and blunder, and that the fortunate gentleman there—Mr. Adolphus Churchill, I dare say, a worthier of the two—may be lucky to have properly, and get over this. Will you be my friend still?"

"I will indeed—always."

The youth started at the earnestness with which this was said. Mrs. Arlingford gave him her hand—it trembled, he observed—and he left her.

Single, tramp, and gone. Narcisetto's cab had scarcely died away when Mrs. Arlingford, losing more completely her self-possession, hastened to bring herself into a chair and burst into violent sobbing.

II.

But a few minutes had passed when the crimson curtain was again drawn aside, and Lucy entered the drawing-room. She had left Adolphus Churchill before the fire of some evidently strong emotion.

"Oh, mamma, dear!" she cried, "what on earth is the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing," said the mother, fixing. "So, Lucy, you have dismissed Mr. Churchill? Well, it is your own business."

"But surely, mamma," said Lucy, throwing off her hat, and dishevelling her hair in the way which best fit its place, "you would not, could not wish it! Are you crying about this? It is unreasonable, mamma. I will not be forced to marry. I will marry whom I please."

She drew herself up; her brown eyes flashed, her whole form denied opposition.

"I do not intend to force you," said mamma, coolly. "Master Beresford has been here. You had better go now."

"I will go, mamma; and you shall not see me again if this matter is settled forever. I will write him such a letter between this and dinner as he will not forget in a hurry."

So speaking, Lucy quickly left the room, and running up stairs to her own room, locked herself in, and began to cry vehemently.

There was laid for her presently unhappy after their sudden little quarrel. Each accused herself, and longed to "make it up" and kiss the other. Lucy wondered how she could have been so cruel as to insult Mr. Adolphus Churchill, dandy though he was. Poor mamma! she had been so kind, so thoughtful, so unfounded.

But there was pride in both hearts, and each lady chose for the time being to be miserable, rather than to say a few soft, compromising words. Lucy was still determined to write that letter, and Mrs. Arlingford to her desk, and hastily penned this note:

"The Limes, December 23d, 18—.

"SIR,—When, a month ago, you made me an offer of marriage, I was in a manner which you might well have considered that, that I would not. I am sorry that you should not be the customer, however, to accept me. You have done me the honor to ask my daughter's hand. This afternoon again inflicted upon me the annoyance of refusing you. I am, madam, I am, determined, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"LUCY ARLINGFORD."

There was dash and spirit in this letter, though, and those were qualities she loved. She folded and sealed the note, then ran down with it to the kitchen, and finding there the little groom, who was generally too missive by him to Adolphus Churchill, Esquire, Beechwood Cloth, and returned to her room.

She now felt sorry and unhappy, thought that it was not quite ladylike to have left her mother in tears, understanding with your poor dear mamma: feared nervously that her mother might perhaps die that night, and leave her hopeless and friendless in the world. She kind the last thing; resolved finally that she would go instantly and have a reconciliation with her.

But somehow the "make up" did not come off. Mother and daughter met at dinner in coldness and constraint. "They stood apart, the scars remaining." The evening passed in the same way. Music, which both loved, could not bridge over the ugly chasm. Both wondered whether they were to part for the night without a reconciliation, and both feared to be the first softening the other's heart, but neither would own her heart softened.

The bedtime came. There was but a single icy kiss: no warm embrace, no "God bless you, my darling!" or "God bless my mother!" And so they went to separate rooms—for by a tacit understanding they had agreed not to sleep together to-night, as they often did.

It was long before Lucy closed her eyes; she fell thinking of the real cause (as far as she knew it) of this unpleasantness. It was this—she loved Harry Beresford. Narcisetto—she had herself given him the title—had possessed himself of her heart's key. Narcisetto, with his easy, well-bred manners; his clear, sunny intelligence; his bright, boyish good looks; his gentle care, even for her dog, Lucy. He was self-centered, something whispered; he was a trifle of a fine gentleman. Mr. Adolphus Churchill was all that, nevertheless. But for this fact she would have said "Yes" to Mr. Churchill, for any body else, to please her mother. While this was true, she would not for the world.

Lucy followed a deep woman's resolve to love Harry with whole heart and soul to life's last day. No one accepted as her husband this should be the great secret reality of her existence. Lucy had determined so far when she fell asleep.

She awoke in confusion and terror. A sound, piercing and prolonged, had traveled to her from her mother's room. She started to the floor, and met another cry—her own name was pronounced.

Mrs. Arlingford's handsome furniture all seemed out of place to the frightened girl—the distances all wrong. She had to run, to fly, to be moved. Her bare feet, half paralyzed with terror, to her mother's room.

She expected to find blood and death when she got to the door. But no! her mother fell upon her neck, mother's bed she saw that her fears had run on in the wrong direction. Mrs. Arlingford was sitting bolt upright, looking pale and bewildered, to be sure, but nothing worse. Lucy's ordinarily affectionate sense severe fright.

"Dearest mother, what is it?" cried Lucy.

"Oh, my child, come and kiss me, and don't leave me again. Such a horrible, horrible dream I have had!" sobbed Mrs. Arlingford.

"Mother, it is nothing. We have had a misunderstanding, but we will not do so again. Mamma, she said, "but never mind now; be calm. It is nothing but an unusually strong dream. You will be a lesson to me not to say any thing to grieve you again. Lie down, mamma, and I will nurse you."

Lucy observed with relief and thankfulness that her mother now wept. She did not try to restrain these tears, but with gentle words and caresses induced her as she sobbing became less convulsive laid the head upon her daughter's breast, and pettily, kissed the forehead.

"My child?" said Mrs. Arlingford, presently, "I never felt the want of your dear father as I have done this afternoon. If he were but here! If the cruel sea would but give him up alive! I can not tell you, my child—but if I could lay my head on his bosom, all my sorrows would be at an end!"

How could Lucy help crying now? Her tears fell fast upon her mother's face, and mixed with hers.

At length mother and daughter sank alike into deep and calm sleep, and did not wake until the late winter morning light had let in the frosted panes and the familiar sounds of household life banished into the room that "airy nothings" the night's strange terror and fancies.

III.

The note which Lucy had written to the "rejected clothes-wearer" was not sent. It underwent a remarkable adventure. Little garden boy, speeding with it to Beechwood Cloth, Esquire, on the way with farmer Dodd, Penfield's bull, which animal was in the habit of going, without any guiding, with his head "to be milked," and the Beechwood Road. Garden boy, having an excusable dread of being "tossed," had taken sudden refuge in Farmer Dodd's conveyance, and in the midst of his taurine majesty, and had made a quick discovery that Mr. Churchill was thereby making a visit. In the course of his rapid "strategic" movement the note had been dropped, and the growing dusk had prevented its recovery. It was, therefore, had manifestly no prudent silence on the subject.

Next day, at the office, Narcisetto's cab came gayly along that Beechwood road. The young gentleman, in high spirits, having spent yesterday's rebuff nicely for he looked just as smiling, comfortable, and ornamental as ever. Every indication was to be detected that his mercurial coat had been stroked the wrong way. He was now driving with characteristic amusement, and was on his way to Beechwood Cloth Hall, on some mission of inquiry, at the request of his calm, good employer.

At a certain point on the road Master Tyger was ordered down to adjust the curb-chain. During the pause, he suddenly saw that there something by the way-side which looked like an unopened note.

In a few minutes Narcisetto was reading Lucy's writing to Mr. Churchill, was in Narcisetto's hands. He glanced slightly at the first few lines, which were very much indeed, lifted his wide eyebrows, and then drove on. There was only one thing to be done, of course, and he resolved to do himself. He rode on. At steady-going temper plunged at the notion of his being "coming the Cupid" for any one. Still, as the reader will understand, he little guessed what was the true nature of the communication.

The silver bells jingled up toward the lodge of Beechwood Court. As Narcisetto came near to the sacred portal he observed Mr. Churchill upon a cob, walking post, scarf, and other clothes, on the top of which appeared a hat which was evidently decked handsomely with long appendages of hair. The clothes, mask, and hair combined, constituted Adolphus Churchill, Esquire.

"How d'ye do, Churchill?" said Narcisetto, in his quick, light way. "I've been met with something that belongs to you. I suppose it was accidentally dropped. Can't be the case that you've been writing to Lucy?"

"Thanks," said Sir Dandy. "What can it be?"

During the solution of this question Narcisetto moved off.

He executed his commission, drove home, and felt that he had done right. Next day he sought consolation for solace. He took a cheroot and a magazine, and lounged away the hours in his office.

But he was soon aroused. There came a knock at the door, and he was told that Mr. Adolphus Churchill wished to see him directly.

In some surprise Harry directed that the visitor might be shown into the room where he was. On his entrance Mr. Churchill gave evidence of serious disturbance. He was pale, and his whole manner had an oppressive burden of wrath. But any thing more ludicrously unlike than the exhibition of his anger could not be conceived.

Harry looked at him first in wonder; then broke out into a hearty, but not ill-natured laugh. "Why, what on earth disturbs you, old fellow?" he inquired.

"You are a snob," said Churchill, "to insult me in this manner."

Harry rose and laid down his cheroot, opened his eyes, stirred the fire, and, restraining his strong impulse to respond by a purely physical demonstration, said, quietly,

"Curse, explain. I don't understand these words at all."

"Ha! And to what limit, then, Beresford, do you expect my patience to extend?" replied Churchill, a suspicion crossing his mind for the first time that he had been in error. "You dare to assert that you knew the contents of the note you brought me just now?"

"It strikes me I won't trouble myself to deny anything," said Harry, quite cool.

But Churchill had expected to be any thing else but the arrant ass he was, he would here have drawn in his horns, acknowledged his blunder, and pitched up an understanding with his good-tempered neighbor and college friend, Harry Beresford. But the donkey element in his nature was so large that he was unable rightly to estimate his situation. He retained, probably by dying day, the belief that the note accompanied to handed to him in pure courtesy was virtually the offspring of the interest which Lucy and Harry was far too proud to make any attempt at obliterating with a belief.

"You are dealing falsely with me," continued the enlightened young dandy: "you fancy that I have no discernment, and this may impose upon me: no spirit, and that you may insult me with impunity. Learn your mistake, sir. You shall answer for your insolence."

Harry quietly rang the bell: then relighted his cheroot, and sat down perfectly silent. When the footman opened the door, he said, composedly, "Show this gentleman out. If you please, Churchill, you will see before long that you have been making a fool of yourself in this affair. I am sorry for you, therefore, and will do so by letter in civil terms. I will reply to your note to-day. Good-by, sir. Show him out."

Even now any man of common intelligence might have escaped from the fix that Churchill was in. But he had not the wit to do so. Harry's coolness, and, however, just sufficient sense to perceive that if he stuck to his point he was probably got the better of, hardening in two minutes. So he withdrew, saying, "You will hear of this again. You do not deceive me, though you fancy it."

What particular object Mr. Churchill had gained by this dignified retreat was not clear. He love had just natural instinct enough about it to lead him to suspect that Harry Beresford was the favored lover. Lucy referred in her note, and this suspicion alone had brought about his purposeless interference. Harry himself, however, had certainly acquired something. He had learned indirectly that Lucy's feeling toward Churchill could not have been such as he could wish her to suppose.

His heart fastened with strange persistency upon the truth evolved from the late visit—that Lucy was still free. And, as he rode his back, the sofa drawn near to the cozy fire, his cheroot sending through his white frame a soft, comforting calm, Master Narcisetto pondered long, rolling in the bright ocean-stream which the ceiling, till at last the eyes closed, the cheroot fell, and there came a sound of gentle, boyish breathing.

That dream, which amidst some confusion was the unassisted labor of the dreamer had, unfortunately, was rudely disturbed by the butler, who suddenly appeared, stirring the fire, and saying that dinner would be served in ten minutes.

IV.

That same afternoon Mrs. Arlingford, full of distracting thoughts, went to her own room for the sake of solitude. Lucy was out. She had driven in a cab, and hid her face in her white hands.

"A month ago," she thought, "a woman of forty years, a widow—the helpless victim of a foolish passion for a boy scarcely half her age!"

She would have sunk into the ground with shame had she been compelled to make the avowal to any human creature. She herself scarcely dare confessing the truth even to herself. And yet it was only too true that a single word from Harry would in her heart for the very man who had wished to marry her daughter.

But worse—she had rejected the young man's suit for her own sake. In act, if not in word, she had made a determination to marry him herself. Even then, she might divert his affection from her daughter. She had created a false position for herself. Even while she had encouraged Lucy's acceptance of Churchill's offer, Harry Beresford was the person she really loved.

How base, how unnatural, how unwomanly her conduct seemed! How the dolphot of her poor frail heart, wondering how such sinful emotions could grow there! How she strove with herself, setting before her hardened mind every consideration which could lead to deliver her from the horrid thraldom.

Oh, if she could only be her one *true* love and hero! How the sight of his sun-face would dispel this unwelcome mist, and lay the ghost of the foolish, amazing passion! But he was silent forever in his "vast and wandering grave." Alas, alas for him!

Soon the mother's thoughts turned to the world spring up again athwart the lady's bolder thoughts. Was she wrong in what her daughter believed? that beauty was still left to her, measuring her chances of success with that dear fascinating boy? Then she would win back Harry's love all again, by the flowing gold, and jewel eyes, and lips of coral, walking by his side, admired by all, and the envy of all women.

Again, with a start, she would wake from the debasing dream. Lucy's future happiness, her marrying over darling Lucy, her precious lost husband's child, she would resolve, God helping her, never to let so mad dream be more than a dream, however brief.

It was a weary, miserable struggle. We can not already fathom the workings of these strong, thoughtful, or minutely anatomize that morbid soul. Certain it is, however, that when Lucy came back in the afternoon, to ask for a solution of her mother's long self-banishment from the drawing-room, Mrs. Arlingford's temptation had been met with victory. The true and dreadful nature of which she scarcely realized.

At the moment when Lucy opened the door attended Mrs. Arlingford held in her hand a small vial. It contained a strong solution of the drug laudanum, and often thankfully taken by the restless and suffering in those small doses. But the lady had now taken up the bottle with feelings of a very different kind, which she had ever done so before.

"Why, child," she said, thought, "end the wretched conflict in a sleep? Better to die than to live so as to degrade one's self. None would know. Lucy would only be the better off for my death."

In the midst of these thoughts the mother replied to her daughter that she would come down stairs shortly. She scarcely knew what she said, and certainly at the moment of Lucy's entrance no decision she made.

But the vial proved to be empty. Presently, therefore, Mrs. Arlingford did leave her room, and found she had written a note to a chemist at Galsford, a town

two miles off; which note, upon going down stairs, she left in the kitchen to be sent by the old errand-woman next day.

This evening passed almost as sadly as the last. The mother was sometimes absent, sometimes irritable and excited. Lucy began to be seriously apprehensive about her, but she did not express her fears.

Next day was Christmas-eve. The dear old season came reverably in, bearded with icicles and snow. As Lovee, she thought, sadly, that she did not promise to be a cheerful Christmas for her. Her love, as far as she knew, was unrepaired. Her mother's state was unsettling and alarming. Love, then, she had not brought for her, she fancied, no pleasant gifts this year.

But as cheerfully as she could she went through the Christmas-eve duties. Parlors prepared, or overlooked the preparation of, little comforts for the poor; wove nasty decorations of holly, mistletoe, and ivy; said every word and then would come incidentally to pale mother's side, who sat alone, strange, gloomy, and abstracted.

"We should not be dining by ourselves to-day, mamma," said Lucy, as the hour for tea drew approached. "Even two years ago, amidst all our sorrow, some one was with us on Christmas-eve."

The mother scarcely noticed the remark.

"Has the errand-woman brought any thing for me?" she inquired of a servant, who entered at the moment with candles.

"Nothing ma'am. She passed half an hour back."

"What did my mother expect?" asked Lucy. "Had she ordered herself some little Christmas present?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Arlingford, covering her pale face.

At this point a ring was heard at the front gate. Immediately after the admission of the carter to the house, the servant came to the drawing-room door. Her face was materially flushed and excited as she approached. "Some one from Mr. Arnold's, the chemist's, ma'am. He wishes to see you himself."

Mrs. Arlingford swept into the hall with her usual calm dignity, and observed, at the open front door, the figure of a tall large man, muffled in snow-cloth, his black eyes bent eagerly upon her.

"Are you Mr. Arnold?" she asked, hardly able to see the stranger's face distinctly.

"It is only me," said a full bass voice, "that your errand-woman dropped, a small packet from the chemist's. I accidentally learned her omission, and, as I was coming this way, undertook to bring it. Here is your physic."

Something in the speaker's tone had arrested Mrs. Arlingford's attention. She turned a searching glance upon him, clasped her hands, uttered an indescribable cry of joy, and was rushed to his arms.

Heaven! it was her long-lost sailor! It was the husband whose reported death she had mourned for two weary years!

She fell, weak and trembling, upon his bosom; and there fed upon his life-restoring kisses, like the dying desert traveler who meets with unhoped-for luscious fruits beside his arid path: there she received the truth that in her dire extremity God had helped her in the way most direct effectual, that He had answered in mighty happiness until the moment when it would bring with it the fullest cup of bliss.

What an evening that was! Think of it, reader. To find a two years' sorrow a fiction; to awaken all of a sudden from accident experiences, and to know they were but dreams! To the size of such vast joy no human words will stretch.

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For a time the excitement of delight was extravagant, but the flavor or two subsided into a composed the bliss. When they had seen him rest, heard him explain, then they grew calmer, and rested happily content on the broad basis of unquestioned joy.

But ere long a new thought sprang up in the mother's heart. She filled it with wrongful, deeply wronged, darling daughter. With her generous, loving soul restored, as it now was, to perfect vigor, it could not sleep, she knew, until that wrong had been righted.

She hastily wrote and dispatched the following note:

"MY DEAR SIR.—Will you do me the kindness to let me have a few words with you here at once on a subject of which we spoke at our last meeting? I then misled you entirely. Pray come, I implore, instantly.

"You will probably have heard of our wonderful happiness before this reaches you. I am sure you rejoice with us.

"Yours very faithfully,

"HARRIET ARLINGFORD.

"HENRY BERESFORD, ESQ." "MARY ARLINGFORD.

Narcissite lost no time in obeying this abrupt summons. He was shown privately into the dining-room, where Mrs. Arlingford first saw him alone. Here was no constraint or awkwardness now. The foolish fuzy had fled like a Will-o'-the-wisp from the woman's now happy heart. Her glorious lover was real enough to her, and her late passion had dwindled to a myth and a phantom. She could speak now of the past to each other to her son. She did not tell him of the motive which had led to her late strange conduct, but she made it clear to him as day that no obstacle now lay between him and Lucy.

It was not unreasonable that he should ask for an interview with the young lady then and there. He asked and obtained it.

She came to him in a glow of girlish beauty. Her mourning had been hastily set aside, and she came into the room in a dress of queenly purple, with a diamond lustre in her eyes, and berries peering bright from amidst her hair, which seemed to be all flame.

He did not speak a word. His volubility all failed him at this strange moment. It was so new, so overpowering—his sense of total absorption into the life of another. In some nameless, inarticulate language she told her that he loved her; and she, scarcely better able to express herself, made to him the same confession.

He was unworthy of her. He knew it. He had hitherto been a self-centred, frivolous creature; but he felt that a new life was now infused into his soul—or rather, that his life was drawn into that of another. All Arachne had sucked his being into her own, and the cold, butterfly, "Narcissite" nature had fallen, like an silken toils—fallen clattering down to dust—an empty, shriveled shell!

What a wonderful Christmas-day followed! Lucy said that it was like the last page of the overture to *"Der Freischütz."* It was all joy; joy unalloyed by a snow upon the lawn; deep, as the ocean which had yielded up the long-lost pearls; substantial, as turkey and sausages.

The general merriment was increased when a report (intended to have the air of casualty, but clearly meant by design) reached the Limes, that Mr. Adolphus Chesshill, of Beechwood Court, was not coming. Miss Fenella Fotheringay—the best dresser in the county.

Of her design in ordering the "physic," and of her late wild fancy, the now happy wife never spoke—not even to her husband. And surely she was right to be silent. Some phantoms of our foolish brains, some frailties of our poor, fond hearts, are better unnamed by the tongue or whispered into any human ear. The lovers, now happy in mutually-valued affection, did not care to inquire into the cause of that strangeness of manner which Mrs. Arlingford, before their engagement, had in different ways shown to them both.

Harry proved to demonstration that he could love with complete self-forgetfulness. As Lucy's nickname for him, therefore, seems henceforth to lose its appropriateness, we think the time has come for us to close the story of "NARCISSITE."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE recent opening of the new Steinway Hall is an event of special interest to the lovers of music in our city. New York has been deficient in places suitable for musical entertainments; but this promises to be the best when completed. The Hall is immediately in the rear of the warerooms of Messrs. Steinway and Sons; and the main entrance is through the marble portico on Fourteenth Street. It is a thoroughly substantial building, capable of seating 1800 persons comfortably. The acoustic properties are said to be very good under inspection, and the hall is heated by steam generated in an invisible building at a security against accident. At present the walls are perfectly plain; but when they have become entirely dry they will be elegantly frescoed. The German Concert Troupe have already satisfactorily tested the acoustic properties of this new Hall; and Madame Anna Bishop, Brignoli, and other fine performers have seldom been more warmly received by the public than in the present series of concerts. It is said that the Philharmonic Rehearsals and Concerts will take place in the Steinway Hall.

Last week the corner-stone of a new Hebrew temple was laid on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifth Avenue. The congregation "Emanuel," who are to erect the building, have existed in this city twenty years from thirty to three hundred. This temple, which will cost about $600,000, promises to be a most architectural one. It will be built principally of Ohio and Newark stone, and will probably exhibit the characteristic features of several styles of architecture.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," is the old saying, receives confirmation in the following case, wherein whereby a lamp-trimmer in the United States navy comes into possession of $500,000 in gold, together with the title of Baron, and a Duchess for a wife. It seems that the individual in question, Edward Louis, Count Batthyanyi, many years ago left his native land his father having been executed for participating in the rebellion under Kossuth. Supposing that his father's possessions were confiscated, he and kept very little of the real position of his family, he obtained employment in a merchant's office in Boston, and at once about his high rank, but discharged his duties quietly and satisfactorily. Not long ago, however, a newspaper advertisement came to his hand "something to the advantage" of Edward Louis Batthyanyi, and he sequel was that he returned to Austria in real life, furnishing first-rate material for a novelist.

The following curious and comforting announcement appears in a London paper:

"Last evening a lady asked for epsom salts at a drug store in this city. An inexperienced clerk filled the order to be sure, but, unfortunately, he had some serious mistake of giving her cyanic acid instead of epsom salts. The lady took the poison, and returned to give this public notice, warning her that if she takes the cyanic acid she will surely die."

Very consoling this to the lady in question should, the chance to see if the cyanic acid would kill her, suggest child a dose of the above-mentioned *salts!* We suggest, however, that the "inexperienced clerk" who supposed he was filling the order correctly, ought to study chemistry a little longer, and perform experiments—especially upon himself if he chooses—before offering his services to the public.

Considering that the city railroad companies "don't pay their expenses," they very benevolently use up to extend their route across Broadway for the accommodation of the public! Truly they are self-sacrificing *great-hearted* men!

Some very sagacious prophecies have been made in regard to the year 1867. As they may not be found in all the almanacs, we will give a few for the benefit of our readers:

The year 1867 will be a very eventful one to every mother who gets twins. Throughout the whole course of the year, whenever the moon wanes, the baby will grow fat. Whenever it is in love it will cry; will think his sweet-heart an angel. Whoever gets married will find each other out is true. If a young lady happens to think she will look red in the face. In the dreams of a young man he will see his sweetheart, it is a sign of something. If any body jumps overboard during the month of June they will be sure one he gets drowned. If any one lends an umbrella, it is best to one to be returned. Any one will feel pain his pains.

A writer from Paris speaks of meeting a Parisian gentleman to whom misfortune has given a curious celebrity. Sometime since a cancer in his tongue rendered its amputation necessary. This operation was performed by the surgeon of the Hotel Dieu, who shortly afterward replaced the diseased organ by an artificial one. Although he can not speak, he tastes, swallows, and smokes his pipe with apparent enjoyment. After eating a hearty dinner, he leaves the table out a set of false teeth—to clean it; and between his repasts he generally finds it more convenient to carry it in his pocket.

According to what is supposed to be an accurate calculation of the salaries paid to preachers in this country, and of the number of sermons preached, the average price paid for sermons, taking the land through-out, is said to be eleven cents each. It would probably be desirable to believe that there is some grand mistake either in the data or in the estimate which produces such a conclusion.

Not long since Lady Harriet Sinclair published in London a cookery book called "Dainty Dishes," which attracted considerable attention. It is reported that shortly after the publication of this work, and as a result of it, she received a number of proposals of marriage. She made a "judicious selection," so the story goes, and a wedding followed. It may be expected, now, that all young ladies, English and American, will immediately commence collecting recipes, as the foundation of a work of "Dainty Dishes"—whereby they may win a *name*.

The following experience of a humorous traveler, who attempted to get a dinner at Xenia, on the Little Miami Railroad, is worth reading by those who have had a similar experience, without a like good-humor, as well as by all who enjoy a good *laugh*:

"Twenty minutes for dinner!" shouted the brakeman as we approached Xenia.

"Arrived there, I entered the dining-room and inquired of a waiter:

"'What do you have for dinner?'

"'Twenty minutes,' was the hurried reply.

"I told him I would try half a dozen minutes, raw, on the half-shell, just to see how they went. Told him to make a mistake of it on his books. He scratched his head trying to comprehend the order, but finally gave it up and waited upon some one else.

"I approached a man who stood near the door with a roll of money in his hand.

"'What do you have for dinner?'

"'Half a dollar,' says he.

"I told him that I would take half a dollar well done. I asked him if he couldn't send me, in addition, a boiled pocket-book stuffed with greenbacks, and some seven-thirties garnished with postage stamps and ten cent scrip. Also a Confederate bond, done brown, with bottom notes to be sliced. I would like to wash my dinner down with National Bank Notes, on 'draft.'

"He said they were out of every thing but the bank-notes, and he then ordered a waiter to go to the bank and serve them.

The following beautiful bit of poetry, entitled "My Good-for-Nothing," is evidently written by a mother, or by one who has all the loving feelings of a mother:

What are you good for, my brave little man,
Into all this pleasure for me if you can—
You, with your fingers as white as a sun,
You, with your eyes as bright as the sun.
All the day long with your busy contriving,
Into all things and for you are defying:
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for, and show or tell well.

Over the carpet the dear little feet
Come with a pattering to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes are looking up into me;
Two little hands, pressing soft on my face,
Have got into service by a loving embrace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true—
"Good for you, mother, good for love you!"

Poets, authors, and literary men in general, have frequently been afflicted with dreadfully practical and unpoetical wives. Shakespeare could never inspire Lucette with a lyrical enthusiasm of love, in which she could forget heaven and earth, and every thing else. She could count the strokes of the clock between his kisses, and could listen and run off to the sauce-pan that was boiling over, with all the big tears in her eyes which he had pressed out of her melting heart by a touching story or a sermon. She accompanied in the devotion that Petrarch bore which crowded lonely from the neighboring apartments, and in the midst of a verse she would interweave the prosaic question, "What shall I warm up for supper?" And he could never banish from his remembrance that once, when she seemed quite touched, and appeared listening intently to his cabinet discussion upon death and eternity, she looked at him thoughtfully, but turned his feet, and at length said, "Don't put on the left stocking tomorrow, I must darn it."

A rather comical story is told in connection with the early appearance of Dr. Bethune, as officiating clergyman in a church then located not far from the city of Hudson. The edifice was placed in the centre of a large park, and it being summer time, the open doors made the gentle side carpet appear like a continuation of the grassy lawn outside. At least so the matter appeared to a half-dozen geese, who quietly walked into the church just as the preacher was closing a splendid passage of eloquence, and was quoting the lines:

"Who are those arrayed in white?" etc.

A green, half-grown country boy, who supposed the quotation so eagerly propounded required answer, at once replied, in a bashful lisp: "Them—them there's geese!" The wings of the young minister were thus abruptly clipped while he was a-flight, and the ones "arrayed in white" were the only dignified individuals in the assembly.

Books seem to be scarce at the South. Some one living in Florida advertises for sale, for the reasonable sum of $1000, four published volumes of a work once owned by Cotton Mather. However, as Cotton Mather's none is written in one of them, it doubtless will be a valued relic to somebody.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

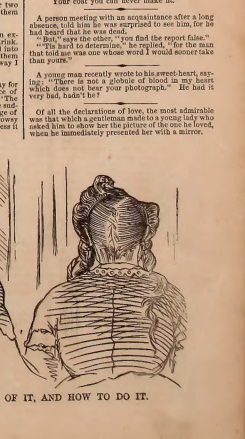
SCIENTIFIC JOTTING.—M. Toutmouchi has addressed a memoir to the Academy of Sciences representing that indigestion proceeds from dyspepsy is calculated to result in ossification of the heart.

Why should tectotalers never hold their meetings at a theatre?—Because there ought not to be a drop-seen at them.

FOOD THOUGHT.—It seems an impossibility for two silly lovers ever to agree, seeing that between them they can not see a single something.

A man was recently arrested in Paris for an extraordinary freak while under the influence of drink. In passing before a dealer's, he suddenly jumped into a basket containing 100 eggs, and after smashing them to his heart's content, called out, "That is the way I make an omelette, now bring me a frying-pan!"

THE REV. MR. A——— was more eminent in his day for the brilliancy of his imagination than the force of his logic. At one time he was preaching on "The Ministration of Angels," and in the peroration he suddenly observed, "I hear a whisper!" The change of tone startled the person, who had been from a drowsy mood, and springing to his feet he spoke: "I guess it is the boys in the gallery."



PHILOSOPHY.

Alas! slack! and welladay!
How short my cash is running,
And I can not make my way
By poetry and punning.
But poverty is not a crime,
And I am young and clever.
This kind of thing will end in time—
It sent'y go on forever.

My health is in a pretty state!—
I'm something of a dyspeptic.
Regarding the decrees of Fate
My views are quite static. I'm a sceptic),
But who may alter by-and-by.
I shall be Christian? No, never.
I must in time get well or die:
It can't go on forever.

I love—and I must bear the woe
To which my folly drives me.
She knows, but will not own to know,
The passion that consumes me.
My heart is fettered in a chain
Impossible to sever.
'Twill break or struggle free again,
It sent'y go on forever.

The greatest gluttons are those who feed upon slander.

A coarse, ill-natured fellow died one day, and his friends assembled at his funeral, but no one had a good word to say about the deceased. Even at the grave all were silent. At length a good-hearted German, as he turned to go home, said, "Vell, he was a goot schtoker."

A certain duchess, a very handsome woman, was once walking through the streets of London, when a costermonger, whose pipe had gone out, walked up to her, and politely said, "I say, Miss, Madam, let me light my pipe at your eye." She declared this to be the greatest compliment which she had ever had paid to her.

REASON FOR THICK ANKLES.

"HENRY, I can not think," says DICK.
"What makes my ankles grow so thick."
"You do not recollect," says HARRY,
"How often I calf they have sixty."

A STRANGE TRADE.—A young fellow was lately taken before a Paris magistrate as a vagabond. "You have no occupation?" said the Bench, inquiringly. "Beg your Worship's pardon," was the rejoinder: "I deal in bits of hair for the use of gentlemen as plays." A bit of rope with which a man has been hanged, carried in his pocket, is held to secure luck at cards.

Old Ewes, the miser, having listened to a very elegant discourse on charity, remarked: "That sermon is strongly in favor the necessity of alms-giving that—I've almost a mind to *beg*."

WOMAN'S LOVE IN A LIGHT AND DARK ASPECT.—"Our idea is," says a fellow that had got a shrew for a wife, "that

"Woman's love is like Scotch snuff
We get one inch, and it's enough."

An old darkey says—

"I'd wenah be in India rubber—
It stretch de more de more you lub her."

Prentice, in a wicked humor at the very underpaining of society, says, "Tilting hoops enable the common people to see a great deal more of good society than they ever saw before."

"Well, Dick," said a doctor to a pollie man whose wife he had been attending, "how is your wife?" "She is dead, I thank you."

THE GREAT UNPAID.—The Medical Department.

How do you arrive at the height of a church steeple on a hot day?—Perspire.

The art of book-*keeping* taught in one short and easy lesson—Don't keep books.

NOT POSSIBLE TO PLEASE.

A FABLE.

Said the Moon to Dame Earth, This one day
(So is fable, at least, we are told),
"I want a new frock, mother dear;
Let the old one be changed to gold."

"How can I, my child, grant your wish,
Your figure so awkward is found?
Now a belt, now ungain with a hump,
Now crescent, upside down, round!"

Many persons resemble the Moon
In judgment, taste, temper, or will
Cut your cloth in what fashion you please,
Your cost you can never make fit.

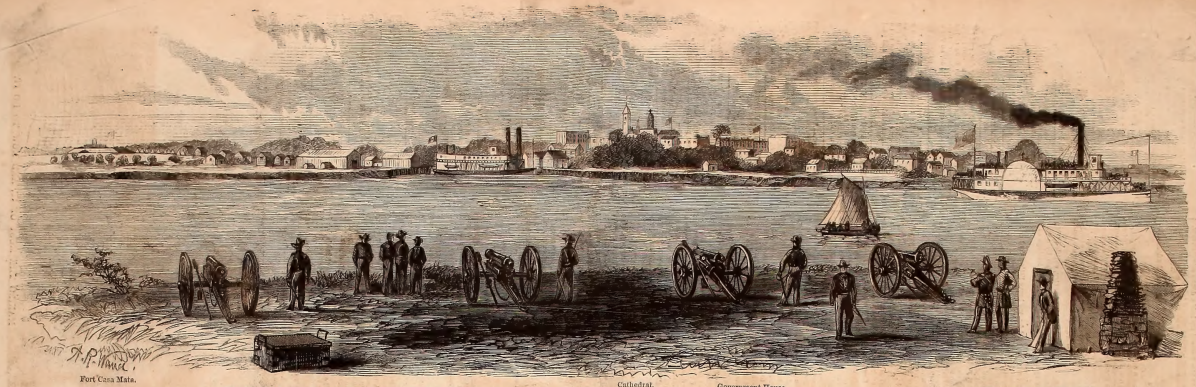
A person meeting with an acquaintance after a long absence, told him he was surprised to see him, as he had heard that he was dead.

"But," said the other, "you find the report false."

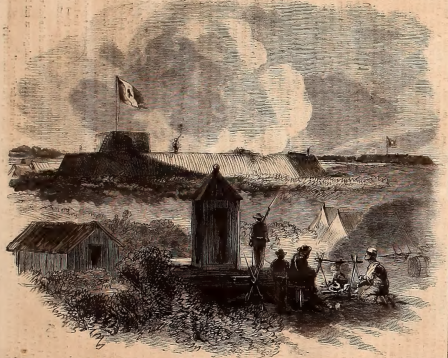
"To hard to determine," he replied, "for the man that told me was one whose word I would sooner take than yours."

A young man recently wrote to his sweet-heart, saying: "There is not a globule of blood in my heart which does not bear your photograph." He had it very bad, hadn't he?

Of all the declarations of love, the most admirable was that which a gentleman made to a young lady who had taken a position for the picture of the one he loved, when he immediately presented her with a mirror.



MATAMORAS, MEXICO, AS SEEN FROM THE POSITION OF CAPTAIN A. M. RANDALL'S LIGHT BATTERY I, FIRST UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.—[SEE PAGE 726.]



GENERAL FORD'S POSITION BEFORE THE ATTACK ON SEPTEMBER 21, 1866.



COLONELS J. CERDA AND S. CANALES.



NIGHT ATTACK UPON THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MATAMORAS.



STREET MUSIC—THE ORGAN-GRINDER.—[DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.]

"We heartily recommend them to all our readers."—BENNETT'S Florinel, the most delicate and exquisite Perfume in the world, and Cocoaine for the Hair.—*Leslie's Family Magazine*, New York.

MOTH AND FRECKLES.—Ladies afflicted with discolorations on the face, called moth-patches or freckles, should use FERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared and sold by D. B. G. FERRY, Detroit, Michigan. No. 9 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NAUSEOUS MEDICINES D.D.& C°S

Taken without *Taste or Smell*, by using

Dundas Dick & Co.'s Soft Capsules,

Containing pure Medicines of very best quality. Such as—

Castor oil, | Citrate of iron and quinine,
Cod liver oil, | Oil of turpentine,
Cod liver oil with quinine, | Norwegian tar,
Cod liver oil with Iodide of iron, | And all other nauseous medicines.

☞ Ask for Dick's Soft Capsules, and take no others.
Sold by druggists generally. VICTOR E. MAUGER, 120 Reade Street, New York, Wholesale Agent.

THE BOOK OF WONDERS.—Contains information of importance to all, old and young, male and female, married and single. No one should be without it. Sent postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents, by C. A. Roorbach, 122 Nassau Street, New York.

NO ONE NEED BE IN THE DARK.



THE IMPROVED FOLDING
POCKET LANTERN.

They are made in two sizes, very LIGHT, STRONG, and DURABLE; can be FOLDED and carried in the POCKET or TRAVELING-BAG with SAFETY and CONVENIENCE; occupying the space of a HAND-CASE, and are opened and closed as readily. They contain, whether open or closed, matches and extra candles, and being always ready for use. ARE MOST APPROPRIATE AND USEFUL GIFT FOR EMERGENCIES. Samples sent by Mail, prepaid, on receipt of $1 in Greenbacks or Postage Stamps. Liberal discount to Dealers. JULIUS IVES & CO., SOLE AGENTS, No. 48 Maiden Lane, New York, Proprietors and Manufacturers of

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THE SAFEST AND MOST CONVENIENT, and in every way THE BEST LAMP EVER USED. CHANDELIERS, BRACKETS, HANGING AND TABLE LAMPS can be fitted as quickly as gas, filled and trimmed safely and neatly, all WITHOUT REMOVING THE SHADE, GLOBE, or CHIMNEY, or unscrewing the BURNER!

☞ Call or send for Circulars.

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$28 $60 PER DAY paid to Agents by BOWMAN & CO., 110 Nassau St., N. Y.

100 Photographs of Union Generals sent postpaid for $5.00. Also, Photographs of Rebel Generals, Statesmen, &c. 160 Photographs of Female Beauties for 25c.; 100 Actors for 50c. Address C. SEYMOUR, Holland, N. Y.

Catarrh. Pain and Noises in the Head,

Offensive discharges, tainted breath, loss of memory and the sense of taste and smell, are the melancholy effects of this loathsome malady. *Norton's New Remedy for Catarrh* and all modes of treatment heads up the terrible disease at its fountain head, removes all the wretched symptoms at once, and literally extinguishes it forever. Send stamp for pamphlet to GERRIT NORTON, 11 Ann Street, N. Y.

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Elastic Stockings, Shoulder-Braces, &c. Send for pamphlet. 61 Nassau Street, New York.

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COLD HEAD and SICK HEADACHE instantly relieved by MME. DEMOREST'S STOCKING SUSPENDERS. Universally Approved, Convenient, and Durable. Price 50 cents, postpaid. Sold by Dealers. No. 473 Broadway.

RICH AND RACY. The funniest paper published. 16 Price for a stamp. Address Bonner, Rhinebeck, N. H.

KING AND QUEEN OF THE BEDLOANS—their men and women. Mormons, with Pictures. 10c. Nov. No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL 30 cts., or $2 a year. Newmans have it. FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,

Have just Published:

AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN GERMANY. By J. Ross Browne, Author of "Yusef," "Crusoe's Island," "Land of Thor," &c. With Illustrations by the Author. Cloth, Beveled Edges, $2 50.

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LITTLE, BROWN & CO.,
110 Washington Street, Boston,
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A New and Enlarged Edition (6th Sixth) of
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With 100 Illustrations.
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Now, as heavy fogs arise and searching winds commence to blow; now, as the humus body, exhausted like inanimate nature by the heats of summer, begins to sit and shiver, and the whole physical system makes its trying count; NOW is the time for a preparatory course of the best acclimating medicine in existence,

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

Fever and Ague is rampant in all parts of the country. Persons who have resided during the fever-and-ague District" should be exempted from the disorder for any particular time, provided every inhabitant would take the Stomach Bitters as a preventive during the term of the contract. There has never been an instance known of a confirmed dyspeptic whose horrible medicine has failed to ward off the complaint, when taken duly as a protection against malaria. Himalayas of physicians have endorsed and the official assertion, and now prescribe this harmless vegetable tonic, and nothing else, for debility and nervous fear all the forms of chills and fever. Vigor is the thing most needful to these cases as well as in dyspepsia and nervous affections, and HOSTETTER'S BITTERS are the safest, surest, and most wholesome strengthening preparation that medicine has yet produced.

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The Great American Tea Company.

Always a Wholesale Establishment.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices*. We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and have no *less* than *one price*.

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our name spread far and wide, and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, somewhere, about a *dollar per* pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds at a time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply small quantities at exactly one dollar per pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties in small towns combining for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than 5 per cent.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the foreign factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes their sales of teas or silks—generally—on account of the utmost returned merchants in the country have made such sales, and sent through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer sells at a profit of 20 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. The jobber has a profit of 10 to 20 per cent., and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at a profit of 10 per cent. and upward.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE MONEY HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many Commissions, Storages, Cartages, Insurances, and Waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing by our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—we, in fact, do not supply you at all.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as they are sold to dealers in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 per lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 per lb.
OOLONG (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 per lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 per lb.
OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 per lb.
IMPERIAL (green), $1 10, best $1 25 per lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, best $1 20 per lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

AURORA, IND., *Oct. 30*, 1866.

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8 lbs. Young Hyson...Geo. Watson.....at 1 25.. 10 00
8 lbs. Young Hyson...Geo. Watson.....at 1 25.. 10 00
8 lbs. Young Hyson...T. Adamson.....at 1 25.. 10 00
8 lbs. Young Hyson...T. Adamson.....at 1 25.. 10 00
8 lbs. Young Hyson...J. R. Wallace.....at 1 25.. 10 00
8 lbs. Young Hyson...J. R. Wallace.....at 1 25.. 10 00
8 lbs. Young Hyson...Mrs. Loudon.....at 1 25.. 10 00
8 lbs. Young Hyson...Mrs. Loudon.....at 1 25.. 10 00
8 lbs. Young Hyson...Robt. Ramsay.....at 1 25.. 10 00
8 lbs. Young Hyson...Robt. Ramsay.....at 1 25.. 10 00
8 lbs. Oolong.....P. A. Stifel.....at 1 00.. 8 00
8 lbs. Oolong.....P. A. Stifel.....at 1 00.. 8 00
8 lbs. Gunpowder.....W. Killelea.....at 1 25.. 10 00
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8 lbs. Gunpowder.....T. Greenland.....at 1 25.. 10 00
8 lbs. Gunpowder.....T. Greenland.....at 1 25.. 10 00
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This is the Fifth Order; so you see it suits pretty well. Yours, &c., H. B. LONG.

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Close of Vol. XXXIII.

Harper's Magazine

For November, 1866.

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MANASQUAN.
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THE CENTRAL PARK OF NEW YORK.
DAS MEERMÄDCHEN.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THE PRESENT NUMBER closes the TWENTY-THIRD VOLUME of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The Conductors believe that its variety and elegance have been exceeded by no previous Volume, and their arrangements ensure that its interest and value will be fully maintained in the ensuing Volume.

In the Number for December will be commenced a "THE VIRGINIANS OF TEXAS," a Tale by George F. HARRINGTON, Author of "Inside: A Chronicle of Secession." This story is already in part before the breaking out of the late Civil War, but its issue was postponed in consequence of the events of the time. The Author, in the form of Henry of Texas, describes the life and adventures of a Virginian Planter, who, with his family, emigrated to the "New Dominion." A notable is of peculiar interest at the present time, setting forth what Texas was before the war; what it would now have been but for the war: and what it may yet become notwithstanding the war, when liberty is secured, law maintained, and industry restored under the Union.

GENERAL SHERMAN will continue his "Personal Recollections of the War;" and various departments of the Magazine, whether furnished by the Editors or by Contributors, will be maintained in such a manner as to secure a continuance of the favor which the Magazine has received for almost Seventeen Years.

Terms for Harper's Magazine and Weekly, 1867.

MAGAZINE, One Copy for One Year..... $4 00
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An extra copy of either the Weekly or the Magazine will be supplied gratis to every Club of Five Subscribers at $4 00 each, in one remittance, or Six Copies for $20 00.

Bound Volumes of the MAGAZINE, each Volume containing the Numbers for six months, are published in June and December. They are sent, postage paid, by mail, or express, free of expense, at $2 50 per Volume. Bound Volumes of the Weekly, each Volume containing the Numbers for one year, will be furnished for $2 00, freight paid.

A Title Page and Table of Contents is now to be sent to a year, and on the Weekly to be sent every twenty quarterly, semi-yearly, or yearly, as the case may be received.

☞ Subscriptions from the British Provinces of North America must be accompanied by 24 cents additional for the Magazine, and 20 cents for the Weekly, to prepay the United States postage.

Subscribers to the Magazine and Weekly will find on the wrapper-label of each number with which their subscription expires, as entered on our books. In renewing a subscription, it is desired that the exact form in which it is to commence should be stated. The name of the Subscriber, with the Number, Street, (or Avenue), and State, should be distinctly written. Thus—" Renew my subscription to HARPER'S WEEKLY commencing with Number ——, John Adams, Jackson, Pike County, Ohio."

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Back Numbers of both Magazine and Weekly can always be supplied.

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IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THIS HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1862 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union: its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing; the children now numbering over 150; and daily and hourly the request for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones denied, solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (on Fifty-eighth Street, New York), now occupied, must be removed for the erection of such a Home as the cause demands; and this call is made upon the public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand in the cause of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" established to receive and care for all needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

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NEW YORK, October 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General VAN VLIET.	Brevet Brigadier-General JAMES F. HALL.
Major-General P. H. BARLOW.	Judge Chas. P. Daly, Ch'n of Committee.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.	Jno. H. WHITE.
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL.	G. P. R. HOYT.
Brigadier-General RUSH C. HAWKINS.	J. H. FULLERTON.

The following card will be fully appreciated by the public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"To the Managers and Directors of the Festival:—Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival.
THEODORE THOMAS."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be conducted by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,

Saturday Evening, December 22,

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In each lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

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1 House and Lot, Murray Hill	3,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
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SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

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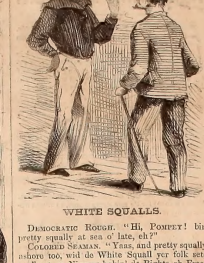
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 517.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



LAUNCH OF THE SEA STEAMER "GREAT REPUBLIC."—SKETCHED BY CHARLES PARSONS.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON THE WING."

"DON'T SPEAK TO THE MAN AT THE WHEEL."

ALBANY, NEW YORK, 5 HOURS BELOW TROY.

Dear Harper's Weekly:

I hasten to give you a piece of important Marine Intelligence—in fact, from the *Manual* look this week we might call it Ultra-Marine. We had a heavy storm up here on Tuesday the 6th inst., which extended with great violence throughout the region of the Lakes and Massachusetts, and resulted in the total loss of the new Copper-fastened Craft the *Policy*. The storm had a very damaging effect on all the Craft that were caught out in it. Heavy *blowing* was observable from all points of the compass several days before the storm, and clouds seemed to be gathering on the horizon. On the morning of Tuesday the sun rose as bright as usual, but before noon it was evident up here that the *Windy My Policy*, Captain A. Jones, would have to go under. The *gungs* were worked vigorously all day long, under the supervision of First-Mate Randall. The bilge was attempted to be kept clear by Hopkins and the other deck-hands; but, notwithstanding their most vigorous efforts, the waves so overwhelmed them as to continually keep them under water; and before 4 o'clock that night the craft went down, carrying nearly the whole of her crew with her. There was no Wreck-Election of any thing like it by the oldest Inhabitant.

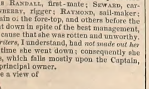
The *My Policy* was very badly *rigged*, and ranked 2 1, and was *copper-fastened* throughout. She was condemned as unseaworthy by the Government inspectors in the first part of last summer, and should have been laid up then; but her Captain insisted upon running her, notwithstanding her *leaking* badly on every trip she made; and came near foundering in her trip to Chicago and back last September. She would have done so had it not been for the efforts of Seward and Grant, the Carpenter and Caulker, who *threw overboard every thing* in order to lighten her and keep her leak above water. She had spring run against the old Tug *Public Opinion*, and got such a shock between wind and water that it took careful *trimming* of the vessel, when under sail, to keep her afloat. In fact, the carpenter had been kept to work day and night upon her ever since the accident, and he believed she never could be made much of a success with all the repairing he could put upon her. Although a comparatively new vessel, her main timbers were very rotten, and she had *sunk lines*, consequently it was impossible for her to carry the sail the Captain originally insisted upon crowding upon her.

The *My Policy* was launched at Washington, D. C., last April, and has had a very stormy time of it ever since. At the laying of the keel, in March, '65, the Secretary of the Navy was not invited to be present, the Captain not remembering his name. An incident that happened at her launching seemed to be a forerunner of misfortune to the craft. As they were knocking away the scaffolding around her President's Bill was killed outright, and several of his co-laborers were severely wounded.

The Captain has made several *trips*, but none of them have proved *profitable* to him; besides the accidents referred to, he has on a little pleasure-excursion with a party of the Captain's friends on the 22d of February, the one caught in a bloo, which carried away her figure-head (a "duck"), also her fore-stay and mainmast. This accident happened by the party being a little jolly, and a Philadelphia gal, by the name of Tom *Florence* being at the wheel, whose experience in navigating so large a craft was very limited. They afterward repaired the craft as well as they could, throwing the "duck" overboard, and getting the carpenter to rig up a jury-mast, the invention of a Mrs. Secretary, she has sailed ever since with that imperfect rig. She was always "by-the-wind," as the sailors have it, and steered very "side," paying but little attention to her helm during a blow. The Captain did better *laying on Port* than when under way. Her model was entirely original, with too much of the "rake" about her; and experienced nautical men, who sailed in the Ship of State, always predicted that, whatever she might do in fair weather, she would never live in a storm, and the "first Tuesday in November" storm was looked for by many as resulting in the total wreck of the craft, unless the Captain would discharge his crew and dismantle the ship. Perhaps no craft that was ever built was ever run by any man against such overwhelming testimony as to its utter unworthiness. And although *well provisioned*, and manned by picked men, and experienced ones, such as Randall, first-mate; Dewan, carpenter; Stanberry, rigger; Rayboon, sail-maker; Welles, captain of the fore-top, and others before the mast, she went down in spite of the best management, from the sole cause that she was rotten and unworthy.

The *underwriters*, I understand, had *not made out his policy* at the time she went down; consequently she is a total loss, which fails me mostly upon the Captain, who was her principal owner.

Below I give a view of



THE PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE "MY POLICY," which I sketched from nature.

YOUR OWN "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

P.S.—I hear that Mr. Charles Reade, the author, has commenced a lawsuit against some New York editors who have spoken of his late work in no complimentary terms. Some say the suit is to advertise his books, but my opinion is that he considers a "Good Fight" he will not only get rid of a large edition of of his "Griffith Gaunt" but also of his "Art of Fiction." This may account for the "milk in the cocoa-nut." Speaking of milk, no more from your own

C.O.W.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1866.

☞ In this Number of the *Weekly* the publication of Miss Braddon's new novel of "Birds of Prey" is begun. The author of "Lady Audley's Secret" is one of *the most popular of living writers*, and there is no question that this story will fully maintain her popularity. It is a tale of English life of to-day, beginning briskly in London, and very soon suggestive of some of the darker mysteries of the great metropolis: and we advise our readers to begin with the beginning.

THE POPULAR WILL.

IF the President is still of the opinion which Mr. Browning reports, that the people have not pronounced upon the Constitutional Amendment, he will never discover it. From Maine to Iowa and Missouri the one issue. Every Union orator showed by the record that the President's original theory of restoration upon which he acted was that upon which Congress insists today; that when he repudiated Johnson's principle he stigmatized his own action, deserted the party which elected him, and left himself in the hands of Copperheads and late rebels. That the conditions proposed by Congress were not only just in themselves, but were essential to complete those upon which the President insisted, and were necessary to the good faith of the Union; that to stop where the President stopped, and to approve the extraordinary doctrines which he announced, would be to make every man here who died in battle a fool for his pains; to reduce the war to a ridiculous trial of strength; to imperil the debt; to break faith with the freedmen; to leave the rebellion unbroken, and to invite self-contempt and the derision of mankind.

This was the ground upon which the Union campaign was fought, and a more intelligent, sober, and vigorous political contest was never known. The result justifies the faith of all who sincerely believe in free institutions, because it is precisely upon such points of practical political wisdom that confusion of the public mind is to be expected. The Union line pierces itself unbroken from the Potomac to the Mississippi. Congress is fully sustained, and the President's policy has been solemnly rebuked.

We confess that our delight in the result is not partisan triumph; for the Union party is not so much a party as it is the great body of the loyal and intelligent people who together to plant the Union upon the corner-stone of justice, which is the only sure and permanent foundation of national peace. The result reveals us to ourselves. It shows that the people have the patience, the tenacity, the insight, and the quiet courage which are essential to the wise consideration of the problem of the country. Those who are inclined to consider the people of the country at large like the mob of a city, and to suppose that, like the mob, they can be driven hither and thither by venturous leaders—that they must necessarily be hasty and impatient and rash, and plunge wildly in a great crisis like a struggling crowd in the rough of the sea—forget entirely that the antecedents and the conditions of this country make us different from any other modern nation.

Such an expectation might, indeed, be verified in the city of New York, where the population is largely composed of the most ignorant foreigners, placed in the hands of demagogues. But the population of the country at large is of British descent; its traditions are of local self-government; its temperament is not Celtic; our extent of territory invites easy expansion and ready support; the school and the church divide the days between them; so general an intelligence is the result of popular self-restraint, were never known; and while these conditions remain the United States will constantly disappoint the expectations based upon the study of human nature under other circumstances. If the city of New York were a type or fair representative of the country, there is no civilized government that would not be preferable to the vice and ignorance in power which our government would present. Had the people of the American Colonies in 1776 been like those of this city in 1866 they would never have declared their independence; they would have kissed the foot of England, and would never have undertaken a popular government possible or desirable. So long as the sturdy, independent, and intelligent spirit of the old Colonies is paramount in the Union it is safe. Should that spirit be extinguished the Union, as the defense of liberty, would disappear.

It is precisely that spirit which has prevailed in the late elections. The last shot of the war was fired more than a year and a half ago. The military prostration of the rebellion was immediate and universal. For four years the national mind had been strained steadily to the single purpose of maintaining the Government and the Union. Men of various party antecedents had united in that work, and the sudden, clean end of the war, without raveling out into guerrilla fighting, seemed to announce an equally sudden dissolution of the War party. A reaction was expected the consequences of which might be disastrous to the country. The reaction, indeed, was confidently counted upon, and greatly explains the President's course.

Now, had the War party been merely such the reaction would inevitably have followed. With relaxed muscles the warriors would have idly watched the politicians reversing the victory. But the so-called Union party was and is really the people who intelligently waged the war, and with whose intelligence will settle its results. They have bought national security at a great price, and they know it. They will therefore preserve it. The elections are the plain advertisement of that intention. They say distinctly that it is not a President whose warmest adherents are those whose hands are still red with loyal blood; it is not a party which excused and fostered rebellion; it is not those who shrick at the heart of the Government because they had lost its control, who are to decide whether the seceded rebellious States may resume their relations in the Union; but the loyal people who have saved the Union, and they only, are now to secure it wisely and forever.

FINANCE IN CONGRESS.

WITHIN three weeks Congress will again be in session. Secretary McCulloch will be enabled to lay before it an uncommonly favorable exhibit of his operations for the past year, together with a clear and flattering statement of his prospects for the future. He will tell the country that his revenue exceeds his expenditures by one hundred millions a year, and that the public debt has been reduced by that sum since Congress last met. He will explain that the revenue, large as it is, may still further be increased by a judicious distribution of taxes, and that the public burdens may be reduced by the removal of onerous but unproductive imports. He will say that owing to the late war of Europe the price of gold is higher than it was last year, but he may add that it is declining, and should the legislation of Congress be conservative, there is some prospect that by January 1867 it may be no higher than it was in January 1866. He will remind Congress that by the act of last session his power to issue currency was restricted to about $10,000,000 in the six months next following the passage of the act; that curtailment he effected in the time specified, besides accelerating the volume of interest bearing legal tender, by purchase and funding, to about $145,000,000. He will say that he is succeeding as well as he could expect in placing long bonds for Seven-Thirty notes, and that should no change take place in the money market, he has every reason to believe that the entire first series will be converted on or before maturity, thus relieving the Government from its obligation to pay them off in currency. He will reiterate his argument of last year, that for a substantial reduction of the currency: but experience will probably have taught him, on the one hand, that no large curtailment can safely be attempted until the Seven-Thirties are out of the way; and, on the other, that it is not particularly useful to recommend contraction to the party which is led by Thaddeus Stevens and John Sherman.

For, whatever the Secretary may urge, and whatever sound conservative men may hope, it is pretty well understood that the reconstructionists' party in Congress will at this session not only persist in their opposition to all measures tending to an early resumption of specie payments, but will propose a demand for a further issue of National Bank currency. They very nearly succeeded at last session in passing an Act authorizing the increase of the National Currency from $500,000,000 to $400,000,000. At that time the total amount issued was only $300,000,000. By next month the total amount authorized by law will have been issued. They will now point to the active demand for money at the financial centres of the West, and to the want of capital at the South, and will demand of Congress a fresh issue of National Bank notes at least equal in amount to the volume of interest-bearing and plain legal tenders which is likely to be funded during the year. They will insist on this with the more confidence as the result of the late elections—which have turned on issues quite distinct from questions of finance—has demonstrated that the people are on their side.

It is thus at least premature to speculate on the probable tendency of the financial legislation of the next Congress. Were the great question of reconstruction out of the way it is pretty certain that the first wish of the people would be to bring down prices to a reasonable standard, and to secure a readjustment of our systems of taxation, direct and indirect. But for the present financial theories are overborne by political necessities, and the men who, in the opinion of the loyal North, are right on the subject of reconstruction are suffered to have their own way on the subjects of currency and taxation, upon which an overwhelming majority of the people believe them to be wrong. They are the more readily permitted to persevere in an erroneous policy from the fact that, notwithstanding the severity with which taxation and high prices press upon the people, all classes are for the present unusually prosperous. Owing to the vast amount of money afloat, and the unparalleled bank expansion, business of all kinds thrives, the demand for and reward of labor are good, and, notwithstanding that prices are actually on the average higher than they were when gold was 280, and it was a question whether the currency would ever be redeemed, nobody seems to suffer, or at least nobody complains aloud. In no single constituency in the North, at the recent elections, were the high prices made a leading issue.

Should the dominant party in Congress, relying upon this public apathy, persevere at the coming session in the policy enunciated by its leaders last year and authorize further issues of irredeemable paper-money, the consequences will be obvious. A further impetus will be given to speculation; prices of all kinds will rise still higher; the existing fallacious prosperity will be extended; every one will appear to be growing rich; and this will go on until some unforeseen accident precipitates a collapse, and the whole fabric of paper-money wealth topples to the ground. At such an event the first and chief sufferers will be the manufacturers, in whose interest it is now proposed to wind the currency and tie it up tight. But it is quite hopeless to try at the present time to convince them of the fact. Each of them acts upon the motto: "After me, the deluge!"

If there were the least chance that suggestions would command the attention of the paper-money fanatics, we would agree, as we respectfully urge them, in case they determine to still further adulterate the currency, to let the new issue be plain legal tenders and not National Bank notes. For the latter are but the mischiefs of the former with the additional injury that the institution which issues them no sooner realizes the benefits of life than it begins to discount paper and lend money, and that, in a year, its loans do more toward fostering speculation and inflating prices than all its irredeemable currency. As a war measure the latter considerations would be bad enough. But $100,000,000 of them would merely be an adulteration of the currency to the extent of 12½ per cent. Whereas in addition of $100,000,000 of National Bank notes would adulterate our currency to the same extent, and would constitute a basis for more than $500,000,000 of paper expansion, which would double the mischief. But there is little chance that the triumphant majority of Congress will heed any suggestions from those who differ in opinion.

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

It is often said, and it is always true, that when the rebellion ended the people who had been engaged in it, however unchanged their secret feeling, expected to submit to terms which should vessel the victorious loyal people the results of the war. Only those who have had opportunities of knowing the internal history of the South can fully appreciate how entire and universal this feeling was. And it was a perfectly just and natural feeling. The late rebels knew that had they succeeded they were quite in sufficient enough to have made terms which would have amply secured their success. And had the President, acting upon the principle which he had declared, and with civil government was at an end in those States and could not be safely reorganized by rebels alone, have summoned Conventions of all loyal people and of all who had rebelled, adopting such modifications as Congress might have chosen to impose, even to the insertion of impartial suffrage in the new Constitutions, there would have been exactly the same acquiescence as there was in what was done; and the men who knew that by the letter of the law their lives were forfeit and their property confiscated, and who congratulated themselves that their fate was no worse.

This feeling continued even after the appointment of Provisional Governors, because the President was careful to call it such, and he did experimental. On the 24th of June, 1865, he said to the South Carolina delegation that, "The provisional Governor will only take the initiatory steps to enable them to do the things which it was incumbent upon them to perform." But from the moment that he said, on the 11th of September, 1865, to a delegation from various Southern States, "But, gentlemen, if I know myself as I think I do, I know that I am of the Southern people," the whole spirit of the "acquiescing" people in the Southern States changed. They recognized their shibboleth, and they were not deceived. All that wise men in the loyal States could do was to strengthen public opinion without unnecessary schism with the President; to expect a division, indeed, and to be ready for it, but to make it proceed from him, and to watch every thing and use every opportunity that might render it less likely. It was inevitable, however, and the elections

show how entirely the President has mistaken and misrepresented the loyal people.

When the quarrel between the President and Congress was notorious, the public sentiment of the late rebel section became positive and active. But when the President lifted the most odious rebels, like HUMPHREYS and MONROE, into the highest offices, and refused official positions to known Union men, that sentiment became definite, culminating at last in the New Orleans massacre. And now the Southern mind is morbid. Its chief and favored orators and newspapers are those that were most conspicuous in rebellion. It asserts the rights o "the South." It accuses "the North" of violating its own terms offered to "the South" as the conditions or surrender. Its hostility to Union men of every hue is such that the presence of United States troops is absolutely essential to their safety. It regarded the August Philadelphia Convention as the sign of its returning national ascendency. It prayed and believed that the President, with the Copperheads, would carry the elections. It anticipated some action of Congress which would cause it to be dispersed by the President, and then ardently expected to be summoned to the field and to revenge upon "the North" the sufferings and the humiliation of the late shameful rebellion.

This is the present state of the public sentiment at the South which eighteen months ago would have accepted impartial suffrage. How indefinitely and in a condition delays and perplexes the restoration of the Union every man can see; and for this situation the President is responsible. It is not to hope that when the late rebel population sees that the President stands alone, that he has really carried no more to the Democratic party than the *World* declared, and that the loyal people of the country stand as united and firm in peace as they did in war, they will gradually understand that a vast political and social revolution has taken place in this country.

But this is a truth which they can never understand so long as their only knowledge of the situation, and feeling of the country is gained from such papers as the New York *Daily News*, and *Day Book*, and other Copperhead journals. If, by some happy chance—which often, we are glad to know, occurs—our own paper should fall into the hands of some one at the South who thinks that the President is ready to lead a war of revenge upon "the North," we beg him to understand and to tell his neighbors that the Democratic party with the President have been disastrously defeated in every Northern State and that the only question, we have to-day in the beginning of the overthrow of the ignorance which is the most fatal foe of the South, and which is most sedulously fostered by such journals as we have named. Little will be really done in the South toward true pacification until perfect freedom of speech is not only protected but invited.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

THE people of this State have decided to hold a Convention to revise the Constitution. There are many good reasons for such a course, and we know of no good reason against it. There are two points especially of general interest, and perfectly understood by every citizen, which require change, and there are, of course, many more which the experience of twenty years will wisely adjust. The two of which we speak are the inequality of suffrage based upon color and the tenure of the Judiciary.

The present Constitution provides that every male citizen of twenty-one years shall be a voter who has been a citizen for ten days, who has been for one year next preceding the election an inhabitant of the State, and for the last four months a resident of the county in which he offers to vote. But if he chance to be a "man of color" he must have lived three years in the State, and for the year before the election must have had in unincumbered freehold estate of two hundred and fifty dollars, upon which he must have paid a tax; nor shall he be directly taxed unless he has such an estate.

This is one but the most stupid and ridiculous prejudice gravely enacted into law. The practical result is, that the most worthless, drunken, ignorant, idle foreigner who can not speak the language, and has no idea whatever of the principle and spirit of the Government, upon due naturalization may vote upon terms infinitely more favorable than are accorded to intelligent, industrious, thrifty, and useful native Americans. It is an enormity so preposterous that we do not believe there can be any serious opposition in the Convention to an absolutely impartial system of suffrage in the State. But forewarned is forearmed. Let all the friends of justice and public honor take care that there shall be no such opposition by sending delegates to the Convention who understand the first principle of popular government.

Experience has shown that the purity of the Courts is best preserved by making them independent of party and temporary considerations. Let the Judges be appointed as the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States are, upon the nomination of the Executive, and with the consent of the Senate.

The gravest question which will engage the Convention is doubtless that of equal qualified suffrage. Now that the immediate perils of the influence of slavery have passed, the danger with which we are threatened from the vast corruption of our politics will require exclusive and courageous attention. Whether these can be wisely reached by any restriction of the suffrage is by no means clear, but the point will be fully argued. There is undoubtedly a large party in this State, as in the country, which is doubtful of the advantage of universal suffrage, and which would qualify it in a way that would not exclude any considerable number of the people, while it would encourage and enforce the education which is essential to good government. But while there are risks and perils in every method, the simplest way is the safest way. If a man is born with a brain it is hard to show that he is not born also to the equal use of every means which are necessary to protect those rights.

Now that the Constitutional Convention is to be called there ought to be a general discussion and consideration of all these vital and fundamental questions, in which every citizen is profoundly interested, but which are by no means familiar to the public mind.

NEW YORK STATE AND NEW YORK CITY.

THE result of the election in New York shows more plainly than ever that our politics are a struggle between the city and the State. The solo hope of the Democratic party was to accumulate such a majority in the city—by such means as are families—as to overcome the vote of the rest of the State. In 1862 HORATIO SEYMOUR was elected Governor by the 30,000 majority he received in the city over the 20,000 majority which General WADSWORTH had in the State.

There are 60 counties in the State; of these Mr. HOFFMAN, the Democratic candidate, carried 14. But outside of cities of New York and Brooklyn, and the adjacent counties of Queens, Richmond, and Westchester, his majorities in those counties fell considerably scarcely 5000 in all. His majority in the city was more than 47,000; in Brooklyn more than 9000; in Queens, Richmond, and Westchester, about 4000. He had the support of the whole power of the Administration; he had an unprecedented profusion of money, given in the foul conviction of success; he had the active support of interest; he had the large vote of the foreigners who have been holding back during the war lest they should be drafted; he had the "Conservative Republicans" all over the State, Thurlow WEED, whatever that may mean; the fullest possible force of the whole Democratic Ring, in which counties city after city, and convention; the majority around the bay was carried up to 60,000, fully 10,000 more than two years ago; and yet Mr. FENTON'S whole majority was immediately increased.

If the Democratic vote were analyzed what would appear? This, among other things. There are about 250,000 Irish in the city of New York. About 35,000 of these are legal voters. Of these nine-tenths are profoundly ignorant. Add 15,000 votes more for the criminal and dangerous, which is the meaning of "a Veteran Observer," the peculiarly competent statistician and correspondent of the New York *Times*, and you have 50,000 votes. It is fair to assume that one-tenth of the Irish will ignore vote, and the whole of the other or vicious votes are cast for the Democratic party. Its citizen vote this year alone is 80,000. And this is the character of a very large part of the "Conservative" vote which elects Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, and Mr. WHITHOUSE CRANKER, and Mr. JOHN MORRISSEY, and Mr. JAMES BROOKS to Congress. Those who engineer these votes by means known to all men are distinctively "Conservatives." The result of such a majority could it overbear the vote of the State is hailed as a "Conservative" triumph; and the men elected to Congress by a vote so composed would gladly shake hands with Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON and call themselves the "Conservative" members of "What's your name, you drunken vagabond?" cried the unshaven Democrat to the sober Republican who was registering his vote. "My n-n-name?" thickly answered SHERIDAN, "w-w-why, it's WILLIAM WILBERFORCE."

TENNYSON AND GOVERNOR EYRE.

ALFRED TENNYSON has sent a subscription to the EYRE Defense Fund. In this moment, and yet it has he wishes to secure a fair trial for a man charged with an atrocious crime no one would be surprised. But as there is no question that Governor EYRE would have a fair trial, the act of TENNYSON must be interpreted as a sign of sympathy with his conduct. It seems simply incredible that any one who has read the Report of the Commission sent out from England to examine into the facts of the case should be able to come to any other conclusion than that EYRE's conduct was that of a coward or a brute. The Commission treat the whole matter as lightly as they can. But even they do not pretend to deny that there was unnecessary severity. That CARLYLE and RUSKIN, who sympathized with the bloody attempt of Slavery to overthrow our Government, should think it perfectly right that unresisting people should be shot down at random by a fierce soldiery, and women be whipped with wires for supposed complicity in a supposed plot, is not surprising; but that TENNYSON should enroll himself in such a melancholy band is something which will cause the deepest sorrow to thousands of generous hearts who have believed that his sympathy was sure for the most unfortunate race in history.

INFLUENCE OF CHANGES OF TEMPERATURE ON HEALTH.

IT is a very common idea that exposures to marked changes of temperature, especially from heat to cold, are of course injurious. It is therefore enjoined upon the bather, who has become heated in going to his bathing-place, to get cooled off before he plunges into the water, either by remaining out of doors for a while, or by a partial application of water at the outset. So also, Dr. RUSH directed, in order to avoid the evil effects of drinking cold water when the system is greatly heated, that the vessel of water should be grasped in both hands, and held for some time that the extreme heat may pass off gradually, and prevent the shock from the strong impression of cold upon the stomach and through that upon the system. But all this does not agree with certain practices in bathing current in some quarters. The Russians, for example, go directly from their hot baths, and plunge at once into cold water, or even roll in snow. Recent does it agree with the fact stated by Sir CHARLES BLAGDEN and others in regard to their famous experiments with the capacity of the system to bear great heat. They remained for some time naked in a room heated to even 60° above the boiling point of water, and with no material consequences in the transition from this to a room of the ordinary temperature, although they sometimes delayed putting on their clothing for several minutes. In the connection may be mentioned the fact, that often in cases of inflammation, where there is high fever, the skin being very hot, cold water is freely applied, sometimes even dashed on, not only with safety, but with decided benefit. The experiments and benefit in the case. And Captain SCORESBY says that in the Arctic regions he has often gone from the breakfast-room, where the temperature was 50° or 60° to the most-head, where it was only 10°, with no addition to his clothing but a cap, and yet "never received what could be with reason called inconvenience, from the sudden transition."

Yet we know that sometimes cold applied to a system thus heated has been subjected to high temperature produces disastrous results. Laborers who have been working a long time in the heat have sometimes even died from drinking freely of cold water. Life was once lost on a large scale from this cause. The army of ALEXANDER THE GREAT on coming to the River OXUS, after a march across a scorching desert, experienced a greater heat than in any other part of Asia.

We can find an explanation of the apparent contradiction of the facts that we have given in the known laws of the production and maintenance of animal heat. There is a continual generation of heat in the body by certain processes which we need not here describe, and under ordinary circumstances of external temperature it is maintained quite uniformly at about 98°. It is essential to health that the body be kept at or near this amount it, and that, too, to a considerable amount. For observe, that when the body is at rest a temperature of 65° is found favorable to ease—that is, to the heat generated in the system is with this temperature of the air given off to a sufficient degree to secure a comfortable feeling of ease. That the body parts with a great deal of heat in this case is obvious from the difference between the air's temperature and that of the animal heat, amounting to 33°. We know how uncomfortable we are when the thermometer stands at 98°. Here the air and the body being at the same point there can be no heat taken from the body by the air. But there is a natural consequence when heat is the system. How, then, is it prevented from being put into a high fever by a use of the animal heat far above 98°? Simply by the evaporation that occurs, this absorbing, or rendering latent (as it is expressed) a great amount of heat in changing from water into vapor. It is in this way that the great heat safeguard of Sir CHARLES BLAGDEN and his friends when they were in an atmosphere hotter than boiling water. It is in this way that the temperature of the air be lower than 65° either clothing must be sufficiently applied to prevent the heat from passing off too rapidly, or the body must excite a greater production of animal heat, or the two expedients may be united. And observe here that the readiness with which heat is produced, and therefore the depressing impression of cold resisted, must depend much on the vigor of the system.

It is this last point that furnishes the key to the explanation of the evil results of the sudden impression of cold upon the heated or the power to react—the impression will do no harm. In all cases where harm is done there is one cause which is not mentioned, and which is the most, and yet it is the grand cause of the result. It is the exhaustion of the vital powers by prolonged exertion. The laborer who has been working cool water has not merely been heated, but has been worn down by laboring hour after hour under the oppression and suffering of the heat, and he is in such a condition that cold water, either poured into the stomach or dashed upon the skin, must produce only a depressing effect; and it may be that to which the exhausted powers will succumb. The army of Alexander were exhausted by a continuous march of 46 miles over the scorching sands of a desert, when it came to the River OXUS. *If the soldiers had had a march of* but an hour or two, however heated they might be, the drinking and bathing would have destroyed none of them.

It is not in these cases the transition from high heat to cold that causes the result. Indeed, let the heat be cooled off, the skin becoming cool and perspiring instead of being very hot, and the result will come even more readily, for the bathing down of the heat induces a state of depression in place of the active energy, and the system is not as able to react and stand up against the impression of cold. For this reason the bather, heated by his walk, had better go at once into the water, for one coming out of a heated place of public resort should avoid getting cool before going out into the cold air; and should at once proceed home, washing light in order to increase the generation of heat in the system, or if he rides home he should be wrapped up very thoroughly. Any such distribution frustrates vital injury from the impression of cold in riding from from the hall or party with too little clothing; but let it be remembered that the chief injury is in fact inflicted by the exhaustion occasioned by keeping out such late hours in the midst of a whirl of unnatural excitement. The cold only enhances evil already done. Even if due care be exercised in attending against the cold the dissipation nevertheless inflicts its injury upon the vital powers and sows the seeds of disease.

We have a good example of the power of vigorous action in withstanding the depressing influence of cold, when the sportsman or traveler who has been forced to get wet through manages to keep up a proper generation or heat in the body by exercise until he reaches home, where dry clothing and warm air render the exercise no longer necessary.

NEW ARCTIC DISCOVERIES.

In addition to the encouraging reports previously communicated to us as to the probable success of Mr. HALL'S Second Arctic Expedition in search of the remains of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, we have more recent intelligence of a still more hopeful character. A part of the crew of the American barque *Aldebaran*, lost on Nantelik Island, October 6, have just arrived at St. Johns, New Brunswick. The officers of the *Aldebaran* report that Mr. HALL found a gold watch, some silver spoons, and other relics which mark, in all probability, have belonged to the men of FRANKLIN'S expedition. Mr. HALL had also learned that the remains of some of FRANKLIN'S men were lying under a boat in Committee Bay. The natives would not permit Mr. HALL to go on to examine them, but as several vessels will winter in Repulse Bay, it is hoped that he will secure assistance and push his way to where the remains are located.

HARPER & BROTHERS have just issued a new edition of Mr. HALLE'S "ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS," the best book ever published in relation to the Arctic region, and made doubly interesting by the prospect of the author's ultimate success.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ELECTIONS.

On the 6th instant elections were held in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware. In all of these States except Maryland and Missouri the result was an overwhelming majority for the Republican party. Although in New York city there was a falling off, the majority over 40,000, the Republican majority for the whole State was over 10,000. In Illinois the Republican majority generally amounts to about 60,000; in Iowa 40,000; in Michigan 25,000; in Wisconsin 20,000, in Minnesota 10,000, and in Kansas 20,000. Taking all the States in which elections have been held, the Republican majority amounts to over 250,000. In Massachusetts the Republican majority was nearly 70,000.

NEWS ITEMS.

Governor Ward, of New Jersey, has appointed Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen United States Senator, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. William L. Dayton. Mr. Frelinghuysen has held a high judiciary-General of the State for the last six years.

The trial of Mrs. Celestial Celestine Vaughn has resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff—Madame Jumel's husband—for the sum of one hundred dollars. A new trial was executed. The executors did not contest the suit, and it is supposed that a compromise was agreed to before the trial came on, by which Nelson Chase, the husband of the plaintiff, will receive less than the subsequents named in the will, the defendants relinquishing all claim to the property under their respective wills and testimony estate.

Governor Jenkins, of Georgia, in his Message to the Legislature of that State (assembled November 1), takes the ground against the Fourteenth Constitutional Amendment. Alexander H. Stephens has taken similar ground.

We illustrated in a recent number the lawbone of the Mammoth Cave, recently found at Cuba. Other parts of this animal have more recently been discovered in the Cave. The cranium, agreeing with that figured in the following item: The laborers at work in the "Big Bone Room" of the Mammoth Mine, Cohoes, have found bones of an animal at a distance of eighty feet below the surface. They consist of the two tusks, the back-bone, the upper jaw and cranium, a number of the ribs, the hip-bone, shoulder-blades, and bones of the rear limbs. The two tusks are nearly six feet in length, and are curved in the form of a circle, of which there were fourteen found, are about four feet in length, and are three inches apart for most part. The upper jawbone is four feet nine inches long from the forehead to the extremity of the nose, and across the forehead measures about three feet.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

November 7:

GEN. PEZUHEARO-NI-Is reported that the Emperor Maximilian has consented to appoint a Liberal Ministry.

LONDON.—It is stated that the insurrection in Candia has ended.

VIENNA.—The King of Italy entered this city at 31 A.M. The Patriarch of Venice received him at the Church of St. Mark, where a *Te Deum* was sung. His reception in the city was magnificent. There was great joy, and the crowd was so immense that the troops were unable to divide before the King.

PARIS.—Orders have been given to the French troops from Mexico are ready. Maximilian, the *Moniteur* says, will remain in Mexico.

November 11:

PARIS.—Orders have been received in official quarters that an insurrection has broken out at Barcelona against the Narvaez Government.

AN INDICTMENT.

Low-brow'd Woman, that stole my Love!
Fairer than I—less true:
You fooled him first with your wily tongue
And your eyes' deceitful blue.

You looked in his, till you made him swear
His first love was all a dream;
While you let him toy with your yellow hair,
And bask in your smile's false gleam.

Welladay for your eyes so bright!
Weeping has made mine dim:
You would smile on, though he lay in his grave—
I could have died for him.

ANNEXATION OF NASSAU TO PRUSSIA.

THE ceremony of proclaiming the annexation of the Duchy of Nassau to the Kingdom of Prussia was performed on Monday, October 8, in the Schiller-Platz, at Wiesbaden. The place has received that name since the SCHILLER centenary festival of November, 1860, when a linden-tree was planted there, with patriotic speeches and songs, to commemorate the birthday of the German poet. The Government offices occupy the buildings on one side of the square. Here, as shown in our illustration, a tribune was erected, covered with black and white cloth, for the ceremony of the annexation; it was surmounted by the flags of Prussia and Nassau, with the Prussian eagle. The soldiers of the Thirty-sixth Regiment formed a hollow square, in the centre of which the magistrates, the clergy, the schoolmasters, and other official persons were ranged before the tribune. The Landrath von DRIESP took his stand beneath the Prussian eagle and read the King's proclamation, after which the royal standard was hoisted on the roof of the Government offices, and saluted by the firing of 101 guns, and by strains of military music. A grand parade of the troops afterward took place in the Wilhelm-Strasse.



AN INDICTMENT.—"LOW-BROW'D WOMAN, THAT STOLE MY LOVE!"

MUSCAT, ARABIA.

WE have received, from a correspondent on board the United States steamer *Shenandoah*, a very interesting account of the conflict between the Imaum and his uncle, at Muscat, in September last, accompanied by a sketch of the city, which we have reproduced on page 741. The *Shenandoah* entered the Arabian Sea September 11, and the Gulf of Oman (on the western shore of which Muscat is situated) on the 14th, anchoring the next day in the Cove of Muscat. Captain J. R. GOLDSBOROUGH, commanding the vessel, was cordially received at the palace of the Imaum on the day after his arrival, and the usual courtesies were interchanged.

Muscat lies south of the Cove, in a hollow, under cliffs from 600 to 800 feet in height, debarred even from a view of the sea by the surrounding high rocks. Its wealth and importance are much greater than its appearance would indicate. The streets of the city are very narrow, so that a few palm leaves laid across between the eaves of the houses above completely screen them from the sun. We print the following narrative of our correspondent in full:

"A short time ago SULEM, the present Sultan—or Imaum, as he styles himself—succeeded to the throne by the death of his father. His uncle, whose name is TUQUITE, was at the time ruling a province on the shores of the Persian Gulf, and SULEM, fearing that he might lay claim to the throne, sent a message to him that the Sultan desired his presence in Muscat, which TUQUITE obeyed promptly, under the impression that the command came from his brother. He had scarcely arrived in the city when he was seized and imprisoned in Fort Jillali, by SULEM's order. Fortunately for his head he was released by the interference of the English, and carried to Bushehr, in Persia. The English had originated a report that SULEM succeeded to power by murdering his father, and on this plea they refused to recognize him as Sultan. SULEM indignantly denies the atrocious charge, and persists in the story that his father died in an apoplectic fit, which story is confirmed by his people, who are sincerely attached to him. He certainly has been indulgent and mild in his government, remitting heavy taxation where it fell upon the poor, and otherwise endeavoring to improve the condition of his subjects.

"Lately the English have, to all appearances, consented to believe his statements, for, on the 14th of September, the Civil Commissioner, Colonel PELLY, who was at Muscat in the steamer *Berenice*, of the Bombay marine, saluted the Sultan's flag, thereby recognizing him, and relieving his mind of the fear that the English would attempt to dethrone him in favor of his uncle. Colonel PELLY sailed from Muscat on the night of the 16th, the day of our arrival. The English had previous to this released his uncle from surveillance, and told him that he might go where he pleased; whereupon he immediately set to work to collect his adherents, and made sail in an armed dow for Muscat, with about 200 followers, arriving at the sea-face of Fort Jillali on the night of the 16th September.

"He landed, surprised the garrison, which was only six men, and made himself master of the best fortification in the vicinity. The Governor of the fort and his six soldiers were imprisoned, and the impression on shore was that he treacherously yielded, as, otherwise, the fort could not have been taken in the manner it was, without the discharge of a single musket. Claiming to be Sultan, TUQUITE hoisted the flag of Muscat (a plain, rectilineal, red flag), over each turret of Jillali, and opened his fire on the palace at daylight of the 17th, to the surprise and consternation of the entire city. Neither TUQUITE nor the Sultan have any guns of a heavier calibre than 24-pounders, and in Fort Jillali some of these are not even mounted; but the rebels have the advantage in having nearly all the powder, the Sultan having been foolish enough to store the principal part of his ammunition in Jillali, and leave it scarcely guarded.

"During the first excitement caused by the knowledge that the rebels were commanding the city, the Sultan sent his son on board this vessel for protection, but he left us again during the forenoon, after the feeling of insecurity had partially subsided. It did not appear to us that the Arabs were very vigorous in their measures to protect themselves.

"The Sultan sent his messengers in every direction to collect his soldiers and followers, and planted a battery in an open square in the city (hidden in my sketch by the point on which Fort Merani stands), with which he opened on the rebel fort with an accurate aim.

"Fort Merani also opened fire; and there were four vessels of war in the harbor wearing the Sultan's flag (three sloops and one brig), which might have brought their broadsides to bear on Jillali, but which lay as idle as ourselves. The Sultan sent his interpreter, ALI BEN ABDALLAH BEN CALVERT (who, by-the-way, was educated in Salem, Massachusetts), to request that we would open fire on Jillali and knock it down, which modest request our Captain declined to accede to.

"The *Shenandoah* had been largely visited by the



COLLECTING THE REMAINS OF UNION SOLDIERS FOR RE-INTERMENT IN NATIONAL CEMETERIES.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



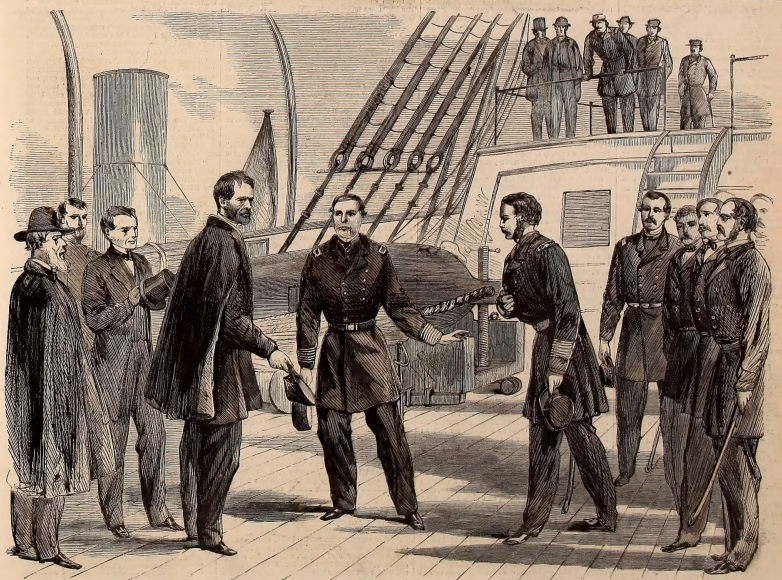
MUSCAT, ARABIA.

Arab population on the 15th and 16th, and they had been in raptures over our 11-inch guns. Upon our declining to demolish the fort the Sultan sent us another request that we would be his dispatch-boat to the Persian Gulf, but that also was politely declined. By this time quite a force was collected around the standard of the Sultan, and for a while both Fort Merani and the battery kept up a brisk fire on Jillali, nearly every shot telling on the soft material of which the fort is built; and the fire was returned by Twaqem; but as Arab is constitutionally opposed to any thing like energy, and by noon the firing slackened to an occasional gun. I don't blame them for a lack of energy with the thermometer at 108° in the shade; but if Twaqem chose he could destroy the entire city, and it behooved them to work energetically.

"All the fortifications around Muscat are ancient, and more or less out of repair, having been built by the Portuguese when they held possession of the country. They are constructed of small stones (like cobbles) and mortar, and in some places the material is so soft that it is by no means difficult to break off large cakes of it with the hands alone. Of the whole, only Jillali and Merani are of any real value, and they would not stand many shells from an 11-inch gun. Sirch Gharbi is almost a complete ruin. The effect of the 15-pound shot was seen by us distinctly from our anchorage (about half a mile distant). The ball displaced more or less of the material and caused a cloud of dust, but did not penetrate. The Sultan has a good gunner, and his attention has been directed to one spot in the fort, with an eye to breaching it, that they may take it by assault. The Arab is, generally speaking, a good shot with the rifle, and if the fight could be brought to a musketo-hand conflict, where bullets and knives were the principal weapons, it would soon be decided; we should occupy the throne; but they do not understand the use of ordnance as well. During the night a brisk musketry fire was kept up, at intervals, between Jillali and the adjacent hills, but no ordnance was used.

"The next day (16th) the Sultan planted a section of a battery—two pieces—behind a barricade of bags of dates, in front of the Custom-house, which did very good execution. He also sent out of his sloops, mounting fourteen guns, and a dow, mounting two, to the rear of Jillali to cut off communication and supplies from the fort, and capture the dow in which Twaqem came, and which was lying at anchor under the protection of the guns of the fort. He sent Ali, the interpreter, to us with a third request, that we would sell him some powder—again declined. He has sent to the hill-tribes, of which the Bedouin tribe is the largest and most powerful, to secure their services; but he is unwilling to have them come until he is reduced to a strait, for although the Bedouins are kindly disposed toward him, they are so inordinately fond of plunder that they would, after seating him on the throne and pressating to him the head of his opponent, overrun the city and rob every body in it. They plunder indiscriminately both friends and foes. There are too many rich sheiks and merchants in Muscat to make a call for the Bedouin popular.

"It was evident to us that the Sultan could not un-



DEPARTURE OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SHERMAN FOR MEXICO—HIS RECEPTION ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "SUSQUEHANNA."

SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

derstand our non-interference, and had interpreted the Captain-General's promise of friendship (those hapless phrases uttered in all such official visits) in the sense of an active friendship. The English are always so prompt to interfere in the private affairs of these poor nations in the East that our neutrality appeared strange and incomprehensible in his eyes. We would have been but only too glad to have assisted him, but the Captain's hands were tied, and there were no American interests to warrant our interference. All we could do was to carry a mail for him to Bombay, which we did, getting under way on the evening of the 18th. The ensuing up to the time of our leaving were anxious days. On every report, small, in the city the killed amounted to twelve, and in Small the report is, "Nobody hurt."

LAUNCH OF THE STEAMER "GREAT REPUBLIC."

THE following description of the launch, on November 8, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's mammoth steamer *Great Republic*, illustrated on our first page, is given in the New York *Herald*:—

"The large and magnificent steamship *Great Republic* was successfully launched yesterday morning from the ship-yard of Hunter Sprague, situated at Greenpoint. About two thousand persons, ladies and gentlemen, including quite a large number of ladies, many of whom availed themselves of the opportunity and were lingering about the vessel's bows before ten o'clock the keel block was knocked from under the mighty mass, the settling down upon the smooth and slippery ways, she glided majestically into the water amidst the cheers and music of the assembled crowd. The *Great Republic* was built for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, to run between San Francisco, California, and the commercial cities of China and Japan. Another steamer, the sister ship of the *Great Republic*, will be ready for current building in the city at the ship-yard of Webb & Bell. When all is finished she will exceed seven complete tons, and is to be placed upon the same line.

"It is expected that the *Great Republic* will be ready for sea early in the spring, when it is contemplated to place her which will be the finest line to run regularly between San Francisco, Kanagawa, Japan, and Hong Kong, China, about the first of next year. On her present voyage, from the time of leaving the port of San Francisco until reaching it, she came, averaging nine and two months. The vessel is constructed of the best materials, and will be one of the very largest as well as best fitted up vessels with all the modern improvements, and will be, when ready for sea, over a million of dollars. She is divided into four water-tight compartments and may be towed with two of them missing discreetly throughout the entire length of the vessel. The *Great Republic* is the largest wooden merchant steamship ever built in the United States, and probably the largest in the world. Her dimensions are as follow: Length between perpendiculars at load line, 360 feet; breadth moulded, 53 feet; breadth extreme, including outer planking, 80 feet; depth of hold to top of spar deck beams, eighteen feet. She will draft 25 feet 6 inches full decks and an orlop deck at each end, extending to load line. Her engine is unknown as yet, but form in lower hold to receive cargo and coal. The floors are made up of white oak and hackmatack timber.

"The machinery is building at the Novelty Iron Works, and will be of the following dimensions: A beam engine of the back-acting diameter of cylinder and 14 feet stroke of piston, to be fitted with balanced poppet valves and Allen's adjustable cut-off. A surface condenser with compressed wood packings for the tube joints and supplied with condensing water by an independent rotary pump, driven by a pair of inverted direct acting engines, which will remove air-pumps and cranks. The feed pump will be arranged so that each will have its own supply from sink and discharge overboard by a separate tube to boilers. The horizontal tubular boilers will be placed forward of engines, and will be fitted with the adjustments concerning into one smoke-pipe. The steam pressure will be 25 pounds under ordinary use. She will be fitted with all the necessary valves and connections."

GENERAL SHERMAN'S MISSION.

ON Saturday afternoon, at half past three o'clock, Lieutenant-General W. T. SHERMAN and the Hon. LEWIS D. CAMPBELL, Minister to Mexico, embarked on board the United States steam-frigate *Susquehanna*, bound for Mexico.

This event is of great interest, and will have an important bearing upon our relations with Mexico. What the exact object is we have not time to state to-day. We understand that our Mexican relations are to be a promising topic in President JOHNSON'S next Message. Our illustration on page 741 represents the reception of the Lieutenant-General on board the *Susquehanna* by Commodore ALDEN.

PRIVATE LIFE OF PIUS THE NINTH.

THE solution of the Italian question is so closely connected with the life of the present Pope that the general interest in every thing concerning him is greatly increased. The private life of any man can be more simple, regular, and unostentatious than that of Pius the Ninth. He rises at the peep of day, often in winter while it is yet dark; and as even o'clock, after he has gone through a portion of his breviary, repairs to the small chapel adjoining his bedchamber, in order to read mass. When this service is finished he breakfasts, during which meal he causes the papers of the day to be read to him, or converses with Cardinal Merode, who is always about his person. Soon after this Cardinal Antonelli, who inhabits a part of the upper rooms of the Vatican, makes his appearance, in order to bring in his reports concerning the affairs of the internal government and of foreign politics, or receives o'clock commence the audiences. The Pope, in his long linen vestment, betakes himself to a small saloon, at the further end of which is a raised throne, covered by a canopy and furnished with a velvet arm-chair, richly trimmed with gold, and raised a foot above the floor. Near this chair, in which he seats himself, is a writing-table, covered with memorials and petitions from every quarter of the globe, awaiting the Papal decision. Among the short pauses which take place between the single audiences he puts his name to these documents, as one of the last duties present make their contents known to him.

The affability of the Popes at these levées, in spite of the strictness of etiquette, has become a proverb. Pius the Ninth possesses it in a high degree. Persons are admitted singly, or by twos and threes, kneel once at the door, again in the middle of the room, and once more directly in front of the throne, where they exclaim his feet to those who desire to kiss the golden cross embroidered on his slipper, and where they remain in the same posture until a sign is given them to rise. The ladies are immediately relieved, and the Pope addresses some kind words to each in his native tongue, Italian, French, or Spanish, as the case may be. Germans and the English, however, must have an interpreter, as he is unacquainted with either of those languages. The lower orders of the clergy are suffered to kneel for some minutes, and oftentimes have no sign given to them. Bishops and cardinals, on the contrary, after they have performed the prescribed ceremonies, are allowed to kneel the Pope's hand, seat themselves upon low stools. Single persons of high rank always kneel as soon as they are admitted; but this is a matter of free choice, and by no means obligatory. Cardinal Merode never omits the practice, although he is the Pope's most confidential friend.

The Pope rises from his seat to receive princes and princesses, advances to the middle of the room to meet kings, and as far as the anteroom in order to greet emperors. Ladies less distinguished than these high dignities, and their maids of honor, are not permitted to enter the saloon, but receive their audience either in the garden or in an adjoining gallery. They are expected to appear in black garments and black veils, without distinction of rank or age.

It is interesting to hear the expressions of those who have just left the audience-chamber as they pass through the ante-room. "He is an angel!" cry his enthusiastic adherents. And even the opponents of his political system are forced to assimilate mad St. Peter's chair has never held a Pope possessed of more winning qualities than the Ninth." The levée ended, he partakes of a simple dinner, which presents a strong contrast with the extravagance of the meals served at the papal tables of the Middle Ages. Then comes, as in every private house in Rome, the siesta, followed by a drive, during which he likes to have his carriage to amuse his Holiness with their conversation—no difficult task, as, when free from the pressure of political affairs, he is very fond of cheerful society, mix with pleasure and hearty laughter to anecdotes and the chit-chat of the day. The carriage, which is surrounded by a mounted guard, is stopped outside of the walls of Rome, either in the vicinity of the Pyramid of Cestius, Monte Pincio, or the Colosseum, the Pope frequently desiring it for a short walk, and then drive back to Rome, where a frugal supper awaits them. The day is closed with a game of billiards, which he is very fond of, understand and chevful conversation until ten o'clock, at which hour every light is extinguished in the Vatican.

A MERE SCRATCH.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE worthy butler had been right: but not sufficiently right. When Mr. Farnshaw had gone upstairs to swoon, and her aunt's chamber, to which she had been carried, and where she remained for a long, protracted consciousness, however, Mrs. Turnover gradually cleared the apartment of all extraneous company, and the consequence was Mrs. Turnover's first access, on recovering her faculties, was heard by her aunt alone. Shortly after the bright eyes reopened, when they were filled with a what shame.

"Is—is he—aunt, tell me—is he *safe?*" she gasped.

"Yes, my dear—safe enough," the old lady answered to reply. "Keep quiet, I hear Mr. Farnshaw—" "Not—not to dear aunt called softly. Mr. Farnshaw's voice was heard in faint response. "Is he better bit? That brute's fangs ain't touched him at all, has they?"

To this leading question Mr. Farnshaw was fortunately able to reply in good faith:

"No, Mrs. Turnover. Make yourself quite hreasy, ma'am. They have not."

Esther's voice, also, sought the welcome word.

"God be praised!" she uttered, fervently; then, once more turning deadly white, sank back upon the pillow.

Mrs. Turnover administered new restoratives, and soon saw the sufferer revive.

"Well, you are a one, I must say," the good lady could not help remarking. "So bold when there was danger, and such a one to be afraid of now it's all over. Why now, never mind, he you still for half an hour—and—there—Mercy, my dear, you're off again!" Mrs. Turnover, turning almost as pale as her patient had done a minute before.

"*Pearl!*" cried Esther, laughing. "My dear aunt, nothing. A mere scratch."

"Pearl!" echoed.

"*Dog!* No—no—no, dear. Calm yourself,' said Esther, mentally. "I was plucking a rose. Sir George Gorgon was standing near me. The dog sprang at him all."

"Lor, what a turn it giv' me!" said her aunt, sitting down on the bed, with her hand on her portly side. "No wonder, for there's all the mark of the beast's fangs close to your own husband. I shall take and snip it off."

She did so, and also washed and bound up the positive hand, to all of which Esther submitted placidly.

"And now," said Mrs. Turnover, "I must go and attend to Farnshaw. I'll spete somebody to look after you awaitin' of me." (I wonder if Farnshaw's giv' the letter?) "Now, you lay quiet as a mouse for half an hour. I shall putt myself to rights in Dolly's room, so's not to worrit you a-bobbing about. Got a sleep in there, I dessay, for that."

Not even the relief obtainable from a nap of this duration was yet vouchsafed to Esther. She did, indeed, close her eyes, until her aunt, after a hasty rummage among the treasures of her wardrobe, trotted off to an adjoining room, and closed the door. Then, however, she rose from the bed, and kneeling beside it, poured out in fervent gratitude to the great Defender, who had, through her feeble hands, been made so great a peril. Then, in the reaction that succeeds intense excitement, sleep deigned to visit her.

A few minutes had elapsed, when the door of the apartment to which Mrs. Turnover had retired opened softly, and displayed that lady listening, and lacing her stays. Finding all quiet, she advanced a step or two in the direction of the bed, and bent her head forward to record the fact that the good lady usually wore, under her gown, an embroidered petticoat, which might be described as pepper-and-salt, with a dash of mustard, and whose beauty authorizes the addition that she occasionally black cotton stockings with grey worsted tops as becoming and economical wear.

What article of dress the lady had forgotten to take from her drawer is not material to this narrative. She decmed it essential, since with great care and pains she made such an undoubtedly into the chamber, and was stretching out her hand to the half-opened drawer when a murmur from the sleeper's lips caught her ear. She stopped. Again the murmur. It sounded this time like somebody's name.

"Eh?—Lord bless me!" said Mrs. Turnover, softly. "*What's that?*"

She had advanced just beyond the curtain of Esther's bed, and by merely revolving on the stately pedestals we have already referred to as clothed in black and grey, without moving from her place, could distinguish Esther's face. The cheek was flushed, and even in sleep a tear was upon it, while her lips moved in feverish action. As the murmur her words inaudible, then shaped themselves into:

"Safe!—Safe! Oh, how far more than life!—George!" She breathed a profound sigh, and sank into quiet rest.

"Well—I never!" were the first words the listener's quivering lips attempted to frame.

After a hasty toilet, Mrs. Turnover appeared to rally her disordered thoughts. She faced the bed. As she gazed on the pretty sleeper a tear crept into her eye and it crossed at the identical angle of dilvert it down the nose instead of the cheeks, there was no less nose or due to the sleeper's face than to her own nose.

Then she glanced at the half-open drawer, and the reflection: "How lucky then I come back for my bonnet! Here Farnshaw has unexpectedly!" passed through her mind.

With that kind soul turned, and observing, if possible, double caution, stole back to the chamber she had left. Good woman! If Turnover could see you now, that elaborate toilet would have abandoned by his confidence in your frank and single-hearted nature got mitigated into a mere ordinary commentary of all his set speeches did not exceed your desert.

That Mrs. Turnover did not experience a pang of disproportionate regret at the result she claimed for her is mildly due to the readiness with which she confessed to herself that Farnshaw might be the lover of Esther's attachment, the fact of its existence was an absolute and unexpectable bar to her own pretensions.

"Pretty, pretty, indeed, said Mrs. Turnover, as she finished her lacing before the glass, and saw (but she was not questioned) that a large, coarse tress in the aforesaid dirt-colored petticoat, and a square knit with short, grizzled hair. "Lord bless my soul! what will old poll be next? Pretty poor stuff, I'm thinking. Cunning little 'uns that you be! You'd never ha' told me—not you! And think of all that patience of anger last night, and wouldn't even answer my lady Pauline's to open the door for him! And she'd cry's seen his picter, eh? Well, I'm sure, I never guessed things! They goes the cussed string!" Lace renewed, and Mrs. Turnover continued: "George,' she called him! Well, people be bold, asleep!"

The good lady hastily completed her toilet, rewinding her cotton-print garments, and after one peep at the still slumbering Esther, hurried down stairs in search of Mr. Farnshaw.

That gentleman's movements since we last saw him had been characterized by considerable indecision. The injunction of his wife had induced the footman entered with some breakfast articles.

"Master—Mr. Farnshaw, Mr. Fanshaw."

"Is he? Anc'ovy toast. Run, Thomas—quick" said the butler, hurriedly. His eye had rested on the silver muffin-dish, and the sight at its own bewildering cover, occurred to him. He lifted it—hesitated—heard Mrs. Turnover, and pounced. In his flurry Mr. Farnshaw dropped the note on the muffin. There was no time to recover it; he replaced the cover.

The baronet entered, glanced hastily over the ranks of letters, looked for a seat, and sat down to breakfast. At this instant Mr. Fanshaw, standing opposite, caught sight of the portly figure of Mrs. Turnover, executing, outside the door, a series of nods and wild and agitated movements, the object of which he could only interpret as a desire to inquire how if he had yet presented the letter, as injunction to do it if he had not. So earnest grew the pantomime that Mr. Fanshaw made a movement to leave the breakfast-room.

"Stay a moment, Fanshaw," said his master, who had opened a letter.

Unable to explain further, the butler gave Mrs. Turnover a reassuring smile, and significantly pushed the muffin-dish and the note under the lid, just sufficiently to afford the anxious lady an opportunity of reading this had not the tranquilizing effect he expected.

Mr. Farnshaw, observing that Sir George was still absorbed in his letter, ventured to raise the lid, just sufficiently to afford the anxious lady an opportunity of reading the contents of the note, and, at the same time he directed a triumphant glance through the door. In acknowledgment Mrs. Turnover threw up her arms in astonishment and ecstasy, flung her apron over her head, and staggered away. Mr. Fanshaw stared after her in some perplexity.

"Now that didn't ain like J'y," was his reflection. He began to wish he could regain the letter.

"Fanshaw—"

"Yes, Sir George."

"Fanshaw! Oh, you will present my compliments to Miss Vann, and beg her, when she has fully recovered, to afford me an opportunity of expressing my acknowledgments for the great service she has this day rendered to me, and, indeed, to all my household."

"Yes, Sir George."

"Stay, give me a muffin."

"Muffin, Sir George?"

"Muffin."

At that supreme moment the butler was conscious of the reappearance of Mrs. Turnover, now in an unmistakable attitude of despair, while Dolly, equally agitated, peeped over her shoulder. It was, however, too late. Mr. Fanshaw had placed the fatal dish within reach, and was preparing to beat a precipitate retreat.

"Take off the cover," said George.

Mr. Fanshaw obeyed. One glance revealed the fact that the steam-heated letter had begun to imbibe the rich fluid below, and, having once tasted thereof, was rapidly becoming inebriated.

"Why, what in the name of—" began George, lifting it curiously with his fork. "Here, take this away! Something has got into it."

"Bless me, so there is!" cried the butler, as he whipped off the dish, muttering something about "the bakers."

"Lor! what a providence!" gasped Mrs. Turnover, as Mr. Fanshaw presented her with the recovered missive. "Quick—run!" Snatching off the letter the good woman hurried away.

At some time after he had finished both his letters and his breakfast, the young baronet remained at the table immersed in thought. With an effort he rose and went into his study. There he sat for a few moments lerture, then rang the bell and flung himself into a chair.

"Now for my fate," he muttered.

A servant appeared.

"Mrs. Turnover," George checked himself. "Say to Mrs. Turnover that I shall be glad to see her for a minute."

Mrs. Turnover's avaitin', Sir George," was the prompt reply.

"Say her to come in."

Mrs. Turnover, quietly attired, came in. Though on a large scale, and of that general aspect which a fastidious critic might have described in the aid uncommon expression, "vulgar," the worthy cook was, for her style, a remarkable woman. It may further be that the consciousness of a presentable appearance imparted to her countenance and manner a degree of self-possession and dignity not usually to be found there. At all events her young master thought he had never seen her look so much like those days when, as a school-boy, he had not disdained to make surreptitious dainties at that large and liberal hand.

"Dear Mrs. Turnover," he began.

Mrs. Turnover bobbed a courtesy and remained standing.

"Sit, sit, my good friend," said Sir George, a little impatiently.

"Begging your pardon, Sir George," was the reply, "I prefer standin'."

Sir George rose.

Mrs. Turnover cleared her throat, twitched her apron nervously, and began:

"I've come, Sir George, to give hanser, as quick as I could, to what you was a-saying of last night. I've been considerin' of it, as you bordered, Sir George, and now I'm ready to answer, Sir George. I shall be most "appy"—George's heart stood still—"for to retain my situation, but as to being your wife, Sir George, when I does marry, keep to my hose spear."

"Of your feelings on such a point, my good Barbara, we shall judge, of course, be the best. And this much relieved sutior; "but do not decide hastily."

"I've settled it these many years," she said, "and you take it so kindly, Sir. I was afeard, seeing how ex-nest you was, that you might be disappinted," said the kind creature.

George took the good woman's hand, and was hypocrite enough to feign a shade of triumph at resigning to be perceptible in his exculnance as he replied, with a melancholy smile, that it was not his first disappointment, and he should overcome it as he had others; adding, after a decent pause, that he should dine at home that day, and expected two friends.

Mrs. Turnover, much relieved, and requested to withdraw; but, pausing a moment, remarked:

"Sir George, I'm glad to have been able to bless them last words as hever hissued from the lips of T. A."

"I'm," said George, absently.

"The same was as before," resumed Mrs. Turnover. "He was total unconcious. Indeed, we thought he never come round, when, suddenly, he opens one eye, and winks twice; which meaning 'stimulants,' they was giv', and he says, fairly: 'Fishes don't eny bilin' water.' Thinks he was a wanderin', we nodded cheerful-like: but he goes on: 'A dillykid female lookin' down at me.' Which there is, sure enough. After that, we thought he was going; but, with a great heffort, poor dear, he just manages to hadd: 'There's social difficulties.' Which there is, sure enough. 'When there ain't, don't let 'em stick to you. Adoo!'"

"Your excellent husband seems to have received many results of his experience to a very late moment!" remarked George. "At this precise moment, my mind is, I fear, too fully occupied with selfish thoughts to appreciate them properly. I have this morning received an important letter (here than one, his thought suggested), "and I am impatient till I have thanked my deliverer. Is your nice sufficiently recovered to allow me the opportunity?"

Mrs. Turnover considered that, by this time, she was, and would be glad to see if not sure the case.

"Have played the booby long enough," reflected the master of the mansion, left alone. "Honesty and openness commend me! I will tell her the whole truth, and then—"

Mrs. Turnover had a harder task than she expected. Her niece was indeed awake, and, calmed and recovered by her unwonted steals, looked as charming as need be. But the going communication—by the good old going away—was not to be thought of.

At length Mrs. Turnover lost all patience.

"Well, all the contrary creature as ever did see, you beats all! You westered your life to protect Miss Esther, and don't' added Mrs. Turnover, testily, "you've actually been s-dreamin' of him." Esther darted. "Child, you *been* him! Won't you go down stairs?"

"If what you say were true, ma'am," Esther replied, with hesitation, "which it is not, people, should be the last to force me into his presence."

"Highty-tighty! Who wants to force your ryal 'ighness?' And why should you be? Is it me as you do what in your 'art you wishes?" demanded the cook, losing all control of her temper. "You look here. If you don't go down and be thanked like a reasonable woman, I'll go to master myself, and tell him that that there letter was wrote by you to Mr. Fanshaw."

"Aunt, aunt! I could not have believed that you would have been guilty of such—wicked," said Esther, bursting into tears.

"Cruel! Wicked?" ejaculated Mrs. Turnover, aghast. "Why, what—"

"To compel me, feeling as you say and believe I do, to hold any further intercourse with gentlemen, to whom, miserably for yourself and for him, you are about to be married?"

"Both! *That's it!* Who said we was going to be married?" said her aunt, in an altered tone.

"Has you not accepted his offer?"

"Who's gone and putt that nonsense into your little head?" said her aunt, with an assumption of surprised innocence that Esther gazed at her in dumb surprise. "Don't you think it possible as I might like to hear what they'd say before, without rally meaning to

make such aninny of myself as that comes to? Prayy I'd a fancy to tease Mrs. Mapes. But, there, a joke's a joke, and if master had his'n, why, I've had mine."

"Oh, aunt, I am so glad!" cried Esther. "How wise! how prudent! how disinterested!"

"But, good gracious, child! I en stand chatterin' here, and master's waiting! Now, Esther, I insist upon your going instant down. I'm not going to be married to him a bit, and so I've told him. Why, whatever the matter with me will continued Mrs. Turnover, flushing with anger and excitement, "you was glib enough to the doctor. As I'm a livin' woman, I'll tell him."

The movement she made to quit the room decided Esther.

"Stay, stay, aunt!" she exclaimed. "I will go down. It will be better—in the end."

Uttering the last words almost in a sob, she quitted the room.

The dialogue above recorded had allowed Sir George, little that he reserved self-estimation and the arrangement of his thoughts, so that, on Miss Vaux making her appearance, bearing very much the aspect of an empress whose privacy has been invaded by the exigencies of a public audience, he was prepared to meet her with a dignity equal to—and in one case greater than—her own.

Having made his purposed acknowledgments for the service she had, at such imminent personal hazard, rendered to himself and people, George respectfully bespoke her attention for a few moments, and thereupon related, without stint or pause, the history of his acquaintance with Mr Mulcaster, its abrupt and hopeless termination, his own mad yielding to a wild and foolish impulse, the attempt he had nevertheless felt it incumbent on him to make, to carry it out, and its failure. In making these humiliating confessions he treated the subject nearer would at least—in his credit for sincerity of purpose. Had also Vaux's estimable relation accepted the overture he had been induced to make, nothing should have been wanting on his part that might reconcile her to the duties of her new station. Her reason and foresight, however, which put his entirely to shame, had suggested a course greater wisdom, and more likely to conduce to the happiness of both, than leaving him, the speaker, free to—to—

"To—to—?"

"To make a fitter choice."

Miss Vaux must be forgiven for observing that there did not appear to be any choice in the matter.

Sir George Gosling had indulged the hope that the course on his remarks would have indicated his having arrived at the same views—aware as the indelicacy which lay at the root of his intemperate vow, he came it to the writer.

Miss Vaux was aware that those atmospheric agents possessed a very extensive treasury of the kind, but nevertheless, she had done as to be the legal transfer. That, however, was beyond her province. She would not trouble Sir George's memory.

Sir George considered that it could scarcely prove such to him, unless his hearer vouchsafed her attention a little longer.

But there was nothing more to say.

Her pardon. There was. Every thing.

How?

Thus. He had frankly described his engagement with Miss Mulcaster, how their intimacy, begun in childhood, had ripened into what he had been accustomed to regard as a mutual attachment, and then on the very threshold of their union, one of the parties had recoiled from the bargain. The blow thus rudely dealt, had expressed in his heart a serious doubting whether Miss Mulcaster had ever felt toward him as she permitted him to believe: while the speaker, on his part, was disposed to question whether, in his estimate of her character, he had attached sufficient importance to certain weaknesses and frivolity which underlay her more attractive qualities. In one word, George must acknowledge he no longer adored the idol of his boyhood. He had tested her, and found her mortal. Dreams were over for him. Henceforth he stooped to truth, to reason, to reality. These—and how much more he would not add—he believed he had addressed to—in her who had so patiently listened to his discourse.

It was well that George's speech came to a conclusion. Esther had turned very white, and looked as like to faint, that he had to place her in a chair. She rallied, however, with an effort, and, though encouraged by the returning color, and a faint smile that straggled about her lips, ventured to return to the charge.

During those appeals and explanations, to which George's historian has done but indifferent justice, the mind of the hearer had fluctuated not a little. Touched at length to the heart by his frank and earnest manner, she ended by believing every syllable. Strange and sudden as was the attachment he had formed for her, something seemed to whisper her that it was of more genuine and natural growth than that from whose ashes it had sprung; and if the exciting circumstances of the hour had led to a somewhat premature declaration, had she a right to dispute it on that ground alone? After a momentary hesitation, breaking into a bright smile, she gave him her hand. It was the *left*.

George happened to be superstitious on this subject. He hesitated:

"A bal. forgiveness?" he asked, smiling. She held out the other.

"Good Heavens, what is this?" exclaimed the young man, thinking only of the dog.

"Nothing. The rose," said Esther.

George was much relieved. He took the little hand tenderly, and kissed it.

There followed a little further conversation, with which we have no other concern than to know that it resulted in an understanding that the engagement (for such it must now be considered should be kept secret for a period of twelve calendar months, subsequently to be six, and ultimately, on petition, to three, reduced to six, and ultimately, on petition, to three, during which no communication whatever was to take place between the contracting parties. To this last condition Miss Vaux held firm. Sir George was to enjoy a period of three months for undisturbed reflection. In *them*, the impression that he now knew his own mind was sufficiently confirmed, he would use his discretion as to announcing the engagement; but any word of marriage, or allusion to that event, within one twelvemonth, was to nullify the whole transaction.

Article the last. Sir George was to order the carriage forthwith.

He did so, and led the young lady to the door, still looking wistfully at the bandaged hand.

"I fear you are suffering more than you will confess?" he said.

"I do not feel it at all," replied Esther, with her radiant smile.

"I shall send to inquire the progress of the cure."

"It will be your last communication, then," said Esther. "Remember our conditions."

"Nay, but I am really anxious—"

"Nonsense," said Esther, laughing, "a mere scratch!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Some of our railroad companies, having stations in this city, have for some time past maintained a regulation that no person shall be admitted to the cars about to start unless upon showing a ticket. The result is, that a gentleman who accompanies his wife or lady relative or friend to the cars to see her safely started on a journey, can not aid in procuring her a seat, but she must tread her way through the crowd into the car alone. The consequence is that the rule on the ground that it prevents pickpockets from plying their trade in the cars at a station, but it is very doubtful at least whether any advantage thus gained compensates for the annoyance to which timid and inexperienced females are subjected. The rule has recently given rise to renewed complaint.

There is talk of removing the old "William Penn" Mansion, heretofore standing on the corner of Second and Gothic streets, in Philadelphia, and one of the time-honored relics of the early history of that city, and re-erecting it, upon a reduced scale, in Fairmount Park.

By the re-establishment of the mail system throughout the Southern States has been heretofore embarrassed by the fact that few contractors for carrying the mails can be found who are able and willing to take the "test oath" which our Government requires from those who aspire to situations of trust and confidence in its employment. A Mr. Bryan Tyson, of Washington, now advertises an ingenious solution of this difficulty. He proposes that the contractor, instead of carrying a mail should notify Tyson; whereupon Tyson will immediately go to Washington, take the oath required, take the oath, give the security required, and take out the contract in his own name; and will then transfer it to the proposed contractor, receiving a commission of 5*l* per cent. for his (Tyson's) time, trouble, expenses, and the privilege of using his name and not of conscience in taking so many oaths as the prosecution of the plan involves.

In the *Weekly* of October 20 we gave Edward Everett's description of the cholera of 1832. Here is Rufus Choate's. It is extracted from a lately-published letter from him to Governor Everett, dated Salem, Wednesday, dated Salem, August 21, 1832, in which he describes a recent visit to Boston:

"The doctor and I found quarters in the same room. The moon shone as upon the city of the dead: and the sun sounds from the street, the clock in the hall, the steps, or the slow wheels, of the bearers of the sudden sick, or the dead. Every house is a hospital, and all over. Between you and me I came once or twice in the night to that old people call Apprehension—a sort of rascally nervous inclination to squeal and kick up my heels, fancy ministering to fear and blanching my hair. By the morning star rose at length it seemed to glitter and sting as my duty of the day approached, and full of the horror had been the night! So I called down to the wharf to meet the New England Packet, and to be the was guaranteed at New Haven, and that it was doubtful if any should be admitted to Salem. The same report was offered at Jarvis's, in Poughkeepsie. There I found a Mr. Wolfe, who proved to be a very respectable fellow, a friend of Pendleton and Clay, and a most determined foe to the cholera. He had already sailed me. Whereupon I went to bed, gentle as a babe, and slept like a rock. Early in the morning I was on the occasion. They send me my last year's bills to me with an intimation that if all were not straight and receive my United States' bills, as if they expected to give a thousand dollars for my good and faithful conduct."

By-the-way, why is it that the labors of our Board of Health seem so much relaxed lately. In the upper part of the city the bone-boiling nuisance seems remorselessly to be again commencing its work—and the streets and sidewalks are as dirty as ever.

Hunters often shoot deer, but one would say that a deer could not shoot a hunter. Yet this apparently impossible accident is reported to have occurred in Pennsylvania. A deer was pursued by hounds and a deer-stalker named Urquhart. He made one or a party who were pursuing a stag, and was sent, with another hunter, to keep it from escaping at the head of a glen into which it had been chased. The stag was, however, not intercepted by a shot, and so the two men were able to come up with him, and Urquhart tried to drive him down with the butt-end of his rifle before finishing him with the bullet. In despair and pain the stag lashed out, and, striking the hammer of the gun, knocked it back against the head of the other down on the cap, so that the charge exploded, and drove the bullet straight through the forester's body. He stood for a moment, and then fell, saying, "I am shot," and fell into the arms of his companion, who laid him down and tried to stop the bleeding. Medical assistance was at once sent for, but the distance was so great that before the doctors could arrive the wounded man was dead.

The week has brought news of some other accidents almost equally singular. From San Francisco we hear of an explosion of an ordinary brass ship's lamp, on board the sloop *Sycamore*, with such force as to shatter the cabin into kindling wood, kill the boy who was the lamp, and even drive pieces of the metal deep into the deck, accompanied by a noise like the report of a cannon. This was something out of the way to be explained on the supposition that the contents of the lamp were ample cause for it, as was at first believed. But upon investigation it appeared that the men on board the sloop, some weeks previously, obtained some fluid which they supposed to be oil. Some of it was placed in the coal-oil can, kept on board for filling the lamps. Shortly thereafter some was poured from the can to oil the axle of the track used for hauling freight on board the schooner, and on the track being used an explosion followed. The men now discovered that what they had supposed to be oil was nitro-glycerine. They thereupon turned the dangerous fluid overboard, and coming to port again had the can filled with coal oil at a drug-store. The theory of the explosion is, that enough of the nitro-glycerine remained sticking to the sides of the can when it was refilled with coal-oil to produce the explosion. This floated on the surface of the coal-oil, or mingled with it, and found its way into the lamp, where it is some manner, through friction in screwing down the lamp, a sudden jar, or heat from the burning wick, exploded with the terrible force and fatal result we have stated.

In the upper part of New York city last week several small boys were badly, and one of them fatally, burned by an explosion. It seems that while playing in the street they found some scattered pieces of what they supposed was coal, and immediately commenced collecting all they could and for the purpose of building a fire. After doing so, and igniting the material so collected, the children gathered round the embryo fire to high-jinx, as they so stood huddled together the black mass suddenly exploded, scattering the fire over them, and burning a number of them very seriously, so much so indeed, that one of them died next day. It was afterward ascertained that what the children supposed was coal, was in fact cakes of damaged powder. The proprietor of a coal-yard in the vicinity had a parcel of damaged powder on his premises, which he considered worthless, and gave to a carman, with directions to "throw it into the North River." To save going all the way to the river, however, the carman, not supposing any harm would come of it, threw the powder out of his cart into the street, where not long afterward the disastrous ludo found.

A severe penalty was recently inflicted upon a young boy in an English county town. It seems that three naughty boys were in the habit to go apples from the grounds of a certain gentleman. Two of them were lads of bad character. The third, a very young one, was of good character, entirely led away by his companions. A policeman caught them all. The decent boy was one of nine children, and was absent the next day to go to a situation. Apples, probably windfalls, were found in his pockets. His mother begged hard of the magistrates for his release. He was a very good boy at home, she said. She promised that he should be well looked after in future. It was his first offence. The justices, however, sentenced the poor child, in spite of his previous character, *to three years in a reformatory!* One can not help feeling a strong sympathy with the poor child thus punished for a first offence.

A Londonderb one day last spring met a large oleo went to the room of a broker in Hartford while he was asleep, took the keys of his office and safe from his pantaloons pocket, opened the safe of $100, and then replaced the keys in his pocket!

A residence in Rome just now would not seem to be particularly desirable. Brigands in that vicinity have become fearfully bold. A letter from Rome states that not long since a band of brigands entered the village of Acuto, and seized upon five persons belonging to the principal families of the place. They carried them off to the mountains, and gave them to understand that they must pay a large ransom. The family of one of them sent the amount demanded, and the brigands set free the person so ransomed, giving him a sealed box to be handed to the mayor of the village. When opened it was found to contain the ears of the four other prisoners, and a letter saying that if the whole sum demanded was not remitted the heads would shortly be sent to their friends.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

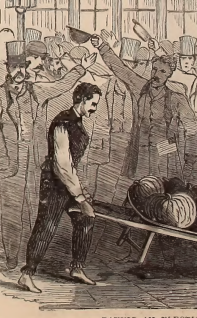
SOME PERSPIRE!—The annual ceremony of crowning the king of the pumpkins took place lately at the extinct mastodon in Paris. The happy vegetable weighed 268 pounds, and measured ten feet four inches round. At one time it was feared the antediluvian might forbid the ceremony, on the ground of its politi-cal significance, because it might lead the dissatisfied to believe the crown was going to exhaust!

The last novelty in the way of locomotion is to be among the many wonders of the Great Exhibition at Paris. It is a mechanical horse, which trots, gallops, or walks, as may suit the pleasure of the rider. He even prances after the most approved style, and neighs when that sound is agreeable to its possessor.

A country dentist advertises that he "spares no pains" to make his operations satisfactory.

PAYING AN ELECTION WAGER.

If men will lay wagers on elections they must take the consequences with as much grace as possible. In the little town which we illustrate below both the winner and the loser were compelled to play a somewhat ludicrous part, the latter that of wheeling a barrow five pumpkins around the square, while the former went before with the Bull's-eye flag. The winner of the wager was Mr. W. B. BLANCHARD, the loser was Mr. JOHN MORGAN. All was done, without cost or bodily wheeled the pumpkins, according to agreement, a large and enthusiastic crowd following. The scene of this interesting performance was the square formed by Broadway, Grand, Crosby, and Howard streets.



PAYING AN ELECTION WAGER.

"SAY, MAMMA?"

Pray, mamma, say, mamma: did you not think—
As she stood for our carriage last night at the hall—
That Spooner, poor creature, was just on the brink
Of—I don't like to mention it!—"popping," that
Should he propose, may I send him to you?
What shall I say, mamma? Say, mamma, do!

Yes, mamma! Guess, mamma, how I was vexed
When the carriage came up and he bid us "good night!"
I knew—or I fancied—what *must* have come next,
For his pressing my hand so expressibly did!
How shall I treat the man—send him to you?
What shall I say, mamma? Say, mamma, do!

Oh! mamma; so, mamma. Do not suppose
I would marry for that. I am not to be sold.
But still—for all gentleman's property goes
To the very identical son, I am told.
Make up your mind. Shall I send him to you?
What shall I say, mamma? Say, mamma, do!

Nay, mamma: sly, mamma, sweet mamma!
Let me beg you to give your definitive choice.
Good gracious, what's that? There's a knock at the door.
Oh, it's Spooner himself; no mistaking the voice.
Tell me at once; may I send him to you?
What shall I say, mamma? Say, mamma, do!

THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION—A printing-office.

"Mother, can I go and have my daguerreotype taken?" "No, I guess it isn't worth it." "Well, then, you might let me go and have a tooth pulled, I never go there!"

A saleryly old farmer who had lost one of his best hands in the midst of hay-making, remarked to the man who was driving up the grass: "I'll tell you what, a good mowing machine is a time like this; but, after all, poor Tom was a great eater."

BAPTAL.—Old Singleton, on hearing there was a song called "The Children's Hour," remarked, that it could of course only mean bedtime. He added a hope that the song did not sanction the absurd idea of after dinner being the children's hour.

The show-window of a certain corset-maker exhibits a singular instance of illiterate diction. On a card appears the following sentences: "All kinds of ladies stays here."

"NONE OF YOUR SASSE."—We see some one is advertising "Mr Wife's Sauce." It is to be regretted that he does not keep his little domestic discomforts to himself.

A Paris paper apologizes to its readers for being compelled to make an erratum, having placed four numbers under the mercantile heading of "declarations of failure."

The old gentleman who undertook to take the twist out of the Mississippi has gone after the whitewash the Rocky Mountains. He goes in for large jobs.

EXCUSES FOR DRINKING.

One drinks because he's very hot as we are often told;
Another must a tankard take because he's very cold;
Another drinks because he's wet, in hopes he'll be dry:
Another, sure, a tankard gets because he's very dry:
One drinks because he's sad, and one because he's glad to strike it!
While one and all the liquor take bedfuse, in fact, *they like it.*

"You saved my life at the battle of Waterloo," said a foreigner to a waiter. "Sweet pay you for it," he served under you, and when you run away—*I follow!*

"When was Rome built?" inquired a tourist's inquisitive examiner.

"In the night, Sir?"

"In the night! how do you make that out?"

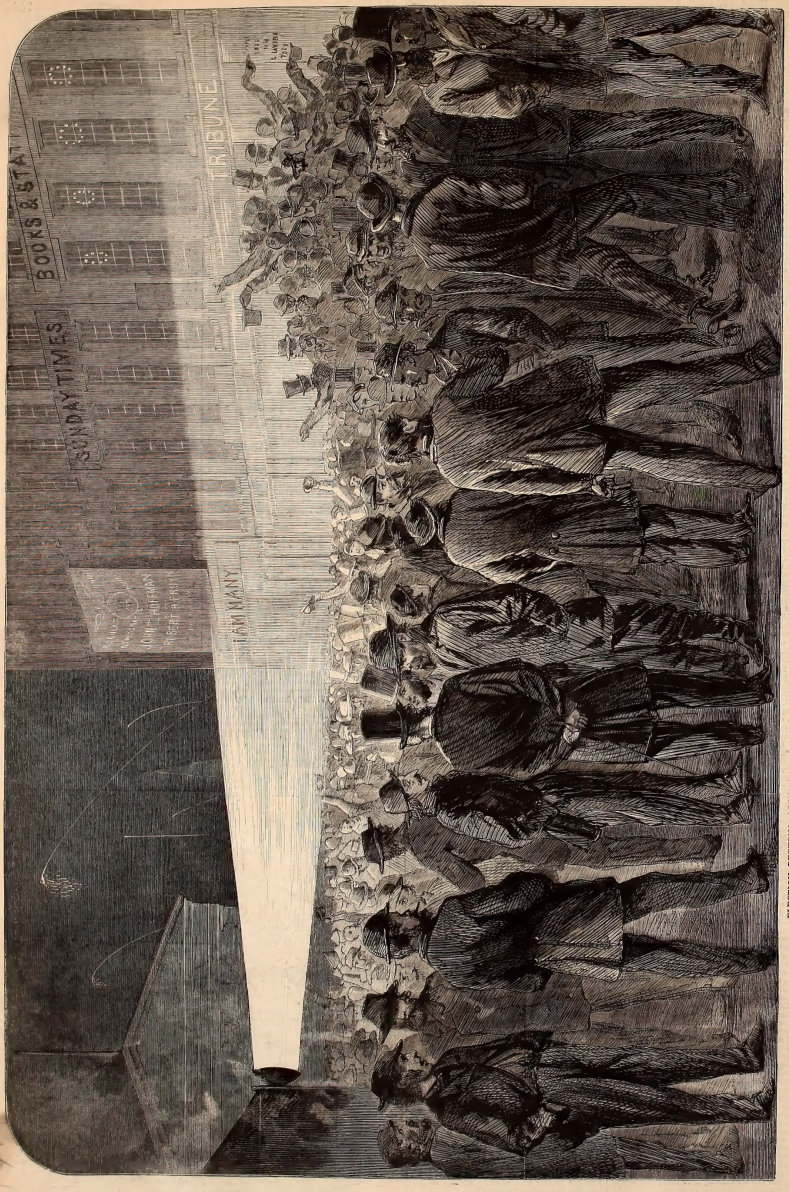
"Why, Sir, you know Rome wasn't built in a day."

Some books are like small, cheap dictionaries; you find every thing there—except what you want.

An old bachelor says the talk of women is usually about men; even their laugh is for I he! ha!

Why is love like a Scotch plaid?—Because it is all stuff, and often crossed.

A traveler at a Pennsylvanian hotel got out of his bed one night to see what sort of weather it was, but instead of looking out upon the sky, thrust his head through the glass window of a cupboard. "Landlord!" shouted he, "I guess, by the sort of weather you call this, the night is as dark as Egypt, and *smells of cheese!*"



ELECTION RETURNS—SCENE IN FRONT OF THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE" OFFICE AT MIDNIGHT, NOVEMBER 6-7.—[SKETCHED BY C. G. BUSH.]



PROCLAIMING THE ANNEXATION OF NASSAU AT WIESBADEN.—[See Page 746.]

THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

THE lights are lit, the chimney glows,
The board is laden with the best;
And evergreens the high walls deck
In expectation of a guest.

The maiden wears a snow-white rose
In shining braids of silken hair;
The matron's face is lit with smiles
To greet the guest expected there.

Along the turnpike's devious way,
Across the swift and dangerous ford,
The jaded steed his rider bears,
Obedient to the lightest word;

His iron hoofs upon the night
Ring out a harsh, discordant tune,
His streaming mane shakes in the wind,
His wild eye wonders at the moon.

The hours go by, the clock ticks loud,
The fire has lost its former glow;
The wine still waits the stranger's lip,
The flickering lights burn dim and low;

The matron's smile has passed away,
The maiden sighs within her chair,
And faded is the snow-white flower
The maiden wore to grace her hair.

A knock sounds at the castle gates,
That to the summons open wide;
And through the halls a stranger stalks,
With lofty mien and haughty stride—

Not the fair guest for whom they looked,
For whom the maiden graced her hair,
But one of other name and blood,
A visitor unwelcome there.

The board is laden with the best,
Yet has the wine a bitter taste;
Untouched the costly meats are passed,
The mellow fruit is left to waste;

No smile is on the matron's lip,
No love is in the maiden's eye;
The master sits with sullen brow,
In silence, as the hour goes by.

Perchance we all have sometime been
Unwelcome guests beside some hearth,
And shadowed by our presence there
Each show of gladness and of mirth.

The formal word, the chilling tone,
The slight, forced smile, what tales they tell!
How happy seems the parting hour
When at the last we say "Farewell!"

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book I.—Fatal Friendship.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE IN BLOOMSBURY.

THERE are some houses whereof the outward aspect is sealed with the seal of respectability—houses which inspire confidence in the minds of the most skeptical of butchers and bakers—houses at whose area-gates the tradesman delivers his goods undoubtingly, and from whose spotless door-steps the vagabond children of the neighborhood recoil as from a shrine too sacred for hob-nails.

Such a house made its presence obvious, some years ago, in one of the smaller streets of that west-central region which lies between Holborn and St. Pancras Church. It is, perhaps, the nature of ultra-respectability to be disagreeably conspicuous; and the unsullied brightness of No. 14 Fitzgeorge Street was a standing reproach to every other house in the dingy thoroughfare. That one spot of cleanliness made the surrounding dirt cruelly palpable. The muslin curtains in the parlor-windows of No. 13 would not have appeared of such a smoky yellow if the curtains of No. 14 had not been of such a pharisaical whiteness. The brass-plate, at No. 13, was a humble letter of lodgings, always more or less in arrear with the demands of quarter-day; and it seemed a hard thing that her door-steps, whereon were expended much labor and hearth-stone, not to mention house-flannel, which was in itself no unimportant item in the annual expenses—should be always thrown in the shade by the surpassing purity of the steps before No. 14.

Not satisfied with being the very pink and pattern of respectability, the objectionable house even aspired to a kind of prettiness. It was as bright, and pleasant, and rural of aspect as any house within ear-shot of the roar and rattle of Holborn can be. There were flowers in the windows, and pretty muslin curtains, ingeniously to enjoy an immunity from all the ills to which gentlemen are subject, so impossible was it to discover a faded leaf among their greenness, or the presence of blight amidst their wealth of blossoms. There were bird-cages within the shadow of the muslin curtains, and the coloring of the newly-painted brick-work was agreeably relieved by the vivid green of Venetian blinds. The freshly-varnished street-door bore a brass-plate, on which to look was to be dazzled; and the effect produced by this combination of white door-step, scarlet geranium, green blind, and brass-plate was obtrusively brilliant.

Those who had been so privileged as to behold the interior of the house in Fitzgeorge Street brought away with them an envious admiration of its inner splendors. The pink and pattern of propriety within, as it was the pink and pattern of propriety without, it excited in every breast alike a wondering awe, as of a habitation tenanted by some mysterious being, infinitely superior to the common order of householders.

The inscription on the brass-plate informed the neighborhood that No. 14 was occupied by Mr. Sheldon, surgeon-dentist; and the dwellers in Fitzgeorge Street were not slow to avail of the leisure hours by speculative discussions upon the character and pursuits, belongings and surroundings of this gentleman.

Of course he was eminently respectable. On that question no Fitzgeorgian had ever hazarded a doubt. A brass-plate on the door-post, a door-step and such muslin curtains could not be other than the most correct of manhood; for, if there is any external evidence by which a dissolute life or an ill-regulated mind will infallibly betray itself, that evidence is to be found in the yellowness and limpness of muslin window-curtains. The eyes are the windows of the soul, says the poet; but if a man's eyes are not open to your inspection, his windows of his house will help you to discover his character as an individual, and his conduct as a citizen. At least such was the opinion cherished in Fitzgeorge Street, Russell Square.

The genius and habits of Mr. Sheldon were in perfect harmony with the aspect of the house. The unsullied snow of the door-step reproduced itself in the unsullied snow of his shirt-front; the brilliancy of the brass-plate was reflected in the glittering brightness of his gold studs; the varnish on the door was rivaled by the immaculate surface of his black satin waistcoat; the careful pointing of the brick-work was in a manner imitated by the polished and highly-pumiced fingernails and the irreproachable neatness of his hair and whiskers.

No doctor or medical practitioner of any denomination had inhabited the house in Fitzgeorge Street before the coming of Philip Sheldon. The house had been unoccupied for a year and a half, and was in the last stage of shabbiness and decay, when the bills disappeared all at once from the windows, and busy painters and bricklayers set their ladders against the dingy brick-work. But Mr. Sheldon took the house upon a long lease, and expended a very large hundred pounds in the embellishment of it. Upon the completion of all repairs and decorations, two great waggons of furniture, distinguished by that old-fashioned clumsiness which is eminently suggestive of respectability, arrived from the Baker Square Terminus, while a young man of meditative aspect might have been seen on his knees, now in one empty chamber, anon in another, performing certain mysterious manipulations, with a three-foot rule, a loose little oblong memorandum-book, and the merest stump of a square lead pencil. This young man followed the carpet-workmen; and before nightfall it was known to more than one inhabitant of Fitzgeorge Street that the stranger was going to lay down new carpets. The new-comer was evidently of an active and energetic temperament, for within three days of his arrival the brass-plate on his street-door announced his profession, while a neat little glass-case, on a level with the eye of the pedestrian, exhibited specimens of his skill in mechanical dentistry, and afforded instruction and amusement to the boys of the neighborhood, who criticised the grinning white teeth and impossibly red gums displayed behind the plate-glass with a like vigor and freedom of language. Nor did Mr. Sheldon's arrangements in any manner confine itself to the brass-plate and the glass case. A shabby-genteel young man perambulated the neighborhood for some days after the surgeon-dentist's advent, knocking at gentlemen's kneck, leaving cards of the galvanic sharpness of the professional touch to be the real thing, and delivering neatly-printed circulars at the doors of the nobility and gentry. Finally, one fine day, Mr. Sheldon's carriage—a plain and plain-spoken vehicle enough—made its first appearance in the neighborhood of Fitzgeorge Street, had invented some novel method of adjusting false teeth, indisputably superior to every other invention, and that he had, further, patented an improvement upon nature in the way of coral gums, the name whereof you may see in dentistical shop-windows in Greek and Latin, calculated to awaken an awful reverence in the unprofessional and unclassical mind.

The Fitzgeorgians shook their heads with prophetic solemnity as they read these circulars. Immaculate householders, who had been at pains to keep the two ends which never have met and never will meet from growing farther and farther asunder every year, had to be content with a dreary kind of satisfaction from the contemplation of another man's unspending ruin. Fitzgeorge Street and its neighborhood had existed without the services of a dentist, but it was very doubtful that a dentist would be able to exist on the patronage to be obtained in Fitzgeorge Street. Mr. Sheldon may, perhaps, have pitched his tent under the impression that wherever there was much dirt there was likely to be toothache, and that the healer of an ill so common to frail humanity could scarcely fail to earn his bread, let him establish his abode of what locality he might. For some time after his arrival people watched him and wondered about him, and regarded him a little suspiciously, in spite of the substantial clumsiness of his furniture and the unwinking brightness of his windows. His neighbors asked one another how long all that outward semblance of prosperity would last; and there was snither meaning in the question.

The Fitzgeorgians were not a little surprised, and were perhaps just a little disappointed, on finding that the newly-established dentist did manage to hold his ground somehow or other, and that the muslin curtains were renewed again and again in all their spotless purity; that the supplies of rotten-stone and oil, hearth-stone and hose-flannel were unfailing as a perennial spring; and that the unsullied snow of Mr. Sheldon's shirt-fronts retained its primeval whiteness. Wonder and suspicion gave place to a half-envious respect. Whether much custom came to the dentist no one could decide. There is no trade or profession in which the struggling man will not receive some faint show of encouragement. Pedestrians of agonized aspect, with handkerchiefs held convulsively before their mouths, were often seen walking toward the dentist's door, then pause for a moment, stricken by a sudden terror, and anon feebly pull the handle of an inflexible bell. Calls had been heard to approach that fatal door—generally on wet days; for there seems to be a kind of fitness in the choice of gloomy and inclement weather for the extraction of teeth. Elderly ladies and gentlemen had been known to come many times to the Fitzgeorge Street door. There was a legend of an old lady who had been seen to arrive in a hackney-chariot, supported with much outrageous affection, and to depart half an hour afterward a beautified and renovated creature. One half of the Fitzgeorgians declared that Mr. Sheldon had established a very nice little practice, and was having money; while the other half were still disposed to maintain that the dentist had private property, and was eating up his little capital. It transpired in course of time that Mr. Sheldon had left a wife and child at Little Burlingford, in Yorkshire, where his father and grandfather had been surgeon-dentists before him, to establish himself in London. He had disposed advantageously of an excellent practice, and had transferred his household goods—the mahogany couches and chairs, the wool wheel that deepened and mellowed in tint under the indefatigable hand of his grandmother—to the metropolis, impressed with the chance that his talents and appearance, address and industry, could scarcely fail to achieve a position. It was further known that he was a brother, an attorney in Gray's Inn, who visited him very frequently; that he had few other friends or acquaintances; that he was a young man of steadiness and sobriety; that he was on the sunnier side of thirty, a bachelor, and very good-looking; and that his temperament comprised of a grim-visaged, active old woman imported from Burlingford, a girl who ran errands, and a boy who opened the door and attended to the consulting-room, and did some mysterious work at odd times with a file and sundry queer lumps of plaster of Paris, designated by him and by him alone as "stuff," in the back-garden.

The dentist interrupted her with a short, bitter laugh.

"Neither March winds nor April showers are likely to bring me patients, Nancy, on foot or in cabs, and you ought to know it. If it's a patient, ask him in, by all means, and give him also Saturday week's *Times* to read, while I get the rust off my forceps. There, that will do; take your tray—no, you can put some water in the jug." He rose, and stood with his back to the fire and his eyes bent upon the hearth-rug, while Mrs. Woolper made the table, which with the tray-cloth ready for removal. Her master kept her waiting so for some minutes, and then turned his face half away from her, and complained himself absently in the glass while he spoke.

"You remember Mrs. Holliday?" he asked.

"I should think I did, Mr. Sheldon, considering Cradock that was—Miss Georgey they called her; your first sweet-heart. And how she could ever marry that Holliday I declare I never know than I can make out. Poor fondy! I suppose she was took with those great round blue eyes and red whiskers of his."

"Her mother and father were 'took' by his comfortable farm-house, and well-stocked farm, Nancy," answered Mr. Sheldon, contemplating himself in the glass. "Georgy had very little to do with it. She is one of those women who let other people think for them. However, Tom is an excellent fellow, and Georgy was a lucky girl to catch such a husband. Any little flirtation may have been between her and me was over and done with long before she married Tom. It never was more than a flirtation; and I'm flirted with a good many Burlingford girls in my time, as you know, Nancy."

It was not often that Mr. Sheldon condescended to be so communicative to his housekeeper. The old woman nodded and chuckled, delighted by her master's unwonted graciousness.

"I drove over to Hyley while I was at home, Nancy," continued the dentist—he called Burlingford Hyley sometimes, though he knew most of the links that had bound him to it—"and dined with the Hallidays. Georgy is as pretty as ever, and so proud Tom get on capitally."

"Any children, Sir?"

"One girl," answered Mr. Sheldon, carelessly. "She's at school in Scarborough, and I didn't see her. I had a very pleasant day with the Hallidays. Tom has sous his farm; that part of the world doesn't suit him, it seems, so cheap and bleak for him. He's one of those big, burly-looking men who seem as if they could knock you down with a finger, and who after a time are every puff of wind. I don't think he'll make old bones, Nancy. But that's neither here nor there. I dare say I shall send for another sum year; or I'm sure I hope so, on Georgy's account."

"It was right-down soft of him to sell Hyley Farm, indeed, Sir," said Nancy, reflectively. "I've heard tell as it's the best land for forty mile round Burlingford. But he got a rare good price for it, I'll lay."

"Oh, yes; he sold the property uncommonly well he tells me. You know if a north-countryman gets the chance of making a profit, he never lets it slip through his fingers."

Mrs. Woolper received this compliment to her countrymen with a gratified grin, and Mr. Sheldon went on talking, still looking at the reflection of his handsome face in the glass, and pulling his whiskers meditatively.

of a household may inhabit a neighborhood for years without becoming acquainted even with the outward aspect of their neighbors; but in the lordly servants' halls of the West, or the modest kitchens of Bloomsbury, there will be interchange of civilities and friendly "droppings in" to tea or supper, let the master of the house be never so ungregarious a creature.

"You can take the tea-things, Nancy," Mr. Sheldon said, presently, arousing himself suddenly from that absolute reverie in which he had been absorbed for the last ten minutes; "I am going to be very busy to-night, and I expect Mr. George in the course of the evening. Mind I am not at home to any body but him."

The old woman arranged the tea-things on her tray, but still kept a furtive watch on her master, who sat with his head a little bent, and his bright black eyes fixed on the fire, with that intensity of gaze particular to eyes which see something far away from the object they seem to contemplate. She was in the habit of watching Mr. Sheldon rather curiously at all times, for she had never quite got over a difficulty in realizing the fact that the black-eyed baby with whom she had been so intimate could have developed into that self-contained inflexible young man, whose thoughts were so very far away from her. To-night she watched him more intently than she was accustomed to do, for to-night there was some change in the dentist's face she was trying, in a dim way, to account for.

He looked up from the fire suddenly, and found her standing by the door. It may be that he had been disturbed by a semi-consciousness of that curious gaze, for he looked at her angrily at first—"What are you staring at, Nancy?"

It was not the first time he had encountered her watchful eyes and asked the same impatient question. But Mr. Sheldon possessed that north-country quickness of intellect which is generally equal to an emergency, and was always ready with the question or suggestion which went to prove that she had just fixed her eyes on her master, inspired by some anxiety about his interests.

"I was just a-thinking, Sir," she said, meeting his stern glance unflinchingly with her little sharp grey eyes—"I was just a-thinking—you said not at home to *any one*, except Mr. George. If it should be a person in a cab wanting their teeth out sudden-like, while they could make toothache move general in this neighborhood it would be these March winds—if it should be a patient, Sir, in a cab—"

"Nancy," interrupted her with a short, bitter laugh.

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"Oh, yes; he sold the property uncommonly well he tells me. You know if a north-countryman gets the chance of making a profit, he never lets it slip through his fingers."

Mrs. Woolper received this compliment to her countrymen with a gratified grin, and Mr. Sheldon went on talking, still looking at the reflection of his handsome face in the glass, and pulling his whiskers meditatively.

"Now, as Tom was made for a farmer, and nothing but a farmer, he must find land somewhere in a climate that does suit him; so his friends have advised him to try a place in Devonshire or Cornwall, where he may train his myrtles and roses over his roof, and grow green peas for the London markets as late as November. There are such places to be had if he bides his time, and he's coming to town next week to look about him. So as George and he would be about as capable of taking care of themselves in London as a couple of children, I have reconsidered them to take up their quarters here. They'll have their lodgings for nothing, and we shall experience for the Yorkshire system, for of course I can't afford to keep a couple of visitors for a month at a stretch. Do you think you shall be able to manage for us, Mrs. Sheldon?"

"Oh yes, I'll manage well enough. I'm not one of your lazy London lasses that take half an hour to wash a tea-cup. I'll manage easy enough. Mr. and Mrs. Halliday will be having your room, I'll lay."

"Yes, I give them the best room, by all means. I can sleep any where. And now go down stairs and think it over, Nancy. I must get to my work. I've some letters that must be written to-night."

Mrs. Woolger departed with her tray, gratified by her ministry's invented familiarity, and not ill-pleased by the thought of visitors. They would cause a great deal of trouble, certainly, but the memory of Nancy's cozy life had grown so oppressive to an active temperament as to render the idea of any variety delightful to her mind. And then there would be the pleasure of making that iniquitous creature, the London lass, bestir herself, and there would be further more the satisfaction of certain little reprisals which a clever manager always secures to her self in a house where there is much eating and drinking. Mrs. Sheldon himself had lived like a modern anchorite for the last four years; and Nancy Woolger, who was pretty well acquainted with the weight of the finances, had pinched and contrived for his benefit, or rather for the benefit of the black-eyed baby she had nursed since mid-winter of seven before. For his sake she had been careful and honest, willing to forego all the small profits she could have put herself entitled to but if welch-do people were going to share her master's expenses, there would be no longer need for such austere integrity; and if things were to be rightly managed, Thomas Halliday might be made to bear the entire cost of the household during his mouth's visit on the Yorkshire system.

While Mrs. Woolger meditated upon her domestic state, the master of the domicile abandoned himself to reflections which were apparently of a very serious character. He brought a leathern desk to a side-table, unlocked it, and took out a quire of paper; but he made no further advance toward the writing of those letters on account of which he had dismissed his housekeeper. He sat, with his elbows on the table, nibbling the end of a wooden pen-holder, and staring at the opposite wall. His face looked pale and haggard in the light of the gas, and the eyes, fixed in that vacant stare, had a feverish brightness.

Mr. Sheldon was a handsome man—eminently handsome, according to the popular notion of masculine beauty; and if the popular ideal has been a little vulgarized by the waxen gentlemen on whose finely-moulded foreheads the wig-maker is wont to display the specimens of his art, that is no discredit to Mr. Sheldon. His features were regular; the nose a handsome aquiline; the mouth firm and well moulded; the chin and jaw rather heavier than in the waxen ideal of the hair-dresser; the forehead very prominent in the region of the perceptives, but obviously wanting in the higher faculties. The eye of the phrenologist, unaided by his fingers, must have failed to discover the secret of Mr. Sheldon's organization; for one of the dentist's strong points was his hair, which was very luxuriant, and which he wore in artfully-arranged masses that passed for curls, but which owed their undulating grace rather to a skillful manipulation than to any natural tendency. It has been said that the rulers of the world are straight-haired men; and Mr. Sheldon might have been a Napoleon as far as regards this special attribute. His hair was of a dense black, and his whiskers of the same sombre hue. He carefully cultivated whiskers were another of the dentist's strong points; and the third strong point was his teeth, the perfection of whose beauty, and were it little apt to suggest an unpleasant image of some sleek bridled creature crunching its provender in an Indian jungle. But they were handsome teeth notwithstanding, and their flashing whiteness made an effective contrast to the clear sallow tint of the dentist's complexion.

Mr. Sheldon was a man of industrious habits—a fond student of art, and distinguished by a persistent activity in the carrying out of any labor he had planned for himself. He was not prone to the indolent ease of idle cravers or agreeable day-dreams. Thought with him was labor; it was the "thinking out" of future work to be done, and it was an operation as precise and mathematical as the actual labor that resulted therefrom. The contents of his brain were as well kept as a careful trader's ledger. The bird his thoughts docketed and indexed, and rarely wasted the smallest portion of his time in searching for an idea. To-night he sat thinking until he was interrupted by a loud double-knock, which was evidently familiar to him, for he muttered "George!" pushed aside his desk, and took up his stand upon the hearth-rug, ready to receive the expected visitor.

There was the sound of a man's voice below—very like Philip Sheldon's own voice: then a quick firm tread on the stairs; and then the door was opened, and a man, who himself was very like Philip Sheldon, came into the room. This was the dentist's brother George, two years his junior. The likeness lasted when the two men were in no way marvelous, but it was nevertheless very obvious. You could scarcely have mistaken one man for the other, and the world hardly have failed to perceive that the two men were brothers. They resembled each other more closely in their manhood than in the years of the same height—both tall and strongly built; they had both black eyes with a hazy brightness in them, black, curly hair, and rather hairy hands, with prominent knuckles, square finger-tops, and bony wrists. Each man seemed the personification of some one of the two distinct types of shaped in accordance with the prejudices of civilized life. Looking at these two men for the first time, you might approve or disapprove their appearance; they might impress you favorably or unfavorably; but you could scarcely fail to be reminded vaguely of strong, bright-eyed, savage creatures, beautiful and graceful after their kind, but dangerous and fierce to men.

The brothers greeted each other with a friendly nod. They were a great deal too practical to waste time in any demonstration of fraternal affection. They liked each other very well, and were useful to each other, and took their pleasure together when they could; but even when they were weak enough to waste time upon unprofitable pleasures but neither of them would have comprehended the possibility of any thing beyond this.

"Well, old fellow," said George, "I'm glad you're back again. You're looking rather seedy, though. I suppose you knocked about a good deal down there?"

"I had a spell or two of it with Halliday and the old set. He's going to rather fast."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Sheldon the younger; "it's a pity he's such a muff, for he'll never go off the hooks altogether, so that you might marry George."

"How do I know that George would have me, if he *did* leave her a widow?" asked Philip, dubiously.

"Oh, she'd have you fast enough. She used to be very sweet upon you before she married Jack; and even if she'd forgotten all that she'd have you if you asked her. She'd be afraid to say no. She was always more or less afraid of you, wasn't she, Phil."

"I don't know about that. She was a nice little thing enough; but she knew how to drop a poor sweet-heart like a hot cake up with a rich one in spite of her simplicity."

"Oh, that was the old parties' doing. George would have jumped at her directly, only he couldn't oil if her mother and father had told her she must do it. Don't you remember when we were children together how he used to be used to be spoiling her frocks? I don't believe she married Tom Halliday of her own free-will any more than she stood at the altar with her own frock-off after she'd torn her frock, as I've seen her stand twenty times. She stood in the corner because they told her she must, and she married Tom for the same reason, and I don't suppose she's been particularly happy with him."

"Well, that's her look-out, isn't it, Phil," glumly; "I know I want a rich wife badly enough. Things are about as bad with me as they can be."

"I suppose they *are* rather pisacorial. The elderly dowagers don't come up to time, eh? Very few orders for dentistry sent at two-pound-ten?"

"I took about seventy pounds last year," said the dentist, "and my expenses are something like five pounds a week. I've been making up the deficiency out of my capital. It's the way business, thinking I should be able to stand out and make a connection; but the connection gets more discouraging every day. Competition seems to me at first for the novelty of the thing, for I had a sprinkling of decent patients for the first twelve months or so, and I dare say might as well throw my money into the gutter as spend it on circulars or advertisements."

"And a young man requires a few thousand pounds and something amiss with her jaw hasn't turned up yet."

"Yes, nor an old woman either. I wouldn't kick at the age if they were not ugly," answered Mr. Sheldon, bitterly.

The young man shrugged his shoulders and plunged his hands into his trowers-pockets with a gesture of serio-comic despair. He was in the livelier of the two moods—a light-hearted sort of dress and talk and manner, a certain "horsey" style, very different from his elder brother's studied respectability and constant gravity. He had the reputation of a loose sporting cut, and always odorous with stale tobacco. He wore a good deal of flashy jewelry in his hands and about his person, gilding lockets and fusee-boxes; his whiskers were more obtrusive than his brother's, and he wore a mustache in addition—a thick, ragged, black mustache, which would have become a guerrilla chieftain rather than a gentleman amid the peaceful associations of Gray's Inn. His position as a lawyer was not much better than that of Philip as a dentist; he had been called to the bar a couple of years before, but hoped to win for himself a larger fortune than is often made in the Law. He was a keen sportsman, and possessed a bit-and-bridle of fabulous price, a joiner of broken links, a kind of legal resurrectionist, a digger in the dust and ashes of the past; and he expected in due time to dig up a treasure rich enough to reward the labor and patience of half a lifetime.

"Well, George," said Philip, "I'm very glad you've come back. You're looking rather well, though I suppose you knocked about a good deal down there?"

making numerous notes in a thick little oblong memorandum-book, until the Bloomsbury clock struck three.

CHAPTER III.

MR. AND MRS. HALLIDAY.

MR. SHELDON'S visitors arrived in due course. They were provincial people of the middle-class, accounted monstrously genteel in their own neighborhood, but in nowise resembling Londoners of the same rank.

Mr. Thomas Halliday was a big, loud-spoken, good-tempered Yorkshireman, who had inherited a comfortable little estate from a plodding, money-making father, and for whom life had been very easy. He was a farmer, and nothing but a farmer; a man for whom the supremest pleasure of existence was a cattle-show or a country horse-fair. The farm upon which he had been born and brought up was situated about six miles from Barlingford, and all the delights of his boyhood and youth were associated with that small market-town. He and the two Sheldons had been school-fellows, and afterward boon companions, having such pleasure as was obtainable in Barlingford together; flirting with the same provincial beauties at prim tea-parties in the winter, and getting up friendly parties in the summer—picnics at which eating and drinking were the leading features of the day's entertainment. Mr. Halliday had always regarded George and Philip Sheldon with that reverential admiration which a stupid man, who is conscious of his own mental inferiority, generally feels for a clever friend and companion. But he was also fully aware of the advantage which a rich man possesses over a poor one, and would not have exchanged the fertile acres of Hyley for the intellectual glories of the Sheldon children. He found the substantial value of his handsomely-furnished house and well-stocked farm when he and his friend Philip Sheldon became suitors for the hand of Georgian Craddock, youngest daughter of a Barlingford attorney, who lived next door to the Barlingford doctor's friend and client, father. Philip and the girl had been play-fellows in the long walled gardens behind the two houses, and there had been a friendly and masterly intimacy between the juvenile members of the two families. But when Philip and Georgiana met at the Barlingford tea-parties in later years the parental powers frowned upon any renewal of that childish friendship. Miss Craddock had no fortune, and the wealthy solicitor for whom she was a prudent man, who was apt to look for the promise of domestic happiness in the plate-basket and the tea-pot-rather than in the more superficial qualifications as black whiskers and white teeth. So poor Philip was "thrown over the bridge," as he said himself, and George Craddock married Mr. Halliday, with all attendant ceremony and splendor, according to the "lights" of Barlingford society.

But this provincial bride's story was no passionate record of sighs and tears. The Barlingford juliet had liked Romeo as much as she was capable of liking any one; but when Papa Capulet insisted on her union with Paris she accepted her destiny with decent resignation, and in the absence of any sympathetic father confessor, wife fain to seek consolation from a more abundant individual in the person of the Barlingford milliner. Nor did Philip Sheldon give evidence of any extravagant despair. His father was something of a doctor as well as a dentist; and there were plenty of dark little vials lurking on the shelves of his surgery in which the young man could have found "mortal drugs" without the aid of the apothecary, had he been so minded. But there was no such desperate act ever occurred to him in connection with his grief. He held himself sulkily aloof from Mr. and Mrs. Halliday for some time after their marriage, and allowed people to see that he considered himself very hardly used; but prudence, which had always been Philip Sheldon's counselor, proved herself also his consoler in this crisis of his life. A careful consideration of his own interests led him to persuade himself that the successful result of love-suit would have been about the worst thing that could have happened to him.

George had no money. All was said in that. As the young dentist's philosophy of this world discovered that the influence of experience which proceeds from the early ease of the full man in Barlingford was something like that of a canary-bird in which imbibes a clean cage and is supplied with abundance seed and water. The cage is eminently comfortable, and the sleepy, respectable bird sees light for no better abiding-place, no wider prospect than that small bit of the universe which he sees between the bars. But now and then there is hatched a wild young fledgling, which beats its wings against the inexorable wires, and would fain soar away into that wide outer world, to prosper or perish in its freedom.

Before George had been married a year her sometime lover had fully resigned himself to the existing state of things, and was on the best possible terms with his friend Tom. He could eat his dinner in the comfortable house at Hyley with an excellent appetite; for there was a gulf between him and his old love far wider than any Rubicon whose dog by that ceremony in the parish church of Barlingford. Philip Sheldon had awakened to the consciousness that life in his native town was little more than a kind of animal vegetation—the life of some pulpy invertebrate creature, which sprawls helplessly upon the sands wherein the wave has deposited it, and may be cloven in half without feeling it. Self naturally worse for the operation. He had awakened to the knowledge that there was a wider and more agreeable world beyond that little provincial township; that a handsome face and figure and a vigorous intellect were commodities for which there must be some kind of market.

Once convinced of the utter worthlessness of his prospects in Barlingford, Mr. Sheldon turned his eyes Londonward; and his father happening at this time very conveniently to depart this life, Philip, the son and heir, disposed of the business to an aspiring young practitioner, and came to the metropolis, where he made that future attempt to establish himself which has been described.

The dentist had wasted four years in London, and nine years since George's wedding-day, finding; and now for the first time he had an opportunity of witnessing the domestic happiness for the donment misery of the man who had jilted him, and the man who had been his successful rival. He set himself to watch them with the cool attention of a natural naturalist, and he experienced very little difficulty in the performance of this moral dissection. They were established in the habit of his companions at every meal; and they were the kind of people who discuss their grievances and indulge in their "little differences" with perfect freedom in the presence of a third, or a fourth, or even a fifth party.

Mr. Sheldon was wise enough to preserve a strict neutrality. He would take up a newspaper at the beginning of a little difference, and lay it down when the little difference was finished, with the most perfect assumption of unconsciousness; but it is doubtful whether the matrimonial disputants were much more appreciative of this good-breeding. They would have liked to have had Mr. Sheldon for a court of appeal; and sometimes when one of them would have given gest to their quarrels. Meanwhile Philip watched them slyly from the covert of his newspaper, and formed his own conclusions about them. If he was pleased to see his false love's path was not entirely rose-bestrewn, or if he rejoiced to find that the married state's severance of his rival, he allowed no evidence of his pleasure to appear in his face or manner.

Georgiana Craddock's rather pale prettiness had developed into matronly comeliness. Her complexion was still pink enough to last none of their freshness. Her mouth was what was as soft and bright as it had been when she had studied hypogrynth with Barlingford tea-party in the days of her spinsterhood. She was a pretty, weak little woman, whose education had never gone beyond the routine of a provincial boarding-school, and who thought that she had attained all necessary wisdom in having mastered French exercises and Italian grammars, histories and the rudiments of the French language. She was a woman who thought that the perfection of feminine accomplishment was expressive dress and a conspicuous gold chain. She was a woman who considered a well-furnished house and a liberal cook the highest form of earthly splendor or prosperity.

This was the shallow commonplace creature whom Tom Halliday had loved and married and wooed. He looked at her now, and wondered how he could ever have felt even as much as he had felt for the pretty girl who had been his fiancée to devote to any such abstract and useless consideration. He had his own affairs to think about, and had no time for sentiment.

In the mean time Mr. and Mrs. Halliday occupied themselves in the pursuit of pleasure or business, as the case might be. They were eager for amusement: went to exhibitions in the day and to theatres at night, and came home in every little quarrel in Fitzgerald's time, after which Mr. Halliday was wont to waste the small hours in friendly conversation with his quondam companion, and in the consumption of much brandy-and-water.

Unhappily for poor George, these halcyon days were brief, and were followed by storm and cloud. The weak little woman was afflicted with that intermittent fever called jealousy; and the stalwart Yorkshireman in a fit of anger who can scarcely give the time of day to a feminine acquaintance without some orate and loud-spoken gallantry. The dentist had abundant resources wherewith to beguile the tedium of his life prosperously, he was fain to seek pleasure in the companionship of his friends, and thus he thus become a haunter of tavern-parlors and small race-courses, being always ready for any amusement his friends proposed to him. It fell lowed, therefore, that he was very often absent from his comfortable home and his pretty weak-minded wife. And poor George had ample food for her jealous fears and suspicions; for when she was left alone to dine and sup as seldom at home? She had never been particularly fond of her husband, but that was no reason why she should not be miserable when he was about him; and her jealousy betrayed itself in a peevish worrying fashion, which was harder to bear than the vengeful fervors of a Spanish mantra. It was in vain that Thomas Halliday and those jolly good fellows his friends and companions attended the Barlingford race-meetings, courses, and the perfect purity of that smoky atmosphere peculiar to tavern-parlors. George's suspicions were always ready for refutation; but they were nevertheless sufficient ground for all the alternations of temper—from stolid sullenness to provide hysterics, from reproachful lamentations to loud hysterics—to which the female temperament is liable.

In the mean time poor honest, loud-spoken Tom did all in his power to demonstrate his truth and devotion. He bought his wife many stiff silk-gowns and gaudy Barlingford bonnets as she chose to sigh for. He made a will, in which she was sole legatee, and insured his life in different offices to the amount of five thousand pounds.

"I'm the sort of fellow that's likely to go off the looks suddenly, you know, George," he said, "and your poor dad was always anxious I should make things regular for you. I don't suppose you're likely to marry again, my lass, so I've no need to tie up Lottie's little fortune. I must trust some one, and I'd better confide in my own little wife than in some canting methodistical fellow of a trustee, who would speculate my daughter's money upon some Stock-Exchange hazard, and levant to Australia when it was all swamped. If you can't trust me, George, I'll let you see that I can trust you," added Tom, reproachfully.

Whereupon poor weak little Mrs. Halliday mentally and hysterically that she did not want fortunes or life-insurances, but that she wanted her husband to stay at home, content with the calm and peaceful delights of his own fireside. Poor Tom was wont to promise amendment, and would keep his promise faithfully so long as no extreme temptation in the shape of a first-rate some friend of the jolly-good-fellow species, arose to vanquish his good resolutions. But a good-natured, open-handed, hospitable young man who farms his own land, has three or four good horses in his stable, a decent cellar of honest port and sherry, and a very perfect freedom and stuff in the way of hock or claret—and a very comfortable balance at his banker's, finds it no very easy matter to shake off friends of the jolly-good-fellow fraternity. Is it not the speciality of "jolly dogs" to be "here again," whether you will or not?

In London Mr. Halliday found the spirit of jolly-dog-ism rampant. George Sheldon had always been a hospitable man in two brothers; and it was George who lured him from the safe shelter of Fitzgeorge Street and took him to mysterious lodgings in Soho, returned long after midnight, boisterous of manner and unsteady of gait, and with garments reeking of stale tobacco-smoke.

He was always good-tempered, even after these diabolical orgies on somewhat unknown Brocker-like premises, and only that there was no harm "'pon m' wor', ye know, ol' gur'! Geor' an' me—half-doz' oyst'r—c'gar—hot' p'l ale—isn't home," which excuses rather lacked force. When did any married man ever take more than half a dozen oysters—or take any undomestic pleasure in his own satisfaction? It is always those incorrigible bachelors, Thomas, Richard, or Henry, who hinder the unwilling Benedict from returning to the Lares and Penates.

Poor George was not to be pacified by protestations about oysters and cigars from the lips of a husband guilty of the blackest of utterance, and who betrayed a general imbecility of mind and unsteadiness of body. This London excursion, which had begun in sunshine, threatened to end in storm and darkness. George Sheldon and his set had taken possession of the young farmer; and George found his amusement in the long blasterous March evenings than to sit at her work under the flaming gas in Mr. Sheldon's drawing-room, with the gentleman—who rarely joined in the dissipations of his friend and his brother—occupied himself with mechanical dentistry in the chamber of torture below.

Fitzgeorge Street in general, always on the watch for signs and symptoms of impecuniosity or doubtful morality on the part of any new citizen in particular, could find no food for scandal in the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Halliday to their friend and countryman. It had been noised abroad, through the agency of Mrs. Woolper, that Mr. Sheldon had come down for the lady's hand, and had been jilted by her. The Fitzgeorgians had been, therefore, especially on the alert to detect any sign of backsliding in the dentist. There would have been much pleasant discussion in kitchens and back-parlors if Mr. Sheldon had been guilty of anything prior to his fair guest; but it speedily became known, always by the agency of Mrs. Woolper and that phenomenon of idleness called "the Londy" (girl," that Mr. Sheldon was not by any means attentive to the pretty young woman from Yorkshire—but that he absolutely left her alone hour after hour in her husband's absence—with no amusement but her needle-work wherewith to "pass the time," while he himself smoked filed and polished those fragments of bone which were to assist in the renovation of decayed beauty.

The Londy, the maid of all, and Mrs. Halliday's visit was near its close, and as yet the young farmer had arrived at no decision as to the subject which had brought him to London. The sale of Hyley Farm was an accomplished fact; and the purchase-money duly bestowed at Tom's banker's. Lottie had been left alone toward finding the new property which was to be a substitute for the estate his father and grandfather had farmed before him. He had seen auctioneers, and had brought home plans of estates in Herefordshire and Devonshire, Cornwall and Somersetshire, which seemed to be, in their way, the most perfect things imaginable—the kind of such fertility as one would scarcely expect to find in this world—insulas—fee-stock which seemed beyond all price to be taken at a valuation—roads and surrounding neighborhood unparalleled for sociability and convenience—cabbuildings that must have been the very archetypes of farms and stabling—a house which to inhabit would be to adore. But as yet he had seen none of these peerless domains. He was waiting for a remittance in which to go down to the West and "look about him," as he said himself. In the mean time the bituminous March weather, with its sharp winds, its long railroad journeys, and all that waiting about at junctions and at little windy stations on branch lines, incidental to the inspection of estates scattered over a large area of country, served very well for "jolly-dog-ism"—and what with a hand at cards in George Sheldon's chambers, and another hand at cards in somebody else's chambers, and a run down to an early meeting at Newmarket, and a visit to some country house where there was something to be seen which was a near prize-fighting as the law allowed, and other evenings in unknown regions, Mr. Halliday found time slipping by him, and his domestic peace vanishing away.

It was on an evening at the end of this third week that Mr. Sheldon abandoned his mechanical dentistry for once in a way and ascended to the drawing-room, where poor Londy sat hugging with that eternal needle-work, but for which melancholy madness would surely overtake many desolate matrons in houses whom commonplace comfort and respectable dullness are more dismal than the picturesque dreariness of an unoated garret amidst the Libyan fens. To the masculine mind this needle-work seems nothing more than a purposeless stabbing and sewing of strips of calico; but to the feminine hood it is the prison-flower of the captive, it is the spider of Latude.

Mr. Sheldon brought his guest an evening newspaper.

"There's an account of the opening of Parliament," he said, "which you may like to look like to see. I wish I had a piano, or some female acquaintances to drop in upon you. I'm afraid you must be dull in these dreary evenings when Tom is out of the way."

"I am indeed dull," Mrs. Halliday answered, peevishly; "and if Tom cared for me, he wouldn't leave me like this evening after evening. But he doesn't care for me."

Mr. Sheldon laid down the newspaper, and seated himself opposite his guest. He sat for a few minutes in silence, because time is an imaginary air with the tips of his fingers on the old-fashioned mahogany table. Then he said, in a half-absent way upon his face—

"But surely Tom is the best of husbands! He has been a little wild since his coming to London, I dare say; but then you see he doesn't often come to town."

"He's just as bad in Yorkshire," Georgy answered, pettishly. "He is always going to Barlingford with somebody or other, or to meet some of his old friends. I'm sure, if I had known what he was I would never have married him."

"Why, I thought he was such a good husband. He was telling me only a few days ago how he had resolved to will leaving your reference he possesses, without reservation, and how he has insured his life for five thousand pounds."

"Oh, yes, I know that; but I don't call that being a good husband. I don't want him to leave me his money. I don't want him to die. I want him to stay at home."

"Poor Tom! I'm afraid he's not the sort of man for that kind of thing. He likes change and amusement. I've married a rich man, Mrs. Halliday; you made your choice, you know, without regard to the feelings of any one else. You sacrificed truth and honor to your own inclination, or your own interest, I do not know, and I do not ask which. If the bargain has turned out a bad one that's your look-out."

Philip Sheldon sat with his folded arms resting on the little table, and his eyes fixed on Georgy's face. They could be very stern and hard and cruel, those bright black eyes, and Mrs. Halliday grew first red and then pale under their searching gaze. She knew that Mr. Sheldon very often during the years of her married life, but this was the first time he had ever said any thing to her that sounded like a reproach. The dentist's eyes softened a little as he watched her, not with any special tenderness, but with the expression of half-philosophical compassion—such as a strong, stern man might feel for a foolish child. He could see that this woman was afraid of him, and afraid in his interests that she should fear him. He had a purpose in every thing he did, and his purpose was straight with the straight line of existence over Georgina Halliday. In the old time before her marriage that influence had been very strong. It was for him to discover now whether it still endured.

"You made your choice, Mrs. Halliday," he went on presently, "and it was a choice which all prudent people must have approved. What chance had you of being the wife of a practice worth four or five hundred pounds a year, assisted the inheritor of Hyley Farm, with its two hundred and fifty acres, and three hundred pounds worth of live-stock, plant, and working capital? When do the prudent people ever stop to consider truth and honor, or still more, any affection that dates from childhood? They calculate every thing by pounds, shillings, and pence; and according to their method of reckoning you were in the right when you jilted me to marry Tom Halliday."

George laid down her work and took out her handkerchief. She was one of those women who take refuge in tears when they find themselves at a disadvantage. A child always melted honest Tom, was his wrath never so dire, and tears would no doubt subdue Philip Sheldon.

But Georgy had to discover that the dentist was made of a stuff very different from that of her easy-going, unsuspicious, and hitherto good-tempered farmer. Mr. Sheldon watched her tears with the cold-blooded deliberation of a scientific experimentalist. He was glad to find that he could make her cry. She was a necessary instrument in the working out of certain plans that he had formed in his own mind; he was anxious to discover whether she was likely to be a plastic instrument. He knew that her love for him had always been worth much at its best, and that the poor little flickering flame had been utterly extinguished by nine years of commonplace domesticity and petty jealousy. But his purpose was one that would be served as well by her fear as by her love, and he had set himself to-night to gauge his power in relation to this poor weak creature.

"I am very tired of you to say such dreadful things, Mr. Sheldon," she whimpered presently; "you know very well that my marriage with Tom was pa's doing, and not mine. I'm

sure if I'd known how he would stay out night after night, and come home in such dreadful states time after time, I never would have consented to marry him."

"Wouldn't you? Oh yes, you would! If you were a widow to-morrow, and free to marry again, you would choose just such another man as Tom—a man who laughs loud, and pays flourishing compliments, and drives a gig with a highstepping horse in it. That's the sort of man women like, and that's the sort of man you'd marry."

"I'm sure I shouldn't marry at all," answered Mrs. Halliday, in a tone that did not suit her little gasping sobs. "I have seen enough of the misery of married life. But I don't want Tom to die, indeed, as he is me. People are always saying that he won't make old bones—how horrid it is to talk of a person's bones!—and I'm sure I've sometimes made myself wretched about him, as he knows, though he doesn't thank me for it."

And here Mrs. Halliday's sobs got the better of her utterance, and Mr. Sheldon was fain to say something of a consolatory nature.

"Come, come," he said, "I won't tease you any more. That's against the laws of hospitality, isn't it? Surely there are some things which you can't expect a man to forget, you know. However, let by-gones be by-gones. As for poor old Tom, I'm sure he'll live to be a hale, hearty old man, in spite of the crackers. People always will croak about something; and it's a kind of fashion to say that a big, merry, six-foot man is a fragile blossom likely to be nipped by any wintry blast. Come, come, Mrs. Halliday, your husband mustn't discover that I've been making you cry when he comes home. He may be home early this evening, perhaps; and if he is, we'll have an oyster supper and a chat about old times."

Mrs. Halliday shook her head dolefully.

"It's past ten o'clock already," she said, "and I don't suppose Tom will be home till after twelve. He doesn't like my sitting up for him; but I wonder what time he would come home if I didn't sit up for him?"

"Let's hope for the best," exclaimed Mr. Sheldon, cheerfully. "I'll go and see about the oysters."

"Don't get them for me or for Tom," protested Mrs. Halliday; "he will have had his supper when he comes home, you may be sure, and I couldn't eat a morsel of any thing."

To this resolution Mrs. Halliday adhered; so the dentist was fain to abandon all jovial ideas in relation to oysters and pale ale. But he did not go back to his mechanical dentistry. He sat opposite his visitor, and watched her, silently and thoughtfully, for some time as she worked. She had been hard at work for hours, but she looked very peevish and miserable, and took out her watch several times in an hour. Mr. Sheldon made two or three feeble attempts at conversation, but the talk languished and expired on each occasion, and they sat on in silence.

Little by little the dentist's attention seemed to wander away from his guest. He wheeled his chair round and sat looking at the fire, with the same fixed gloom upon his face which had darkened it on the night of his return from Yorkshire. Things had been so desperate with him of late that he had lost his old orderly habit of thinking out a business at one sitting, and making an end of all deliberation and hesitation about it. There were subjects that forced themselves upon his thoughts, and certain ideas which repeated themselves with a stupid persistence. He was such an eminently practical man that this disorder of his brain troubled him more even than the thoughts that made the disorder. He sat in the same attitude for a long while, scarcely conscious of Mrs. Halliday's presence, not at all conscious of the progress of time.

George had been right in her gloomy forebodings of bad behavior on the part of Mr. Halliday. It was nearly one o'clock when a loud double knock announced that gentleman's return. The wind had been howling dreadfully, and a sharp, slanting rain had been pattering against the windows for the last half hour, while Mrs. Halliday's breast had been racked by the contending emotions of anxiety and indignation.

"I suppose he couldn't get a cab," she exclaimed, as the knock startled her from her bewildering attitude; for however intently a midnight watcher may be listening for the returning wanderer's knock, it is not the less startling when it comes. "And he is not walked home through the wet, and now he'll have a violent cold, I dare say," added George, peevishly.

"That it's lucky for him he's in a doctor's house," answered Mr. Sheldon, with a smile. He was a handsome man by no doubt, according to the popular idea of masculine perfection, but he had not a pleasant smile. "I went through the regular course, you know, and am as well able to see a patient safely through a cold or a fever as I am to make him a set of teeth."

Mr. Halliday burst into the room at this moment, singing a fragment of the "Chough and Crow" chorus, very much out of tune. He was in boisterously high spirits, and very little the worse for liquor. He had only walked from Covent Garden, he said, and had taken nothing but a tumbler of punch and a Welsh rarebit. He had been hearing the divinest singing—boys with the voices of angels—and had been eating his supper in a place which duchesses themselves did not disdain to peep at from the sacred recesses of a *loge grillée*, George Sheldon had told him. But poor country-bred Georgina Halliday would not believe in the duchesses, or the angelic singing-boys, or the primitive simplicity of Welsh rarebits. She had a vision of beautiful women, and hails of dazzling light; where there was the loud music of trumpets and post-horn galops, with a riotous accompaniment of huzzas, and the popping of Champagne corks; where the sheen of satin and the glitter of gems bewildered the eye of the beholder. She had seen such a picture once on the stage, and had vaguely associated it with all Tom's midnight roysterings ever afterward.

The roysterer's garments were very wet, and it was in vain that his wife and Philip Sheldon entreated him to change them for dry ones, or to go to bed immediately. He stood before the fire relating his innocent adventures, and trying to dispel the cloud from George's fair young brow; and, when he did at last consent to go to his room, the dentist shook his head ominously.

"You'll have a severe cold to-morrow, depend upon it, Tom, and you'll have yourself to thank for it," he said, as he bade the good-tempered reprobate good-night.

"Never mind, old fellow," answered Tom; "if I am ill, you shall nurse me. If one is doomed to die by doctor's stuff, it's better to have a doctor one does know than a doctor one doesn't know for one's executioner."

After which graceful piece of humor Mr. Halliday went blundering up the staircase, followed by his aggrieved wife.

Philip Sheldon stood on the landing looking after his visitors for some minutes. Then he went slowly back to the sitting-room, where he replenished the fire, and seated himself before it with a newspaper in his hand.

"What's the use of going to bed if I can't sleep?" he muttered, in a discontented tone. He would be well again, and there would be more midnight roysterings, and he would be again tormented by that vision of lighted halls and beautiful diabolical creatures revolving madly to the music of the Post-horn Galop.

It seemed, however, that poor jealous Mrs. Halliday was to be spared her nightly agony for some time to come. Tom's cold lasted longer than he had expected, and the cold was succeeded by a low fever—a bilious fever, Mr. Sheldon said. There was not the least occasion for alarm, of course. The invalid and the invalid's wife trusted implicitly in the friendly doctor, who assured them both that Tom's attack was the most ordinary kind of thing; a little wearing, no doubt, but entirely without danger. He had to repeat this assurance very often to Georgy, whose angry feelings had given place to extreme tenderness and affection now that Tom was an invalid, quite unfitted for the society of jolly good-fellows, and willing to receive basins of beef-tea and arrow-root meekly from his wife's hands, instead of those edibles of iniquity, oysters and toasted cheese.

Mr. Halliday's illness was very tiresome. It was one of those perplexing complaints which keep the patient himself, and the patient's friends and attendants, in perpetual uncertainty. A little worse one day, and a shade better the next; now gaining a little strength, now losing a trifle more than he had gained; the patient declined



MRS. HALLIDAY IS REPROACHED.

CHAPTER IV.

A PERPLEXING ILLNESS.

MR. SHELDON'S prophecy was fully realized. Tom Halliday awoke the next day with a violent cold in his head. Like most boisterous people, he was a bad patient, and he was the veriest craven in the hour of physical ailment; so he succumbed at once to the malady which a man obliged to face the world and fight for his daily bread must needs have made light of.

The dentist rallied his invalid friend.

"Keep your bed, if you like, Tom," he said, "but there's no necessity for any such coddling. Keep your hands out, and your tongue; rather queer, I may as well give you a saline draught. You'll be all right by dinner-time, and I'll get George to look round in the evening for a hand at cards."

Tom obeyed his profession and friend—took his medicine, read the paper, and slept away the best part of the dull March day. At half past five he got up and dressed for dinner, and the evening passed very pleasantly; so pleasantly, indeed, that Georgy was half inclined to wish that her husband might be afflicted with chronic influenza, whereby he would be compelled to stop at home. She sighed when Philip Sheldon slapped his friend's broad shoulder, and told him cheerily that he would be "all right to-morrow," in an imperceptible manner, and it was only when he had been all three weeks, and was no longer able to leave his bed, and had lost alike his appetite and his spirits, it was then only that Georgy awoke to the fact that this illness, hitherto considered so lightly, must be very serious.

"I think, if—if you have no objection, I should like to see another doctor, Mr. Sheldon," she said, one day, with considerable embarrassment of manner. She feared to offend her host by any doubt of his skill. "You see—you—you are so much employed with teeth—and—of course you know I am quite assured of your talent—but don't you think that a doctor who had more experience in fever cases might bring Tom round quicker? He has been ill so long now; and really he doesn't seem to get any better."

Philip Sheldon shrugged his shoulders.

"As you please, my dear Mrs. Halliday," he said, carelessly; "I don't wish to press my services upon you. It is quite a matter of friendship, you know, and I shall not profit six-pence by my attendance on poor old Tom. Call in another doctor, by all means, if you think fit to do so; but, of course, in that event, I must withdraw from the case. The man you call in may be clever, or he may be stupid and ignorant. It's all a chance, when one doesn't know one's man; and I really can't advise you upon that point, for I know nothing of the London profession."

Georgy looked alarmed. This was a new view of the subject. She had fancied that all regular practitioners were clever, and had only doubted Mr. Sheldon because he was not a regular practitioner. But how if she were to withdraw her husband from the hands of a clever man to deliver him into the care of an ignorant pretender, simply because she was over-anxious for his recovery?

"I always am foolishly anxious about things," she thought.

And then she looked piteously at Mr. Sheldon, and said:

"What do you think I ought to do? Pray tell me! He has eaten no breakfast again this morning; and even the cup of tea which I persuaded him to take seemed to disagree with him. And then there is that dreadful sore throat which torments him so. What ought I to do, Mr. Sheldon?"

"Whatever seems best to yourself, Mrs. Halliday," answered the dentist, earnestly. "It is a subject upon which I can not pretend to advise you. It is a matter of feeling rather than of reason, and it is a matter which you yourself must decide upon. If I knew any man whom I could honestly recommend to you it would be another affair, but I don't. Tom's illness is the simplest thing in the world, and I feel myself quite competent to pull him through it, without fuss or bother; but if you think otherwise, pray put me out of the question. There's one fact, however, of which I am bound to remind you. Like many fine, big, stalwart fellows of his stamp, your husband is as nervous as a hysterical woman; and if you call in a stranger doctor, who will pull long faces, and put on the professional solemnity, the chances are that he'll take alarm, and do himself more mischief in a few hours than your new adviser can undo in as many weeks."

There was a little pause after this. Georgy's opinions, and suspicions, and anxieties were alike vague; and this last suggestion of Mr. Sheldon's put things in a new and alarming light. She was really anxious about her husband, but she had been accustomed all her life to accept the opinion of other people in preference to her own.

"Do you really think that Tom will soon be well and strong again?" she asked, presently.

"If I thought otherwise I should be the first to advise other measures. However, my dear Mrs. Halliday, call in some one else, for your own satisfaction."

"No," said Georgy, sighing plaintively, "it might frighten Tom. You are quite right, Mr. Sheldon; he is very nervous, and the idea that I was alarmed might alarm him. I'll trust in you. Pray try to bring him round again. You will try, won't you?" she asked, in the childish pleading way which was peculiar to her.

The dentist was searching for something in the drawer of a table, and his back was turned upon that anxious questioner.

"You may depend upon it I'll do my best, Mrs. Halliday," he answered, still busy at the drawer.

Mr. Sheldon the younger had paid many visits to Frigmore Street during Tom Halliday's illness. George and Tom had been the Damon and Pythias of Barlingford; and George seemed really distressed when he found his friend changed for the worse. The changes in the invalid were so puzzling, the alternations from better to worse, and from worse to better so frequent, that fear could take no hold upon the minds of the patient's friends. It seemed such a very slight affair this low fever, that each sufficiently inconvenient to the patient himself, who suffered a good deal from thirst and sickness, and showed an extreme disinclination for food, all which symptoms Mr. Sheldon said were the commonest and simplest features of a very mild attack of bilious fever, which would be over Tom a better man than it had found him.

There had been several pleasant little card-parties during the earlier stages of Mr. Halliday's illness; but within the last week the patient had been too low and weak for cards; too weak to read the newspaper, or even to bear having it read to him. When George came to look at his old friend, "to cheer you up a little, old fellow! you know," and so on, he found Tom, for the time being, past all capability of being cheered, even by the genial society of his favorite jolly-good-fellow, or by tidings of a steeplechase in Yorkshire, in which a neighbor had been concerned as "gentleman rider."

"That chap up stairs seems rather queerish," George had said to his brother, after finding Tom lower and weaker than usual. "He's in a bad way, isn't he, Phil?"

"No; there's nothing serious the matter with him. He's only low-spirited, that's all."

"Rather low!" echoed George Sheldon. "He seems to me so very low that he can't sink much lower without going to the bottom of his grave. I'd call some one in if I were you."

The dentist shrugged his shoulders, and made a little contemptuous noise with his lips.

"If you knew as much of doctors as I do you wouldn't be in any hurry to call one in except to be mercy of one," he said, carelessly. "Don't you alarm yourself about Tom. He's right enough. He's been in a state of chronic indigestion and overdrinking for the last ten years, and this bilious fever will be the making of him."

"Will it?" said George, doubtfully; and then there followed a little pause, during which the brothers happened to look at each other furtively, and happened to surprise each other in the act.

"I don't mean overeating or drinking," said George, presently; "but *something* has disagreed with Tom Halliday, that's very evident."

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The Disappearing Picture. Price 25c. Agts supplied, $5 per doz. W. SAMPLE, 128, 310 Broadway, N. Y.

$5 SEWING $5 MACHINE.

First Premium and Improved, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May 15, 1863; Improved and patented June 5, 1866.* The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with extensive attachments, is noiseless in operation, sews with double or single thread of any length, with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will stitch, hem, stitch, hem, gather, stitch, and fell seams, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order for 5 years. In order to meet the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who use it,

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the most exquisite and beautiful sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, all complete, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *All warranted guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address (if others, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

An Autumn Suggestion.

Now, as heavy fogs arise and searching winds commence to blow; now, as the human body, exhausted like inanimate nature by the heats of summer, begins to wilt and droop; now, as the inclement weather makes its trying onset; NOW is the time for a preparatory course of the best acclimating medicine in existence,

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

Fever and Ague is rampant in all parts of the country. Quinine, the physician admit, will not quell the phase of the disease which at present exists in the entire West. It is well that it is so, for the remedy (so-called) is deadlier than the malady. But if quinine is inefficient in intermittent fevers,

HOSTETTER'S BITTERS

Is irresistible. It would be safe to make a contract, under heavy penalties, that any one of the "new-and-Agne Distrist" should be exempted from the disorder for any particular time, provided every inhabitant would take the BITTERS according to direction during the term of the contract. There has never been an instance in which this sterling tonic and anti-malebrific medicine has failed to ward off the complaint, when taken duly as a protection against malaria. Hundreds of physicians have abandoned all the official specifics, and now prescribe this harmless vegetable tonic, and nothing else, as a preventive and cure for all the forms of chills and fever. Vigor is the thing so needful in these cases as well as in dyspepsia and nervous affections, and HOSTETTER'S BITTERS are the safest, surest, and most wholesome strengthening preparation that human skill has yet concocted.

$1000 per Year paid to Sewing Machine Agents by W. H. Johnson, Cleveland, O. Send for Circular.

RICH AND RACY. The funniest paper published. ☞ Free for a stamp. Address Bonner, Hinsdale, N.H.

AGENTS WANTED.

Very liberal terms offered to sell stationery goods and watches. HARRIS & CO., 26 Beekman Street.

$28 80 PER DAY paid to Agents by BOWMAN & CO., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

100 Photographs of Union Generals sent postpaid for $1. 50 Photographs of Female Beauties for 25c.; 100 Photographs of Female Beauties for 25c.; 100 Actors for 25c. Address C. S. MOUR, Holland, N. Y.

$1500 PER YEAR paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Illinois.

$150 A MONTH! NEW BRUNSWICK FOR AGENTS. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

PERRY'S FAMILY OINTMENT.

The greatest medical discovery ever offered; sells faster, and cures all cases of Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Sores, Ulcers, Rheumatism, Piles, Corns, &c. Every body should get it. Price 75 cents. Sold by druggists. Liberal terms to Country Dealers. Depot, 167 Chatham Street, New York.

GOLD PENS REPAIRED,

Equal to new, by a newly-invented process for 50 cts. Inclose pen and money by mail to DAVIS & MANTON, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. Box 1564.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER, 1866.

Terms for 1867.

One Copy for One Year $4 00

An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $7 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements in their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Terms for 1867:

One Copy for One Year	$4 00
One Copy for Three Months . .	1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

The Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding	$2 50 per Volume.
Half Morocco	5 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

Terms for Advertisements—*Ten Cents a Line. Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, at the top of insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

The Great American Tea Company.

Always a Wholesale Establishment.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices*. We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price*.

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our time spread far and wide; and parties with requirements thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, *double dollar* per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds or at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties can make by ordering for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *ten per pound*.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the the great houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Clubbers.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 20 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 5000 packages, at an average profit of about 40 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer for but a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THAT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, commissions, cranages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small stores.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and wholesale brokerages, cranages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing them to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of all. They are sold at the prices named the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 50c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 per lb.

GUNPOWDER TEAS, 80c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 per lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 per lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 per lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., best $1 per lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 per lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 per lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

MILWAUKIE, Nov. 1, 1866.

To the Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 *Vesey Street, New York:*

GENTLEMEN—Please find order once to hand in good condition, and gave entire satisfaction. I herewith send you another order, almost all new names, and their orders are small, in order to try the goods. I at least expect them to be regular customers ever after, but some to a larger extent. Believe me yours respectfully, C. BRIDDLEY.

4 lbs. Japan . . . . . C. Bridley., at $1 25 . $5 00
4 lbs. Japan . . . . . C. Bridley., at 1 10 . 4 40
4 lbs. Young Hyson . . . . . C. Bridley., at 1 25 . 5 00
2 lbs. Young Hyson . . . . . C. Bridley., at 1 10 . 2 20
2 lbs. Em. Breakfast . . . . . C. Bridley., at 1 20 . 2 40
2 lbs. Em. Breakfast . . . . . C. Bridley., at 1 10 . 2 20
2 lbs. Em. Breakfast . . . . . C. Bridley., at 1 00 . 2 00
1 lb. Young Hyson . . . . . Mrs. Cole., at 1 25 . 1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson . . . . . S. McKellips., at 1 25 . 1 25
1 lb. Gunpowder . . . . . S. McKellips., at 1 25 . 1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson . . . . . C. Fitzgerald., at 1 25 . 1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson . . . . . C. Fitzgerald., at 1 00 . 1 00
1 lb. Black . . . . . T. Blackwell., at 1 00 . 1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson . . . . . T. Blackwell., at 1 25 . 1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson . . . . . Wm. Potts., at 1 25 . 1 25
1 lb. Black . . . . . Wm. Potts., at 1 00 . 1 00
1 lb. Black . . . . . Mrs. Lee., at 1 00 . 1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson . . . . . Mrs. Lee., at 1 25 . 1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson . . . . . M. Gooding., at 1 25 . 1 25
1 lb. Black . . . . . M. Gooding., at 1 00 . 1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson . . . . . John Wilson., at 1 25 . 1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson . . . . . J. Dahll., at 1 25 . 1 25
1 lb. Black . . . . . J. Dahll., at 1 00 . 1 00
1 lb. Black . . . . . J. Knowlton., at 1 00 . 1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson . . . . . J. Knowlton., at 1 25 . 1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson . . . . . C. Coolidge., at 1 25 . 1 25
1 lb. Black . . . . . J. D. Coolidge., at 1 00 . 1 00
1 lb. Black . . . . . James Butler., at 1 00 . 1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson . . . . . J. C. Shover., at 1 25 . 1 25
1 lb. Black . . . . . Mrs. Boucher., at 1 00 . 1 00
1 lb. Black . . . . . C. Stumpy., at 1 00 . 1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson . . . . . T. J. Price., at 1 25 . 1 25
1 lb. Black . . . . . T. J. Price., at 1 00 . 2 00
1 lb. Rose Coffee . . . . . C. Hoffman., at 30 . 30
1 lb. Rose Coffee . . . . . G. Shiver., at 30 . 1 50
2 lbs. do., do., ground . . . . . T. J. Price., at 30 . 60
2 lbs. do., do., ground . . . . . Mrs. Lee., at 30 . 60
2 lbs. do. do., unground . . . . . M. Gooding., at 30 . 60
2 lbs. do. do., unground . . . . . T. Robinson., at 30 . 60
2 lbs. do. do., ground . . . . . J. Butler., at 30 . 60
2 lbs. do. do., unground . . . . . H. Potter., at 30 . 60
2 lbs. do. do., unground . . . . . C. Stumpy., at 30 . 60
2 lbs. do. do., unground . . . . . C. Bridley., at 30 . 60
2 lbs. do. do., unground . . . . . C. Bridley., at 30 . 60

Total $87 25

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH.

Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that our VESEY STREET STORE is at No. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET, corner of CHURCH STREET—*large double store.*

Parties calling for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store*, Nos. 31 and 33 *Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES;

THE DESTITUTE AND ORPHAN CHILDREN OF OUR

COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.

GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR

AND

PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THIS HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1863 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union: its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering upwards of 300, and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones denied, solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and valuable building on Fifty-eighth Street, New York, is now completely filled to overflowing, and the erection of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the public with a feeling of confidence that the liberal and generous spirit of the American People will readily respond in the wants of the Little Ones, and that a noble edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand as a lasting monument in the cause of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the fate mention that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, to aid us in the good work we have undertaken to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for all needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. General ULYSSES S. GRANT, President.
Mrs. CHAS. P. DALY, Acting President.
Mrs. Major-Gen. J. C. ROBINSON, 1st Vice-President.
Mrs. ROBERT FOSTER, 2d Vice-President.
Mrs. JOHN B. VOUDRES, Treasurer.
Mrs. DAVID HOYT, Secretary.
Mrs. WM. S. HILLIER, Corresponding Secretary.
Mrs. HENRY HAYNES, Recording Secretary.
Mrs. HENRY C. LAW, Manager.
Mrs. J. J. VAN ALLEN, Manager.
Mrs. W. C. CRENSHAW.
Mrs. JAMES MILLER.
Mrs. C. MILLER.
Mrs. WM. KELLER.
Mrs. HENRY BAYER.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1866.

The undersigned desire to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Sub-Committee in the Fair approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General VAN VLIET.
Major-General DANIEL BUTTERFIELD.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL.
Brigadier-General JOHN S. CLARK.
Brevet Brigadier-General JAMES F. HALL.
Judge Chief Justice P. DALY, Ch'n of Committee.
G. H. WARE.
C. G. HOYT.
J. H. PRESTON.

The following card will be fully appreciated by the public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"To the Managing Directors of the Festival:—Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival.

"C. T. HUNTINGTON, M.D."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,

Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1 *Present in United States Greenbacks*	$10,000
1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	12,000
1 Corner House and Lot, Lexington Avenue, East New York	6,000
1 House and Lot adjoining above	3,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, E. D.	2,000
1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	2,500
1 Grand Piano (Steinway)	1,000
2 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1000 each	2,000
1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, etc.)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
1 "Ethy Patented Rocking Chair" for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1 Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant	250
15 Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $100	1,500
15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $125	1,875
1 Royal Self-Inking Printing Press and Machine	150
20 Silver-plated Tea Sets, @ $75	1,500
1000 Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	75,000
1000 Copies (3 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War	7,000
100 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sets of Pens, @ $9	900
500 Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, @ $5	2,500
100 Call Bells and Door Plates, @ $3	300

The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Sets of Cooper's, Lossing's, Bancroft's, and Irving's Works, and those of other Standard Authors; Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Scarf Pins, Studs, Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Dinners, Buck Walnut Furniture Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblems of Liberty for Parlor Ornaments, Superior Wood Cabinet Mounted Revolving Sewing Stands, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to 74,225

Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at $100,000

THEODORE THOMAS, Esq.,

The talented Musical Director, promises a most delightful treat in the Orchestral and Vocal Exercises for the occasion, as no less forty performers being already engaged, and nothing will be spared to make the the finest Musical Festival ever given in the United States.

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

The tickets will be supplied to Clergymen, Music Dealers, Hotel Keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at $1 00 each, or in quantities at the Club Rates.—Subscription Lists are now ready for Soldiers and other good and female) who sympathize with our object, to obtain orders for the Tickets. Circulars giving full directions and terms to Agents will be mailed on receipt of *stamp* for postage.

Orders may be sent direct, by inclosing the money, from $1 to $100, *in a registered letter at our risk*, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50
10 Tickets to one address	9 00
20 Tickets to one address	17 50
50 Tickets to one address	42 50
100 Tickets to one address	85 00

Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to

N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,

616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors,

616 Broadway, New York.

The Great Portrait OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

MESSRS. TOUDOUR & FETTES have just published Mr. WM. E. MARSHALL'S line-engraved Portrait of Abraham Lincoln.

This portrait is the largest head ever engraved in this manner, and is by far the best engraving ever executed in America. It has been made the subject of the strongest recommendations from all who knew Mr. Lincoln best. Among those who have pronounced it

Unrivaled as a Likeness,

MAY BE NAMED:

SENATOR SUMNER,	W. G. BRYANT,
VICE-PRESIDENT HAMLIN,	W. H. HERNDON (Mr. Lincoln's law partner 20 yrs.).
SECRETARY STANTON,	
CHIEF-JUSTICE CHASE,	SENATOR TRUMBULL,
GEORGE BANCROFT,	ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

This engraving will be sold only by subscription. Agents wanted for its sale every where, to whom liberal terms will be given.

Prices:

Artist's Proof (limited to 300)	$20 00
India Proof	10 00
Plain Proof	5 00

For the New England States, address

TICKNOR & FIELDS, 124 Tremont St., Boston.

For New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, District of Columbia, Ohio, and Michigan, address

TICKNOR & FIELDS, 63 Bleecker St., N. Y.

For Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, address

JOHN H. AMMON, 111 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

(*From Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*)

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with inflammation of the lungs, attended with a distressing cough. I had for some months previous been in the habit of preparing a cough syrup for the use of those of my flock who might require it, and as I chanced to be very much engaged at the time of the illness alluded to, I commenced making a small quantity of the article I had been previously accustomed to compound for those purposes. The result was highly gratifying. Within two days after the administration of the first teaspoonful, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. The success of this I sent around to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a severe cough, and was soon informed that she, too, had been entirely relieved with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces and was glad to say that in November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

"As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled."—*Independent.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of seven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a sovereign remedy for diseased bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable.

Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., Proprietor,

Office, 36 Dover St., Boston, Mass.

H. SCOVILL & CO., Detroit, Mich.
FARRAND, SHELEY & CO., Detroit, Mich.
General Agents for the West.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTICE.

The greatest inducements ever offered to the public. Calkins & Co.'s great Cosmopolitan Association have just completed arrangements to supply themselves and the public generally that we have again opened our Grand Warerooms, 625 Broadway, new, and which contain, consisting of pianos, melodeons, sewing machines, watches, diamonds, jewelry of all kinds and descriptions, silver, silverware, albums, &c., under entirely new managers, who have determined to give satisfaction to all customers, and guarantee a prize in every instance. All this great variety of goods will be sold at about an average price of $2 00 (two dollars) each, without extend to sell, and not to be paid for until you have *what you will receive.* We warrant all our jewelry gold. All we ask is a call and trial. We have a Golden Envelope, which will entitle you to one of the numerous articles in our catalogue. We have No BLANKS. We will send for

CALKINS & CO.'S CATALOGUE,

50c., 2 certificates, with a beautiful Card Photograph.
$1 00, 6 certificates, with a Gem Ring.
$1 50, 8 certificates, with a Mustard-Spoon.
$2 00, 10 certificates, with a Gold Pencil.
$3 00, 18 certificates, with a pair of Salt-Spoons. (Pen.
$4 50, 24 certificates, with Ladies' Gold Hunting Case.
$5 00, 30 certificates, with a set of Teaspoons. (Jures.
$8 00, 40 certificates, with a Gent's Gold Hunting Case.
$10 00, 52 certificates, with a set of Forks. Watch.
$15 00, 75 certificates, with a Silver Hunting Case.
$20 00, 100 certificates, with a ladies' gold H. C. Watch.

Agents wanted in every town. Send Circulars and large profits to ladies and gents who will act as such. Address CALKINS & CO., 136 Nassau Street, New York.

Dr. Glover's Champion Lever Truss,
Elastic Stockings, Abdominal Supporters, &c. Send for pamphlet. 11 Ann Street, New York.

IVES' Patent LAMPS.

The Safest, most Convenient, and in every way

The Best Lamp Ever Used.

Chandeliers, Brackets, and Hall Lamps in Unique Lamps can be lighted as quickly as Gas, filled and trimmed safely and neatly, all without removing the Shade, Globe, or Chimney, or unscrewing the Burner.

We deal in Kerosene Goods of all kinds and the best Refined Oil in market, and invite the attention of all buyers, both WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Circulars, with prices and testimonials, sent to all applicants.

JULIUS IVES & CO.,
No. 49 Maiden Lane, New York.
☞ Sole Agents for the Folding Pocket Lantern.



MISS LIBERTY. "I wish you would go away from our door, and take your Organ and Monkey with you. We're tired of hearing that Old Song."



SHORT SWELL. "What do you think I ought to do if a Fellah insulted mai Waife?"
TALL DITTO. "Why—aw—burst into—aw—te-aws of cawse!"

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our personal attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

D.D.& Co'S **SOFT CAPSULES.** See Advertisement Inside.

Steel Shirt Collar, SNOW-WHITE, by Mail, 50 cts. BILLON & FOGHAN, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

SURE PILE CURE.
Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument, for the radical cure of piles, prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in 5 minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for circular. Sold by druggists generally. Discount to dealers. Agents wanted every where. Sent by mail on receipt of $4. J. B. HOAXES, Manager, 639 Broadway, N. Y.

THE Howe Sewing Machines, lock stitch, for Families and Manufacturers. They are world-renowned. *The Howe Machine Co.*, 699 Broadway, N. Y.

At Reduced Rates. POLLAK & SON, Meerschaum Manufacturers, 682 Broadway, near Fourth St., N. Y. *Pipes* and *Holders* cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send for wholesale or retail circular. Pipes from $3 upward.

JOHN BONNER,
Stock Broker,
22 BROAD STREET.
Government Securities of all kinds, Railway Stocks, and Bonds, Petroleum and Mining Shares, and Gold, bought and sold on commission.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS'
STEEL PENS.
TRADE MARK JOSEPH GILLOTT. WITH Designating Numbers.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 518.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHOOSING THE WEDDING GOWN.

THE picture which we give on this page is that charming little scene from the "Vicar of Wakefield," "Choosing the Wedding Gown," as painted by MULREADY, and now among the treasures of South Kensington Museum, England.

It is twenty years ago that this picture was at the Academy Exhibition a constant source of surprise as well as delight. MULREADY had then been for above forty years an exhibiter at the Academy, yet here was a painting by him as fresh and unanticipated in conception and treatment as though the work of an unknown man. No symptom about it of mental torpor, of failing hand or eye, but full of life and spirit, as effective at a distance as when seen close, in color of gem-like depth and lustre, and in execution the perfection of unobtrusive finish. And that fair face—one such as youthful poets dream of, but very, very rarely even youthful painters transfer to canvas. In the cold, ever-lighted room at South Kensington the picture loses something of its attractiveness among so many larger and more pretentious works; but like Mrs. Primrose herself, it retains its hold on those who look "not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as wear well."

The scene is the inside of a country draper's shop. The draper we see is a man well to do, and one who can afford to keep a good article. Deborah, Mrs. Primrose that is to be, is choosing for her wedding gown a peach-blossom silk, and is carefully scrutinizing its wearing qualities. She has already selected the bangings for the famous green bed, a pretty set of window curtains, and other household as well as wedding requisites; the sprig of orange-blossom laid on the piletypifying at once the purchase and the occasion. She has been long selecting, for the wedding gown is not the only article that she chooses for such qualities as would wear well, and her little spaniel has curled himself round at her feet and gone comfortably to sleep. The young Vicar, however, is heedless of the flight of time, for he finds ample occupation in watching the countenance of his charmer. And no wonder. "Cobl must be he who ever gazed impassive on her beauty." That comfortable-looking old mercer, who usually thinks far more of the beauty of his silks than he does of that of his customers, is evidently touched by the loveliness of our Deborah. See with what a gentle, admiring deference he is regarding her, while insisting on the excellent texture and color of the silk she is holding up to the light.

How, it may fairly be asked, did MULREADY, a man of sixty, succeed in producing so original a picture, and, for the first time, so lovely a face? The answer is obvious to any one who knew the man, or is acquainted with his history. He was always a student, always a learner. In his early pictures, while his drawing is invariably careful, it is often inaccurate. But he went on, year after year, drawing with unflagging diligence, and ever-increasing power, till he became not only, as Sir CHARLES EASTLAKE told the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the present state of the Royal Academy (1863), "the best and most judicious teacher the Academy has ever had," and "the best judge of the merits of drawing in this country;" but himself so skilled in drawing that, as CHARLES LANDSEER declared, "perhaps neither is there now, nor at any time has there been, so great a draughtsman as Mr. MULREADY." Most academicians, when they are elected visitors, cease to draw in the schools, contenting themselves with acting as teachers; but MULREADY continued to draw as diligently as the most ambitious of his pupils. "An admirable example for students," said Sir EDWIN LANDSEER, "his drawings are remarkable for their accuracy: every thing seems to be done upon oath by him; he can account for every touch, and he is a good anatomist." While, as a crowning testimony, we have his own statement of his practice from 1817, when he first acted as visitor, to 1868, when he gave his evidence: "I have from the first moment I became a visiter in the life school drawn there *as if I were drawing for a prize*." Surely here is a lesson the student, whatever be his pursuit, may profitably ponder. This thoroughness of study, it is almost needless to add, was not confined to drawing, but extended to all the technicalities of painting, as well as to the principles of art.



"CHOOSING THE WEDDING GOWN."—[FROM A PAINTING BY MULREADY.]

THE POPE'S VISIT TO THE EMPRESS CARLOTTA.

OUR readers have already been made acquainted with the unhappy termination of the Empress CARLOTTA's mission to Rome. Our engraving on page 764 represents the Holy Father paying a visit to the Empress shortly after her arrival in Rome. The Empress resided in the Hotel de Rome, on the Corso. Here the soldiers of the French and the Pontifical army took turns in guarding the entrance of the palace, and in accompanying the Empress to church and in her walks. Some days after, the Pope's visit was returned by the Empress. She had at the Vatican a very long and important interview on the subject of MAXIMILIAN'S Mexican Empire. It was on the occasion of this visit that she first exhibited symptoms of the malady with which she is now afflicted. The Empress is now under the most solicitous care at her chateau in Miramar, of which also we give an illustration on page 765.

EVACUATION DAY.

WE illustrate on page 761 WASHINGTON'S entrance to New York City, upon its evacuation by the British, November 25, 1783. Sir GUY CARLETON, the British Commander, received, on August 7, instructions to evacuate the city; but this event was delayed in order to make arrangements for the Tories who wished to leave the country.

On the morning of the 25th—a cold and frosty morning—the American troops, under Gen. KNOX, who had come down from West Point, and encamped at Harlem, marched to the Bowery Lane, and halted at the present junction of Third Avenue and Bowery. There they remained until one o'clock P.M., when the British left their posts and marched to Whitehall. The American troops followed, and before three o'clock Gen. KNOX took formal possession of Fort George amidst the acclamations of his men and the roar of artillery upon the Battery. The troops entered the city from the Bowery, through Chatham Street, in the following order: 1. A corps of light dragoons; 2. Advanced guard of light infantry; 3. A corps of artillery;

4. A battalion of light Infantry; 5. A battalion of Massachusetts troops, 6. Rear-guard.

WASHINGTON with his Staff, and Governor CLINTON with the State officers, soon afterward made a public entry. General WASHINGTON and Governor CLINTON, with their suite, led the advance, followed by the Lieutenant-Governor and the Members of the Council, four abreast. Then followed—in separate columns, eight abreast—the officers of the American army and the citizens, on horseback. The Speaker of the Assembly and the citizens on foot brought up the rear.

During the afternoon Governor CLINTON gave a dinner to the army officers at FRAUNCE'S TAVERN (now FRAUNCE HOUSE), the head-quarters of General WASHINGTON. In the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated. It was only a few days later that the principal officers of the army took a final leave of their beloved chief at FRAUNCE'S.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

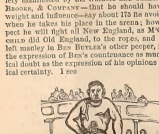
ROOM 1020, HOFFMAN HOUSE, NEW YORK.

Dear Harper's Weekly:

This epistle is about what I call "Fights to Come," and is suggested by the close proximity of a Congressman elect in the room two or three doors below me. Mr. MCCHARACTERISTICS, the School Commissioner—who, in the language of DICKENS, "had a genius for coming to the scratch, wherever and whatever it was, and proving himself an ugly customer"—has found a Peer in our Consumer JOHN ROGERS, elected to Congress from my district. As was the case with Mr. MCCHARACTERISTICS, so with JOHN, "he don't mean to be put upon;" subject whatever with his right, follow it up with his left, step, exchange, counter, bore his opponent to the ropes, and "fight it out on that line if it takes all summer." And so continue, he will be certain to "knock the wind out of common sense, and retard that unlucky adversary deaf to the call o' time."

I can imagine the great—and shall I say healthful? —change that must take place in discussing knotty questions in our hereditore wordy Congress. And as all politicians, more or less, owe their nominations first, and their elections secondly, to the operations of the "Ring," how appropriate that an ex-champion of the Ring should lend his countenance (though it is a little bruised and "smiling") to so great a gathering of the "Ring" leaders!

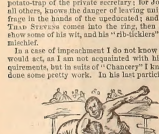
I see now, in my mind's eye, JOHN going through a course of training for his maiden speech, and the alacrity manifested by his trainers and backers—WOOD, BROOKS, & Co.—that he should have the proper weight and influence—say about 175 lbs avoirdupois when he takes his place in the arena; how they expect he will fight all New England, at MCCRACKENEUM did Old England, to the ropes, and lodge his left manley in Ben BERLIN'S other optic; and, finally, the expression of Ben's countenance as much a physical doubt as the expression of his opinions is a political certainty. I see



JOHN PREPARED TO RECEIVE THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE,

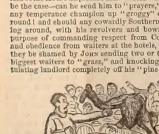
with its usual "feints" and "counters;" and how, on the first intimation of "Negro Suffrage," he will let fly, straight on the shoulders his bunch of fives, caving in the clerk's bread-basket, and spoiling the points-map of the private secretary. For JOHN, above all others, knows the danger of leaving universal suffrage in the hands of the uneducated; and when old THAD STEVENS comes into the ring, then will JOHN show some of his wit, and his "rib-ticklers" will mean mischief.

In a case of impeachment I do not know how JOHN would act, as I am not acquainted with the legal requirements, but in suits of "Chancery" I know he has done some pretty work. In his last participation in



A CASE OF THIS KIND,

he spilled more "claret" and treated his client to more punches than ever was done by any tippling lawyer of modern times. How easily, in case the Chaplain of the House displeased him—which will, of course, be the case—can he send him to "prayers," and bring any temperance champion up "strippy" on the first round! and should any cowardly Southerner be lurking around, with his revolvers and bowies, for the purpose of commanding respect from Congressmen and obedience from waiters at the hotels, how would they be shamed by JOHN'S appearing two or three of the biggest waiters to "grass," and knocking the expostulating landlord completely off his "pins!"



JOHN SENDING A WAITER AFTER A "DROP."

The waiter very soon returns with "drops for you."

So long live the "RING," fistic and political! and your own

C. O. W.

P.S.—The following "adder" I think you had better publish in your widely-circulated paper; it may lead to some good:

"[Extract] MADAME MAX.—Left his home, the Hall of the Montezumas, an old man, of feeble mind, to-day, answers to the name of 'MAXIMILIAN,' and has an idea that he is a MEXICAN EMPEROR. It was noticed that his mind had been wandering lately, and it is feared his body has been doing the same thing. He left word that he was on the road to VERA CRUZ, aggravedly in a hurry, making good time. Had on what he left behind him, French pegtop pantaloons, with a few French coins in his pockets, a short-tail coat, and hankering with the Mexican style of tall. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by his family and friends. Address quot-paid L. N., Tuileries, Paris, France."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1866.

THE AMENDMENT AT THE SOUTH.

THE people have laid down a principle of restoration by which, of course, they are willing to stand. They have plainly declared that when passed by the States within the Union, and attempting to maintain the secession by force of arms are subdued, they may resume their relations in the Union only upon such conditions as they submit together with the fundamental principles of the Government, as may be determined by the loyal sentiment of the country represented in Congress during the first autumn elections. And as the conditions were at the same time announced, it becomes an interesting question what the States which attempted secession will do with it.

Several of them have already acted. The Legislatures of Texas and Georgia have rejected the proposed Amendment. The Governors of Mississippi, South Carolina, and Alabama have recommended the rejection. The old political leaders who dragged their section into the war adopt the same policy in the conventions. And the newspapers, the tone and manner of which are simply inconceivable to one who does not see them, disdain the Amendment as not humiliating enough. The people are persons in the unrepresented States who deprecate this folly of Governors, Legislatures, leaders, and editors in unison; but that the practical drift of public opinion can be ascertained only through such channels. So long as those who, for whatever reason, approve the Amendment can not control the Governors or a majority of the Legislatures, nor even organize to do so, we must regard what we see as the indication of the real state of feeling.

The objections to the Amendment are, that it was suggested by a Congress in which all the States were not represented; that it is destructive of State rights; and that it is humiliating to the people of the unrepresented States.

Now, to the first of these objections it should be enough to say that it begs the question. By the necessity of the case the States that remained loyal constituted Congress by their representatives. By an equal necessity they are the only judges of the conditions of restoration that may arise from the unrestricted return of the rebel States, just as they were bound to defend it from the consequences of the attempted secession. The authority for this lies not only in the nature of government itself and in common sense. It is found exactly where the authority to emancipate the slaves was found. Since Congress alone has the lawful force, Congress of the United States ever since certain States seceded, it has the same authority to propose amendments for the condition that any Congress ever had or ever can have. If it be not competent to propose a Constitutional Amendment, it is not competent to legislate; and if it be not competent to legislate because certain States are unrepresented, the entire legislation of the country for the last five years is invalid. If it be such a lawful Congress, the President is not a lawful President, and the Chief Justice confirmed by it is not a lawful Chief Justice. That is to say, if Congress be not lawful, we have no government in either of the States lately rebellious, and the whole country is in a state of confusion and defiance of their civil rights. The Amendment, in the first clause, simply says that as the Government of the United States is a supreme authority in its sphere, and has power which ever shall presume to deprive its citizens of civil rights. When the Governors of the unrepresented States say that this is a blow at State rights, they forget that they are speaking from the old and now obsolete Southern theory that the Constitution is a mere treaty between sovereign States and the Union a common servant of many masters. They must now understand that the people of the Union have decided by the last appeal that it is a national power, and no sensible, practical statesman will undertake to quarrel with that decision. Why should an English politician attempt to prove that WILLIAM III. had no right to the British throne, and that some remote STUART boy is now the real King of England? He might as well try to prove that it was very foolish for people to be drowned in the deluge. Certain questions are settled. They have been debated long and fiercely. The differences could not be reconciled. Arms were invoked, and the event of the struggle was the final reply. The Southern theory of the Constitution and Union is one of those questions. Those who continue to vex it will be the only sufferers.

The second objection to the Amendment is, that it humiliates the States lately in rebellion. How? Were they humiliated by accepting the Emancipation Amendment, also proposed by a Congress in which they were not represented? If they were not, how can they be humiliated by accepting the legitimate results of that Amendment, namely, an equalization of political rights? After a tremendous struggle to overthrow a Government in which you fail, how can you be humiliated by accepting, as the condition of resuming a share in that Government, that it shall be upon equal terms with all others? Do the Southern Governors mean us to understand—not to put too fine a point upon it—that they are humiliated if by their causeless and defeated rebellion they have not gained increased political power? They mean that they are willing to offer a theme that have broken their oath to the Government disables the chief men of the section, and representatively disgraces all who honestly supported the rebellion. This is not a valid argument. The sincerity of the rebellion is not a pertinent plea. The question for the United States is, how it can most effectively secure the future. And a very obvious and simple method is by making treason odious—not by hangings and confiscations, but by making the whole tribe of political treason a pusillanimous indignity to office, not forever, but at the pleasure of Congress. Certainly a South Carolinian of this class, for instance, who prides himself upon having been a rebel, and glories in the fact, does not suppose that the whole duty of a Government recovering from so severe a strain is to forget and forgive. It is not vindictiveness toward rebels. It is merely justice to loyal men which prescribes this and all other parts of the Amendment.

There is no chance whatever, and we hope the whole country will see it and say it as often and strongly as they can—there is no chance whatever that the persistence of the late rebel States will wear out the tenacity of the loyal country. Its not party heat, but the cautural warmth of intelligent conviction, which has moulded the conditions offered for restoration. Does the experience of the last five years lead the people of the unrepresented States to suppose that the loyal people will be turned from their purpose?

THE IDES OF NOVEMBER.

THE Secretary of the Treasury on the 15th November officially informed the public that the United States will not avail themselves of their right to pay off the Five-Twenty bonds of 1862 in currency next year, but will continue to pay interest upon the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until they are able to redeem them in coin. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of this announcement. Two or three years ago Mr. CHASE, who was then Secretary, wrote a private letter to say that these bonds ought to be and probably would be paid in coin; but the statement carried no more weight than was due to the private opinion of an official who was not likely to be in office at the time the bonds matured, and who could neither bind the country nor his successor. Mr. MCCULLOCH's positive assurance is a very different matter. There is no reason to believe that he will vacate the office he holds before the Five-Twenty bonds mature. When he tells us, therefore, that he will not pay off these bonds in currency, but will continue to pay interest in coin upon them, he is ready to liquidate them in specie, the statement may be regarded as so absolute an interpretation of the law, on the part of the Government, that, on the one hand, the issue of foreign bondholders, who have been afraid they might next year be compelled to accept payment in currency, will at once be dispelled; and, on the other, it is rendered extremely difficult for any future Secretary of the Treasury to attempt a different policy. Should the reins of Government fall into unscrupulous hands, it is hard to say what might not be done. But this much at least is certain. The bonds will not be paid off next year, and any new Secretary who may attempt to pay them off in currency will have to overcome the express law given by two of his most distinguished predecessors.

It is not too much to say that this announcement will produce an effect on our finances unsurpassed by that of any occurrence since the surrender of LEE. The great anomaly of the age has been the price of Five-Twenty bonds in Europe. These securities, yielding 6 per cent. per annum interest in coin—the obligations of a country which owes little more than half as much as Great Britain, and whose revenue exceeds her expenditure by ten per cent. of her whole debt—have been selling in London at less than 70 cents on the dollar, while British Consols, which only pay 3 per cent., have been worth 90 cents. The main cause of this anomaly was the impression, very general abroad, and not unfelt at home, that, owing to the absence of an express stipulation to the contrary in the law of 1862, the United States Government would claim the right of paying off the first issue of Five-Twenty bonds in currency. This impression removed, there would seem to be no good reason why these bonds should not rise to a price commensurate with their intrinsic worth, as established by the public revenues of the countrywealth and the improving credit of the country.

It is not very likely that they will rise much at home. Equilibrium between home and the foreign markets is more likely to be preserved by a fall in gold than by a rise in bonds. There is ample room for a decline of 15 @ 20 per cent. in gold, and we see no reason why it should not take place.

Importations are on the decline. The fall trade, which opened under such brilliant auspices, closed dull and drooping. Late invoices netted a loss instead of a profit, and not a few orders were countermanded by telegraph. There is no prospect at present of any spring trade, and the chances are that even without any increase in the export of bonds, our shipments of cotton and breadstuffs will fully discharge our debt to Europe that exchange will hardly rise to the specie-shipping point. Under these circumstances an increased inquiry for Five-Twenty bonds for investment, the expected to arise on receipt of the Secretary's official announcement, would inevitably precipitate a heavy fall in gold. It is but eight months since gold was considered an excellent sale at 128, and many good judges thought it must go to 115. Why should it be worth any more now?

JOHN BRIGHT IN IRELAND.

JOHN BRIGHT has made a speech in Dublin which will bring him very near to the popular heart of Ireland, and which will be proportionately denounced by the British Tories, although he really proposes nothing violent nor unreasonable. The speech is excellent, like all BRIGHT'S speeches, for its freedom from rhetoric and its clear and simple statements. It is worth all the Fenian froth ever blown in the eyes of an impulsive and very generous people; and, like his other speeches, this one might be most profitably studied by the orators who are hastening to their seats in Congress. It is not a treatise, nor can such a lecture, had it been such, presenting plainly two or three points, and enforcing them by simple and not elaborate arguments.

Mr. BRIGHT began by describing the sad condition of Ireland, and mentioning the various theories which had been proposed to alleviate it. He then directed attention to two points of the situation—the established church and the land. "The church may be said to affect the soul and sentiment of the country, and the land the means of living and the comfort of the people." The existence of the established church, he said, is a fatal error, for every unbeliever, however good a citizen, is necessarily the symbol of the subjection of the many to the few. The removal of the established Protestant church would not only remove the sentiment of the Irishman's church in his own country, but it would make him feel that the English people and Parliament intended to do justice to Ireland.

Passing to the subject of land, Mr. BRIGHT said that the original ownership came from conquest or confiscation; that there was therefore a wide gulf between the owners and occupiers; that it is not common for proprietors to give leases to Roman Catholic tenants; and therefore the security of the tenant's property depends upon the fairness and good-will of the proprietor. But the grand evil of all is, that the Irish people are dispossessed of the soil; and therefore the true "Irish policy" is that which will most speedily and justly restore the ownership of the soil of Ireland to the Irish people. Mr. BRIGHT'S initiatory method to this result would be a Parliamentary Commission to buy up the large estates in Ireland belonging to the English nobility, and to sell them to the occupiers of farms and the Irish peasantry. The plan is not accurate, he said, and the remedy must be searching.

These propositions show the perception of a statesman. The details of the remedy, however, would, of course, be difficult. But it is evident to the whole world, as Mr. BRIGHT says, that the present system of governing Ireland has disastrously failed. The wisest observers agree that the chief difficulties are the English Church established in Ireland and the land tenure; and Mr. BRIGHT'S remedy is strictly radical, for he would abolish both. He told his audience that, if the 105 Irish members of Parliament were only agreed, they might do almost any thing they liked even in the present Parliament; and he exhorted them to unite themselves firmly to the Liberal Reform party in England. This is a very significant suggestion. For if the liberal party in England proposes an imperial policy, or merely adds an Irish policy to its present aims, Ireland will be

in a fairer way of relief than she has been for centuries, and the "men in the gap" can come quietly out again and devote their energies to more practicable result.

THE LEOPARD CHANGING HIS SPOTS.

The Chicago *Times* is notorious as the journal which was suspended by General BURNSIDE for disloyalty. It is one of the most reckless and unscrupulous papers in the country, and a few months since suggested to the President that he should sweep Congress out of the Capitol with the army. It appears from recent signs that it is the loyal people of the country who must be swept out, if such advice were followed; and it really looks now as if, instead of being swept, Congress and the people were sweeping. This, at least, is the view taken by the Chicago *Times*, and it beats an alarm. It gives advice to the Democratic party, and if profound obsequiousness to the only aristocratic element in the country does not authorize it to speak for that party we should like to know what does? "This advice, the *Times* is aware, and plainly says, must run in a more advanced view" than Democrats, and especially Southern Democrats, are in the habit of taking, for it is nothing else than the adoption of impartial suffrage as the Democratic policy!

It asks, "Is not negro suffrage inevitable?" It declares that when qualified impartial suffrage is once established "the South," the Republican-Radical party will be extinct. And it exhorts its fellow-partisans every where in the country to remember that it is always wise to accept the inevitable when it comes. This one of the most malignant opponents of equal rights should read correctly the writing upon the wall which precipitates the action of the most unprecedent incidents of the time. HORATIO SEYMOUR, also, is reputed to have taken the same ground with the Chicago *Times*. It was during a recent visit to the South, when his ears are more favorable to clear perceptions. But, on the other hand, the patriotic VALLANDIGHAM is understood, with his usual sagacity, to be engaged in reorganizing his party. Does he propose to plant it upon the proposition which he made in Congress, that the Union should be quartered? A Union divided into four or more quarters is the VALLANDIGHAM idea of a National party.

The suggestion of the Chicago *Times* merely reveals the utter dissolution of the Democratic party—as which dissolution the contempt of all intelligent Americans, because it has steadily and inhumanly withstood every lawful effort ever made to free this country of the incubus of slavery. If it had taken ten years ago a position which so much as looked in the direction in which the *Times* now urges it to run, the Democratic party might have retained its ascendency. If it had had one leader who truly understood his countrymen and his time, our late history would not have been written in blood.

But the Chicago *Times* does not seem to be aware that parties are not made to order. It thinks that the master-key of the situation is that the Democratic party shall supersede the Union party. So the intelligent spectator thought that the little boy had nothing to do but to go in and win. But the big boy hit the hardest. If the occupation of the Union party will be gone when the Democracy urges equal suffrage, what becomes of the occupation of the Democratic party? In the pleasing game of Puss in the Corner, if one player comes out from his corner to take that of another, and the other quickly runs to leave his, is the first player finds himself left out. Does the Chicago *Times* think the country is so enamored of the party which first incited rebellion and then urged surrender to it that it is anxious to intrust the Government to its care at the earliest moment? The work of the Union party will be done by the Union party, and the national existence being peacefully secured upon its principles, parties will divide again upon questions of policy.

CROTON WATER.

THE decision of the Croton Aqueduct Board, heretofore noticed, to place the intended new storing reservoir on the middle branch of the Croton, was by a majority of one. Section 19, Putnam County, has been reversed, owing to expected difficulties in procuring the required land, and a new site has been chosen on the west branch of the river, where no such difficulties are expected. It seems that large damages were claimed in the former case from flooding an iron mine and other business, to which damages the Croton Board were unwilling to subject the city, and hence the change, from which no disadvantage will result.

The new location is near the western extremity of the great basin of the Croton, which comprises a drainage area of 323 square miles, of which quantity the reservoir now to be made will share about one-sixteenth, or say twenty square miles. The situation of the reservoir is in a still more elevated region, at an elevation of six hundred feet above tide, where the Croton is a pure mountain stream, distant twenty-three miles and upward from the dam near Sing Sing. In approaching the spot it is readily seen that Nature has well adapted it for this purpose. Two of the mountain ridges which here incline the west branch, after expanding around some beautiful meadows, suddenly contract at the point selected for a dam, so as to require but seven hundred feet of masonry in length to inclose a reservoir of three hundred and three acres, the extreme depth of water being sixty-four feet. The abutments of granite which these hills afford will render the dam nearly indestructible, although the reservoir will contain three thousand three hundred and sixty-nine million gallons, or about fifty-seven days' supply for the city, notestimating the increase which necessarily comes with a doubling that number of days, and while the exhaustion of water is going on.

The theory upon which this reserveir is built is simply this—that although the Croton for nine or ten months of the year easily supplies the required quantity of water, yet for the remaining two or three months, or at certain times a scantiness which necessitates the storing of water to aid in keeping up the maximum supply. The average daily supply of bringing down sixty million gallons per day—a quantity which may be relied upon with certainty even during the season of drought, after this new storing reservoir shall be in full operation, which may be expected within about two years. The supply will then furnish throughout the year one hundred gallons per day to each of a million inhabitants—a supply which far exceeds that of any other large city. The average furnished in London by the several companies to their customers is reported to amount to be about one-fifth, or say twelve gallons, to each person.

The arrangement by which pure water is delivered from high elevations into houses in sufficient quantity, constituting as it does the power or carrier for removing the refuse into sewers, is now a necessity in every large manufacturing city can dispense with, even leaving out of view its uses in extinguishing fires, and as a power for manufacturing purposes. The use of water in the city for manufacturing purposes is necessarily limited by the size of the aqueduct, which, being a tube composed of masonry, can not be enlarged at will. The natural water-way flow of the river were brought in, aided by all the storing dams which could be conveniently constructed, there would not be enough for it which would greatly increase our manufacturing power. The number of storing reservoirs already laid out is twenty-three, or thereabouts, the land for which, and the construction of seven one and two hundred dollars per acre, including improvements. The remaining reservoirs are capable of holding quite as much water as the one now being constructed. The policy of acquiring land at least for several more of them, now or at no distant period, is quite clear, as its acquisition will prevent the improvements which will embarrass the purchase of it hereafter.

Next week we shall have a word to say upon the advantage to the health and welfare of the city of obtaining control of the margin of all the sources upon which we now depend for the supply of water.

RAILROAD SAFETY AND COMFORT.

"A FOREIGNER, who is an ardent admirer of American institutions, railways excepted," sends us a letter descriptive of the management of railways in Germany, and recommending similar precautions here. He relates that leaving Ludwigshafen, on the Rhine, for the old city of Spires, the train did not start until the conductor had blown a trumpet and was answered by the locomotive whistle.

Upon that road, and all others in the country, defective and worn-out rails are very scarce, and about every year the entire permanent way of the sing little houses of the inspectors, whose duty it is to watch carefully and constantly the whole road. Seven a portion of the poll-tax which every German road, and the train does not leave one station until the signal is given from the next that the road is clear. On the other hand, the Rhine steamers are said to be such large dividends as the prosperous American roads.

Meanwhile, whatever be the truth in Germany, it is very plain that as our railroads fall more and more into the hands of certain great corporations, the security of travel is diminished, and the public is powerless to aid in bringing public opinion to bear upon the management. It is not only safety but comfort to which we are entitled, and in this we have a case which recent experience suggests. The traveler finds himself in a crowded car heated by a stove, with every window closed, and the low, old-fashioned, stifling and no apertures for ventilation except the three useless openings through the top of the car. There is no reason whatever why at this day, and with the improvements in cars, passengers should submit to be shoved into such a black hole, exposed either to disease from the poisonous air of it, or to the risk of suffocation, or giving others colds, or being roundly cursed for opening a window and letting in the sharp air. The regular passengers by the road should protest, and if no notice were taken of the protest, the facts of the case, and the names of the gentlemen who are responsible for the management of the road, should be published.

There is no excuse for not traveling comfortably. The great companies divide large dividends; they are highly prosperous; and the means of safety and comfort are easily accessible. The practicable improvements suggest themselves to every traveler, and if we only steadily grumble and growl, we may by-and-by travel as safely as in Germany and as comfortably as in England.

DAVID S. CODDINGTON.

In the slim and modest volume, upon the back of which we read, "David S. Coddington's Speeches," we find the few works of a young orator who died some months since almost unknown except to a circle of companions and friends whom his wit and charming cultivation fascinated and dazzled. And yet most of our famous orators surpass, and very few rival, the brilliancy of rhetoric, the amplitude and felicity of language, the incisive thought, the profuse play of fancy, which characterize the half-dozen speeches of MR. CODDINGTON. To the evident human education of every part of his orations is the spirit of a true artist does not in the least touch the fiery intensity, the pictorial fulness, which the thought or the fact home to the mind and memory. No one who read, a day or two after its delivery, MR. CODDINGTON'S speech at the Cooper Institute upon occasion of the meeting of the DIX Democracy to repudiate the Chicago action of 1864 and to support ABRAHAM LINCOLN, is likely to forget the profound conviction of which he was conscious that here was a new orator who would make all the old ones look nervously to their laurels.

But an early bodily misfortune had probably cost the orator the kind of inner struggle that most weary life away. It must not be denied that the brilliancy of his book is lorne; that a subtle strain of weakness is sometimes to be felt in the midst of all its richness and insight and picturesque power it lacks that warm, humane sympathy which most endears the book to us. It is rather a certain ideal nationality, noble, indeed, and grand, charmed his imagination and inspired the author's hope. It was AMERICA standing erect with the imperial crown upon her brow, not AMERICA stooping to lift up the lowly, which most allured him. And yet, of all the orators who represent the national heart during the great struggle with the glowing vision of our possibility and power, none was more persuasive or convincing than HON. MR. CODDINGTON lived, and had his health and taste permitted, he could hardly have failed to make himself heard by the whole nation.

He was born and bred a Democrat, and even in advocating MR. LINCOLN'S election in 1864 he distinctly declared that his friends would "hold aside under the LINCOLN shed until *Democracy* finds a better path to follow than the trumpet;" but he had been a Free-soiler of '48, and the old music still lingered in his heart. So when he stood in Charleston on the 3d of May, 1865, and delivered a eulogy upon ABRAHAM LINCOLN, his heart overflowed in the most striking and eloquent of the thousand tributes of the time. It was quite a passage, and we heartily commend our readers to the book;

"He found himself heir to a statesmanship concealed, debilitating, and pusillanimous, occupied only with the question as to how we should permit our institutions to be murdered most gracefully; and he left its public policy settled, earnest, self-sustaining, engaged only with the question how the attempted murderers could be treated most mercifully. He found American citizenship suddenly confounded with him as a disgraceful doubt; he parted with it a tarnished-respected fact. He found the Government a dissolving phantom, and an old cancer that had baffled the best physicians; he lived to cut out the poison with his sword, and left his well-knit, well-mannered, well-governed patient a perpetual and healthful mourner at his grave."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN LEGISLATION.

THE Alabama Legislature met on the 12th. Governor PATTON in his message recommends the good behavior of the freedmen, and urges measures to protect them in the enjoyment of the full faith of their employers. He would remove all restrictions upon negro testimony. He urges a portion of the poll-tax collected from freedmen to the education of colored children. Both the Governor strongly opposes the Constitutional Amendment. The first section, he says, gives to the General Government an enlarged judicial power which would overshadow, and might possibly nullify, the influence of the State tribunals both in important and in trivial cases. The second section, he claims, is unjust in being partial to the North in the matter of representation. The third section, he says, establishes a class of citizens, State officers, both State and Federal, which is unnecessary and unjustly proscriptive. If the measure as a whole is adopted, he argues, there are already sufficient penalties laid down in the national statute book for the offenses without recourse to the injustice of *ex post facto* law. There would, however, be no objection to it upon grounds of expediency as a test of eligibility. The Governor concludes from the premises that the Constitutional Amendment ought not to be ratified.

On November 1 Governor Throckmorton, of TEXAS, sent in a special message to the Legislature, urging the passage of measures expressive of "the earnest and sincere desire of our people for peace and perfect reconciliation, and their readiness to obey the laws of the land, and to afford all persons, without distinction, the fullest measure of protection for life, property, and the enjoyment of political sentiment." He advocates the admission of negro testimony, and the appropriation of taxes from the freedmen to the education of colored children. He hopes that the wish of the President that the Legislature will "make all laws conform to the new conditions of things, so as to extend equal and exact justice to all persons, without regard to color," will be responded to in a proper spirit. In conclusion, he says:

"The firm and hopeful view of the President in regard to the future of our beloved country must be encouraging to every patriot. I trust he may not be disappointed, and I feel that it is the highest duty of patriotism to aid him by every wise and prudent means at our command."

Georgia has rejected the Constitutional Amendment. In the House there were for rejection 131, against it 5; in the Senate the vote to reject was unanimous. The Committee to whom the matter had been referred considered that constitutionally the Amendment was not before the States, not being proposed by two-thirds of a full Congress. Some States having been refused the right to participate in the debate on proposing the Amendment, and yet being expected to ratify when thus proposed. The right to ratify implied the right to take part in the original proposition.

THE BALTIMORE TROUBLE.

Judge BOND, of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, has given his decision as to the law involved in the Baltimore troubles. He declares the Governor's authority to summon the old and new Boards of Police Commissioners to be unquestionable, and that Judge BOND'S order restraining MESSRS. KING and WILLIAM from exercising the official functions to which they had been appointed, was unwarranted.

IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE.

Some of the Democratic organs appear to be desirous of taking the wind out of the Radical sails. The *Boston Post*, referring to Judge Rosser's letter advocating impartial suffrage in TEXAS, says: "This is wise, just, liberal. Impartial suffrage we have always advocated." The Massachusetts system we think a good one, and if every State would adopt it the result would prove its great security to the peace and prosperity of the country." The Chicago *Times* goes not more boldly. It declares that negro suffrage in some shape is inevitable, and recommends the South to accept "impartial suffrage, or suffrage dependent upon the intelligence of the man, irrespective of color, as is now the rule in Massachusetts," that an end may be put to the struggle against the restoration of the United States.

CAN SECESSION DESTROY A STATE?

The Supreme Court of Mississippi has decided that the State never lost its organization as a government by reason of the rebellion or war; but that in all respects not only de facto but de jure a State, and that the functions of the government were never more potentially exercised by those who exercised executive, legislative, and judicial functions during that time within the State.

STATE ITEMS.

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee met November 14, in Cincinnati. Generals GRANT, SHERMAN, and Howard were able to be present. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: For President, General J. A. Rawlings; Vice-Presidents, Major-Generals M. L. Smith, P. J. Osterhaus, J. E. Blair, R. J. Oglesby, A. J. Smith, and Brevet Brigadier-Generals W. W. Belknap and Alexander McDowell McCook; Secretary, Dr. R. Patterson; Corresponding Secretary, Brigadier-General A. D. Balcombe; Treasurer, Major-General M. D. Leggett.

The greater portion of the session was occupied in discussing the proposed monument to Major-General M'Pherson.

A resolution was finally passed, tying upon Clyde, Ohio, the burial-place of General M'Pherson, as the location of the monument.

After transacting some unimportant business a resolution was adopted to hold the next annual meeting at St. Louis—the time to be indicated by the President-elect, General J. A. Rawlings.

DR. HOWITZ, the Chief of the Naval Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, has prepared some valuable statistics, showing the naval casualties of battle during the rebellion. The total deaths from this cause were 2,106 from gun-shot fractures, 1,160 from gun-shot flesh wounds, and 1,000 from miscellaneous casualties, while 96 died in rebel prison-pens—making the total number of deaths 2,256. There were discharged from the naval service as disabled 250 from casualties of war, and all from gun-shot wounds received in battle. Three hundred and sixteen amputations were performed and four cases of trepanning, of which two recovered and two died.

Daniel Carpenter, one of our four Inspectors of Police, died suddenly, on the 18th, of heart-disease. He was a native of Albany, and about 50 years of age.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

November 12:

(LONDON.)—There are vague rumors about that the Emperor Maximilian has been deposed the crown of Poland under certain eventualities.

November 13:

(LONDON.)—It is said that the questions pending between the United States and Prussia, Mexico, &c., have been amicably settled, whereby the vessels in dispute, now at Liverpool, and all other property, have been released.

The Austrian Cabinet have unanimously resolved to indict Governor EYRE for murder.

Dispatches from the East announce that the Turkish Government has ordered a general amnesty to be granted to the Insurgents of Candia.

In spite of the many denials, rumors of a Prussian alliance with Mexico continue to prevail, and that the treaty provides for the admission of the United States into Prussia, with a view to a sovereign establishment in the Mediterranean Sea, and guarantees that nation shall be under the commercial protection.

(CONSTANTINOPLE.)—The King to-day formally opened the session of the Danish Chambers. In his speech on that occasion he said he was convinced that Denmark would obtain again her ancient position by a popular vote.

(COPENHAGEN.)—The cholera has again broken out in this city.

November 14:

(LONDON.)—In the case of the ex-rebel cruiser *Rappahannock*, which, on the 3d instant, the Admiralty Court has decided that Colonial is entitled to her possessions.

November 17:

(PARIS.)—The family of Major-General JOHN A. DIX arrived yesterday.

November 18:

(MADRID.)—The Government of Spain is taking strong measures to prevent a threatened outbreak.

(THE HAGUE.)—

November 19:

(LONDON.)—Great floods are devastating the counties of York and Lancaster. Many lives have been lost by drowning.

It is said that the Government is alive to the fact that large quantities of arms have been smuggle into Ireland weekly, and is well prepared to meet any revolutionary movement.

The report is confirmed that Chili and Peru have consented to refer the mediation of their difficulties to France and England.

Telegraphic dispatches from Bombay report the gratifying intelligence that the famine in India is abating.

The Reform demonstration in Edinburgh on Saturday was a brilliant and imposing one.

(FLORENCE.)—Baron Ricasoli, Prime Minister of the Italian Government, has issued a circular denouncing the agitation of the Roman question. Italy, he says, will be unwise, and avoid the certain triumph of her rights.

THE POPE'S ALLOCUTION.

The text of the Pope's Allocution has just been published in full in Rome. It reasserts in the plainest manner the temporal sovereignty of the Pope; it declares the usurpation of the Papal See by Pontifical States by the King of Italy, and denounces all who take part in that proceeding.



VARIETIES IN LADIES' HEAD-GEAR, 1866.

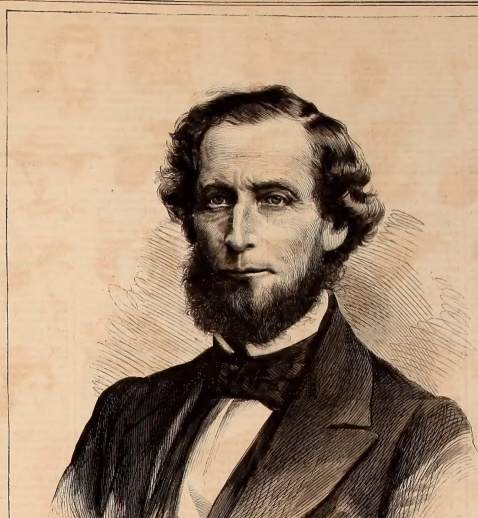
BANQUET TO MR. FIELD.

TO CYRUS W. FIELD, rather than to any other man, belongs the credit of having first conceived the practicability of an Atlantic telegraph. His share in the cost of the enterprise, or his prominence in its execution, may have been surpassed by some; but one thing unquestionably is *his* alone—original and absolute faith in final success, a faith which no difficulties could overcome, and the patience of which was equal to any labor and any cost. No injustice can be done to any man by the declaration that, but for CYRUS W. FIELD, there would now be no telegraphic communication between America and Europe. And of no other man can this be said.

It was proper, then, that his own city should do him honor, and show her pride not only in his success, but in the heroic faith which accomplished it. This was the object of the banquet given to Mr. FIELD on the evening of November 15, at the Metropolitan Hotel. We illustrate the banquet below, and give a new and excellent portrait of Mr. FIELD, from a photograph taken for *Harper's Weekly* by ROCKWOOD & CO., of this city, the morning after the banquet.

The decorations of the banquet-hall are thus described in the New York *Times:*

"From the centre of the dome fell clouds of gaily-colored silk, concurring all below. From these hung crystal chandeliers, flooding the hall with silver light, toned down by the soft refraction of the silken ceiling overhead. Suspended from the dome, at its eastern end, hung in mid-air the Earth in miniature, girt by an iron band, emblematic of the telegraphic girdle. Above this globe were the Sun, the Moon, and the stars, and from each of these fell delicate cords of silk, like cobweb threads in the sunlight, uniting the mysterious worlds whence they came to the iron-bound, imprisoned Earth below. These lines, gathered together on the meridian of the globe, did not end there, but, spreading out again, descended and were caught up by the grappling arms of delicate telegraphic poles of silver, planted on the tables underneath, and, tied up by those poles, the entire hall was girt by these silken lines. Up among the congregated solar systems hung the ethereal messages, 'Greeting from all the stars!' 'The lordly Sun sends greeting down!' 'The Moon her peaceful radiance lends!' and hanging from the globe a prosaic sign-board, announcing the whereabout of the 'General Telegraphic Office.' On the telegraphic poles along the tables were symbols of the glad communion of all nations with the spirit animating the festivities of the night. There were greetings from Russia, France, Plymouth Rock, Spain, New Jersey, Portugal, Denmark, New Hampshire, China, Timbuctoo, and all the places with names familiar or unfamiliar to the ear, near and remote, reading as you passed along with the surprising oddity of medley, so frequent and queer were the transitions."



CYRUS W. FIELD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO., 839 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]

MR. FIELD'S speech after dinner contained a full and interesting history of the Atlantic Cable:

"It is nearly thirteen years ago," he said, "since half a dozen gentlemen of this city met at my house for four successive evenings, and, around a table covered with maps and charts, and plans and estimates, considered a project to extend a line of telegraph from Nova Scotia to St. Johns, in Newfoundland, thence to be carried across the ocean. It was a very pretty plan on paper. There was New York, and there was St. Johns, only about 1700 miles apart. It was easy to draw a line from one point to the other, making no account of the forests and mountains, and swamps and rivers and gulfs, that lay in our way. Not one of us had ever seen the country, or had any idea of the obstacles to be overcome. We thought we could build the line in a few months. It took two years and a half. Yet we never asked for help outside our own little circle. Indeed, we fear we should not have got it if we had, for few had any faith in our scheme. Every dollar came out of our own pockets. Yet I am proud to say no man drew back. Every man proved a deserter. Those who came first into the work have stood by it to the end. Of these six men four are here to-night—Mr. PETER COOPER, Moses TAYLOR, MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, and myself. My brother DUDLEY is in Europe, and Mr. CHANDLER WHITE died in London, and his place was filled by Mr. WILLIAM WATSON, who is also here. My friend Mr. LEONARD W. JEWETT was our Secretary. To these gentlemen, as my first associates, it is but just that I should pay my first acknowledgments.

"From this statement you perceive that, in the beginning, this was wholly an American enterprise. It was begun, and for two years and a half was carried on, solely by American capital. Our brethren across the sea did not even know what we were doing away in the forests of Newfoundland. Our little company raised and expended over a million and a quarter of dollars before an Englishman paid a single pound sterling. Our only support outside was in the liberal character and steady friendship of the Government of Newfoundland, for which we were greatly indebted to Mr. E. M. ARCHIBALD, then Attorney-General of that colony, and now British Consul in New York. And in preparing for an ocean cable the first soundings across the Atlantic were made by American officers in American ships. Our scientific men—Messrs. HENRY, BACHE, and MAURY—had taken great interest in the subject. The United States ship *Dolphin* discovered the telegraphic plateau as early as 1850; and the United States ship *Arctic* sounded across from Newfoundland to Ireland in 1856—a year before her Majesty's ship *Cyclops*, under command of Captain DAYMAN, went over the same course. This I state not to take aught from the just praise of England, but simply to vindicate the truth of history.

"It was not till 1856—ten years ago—that the enterprise had any existence in England. In that summer I went to London, and there with Mr. JOHN W. BRETT, Mr. (now Sir) CHARLES BRIGHT, and Dr. WHITEHOUSE, organized the Atlantic Telegraph Company. Science had begun to contemplate the necessity of such an enterprise; and the great FARADAY cheered us with his lofty enthusiasm. Then for the first time was enlisted the support of English capitalists; and then the British Government began that generous course which it has continued ever since—offering us ships to complete soundings across the Atlantic, and to assist in laying the cable, and an annual subsidy for the transmission of messages. The expedition of 1857 and the two expeditions of 1858 were joint enterprises, in which the *Niagara* and the *Susquehanna* took part with the *Agamemnon*, the *Leopard*, the *Gorgon*, and the *Valorous*; and the officers of both navies worked with generous rivalry for the same great object. The capital—except one quarter which, as you have said, was taken by myself—was subscribed wholly in Great Britain. The Directors were almost all English bankers and merchants, though among them was one gentleman whom we are proud to call an American—Mr. GEORGE PEABODY, a name honored in two countries, since he has showered his princely benefactions upon



PARIS FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 765.]

both—who, though a resident for nearly forty years in London, where he has gained abundant wealth and reputation, is to the last hand of his birth, declining honors, still clings to the Church of the United Kingdom to re the honor of a Democratic citizen.

Main a simple American the expeditions of 1857-58 you are familiar. On the third trial we gained a brief success. The cable was laid, and for four weeks it worked well—though never very brilliantly—never giving forth although never distinct flashes or the rainbow of to-day. such rapid and The failure of 1858 came our darkest days.

"After the cable is dead it is hard to galvanize it into life. It is more difficult to revive an old enterprise than to start a new one. The freshness and vigor of inception are gone, and the feeling of disappointment discourages further effort.

"Other cables have followed a new attempt. This country had become involved in a tremendous war; and while the nation was struggling for life, it had no time to spend in foreign enterprises.

"But in England the project was still kept alive. The Atlantic Telegraph Company kept up its organization, which included not only Mr. Brassey and Mr. Field, but men of great wealth, like Messrs. Thomson, Mr. George Elliot and Mr. Barclay, of London, and Mr. Pender, of Manchester, and which, thus bolstered with immense capital, took up the whole enterprise. It was reorganized with a capital of £1,000,000, and with all our efforts in England and America we raised only £300,000. The new company now came to the front, and offered to take the whole remaining £700,000 of the capital stock of the board, and to put their own profits contingent on success. Mr. Richard A. Lucas was made Managing Director, and gave energy and vigor to all its departments, being admirably seconded by the engineer, Mr. Saward. Mr. Glass had been recently knighted for his services in carrying out the Atlantic Telegraph, an honor which he richly deserves."

Mr. Field then alluded to the failure of 1865:

"We returned to England defeated, yet full of resolution to begin the battle anew. Measures were at once taken to make a second cable, and the end of the expedition; and with that assurance I came home last autumn.

"In December I went back again, when lo, all our hopes had come to nothing. The Atlantic Company in England had given his written opinion that we had no legal right without a special Act of Parliament (which could not be obtained under a year), to issue any more shares, or, which was the same thing, to call up our capital. This was a terrible blow. The works were at once stopped, and which the money which had been paid in returned to the subscribers. Such was the state of things only two months ago. Mr. Brassey was then on the 5th of December, and the next day we had a merry Christmas to me. But it was a most irresistible comfort to have the counsel of such men as Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Roundell Palmer, and the hour stout-hearted Mr. Brassey tell us to go ahead, and if need were, he would put down £60,000 more. It was finally concluded that the best course was to reorganize a new company, with increased capital stock, and so originated the Anglo-American Telegraph Company. It was formed by ten gentlemen who met around a table in London, and put down £10,000 apiece. Mr. Glass was elected Secretary of the Company, Mr. Daniel, who came with us across the ocean, will write a history, and tell the world what life and death we encountered in its Board of Directors. The great Telegraphic Construction and Maintenance Company—also founded by the failure of last year, answered us with a subscription of £50,000. Soon after last December we opened to the public, through the eminent bankinghouse of S. M. Samuel & Co., and in three months we had raised the whole £600,000. Then the work began again, and went on with speed. Never was greater energy infused into any enterprise. It was only the 1st day of March that the new company was organized, and was registered as a company the next day; and yet such was the power and despatch that in less than from that day the cable had been manufactured, shipped in the *Great Eastern*, stretched across the Atlantic, and was sending messages, literally swift as lightning, from continent to continent."

He thus describes the fishing up of the old cable:

"Our fishing-line was of formidable size. It was made of wires twisted with wires of steel, as well as a strain of thirty tons. It took about two hours for the grapnel to reach bottom, but we could tell when it struck. I often went to the bow and sat on the rope, and could feel the quiver that the grapnel gave when it sang on the bottom two miles under us. But it was a very slow process. We had storms and fogs and squalls. Still we worked on day after day. Once, on the 17th of August, we got the cable on board, had it in full sight for five minutes, a long, slimy monster lifted from the ooze of the ocean's bed, and then began to cheer so wildly that it seemed to be frightened, and suddenly broke away, and sank down into the sea. This accident kept us at work two weeks longer, but, finally, on the last night of August, we had the cable on board, and the grappel thirty times. It was a little before midnight on Friday night when we reached the cable, and it was a little after midnight Sunday morning when we got it on board. We were then within two hundred and twenty-six hours! The strain on every mile of the cable but the strain on the cable from the bow to the stern. It was midnight; the lights of the ship, and of the boats around our bows, and which floated in the faces of the men, showed them eagerly watching for the cable to appear on the surface. At length it was brought to the surface. All who were allowed to approach crowded forward to look at it. Not a word was spoken, only the voices of the officers in command were heard giving orders. All was still as the dead hung on the lesse. It was only when it was brought over the bow and on the deck that men dared to breathe. Even then they hardly believed their eyes. Some crept forward to look at it, to be sure it was there. Then we carried it along to the electrician's room to see if our instruments of measure still were or dead. A few minutes of suspense, and a flash told the lightning-message had been sent. Did the feeling long pent up burst forth? Were there not many brave hearts that wept? Others broke into cheers, and the cry ran from man to man, and was heard down in the engine-room, deck below, and from the boats on the water, and the other ships, while rockets lighted up the darkness of the night, and with thankful hearts we turned our faces once more toward home. But now the work for our little 226 hours we were exposed to all the dangers of the storm on the Atlantic. Still the anxious night and fury of the sea, as I sat in the electricians room, a flash of lightning came from the ocean, and the cable seemed to breathe, some back to me in mid-heaven, and forth. The *Great Eastern* bore herself proudly through the storm. She bore the land, the vital cord, which was to join two hemispheres, long in her stern; and so, on Saturday, the 5th of December, we brought our second cable safely to the shore."

Mr. Field concluded with the following sentiment:

"Of the results of this enterprise—commercially and politically—it is for others to speak. To one effect only do I refer as the wish of my heart—that, as it brings us into closer relations with England, it may produce a better understanding between the two countries. Let wise will speak against England—words of censure must come from other lips than mine. I have received too much kindness from Englishmen to join in this language. I have eaten of their bread and drunk of their cup, and have received from them, in the darkest hours of this enterprise, words of their which I shall never forget; and if any words of mine can tend to peace and good-will, they shall not be wanting. I beg my countrymen to remember the ties of kindred. Blood is thicker than water. America and England are both descended of the loins of England; and though there have been unfriendly passages between us, for family quarrels are apt to be—still in our hearts there is yearning for the old home, for the old mother. I am not the enemy of his country and of the human race who would not, if possible, add another link to the one to bind, in language, and in religion. I close with the sentiment, EVOLUTION AMERICA—CLASPING HANDS ACROSS THE SEA: MAY THIS FIRM GRASP BE A PLEDGE OF FRIENDSHIP TO ALL GENERATIONS!"

THE WOMAN OF INFLUENCE.

SOMETHING must be done.

Speculation in gold and oil stocks had run riot with my once handsome income, and I was brought, unwillingly, at last to consider the wife's project of taking a few select boarders.

And Miriam, dear, good little wife that she was, took all the disagreeable work such as house-hunting and bantering with "agents"—upon herself, leaving me nought to do but loaf in our elegant apartments, and wish myself many times in the Tombs.

At last the "hated thing" was accomplished, and leaving our expensive boarding-place, to save for me the sad care, we had engaged a house on the city suburbs, and, to make possession of a pretty brown-stone house in a fashionable locality, and advertised.

Dame Miriam took up the enormous rent and supply the table on what she would receive from the few boarders she could obtain, and I was to remain, I should imagine; however, as my own folly had swept away a princely fortune, I held my peace, resolving that she should discover her "pet scheme" without interference on my part.

A week of renovation—such sweeping, such dusting, such scouring and cleaning as I never before imagining I had never witnessed—so, not when, a two-headed five-year-old in pinafore and shorts, I was first made acquainted with the domestic arcana.

I was, for the most part, in a state of collapse, and my wants treated with the utmost indifference, until, in the house—like the rest of the world—I was denounced clean. Board, at this season, was in good demand, and our house was specially sifted.

I expected Miriam would fill the two best rooms in the house to a family by the name of Marabeau, whom we had formerly boarded with. Mrs. Marabeau was a woman of the world, and good looking in her day, and was exceedingly vain. She had a husband, a quiet, sensible kind of man, and a daughter—Miss Ella—of the same style of manner. She had made it appear to Miriam that her "influence" alone could fill the house with the highest-toned people. "Mr. Marabeau is a man of culture, Miriam let her have the rooms at a frightfully low price.

"I desire you to be very particular about references," she said to Miriam, "for Mr. Marabeau is the most fastidious person in the world about his associates, and if we have him we are sure to get Mr. Andersons that we've been called exclusive, though they are people, if I read their characters truthfully, that one need not be afraid to know." Mrs. Marabeau is a young lawyer of much promise, and Mr. Marabeau says his father is quite a wealthy importer. Mr. Marabeau is very particularly to himself that one can scarcely tell what to think; and as for Miss Wells, I think she feels her importance quite too much for a governess. She's handsome, ugly!"

"I do not associate with you there," replied Miriam. My views speaking of her looks the other day, and I believe all united in calling her interesting: As far as reference goes the inmates of the house have published very flattering proofs of respectability."

"Oh, I presume you are satisfied; but, as I said before, John is very particular. In regard to your rate, do you think it too low?" she added.

"I have never troubled myself to inquire," replied Miriam.

"Don't you think it would be better for you to change your seat to the end of the table? I think the effect would be much better as you enter the room."

"What! and take Bridget the whole length of the dining-room every time she comes to speak to me? No, I think more of convenience than effect in this case; thank you for the suggestion, Mrs. Marabeau."

"Bridget wouldn't mind taking a few extra steps, for I have spoken to her."

I am not in the habit of consulting my servants in regard to such matters, and must beg that you'll leave them subject to my dictation in future."

"You can do as you like, of course, dear. I know; but, as I said before, I feel interested. Now *I* think it would look much better to have the tea and coffee brought to the table, and two large pie makes a part of the dessert, a little powdered sugar sprinkled over it improves the looks wonderfully."

"The idea of Marabeau's fastidiousness! It is quite laughable, truly, when one knows the stock they sprang from," I said, when she had gone.

"One would think them the cream of aristocracy to hear her talk; but what do you know of their antecedents?" asked my wife.

"When Anderson came to see about board I exchanged references, and he very naturally asked about the Marabeaus after finding they were to make part of our family. So I made Petersen a call; you know *he knows every body*—can trace families back to Noah and Eve. Well, he says Old Marabeau—the father to the present one—was a mechanic, and John was brought up to the trade; it is only a few years since they abandoned it. His wife, so pretty, so delicate, so finikey, was a tailoress, and married John Gilmore's step-child Marabeau, captivated by her beauty, married her, and took her away."

"Well, I declare! and she to twattle about high family and society and all that," replied Miriam.

"I presume, dear, the truth were known, Miss Wells's family are far superior to her own."

"Yes, if birth were a consideration, but you know we profess to be a purely *democratic people*, so we must make real genuine worth our standard of judging. I have learned this much in regard to Miss Wells's pretensions. Her father was a very superior sister of acknowledged ability in a Western city; of course he was poor, for he was blessed with a large family and small salary. Last winter he died, leaving nought but his blessing for the widow and her flock of five children, of which Miss Wells is the eldest."

"Dear me, and that is why she is so sad?"

"Yes, sad and busy; she has by the help of friends obtained a position as teacher in the same seminary she gets copying to do; but it is hard work for a female in these times to support herself, much less provide for a family."

"I do wish I could help the poor thing. Wouldn't Mills give her some writing for the office—you know he is a lawyer?" Mills is a delicate thing to manage, for she is too proud to accept any thing in the shape of a favor from a young man like him. I think the Marabeaus will do."

"Yes, I see him often watching her when she is talking, with a pleased expression on his face, for she is really a pretty girl. Mrs. Marabeau's manner twattle drowns out others. I say, Miriam, it was a woeful mistake taking her into the house."

"I see it, dear, and am sorry for all of her harangues. I believe ere this every one in the house is thoroughly disgusted with her. Why, it was only yesterday that she commenced Miriam in the hall, and while her carriage was waiting for her at the door said, 'Don't you pity me, Mrs. Anderson? Here have I got the most delightful parties, with full carcs, crowded as they are with all sorts of people! I declare I can scarcely endure the thought; but you have your hands full, and your nothing of these troubles.' Mrs. Anderson did not take the hint to broadly conveyed and ask her to ride with her; with all her sighing and pitying she departed Marabeau'ing on the stairs, looking indignantly at her as she was driven away. Then, coming into the drawing-room where I was, she exclaimed, 'What a stuck-up woman! As if no one owned a carriage but herself. I think I never saw a person so fond of dress; and such a fool! Great gift, putting her hair in crimpers and sporting diamonds. I don't see how you can endure her; calling for meals in the evening, and actually speaking at table. She shows good taste in that," I replied; "for if there is any thing I detest, it is a woman whose tongue is ever on the move. Miriam replied, 'We had a *carte blanche* for that when they came.' 'Well, I think *I* shall take exception to it. I shall let her know I prefer a table without her after this,' she said, as she laid out to take her detested ride in the city cars."

"And this is the 'woman of influence,' who was to render you so valuable a boarding-house?"

"Yes, I acknowledge I was sadly taken in; for instead of influence I have seen nothing but impertinence and vulgarity in the house. My object in study now is to get her out of it before there is an open rupture."

"That you will find impossible, I fear; for she has got into first-rate quarters, and, instead of leaving herself, is determined to root those out who fail to be her humors."

"We shall soon see who rules," replied Miriam, with a determined look; "and we did see full sooner than we had expected.

The Andersons had been invited to a wedding out of town, and had just returned. When all were seated at the table Mrs. Marabeau, followed by her husband and daughter, sailed in with more than her accustomed pomposity of manner.

Having arranged and spread her skirts to her satisfaction, she began:

"I, too, have been out of town to-day, Mrs. Anderson, and I happened to fall in with some of the party returning from that wedding—such a noisy set! I have always noticed that the vulgar appear when they left the cars at the up-town station. Every body in good society here knows they are very high, low people. I once had the misfortune to board with them, and I must say I considered them exceedingly vulgar. I could but wonder what kind of people are they?"

Mrs. Anderson gave her a hard, searching look; but silent contempt, plainly expressed in the countenance, was all that Miriam vouchsafed.

Determined not to be thus foiled, she addressed herself to Miriam:

"You remember Mrs. Snow, who used to board with us?"

Miriam remembered her.

"Well, I met her to-day, and—what do you think?—that old woman of fifty had been putting her hair in crimpers; as they did not work well, she had the mortification to appear with her head. I told her very plainly that my crimps were natural. I'd be ashamed at *my* age to use such things."

"You do look rather old for that, Madam," said Burnet, with a merry twinkle in his eye. Mrs. Anderson, as Miss Marabeau's insult had been leveled, bowed him her thanks.

Finding she could make nothing in that direction she turned her fire on Miriam:

"What are your terms for music, Miss Wells?"

"Twenty dollars a quarter, ma'am."

"And what is your method of order?"

"I have had several teachers."

"I think some of having Emma take lessons this winter; but I shall not give her to any one unless sure of their *ability* and good *character*. I think parents can't be too particular; I've had several cases come under my notice lately where the morals of young ladies have been injured by their being placed under the influence of teachers whose standing in society was not what it ought to be."

Miss Wells showed no disposition to reply, and she continued:

"You have some acquaintance in the city to refer to, have you not?"

"Why, Madam?" asked Miss Wells, raising her very large dark eyes from her plate and looking her questioner full in the face.

"Before placing my daughter under the influence of any one I should require the most *satisfactory* testimonials."

"I have no desire to teach your daughter, Madam; when I do, I'll let you know," replied Miss Wells.

"Shut up at last," said I to Miriam, when all but ourselves had left the dining-room.

"Yes, and I could have clapped my hands and cried *bravo!* I was so delighted; but did you ever see such rudeness as she showed the Andersons? Though they treat them with the coolest of civility, they are not going to put up with such petty annoyances. Either she must leave or they will."

"I had come to that conclusion myself, nothing came up that she did not 'root her nose' to the bottom of it, as Burnet wisely remarked."

"Yes, and I could but wait until to-morrow's dinner-room that evening. Miriam said she was doubtless planning a method of revenge on poor Miss Wells.

"I fancy she'll leave Miss Wells to herself after this, for she is certainly no match for her," I replied. But I was mistaken, as the sequel will show.

Mills, the young lawyer before referred to, had become quite a favorite in the house, particularly with the ladies, for Miriam had somehow fancied that he showed a partiality for the society of Miss Wells, all else was seeing, he would seat himself beside her and busy himself with making "pretty pieces of the dress of ravelings in his hand," and the first of many evenings in the parlor I found myself left alone, Miriam and Mills having gone to the theatre, and Burnet, who was kind enough to bore himself with my company to a play he had seen three times before."

Mrs. Marabeau's manner, so cold as an icicle, having good-morning to every one separately but Miss Wells, who seemed not to notice the omission, kept up through breakfast a conversation with Mr. Mills, who sat at her right.

After all had left the table but Mrs. Marabeau, Mrs. Burnet, and myself, the former said, "Mr. Marabeau desires me to ask if that woman is going to be allowed to remain in the house after last night's bold attempt?"

Miriam was about to reply, but was stopped by the appearance of Miss Wells, followed by Mr. Burnet and Mills, who, I fancy, had heard the last.

"By 'that woman' you doubtless mean me, Mrs. Marabeau," said Miss Wells, looking her steadily in the face. "If Mrs. Simmons wishes me to leave I have now to hear it from her own lips."

"I do not," cried Miriam. "I have always respected you, and never more than at present."

Tears stood in the dark eyes of Miss Wells as she murmured, "Thank you, Madam, for not listening to evil tale-bearers; I have explained my going out last eve to your satisfaction."

"It needed no explanation. I have never asked one," said Miriam.

"And permit me to thank you, too, Mrs. Simmons," said Mills, stepping generously forward, for, trust me, I am not a disinterested party. Were it not for the foolish resolution of teaching a year from which my earnest entreaties have failed to win her—I would this day give her my protection and name, as I have before given her my heart. In your care I leave her," and before any of us were aware what he was doing he caught the weeping governess in his arms, pressed a kiss on her brow, and passed her over to my wife.

When we looked for Mrs. Marsbeau she was gone: how she had made her exit no one had observed. An hour later, and she was served with a notice that her rooms would be wanted at the end of the month; and thus we were rid at last of the "Woman of Influence."

Bernet, who had now got his family in town, took their rooms, and, indeed a hamper to the music of Mills, whose fingers swept the piano keynimbly when the Marsbeaus, bag and baggage, were down the steps and out of the house.

THE ROYAL PULL AT THE BELL.

THERE is a story told of an anonymous king, the moral of which may be well applied by all sovereigns. The old monarch, when dying, called his son to him, put in his hand the sceptre, and then asked him if he could take office as easily as he had taken from his father the symbol of authority.

The young heir, grasping the sceptre tightly, and hinting at the excellence of brevity in council as well as in wit, said, under the circumstances, he could.

"I will be as brief as my father," answered the abdicating monarch, "and that is short enough. You look upon the world, boy, as a house of pleasure: now hear before from me. Why, my lad, tumbles us pulls, and good luck is only distilled in drops."

The son looked about him on the royal side, and found he was dead.

The new king commanded a splendid funeral, and arranged a grand hunting party for the day after. He laughed at the paternal simile, and, to publish its weakness and its own folly, he caused to be placed above his palace a large silver-toned bell; a rope passed down to each one which he occupied.

"I will ring it," said he, "whenever I feel thoroughly happy. I have no doubt that I shall weary my own arm and shoulder before I have done."

For a whole month the bell was silent.

"I have had my fun on the rope," said the king, "fifty times, but I felt I was hardly happy enough to proclaim it to my people; but we have got over our first difficulties, and to-morrow—"

On the morrow, as he was boasting of the ability and friendship of one of his ministers, he learned that his friend and servant was in the habit of betraying the counsels of his master, and was prone to a neighboring potentate, from whom the butler received stars and crosses in return.

The king sighed, "We shall not toll the bell, then, to-day: but assuredly to-morrow."

In the meantime he went over to the house of the ministress of his heart.

"There," he remarked to himself, as he went along at that pace which used to be observed by the pilgrims to Canterbury, and which in England has taken its name from the fact that everybody else can't get across—"there I have found disappointment."

What he did find he never told; but on his return to the palace, when his groom of the chambers looked interrogatively at the rope and the belfrey, the monarch simply twisted the end of the latter into a noose, and angrily muttered, as he flung it down again—

"Would to heaven that they were both hanging from it together!"

On the following day he philosophically reviewed his case.

"I have been unreasonable," he said; "why should I grieve because I have been betrayed by a knave, and jilted by a girl with golden hair? I have wide dominions, a rich treasury, a mighty army, laughing rewards, verdant meadows, a people who pay taxes as if they loved them, and I'm not quite forty-five. I have, it may be happy yet," added he, advancing to the window—"yes, I may;" as he reached his hand to the rope. He was on the point of ringing at it with good will, when he saw a sight without, and heard a voice within, which alike paralyzed. A messenger was at his feet.

"Oh, sire!" exclaimed the bringer of bad tidings, "thou seest the dust, the fires, and the gleam of arms without. Behind us are the Moors in upon the land, and before us defeat and devastation behind him!"

"Now a curse upon kingship that brings a wretched monarch no peace!" cried the King, who wanted to be happy.

The courtier uttered something about the miseries of the people.

"By that Lady of Hate, whose church is in Brittany," cried the prince, "thou art right! I thought to pull lustily at the bell, but will as lustily pull at my sword in the field, for see if there be not virtue in that. How came in the foe? and who commands them?"

The answer to this double query told him that the enemy could not have entered had not his dispatches been betrayed; and that the traitor who led on the army was under the command of a prince whose name was no sooner pronounced by the king than the latter turned red with fury, and exclaimed:

"My friend shall ring the bell again. I will have his life, and the lady—"

He said no more, but went out, fought like a man, dissect that day, and slew, hang the traitor with all his orders on him, maimed the young leader of the hostile vanguard, who was known from Cupid, and returned to his capital in triumph. He had so much to employ his time after his victory, so much to arrange for the restoration of the fortunes of his people, so much to meditate upon for future accomplishment, that when at night he lay down upon his couch, overcome upon his brow but a shade of honest joy upon his cheek, he entirely forgotten the silver bell in his turret, and the ropes which depended from it. And so he grew and grew, never turning from his life's work till the inevitable Angel looked smilingly in his face, and began to beckon him away. He was sitting upright in a massive chair, pale as death, but still in his ministry, till his eyes grew dim, his head sank on his breast, and—he was without, a sound of wailing.

"What voices are those?" asked he, softly; "what is there yet to me to do?"

His chancellor stooped over him as he now lay on the couch, and whispered: "Our father is departing from among us, and his children are at the threshold in tears."

"Let them in! let them come in!" hurriedly cried the king. "God, I do they really love me?"

"If there be a life to be purchased here, O worthy Sire, they would purchase thine with their blood."

The crowd streamed silently in, to look once more upon the good old king, and to mourn at his departure. He stretched his hands toward them, and asked, "Have I won your love, children? have I won your love?"

One universal affirmative reply, given from the heart, though given with soft expression, seemed to bestow upon the dying monarch new life. He raised himself on the couch, looked like an Implacable, and tried to speak, but failed in the attempt. None the less happy, he looked up to God, gleamed to the turret where hung the bell, extended his hand to the rope, gave a pull, and died, with a smile on his face, as he rang his own knell.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"Great Expectations' Disappointed" might be an appropriate title for a treatise upon the much anticipated Meteoric shower. For months—nay, for years, the scientific world had eagerly looked forward to the brilliant display to have been given by a display of celestial pyrotechnics. The time had been exactly calculated—no doubt disturbed the astronomic mind—on or about the 13th of November, 1866, was the appointed time. Even the precise locality of the fiery shower was specified—the constellation of Leo was the grand centre from which would radiate the sparkling fire. The newspapers took up the interesting theme, and gave special directions to guide the gazeless in their observations. Even the city authorities, with a most unusual spirit and commendable interest in science, bid the multitude go to sleep in peace, promising to arouse them by a special signal of fire-bells when the grand display commenced. To be sure many, choosing to trust their own eyes, and having a little faith in the "science of prophecy," remained, despites, and nightly places generally, and kept a vigilant look-out for the first indication that the "ball was about" that time. But the more sensible went to sleep—leaving one ear open for the tenth stroke of the bell. Half a dozen meteors did appear!—but—they popped up to gaze anxiously into the ethereal space; but no sooner had the astonished beholders cried out, than heavenly bodies they speedily covered themselves up from the chill November air. Not a few awoke in the morning with a sneeze, and a cough, which, after all, they had slept unconscious throughout the fierce and fiery combat. Others were disposed to look at their fast, and a minute investigation of the morning papers, relieved their minds.

Alas for the vain vigils of the weary watchers in this vicinity! Scarcely were there more shooting-stars visible than on any other clear and frosty October night. And although some sections of the country were more highly favored, the grand display seems to have been confined to the region of the Atlantic Ocean. We must be patient and wait until 1899!

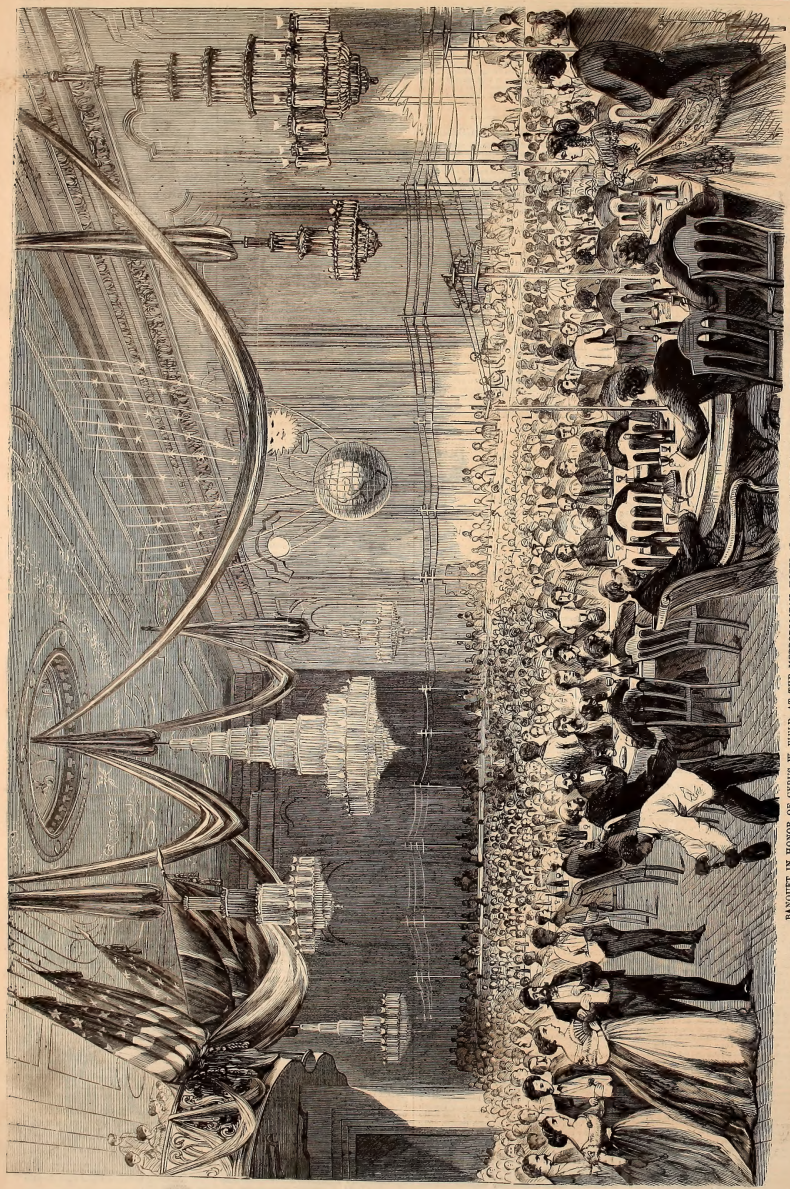
It is said, in a Massachusetts paper, that the republican party has a large clothing-house on the principle of most, and are already looking forward to the time when one can get a comfortable best-coat, or roast, or leg of mutton, a coat of pork, without having to pay for it its weight in greenbacks. We do not know in what locality this "store" is to be found—but be taking place. No indications of the and have reached us, which amount to any thing, when the honest-minded actually begin to think that it is not knowledge gone, based in part on glimpses o. marvelous months in the Old World, and the Atlantic friends. We must be patient and wait until 1899!

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Great pecuniary profit has frequently been realized by the invention of some toy for children which meets the approval of the juvenile critics. The inventor of the celebrated puzzle called the "Fifteen," in 1880, is said to have realized $100,000. The inventor of the "Walking Doll," which was in vogue about 20 or 30 years ago, made $70,000 by his patent. The decade "Jim Crow" toy, introduced about two years ago, was invented by a Kendall boy, and has made him rich.

Not long ago a strange and uncouth form, for many nights, invaded the back-yards, and disturbed the quiet of the sleepers in the rear of Fulton-street, Brooklyn. It was even whispered by the superstitious that its general appearance was not unlike that usually attributed to the "Evil One;" somebody, however, thinking, perhaps, that it was scarcely safe to risk such a supposition, resolved to watch over such a church, set a trap. The next morning the result was manifest in the shape of a bright-eyed, wiry, indomitable little cat, whose appearance was the signal for the cognomen of "woodchuck." He was duly shut up, and disappeared from the premises, but was at last in the centre of a ton of coal in the cellar into which he had burrowed. The inhabitants of the Heights can once more "sleep of nights," and the cat is in a solid and subdued excitement over the supposition that a cooler and more metropolitic still survives in a box under the church.

A young boy in St. Louis recently made an unexpected and unpleasant voyage through the upper air. He was playing ball with some young companions, when a sudden and violent storm of rain and wind came on. He took refuge under a wagon and entertained his boy, about ten years old, was suddenly caught up by the wind, carried a considerable distance in a mild



BANQUET IN HONOR OF CYRUS W. FIELD, AT THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, NOVEMBER 15, 1866.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 767.]



EVACUATION DAY—WASHINGTON'S ENTRANCE INTO NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 25, 1783.—FROM A DRAWING BY W. S. L. JEWETT.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

A MERE SCRATCH.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

It was some weeks after the momentous occurrences above related that Mrs. Mulcaster and her fair daughters found themselves together in their pretty drawing-room, following, or attempting to follow, their accustomed avocations.

Mrs. Mulcaster, pale and sweet as a lily that has peeped out in the confidence of May, and been nipped by that inclement season, reversed, of the three, to have made the greatest efforts to be industrious, and to have succeeded least.

Her baby, with one string snapped (a catastrophe that brought the day's practice to a conclusion), stood on one old knee and beat by on the other. Before her was an unfinished landscape, with something terrible in the sky, and, in the fore-ground, an impossible tree-trunk, which refused up the steel in very natural consternation at the weird aspect of things. A perfect apparel of books, blue, red, mauve, yellow, proved that the young lady had tried, by every ordinary means, to exercise the demon of unrest before falling her white hands and yielding fairly to the languid inactivity in which we find her.

It had been a week of much uncertainty and discontent. The mere material absence of George was an evil in itself. Mrs. Mulcaster bore beating like him. Never was a victim whose gentle retorts gave greater zest to provocation! These pleasures had departed, and left a weary void. The house his presence had enlivened must be filled up somehow, and every attempt to do this in a satisfactory manner had ended in signal failure. As for the cause of his absence, that was, by consent, ignored, as a matter at once too distressing for Mrs. Mulcaster, and too absurd for Lucy.

Mrs. Mulcaster had proposed change of scene for her injured darling, and had even written surreptitiously to a friend in Queen St. Colonsh, at Ryde, on the subject of cheerful lodgings; but Mildred, on being sounded, at once declared her intention of remaining by where she was, until—until—no matter— To which period the project was accordingly deferred.

Remarkable to say, had reached The Rise during the past week. That something of an unusual nature had occurred at dusky Grafter could on no account be doubt. But what was it? The hundred tongues of rumor sometimes confound each other, and nothing worse could have been a desperate rout. There was no coherence in the advices from the village with which Gosling was in daily and most intimate relation. If, for example, as alleged, Sir George had shown symptoms of aberration of intellect, how should the cook's having had a dog in the same condition have been the means of he master's recovery? Or how should the present household of Sir George's young lady of enormous wealth, and descent little short of royal, have proved so unacceptable to a very illustrious personage, that he should be favored Mr. Fillmore to decline the publication of the bans for the ensuing Sunday? Again, why should the decease of Sir Jabez throw the cook into killed him, into such a frenzy of despair, that nothing short of the marriage of Sir George with a Miss Jo Splagen, who was a second connection of the burgomaster of Sauerdam, restore her equanimity? The cook, the dog, the lady, and Sir George, seemed, to be engaged in a sort of round," into which the butler, though without a partner, was perpetually dodging and crossing in the most perplexing complications.

Vague and cursory allusions had fallen from casual visitors; but these parties had invariably, like strangers approaching a rpat marked "dangerous," glanced swiftly off into indifferent topics, having that forced flavor that indicates, unmistakably, how imminent had been the peril. Into these poor Mrs. Mulcaster, burning with anxiety to understand what had really happened, was compelled to follow. Come what might of Gosling's love of secrecy in properties, it was not for her to express one word of interest in the matter. But she compared notes in private with her younger daughter, and was at no pains to conceal her disquietude.

"You may smile, Louisa, and arch your brows, but mark my words, Lucy, my child, in his excitement, has done something rash—committed himself, I mean, to some folly that it may tax all the ingenuity of his friends to set right, after all, entail upon him a lifelasting misery."

"Do you say, dearest mamma," replied Louisa, "and mask my words. In another week George will be among us on the same footing as before."

Her mother shook her head prophetcy, but shook her head.

"I know George Gosling," she said.

"And I Mildred Mulcaster," said Loney.

As the ladies sat together on the day we have mentioned, a visitor was given them, the announcement of whose name seemed to create a subdued sensation not wholly unwelcome.

"Miss Shrapnell."

This lady was the last that remained unmarried of the very numerous daughters of the late Lord Bowsey. The deceased nobleman had been a quiet, mild-mannered little man, who had given no trouble to the land. His disposition was so gentle and humane that it seems like a pleasantry to state that his whole existence was passed in the invention of the most terrible agents for the destruction of the person and property of his fellow-creatures.

To him is society indebted for the first conception of that delicate little instrument the Scaquake shell, whose sole function is to hurl the largest human battle ship that ever swam fifty fathoms out of her native element.

To Lord Boombe the world's best acknowledgments are considerably overdue for that beautiful adaptation of steam-power to military ends, which, at the distance of three miles, will effect the annihilation of an entire battalion, colonel, drummers, band, doctor, and all, in the insignificant space of one minute and a half.

Encouraged by obtaining, after a correspondence of thirty-five years, the consent of Government to test the value of this last invention on the very first favorable opportunity, his lordship next turned his attention to the perfecting his balloon-gun, which, calculated to reduce, at one discharge, the most powerful fortress in Europe, when a slight explosion in his laboratory, so trivial as to have been mistaken by the butler for the cat sneezing, shattered his nervous system, and, in fact, extinguished the illness from which he died.

The family mansion, Battery-Boombe, was curious in itself, as representing the old system of living adapted to the residence of a small British family. It had a draw-bridge, moat, and wall, with salient and re-entering angles and loopholes, although it was almost beyond the range of possibility that any rational human being would sally or re-enter thereby. There was a laboratory and a guard-room, besides another apartment or two, the whole made bomb-proof with a covering of earth twelve feet thick, the six young ladies inhabited the casemates, until, finding, in due course, mates of another description, they were discharged—married—like shots fired at regular intervals. The old man, and now the sole, Miss Shrapnell, formed, with her own modest establishment, the entire garrison holding Battery-Boombe, from which she descended, grenade in hand, whenever a fitting opportunity for exploding the same with effect seemed to present itself.

Miss Shrapnell, like her excellent father, had a soft, mellow manner, which went straight forward smiling entrance into the good graces of all who were not forewarned of what was likely to ensue. She had a knack of possessing herself of every species of unwelcome news. She would mould and condense the same into the form of a pill, and, taking her station with a little garden of delight, in which every body was completely happy and at ease, bang went the shot into the very midst, and all was misery, confusion, and bespattered, exulting.

Mrs. Mulcaster was fully aware of this little peculiarity, and felt toward her visitor much the same regard and confidence with which James the First might have welcomed Guy Fawkes, had that gentleman escaped and presented himself at a levee.

Sweetly and softly Miss Shrapnell came melting into the room.

"Dear friends! *At last.* Hush—stop. Dear Mrs. Mulcaster, dear Louisa, dear Lucy, you—don't ask—don't even breathe! Heavens! what a picture! (She drew a deep inspiration.) Enough! Thanks. I have done my duty, and am happy! Gosling ordered the enthusiastic lady. "What a gift is yours! Without uttered one syllable, without the assistance of a muscle, you have been able to make a poor solitary creature happy for the day. How bright you are!"

"Lonzy, draw down that blind," said Mrs. Mulcaster.

"—how tranquil! how serene! Dear Mrs. Mulcaster, how sweetly this troublesome world glides onward with its fleeting hours, when, like you, it seems to enter into little plots to make certain people happy. Is you not so? dear Mrs. Mulcaster? Confess, now—you not as perfectly content as human heart can desire?"

"I—I am very content and happy—in my surroundings," the lady half addressed, suspiciously.

"Content!" moaned Miss Shrapnell. "Then, nay Heaven forgive you!"

"Well, I hope so," said Mrs. Mulcaster, still on her guard. "But why?"

"Content! Simply content! Your glorious Mildred! Your gentle, twining Loney?"

"I am entirely content," said Miss Louisa, pretending to pout.

"But what blessings as these, my dear Mrs. Mulcaster," continued their visitor, in an admonitory tone, "I hold that contentment nothing short of crime! Did dear one of your daughters—Mildred—for instance? Mildred, darling, you have known what's what. Is that Mildred not happy?"

"Is it a riddle?" asked Mildred.

"No: a question."

"A duck," said Mildred, languidly.

"Nonsense, my dear; a hal—something. Well, the Rise always reminds me of the hal thing. Sunshine and smooth waters, and no rips. Is that your creed?"

Mrs. Mulcaster became seriously alarmed. Miss Shrapnell had a way of saying things which were disgusting the hazard of her gun. If Mildred could only be got out of range all was well.

"Mildred, dear," she said, hesitatingly, "Miss Shrapnell, I am sure, will kindly excuse you. Remember your little work."

Mildred, sweet, was, however, insensible to the danger, and, being indisposed for any little walk, retained her seat.

"Well, I, at all events, must go my way," resumed Miss Shrapnell. "Five minutes with Gosling, whose house does more for me than an hour elsewhere. It tones and braces me. The music of the spheres (which must have been composed by Gosling) must mingle sorely fed a parallel in the quiet soothing harmony that prevails at Gosling's. Good-by all. Do you know I always feel inclined to call it 'home?'"

"I am sure you could not pay it a more welcome compliment than that," said Mrs. Mulcaster, as soon as possible," said the lady addressed, preparing to bow the visitor out on prompter politeness allowed.

"Adieu, then, my happy friend!" cried the affectionate lady, and, to Mrs. Mulcaster's equal surprise and relief, tripped to the window. Still, there was a lurking gleam in her eye, like the glimmering of a port-fire, and Mrs. Mulcaster could hardly bring herself to believe. Fowler, however, had, by this, power with such manifest pains, succeeded in shutting the blind.

Her misgiving was correct. The bonnet of Miss Shrapnell, like the muzzle of a gun suddenly run out, reappeared at the door. She smiled sweetly on the three.

"Heard the news?"

"No!" exclaimed Mildred.

"Sir George Gosling is engaged to his cook."

Miss Shrapnell softly closed the door, and drove away in the highest glee. Never had she delivered a shriller, more unmistakable report. Mildred fainted. It was some minutes before the excellent lady could compose herself ditty to the preparation of another little missile, and, when she succeeded for a while, she had every reason to believe, had money in a country bank that her charges were duly and safely received.

The explosion of an actual bomb in the sewing-room of The Rise could hardly have produced greater consternation. Mildred was pale as marble, and full of horror. Louisa burst into tears. Mrs. Mulcaster, rather prepared for the fatal tidings, thought only of their effect upon her darling—on whom she lavished every consolation her mind could suggest. But Mildred repulsed her mother's every advance. Reticence was the dominant feeling. George had done by what he considered honorable, and had been defied to do. The work was entirely her own.

"I am a vile, wicked, heartless woman," moaned Mildred, "to have driven him to madness. Let nobody cross me—nobody comfort me. I tell you I am all made up of self and folly. Oh, mamma—why didn't you? *Why* didn't you?"

"My treasure, didn't I what?" said Mrs. Mulcaster, soothingly.

"Punish me when I was little!" retorted the spoiled one, with flashing eyes. "You knew my willfulness."

"Pretty well," sighed poor Mrs. Mulcaster.

"There—you confess it—and with all my life's happiness at stake! Oh, mamma, I wish I could forgive you!"

"Louisa—my child, my child!" said Mrs. Mulcaster, turning to her younger daughter. "Should Providence ever send you children, recollect that too great tenderness may cost you their duty."

"Mildred is not herself, mamma," said Lucy, with some warmth. "I do believe she is mad."

"I thank you, Louisa, for your very kind and sisterly remark," said Mildred, majestically. "I shall at least know where I need not seek comfort or sympathy in my sorrow."

"You told us, dear, you did not want any," replied Louisa.

Mildred put her tiny hands to her face.

"Lonzy, Lonzy!" exclaimed her mother, "surely this is not like you. Be more your former temper, I beg, or must request you to leave the room until my suffering child is better able to endure such rebukes."

"Mamma, dear, I am sorry at all, mamma," said Mildred, bursting into a flood of tears.

"My darling, compose yourself. See, Louisa, what your violence has done! Hark, hark! There's a visitor. Quick, Louisa! Not at home?"

"Not at home," said Mildred, wiping her beautiful eyes, and regaining her dignity. "This must not be. Let them come. Let any body come. Mamma, I am quite prepared to see Mr. Gosling. It is said that your daughter was breaking her heart in solitude because her lover had abandoned her on his civilities!"

"Because," remarked Louisa, dryly, "that would hardly represent the facts?"

"Hush, hush, Louisa," said Mrs. Mulcaster, authoritatively.

And the servant announced

"Colonel Lugard."

The colonel saw at a glance that tidings of some kind were to be communicated. Nevertheless, the smile he had worn on entering did not relax; but, on the contrary, became of a more decided length.

"I caught sight of Miss Shrapnell's pony-carriage," he said, "as I turned into the drive and quickened my pace in the hope of overtaking it. But I'm only in time to restore order. Whenever I can not anticipate my fair neighbor of Battery-Boombe, I make a point of following her up promptly as I can. And you can hardly imagine, my dear ladies, how much I am obliged to Miss Shrapnell for her habit of concise intelligence, straightening distorted facts, and general repairs of a like description. I am a complete subscriber to every number of Miss Shrapnell. Which bit now? Come, tell the doctor. Well, my dear Miss Louisa, you look flushed. I begin with you. The last piece of county gossip conveyed to you related to—to—shall I go on? A wedding."

Mrs. Mulcaster had glanced at Mildred to see how her daughter's calm, fixed look, and the colonel's beaming smile, were affecting the latter. She rose.

"You," he said, addressing them all, "like myself, have heard a ridiculous rumor connecting the name of our young friend George Gosling with one so far beneath him in station that the jest—and a very good one indeed was it was—ought to have been at once apparent."

Mildred's look thanked the speaker so eloquently that his own smile grew enough his heart, for he knew, that unlucky cloud, that there was sure, considerably more, to say. With that radiant glance, too joyful for disguise, entered like the colonel's startled soul the conviction that Mildred loved, and that he himself, proposing for the hand of Miss Beatrix Gosling, from an unworthy rumor, must, if he told his story out, scatter worse confusion than Miss Shrapnell herself.

He knew, in common with many others, that a union between George Gosling and Mildred Mulcaster had been ranked among the very probable events of the county; but of the actual engagement, and its rupture, he had not heard. Mrs. Mulcaster had, at his last visit, mentioned in a rather significant manner that intercourse between the families was prohibited. When, therefore, the report reached him that George was about to be married, and to one of his own dependents, the gentlemanly gentleman had been entirely limited to his young friend's selection. "There has been a very unfortunate mistake in the case of Sir George," thought the perplexed officer, "and of *that*, her the cook, they know nothing. Halt, there must be secrecy."

But this prudent manœuvre was not to be executed by "there" Mrs. Mulcaster did not permit it. Convinced of the falsehood of Miss Shrapnell's tidings, Mrs. Mulcaster saw no objection to continuing the subject.

"It is curious how circumstantial falsehood has become of late. My only wonder is that we were not favored with all the particulars of the courtship of Geo—Sir George Gosling's courtship."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the colonel. "Gosling, you know, grows like the Highland cairn. Every body adds a stone!"

"Scandalous! Stories like these, devoid of the merest atom of foundation, should be visited with some severer punishment."

"Ahem!" said the colonel—"yes."

"You don't agree with me?"

"Perfectly, my dear Mrs. Mulcaster—yes. *Such*," added the colonel, briskly, "could not be too severely reprehended."

"Such as *this*," said Mrs. Mulcaster, fixing him to the point.

The poor colonel winced. His sense of justice, ever a Shrapnell, was keen.

"I—I do not—" he said. "Will Crooke—" (Will Crooke once his orderly, now his groom, was the colonel's reserve in difficulty; but here William could not act. The appeal must be to a still higher authority.)

"I beg your pardon. Will—?"

"Yes. The—the fact is, I am a very poor reliable groom, and am ever ready to make some blunder or other. But Will—Will is the man. That fellow chronicles every family and neighborhood: and sometimes, as we are jogging along the road, gallops up, solutting, and reports some nonsense he has picked up at the kitchen door from an outpost. Well, I must say good-morning."

"You will do no such thing," said Mrs. Mulcaster, decisively, "until you have explained why you hesitated when I said there was no pretext for this wild report of Miss Shrapnell's."

"*Did* I hesitate?" said the colonel. "No—did I? He glanced round for assistance. He would be tell all he knew, all that the too-reliable Will had been reporting to him, up to the moment that he, the colonel, dismounted at the door?

Relief came from an unexpected quarter.

"Sir George Gosling has *not* decided to marry his cook," said Mildred, with a perfectly steady voice and look. "Will you tell us, Colonel Lugard, if you are aware of the circumstances that have led to it?"

Had the colonel detected the slightest change of colour, or tremulousness of voice, he would have forced with the question, direct as it was. Taking courage, however, from the speaker's, he boldly admitted—of course, on the authority of Will Crooke—that the young baronet was understood to have made his selection, and that it had fallen upon a young lady every way qualified to grace her future station.

"That is—very well," said Mildred, in the same steady voice; "and—who—" but there the sound suddenly became a whisper, and ceased.

"Who is it?" asked Louisa.

"You remember," replied the colonel, "my mentioning a young person of singular appearance (some might call her handsome) whom I met in the park, and who—and who—"

A cry from Mrs. Mulcaster! Louisa glancing like a white meteor across the room! She was burdy in time, and fell into her sister's arms with a beautiful bair flooding the ground. Her desperate attempt to emab the broken had failed. Nature triumphed.

As for the poor colonel, alarmed yet helpless, as men usually are under such circumstances, and conscious that his position after making a false bound the bell, then toward the window, murmurs of "Will Crooke—Will Crooke!" from his lips, he heard a sound a retreat. While lingering in the hall a message from Mrs. Mulcaster announced that her daughter, on recovering consciousness, had been conveyed to her room, and that she herself begged him to return.

"Can you," she said, "spare me five minutes longer?"

"Can I, my dear lady?" exclaimed the gossip-loving veteran—"I can and will." The colonel then related all he knew from Will Crooke about the meeting in the rose-garden, the encounter with the dog, and the sudden engagement between Sir George and Esther Ives.

"He had known her long?"

"Since five o'clock in the morning," said the colonel; "at which hour they met, quite accidentally, in the rose-glenaure. The acquaintance, however, ripened very rapidly. George's habit of early rise, selected that opportune moment for doing what, in my humble opinion, he has been obliged to do before him. He went mad. The insane parties met, and but for the really heroic conduct of this girl, Esther Vane, would have committed suicide in the lake. She did not actually save his life, she delivered him, at the risk of her own, from a momentary peril. Such was the account before she quitted the house that day. The marriage is to take place almost immediately."

"Most disgraceful proceeding!" exclaimed the lady.

"It was not so purposed," resumed the colonel, reveling in the luxury of narration. "It was to be private. Before George had made up his mind to inform his sister, Lady Boncaffel, of his new engagement, some one of a better set what had let him. Down came my lady as fast as four horses could bring her, to remonstrate. But, no. George was kind, but immutable. This girl, who, he admitted, was the daughter of a nursery governess, but decently educated, should be his wife. Down she departed, telegraphed to Buckfield. (A bad move.) Down comes my lord, secretly furious, and, as the first interview, lest all that slight amount of temper he usually possessed, Gosling had borne with his sister, had he wouldn't stand *that*; and, to end the account at once, he had left the country with them the assurance that George would resent their ill-advised and worse-managed interposition, by carrying his marriage into immediate effect—a measure to which the young lady could be prevailed on to agree. What impression he had used," concluded the host, "I can not pretend to say; but of this I am certain—Will Crooke knows it to be a fact—that the girl has consented to abandon, very materially, the interval for which, with a propriety for which we can't deny her credit, she had stipulated. Will Crooke, in short, who has removed to a small farm-house a few miles from hence, where her niece will, no doubt, join her, and Miss Shrapnell, I believe, at a little village—Rosedale—close at hand."

"A fortnight, my good friend," said Mrs. Mulcaster, rising nervously, and looking considerably alarmed at the task before her.

CHAPTER VIII.

The report of that active intelligencer, Will Crooke, to his colonel of the proceedings at Gosling Graise was strictly correct, notwithstanding what of reality in regard to the stormy character of the conference that followed Lord Haghead's appearance on the scene. The temper of the latter, however, was not to be described, was not improved by his compulsory jaunt of two hundred miles, nor by the compromising aspect of affairs on his arrival. Thus, instead of interposing with a young connection (George was by many years his junior), he gave such decisive expression to his general displeasure at the proposed match, that George, in his turn having given consent, cut the matter short by declaring his intention irrevocable, and refused to hear another word on the subject. Swelling with rage and disappointment, Lord Haghead had ordered round his horses, and departed on the spot—vowing that nothing on earth should induce him to taste food prepared by the hands of the future Lady Gosling's aunt —but for George's promise that the difficulty should be obviated by removing a significant figure in the cook. It needed all Clara's tact and eloquence to bring about an armistice which should save appearances, and subject at all events to the following conditions, of which the visitors might depart in peace.

George was to marry Esther, but for from happy. He was fond of his sister, and had recently relied upon her for the re-establishment of good relations with his proud and haughty mother, and had been deeply mortified by his projected marriage. But Clara had imbibed something of her brother's family pride, and added to the abrupt manner in which the news (which, she justly felt, should have come from her brother himself) had been conveyed to her, strong feelings against him. He must fight it out alone.

And herself? Under the first impact of long months of this mental solitude, uncheered by the presence of her upon whom every thought of his heart was now centered, she had almost sunk from Clara. A fever of impatience possessed him, to which neither solitude nor exercise afforded any effectual relief. One thing was very certain, he could not wait until the weary interval at Gosling Graise. What if he should bread a letter? Nothing went to bed, nothing of folly.

He was awakened by a cry of alarm and horror uttered by his own lips. He had had a frightful dream. Esther, her fair face torn and disfigured by the fangs of the rabid Swarts, appeared to him engaged in desperate conflict with the furious animal, and shrieking for aid. The vision was so real that he had risen and set foot on the floor before he was convinced of its illusion. In certain conditions of mind things that might else pass for no more than their actual value exercise a most unpleasant and disproportionate excitement. This dream (a mere dream), connected itself with no reasonable fear, and yet was terrible. In vain he strove with the sinister presentiment. In vain he busied himself with traveling preparations.

A conviction fastened upon his mind that to quit her now would be to bid her an eternal farewell. At length he took the resolution to write to her one passionate appeal, in which, after describing the doubt and trouble that possessed him, he implored her to abandon, for his sake, the interval of delay for which she had stipulated, and accompany him to Italy as his bride.

While waiting her reply, George occupied himself with the arrangements rendered necessary by what would, in any case, be a prolonged absence from home. He took measures for selling his horses and quitting his establishment. Mrs. Mapes, the housekeeper, rendered totally ineffective by continued mesmerism, had resigned, and in this circumstance had made it peculiarly easy for Mrs. Turnover should, for the present, retain office. Although George, who, in the strange aspect of affairs, disliked to see her in a menial capacity, would have preferred to have her remove at once to a pleasanter and commodious cottage he had purchased at the pretty village of Rosedale, whither he hoped Esther would come to join her.

There was nothing now to prevent this arrangement being carried out, and George, after waiting several days in vain for an answer to his letter, determined to quit Goslin Grange on the morrow.

He should have parted cordially with Mrs. Turnover.

"I trust you will find every thing to your satisfaction, my good old friend," said George, "and that what your illness may be personally to abandon her teaching and come to learn—learn housekeeping, I mean, under your able tuition, at Rosedale. Thus I shall perhaps see you both before I begin my travels."

Mrs. Turnover was in tears; she didn't know why; she always did cry when people went away, she seemed to imply a range and time of immense magnitude and duration.

"Wishing you the best of 'ealth and sperrets, Sir," sobbed the good lady: "and, if I may be so bold, don't go to-night. Let me 'ave a bit of supper and a wedge in each pocket. Did I ever tell you, when you was a boy, them words of Mr. Turnover? They was the last."

"His very last?" asked George, suspiciously.

"Well, dy, I 'ad been silent so long that we thought he was actually gone; and the nuss, which had been promised another job, wanted to put him in the coffin be'd cooled for about three days before, when, as he was aguin', T, opens one eye and crooks his little finger, which meant 'Lift me up and put a wine-glassful of gruel, not too hot, with half a dozen drops of brandy in it.' That was giv', and he says, 'Don't chuck your relations 'ome. Host horses and sell.' He beat a swaggling every twenty minutes since I was five year old, I'd have seen an 'ithy individual now. Adoo!"

Mrs. Turnover bobbed and departed.

Little did the kind-hearted manor of the house that night. As he flung open the casement and welcomed the dawn a fancy seized him to visit the rose-pleasaunce which had first taken the hunting-voice that now seemed forever speaking to his soul. Autumn was now well advanced. But a rose was to be seen which George could have picked out the very tree by which Esther had stood—almost the very thorn by which she had been wounded—and, with the idle finger-pressure of lovers and lunatics, snipped off the spray, thorns and all, and put it in his button-hole! Sitting by the tree from which he had issued to surprise the trespasser, he strove to conjure up the fairy face, and, having done so, fell into a reverie gloomier than any. He knew that, in writing to her as he had done, he had broken the compact they had made, and that henceforth (for this was the fifth day) left him seriously to fear that she would act upon her threat and consider their intercourse at an end.

The sound of the little gate opening disturbed his meditations. He, familiar with the post-boy.

The butler announced that breakfast was on the table.

"In half an hour," said George. "I will read my letters here."

His eye had already detected a strange handwriting. It was a firm, fair hand, an Esther-like hand. He hesitated for an instant, then tore it open, and with a glance devoured the contents, which were of the briefest.

The blood dew to his forehead.

"She is mine!" he exclaimed, clasping the letter aloft in his exulting hands.

To explain this satisfactory result we must return for a moment to Esther herself.

When that inflexible young lady went back go her to sincere old friend Grimble's, she did so with the full intention of peremptorily dismissing from her mind all such recollections as were at all likely to interfere with the performance of her accustomed duties. Finding, however, that these comprised every word and incident that, in the remotest degree connected themselves with her late visit to Gosling Grange, Esther came to the conclusion to regard the whole affair as a bestial vision, which might, or might not, have reference to some future event, but by no means justified an idle apprehension. And such was the influence of woman's mind, that the calm and unimaginative Esther shortly brought herself to believe that she had been the victim of an illusion! A glance at her woundedhand, however, always restored the reality.

"What's a pain to-day at your hand as often for, Miss Vann?" said little Maud Grimble. "Is it—Oh, Miss Vann, how bad it is!"

"Nonsense, dear, it's nothing. A mere scratch," replied Esther, mechanically putting it to her lips.

But Maud's examination had attracted me, who had come clustering round to examine the hurt.

"What a long scratch! Does it pain you still, dear?" said little pupil.

"Not at all. I like it. I love it!" replied Esther, impatiently.

Esther couldn't afterward the wondering circle.

"What did I say? You are making me mad, I think," said the young governess. "Go on with your lesson, Maud. The products of Staffordshire are—"

But little people are observant; and that brief dialogue, and the wound that was "liked," were not forgotten.

This story must be frankly told. Poor Esther, despite her gallant struggle to regain her mental mastery of thought and duty, was destined to fail. One haunting doubt, that nothing could exorcise, pressed itself more and more, infesting even her innocent dreams, so that she would awake under the consciousness, as it were, of some accusation to which she could oppose no sufficient answer. Suppose, something whispered, George's host love her repented of her precipitancy and learned a letter remorse that her heart was all his own? Suppose that this fact should be made known to George? Would it revive the sentiment he long cherished, so lately overcome? Could she put faith in her lover's present feelings? Nay, ought he to rely upon his own? Even if it were so, had she, Esther, acted honorably in assisting to neutralize all hope of a reconciliation between person separated only by the caprice of one?

This state of doubt and perplexity began to influence her bodily health. Headaches (to which she had hitherto been a stranger) and a strange nervousness, with protracted palpitations of the heart, occasionally fainting, assailed her. In spite of every effort at self-control, she found herself becoming querulous, irritable, impatient. This cost the poor girl many penitent tears, and weeping renewed her headache, until she grew heart-sick, to the detriment of pupils upon the whom to exercise it, which had long since healed, by way of balm to the dull pain that now lay deeper than the wound within.

Such a condition of things could not be favorable to the progress of Grimble education. Mr. and Mrs. Grimble, though good-hearted people in their way, had been raised to their present position of comfort by poverty. By plushing close could they maintain what they conceived to be their dignity. Because they had not hesitated to avail themselves of the services of Esther, both as nurse and governess, for their six children, without any additional salary than her board and lodging. They knew that, save for her worthy aunt, Mrs. Turnover, Esther was without friends or stable of assisting her, and kept the secret of their jewel governess so tightly that, I am sorry to say, when once an opportunity arose for placing Esther with a far superior position, Mrs. Grimble so successfully under-estimated the young governess's attainments as to retain her in the family. Of this circumstance Miss Vann had been somehow made aware. And warming with gratitude to her benefactress over the personal kindness she received from her employers, she had willingly remained in the position in which we found her.

"Do you know, Grimble, I am not quite pleased with Esther of late?" said Mrs. G. to her host. "Not since her last visit to her Aunt Turnover, when she stopped away all night and sent no word. I thought it was like a changed girl. I am afraid she neglects the children."

"And why do you think so, my dear?" inquired Mr. Grimble, with whom Esther was rather a favorite.

"I've had it on my mind some time, my dear lady, and to-day I resolved them all. They have not advanced one bit. Margaret's still in simple long division; Esther's hardly begun the Kings and Queens of North Wales; and Tommy had a theory that eggs were the invention of Archbishop Cranmer, when, instead of his pernicious white looking for the pulpit, I shall speak very seriously to Esther on the subject."

"Of the eggs, my dear? I suppose so. But it's more than I would promise to do," said her husband, laughing. "But," he added, "do you think that Esther is quite well? She looks very pale at times. Besides, she is a good girl, and remember, mamma, we don't pay her governess's salary."

"We give her all she wants, and we treat her as an equal, which is more than they would do at any of your grand houses, I'm certain. But, still, she ought to do her duty by us according—"

"—Eg my love," put in Mr. Grimble, who, since Esther had been in the house, had grown particular in his grammar. "Well, so she ought. Give her a jog. If you like, just to-day, or to-morrow. You know, that's all."

On the day that witnessed this conversation, headache, and that strange sense of uneasiness before alluded to, had compelled poor Esther to seek her own chamber, where she lay, with throbbing temples, cheeks, striving vainly to compose her troubled thoughts. She no longer attempted to banish from herself the strength of the feeling that possessed her. She loved with a wild, inextinguishable love, the depths of which she had never fathomed before.

"—I can not bear this," she gasped, with a choking sob that seemed to give her pain. "I will not bear it. Dare I believe him? Oh, if he can not love me, let me die!"

"Miss Vann! Esther! A letter for you, dear," said a small voice outside the bolted door, and the sentence was skillfully passed under it, the bearer skipping away.

Esther snatched it from the ground. It was not a letter-letter. It had the compact form of a note compended at a glance.

It was her lover's letter, coming like an answer to her prayer. Enough to say that George had set forth, with all the illogical but convincing arguments true passion will suggest, the reasons which existed for a speedy termination of the present condition of suspense. He implored her to place herself under the affectionate care of her relative, in the home he had provided for the latter, to permit him to visit her there, and to sanction the arrangement by some action at the earliest moment to which his prayers might induce her to accede.

Thereupon began a fresh tumult in her soul. Despite its passion there was apparent in George's letter an honest frankness, before which doubt dwindled and dispersed to air. The temptation to listen to his pleading was strong, while her own heart ceased not to whisper: "Esther, you would yield at last!" On the other hand, her sense of delicacy recoiled from the suddenness of the step. Should she not take some consolation, still more the fact of his having so lately erred in the same relation toward another, demanded delay. Still, would pause upon it, and Angel Honor on direct her judgment right!

Her meditations were interrupted by a tap at the door, just sufficiently imperious to denote the mistress of the house. Placing the letter in her bosom Esther hastened to admit her.

"Oh, we feared that you were unwell," began Mrs. Grimble: "but you are looking better, my dear, I must say. So I may say, without fear of increasing your indisposition, what I came about. Your care of the children, Miss Vann, has occasioned much of late."

"Ma'am," faltered Esther, conscious that the charge was not entirely without foundation.

"Pray don't be offended, child," said Mrs. Grimble, coldly pursuing her advantage.

"—I have not been myself lately," replied Esther, pressing her hot hand upon her brow.

"I have just made the remark that you look even better than when you arrived, Mrs. Grimble, statedly. "I will thank you not to contradict me, Miss Vann." (Esther quivered.) "I do not wish for any words with you. I have merely to remind you that, in return for the peculiar advantages you enjoy in being at all times treated as a member of my family, I have a right to expect that your undivided interest and attention be centred in my children. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, ma'am," said Esther: "and I have to thank you for the most opportune visit, which has enabled me to decide upon a point of distressing difficulty. I am going to leave you."

"How! *What!* leave me, child!" exclaimed the alarmed lady. "Whither could you go?"

"Not to Mrs. Marjoribanks," said Esther, quietly. (The name brought a slight color into Mrs. Grimble's cheek.) "I am going to my aunt, who is now residing at Rosedale."

"And—and the chil— Nonsense, Esther. It was only looking."

"I am not," said Esther, steadily. "I should not sold such a parting day. I love your children, and am indebted to you, and even more to Mr. Grimble, for an amount of kindness not always shown even to those who can give no substitute of gold. But my mind is made up. I will remain, however, for a few days, if you think it, but my supply may not be deprived of such inefficient teaching as I can still afford; for, indeed," added Esther, rather appealingly, "I am not so well as you suppose, Mrs. Grimble."

Poor Mrs. Grimble was fain to accept this concession, and the interview terminated, leaving on the hands the unpleasant duty of informing her husband that not only had Miss Vann refused to be kept "up to nothing," but had found out of a disciplinary.

Rosedale, whither the last scene of this strange, circumstantial confidences, was a pretty, sequestered village, in and around which more than one of George's ancestors had held property. Hence, though it was somewhat secluded, the Hale Hall Grange would have preferred—about four miles—he had selected it as an eligible residence for his faithful old servant, and provided her with the prettiest cottage-dwelling in the district. Every thing requisite for comfort— even many objects of luxury, had been liberally supplied; for George trusted it might prove the temporary seat of a daughter that he hoped would be soon found to prepare the way.

He was not disappointed. Esther came; and the first meeting in the world of these simple lovers took place in the little pleasance George had caused to be planted, in imitation, perhaps, in imitation of that at The Grahe. Happy beyond expression they lingered in the autumn-tinted wood-walks, or sat beside the drawing-room fire, which, in honor of the inglory, superintended the preparation of those marriage ceremonies, after the due wedding could be prevailed upon to give but slight attention.

Esther's new-found peace seemed to impart a new beauty to her face. Her yesterday's wreck that fell sometimes when the feverish flush would reappear, and a subdued grief in the luminous eye indicated some morbid action lurking in her sensitive system.

One day, when George, who had been absent a little longer than usual, returned to her in her walk, freed from his horse and clasped her hand, she gave a little involuntary cry. He looked down in surprise at the cause, and in doing so, noticed the peculiar feverish and excited expression we have mentioned.

He learned that Esther yesterday struck her hand accidentally against a book-case exactly upon the spot left by the wound of Gosling Grange. It had given her more pain than was easy to be accounted for, seeing that that former wound had long since healed; and, examining the present tenderness on the spot itself, she had since suffered from severe shooting pains, followed by a feeling in the arm, the surrounding nerves up to the very shoulder and neck.

George looked at the scar. It was no longer white, but a dark, livid hue, which, not only at the seat of the recent bruise, but throughout its entire length.

"My darling," he looked by," he said, "this blow has touched a nerve. This terrible wound! When will it cease to reproach me, I wonder!" He kissed it tenderly as he spoke.

"Do you know that even the touch of your lips gives me a tingling pain, dear Father, implored?" "But, what matters, dear? After all, a mere scratch!"

George lingered long that day, as if he could not be tormented Esther's pain. But he returned, whose spirits were higher than common. Wit and fancy sparkled through her conversation, and when George reluctantly departed the night through which he rode seemed dark enough.

When he was fairly gone Esther turned deadly pale and burst into tears, trembling, and at intervals sighing heavily. Then she sank down upon a chair. She was over, frightened, insisted upon her going instantly to bed; and to make sure, saw her tiffiter.

But Esther could not sleep. Something oppressed her breathing. The shooting pains in her hand and arm became more frequent and acute. Soon the very silence seemed to grow intolerable, and she rose and opened the window. The moon was near the full, and as Esther gazed upon it all the mystery sadness of smoothly and dimly through the fields of air a sinister and violent object seemed to break her frame. Alike of a child she closed the casement, and once more sought her pillow. This time she slept, indeed, but it was only to be the more terribly haunted.

Wretched and unrefreshed she rose almost with the dawn, and was shocked at her own strange looks. With a strong effort she threw off the sense of unconscious that tormented her, and, calmed with prayer, walked out into the garden. The morning was dull and overcast; but this, perhaps, from harmonizing with her present condition of mind, seemed more soothing than the sunshine. All events she felt herself growing better, when a little girl, who was proud to call her by name, approached, tripped up the garden and placed a letter in her hand.

The writing was strange. She opened it, read—the blood rushed to her head, almost blinded her—but she had caught the meaning!

"Beware of the step you are about to take. A captain, hitherto unknown to you, entrapped for a moment to hearts long and loyally united. But for you all had been well. Avoid him, and the conquest you think to have made. It will be a noble sacrifice and will be amply rewarded."

There was no signature. But a legion of witnesses could not have brought home the truth more indisputably to Esther's mind than this letter.

"This, *this*, then, was the coming horror?" she cried aloud. "I will not be starved. Yet still, my heart—I dare! My love so perfect, my soul! I—I will go to, and seek—"

With fatal, feverish steps she made her way to her chamber. Hardly entered, she was seized with a convulsive paroxysm, and, unable to reach the bell, sank on her bed, she sank upon the floor. In doing so she struck her hand slightly on the ground. Instantly an acute pang, accompanied by a sickening shock upward, till it ended with a piercing shock, as if a nail had been driven into her very brain. The faintness increased.

"*Water*," she thought. "If I could only reach the water!"

She did manage it: but, although longing to cool her burning throat, dashed the half-filled goblet from her. A glass of water, a refreshing, convulsive sensation in her throat, threatened suffocation. She tried to cry out, but could not. She could only mutter—

"Must I die? What—what is this?"

As if in awful answer, a pang, more severe than any that had preceded it, shot from her wounded hand, succeeded by a convulsive tremor pervading her whole frame. She looked at the scar. It was red and angry, surrounded by one spot, and even now living out an ichorous fluid. The truth flashed upon her.

"I am lost!" gasped the unhappy girl, sinking on the floor at the bed-side.

After a second or two she rose and made two or three wild steps toward the door, as if to seek for aid, but, if so, the consciousness that no human help could now avail stopped her, and her thoughts flew to George. Even in that hour of anguish no selfish thought visited her. It was for *him* she had incurred this end. But who—who was there should tell him? What was to be done? Might Heaven send the needful strength, and keep her senses clear! She scarcely doubted of the latter, for, accustomed with the anatomic phenomena of this fearful disease, she recollected that the senses and faculties are rather stimulated by it than impaired.

Although medicine could not cure, it might alleviate, might relieve. It was the consciousness that assured her. Esther laid out her scheme: for time was brief indeed, and nothing must go wrong. She next vowed to her aunt that she should return to breakfast in half an hour; then, putting on her thickest veil, hurried to the house of the village doctor.

Mr. Wolford was a young practitioner, with a wife who looked like a child, and several children, and who looked as if they had no business there at all. He was alone in his surgery—he generally was—and thither Esther was conducted.

Throwing back her veil, and displaying her flushed cheeks and glittering eyes, the visitor held out her hand:

"Can you tell me, Sir, what is the matter with me?" she asked him, steadily.

Mr. Wolford smiled at the abruptness, but his look changed as he observed the pallid hue of the cheeks and the tokens, manifest even to him, of unwonted disarrangement. There was fever, he thought, but his patient declined to have her pulse felt, and he could not be very inquired thereby. He recommended expose of a sick lady, and proceeded to read immediately what he considered needful.

He quickly prepared the things of which he spoke. Mind once more in possession of itself, Esther had extended her home, but this she declined.

Mrs. Turnover was waiting for her darling, impatient to show her something that awaited her approval. Esther mechanically followed the good lady, but the sight of the little cradle she brought with her put out in state—was, in her overwrought condition, too much for her. Hurrying to said deceptive article, she stood upon the ground, surrendering herself for the moment to all the grief and horror of her position. Disguise was no longer necessary. Time was no longer necessary, for the safety of others, to warn those around of the prohibited nature of the thing in store for them.

The grief and terror of poor Mrs. Turnover would have turned her brain, but that, fortunately, the horror of the sight had brought with it the belief that there was literally no hope—that a creature so fair and young, so tender and beautiful, could find no welcome remedy, and such a death! But the intrepid girl herself was the first to regain composure. She had to take the most active and brief interest, especially the sedatives had obtained, and at once began her mehanical duties.

She wrote to George, in terms such as the purest of fiction alone could dictate, informing him frankly of her condition, and entreating him to come to her *that night*. This letter was not to be dispatched to him till past noon; she had something else to do before they met.

Accordingly he only received it on his return from the afternoon ride in which he had found it well attempt to exercise. In his despairing anguish, one almost akin to distraction, he thought only of her. He remembered having heard, or read, that an eminent London practitioner, Sir Albert Ray, had, in his experience, met with two cases of admitted rabies, which had, notwithstanding, resulted in a cure. Catching desperately at this straw, he dispatched an hasted express to London, imploring Sir Albert, who was an old friend and schoolmate of his father, to hasten to Rosedale with all speed possible. His fingers could hardly form the terrible word that was to warn Sir Albert how necessary was that speed. "More than one life depends on your coming," wrote George, yielding to the illusory hope: "She is my betrothed wife; I can not live without her." Concluding his swiftest horse, he flew to Rosedale.

Esther was not at, after writing to her lover, was to order a carriage. Nobody thought of remonstrance. There was something in her manner that forbade interference of the kind. She might be ill, but she had veiled she got into the carriage, and was driven to The Grahe. Here she was met by Mrs. Grimble—hurried to see Miss Mulcaster alone—or, if not alone, with her mother.

Miss Mulcaster was alone, in the garden, but she had been somewhat indisposed. The servant hesitated.

"I tell you she would," said Esther, sternly, severely, and, lifting her veil, disclosed a countenance now white as a shroud. The servant turned and led the way.

Mildred was walking pensively on one of the side-terraces. She turned with some surprise to meet the unannounced visitor.

"Forgive, I beg of you, this intrusion," began Esther.

The face and voice sufficed: Mildred waved the servant away, and came on.

"My object is three-fold," said Esther: "to see you—to entreat your pardon—and to repair, if I may, the injury I have done to you and to others. My name is Esther Vann."

"Esther Vann!" exclaimed Mildred, the color rushing into her cheeks, "and you come—"

"Suffer me to speak," said Esther, "and do not interrupt me as I speak. I am dying. I have but a few short hours to live, and these, perhaps, marked with such agony as to make death a humiliant as it is, can hardly. Again I pray you not to fear, but to charity to bear my words. I am dying from the poison of a mad dog's fang delivered into my wounded wrists on my hand. You turn pale, and look pitifully on me. Spare your pity, and hopeful, for my sake," she pressed her hands forcibly on her bosom: "I must be quick. Miss Mulcaster, you were to have been George's wife. He loved you—will do still. As for me, it was a short and transient dream. If he has wronged you, my forgive him: has not he something to forgive? Take back from my dying hand the treasure I had no right to win. He—he is coming to night: he have written to him. Let him not see me, I entreat. Let me have this comfort—dying as young—that I have reunited those hands that should but now have been sundered. Let them, never to part again until we all

meet beyond the tyranny of doubts, and pains, and fears." As she concluded she sank at Mildred's feet.

The latter, weeping, stooped to raise and embrace her, but Esther refused.

"Speak, only speak! Answer me, do you grant my prayer? What shall I say to him when he comes?"

"Say," whispered Mildred, drowned in tears, "say that *I* have nothing to forgive, much to repent of."

"Enough! I will go," said Esther, rising with difficulty to her feet; and resisting, with a sort of mingled fierceness and entreaty, Mildred's eager offers of support and succor, made her way to the carriage and returned to Rosedale.

All that day the convulsive paroxysms recurred at intervals, the progress of the disease being apparently but slightly checked by the palliatives to which she had recourse. The patient became more and more intolerant of light; the slightest touch increased her suffering, and the mere mention of any fluid nourishment brought on the convulsive tremor.

It was dark when George arrived. It would be needless to depict the young man's passionate despair. In vain he had striven to nerve himself for the meeting. The sight of her he loved dying in such a manner, and for *him*, broke down his manhood. Of the two, Esther was the more composed. She made him sit beside her, and, having somewhat calmed his sorrow, told him, after due preparation, what she had done that day, ending by entreating him, as he would impart some comfort to her dying hour, to accept the peace she had prepared for him, and seek, in the renewal of his earliest—perhaps most warranted—attachment, forgetfulness of this sharp but transitory grief.

George heard her with doubt and bewilderment, as if he hardly understood her words, or thought them expressions of delirium; but she convinced him to the contrary, and pressed her entreaties in such wise that he at length gave way.

"If it be my misery to live," he said, in a broken voice, "I will do it. I will do *any thing* that you command."

"I am happy," said Esther, softly. Soon after she sank into an exhausted sleep.

To the surprise of those around there was on the morrow no aggravation of the symptoms. The dread march of the disease seemed to be arrested. But Mr. Wofford warned them against any delusive hopes, adding, with truth, that such periods of relief were known to occur.

George's express returned from London almost as swiftly as he had sped thither. He brought a letter from Sir Albert Rex, containing—as might indeed be expected—but little comfort. The eminent physician had cases on his hands so urgent, if less distressing, but would use his utmost endeavors to comply with George's summons. He cautioned his young friend, however, to expect no real benefit from his coming; and, adverting to the cases instanced by George, owned that there was reason to believe that the parties in question might have been inoculated with the virus producing rabies at some antecedent period unknown to themselves. He added some brief suggestions for the patient's medical attendants.

"Just what I am doing," remarked Mr. Wofford, with a satisfied air.

It was not until the fourth morning had dawned that Sir Albert Rex drove up to the cottage. His eye caught the open windows.

"She lives yet!" he thought, with some surprise.

The next moment he was beside the bed of the fevered-tossing patient. George was astonished at the calm, confident, almost cheerful face with which the renowned physician gazed upon a case which every one felt to be hopeless, and he presently descended to the drawing-room, there to await the word of doom.

When Sir Albert rejoined him the look of confidence had vanished. He pressed his young friend's hand.

"No hope!" murmured the latter.

"There *should* be none," replied the other. "I shall *see* her again, when I have spoken with her medical adviser—Mr. whom did you say—Wofford. He is sent for, I think. This is, you say, the *fourth* day—for *fourth*?" (George assented.) "That is unusual.....



LITTLE PAT AND THE PARSON.—[HE STANDS AT THE DOOR OF THE CHURCH PEEPING IN.]

but there is no absolute rule." And the doctor fell into meditation.

"Has this poor lady made frequent allusion to the cause of her attack?"

"Very frequent."

"Is she acquainted with the ordinary symptoms of the disorder?"

"Too well, I fear!"

"Hem! It may be so," said Sir Albert, thoughtfully. "Has she complained of a rising—a globular feeling (if I called it by its name, *clavus hystericus*, you wouldn't understand me) in her throat?"

"From the first."

"Where the dence is Wofford?" said Sir Albert, starting from his chair. "One question more, by-the-by. Had she suffered from any sudden and violent impulse of emotion?"

"None that I am aware of," said George; "but—"

"Stay you here," said the physician, and vanished. The ten minutes that followed seemed interminable. When his step was heard returning George's heart stood still.

"Can you bear *hope*?" were the first words he heard. "Mind, I say *hope*—no more. Then," continued Sir Albert, without waiting for an answer, "give me a magnifying-glass. Look at the toy they offered me above." (He showed Mrs. Turnover's spectacles.)

"Nay, as I'm a living doctor, here's my own. How come I—I remember. Come with me."

They went up stairs. Esther was sitting up in bed, pale as death.

"There's a complexion for you!" cried the doctor, exultingly. "Talk to me of rabies, with a face like *that!* Woford was a baby, and, 'faith, I'm not much better for listening to you all instead of attending to my work myself. Come, miss, I must have another and a closer peep at that hand. Out with it!" He applied the glass very carefully, looking at it again and again. Then he fumbled a little with his waistcoat-pocket, and presently saying, sweetly, "Now don't scream," probed the open wound with a touch that absolutely wrung from the patient the shriek he had deprecated. It was but that single touch. He waved something aloft.

"There's your mad dog!" he shouted. "Rabies! hydrophobia! Hydrofiddlestick! A rose-thorn and a lacerated nerve. In no more danger than *I* am! A sudden emotion brought on hysteria. Her own imagination did the rest. The case is uncommon. Keep her quiet—light solids. See, I am going to lie down for two hours. If, by that time, my lady here is not drinking like a little fish I'll resign my diploma."

The doctor was right. In two hours he had departed, carrying with him countless blessings.

It was the fifth morning. The lovers—such, alas! they were—sat together for the last time, for Esther was inflexible. George's oath and promise must be held as sacred as though her own life had not been ransomed from the fearful doom that seemed to threaten it. Her whole soul was devoted to the task of reconciling him to the separation, which was inevitable, and must be immediate.

How far she succeeded there is no occasion to relate. The trial was not decreed.

George was summoned away for a few moments, and in his place there was kneeling a veiled figure. The veil was thrown aside, and never did Mildred's angel-face look more angelic than while she whispered:

"My darling! I come to give you back your own. My compact was not made with the living Esther, but the dead. He is yours, and my blessing with him; for you have taught me a noble lesson, that shall not be lost upon this selfish heart. And do not fear or grieve for me. When we meet, in pleasant days (I hope) to come, I shall be able to confess that my happiness, which deserved a deadly wound, has, like this dear hand, after all, sustained but a *mere scratch*."

LITTLE PAT AND THE PARSON.

He stands at the door of the church peeping in,
No troublesome beadle is near him;
The preacher is talking of sinners and sin,
And little Pat trembles to hear him:
A poor little fellow alone and forlorn,
Who never knew parent or duty—
His head is uncover'd, his jacket is torn,
And hunger has withered his beauty.

The white-headed gentleman shut in the box
Seems growing more angry each minute—
He doubles his fist, and the cushion he knocks,
As if anxious to know what is in it.
He scolds at the people who sit in the pews—
Pat takes them for kings and princesses,
(With his little bare feet—he delights in their shoes:
In his rags—he feels proud of their dresses!)

The Parson exhorts them to think of their need
To turn from the world's dissipation—
The naked to clothe and the hungry to feed—
Pat listens with strong approbation!
And when the old clergyman walks down the aisle,
Pat runs up to meet him right gladly—
"Shure, give me my dinner," says he, with a smile,
"And a jacket—I want them quite badly!"

The kings and princesses indignantly stare,
The beadle gets word of the danger,
And, shaking his silver-tipped stick in the air,
Looks knives at the poor little stranger.
But Pat's not afraid, he is sparkling with joy,
And cries—who so willing to cry it?—
"You'll give me my dinner—I'm sure you're a poor boy:
You said so—now don't you deny it?"

The pompous old beadle may grumble and glare,
And growl about robbers and arson;
But the boy who has faith in the sermon stands there,
And smiles at the white-headed Parson!
The kings and princesses may wonder and frown,
And whisper, he wants better testing;
But the white-headed Parson looks tenderly down
On the boy who has faith in his preaching.

He takes him away without question or blame,
As eager as Patsy to press on,
For he thinks a good dinner (and Pat thinks the same)
Is the moral that lies in the lesson.
And after long years when Pat, handsomely dress—
A smart footman—is asked to determine
Of all earthly things what's the thing he likes best,
He says, "Och! shure, the master's odd sermin!"



VISIT OF THE POPE TO THE EMPRESS CARLOTTA IN ROME.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE OLD STORY.

I WAS a woman, and I'd a heart,
And I raved of love and of constancy,
And he saw the tears to my eyelids start,
For he was the world to me!

He whisper'd low when the spring-time flew,
Of the tangled paths in which men stray,
And around me all his arms he threw,
His eyes were on fire that day.

We parted: yes! but I clung to him,
And I put up my lips to be kissed again;
But the laughing eyes of the heav'n grew dim,
And were swollen black with rain.

They came to me when my love was gone,
And said he was poor and toiled for bread;
They talk'd of rain and tears alone,
And my heart was dull as lead.

And then they laid their bribe at my feet—
'Twas the same old tale that is often told—
They play'd on the strings of my heart's conceit,
And dazzled my eyes with gold.

I sold myself to a loveless thing,
And I walk'd to the altar and there I lied;
For my heart was away with the primrose spring,
And I by my husband's side.

And now you ask me what of the lie?
I've paid full dear for my girlish greed;
'Twere better, I think, for a woman to die
Than to live the life I lead.

I am alone, but still I can sing,
And pray for the ruin of winter's rain,
For the scent of the primrose-crown of spring
Will return to me again.



THE OLD STORY—"I SOLD MYSELF TO A LOVELESS THING."

PARIS FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

WITH the changing season and the confirmed cold weather a change is taking place in the form of the chapeau, which now covers more of a lady's head than has been the case for many months past. Velvet promises to be the favorite material, and blue, black, and gray, of every variety of shade, are the colors chiefly in vogue. The trimming is extremely simple, and consists either of jet ornaments or glass beads and lace, with occasionally a small ostrich feather, a bow of ribbon, or a single flower at the side. Bonnets of pale blue velvet, trimmed with white lace, and having white satin strings, are much in favor. Those of black velvet are frequently bordered with a narrow cerise-color piping, and are occasionally turned up very slightly at the edges. The trimming in this case is merely a simple rose at the side. Strings, which are worn extremely long, are, according to the shape of the chapeau, tied either under the chin or else beneath the chignon. Spite of the sharpness of the weather, the chapeau Mantille-Maintenon, which is rectangular in front, perfectly flat, and is made either of crape or tulle, with occasionally a hanging border of lace, is a good deal worn. The strings, which are passed over the top of the chapeau, cover the ears, and are tied tightly under the chin, generally in a very large bow, or else they are embroidered over with glass passementerie, and hang loose below the chin, à la chaine Benoiton; in which latter case a second pair of strings of narrow ribbon is tied under the chignon, the ends of which, being very long, float in streamers down the back.

Casaques, which are still worn short, are made of velvet, cashmere, and cloth; the fashionable colors being maroon, deep violet, and black. Those which are of black velvet, and covered almost entirely with jet ornaments, seem to be most in favor. The lower edges are still cut into the most fantastic shapes; the sleeves at times fit close to the wrists; at others they are full and open, the cuffs being slashed in some fanciful form. The lining is invariably of some brilliant color, such as crimson, pale blue, mauve, or Magenta. Casaques of astrakan are likely to be much worn this winter, and attempts are being made to introduce pardessus of black silk, lined throughout with fur. These invariably hang loose upon the figure.

For robes, velveteens, trimmed with jet buttons, are getting much in favor. A new robe, called the Clarisse-Harlowe, after Richardson's immortal heroine, promises to become very fashionable every where this season. It is made a guese, and is of satin, moire, or taffeta, and may be worn indiscriminately for visiting, dinner-parties, soirées, etc. The front of the jupe is perfectly straight, without plaits, and behind is a long train. When trimmed with dentelle Cluny this robe presents a most elegant appearance; it is, however, generally worn extremely plain, with the corsage and jupe to correspond, the bottom of the jupe being perhaps slashed with satin of the same shade of color as the robe. For evening-dress we have sea-green foulards spotted over with small white-shaded flowers and trimmed with taffeta; with a square corsage cut *à la sevigne*, and an embroidered canezou and long muslin sleeves with *entredeux* of Cluny. For walking-dress a new black silk has been introduced, entirely free from gloss. The robe is made without plaits and *à queue*; the front is trimmed with a *bande* of velvet satin bordered with white dentelle Cluny spotted with black. The corsage *à basque* is trimmed like the robe, the sleeves fitting closely, and being similarly trimmed in stripes.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIG. 1.—Robe of foulard des Indes. Pardessus of cashmere, embroidered with jet ornaments, with jupon to correspond. Chapeau of green velvet.

FIG. 2.—Jupon of poulin, with a border embroidered with black silk. The tunic, which is of a different shade of color, is trimmed with black taffeta. Paletot of cloth. Chapeau Mantille, with a rose at the side.

FIG. 3.—Robe Clarisse-Harlow, of foulard or taffeta, the seams trimmed with a silk cord, with a similar cord running round the bottom of the jupe. Black velvet paletot, trimmed with satin and jet ornaments. Chapeau of plaited gray velvet, with small ostrich feathers.

FIG. 4.—Robe of taffeta on a plaited jupon, the robe being caught up in tufts. Casaque peplum of cashmere embroidered with jet ornaments. Chapeau Mantille-Maintenon of black lace, also embroidered with jet.

ARTIFICIAL ANIMAL PRODUCTIONS.

THERE is a French legion called the "Zephyre," which is composed of vagrants, who are compelled to serve as a correction for offences committed by them. They are, nevertheless, for the most part jovial, amusing fellows, of whom the direliest stories are told. We note among others, as an artistic invention of a Zephyr, the phenomenon in Natural History which so puzzled the wise heads of the Parisian learned men; the celebrated long-snouted rat.

This animal has a proboscis like an elephant; that is to say, a long cartilaginous apon the nose of about two centimetres, and hairy like the rest of the body, the most remarkable feature of which is that it is thicker at the tip than at the upper end; an arrangement which is entirely opposed to the ordinary laws of Nature. Only recently a number of these long-snouted rats was exhibited before an immense crowd



MIRAMAR, NEAR TRIESTE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE EMPRESS OF MEXICO.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

of people upon the Boulevards in Paris and sold for six francs apiece. Twenty of them were enjoying themselves quite contentedly in a cage when some incredulous person, fearful of deception, pricked one of them in the snout with a needle. The animal, whose feet and mouth were held fast by the purchaser, squeaked and writhed with pain, and a drop or blood issued from the wound. The experiment proved conclusively that the productions was a real appendage which was organically connected with the warm system of the animal. The long-snouted rat is nevertheless a production of art, which is accomplished in the following manner. Two rats are taken and tied by the feet to a board, the nose of one being close to the tail of the other. An incision is made in a small knife in the nose of the blinder rat, into which is firmly inserted the point of the other's tail; the mouth is then firmly bound together with the amputated tail, and both rats are left in the same position for forty-eight hours. After the lapse of that time the living flesh has taken root and grown together, two or three centimetres length of the tail of the blinder rat is found to be fast fen. The mouth of the other is unbound, but it is still tied to the board and fed, and in the course of a month the wound is so completely healed, that the sharpest eyes could never detect a trace of the operation. The old Cronyn who exhibited these rats sold them all with great rapidity, and it is said that a scientific man bought a pair of them for the purpose of propagation. They no doubt will produce many, but the probocis will be wanting.

A RELIABLE ADVERTISING AGENCY is that of MR. S. R. NILES, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Boston, Mass. We have had business transactions with Mr. NILES for a number of years, and he has uniformly been prompt and honorable in meeting his engagements. If all advertising agents were as honest as Mr. N., there would be a good many less swindling concerns in the Atlantic cities—such concerns as annually "sawing around the circle" of country publishers, seeking whom they may—feast on.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Rural New Yorker, Nov.* 10, 1866.

LETTER FROM MRS. GENERAL GRANT.

THE following letter, addressed to the GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine Company by Mrs. General GRANT, expresses the opinion of every lady who has ever used a GROVER & BAKER Machine:

GENTLEMEN,—It affords me great pleasure to bear witness to the excellence of the Family Sewing Machine manufactured by your Company. I have had one of them in my family for some two years; and from what I know of its workings, and from the testimony of many of my friends who use the same, I can hardly see how any thing could be more complete or give better satisfaction.

The machine I have is one of the most elegant I have ever seen, and I understand to be by friends who have chased it at the Sanitary Fair at Philadelphia in 1864.

Very truly yours, &c., MRS. U. S. GRANT.

WASHINGTON D.C., October 24, 1866.

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GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR
AND
PRESENTATION FESTIVAL
IN AID OF THE
HOME AND SCHOOL
FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF
The Destitute Children
OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.
AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

This HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1863 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are rapidly increasing, and are from all parts of the Union; the spirit of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering over 150, and there are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones denied, solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building on Fifty-eighth Street, New York, now occupied, must be replaced by the erection of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the public with a firm belief in the patriotism and generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand in the case of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.
We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and cooperation in our FAIR AND FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for *all* needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

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Mrs. WM. S. HALLEN, Corresponding Secretary.	Mrs. HENRY BAYER.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.
The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully consent to act as Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supporting Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.	Brevet Brigadier-General JAMES F. HALL.
Brigadier-General JOHN CONRADE.	Judge Chas. P. Daly, Ch'n of Committee.
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL.	Jno. H. WHITE.
Brigadier-General ROBT. C. ANDERSON.	G. P. H. HOYT.
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The following card will be fully appreciated by the public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:
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The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the
GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL
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1 House and Lot adjoining above	2,000
1 House and Lot, Jersey City, N. Y.	3,000
1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	2,500
1 Grand Piano-forte, Rosewood	1,000
1 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each	4,500
1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear Rings, Pin)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
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20 Tickets to one address	11 00	100 Tickets to one address	55 00
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Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.
Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.
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616 Broadway, New York.

COMMENCEMENT OF VOL. XXVIII.
Harper's Magazine
For December, 1866.
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BEHIND THE SCENES.
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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

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Subscribers to the Magazine and Weekly will find on each wrapper the number with which their subscription *expires*, as entered on our books. In *renewing* a subscription, it is requested that the paper with which it is to *commence* should be stated. The name with which a subscriber, and his Post-office, County and State, should be distinctly written. Those receiving subscriptions to Magazine or Weekly commencing with Number ——, John Adams, Jackson, Flat County, Ohio.
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The Magazine and Weekly are always stopped when the term of subscription expires. Thus no necessary to give notice of discontinuance.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 519.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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OUR FIRE DEPARTMENT.

A YEAR ago we gave an illustration of the first annual parade of the Metropolitan Fire Department. On the 21st of November the second annual parade took place, of which we give an illustration on page 772. We desire especially to draw the attention of our readers to the progress made in the Department during the last year. We can show what this progress has been in no better way than by quoting a portion of Commissioner ADEE's speech on the occasion of this second review:

"Many," says Mr. ADEE, "of those I now have the pleasure of addressing were present last year when the Paid Department made its initial parade through the city. At that time several companies were unable to appear in line because of incomplete outfit, and many of those who did parade on that day labored under considerable disadvantage. We then presented a newly-organized, intruised, and partially incomplete Department. We have now shown you, all the citizens of this great metropolis, an organization so perfect in all its assignments and details as almost to defy criticism. The Department survived all opposition, and is now fully able to cope with any danger or emergency that may occur. As an old volunteer fireman, I would not for a moment insect that noble and now disbanded body of citizens with any act of wicker or crime committed in those early days of the present system, but I do hope them upon that lawless class of rogers-on who so frequently tarnished the reputation of the active members f the old Department, and at the sam time point out the fact that no sochiass now exists. I do not intend making an extended speech, and will onlyask your indulgence for a moment more. In common gence for a mbrnment ore. In common with the other members of our Board, I feel a natural pride i the great success that has throughthe cordial cooperation of every deprtment in our City Government, attended our humble efforts to order that though sincere efforts In order that you may know the prese strength of the Department and itsprincipal advantages, I will briefly numerate the more salient features. We have now in active service the 12 hook-and-ladder 34 steamers and 12 hook-and-ladder 34 steamers and 12 hook-and-ladder 34 steamers and

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE!

WHERE willows weep, where birds are still,
Where infants fold their little hands,
A warrior's tomb—a grassy hill
In yon old village corner stands!

No subtle carving on the stone
Shall tell us who is 'neath the sod;
Below the body rests alone—
His soul is in the ranks of God!

The scent of one white rose's breath
In sorrow floats amid the air—
The rose of Hope, and Love, and Death
Her widowed hands have planted there!

How often there a woman sits,
While tears are in her soft brown eyes!
The odors that pale rose emits
To her are airs of Paradise!

The laughers can not laugh at *her!*
The idle pause with eyes intent
On those clasped hands that never stir—
The knees that in a prayer are bent!

Along the village path she strays,
Nor lingers the wild flower to take;
Through those long winding meadow ways—
By hedges hawy for his sake!

Then lighter, softer is her tread:
Her tears are falling there at last!
Her fingers clasp the rose—her head
Rests, dreaming of the sweet, sad past!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1866.

IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE AND GENERAL AMNESTY.

WHEN a country has been convulsed by a domestic war which has torn up old social systems by the roots there is no short and easy path to universal tranquillity. The danger to be apprehended is an attempt to reach arbitrarily and impatiently those results which can never be attained except by deliberation and time, or by the operation of the laws of nature and human society. Therefore a wise man reads at present in our political almanac, "Look out for all kinds of political panaceas and nostrums during this time." Among these a very loudly advertised specific is Impartial Suffrage and General Amnesty. But a very suspicious fact is, that it is recommended by two classes of persons—Italian men whose advice was timid and wrong in every crisis of the war, and Southern sympathizers who were the most desperate and unscrupulous of public enemies.

The qualification of the suffrage which is recommended is education. Nor can there be any question of the vital importance of intelligence to voters. But the question of the suffrage must be regarded by us at this time in its bearings upon the national security. Now the strength of the Union sentiment in the unrepresented States is undoubtedly among the colored population and the poor whites, as in parts of Arkansas, Tennessee, Georgia, and North Carolina. The strength of the disloyal sentiment is among the educated classes. An educational test for the suffrage would enfranchise possibly six or seven per cent. of the colored citizens now, and it would disfranchise probably half of the poor white classes of the States we have mentioned. It, therefore, a plan of an educational test of suffrage and a full amnesty were adopted as a substitute for the Amendment proposed by Congress, we should have introduced and fortified the enemy, and we should have secured political power to the class most hostile to us.

The truth is, that the matter is much too complicated to be successfully dealt with by a phrase, however symmetrical. It is utterly useless to combine the two propositions of qualified equal suffrage and general amnesty. Equal suffrage in the disturbed States be essential to the national security, the national authority should establish it. That is one thing. If general amnesty be compatible with national security, let the national authority proclaim it. That is another thing. But it certainly does not follow that if it be necessary to establish equal suffrage, it is wise to reinstate rebels; for the consequences of one process may very easily paralyze the intended results of the other.

The whole matter is a question of statesmanship. The object is to prevent the resumption of political power by the party lately in rebellion, and still frankly hostile to the Union, by such measures as are not incompatible with the principle of the Government and with the national safety. The Congressional Amendment proposes to do this by basing representation upon the number of voters, under certain conditions, and by making certain rebel leaders ineligible to office at the pleasure of Congress. This last provision is that which stings the hostile sentiment most, and that which the general amnesty would remove. But in any system of reconstruction that inability is essential. Whether Congress leave the actual settlement of the suffrage to the States or directly ordains it, and whether the suffrage be qualified or universal, the official ineligibility of the leading political chiefs at the national pleasure is indispensable. Nor is it very wise to say, as the *Tribune* does, that because ultimately the ban would be removed, therefore it may as well be removed now. A thief sentenced for twelve months will be released at the end of a year. Should he therefore not be sent to jail at all?

The object of the demand of equal suffrage and general amnesty when it proceeds from the Copperhead organs is plain. The convenient classical line which warns us to fear the Greeks bringing gifts may be liberally rendered, Look out for the cat in the meal-tub. The Copperhead calculation of the situation under this policy is, first, the recognition of the present State organizations in the late rebel States, which are now entirely in the hands of the late rebels; and, second, the disfranchisement of the great mass of the loyal men in those States, and the consequent perpetuity of political power in its present hands. Was the war fought, and were the late elections carried, for such a result as that?

THE CHIEF JUSTICE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE late interviews between the President and the Chief Justice of the United States were immediately reported as conferences upon the subject of reconstruction. It seems, however, much more probable that the subject of conversation was JEFFERSON DAVIS. There is no reason whatever in the President's character or antecedents to suppose that he would wish to advise politically with Judge CHASE, while the Chief Justice is his natural legal adviser upon the disposition to be made of the State prisoner at Fortress Monroe. Probably the embarrassment is mutual. The President would like to open the door of the prison, and yet fears the popular outcry; while the Chief Justice probably feels a solemn judicial opinion upon the subject to be desirable, and yet he sees plainly the hazardous risks that must be encountered in reaching it. Unfortunately the President has put it out of his power to act upon the matter with any dignity of public manner. His predecessor would long ago have found a solution of the difficulty in which the country would have supported him.

The difficulty it undoubtedly is, notwithstanding the question which is so indignantly asked whether laws are of any use if they are not to be enforced against the strongest people. Laws can only be enforced lawfully. The greatest criminals can only be punished upon conviction under the forms of law. And the simple question is, whether the people will to submit the question of the lawfulness of the late war upon the part of the Government to a jury of twelve men of the vicinage. If it is to be indicted for high treason, the forms of law must be scrupulously observed. The case must go to a jury. One man can prevent an agreement. But if the jury can not decide, or if they acquit the prisoner, the United States are convicted.

At the close of the war, and immediately upon DAVIS's capture, there was a universal feeling that, as the arch-criminal, he should be instantly brought to justice. The President distrusted said so, and certainly the party in power generally took the same ground. But as time passed, and the actual circumstances were gravely considered, opinion changed. It became evident that the war was not exactly such as the criminal law of treason contemplates. The object of that law is to make treason odious in the person of traitors, and to save the state from murderous conspiracy. But when treason has swollen into general and terrible war, waged by all the methods of war and prolonged through years during which the millions of citizens become liable as traitors, and which ends in the complete victory of the Government, although technically every man who bore arms against it was guilty, nevertheless the wisdom of a prosecution becomes a matter of high state policy; and if a possible or even probable result of the prosecution in any instance would be a reversal of the decision which the whole nation has made by the last appeal of arms, it is an unwise policy to press the prosecution.

Besides, there is a very general perception that no judicial affirmation will add the least weight or dignity to the decision of the war. That attempted, as conferences upon the question, and will not be tolerated, is a point finally settled. If the Court says so by the conviction of any accused person, it echoes a verdict infinitely more imposing and absolutely irreversible. If the Court questions it by the acquittal of the prisoner the decision is none the less fixed, and only the more conclusive of lawful right glimmers forever over rebellion. Moreover, the trial invests with a foolish prominence the chief actor in the drama. At present DAVIS is an utterly broken-down, baffled, blood-stained political gambler and adventurer. Give him the melodramatic setting of a state trial and he acquires dignity from association. Technically he is a person accused of treason, and to be tried by his peers. Actually he is a criminal, whom no verdict can acquit in the heart and conscience of his country and mankind. Yet we do not believe that the public sentiment would justify the execution of the penalty of the law, even were he convicted. Under such circumstances, therefore, what could the trial be but a farce?

If the Chief Justice went to the White House, and *if* he talked with the President, and *if* DAVIS were the subject, we do not doubt that the rat should amuse the great house such remarks as these.

THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL IN MEXICO.

THE Mexican empire is evidently settling itself so rapidly that there is nothing a little surprising in the mission of Lieutenant-General SHERMAN with Mr. CAMPBELL the Resident Minister to the Mexican Republic. We can not but admire the peculiar character of either gentleman inspires profound public confidence that the wisest course will be adopted. Mr. CAMPBELL is known to the country only as an adroit local politician wholly devoted to the President's view of public affairs. The Lieutenant-General, whose heroic name is already historical, is not a man to his almost political discretion and moderation as remarkable as his military sagacity and valor. And both Ministers are sent out by the Administration signally protected before the country and naturally anxious to relieve its fortunes by some emphatic diversion.

If the intention be to furnish an opportunity for fine bluster toward any foreign Power, we trust it may be doomed to disappointment. It is always a shallow and criminal attempt which would appeal from real domestic dissensions by manufactured foreign hostility. There certainly can be no doubt that LOUIS NAPOLEON wishes to get out of Mexico as swiftly and as safely as possible, nor can we see any reason for Lieutenant-General SHERMAN's presence or offices pending the French departure. There will be no fear to be felt of the contending parties in Mexico will attempt to injure our citizens or to invade our territory; and an army of observation upon the frontier need not be large, and certainly does not require the Lieutenant-General to command it until it takes the offensive. Nor does there seem to be any good reason why the United States should undertake to do for DAVIS among his own people what France tried to do for MAXIMILIAN among foreigners. A Mexican protectorate, after France withdrawal, would be a protectorate of one domestic party against another, and that is not a business congenial to the principles or practice of the United States.

Of course when an empire falls, however much of a mushroom or toadstool it may have been, a wise Government looks to the care of the property which is left among the ruins. But no such consideration explains the necessity of such an envoy as the military commander of the country. Even the assertion of the Monroe Doctrine does not require him. For the Monroe Doctrine, as it is generally understood, is being vindicated by events. Whether it be wise, comprehensive or a domestic necessity which has sent him to Mexico we shall probably soon learn. But the fact which should make every citizen watchful is that the absence of any party in this country would not be averse to a foreign complication.

COMPROMISE.

IT is gravely suggested that the President shall offer to Congress a compromise. A compromise of what? Of his veto upon the question? Of what are the relative forces? Where is the necessity of composition? The people of the United States have deliberately proposed the plan upon which the unrepresented States may return to Congress. If those States prefer exclusion, they will probably continue to refuse assent to the plan, as they are doing now. But a compromise is impossible. Is it proposed that the people shall make the conditions more agreeable to the States in question?

The truth is, that there are a great many people in this country who have heard so much of the compromises of the Constitution, and of the necessity of every body yielding a little to make secure the whole, that they instinctively trust every thing which is called compromise, and are as much appalled at the thought of acting upon a simple principle, unfettered by compromise, as if young lady at the idea of eating a beef-steak uncooked. It would not need a very subtle argument to show that the boasted compromises of the Constitution were the seed of the late war, and that we shall have permanent peace only when they are entirely extirpated from that instrument. But we are far from asking that the whole, or mutual concession, is not often essential to success. It is no more possible in politics always to move straight toward the end proposed than it is for a ship to sail straight before any wind from New York to Liverpool. The ship must do the best she can with the wind she has, and she will probably never make a voyage without tacking. Yet tacking is compromise.

It is not, therefore, compromise to which a wise man objects. "All government," says EDMUND BURKE, "is founded upon compromise. But in all fair dealing," he adds, "the thing bought should bear some proportion to the purchase paid. Who would barter away the jewel of his soul?" In every free government there is something that is priceless, which can not be bought or sold, or made in any way whatever the subject of trade. But our fathers unluckily forgot it, or, remembering it, they thought that in their case there was no danger. Slavery was evidently expiring. They might, therefore, safely make a grant which would revert in a few years. But the cotton-gin was invented in the Constitution, and they fought from the cradle.

Material interests may be compromised to the utmost, but moral principle can never be compromised—it can only be surrendered. When the two are opposed, and principle yields, there is no compromise—there is only a sale. A father who makes an eligible match for his daughter without consulting her feelings, does not compromise her—he sells her as a cult is sold in the market. So a Congress or a Convention which makes laws, upon any pretense whatever, that necessarily destroy primal human rights, sells liberty in the open market. Now the pending Amendment provides that the enemies of equal rights in this country shall not have disproportioned political power in the Government, and that those who led the rebellion to destroy the Government shall not resume power under it except with the consent of the loyal people in Congress. To set off one of those necessary provisions against the other, or to evade either under any pretense, is not compromise, it is betrayal.

A MARGIN WANTED.

WE were speaking last week of the new Croton Reservoir and we wish now to suggest that the waters of the city require an entire command of the first in population, commerce, and power on either continent. This great fortune requires ample command over the whole bed of the river and its tributaries, with enough of its margin to build all the necessary reservoirs and prevent the throwing of offensive matter into the waters of the Croton. Already in London complaint is justly made that the health of the city is seriously impaired by the impurities mixed with the water of the Thames and carried through pipes into dwellings. And if we wish to avoid a like fate, we must acquire a margin of lands on all these waters.

Numerous properties already reach them, and these will increase with the growth of population in the attractive region watered by the Croton. The backward flow produced by the main dam near Spuyten Duyvil and by the Croton several miles; but yet the city owns only what is covered by the water and has no right to exclude hurtful dispositions of the shores extending down to the lake. No part of the stream flowing in has ever been acquired, and hence it shares the fate of being used in all the ways which convenience requires. An act of the Legislature authorizing thority to acquire such margin of land as we have mentioned, to be taken from time to time as it may be wanted, would assume no notice offend any object, and prevent very expensive improvements or any use of the land inconsistent with the wants of the city.

In condemning the land on the west branch now to be taken for the new reservoir, the city will need to obtain title to a burying-ground already in active use, as the cemetery is, as we judge from a cursory view of its tombstones, from one to two hundred bodies, the removal of which will of course made a charge to be added to the assessed value of the land. The water of the new reservoir will flood this burying-ground, which would be unless selected for a resting-place in the first place it would be no free from intrusion apossible; but the wants of a great city break up arrangements for final repose which numerous families have made, and they must be respected. There is much more certainty against the inexorable demands which expose to disturbance the sleep of "their rude forefathers."

We submit to of manufacturing inventors the construction of a wheel, which, we suppose, would not be large than a watch, to be used in connection with the Croton for the dwellings as a power for working a sewing machine. It would of coup be applicable in all cases where water is divided into houses through pipes from the reservation, as it would be used for light knitti or spinning machines, and various other proses of domestic industry; thus opening women a new field of labor, and creating in mities the old spirit of industry which insult that species of independence which the pow to supply our own wants be-fore. It is a power now used extensively here there well be a demand for water which the whole flow of the river would not more than supply.

But whet it shall be deemed feasible or otherwise tese the water for such purposes, the considions in favor of acquiring in time all the land that may be needed to make the Croton available in the best manner for our wants, prest and to arise, must be so evident as to impe on the Water Board—now forin-

nately managed by a competent engineer—the duty of obtaining such legislation as may secure this important object.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

AT a late meeting of the trustees of the Cornell University at Ithaca, in this State, the Hon. ANDREW D. WHITE, of Syracuse, was unanimously elected President. He is precisely the right man in the right place. In this State and at the West, where he was Professor of History in the University of Michigan, Mr. WHITE is known and honored as one of the most accurate, practical, and accomplished scholars, and our readers may remember his striking and original oration before the Phi Beta Kappa of Yale College last summer as a timely and powerful lesson of the hour. His career in the Senate of New York has been marked with such good sense and ability that his friends have a right to anticipate for him the most brilliant political honors; while from the first he has been the confidential friend, in this great work of the University, of its founder, Mr. EZRA CORNELL.

Familiar with the intention of the foundation, inspired with the most humane and lofty conviction of the true scope of a great University, and possessing the most practical academical management, we do not know to whom its Presidency could have been so wisely intrusted. Mr. WHITE has the entire confidence around him the best men in every department. The institution will be truly a University; and beginning under auspices so favorable, it can not fail to become wholly worthy of the State and country.

HOW SHALL WE SLEEP?

As we spend about one-third of our lives in sleep the circumstances under which we do it should be well ordered. The most important should be of such size and have such arrangements as to secure a proper supply of fresh air. From our own observation we have no hesitation in saying that even among well-conditioned people those provisions are not adequately attended to. Most of them sleep in rooms that are both too small and shut up too closely. A gallon of fresh air every minute, let it be remembered, is the requisite for each person. Scarcely can not be furnished to any one in a closed room of ten feet square, and yet this is a very common limit of sleeping accommodation, while in the latter this air except by crevices. The case is worse than it is with apartments for the day, for in them the doors are opened frequently, and thus some considerable change is effected in the air.

Very often the sleeping accommodations are even more limited than we have mentioned, especially in the case of children. Several of them put into even a good-sized apartment do not receive enough fit to be cleaned, as they do not when they are put into a small one, as they often are.

It is quite important that with ventilation there should be a proper degree of warmth, and hence it is much easier to secure thorough ventilation in rooms for sleeping than when the inclosure is warmed from a furnace than when it is not. And here we would say that it is a false notion that no air is good except that which comes immediately from outdoors. That which comes from the open passages of the house is as good as that which comes through open windows. The air which comes from the pipes of a furnace is as fresh, that is as pure, as fully charged with oxygen, as cold air is. Heating it does not injure it. If the object be made to secure ventilation *alone* by letting down the top of a window, there is great danger that cold will be taken, especially if the room be small. That is better be only one of the means of ventilation, and then there need not be so wide an opening as to have this liability.

Night is the time for sleep, as day is the time for work. This is nature's indication, and harm always comes from not following it. Sleep in the morning is not as refreshing as that which is had in the night, when we have nature's favoring circumstances, the darkness and stillness. When we turn night into day, either with pleasure or labor, we do violence to nature, and, of course, inflict more or less injury on our physical systems. Many a clergyman is tempted to sit up late at night in preparing his sermons, partly from the quietness of the hour, and partly from the necessity of securing the preparation in time. But every time that he does this there is an impairment of the health, and particularly of the nervous. Saturday night, because the injury is enhanced by the labors of the following day.

Sleep may be imperfect. It may be broken by impressions made upon the senses, or by mental operations. The more one dreams the more imperfect is the sleep, for mind and brain are in action in dreaming, and they do not have entire rest. There is difference in dreams as well as in wakefulness, and in the amount of exertion. Sometimes dreaming amounts to real mental labor, and so impairs greatly the rest which sleep is designed to give.

Of course the less perfect the sleep the longer is the time which it ought to occupy. It is a matter of economy, then, for those with whom time is of value, to have the sleep as perfect as possible.

How, then, can sleep be secured? There are various circumstances to be regarded in effecting this.

When we sleep we should sleep. We should make a business of it. There should be no mingling of the wakeful and the sleeping condition. We should dismiss the thoughts and business of the day. We should have a habit of doing this. There is much in this point. The thing is quite within our control, and a habit of passing readily from the wakeful state into sound sleep can be formed by a proper attention to the circumstances that will favor it.

Regularity is important here. There should be a regular time for retiring, and also for rising. If this be not done, there will not only be much time often wasted in getting to sleep, but the sleep will be apt to be imperfect. We do not mean that one should retire precisely at the same minute every night—this would be making one a slave to time, and the very exactness would prevent the sleep.

Much may be done by sheer will. We can will to have the business end, and dismiss trains of thought. If we can not do this directly we can indirectly. We can supplant thoughts which would keep us from sleep, and thus pass quietly and brain into the sleeping state in a wearied condition, by indulging in thoughts of a diverse and lighter character. Reading is good for this purpose for the night. How very commonly the contrary course is pursued! The business man goes to bed thinking of his business, or else for making money, or for solving some perplexity; the professional man is busy with some train of thought connected with his daily employment. And in the evening the mind is kept up to the last of his wakeful moments with some portion of to-morrow's lesson.

All besides all this, and above all this, the arrangements of the day have a decided influence upon the character of our sleep. That sleep may be had the business of the day should be done as together in the day, and the evening should be the time for relaxation and diversion. In this way there will be a proper preparation for the wakeful, perfect sleep. All mental employment in the evening should be gentle and amusing. It is no time for hard work. It is the time for rest in the evening, especially by the young, does harm to both body and mind, and one way in which it does this is by impairing the sleep.

The encroachments which fashion makes upon nature's time for sleep are a large source of disease in its victims. The language of the text also tells what the misspent hours have done, and this often repeated, taking something each night, will be a sad record and an overwhelming lesson decidedly the general vigor, and thus prepares for actual disease. In strong contrast this with the refreshing sleep of the early days of the pioneers of society which we have indicated. When will the truly rational and conscientious exist the dictates of nature, and not even among well-conditioned people those provisions are not adequately attended to. Most of them sleep in rooms that are both too small and shut up too closely. A gallon of fresh air every minute, let it be remembered, is the requisite for each person. Scarcely can not be furnished to any one in a closed room of ten feet square, and yet this is a very common limit of sleeping accommodation, while in the latter this air except by crevices. The case is worse than it is with apartments for the day, for in them the doors are opened frequently, and thus some considerable change is effected in the air.

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LITERARY.

"The Sanctuary: a Story of the War" (published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York), is a novel by GEORGE WARD NICHOLS, author of "The Story of the General Sherman." The subject of the war has had a more striking success than NICHOLS'S "Story of the Great March." Newly published editions have been issued by the press of Harpers, and the book still maintains its popularity. The author had made the march, as one of Sherman's Staff officers, and was in the best position he knew well that to make his story interesting he had only to tell it truthfully. Fidelity to the picturesque could be counted upon to secure the intense interest of the reader. In the "Sanctuary" Colonel NICHOLS'S object has been of a higher character, though he has not neglected, as in the "Story of the Great March." The latter confined itself to grand military movements and to the personal and military individuality of Sherman, or to the characteristic features of the country through which the army moved. The "Sanctuary" is a domestic story. It has a single individual and not the army stands foremost. The pictures are more minute, and relate rather to the every-day events in social life, or the incidences of personal heroism, than to great movements or critical battles. The careful fidelity with which the author has executed these, and has made the book one of great interest and value. But it is not the portraiture of the external life of our soldiers which gives the chief interest to Mr. NICHOLS'S novel. Heroes have hearts, and Romance is nearly allied to War. The story which the author has spun about the historic background of this work is pathetic, and abounds in striking situations, yet never overleaps the boundaries of probability. Of some of the chapters our best authors might well be proud. The description of HOSAVENTURA and of DALTON'S walk to Hastings have been unsurpassed. The story of the Zimri's revenge has all the interest of a tragedy, and the character is well drawn. The "Sanctuary" is a beautiful idyl of the South. Mr. NICHOLS'S style, as regards style of printing, quality of paper, and external appearance, is one of the most elegant books of the season.

"Personal Recollections of Distinguished Generals," by HENRY E. G. SHARKS, has just been issued by HARPER & BROTHERS. "No man is a hero to his own valet," says the proverb, "and generally true for the same reason, that no General is a hero in the eyes of a newspaper war-correspondent. While pens like these last, we may have some special reason for adulation; but he not unfrequently looks upon the commanding officer as a humbug, and sometimes as a knave. The author of these sketches was undoubtedly the most able and judicious. The work which he has given us could not be written by any one else, and the reader find so good portraitures of the great military leaders in the war for the Union. We can not indorse many of his judgments, which, though they

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AMERICANS are not chief politicians as one of their national characteristics, but a correspondent of the Times in Steinway Hall, had an opportunity of witnessing and of being excessively annoyed by one of their political pluckes the other day. It was a ugly defiant as "real kinkies." The correspondent of the Times, who had known how to hold her tongue, spoke three words, and was driven from the room. From the commencement of the concert she persisted, not merely in whispering to her talking brutify, in spite of continual hushes, "hushes," and even faint "hisses," until the audience in her vicinity were thoroughly roused to anger at being thus cheated out of the sweet strains of music they had come to enjoy. Several gentlemen earnestly requested her to allow them some quiet; but she (New York ladies will blush for their sex) rudely declared, "I have come here to talk, and I will talk if I please." A gentleman came from the box-office, and addressing her, said he had been sent for to request her to cease talking. Several gentlemen in the vicinity immediately arose and thanked him for coming. But the young person who made all this disturbance, though hushed for the moment, continued with the utmost *nonchalance* to talk and laugh throughout the performance. If the managers at the Philharmonic don't think this a case for the police, or for somebody in authority, we would merely advise lovers of music to avoid in future any proximity to a certain blue plush cloak and white lace bonnet.

Perhaps many of us might learn a lesson of forbearance at concerts, and avoid the too common practice of whispering during the performance.

We learn from Paris that the goods for the Exhibition of 1867 are beginning to arrive. One hundred and sixty packages from St. Petersburg arrived in one day last month. A great variety of curious articles from Morocco will be sent to show the progress of art in that country, and gorgeous specimens of oriental luxury will add to the attractions of the Exhibition.

During the past year some fifteen hundred different children have been taught, fed, and clothed in the "Five Points House of Industry." A family of more than two hundred is constantly maintained in the House, the transient being sent to situations or friends as opportunity offers. Here is one avenue, among many others, through which the benevolent may send their contributions. Children may put their pennies into the contribution-box seldom have any definite idea of the use to which they are applied. If parents would take the trouble to explain to their little ones that two dollars will supply food to a child for *three months* at the House of Industry, they will understand that some good is done with the money. Many other charities are equally worthy with this, and may be made just as definite to a child's mind; only let it be remembered that if little ones are to be made benevolent, they must understand the effect of giving.

Since 1859 forty-four thousand and seventy volumes have been added to the books contained in the Astor Hall of the Lenox Public Library. Of this number eleven thousand one hundred and ninety were received under a grant of the late Mr. JAMES LENOX, besides twenty-five hundred pamphlets received under the same bequest which have since been bound, and are now accessible to the books.

A London journal, under the heading of "Rather Precocious," quotes the following passage from a New York paper: "Miss Burgess, daughter of the popular preacher, accompanied Queen Emma to this country. Miss Burgess is on her way to the Sandwich Islands, in the hope of being able to instruct the natives in the doctrines of Christianity. She is twelve years of age, has a fine intellectual face, and very prepossessing manners." "This paragraph," adds the journal which makes the quotation, "will do rather amusing to the friends of Mr. Spurgeon, who is only thirty-two years of age, having been born in 1834."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN LEGISLATURES.

GOVERNOR WORTH'S Message to the North Carolina Legislature complains of the exclusion of Southern members from the councils of the land, and of the Constitutional Amendment. To the latter it objects that the Amendment is not Constitutional, submitted to the States; that, although it consists of eight paragraphs manifestly having no connection with each other, it altogether incongruous, it must yet be ratified as a whole, or not at all; that it especially endangers the powers of the General Government to a malicious extent, and that it imposes no penalty for its rejection will secure restoration. Governor WORTH insists that the South Carolina bill is void, that the circumstances willing to sacrifice the honor and rights of the State, and that the people, embracing scores of the Occupation of Nashville, the Great Battles and Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain, the Campaign of Atlanta, the March to the Sea, and the Great Raid through the Carolinas. These photographs are views of important places, of noted battle-fields, of remarkable men, and, for the rare and judgment in selecting the points of view, for the delicacy of execution, for ease of treatment, and for fidelity of representation, they surpass any other photographic views which have been produced in this country—whether relating to the war or otherwise. The whole collection has been taken with the greatest care—they are splendidly mounted and bound in a single volume, and the most elegant album we believe that only a very limited number of these volumes are issued; but although, from its expense, the book can not be in common, those who can afford to pay one hundred dollars for a work of fine art can not spend their money with more satisfactory results than would be realized in the possession of these views. Before seeing this collection of Mr. BARNARD we could not have believed that there were such remarkable photographs in an art so purely mechanical as its mode of operation. Even the thin and cloud-scenery of the sky are exquisite in delicacy and truth. We regret that we have not the space to enter into a more detailed description of the separate views.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

November 21:

(LONDON).—The London *Times*, in an editorial this morning, says that although the Federal Secretary of the Treasury knows that the debt of the United States will be paid in gold, it would be better if Congress would provide for its payment by law.

J. H. SCRATH, the alleged accomplice in the murder of President LINCOLN, was arrested yesterday in the Papal Zouaves under the name of John WATSON. He was arrested on the demand of General KING, but afterward ran the guard, leaped over a precipice, and escaped into Papal territory. The Italian authorities are on the alert, and endeavoring to recapture him.

(PARIS).—The Hungarian Diet meets to-day. The Imperial rescript was received and read. It declares that the Diet will settle the difficulties in the way of uniting a Hungarian Ministry will be appointed and the autonomy of Hungary will be re-established.

November 22:

(LONDON).—A large quantity of arms, designed for the use of the Fenians, was seized on board a Liverpool-bound steamer at Cork.

November 23:

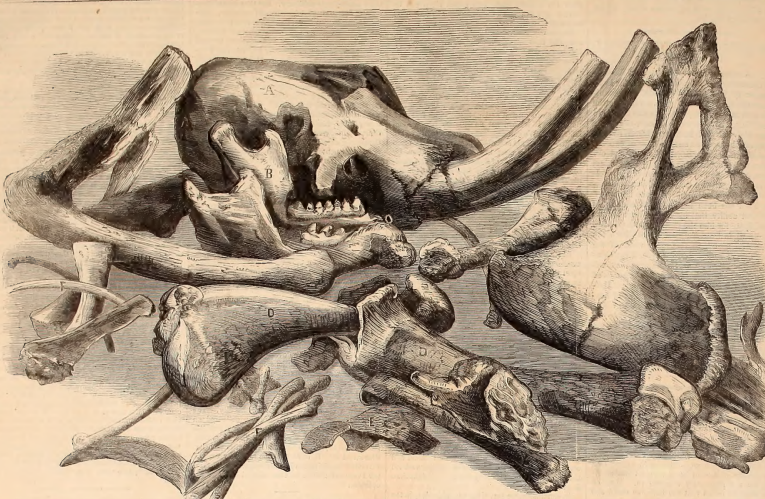
(LONDON).—The Fenian agitation in Ireland still continues. Many arrests of persons and seizures of arms have already been made.

(FLORENCE).—The Queen Dowager of Italy will renew negotiations with the Pope at once.

November 26:

(LONDON).—Telegraphic reports say that the state of the Empress Charlotte's health is unchanged.

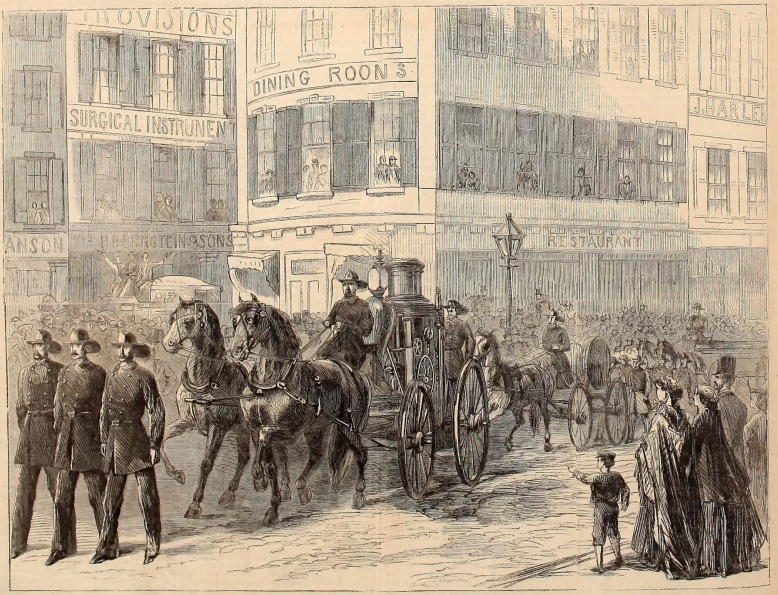
(PARIS).—The Desk party have adopted an address to the Emperor of Austria, asking for the repeal of the laws of 1848, and promising that the Diet will consider the question of the Emperor as expressed in his recent rescript.



A. *The Skull*, 3 feet 6 inches long, 1 foot 8 inches deep, weighing 64 lbs.; with *Tusks* 5 feet long and 6 inches in diameter at the root.—B. *Lower Jaw*, 2 feet 0 inches long, 1 foot 10 inches wide, weighing 45 lbs.; has two teeth on one side, and only one on the other. Size of teeth, 3 by 7 inches on the surface.—C. *The Pelvis*, size 3 feet×3×6.—D. *Bones of Leg*, upper part, 3 feet 7 inches; lower, 3 feet.—E. *Sections of Vertebræ*, 6 inches in diameter.—F. *Ribs*, 4 feet long.

BONES OF THE MASTODON RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT COHOES, NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HAINES & WICKES, ALBANY, N. Y.

[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



PARADE OF THE METROPOLITAN FIRE DEPARTMENT—PASSING THROUGH MAIDEN LANE.—SKETCHED BY A. E. WARD.

[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



EDWIN HUBBELL CHAPIN, D.D.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO., 823 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]

CAPTAIN DUNCAN.

By GEORGE WARD NICHOLS.

THAT quality called bravery, or courage, has been so common, so almost universal in our army through the war, that its possession is no longer regarded by the soldier as a mark of special merit. Captain Duncan, however, had peculiar traits of character which distinguished him among a host of heroes. Call it daring, rashness, indifference to danger, or what you will, he had something that made him a man of mark. I do not know that he was more self-possessed than others on the battle-field; in truth, I am inclined to believe that Duncan was rather opposed to close proximity to flying shots and hurtling shells, and that the line of battle had no special fascinations for him. But if General Howard desired to know the position of the enemy, their numbers, their movements; if he wished to send an important dispatch across the country or through the enemy's lines, he selected, with perfect confidence, Captain Duncan for the perilous duty.

Let us see what sort of a man the Captain was, or is; for he is alive somewhere to-day, if a shrapnel has not fallen and crushed him; if he is not the victim of that modern Juggernaut, a New York omnibus; or if, after surviving the shocks of war, he has not succumbed to some of the ordinary ills that flesh is heir to.

The Captain was attached to General Howard's head-quarters as commanding the General's escort, or, rather, as chief of scouts. He is a man of small stature, wiry and muscular. His light hair is cut close to a well-shaped head; a full mustache lightly overhangs a sensitive, well-formed mouth; his dimpled chin is nicely rounded; his nose is full and finely shaped; his eyes are light blue, with a womanly expression. The face is altogether a frank and open one, but with no marked distinctions, nothing to really indicate the energy and daring, the courage and cunning, which mark a career at once eventful and romantic.

Duncan's disguises were as various as the characters he assumed. At one time he was a cadet of the military school originally at Marietta, but which might have been termed a traveling academy, for it accommodated its movements to the advance of our army. It was first at Atlanta, then at Milledgeville, afterward at Augusta; and its final resting-place, I think, was in the rebel army. At another time our hero appeared as a furloughed soldier of Lee's army, and again in the prim gray-and-red uniform of one of the "home guard"—an organization which had a brief existence in different parts of the South. Then again he would roam over the country in the motley dress of rags and dirt that distinguished Wheeler's cavalry. In all these costumes and disguises he managed to accomplish the objects of his missions. He was frequently captured; and although he was never a denizen of any of the infamous prisons of the South, nor long in captivity at any time, always contriving to escape, yet his face, after a while, was readily recognized as that of the famous and fearless Duncan, making each succeeding expedition more fraught with danger to him than the last.

A volume might be devoted to the narration of his dangerous adventures. One of these, of recent occurrence, will associate his name in history with the "Great March" of General Sherman. When the army arrived before Savannah the necessity of opening communication with the sea, and the establishment of a base of supplies, was of vital and immediate importance.

If one will think for a moment of the needs of a city of seventy thousand inhabitants—of the amount of food which the people, horses, mules, and cattle require for daily consumption—he will understand how rapidly an army of that magnitude, with thousands of refugees hanging upon its skirts, would devour the food and supplies brought with them. Provision, literal and instant provision, must be made, and that by communication with the Atlantic.

The country around Savannah is of that low and swampy character peculiar to the Southern sea-coast. For hundreds of miles these swamps, dreary and monotonous, stretch away. Here and there, where some wealthy planter has rescued the salt-marshes from the overflow of the sea, dykes have been raised and canals extend for miles through the rice fields. At intervals on the horizon may be seen a clump, or avenue, of live-oak trees, which mark the residence of the planter, who passed his winters here with his subjects—for like a lord of feudal days the rich man-owner regarded his slaves.

The Ogeechee and numerous tributary streams wind in and out in every direction, and force themselves sluggishly through the slime. Where the marsh or swamp has not been redeemed, tall rank grass and weeds grow in profusion. Where the tide reaches, the marsh is filled here and there with frightful holes and bogs, and covered with a black, thick bed of mud, through which it is almost impossible for man or horse to wade or walk. But as the anxious Union soldiers gazed toward the distant sea, where the marsh-line melted into sky, they were conscious of other foes than those of nature. On one side was Fort M'Allister, its frowning ramparts crowned with heavy guns, sweeping in every direction; on the other were the fortifications at Beaulieu, covering the approaches to the Little Ogeechee.

All these dangers stood between us and the fleet, when, one morning, General Howard called for a messenger to the sea. A thousand officers and men were willing to make the venture, but he selected Duncan, who, in a dark and stormy night, with only an old negro for his companion, started on his perilous mission. How he dragged his boat over the black mud, pushed through the creek and into the bay, floated unharmed past sentinels, past torpedoes, and how joyfully he was received by the brave sailors of Admiral Dahlgren's fleet, is subject-matter for another story. The following incidents, which came under the writer's observation, occurred in North Carolina:

The enemy held the old city of Fayetteville. How much of a force was there, and by whom commanded, was a matter of doubt; but four columns of our infantry and one of cavalry were pushing rapidly upon the place. As usual, Duncan and his brave band of men were in the extreme advance. It was always an important object to save the bridges, so that we could speedily cross large bodies of troops. To do this it was necessary to press closely the retreating foe; indeed, in several instances in the late campaign of General Sherman, the Union soldiers would gain an entrance upon a bridge when the rear of the rebels had not reached the other end. Duncan all the morning drove steadily before him a party of rebel cavalry. It was sturdy, sharp fighting, in which the rebels slowly and designedly gave ground, and, as Duncan thought, with the intention of getting all their forces across the bridge and then burning it. As they neared the town the Union soldiers could see the splendid arsenal, which crowns a height. The sight fired young Duncan's blood, and he at once resolved to make a dash into the place and save the bridge, if possible.



REV. DR. CHAPIN'S CHURCH, 42D STREET AND 3D AVENUE, N. Y.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO.—SEE FIRST PAGE.]

The infantry column he had led all the morning was several miles in the rear, and he knew that he must, with his few men, sustain the fight, if there was to be one. A few words spoken to his men, pistols reloaded, girths tightened, and away they charged.

Wildly but grandly they went down the sunken road, up the hill, over and through a squad of cavalry on guard there; across the bridge they clattered and thundered into the town, with a yell and hurrah, and then Duncan turned and found her sixteen of his men with him—the rest were killed or prisoners.

There was no return, so he rode on. As he passed the main streets he saw large bodies of rebel cavalry, some halting, others moving here and there. He had arrived altogether too soon, and had ridden into a town occupied by thousands of rebel soldiers. Luckily, his own and his companions' uniform was of "mottey wear," partially rebel, so that they escaped general observation for a time. What was he to do? He dare not go back, and he could hear the shouts of the surprised rebel guard who were pursuing him. There was nothing left but to make an attempt to pass through the town.

In trying to do this, as fate decided it, he unwittingly chose the main street of the city. Turning a corner he came to a large hotel, on the steps of which stood General Hardee and Wade Hampton, while a crowd of staff-officers were waiting on the porch, ready to mount. The quick eye of Wade Hampton saw at once that these were Yankee riders, and jumping on his horse—an animal of immense strength and great speed—he, with his officers, shot away up the street in a direction opposite to that taken by Duncan, whose force was now narrowed down to half a dozen men.

Meanwhile the fearless scout, urging his horse by voice and spur, and firing his revolver right and left at those who opposed his progress, rode rapidly on. One rebel, who saw them approaching, deliberately aimed and fired at Duncan, but missed him. Then, in his flight, he clambered over a neighboring fence, presenting a broad yet peculiar mark for Duncan as he passed. The temptation was irresistible, and the Captain fired, with fatal effect.

I saw the man lying dead there two hours afterward, and wondered not a little at the peculiar nature of the wound, and the cause thereof, till Duncan subsequently told his story.

By this time the whole town was in an uproar. The rebel soldiers on all sides were mounting their animals in confusion. The women rushed wildly into and out of the houses, screaming with terror, for they all believed that poor Duncan and his few men were at least a legion. Duncan had given up all hope of escape. Not knowing which way to turn, he turned to the right, when he should have taken the left—and rode straight into Wade Hampton's arms.

That chivalrous brave was completely disgusted when he ascertained that he had not captured a general officer, but it was some consolation to know that his prisoner was the noted scout Duncan, who was recognized at once by some of the officers and men.

"He shall never have another chance to ride into a place occupied by my legion," said Hampton, and Duncan and his men were at once placed under a strong guard and marched across the river.

Let us leave him for a while, trudging along through the mud and over the rough roads, robbed of his clothing, barefooted and bareheaded, and return to Fayetteville, which a little while after his capture was occupied by our army.

General Howard's first inquiry after he entered the town was for his valued scout, Commander Duncan. He soon learned the truth, and congratulated himself that Duncan had not been killed in the fray: "For," said he, "they can't keep such a prisoner; he will get away from them in a few days; I'm sure of it; he has been in the same scrape repeatedly, but always manages to escape."

Several days followed. The Union army had crossed the Cape Fear River; they had met the enemy in force everywhere, and had driven them back to a strongly-intrenched position. Our headquarters were pitched close to the line of battle. Around them deep sleep by the heavy cannonading firing which had reopened with the dawn of day, I stepped out from my fly tent, plunged my head in a bucket of water, and by five minutes' energetic rubbing, since they were originally made for a boy of some ten years of age; coolies and babies, his face close shaved; his head hairless—a sorry-looking figure altogether, who might have been taken for a rebel prisoner if he were not at liberty in the camp of the general commanding.

"How are you, Major?"

Looking curiously at the man, whose person was entirely unknown to me, at least in that shape, I replied: "You have the advantage of me, Sir; who are you, are you not?"

"I'm Duncan."

"Duncan! With all my heart I'm glad to see you! I never should have recognized you. But when, how, where—that is, when did you come in, how did you get through the lines, and where have you been this week past?"

And thus this brave man told his own story from the point where we left him on the road just out of Fayetteville:

"Well, Major, I've had a tough time of it. The rebs chuckled a good deal when they caught me. They said I shouldn't get away this time, sure, and so they handcuffed me to another man. Hot, ugly work it was, marching in the sun, barefooted, along those wretched roads. For the first day or two I had a strong guard, and although I had found out that I could slip my hand through the iron ring, which must have been made for a negro, yet I thought it risky business to make a run for it. But a chance came when we were passing through that thick growth of bushes, in the swamp back here a piece, about a day's march, I reckon."

"I remember the place," said I.

"Well, when my guards turned their heads I slipped the iron and made a clean jump for the bushes. Crack, crack, crack! Three shots before I had gone ten feet. All of them came near enough, but all missed me. Ten feet more and I was up to my arm-pits in the softest of soft mud. Turning my head, I had the exquisite pleasure of gazing into the muzzle of a rifle-barrel. 'Now you needn't shoot, old fellow,' said I; 'if I can get out I'll come along quiet enough.'

"I suppose it was the perfectly matter-of-fact way of stating the situation that induced the reb to raise his piece again. 'That was a bold push o' yourn,' said a bystander.

"'Yes; but you'd do as much to get free, wouldn't you?'

"'Yas-s—cum along!'

"So I went along, a miserable and muddy object, till we reached a little place near Raleigh, where we were turned over to the provost guards at the only 'milish'—good fellows enough, and brave, perhaps but they couldn't keep my prisoner; and so I told the boys when we were locked up in a close room in a well-guarded house.

"It was cold that day, and we clamored a great deal, swearing that they meant to freeze us. So they brought us in some wood.

"They had examined all the doors when they were first brought in, and stationed guards at the only possible places of escape—that is, all the places they saw; but I had noticed a closet in the room. You know all these houses have closets in the upper rooms, or piers, several feet above the ground. When the wood was brought in the boys made a good deal of noise breaking up the sticks, while I was tearing up the floor in the closet.

"An opening was soon made. Screwing upon my voice not yet to take outside, one by one we slipped cautiously through the floor, and, at a given signal, rushed out. One of the guard caught me by the leg as I jumped out from under the house. He was frightened, as he had a right to be, and dropped his gun, which he ought not to have done. I seized the gun—here it is—gave him a blow in the face and put for the woods at my very best gait. A dozen shots or so were fired in chase or the other, or all of us; but I think all have escaped.

"Of course I traveled for this army, which I knew ought to be somewhere in this region. An ordinary runaway, or one new to the business, would have pushed away from the rebel front; but I've been to the same scrape before now, and have learned the ropes. I met bodies of rebel cavalry trying to get away from the fight. I came through the lines last night without much risk, but somewhat disguised."

"So I should think," said I, wondering, if he considered himself "somewhat" disguised, how he would look when he was completely disguised.

"Jolly that! isn't it now?" continued Duncan. "Since I left Fayetteville I have cursed thieves have stolen the clothes off my back three times—as often as I could beg or buy a new suit. But here I am, safe and sound, and they will have a hard fight before they catch me again."

Duncan subsequently captured a fort which covered the crossing of Cox's bridge over the Neuse. He did good service in the battle of Bentonsville. Where he now is, or what he is doing, I do not know. I am very sure however that he was looking on the gauntlet of greater dangers, have shown truer patriotism, more exalted heroism, or who have accomplished more of valuable service for the cause of the army than Duncan, who, when I last saw him, still wore the shoulder-straps of a captain.

LITTLE GIBRALTAR.

IT was a lonely place. Every day, and all the day, as it seemed, the wind blew steadily from east to west, for the Gulf of Mexico lay there, and never toward the sunset. On three sides the sea broke sullenly against the rocks of the small promontory, and went back again, repulsed and discomfited. The house and grounds which occupied the whole of this sea-girt nook formed an estate which was called Little Gibraltar. The name was not inappropriate. Thousands of years, doubtless, had the waves stormed those gray rocks—thousands of years had the rocks stood there and thrown them back again into the sea. One could imagine the small going on forever—the repulse eternal.

Ten years ago it was a fine place to live first. I had a friend at school who was such foothold in my affections as no girl had ever won before. We were not intimate, as schoolgirls often intimate—We had no secrets to tell, or, if we had, we told none. We made no rash vows by starlight and moonlight, but we liked to be together, and we had mistes and fancies in common. I have always loved beautiful women, and this Margaret O'Connor was a beautiful exceedingly!

It was not until I had known her a long time that I learned my thing of her history. When I did, I ascertained that her father was an Irish gentleman of considerable wealth, who had fled to this country years before with his bride, the daughter of a noble family. Here they had settled, not against her will, from a convent. Leoline was the young wife's familiar name. She had died five years after the birth of her first child, Margaret, taking with her to the world of spirits an hour-old baby. My friend could just remember her mother, and she told me that her manners were so winning and her beauty of so rare a type that the life-long effect of her loss upon the husband, who idolized her, was by no means unaccountable.

Soon after her death he had purchased Little Gibraltar, and having arranged the grounds and built the house after a certain fantastic plan of his own, had retired there with his young daughter, an efficient housekeeper, who also acted as a sort of nurse or superintendent to little Margaret, and a corps of good servants, who had ever since retained their situations.

Margaret's description of her home had abundantly excited my interest and stimulated my curiosity, and I accepted with extreme satisfaction her invitation to pass the long summer vacation—our last before graduating—at Little Gibraltar. At first I hesitated lest my intrusion should be unwelcome to the master of the strange domain: but when I was assured that his consent had been solicited and obtained before the invitation was extended I set aside my scruples and anticipated only pleasure.

The last week in June school closed. A staid servant appeared for Margaret, and took all the trouble of our baggage and bundles. We had a five hours' car ride, and then we got out at a little station-house, and the driving man attached, went to a stable across the road, and came back with a sort of family coach drawn by two powerful black horses. We got inside, and he mounted the box, and off we drove. It was three miles, I should think; but long before we reached our journey's end we could see Little Gibraltar gleaming proudly on its rocky height, with the sea climbing forever at its base. Margaret pointed to it, as she said, with more eagerness than she had been speaking before:

"Home, Aria!"

"*Is it home?*" I remember I asked her. "It looks to me like an enchanted castle of Mrs. Radcliffe's times. It is strange, and, in a weird sort of way, very beautiful; but it does not seem homelike."

"Perhaps it isn't, as most people reckon homelike: but it is home to me, and to my father since I was old enough to remember. I don't know where it was that I lived with my mother. It is singular that I should remember her so well, for she was very beauty and wayward grace. There is one thing I ought to tell you, Aria. My father, sane enough except when he drinks, declares that he sees her now—that sometimes she comes and calls him, and he goes out and keeps tryst with her. I know not whether it is delusion, or a clearer vision than hee been given to others."

Margaret's face had kindled as she spoke, and there was more than the answering look in her eyes that I should not have been surprised if she had told me that she, too, had this clearer vision which could penetrate the veil of mysteries.

We were near the place by this time, for John drove rapidly. The house was a rambling, castle-like building.

"With its battlements high in the air,
And the turrets thereon,"

built of some pure white stone, which glittered in the sunset. It was set in a striking style from the entrance hall to the carriage road below, and at the foot of these steps stood, ready to welcome us, Reginald O'Connor, not but lifted, his whole manner full of courtly grace. Unconsciously I had formed an idea of him. I had fancied him a sad, silent, elderly gentleman, and had wasted by grief indifferent to all the small observances of life.

Not so; instead, the handsomest man, the stateliest gentleman I have ever met.

He was not yet quite forty, and he scarcely looked ten years older than Margaret. He had dark eyes, piercing, with a curious, dreamy, speculative look in them. His heavy black hair was brushed back from his high, thoughtful brow—I know a little more than a little waving in the indications of combative force and strength, without which a man may be good and gifted and gracious, but never great. I had been interesting myself in Spurtheim and Lavater, so I analyzed his head and face, while he stood waiting, before the carriage stopped, and decided that he was the temperament of a poet—that he had ideality, veneration, and a wonderful power of personal magnetism—that he was capable of great love, but that he lacked fortitude, and perseverance, and hope —that there was a certain weakness in his character which would yield with the highest physical courage, but which made him helpless before such mysterious something which, for want of a better name, I call power. He could never, therefore, rise above a great sorrow. If I had not made this analysis then I should never have made it afterward, when I was studying what hate, as I found presently, a certain nameless charm, which held criticism.

As the carriage stopped Margaret jumped from it into his arms. He gave her a quick kiss, and then turned to me.

"This is so kind of you, Mrs. Germond," he said, as he helped me out.

"Not the first kind thing he has ever visited at Little Gibraltar. You had need courage."

"It did not require a great deal of courage to take so well-behaved a—"

He looked at me inquisitively, as if he wondered how genuine my words were. Then he smiled.

I believe from that hour she honestly love each other, in spite of all the sneers about girls' friendships. I can answer for Margaret. I have heard, in the years since, that Aria, until I have learned the sweet name by heart."

He had given me his arm, and was leading me up the steps. The entrance hall was running on before us, greater than I had almost ever seen her. She looked back, nodded laughingly, and said:

"That's right, papa. You're Aria for my devotion."

In a moment we stood in the entrance hall—a fully apartment, large, fine, and in the midst of which a circular staircase went upward. It was paved with tesselated marble, and hung with costly pictures. Afterward, Colonel O'Connor had himself painted. On one side a door was thrown open into a conservatory full of choice flowers, beyond which was a spacious library. On the other side another door opened into a large, lofty drawing-room. Into this latter apartment my host had, having arrived by the train, introduce me to Mrs. Walker—the housekeeper, to whom I have before referred, who continued to matronize and superintend the establishment. Margaret lingered a little to talk to her, and the Colonel and I walked into the drawing-room alone. Opposite the door an immense pier-glass filled the space between two great windows, and as we stepped in we saw ourselves reflected in it; I still leaning on his arm, and he bending toward me with his air of courtly deference. A sudden and curious presentiment thrilled me like a suggestion from some one unseen—a presentiment which told me that in some mysterious way my fate and his were linked. And at the same time I heard a whisper, distinct yet low, as if it came from far—"BEWARE!"

I turned, in some way to know that no one else was present for me, but for my companion. I felt sure that he heard it also, for he released my hand which he had been holding since I came in, and offered me a chair. I saw that his face was pale, and his lips had a nervous quiver. Then Margaret came in, and Mrs. Walker, and a well-dressed, aged lady's maid, ready to show me to my room, and her father told us that dinner would be served in half an hour. I thought he was glad to have us go up stairs.

My room opened out of Margaret's, and looked like the tasteful, exquisite, shimmering room I refused the maid's assistance, and when my door was shut sat down a moment to look out of my window and think. I waited but a minute. The phosphorescent glow and glitter. They seemed mysterious and infinite as the fathomless sky which hung above those mysterious waters—as infinite, as unfathomable as immortality. What puppets we human beings are for Fate to play with! I thought—beneath the influence of actors—and knew not whether I was one or whether it were tragedy or comedy in which we should be called to perform—whether the play were to its acts or in scenes.

My vacation was to be two months long. I felt as if I were going to *live* more in that time than I had in my whole life before.

I opened my trunk. My drams must begin, like many another, with dressing and dining. I had been born alike to decide whether I should be handsome or not—though I knew my style was unique. I was certainly not that which those indulged youth, who haunt the theaters and the pit and the boxes of boarding-school misses, most delight in; for I had never received a compliment in my life, unless the look in Colonel O'Connor's eyes this afternoon had been one.

I had a low brow, round which the dark hair drooped heavily in a clear, dark curl, and a color-ing in all respects of a brunette, except that my eyes were blue as turquoise—a bright, light blue. This contrast between my hair and eyes and the tint of my face made me striking, peculiar: I must try my power before I could tell whether or not it made me fascinating.

I put on a black dress which suited me, for it fell in heavy, rich folds about my figure, which was full but not fat. Soft, old lace drooped over my hands, and was fastened round my neck by a brooch made of an Egyptian scarabeus, and which glittered like an evil-eye on my throat. Then I brushed and and had ten minutes more, while I was waiting for Margaret, in which to wonder as to the meaning of the strange whisper I had heard. She came for me at last, and we went down stairs.

The drawing-room was lighted now, and I noticed, as I had not before, the extreme richness and elegance of all its appointments. One would not have thought that in furnishing it the master of Little Gibraltar had been harrassed by any thoughts and grand festivals, instead of fitting himself up a refuge in which to hide away his sorrow.

One reception-room we have traced of this exacting ideality which would not be satisfied with less than perfection. At the farther end of the room folding doors were thrown open into a dining-room, where a table glittered with the best of crystal. Colonel O'Connor met us at the door, and, giving me his arm again, led me in to dinner, Margaret following. The dinner was a somewhat ceremonious stateliness, and, watching the highhearted creature in her home manner, I understood in what school Margaret had acquired that perfect composure which had been at once the envy and the despair of all the younger Minivy's young ladies.

Just here I begin to feel that I have undertaken a hopeless task. I was successful, possibly, in conveying to you the impression of the house, fantastic but superb—of my stately host, and the friend whom I loved so well. So far we have been sure; but I see now that I have failed in my real purpose. They will not render the subtle shades of that midsummer experience. I can not tell you of the strange spell which drew me toward Reginald O'Connor. Fascination does not at all express it—it was at once finer and stronger. Sympathy, magnetism, psychological power, all were combined in it. I only know that I felt, in my very soul, that I had met the one man in the universe whose power over me was potent and fatal.

I did not deceive myself about him in the least. I knew he was not wiser, or grander, or nobler than other men—more or grand, perhaps, in the world's sense at all. But, just such as he was, I felt as if I would rather have been loved by him, and die, than be the living darling of any other man. And in time, too, there was the sense of entire hopelessness—the belief that he *had* loved as he would never love again—that his whole soul was buried in the dead the whole living world. We passed all the days together—we three—riding, driving, rowing; and, after a while, I sitting for my portrait, and Colonel O'Connor painting it. It was after one of these sittings that Margaret said to me:

"Aria, I like my father is beginning to love you. I have never seen him as he is now before. If he were not too old for you—if you could care for him—I think it might be to him like the elixir of life. To me, you know what it would be to have you with me always."

"You deceive yourself," I answered, with forced composure. You have told me the effect which your mother's loss had on him, and how his whole life since has been a life of nothing but her memory. He will never love again."

She looked at me curiously. I knew what my

face was turning crimson under her gaze. She sprang up and kissed me with impulsive fondness.

"My darling," she cried, "I believe that you could love him! With you the mistress of Little Gibraltar, what a different thing life would be to me!"

She went out without giving me time to answer her; but after that she left me more alone with her father.

He painted on at my portrait, and grew absorbed in his task. He was never satisfied—he said my face changed with every change of my moods. He made me give him sitting after sitting. Some days he deepened the eyes, to-morrow he altered a wave in the hair, or changed a curve of the lashes. I began to believe that I was beautiful, as I saw myself glowing, a radiant vision, upon his canvas. One day he threw down his brush. It was the week before we were to go back to Madame Miniver. He cried, with a sort of suppressed passion,

"It does not suit me, Aria; it never will! You must give me yourself, Aria, child, darling—"

He stopped as suddenly as if an unseen hand, cold with the chill of the grave, had been laid upon his lips. His face turned white.

"Forgive me," he said, "I must go."

He went from the room. I remembered what Margaret had told me—that sometimes his dead wife called him, and he went out to keep with her a ghostly tryst. I believed that he had gone now in obedience to some such summons. I sat on where he left me. I did not dare to think what I was doing. I had a vague feeling, which I would not suffer to crystallize into a thought, that there was a rivalry between me and his dead bride for his love. Had not I a right to win? I remembered what Margaret had said. I believed that he would be better and happier with a warm, living love, in place of this haunting, ghostly memory. But I knew not which would triumph; I could only wait. At last I heard the door open, and he came to me softly in the gathering twilight.

"Aria," he said, "I love you. It is Heaven's own truth, and I have a right to tell it to you. But I am not free to ask you to be my wife—I do not know that I ever shall be. I promised Margaret's mother, when she was dying, that I would never marry again. I am bound by my vow unless she releases me from it. I thought then, Heaven knows, that it would be easy enough to keep. I vowed her so well that I fancied there was no danger of my loving any one else. I should have found loving you, least of all—you, yet in your girlhood, and my daughter's friend. But it was curious the charm you had for me from the very first. As we stood in the drawing-room that first night a whisper came to me, which I knew was Leoline's warning—'Beware!' To-day, when I began to speak to you, I heard her voice again—a sudden, imperious call, which I could not resist. I went out and saw her, as I always see her, walking to and fro upon the balcony, with her baby, a little white snow-flake, in her arms. Aria, I begged her, as I would beg for my life, to release me from that vow. She could have answered me—she has spoken to me often enough—but she only looked at me, with eyes full of reproachful pain, and her lips uttered no word."

I remembered the whisper which I too had heard, that first night, and wondered that I had not also heard to-day the voice which summoned him. Perhaps that first warning had been meant for me as well as him; but I had not heeded it. A ghostly, humbling terror began to creep over me. I sat still and did not answer him.

"For Heaven's sake, Aria, speak to me one word," he said, coming close to me. "Am I a man or a monster? I loved Leoline. She had a right to my constancy; and yet, God knows, I love you. Oh, why did you come here?"

"I *was* going next week—I *will* go to-morrow."

The words seemed to drop from my lips against my will. They sounded cold and hard. I felt as if life and sense were failing me. In a moment some other Colonel O'Connor was kneeling beside me.

"*Don't* look at me so, Aria. You are turning to stone before my eyes. Don't hate me—it is enough that I must hate and scorn myself—that I, who thought my honor stainless, must live to know that I have broken at least the spirit of my vow. And yet, am I to blame? I could not help loving you. But I am old and sad—I could never have won a young, fresh heart like yours."

The misery in his voice touched me indoorribly. It was like the turning of a weapon in a wound. It tortured me into a sense of keen life, and gave me power to speak.

"*I* don't blame you," I said. "It was fate. But I *could* have loved you. It was a vain dream. Let us forget it and live!"

"No, I am ready to curse fate and die."

He looked into my eyes.

"Aria, this is bitterness beyond what a man can bear—to feel my happiness so near, and yet so out of reach—to love you, to feel that I could win your love, and yet to renounce you!"

He bent forward and drew me with firm hands close to him. I felt his lips on mine for one moment—fond, quivering, thrilling to the centre of my being. Then he released me.

"There, Aria, that is all. Forgive me if you can. You will not hate me I know. And you will not go back until the time comes; but you need not see me again after to-night. We should never have met, or we should have met in some other sphere. Well, child, it is possible to bear most things. Come, we can not escape life. We must go to dinner."

At the table a strange gayety seemed to possess him. He ate nothing, but he covered his lack of appetite and mine with quip and badinage and brilliant turns of thought.

After dinner he went into the library to look over the evening mail, and presently sent for Margaret.

She was with him a few moments and then came back. She looked me in the eyes like an inquisitor as she said:

"Papa has received a letter which will take him away from home to-morrow morning; we shall probably have to leave without seeing him again."

I expressed my regrets courteously, but I made no sign, nor did she ask me any questions.

We went back to school. What a mockery it seemed to me, with girlhood lying so far behind me as infancy! My thoughts ran tumultuously in one channel. I cared for none of the old delights or ambitions. I could not study. I had learned a lesson which swallowed up all others, as did Aaron's rod the rods of the Egyptians.

In the midst of term an epoch came which gave me independence—my twenty-first birthday. I was three years older than Margaret—late in finishing my studies, on account of my extreme delicacy in childhood, I had been late in commencing them. I was an orphan, and at twenty-one I became mistress of myself and my fortune. I should have left Madame Miniver's, but I had no tie any where so strong as the one which bound me to Margaret, and I staid on for her sake.

Early in December she came to my room with a letter in her hand.

"Aria," she said, "I am summoned home. My father is failing mysteriously. He wants me with him, and he says, 'Come alone.' I do not understand. I must not ask *her* to come, though her presence would be the greatest comfort?"

What to me was "my own sake" in comparison with his comfort? What if I suffered a pang or two more? The worst suffering of all would be to leave afterward that he had missed me. I went with Margaret.

We got there in time to see the last of him whom we both loved so well. We watched beside him night and day for three days, and then, in the wild winter midnight, "he heard the angels call."

He had been speaking lucidly enough about his plans.

"I have given Little Gibraltar to Aria," he said to Margaret, as she bent over him. "You will be rich enough without it, and you would not care to live here. It will have a deeper worth, a different significance for her."

Then he sent her from the room, on some pretext, and talked to me.

"It is all a mystery," he said, "strange as sad. Can a man love two women? I loved *her*. Heaven knows it, and my long, solitary years since her death have borne witness to it. And yet, if it be not love for you that is wasting my life away, what *is* it? We shall understand it all in the next world, I think."

"She has come to me often, since last summer. She waits for me always on the balcony outside, and I know she is there by the tune with which she hushes the baby on her breast—always the same strain she used to sing to me in other days. I go out when I hear it, and meet the sad upbraiding of her eyes. But she has never spoken to me since that day. I have pleaded a hundred times for release from my vow, but her lips will never open. I wonder if she will turn from me with horror in her eyes as the world of spirits; or whether, for her baby's father, there will be pity and forgiveness? Wrong or right, I could not help loving you; it was my fate."

I could not answer him, but I beat and pressed my lips to his mouth. Now, with him floating away from me on the unseen sea, I felt no scruples. But at the moment my lips touched his I heard, as distinctly as I ever heard any sound in my life, a strain of soft, sweet music—as I had never heard before. His eye kindled with recognition as he caught the sound, and he tried to rise. I turned to listen to Margaret, who was opening the door.

"Aria, the tide is going out," she said.

I looked back to the bed, and answered her:

"He has gone out with the tide."

And we heard the music, both of us, fainter, lower, farther and farther away, until its sweetness died on the waiting air.

Believe my story or doubt it—it does not matter. I have told it because a firm conviction of myself has caused to constrain me. I have never loved again—it does not seem to me that I ever shall. You see me in the winter of my years, sad, lonely and careless; but I go every summer to Little Gibraltar and dream over again the old, passionate, troubled dream. Margaret comes, sometimes, with her husband and her children; but I like best to be alone with the dead days in that nook haunted by memory, where the Atlantic thunders forward which the sea climbs eternally, where the white walls glitter, and the wind blows all the day, and every day, from the east toward the setting sun.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SAILOR being asked how he liked his bride, replied, "Why, d'ye see, I look her for to be only half of me, as the parson says, but dash me if she bean't twice as much as I. I'm only a tar, but she is a Tartar."

A modest minister out West marries for a drink of whisky, a dozen eggs, and the first kiss of the bride.

Two Dutchmen, who built and used in common a mill where ran a good stream which ran through their farms, had a dispute concerning some repairs which it required, and one of them positively refused to bear any portion of the expense necessary to the purchase of a few planks. Finally the matter was laid by at a neighboring lawyer, and, placing ten dollars in his hand, said:

"I'll give you all dish money if you'll make Hans pay for his vair as well."

"How much will it cost to repair it?" asked the honest lawyer.

"Not more ash five tollar," replied the Dutchman.

"Very well," said the lawyer, pocketing one of the notes and giving him the other; "take this and go to the bridge repaired: 'tis the best course you can take."

"Yaw," said the Dutchman, slowly, "yaas, dat ish more better as to quarrel mit Hans;" but as he went along home he shook his head frequently, as if unable, after all, to see quite clearly how he had gained anything by going to law.

HOW TO OVER CHATTER.—"As to opening oysters," said old Hurricane, "why nothing's easier, if you only know how." "And how's how?" inquired Straight. "Why, sir," answered old Hurricane, very seriously, "Scotch snuff! Bring a little of it over so near their noses, they'll encase their lids off."

What is nothing?—A footless stocking without a leg.

WINTER SERENADE.

Oh! ask me dot to blow my dose,
By charbidg one, by ord;
You bay dot know do-day I feel,
It never cod be dode!
Oh! bidder be ez to odder scedes,
Or dwell id yonder stad!
Oh, ded, by lovely bad, id bliss
I'd strike by light catarrh!

The wid dat blows across de bour,
Had it a dose to blow
Wid such a cold as I hab got,
Aa! would it blow it? Doo!
But see, the tears of cabbing dawd
Are gleabigly od the dow;
I hear the berry bugle hord,
By balden fall—A-CHOO!

We have wondered why the Southern young men were so anxious to go to Brazil. A letter from General Wood satisfactorily explains to us the cause. "Young ladies on being introduced to a stranger inside upon being embraced, heart throbbing against heart."

"Take this dirty fellow out of the ranks and lave him in the waters of the Quadlua!," said a grandiloquent colonel during the Peninsula War. After some time the corporal assigned to the wash returned. "What have you done with the man I sent with you?" inquired the colonel. Up flew the corporal's right hand across the peak of his cap—"Sure ain't please y'r Honor, and didn't y'r Honor tell me to lave him in the river, and sure enough I left him in the river, and there he is now, according to y'r Honor's orders."

A Western farmer, being obliged to sell a yoke of oxen to pay his hired man, told him he could not keep him any longer.

"Very well," said the man, "I'll stay and take some of your cows in place of money."

"But you can't do," said the farmer, "when my cows and oxen are all gone?"

"Why you can then work for me, and get them back."

An enraged parent had jerked his provoking son across his knee, and was operating on the exposed portion of the urchin's person with great vehemence, when the young one dug into the paternal legs with his venomous little teeth.

"Blame! what are you biting me for?"

"Well, dad, you begined this here war."

"Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" asked a son of Erin. "Upon my life," was the reply, "I don't know whether I'm an aunt or an uncle."

A "green 'un," who had never before seen a steamboat, fell through the hatchway down into the hold of one, and being unhurt, loudly expressed his surprise: "Well, if she darned thing ain't loaden!"

A PRISON.

No sun, no moon,
No morn, no night,
No sky, no earth I'm in,
No distant-looking view,
No road, no street,
No father side the way,
No dawn, no dusk,
No proper time of day,
No east to any row,
No top to any steeple,
No inclination where to go,
No sight of familiar people,
No cheerfulness, no healthy ease,
No butterflies,
No Nothing!

We have heard of an old Dutchman who whipped his son for swearing at him. The whipped boy still cursed, and the father whipped him again. Then the spunky little chap was silent, but looked as if the devil was in him. Thereupon the old fellow, applying the whip once more to his shoulders, exclaimed: "You don't say nothing, but I know you dink dam, and I'll wip you for dat."

A Cincinnati paper says: "Rogues find no quarters here." To which Frenzied replies: "Very likely; they might search half the pockets in the city and find none."

"Isn't there an awfully strong smell of pipe in the room?" asked Smith of Jones. "Yes," replied Jones, "that's because the wind's from sow-west."

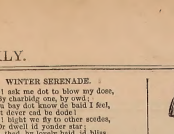
A lady, who painted her face, asked Parsons how he thought she looked. "I can't tell, Madam," he replied, except you first smooter your face."

A writer, dwelling upon the importance of small things, says that as many lakes notes even of a straw, especially if there happens to be a cherry-cobbler at one end of it."

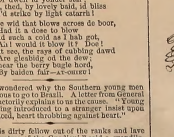
Artists have adopted different emblems of charity. We wonder some of them ever thought of a piece of India rubber, which gives more than any other substance.

"Look here, Jem, there is a hole knocked out of this bottle you gave me." "Why, here's the hole in it now. If it was knocked out, how could it be there?"

"BASE BALL" ILLUSTRATED.



PITCHER AND BATTER (FIRST INN-ING).



CATCHING A FLY.



ON HIS FIRST BASE.



HOLDING HIS SECOND BASE.



ON HIS THIRD BASE (A HIT).



A FOWL BALL.



THE LAST INN-ING.



MAKING HIS "HOME RUN."

ONLY.

Beware of an "only," "'tis but," and "just one!"
These phrases hide many a coward evidence.
All Troy for one woman in ashes was laid:
One tree another free into ruin played.
One crack will suffice that a vase be not sound;
One spark, and all London on fire was found:
One worm-eaten stick is enough for a wreck:
But one step too far, and to death we reck;
From only one word many quarrels begin:
And only the ace leads to many a sin;
Only a penny wastes many a pound;
Only once more, and the river was drowned;
Only one drop many drunkards has made;
Only in play many gamblers have said;
Only a cold opens many a grave;
Only read many evils will save.

Two ladies from the country, on a shopping excursion, dropped into a hardware store, where agricultural implements are sold, and incidently inquired for cradles. The storekeeper said it was rather late in the season for the article, and he had still all he purchased. The ladies looked at each other wonderingly, and whispered, laughingly, when one, turning to the blushing storekeeper, remarked: "Out of season! I thought babies were always in season."


THE RICH M
THE PREPARATION
THANKSGIVING
Arrival Home
THE POOR


RKEY.
SKETCHES.
FROLIC WITH THE CHILDREN.
N'S TURKEY
After Dinner.

PERFECT REST.

In the quiet of the church-yard
The weeping willows wave
Their slender, drooping branches
In the chilly autumn air;
And the withered church-yard grasses,
Above each lonely grave,
Utter sad and mournful whispers
O'er the dead who slumber there.

In the golden months of summer
Comes the honey-laden bee,
To hum amid the clover
His drowsy, murmurous song;
While the yellow-hearted daisies
Grow thick and fair to see;
And the sky looks down upon them
With a smile the whole day long.

Then, at times, I love to wander
Among the peaceful dead,
Where the golden-netted sunbeams
Sleep gently on the grass;
And to think on friends departed,
And the years forever fled;
While across the marble's whiteness
Falls my shadow as I pass.

What calm, unbroken slumber,
What sweet and perfect rest,
In the quiet of the church-yard
For everyone to lie;
With the tired hands gently folded
Across the pulseless breast,
In summer and in winter,
While the fleeting years go by!

Not any thought of sorrow,
Nor shadow born of care;
No eager, restless longings,
Of this busy life a part;
No dream of proud ambition
Can ever enter there;
Or the turbulent emotions
That crowd the beating heart.

Sometimes when very weary,
When the days seem dark and dreary,
And my heart beats low within me,
By a sense of grief oppress'd,
Then the graves within the church-yard
More beautiful appear,
And a longing fills my bosom
For the sweet and perfect rest.

ISAAC PENRITH'S THANKSGIVING.

The clock had just struck three. It was no trifle of bronze or ormolu; neither was it one of those quaint old specimens of dark wood and tarnished gilding that you sometimes encounter on antique stairways, keeping ghostly guard over the tread of generation after generation. It was a trim, compact little clock, hanging where its dial, like an eye, seemed to look through the four deep-set windows of the circular stone room, and watch the tides as they swung back and forth, murmuring discontentedly around the solid masonry that upheld the lighthouse. A strange place, a dreary, desolate place it seemed, prison-like in its isolation, and terrific in its frowning strength. Yet even there the sense of woman's presence cast its visible sign and token. Upon the pine table a vase of late autumnal flowers glowed in velvety carmine and gold, and a woven mat, decorated with the scarlet wing of a tropical bird, lay beside it.

Lucy Penrith was looking from one of the windows—a slender, pretty girl, with touches of faint crimson in either cheek, and violet-gray eyes, where the deep lights seemed to swim. Her black stuff dress was a trifle short; but there was a flutter of vivid scarlet ribbon at her throat, and a bunch of coral-red berries in her shining brown braids, bearing silent witness to the genuine love of the picturesque that exists in every woman's heart.

"I don't think the sea is very rough, father," Isaac Penrith's daughter deliberately folded his newspaper inside out, and commenced on a new column. He was a hard-featured, rugged old man, with iron-gray hair, and eyes where the wrinkles stood out like knotted cord.

Lucy stole across the stone floor and put her dimpled face between the printed page and her father's spectacles.

"Now, father, you *will* row me across. Oh, father, I never can spend Thanksgiving evening in this dismal place, and I promised them at the farmhouse!"

Rash promises is better broken than kept," sententiously answered old Isaac.

"But it is such a rash promise, father. All the young people are to be there, and Philip Martin—"

She stopped abruptly, checked by the dark frown that corrugated her father's brow.

"Philip Martin! I tell you, Lucy, I'll hear no more idle nonsense about that boy. It was Philip Martin who first tried to be keeper of the light in the house in my stead—a bad, black-hearted man—and the boy is a branch off the old tree, I'll go bail. And—"

But Lucy was crying, with her head on her father's knee. Isaac's heart relented within him.

"I'm an old bear, I know," he made haste to utter, "and I'd ought to be a little more kerful what I say. Don't cry, little one—there—there! I'll row ye 'cross, if ye say so; 'tain't over dark yet, and it is rather hard on a young gal like you to live in this stone dungeon year in and year out. I wish I hadn't had Sam he could have this to himself. But never mind; I'll be back long afore lightin' time."

Lucy had brightened up like a rose after a shower.

"Oh, father, I am so glad! I *did* so want to go!"

She tripped backward and forward, adjusting the round hat with the scarlet wing, folding the brown shawl, and rearranging the coral berries in her hair, while old Isaac, with his fur cap on, and his hands in the pocket of his sailor coat, watched her with a proud, amused sense of proprietorship.

"She's more like one o' them foreign birds with plumage like fire, and little, gaincin' ways, than she is like a human critter!" thought the light-house keeper. "I know I'm goin' clean agin' all rules and regulations, havin' the place alone, but there'll be but for a few minutes, and I don't like to disappoint the gal, her heart's so kind o' set on it! I've got to be father and mother both to the child—and she *is* a good gal, and a pretty one too, if she does happen to be Isaac Penrith's darter!"

"If you take the flowers over, father," said Lucy, removing them from the vase, and wrapping a bit of paper round the damp stems, "I'll gather as much bird in the farm-house garden, and they'll help to make the Thanksgiving-table gay. Now, father, I'm ready!"

And so Isaac Penrith pulled the shell-like little boat out to sea, with the long, steady, vigorous strokes that betokened the daily habituation to life on the ocean, he fell into a musing remembrance of the far-away Thanksgivings of his youth, with their rains of red and golden leaves, and their odor of sweet fern in the pastures, and the old red farm-house among the bleak New England hills! And, unconsciously, the roar of the green, translucent tide became the wail of winds in upland forests, and Lucy's blooming face opposite him seemed her mother's smiling out from the mists of years.

Nor was the salt drop on old Isaac's cheek the spray from his steadily dipping oar.

Lucy Penrith sprung lightly to her feet as the keel of the boat grated softly on the smooth, shingly sand of the beach.

"You will come up to the house with me, father. See how high the sun is!"

Isaac stooped and secured his boat to a huge projecting rock by means of a loop of heavy rope.

"I'll go," he said, briefly, adding within himself: "and if Phil Martin's there, I'll bring her back with me again. I don't like *his* father's son."

The old brown house stood a little way back on the beach, with a smooth stretch of silvery sand in front, and a cluster of blackened sheds in the rear, tossing their plumy heads about in the blustering, salt-scented gale, and a group of merry-makers, young and old, in their Thanksgiving holiday-trusts, were in the porch awaiting the arrival of the new-comers.

"Oh, Lucy, we thought you never were coming!" said a bright-eyed little damsel, whose hair was blowing about her face like a mist of rippled gold! "What made you stay so long, Phil Martin?"

Lucy's appealing, frightened glance stopped the half-uttered sentence short; but Isaac Penrith had caught its meaning.

"Lucy," he said, drawing his daughter aside as the whole group hurried merrily into the house once more, where a fire of drift-wood blazed red in the huge old-fashioned fire-place, and the "old people," in caps and brass-buttoned suits, were purring over the genial glow, "Lucy, what's the meaning between you and—and Dorr Martin's son?"

She colored and turned her face away, while the old grasp on her eyes.

"Tell me," he urged, sternly grasping her arm; "I will have no more half-confidences! Has he asked you to be his wife?"

"Yes, father."

"And you—what answer did you make?"

"Father," simply answered Lucy with her violet eyes raised to his, "I love him!"

"Child," said Isaac Penrith, "conquer this idle folly as best you may! I never will give my daughter to Philip Martin. So now you know my will and determination in the matter."

"But, father—"

He turned abruptly away, releasing Lucy to the demands of half-a-dozen pleading, bird-voiced girls, who "would briefly remind" Isaac Penrith of his duty offers of hospitality that beset him on every side.

"I must be goin' back, friends," he said.—"Tom Lyle's right to-night to keep the light, and I want to set on't, and I mustn't lose no more time. By the looks o' the clouds we'll have a stormy night, and the sea will help them that are out to sea along this cruel shore!"

And so he bade the revelers a "Good-night!" and locked last at the ruddy glow of the hospitable fire and Lucy's sweet face, flushed by its radiance or something else—as she stood adjusting a late rose in Barbara Cliffe's gold-colored hair.

"I'll walk down to the shore with ye, neighbor Penrith," said old Truman Cliffe, pulling on his thick overcoat. "Seems to me, now, I've got a notion or long, I can't bear to keep indoors when the wind is blowin' up like it does now!"

The late autumnal sunset was fringing the overhanging clouds with sullen fire—such fire as burns itself out in stormy reflections, leaving a track like bloody footsteps across the waters, and dark words of meaning sullenly along the barren shore, and the distant thunder of the ground-swell sounded like the solemn bass chords of the "Dies Iræ."

"You're right, Isaac," said Truman Cliffe, "it's goin' to be an awful night! There's mischief in them clouds; and if there's a vessel near in the sound o' the breakers, it's there to-night! Why, what's the matter?"

For Isaac Penrith had uttered a cry that made the old sailor's blood grow chill in his veins.

"The boat! Merciful Father! the boat is gone!"

It was true; the boat had somehow become loosened and the little bark was rocking somewhere on the waves, beyond sight or sound.

"Truman, I must have your boat, and be quick as possible. The sun is nearly down; but I can reach the light-house yet before lighting time!"

He spoke in a hoarse, hurried voice, the beating of his heart seemed like the strokes of a muffled drum.

Truman Cliffe turned a white, dismayed face toward his old companion.

"Our boat is down to Kilcoran, with Jared and his girls: they won't be back till to-morrow morning!"

There was an instant's silence, then Isaac spoke, still in the same hoarse, unnatural voice.

"Is there no other boat I could get?"

"There's Hugh Donnelly's down to the Point; but that's two miles off!"

"I'll go for it!"

Truman stopped him, as he was turning blindly toward the shore.

"No, Isaac, you're lame and stiff, and I'm a good walker. Keep your strength for the hard rowin' you'll have to do. I'll be back as quick as mortal man can go and come. Sit down on the rock, old friend, and rest—you've tremblin' like a leaf!"

Isaac Penrith obeyed, mechanically, and dropped his head upon his hands, sitting motionless while the bloody track upon the waves grew purpler and more indistinct, and the dull thunder of the groundswell seemed to mutter menaces in his ear.

Two miles away! and the brief twilight was already setting in! How slowly Truman Cliffe plodded along; and yet those idiots on the shore had always called him a swift walker. He would go himself, and he started up, but only to sink back again weak and helpless.

"I have no strength left," he thought. "I must wait. I must wait for that mail to creep along the sands. They were right; it will be a fearful night at sea! And there is no light in the light-house to warn home-returning and ships off the reefs!"

As he closed his eyes he could almost see the stately ships drifting upon their death, and going down beneath the moaning waves, while their crew were looking out in vain for the red signal star of danger! He could hear the creak and groan of straining timbers—the cry of mast and yard-arm—the dying shriek of human creatures! He shuddered convulsively.

"And I shall be a murderer! O God! why did I desert my post?"

And in this moment of agony and repentance Dorr Martin's mocking face rose up before him, full of evil exultation.

"He always said I could not be trusted, and he was right!"

Dorr Martin's triumph was the bitterest drop in the bitter cup that Isaac Penrith drained to the dregs that autumn evening.

"The sun has set—the hour of grace is past," he muttered to himself. "I will not live to have Dorr Martin's wrecking be one of the baleful chronicled on those reefs—I will not look little children in the face and hear them whisper that *I* murdered their fathers! I will not see Dorr Martin triumph in my ruin! No, better a quiet grave at the bottom of the deep sea than a life of remorse and dishonor! But Lucy—she had better mourn me—dead than live to blush for me! Good-by, my fairhaired darling! I shall never see your bonny face more!"

How the wind blew his gray uncovered hair about, as, murmuring a faint half-forgotten prayer, he crept down the rocks, and crept to seek his death, where the cruel, white-fringed waves writhed up along the shore! An instant he paused, to look a last look at the light-house, the far-stretching shore, when all of a sudden a wild hourse shriek broke from his parched lips.

For like a red star rising its glory along the tumultuous sea, the light of the light-house streamed upon their view! The danger signal—the steady finger of fire held up to a hundred crafts: "Beware!"—the beacon for which many and many an anxious helmsman was gazing out into the night! He was not drowning—the waves were not below him, yet the light was all ablaze in its huge crystal lantern, and he was guiltless of the weight of crime and misery that had so nearly weighed him down forever.

When Truman Cliffe rowed up to the shore, an hour afterward, Isaac Penrith was kneeling, bareheaded and wet sand, with his forehead against the chill white rock.

"Well, I say for's!" ejaculated Truman. "You hain't been to the light-house and back, 'cause you hain't wings, and none but a bird could ha' done it! Why look up!"

"I don't know. Give me the oars, Cliffe."

Truman stared, but made room for the keeper and gave up the oars. And so it came to pass that between them as Isaac rowed with giant strokes, and the little boat danced over the troubled billows with still light, a floating leaf. Nearer and nearer glowed the gigantic star—closer and closer its glory seemed to shine—until at length Isaac Penrith sprang upon the rocks, and bade his friend wait a few minutes, while he went into the lantern-room.

There, with his feet on the fender, composedly looking over the columns of the newspaper, sat a young man. He rose as Penrith entered the room.

"Philip Martin!"

"Mr. Penrith!"

"You—you lighted the signal?"

"I did. I came over to bring Lucy to shore, and I found the light-house empty. Of course I concluded something was wrong, so I went on duty myself until I should learn from some of you."

Isaac Penrith wrung the young man's hand.

"Philip—if—if there had been no light on the Reefs, and a vessel with your father would have been keeper to-morrow, and I should have been a ruined man!"

The deep color rose into Philip Martin's cheek.

"If I had been a villain, Mr. Penrith, I should not be Philip Martin!"

"God bless you, Philip; God bless you!" murmured the old man. "I shall never forget this kindly office you have done me!"

"And Lucy?"

"Lucy is over at Cliffe's. Take the boat, Phil, and go join her! Truman is below! And, Philip—"

"Sir?"

"Tell her—well, tell her what you like."

The old man smiled feebly as he saw the warm flush deepen on Martin's bronzed cheek, and the next moment he was alone.

Phillip knew that the coveted prize was his at last—and the little boat flew back over the waves almost like an enchanted bark.

Isaac throughout all the length and breadth of the rejoicing nation that night there was no Thanksgiving half so fervent as that breathed in the lighthouse when the signal star threw its fiery lines far out to sea, and the fog and mist brooded like a phantom over the face of the great deep.

NOT BORN FOR WORK.

WHEN I first commenced the practice of medicine in Dogwood, being unmarried, I boarded at the American Hotel in that village. There was a waiter at that house who was sufficiently peculiar, and owned so many gentlemanly accomplishments, of that sort calculated to adorn and enliven the daily life of a man of wealth and leisure. He was a fine singer, a fair pianist (though he played only accompaniments to his own vocalism), and he could make a capital after-dinner speech, when called on to do so, as he often was. He could also write very fair poetry, and not a few of his songs were of his own making, both words and music. Yet (strange to say though), very rarely though he was asked in any way to make his talents serve him pecuniarily. He waited at table with consummate grace, and never did any other work. His hands were white and slender. His personal appearance was fine, and his clothes always of a certain shabby-genteel sort—never—a new garment seen at his dining; George Cantwell never possessed; his wardrobe being composed wholly of the cast-off apparel of gentlemen who boarded at the hotel.

George was a universal favorite among the guests at our house. His manners were usually extremely winning, while the accomplishments he possessed made him a pleasant companion. In common with the rest I also liked George, and before I had known him long, I commenced the attempt of trying to get his confidence, and if possible "make a man of him."

One evening I was a bit unwell, and George brought a tray of tea-things to my room. It was on this occasion that I resolved to drop a sounding-line.

"George," said I, "you are a man of too much ability to be living at a hotel as a table-waiter. Did you know that, Sir?"

George only smiled as he replied, "Sweet is flattery, doctor."

"A man that can be flattered is a fool," said I.

"Oh, not necessarily," said George, "though it's true you can generally make one of him."

"Well, I was trying to make a fool of you, George. Quite the contrary. I'd rather make a gentleman of you."

"I beg your pardon, Sir; but you'll excuse me if I say that a gentleman is a gentleman naturally, and there is no making one out of a clown. *Nascitur, non fit*, is as applicable in this case as in that of the poet, Sir. If a man is a gentleman, no mere external circumstances in life can make him any thing else."

Not even the circumstance of his being a tablewaiter. I see what you mean, and I beg your pardon, George. Certainly there is no reason why a table-waiter should not be a gentleman. I hoodwinked—I used the wrong word—I meant to have said that I would like to "make a man of you," and you know just what that phrase signifies. You are fit for something better than this. It is a shame that a man of your parts should rest contented, year after year, in the position of a hotelservant."

"Did you ever know me to say that I was contented, Dr. Benson?" spoke up George. "I am biding my time, Sir. My luck will come some day."

"Your luck will come! What do you mean by that? Luck in this country of ours does not consists in taking hold and working out your fortunes with the ability that lies in you. Luck! That is a word for children and idiots and fools alone! There's the word for a man who means to be a man. Well-directed and persistent labor will fight its way to success, while luck, or waiting for waiting and waiting, like Micawber, for 'something to turn up.' Turn up something yourself—that's the rule! 'Work and wait,' I say. If you don't you'll be a table-waiter all the days of your life—provided you don't chance to get too supercanuated, and have to play jester in the poorhouse. That's the road *luck* leads a man."

Cantwell stood biting his nails. It was plain I had touched his pride, and that was just what I meant to do, supposing that he had any true pride in his character at all.

"Dr. Benson," said he, in a low, earnest voice, such as I had never heard him use before, "your language is such as to tempt a man to reply in a like strain. I don't want to be a table-waiter, I'm sure. Sir, I try to bear my place always in mind, though it isn't often that I'm as strongly tempted as I am to-day to stand up straight and assert myself as good a man as any other. But I haven't kept my secret all this time to let it out now. I'll say this to you, however, that I was not born for work. I am biding my time, as I said before. The day will come when I shall not need to lift my hand, and until then I mean to do just as little work as I possibly can. I hate it. Men who have got their way to make in the world may work if they want to, and wear themselves to skeletons for it—it is my belief that I was born for a life of ease, and I'll do nothing to trench on my future capacities for enjoyment when my luck does come."

During this speech I stared at the young man with growing wonder. Such a case of stupid in-

fatuation I thought I had never witnessed. When he was done, however, I only said:

"I suspect you're talking nonsense, George. That'll do." And I pushed away the trey.

He gathered up the tea-things and left me.

I was puzzled by the confident manner of the man. It was clear to my mind that he was laboring under some strong hallucination. I wondered if he bought lottery-tickets.

When I asked him about that he put aside the imputation with a quiet smile; he had no need to buy lottery-tickets, he said.

What could the fellow mean?

My practice was one of the most prosperous that ever fell to a country physician, I think; and even (it was not long after the conversation above cited) I decided to make another effort to lift Cantwell out of his slough by offering him a place in my office.

"I will give you every opportunity for study, George, and will pay you enough to keep you respectable in the mean time. With your readiness you should be qualified to commence practice as my assistant before a great while."

"Medicine," said Cantwell, in reply, "is an eminently respectable profession; but it is far too latent a science for a man obliged to you, Doctor, but I have no occasion to accept your kind offer."

I was nearly disgusted with the man.

"Well, go your way," said I. "I give you up."

"I hope you're not offended with me, Doctor," said George, wistfully.

"Offended! No, it's your own affair, man. You hurt nobody but yourself by throwing yourself away. You might as well be old Dan' (a well-known idiot about the village) "for all the use your abilities do you. What benefit is it to you, George Cantwell, that you can set a table in a room with an elegant speech, or sing a song, or dance as you are nothing but what you are? Old Dan uses the talents God gave him at least!"

"And do I make no use of what I have?" said Cantwell, in a low tone. "I have just one object, Doctor, to make the people I come in contact with like me. I have any talents that can help me in that direction, I am very glad. More than that I don't ask. I am pretty well liked, am I not?"

"Yes, after your fashion, no doubt—just as they like a dog that can do smart tricks; but they don't forget that it is a dog. They don't respect you, George. They would, though, if you acted like a man, and made something of yourself."

"They will respect me fast enough, Sir, when my—when the time comes. I'll hold up my head with the best of them yet."

"George's luck" grew at last to be a favorite byword among the young men about town. "If only George Cantwell comes into his fortune," was a popular way of promising my thing that the speaker had not the remotest intention of performing, or expressing the superlative of incredulity regarding the success of any chimerical enterprise.

Meantime, you could see George bagging about the public room of the hotel any day, between the hours for meals, with his shabby-genteel broadcloth coverings, with his face clean shaved (except for his long, sleek side-whiskers), and a tooth-pick between his lips—talking about horses, about dogs, about women, about any thing that hotel-loungers are in the habit of idly discussing. He was *an fait* in the art of small-talk on all such matters, and one could scarcely resist the impression that he was some eccentric man of property, capable of investing untold sums in those objects of his fancy, if he only would. Newly-arrived strangers, traveling gentlemen, have been often known to get into conversation with him of an evening, and impress him to be some just such gentleman of leisure, and manifest respect for him accordingly; and when they saw him the next morning at the breakfast-table with a white apron on, they would stare at the apparition with a high degree of astonishment. I recollect almost such case in conversation with such a stranger once, when I took occasion to speak to George because I saw him spit blood, and my professional instincts were awakened for the moment. He said, however, that he thought the blood came from his teeth, and when I alluded to his lungs, he laughed at the idea of their being unsound, with his vocal power. certainly he seemed robust enough.

It was about the time that Professor Carlincourt Lowe was making his preparations for that grand balloon-voyage to Europe, which never came off, that a group of men were discussing the novel project, sitting in the shade of the American piazza, on a warm summer afternoon.

"Yes," remarked one, sarcastically, "I believe he'll get to Europe—I don't as firmly as I believe in George's luck. They will be synonymous happenings, will those two interesting events."

The unconscious cause up the street at that moment, bringing from the post-office the letters for the hotel by the afternoon mail.

"Letter for you, George," said the boy, selecting one from the pile in his hands, and tossing it to Cantwell.

George tore the letter open eagerly, glanced over it, and turned pale. Then the blood rushed to his face and he sprang to his feet.

"It's arrived, last!" he cried.

"What has?" queried the sarcastic individual, giving him a sharp look.

"What do you echoed George. "What has? Why, Lowe has—and his balloon—they've arrived in Europe! Ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed like a crazy man.

"Hanged if the fellow isn't gone mad!" said the other. "Let me see that letter, George."

"That letter, Sir!" said George, with a lordly air, "is the private property of George Cantwell, Esquire, at present of Pagefield, next of kin to the late lamented Philip Cantwell, of Cantwell Manor, Lancashire, England. Come and drink with me, friends! George's luck has come at last for sure!"

Yes, George had really come into his "luck." We could with difficulty believe it. But if we had entertained any doubts as to the genuineness of the letter, we could have none as to that of its inclosure —a draft for $500 in gold on a well-known New York banking-house. The letter was from a Manchester lawyer, and inclosed the above sum to enable the heir to take passage at once for England and enter upon the possession of his property, a vast estate in Lancashire.

"So I was right, was I, Doctor?" George asked me that night, with glowing eyes and a flushed face.

"It seems so, George," said I, "right to the extent of having expected a legacy, and having received it. I congratulate you."

"I mean your congratulations, Dr. Benson," George responded in a somewhat grandiloquent tone—he had been drinking, I perceived—"and I have but one favor to ask of you, namely, that you will remember that my name is Mr. Cantwell now, and that 'George' went out with the white apron this day morning."

"All right, George," said I, laughingly; "I beg your pardon—Mr. Cantwell."

He bowed gravely.

"When do you leave us?" I added.

"In about a week," said he.

"So long! I'm glad you are in no hurry, George —that is, Mr. Cantwell—for I want an opportunity for some sober conversation with you. But I conclude I expected you would be off by to-morrow's train."

"So I should have been, perhaps," said he. "But the truth is, the citizens of Pagefield, and more particularly the guests of the American hotel, are going to give a complimentary dinner to George Cantwell, Esquire, on the occasion of his departure for Europe."

With this sublime announcement George walked away, puffing a choice cigar. He had scarcely been a moment without a cigar between his lips since receiving the news. Also, he had grown sober at present. Habitual drinking had never been one of George's faults; but now he spent most of his time in the bar-room, standing treat to any of the young men, who rejoiced in the sunshine of the whilom table-waiter's "luck." Popular as he had been before, he was far more popular now. For yielding to the influence of this sort of thing on the first day of his sudden wealth I was not disposed to blame George harshly. But when I saw the thing resumed next morning I felt grave fears for him. But was it my place to lecture him on his habits? My position entitled me to guide him had been thrown away. While I was still undecided on that point, however, chance gave me an opportunity to whisper a word in his ear, and I spoke on the impulse of the moment:

"It seems you are saved from the danger of becoming a pauper, George; beware lest you become a sot."

He was under the influence of liquor at the moment, and his eyes flashed an angry look on me; but he said nothing. The word was not wasted. George checked himself, and set about the arrangement of his affairs becoming dignified soon. It was an affair of his own conscious importance, it is supposed; but he had many assistants in carrying out the plan he new-born estalities. At his express mands of invitation were issued, and the forth-coming feast was duly heralded in the Pagefield *Times*, which had a very flattering item on the "Singular Freak of Fortune" in its current issue.

The dinner was an elegant affair. George presided with a grace that seemed to sit upon him naturally. There were toasts and speeches and songs, of course; the necessary duty of the occasion is to me a blank in all things save its catastrophe.

In response to a toast to "Our departing friend—may joy go with him!" George arose in his feet, his face blazing red with wine and enthusiasm.

"Ladies and gentlemen—kind friends all," he said, "I need not tell you, in the hackneyed phrase in which words very ear to them, that this is the last this moment is the proudest of my life. It is a moment of triumph to me. For years I have filled a position in life that circumstances thrust upon me, and, confident in the ultimate arrival of that goodfortune which I knew fate had in store for me, listened with patience and without repining to every sneer to the jeers which invariably accompanied all allusions to 'George's luck.' The word has been a favorite phrase in life, and who is confident of his future, can rise superior to all external influences which seek to swerve him from his course. That word, I have seen those—and here the speaker turned upon me a meaning glance—" who sought to induce me to use my little influence for their good, as much, I say to you and to all the world, let those labor who must. That it is my part of man's duty to labor I boldly deny. I am born to command, not to toil. For myself I hate it with an honest hatred, and I have never in my life performed any menial task than I thought I was under peculiar circumstances. If the truth were known, I strongly suspect that this sentiment would be found to be a natural prevision of my future, and not a dislike to labor because they feel their necessities goading them to it. But as for me, confident in the traditions of my childhood, I knew I was born to—not work; why should I exhaust or impair my life-energies by toil? No! From the earliest dawnings of a conscious appreciation of life in its true sense I have had but one end in view—the husbanding of my life-sources against the arrival of my coming good-fortune. Now, that day has come! It is my day of triumph! And who shall say to me in this proud hour that I have neglected my duty in the part by avoiding toil and care? I speak here today in abounding health and strength, with all my capacities for enjoyment sharpened to the keenest edge by the patient waiting of these years. Friends I have many; enemies I have none; with health and wealth, an uncorrupted heart, and a head untrammeled with the musty webs that base toil spins for its victims, I shall realize the height of all that is desirable in this world provides for its favored enjoyment which this world provides for its favored sons. Before me there stretches the alluring and delightful avenues of Pleasure!"—his voice rising steadily as he spoke, his excitement deepening with each rounded period, his arms now outstretched eagerly toward the vision his fancy was picturing, while his eyes glowed with a wonderful light—"the goddess of mortal delights beckons me, and my soul responds to her enchanting gestures! Henceforth, these goddess beautiful, I am thine, and I spurn the prevailing oath that would enchain me! Thine—thine—"

He faltered as he stood, and groped in the air with his outstretched hands like one suddenly stricken blind. Then a crimson tide gushed from his mouth, and he fell to the floor, his fall broken by my arm as I sprang to his side. In five minutes he was dead. Under the influence of this strong excitement he had burst a blood-vessel, and was almost instantly suffocated by the copious effusion.

I have not told this story, said the Doctor, with any direct purpose of "pointing a moral." Stories and poetry "prove nothing." But I must confess that my respect for labor has been in no way lessened since that hour when poor George died at the gate of his fancied Paradise; nor have I ever in my life, since that hour, felt the shadow of discontent flit across my heart at the lot which tells me I was born for work.

THE WAVE.

A WAVE came rolling in to'ard the land,
To the level beach where the yellow sand
Shone in the red sun's golden light:
Tall, majestic, and full of might,
Crested with silver and looking so grand,
Came this wave of the sea to'ard the beautiful land.

High it lifted its sparkling crest,
Smote with an arrow out of the west;
Where the spirits dwell by the wind uprolled,
Their turrets dunning with sunset gold,
Stood like castles around the sea
Whose broad and blue day was nearly done.

Out on the ocean white sails were seen,
Flashed with the sunset's rosy sheen;
Some were in the offing, some near bar,
Bright and clear shone the Evening Star,
As crested the wave and looking so grand
Came that wave of the sea to'ard the beautiful land.

High and higher it rose in its strength,
Near and nearer it came, till at length
It swept the edge of the shining shore
With a sudden leap and a sullen roar,
And scattered its spray in glittering strand
The tidings of wrecks it had brought to land.

And I thought as, silent, I gazed on these
Of some fair ship sailing the boisterous seas,
Lifted aloft on a towering wave
While the cold storm beats and the wild winds rave;
Of a golden wind without moon or stars,
Of shattered masts and of broken spars.

I thought of passengers crowding the deck
Of the doomed ship fated to be a wreck;
Of faces stony with mute despair;
Of the thrilling cry and the muttered prayer;
Of struggling forms that the cruel wave
Enfolds in a wild and watery grave.

And I thought in turn of the ocean of life
Of storms and shipwrecks and the infinite strife;
Of the countless wrecks that are drifting there
Each with its tale to the voyage with hope so fair,
That are drifting on toward the unknown shore
Of that land unseen which is lying before.

On wave of the sea that came rolling this way,
Bringing its tidings of the close of day,
What tidings of wrecks are these you have brought?
What merchant-land has the ocean wrought?
But no answer came save the sea's dull roar
As the blue waves broke on the darkening shore.

THE DUTIES OF AN ENGLISH LADY'S MAID.

One of these not-to-be-envied persons, a race which may be classed with that of governesses, has recently made disclosures concerning the miseries it is the lot of women of rank in "Old England." "Much is required from us in London," she writes. We must, above all, be very punctual. Fashionable ladies change their dress at least five times a day during the season. We must have our clothes ready, be we ever so much thirty-five years, and always be cheerful and good-tempered, although we may be at any hour kept without sleep until four o'clock in the morning. Punctuality is also equally imperious to eyes and lungs. We are expected to cut and curl the hair in the most improved fashion, and to dress hair for the morning, evening, and dinner-party in the space of half an hour. We have to read, write, cipher; to speak French and German, and, if possible, to learn Italian. There is still another function of a lady's maid which is supposed to be a modern introduction, but which is in fact merely the revival of an ancient one. We must be able to paint in pastel, not indeed *after* Nature, but upon her. To beautify our mistresses we must redden the cheeks, put antimony upon the eyelids, pastel upon the brows, introduce belladonna into the eyes in order to enlarge the pupils, paint blue veins upon the temples, and use minon paint and pearl white upon the neck of the skin. We must change the hair to a reddish brown by means of a corroding material or of henna wetting. In such a case we need a precursor for that purpose; and we must be possessed of great skill in applying all these ingredients, as their use is universal with the old as well as with the young.

WINGLETS.

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

Dear Harper's Weekly:

I read up a little about two weeks ago, according to the recommendations of the Astronomers and the newspaper men, to see the "stars fall," or as the Astronomic Shower." I don't think it paid me. I have heretofore found no difficulty in "taking" the falling meteors: but to sit up till 3, or perhaps 5 o'clock in the morning, to see such a shower as there was a star fall, and no more to it, required one to be in the spirit. The following "Ditty," which I kept off this important astronomical event, will do to refer to in all future time, as well for the Philosopher as for the Director of the Fire and Police Telegraph:

TEN O'CLOCK P.M.—Mary commenced setting the table in the library and Nan making observations as to reference to the stars. I asked her for the key of the side-board, that I might look there for my opera-glass. Did look there, and removed some other glasses to the table. I did not see the opera-glasses.

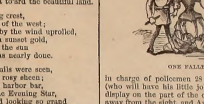
Looked out of the window and saw but one "star" in the street—Policeman 28.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK P.M.—Door-bell rings. Arrival of Nan, who came according to promise to watch the stars with me. Nan thinks they are best seen through "smoked glass," as the night might otherwise hurt our eyes. We therefore lighted our cigars, and began to smoke the glasses and the window-curtains. Looked out of the window; even "star" 28 had disappeared. Nan suggested that we try



LOOKING THROUGH THE GLASSES.

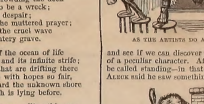
TWELVE O'CLOCK, MIDNIGHT.—We are now joined by Alice, who is of the opinion that the stars might fall in advance, and that we had better watch very closely the first hour of the morning. Alice was shown the glasses we had prepared for the purpose, and looked through one of them. We heard a noise in the street, and all rushed to the window, and there was



ONE FALLEN STAR

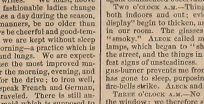
in charge of policemen 28 and 46, which Ned said (who will have his little joke) was a Meteor (his) display on the part of the city stars. We all turned away from the sight, and Alice proposed that we go through some calculations, and examine the glasses, and passed a glass to me for my inspection. After examining the glasses, looked again out of the window, and found the atmosphere quite hazy.

ONE O'CLOCK A.M.—It became more apparent from the phosphorent appearance of things that the stars or something is going to fall. Ned suggests that we all look out of the window



AS THE ARTISTS DO AT THEIR PICTURES.

and see if we can discover any thing in the heavens of a peculiar character. After standing—if it might be called standing—in that position for some time, Alice said he saw something that looked to him like

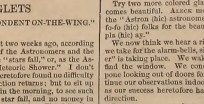


THE CONSTELLATION OF THE "SON OF COFFIN."

We all finally saw it, when it sank suddenly below the horizon and disappeared. We put down our pair pollons, feeling a little unsteady from over-exertion in the cause of science, when we again returned to examine our glasses, found them empty, filled them, and again commenced our observations.

TWO O'CLOCK A.M.—Things becoming more hazy, both indoors and out; evidences of the "meteoric display" begin to thicken, as the dew was everywhere in our room. The glasses now looked and tasted smoky. Alice called my attention to the street lamps, which began to "shut" and other things in the street, and as the things in the room began to manifest signs of unsteadiness. A strong haze around the gas-burner prevents me from lighting my cigar. Nan has gone to sleep, purposing to awaken when the fire-bells strike. Alice and I determined to sit it out.

THREE O'CLOCK A.M.—No stars now visible out of the window; we therefore shut the blinds and try our glasses. Alice says it would be better for the eyes if the glasses were colored. We both color them with a decoction of logwood and other stuff. Both begin to think that we see stars.



THIS IS ABOUT THE TIME WE SHOULD SEE THEM.

They two more colored glasses, and the display becomes beautiful. Alice moves a vote of thanks to the "Astron (ish) astronomers, and to Telegraph for their kind notice for the bona-bona (his) beautiful (his) display.

Nan can think we hear a ringing in our ears, which we take for the alarm-bells, signifying that the "shower" is taking place. We shall see. We can't find the window. We conclude, therefore, to postpone looking out of doors for the present, and to continue our observations indoors in the colored glasses, as our success heretofore has been altogether in that direction.

SEVEN-AND-A-HALF O'CLOCK A.M.—It is now morning. The time since three o'clock has passed very rapidly. With Alice and Nan it is still passing, as their morning is audible in every part of the room. The chairs and movable furniture bear evidences of a very restless night. I myself do not feel entirely rested, and many of the articles that were spent in manipulating metarical phenomena is not warranted by the results. Will you say print these for me? I think they will help the cause of science, of which I am a devoted disciple.

Your own C. O. W.

THE VETERAN ROOSTER.

THE fondness that officers and men manifest for pets is a peculiarity. One of the most noted pets in the army was a rooster named "Jack."

A hero of many battles was Jack. He was captured—no, he was not captured, for his proud spirit could not have survived a conquest—he came to the head-quarters of General B——, at Atlanta, a haughty monarch of the barn-yard, in all the glory of red, yellow, and purple feathers, with dignified step and a glowing crimson crest. From the moment he joined the General's staff he was the pet and pride of officers and men; and nobly did he justify their care and affection, for he never failed to maintain the championship over his fellows. In the capitol of Georgia, on the banks of the Ogeechee, at Savannah, Columbia, and Raleigh, in the early morning, during the brief halt at noon, after the tents were pitched for the night, in many a combat, in the perilous assault, although sometimes exhausted from repeated efforts, in all the long march of that Grand Army he never was defeated; the roosters of a Cobb, a Lemar, a Rhett, a Hampden, were pitted against him — one and all were beaten. He never lowered his head nor drooped his tail so long as a feather remained there; while the corpses of a hundred combatants enrich Southern soil, or were consigned to the tender attention of the cook ere life was extinct.

When the army arrived at Raleigh Jack was still the champion, although it may not be said that he wore the "belt," for in the course of numberless beak-pickings and spur-pierings the feathers of Jack's poor body had become reduced to half a dozen, so that to the eye of the stranger he appeared to walk about the head-quarters camp as if inviting the cook's attention to his admirable condition for pot or spit. But although Jack's feathers had flown and his spurs had worn off at the leg, and his once proud crest had become bald with fight and age, yet his eye was undimmed and still sparkled defiance to every crowing cock. At Raleigh Jack's owner fitted his quarters at the house of one of Lee's generals, who was paroled at the surrender. Attached to his ménage was a famous fighting rooster. In the warmth of the new friendly relation then springing up between Union and rebel soldiers, he kindly advised General B—— to take his rooster off the premises or he would get killed. General B—— thought that a rooster that had made the Grand March could whip any thing that came out of Virginia, even if that State had the name of the Mother of Presidents, so the fight was at once brought about. In ten minutes the Virginian was lying prostrate in the dust, and at once executed for culinary purposes, while Jack, perched upon an orderly's arm, who gently stroked his breast, crowed with exultation and delight.

But Jack was destined to meet an opponent which has before now overcome a more redoubtable enemy than roosters. When the army were marching home, Jack's brigade went into camp one night by the side of the railroad. As our veteran was meandering about the grounds, no doubt upon some laudable intent, a locomotive halted near by and began backing and advancing at a water-tank. Jack observed its movements, and acting upon a well-recognized principle of war, assumed the offensive, pitching into the locomotive with great fury. The fight was animated, but of brief duration; an unlucky turn of the wheel cut off dear brave old Jack's head, and he, too, became a dead rooster.

In deepest grief his mourning friends buried him there upon the field where he fell, with this inscription upon the head-board of his grave:

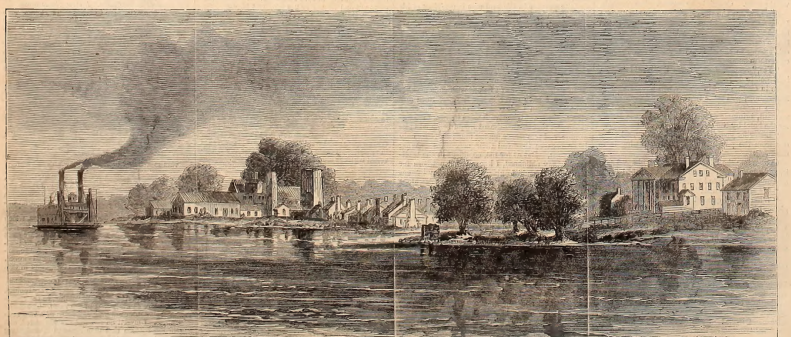
"POOR JACK!
He sleeps his last sleep.
He has fought his last battle!"



"ON THE TIP TOE OF EXPECTATION."

"ON THE TIP-TOE OF EXPECTATION."

WHAT need to scribble admiration of this charmingly-natural little picture? If, perchance, some misanthropic old bachelor or miserable old spinster, looking at it, should sneer at its puerility—should proclaim all children to be but greedy little animals, well, what then? Why, there is no household into which this Number will penetrate where our little lady will not find warmest partisans.—You, Sir Bachelor, may have a selfish appetite for the favorite part which dessert brings, though even that may pall upon you; but probably gout would prevent your standing on tip-toe, even could you have so eager expectations of any kind. And you, Miss, perhaps have little zest or hope in life beyond tea and scandal. It is a tiresome and mischievous irregularity, you say in concert, to admit children from the nursery to dessert. But again we appeal for justification to mater and pater families, and with them claim indulgence for, at all events, an only child—as, mark you, this pretty little toddler appears to be. For our part, though we might sigh at remembrance of the days when jumpers and hartshorn were a luxury to the sense and a route to the imagination, we trust we could still derive from sympathy with the hearty enjoyment of such a *gourmet* and the innocent prattle of such a guest a new relish for the wine we sipped, or the fruit and even tipsy-cake we might rashly venture upon sharing with our infantine friend.



SUGAR PLANTATION ON THE BAYOU TECHE, LOUISIANA.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



CYPRESS SWAMP ON THE OPELOUSAS RAILROAD, LOUISIANA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

"Once med they recommend themselves."—Burnett's Standard Cooking Extracts, Kalliston for the Complexion, Florimel, the finest Perfume in the world, and Cocoaine, the best hair-dressing extant.—*Christian Freeman, Boston.*

The Colton Dental Association, 19 Cooper Institute originated and use the nitrous oxide to extract teeth without pain, *and they certainly do it.*

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Containing pure Medicines of very best quality.
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Cod-liver oil with quinine, Norwegian tar,
Cod-liver oil with Iodide of iron, And all other nauseous medicines.
Ask for Dick's Soft Capsules, and take no others
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Agents appointing. Apply with reference.

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It the blood be pure, the body, which is formed from and by the blood, can not be diseased. But if there be so much as a taint in any affection, such as a boil or ulcer, even a bruise, the blood circulating through that part takes up impure matter from the local affection and carries it into the general system. This is the cause often of sudden death to persons of full habit afflicted with boils and ulcers, and who use no medicine: the matter gets into the circulating system and chokes up the fine blood vessels which supply the brain with vitality, and life ceases as if
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Now this can be remedied.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS
take all impure matters from the circulation, and save the person of health, soon curing local affections also.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS protect from tedious times of sickness and often save life. Sold by all Druggists.
(*Vivos Rec. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*)

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.
It was early in the spring of 1853 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a distressing cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation having for its base the inside bark of white pine might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in the diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine I have planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was wonderfully gratifying. Within twenty-four hours of the first dose was removed, the cough subsided, and a perfect cure was effected. Soon after I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, considered by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. It is now over three years since I advertised the virtues of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.
"As a remedy for Coughs, Consumption the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled."—*Boston Journal.*
This great Vegetable Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the United States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and all pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel, and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable.
Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.
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The hero is
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And the work loses nothing in the way of interest from the fact that he belonged to that miserable class of Southern society,
THE POOR WHITES.
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Words are inadequate to describe the interest which attaches to
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When you are added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.
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Always Beautiful Designs, Original Patterns, Delineating Engravings, Fanny Games, Historical Incidents, Joyous Knowledge, Quaint Music, Novelties, Original Poems, Queries, Riddles, Stories, Tableaux, Unique Notes, Virtuous Words, Xpressive Initials, Zealous Advice. December Number of Demorest's Young America, now ready, with Original Illustrations, Christmas Engravings, Christmas Stories, Christmas Carol, Beautiful Music, Original Poetry, Toys, and other Engravings for the Boys and Girls, including Music of Jolly Old Santa Claus. Single copies, 15c., mailed free. Yearly, $1 50, with a Microscope as a premium. Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, No. 473 Broadway, New York.

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Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines.

Incomparably the best for Family Use.

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THEIR SUPERIORITY VINDICATED BY THE HIGHEST AUTHORITIES.

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WERE AWARDED

After a most severe and thorough test, to the Elliptic Lock Stitch Machine, *as follows*

At the Maryland State Institute Fair:

"BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE."

And at the New York State Fair as the

"BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,"

"BEST DOUBLE THREAD SEWING MACHINE,"

(Practically speaking all the premiums),

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As can be seen by the following comprehensive and conclusive report of the Committee of practical and experienced mechanical experts appointed by the State Board to investigate into the merits of the different Sewing Machines:

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NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for all needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

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The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in conducting "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

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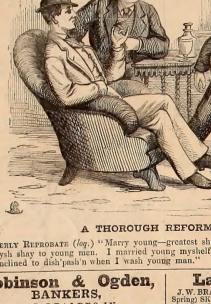
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 520.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



INTERIOR OF THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY L. E. WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 788.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1866.

IMPEACHMENT AND GENERAL BUTLER.

A PRESIDENT of the United States should be impeached only when his guilt is so evident that the country has virtually settled him before he is tried; or when the revelations of his secret abuse of power are so overwhelming that they carry persuasion to every mind. The reasons are obvious. An impeachment of the Executive officer in the midst of fierce political differences would necessarily produce an excitement which should not be hazarded for any but the most conclusive considerations.

There have been many rumors of an intention of impeachment at the present session. But nothing is clearer than that the country has not demand that the President shall be impeached for any thing which he is known to have done. If there are secret plots and conspiracies and hidden Executive attempts, they are yet to be exposed. If they are known, it is the duty of those who are cognizant of them to bring them to the knowledge of Congress, which would then undoubtedly and decisively act. But the general grounds upon which the proposition is made are untenable, and are so judged by the country. We are, therefore, not surprised to see that General LOGAN, who is a member of the next Congress, and who was said to be preparing articles, has expressly stated the truth in the report; and Mr. BINGHAM, of Ohio, who was declared to be ready to begin impeachment at the opening of the present session, is equally decided with General LOGAN in his denial.

General BUTLER, a member of the next Congress, is very strenuous in urging that the President ought to be arraigned. General BUTLER is a man whose great services in peculiar exigencies of the late war are undeniable. He is a man of unusual ability and resolution, and he would probably be the last man to deny that a gentleman who should claim to be a candidate for Congress from a district in which he had taken but a summer residence will never offend modesty. As an adroit and successful jury lawyer General BUTLER'S eminence is conceded; while General Reid and Fort Fisher and the James River campaign are willingly forgiven by the generous public heart to the military Governor who turned rebellious New Orleans, who preremptorily hung rebels upon proper occasion, and who has not ceased to befriend the colored citizen and claim for him every where equal rights.

Yet General BUTLER does not seem to us to be the wisest national counselor at this time. He is emphatically a man for an active revolutionary epoch, the interregnum of law. In a reconstructive period like this, it is not only essential that a public counselor should be very sagacious and patient, as Mr. LINCOLN was, but that his character should inspire the fullest public confidence, as Mr. LINCOLN'S did. The moment self appears, the instant that personal ambition is suspected, the power of the man is gone, and his counsel becomes merely a matter of curious observation and criticism. The people no longer recognize in him their representative, but they feel as if a clever manager were using them for his own advantage.

Now, is it doubtful that the general impression of General BUTLER is that of a shrewd and blunt upon personal success, who will ride any horse that promises to bring him in? As he is reported to have said of himself, a man who voted a thousand times for JEFF DAVIS for President in the Charleston Convention of 1860 is a man who will dare any thing; and we doubt whether many officers in the service would have been found who, after the share which General BUTLER had in the closing campaign of the war, and who had been even contemptuously mentioned by the commanding General, would have gone home and made the speech which General BUTLER made at Lowell. That he is determined under all circumstances to hit with his feet and will never say die is indisputable. But with all the popular admiration which General BUTLER'S pluck naturally commands, we doubt if there be a corresponding confidence in his wisdom.

In his late speech advising impeachment the General leaned much upon the precedent of the impeachment and conviction of Judge HUMPHREYS of Tennessee for the words of a speech urging the State to secede. But even allowing that "words" may justify impeachment, is it wise to proceed upon them except in a case where the words plainly express something more than ill-temper? The President has spoken contemptuously of Congress, but he has constantly recognized its authority. Shall he be impeached for saying that he considers it an unlawful assembly if he consistently treats it as a lawful power? Is it desirable that passionate words shall suffice to impeach a President?

The other points of the General's argument seem to us as unwise and insufficient as this. All his political friends agree with him that the President is the obstruction of the situation. They agree with Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS that it is foolish to suppose that the President understands, or could understand, the principle which elected him, or the real purpose of the people. A narrow and passionate man is unquestionably a dangerous executive officer, and the country has been taught that the White House must be closely watched. But we have no right to hang an ill-favored man for murder because we fear he may pick somebody's pocket. The law must be satisfied with overt acts, or, in extreme cases, as in that of Judge HUMPHREYS, by words, when, in a quasi or actual state of war, words are deeds of treason. But that is precisely what the President's are not. He has been upon all sides of the problem of restoration. At different times Senator SUMNER and Mayor MOORE of Boston are equally satisfied with him. His utter inconsistency convicts his intellect, but it pleads against the assumption of subtle and sinister design. General BUTLER will always make a bold and interesting speech, but he will hardly persuade the country that the President ought to be impeached at present, however ready he be one hereafter; and we doubt if the General stands as the representative of the spirit which will compose the great difference. Because he is radical for the settlement will be radical; but because of a certain sensational quality which is felt not to belong to wise statesmanship.

THE TRAGEDY OF IRELAND.

NOTHING reveals the huge folly of a great people like the English, priding itself upon being practical, so plainly as the condition of Ireland. In the one part of the island every Englishman loses his wits. Having conquered and subdued Ireland, it was the most obvious and simple duty of England to make the best of it, and she has always seemed to be the worst. Instead of blending the people as much as possible with the English, the British policy has always labored to keep them distinct and apart. Irish trade has been enslaved; Irish industry has been oppressed; the Irish land is held by absentees, who have no love of the country and no other change in it than their rents; while Irish Catholics have had another church established among them by law; the country has been ruled by a regent; nor is it possible to name one truly wise or generous public measure ever adopted by England to reconcile the people of a foreign race and religion to the supremacy of their conquerors. Ireland has always seemed to have been the angry thorn in the English side, and there seems to be little doubt that a fresh disturbance has either occurred in that country or is very imminent.

An armed rebellion is altogether too serious and sad a thing to be the text of a jest, or we should be inclined to ask what the London Times and other British newspapers mean by declaring fiercely that the rebellion in Ireland must be "stamped out." May not "a gallant and chivalrous people strike for their imperial race?" and is it not perfectly clear that if England undertakes to quell a rising in Ireland it is merely a struggle in which one side "is fighting for dominion and the other for independence?" But in the midst of real war such recrimination is ghastly. Nothing could be more contemptible than the British attitude toward this country during the late war, and nothing more stupid than the British reasoning and conclusions upon its causes and consequences. But that does not change the evident fact that it is desirable for civilization and humanity that an armed Irish insurrection should be suppressed. For no man can seriously believe that if it were successful the condition of the Irish people would be improved.

Neither the moral nor intellectual nor industrial condition of the Irish people are such as promise a wise and safe government. Nor are the peculiar qualities and methods of the Irish leaders who are known to the public such as to inspire general confidence that they would produce untold suffering of every kind, but there can not be the organization nor the arming nor the money which are necessary to struggle against the whole force of the British empire, which would be relentlessly employed. He is not a true friend of Ireland or Liberty here or elsewhere who encourages the Irish race to aim at the redress of their grievances by force. The only hope of Ireland is in the great liberal party of England; and even if the Church of the Irish should be an insuperable barrier to a union of political action, yet the true liberals of England would undoubtedly pursue a policy for Ireland which would tend to heal the terrible sore.

It is high time that sensible Englishmen should understand that the judgment of the whole civilized world holds its management of Ireland in amazement and utter condemnation. Every thing generous and sagacious which England advocates is irreparably injured by her conduct toward Ireland. Can not such an intolerable preacher practice a little? Of what value is the counsel to good government of a Power which utterly and grossly misgoverns a part of its own immediate possessions? England is dwindling in influence because of her conspicuous incapacity to grapple with her domestic problems. She is teaching all other nations to despise her, and she should take great care that she does not become despicable to her own children. The Tory youth of Oxford may vote JOHN BRIGHT to be a dangerous fellow. But while they are cultivating elaborate ecclesiastical forms, and parading in outrageous sacred vestments, let them remember that those who cried against STEPHEN, "Stone him to death!" were the children of those who crucified his Master.

KING CORPORATION.

THE paper recently read in Boston by Mr. JOSIAH QUINCY upon the injury done to the trade and prosperity of that city by the management of the Western and Worcester railroads in Massachusetts has excited a great deal of attention every where. And this is not surprising, for the whole subject of railroad management is attracting universal attention, and the facts which Mr. QUINCY stated were very striking and instructive. The Western and Worcester railroads are the great avenue between the West and the Atlantic sea-ports. And the accommodation is so limited and the rate of transport so large that they seriously impair the practical value of the highway. The apparent interest of a railroad company is always to charge the most for the least service, and to be as impervious as possible to all arguments which tend to show the necessity of constant renovation and enlargement; and, according to Mr. QUINCY, Boston is being sacrificed to this stubborn and false conservatism.

It appears upon an examination before the Massachusetts Legislature last winter that the Worcester Railroad, which is the continuation of the Western from Worcester to Boston under another name, has been added to the number of its cars for the last fifteen years. The Worcester Road replied that it was the business of the Western Road to supply cars for the through freight. Thereupon the Western Road did not retort that it had provided the cars, but that the contract to do so could be terminated with the Worcester Road within ninety days. To this the gentleman who was giving evidence before the Committee replied that between the two roads the necessary facilities were not supplied. Mr. QUINCY'S remedial suggestion is, that the State shall buy the road and lease it to the city of Boston.

This is a right construction by the charter of the road to the State; for when the road was undertaken such enterprises were new, and their possible power, which experience has every where developed, was unseen; and the State wisely chose to retain the final control by providing for the purchase of the road upon specific conditions. The scheme, indeed, has already embarked in the railroad business, It owns the Hoosac tunnel, which has already cost an enormous sum, and has some three or four miles of road to pierce before the road contemplated can be built and any return received. The Hoosac Road is designed to connect Troy, in New York, with Boston, by the way of the Deerfield Valley and Greenfield, in Massachusetts. It would be a Northern line competing with the present Western, which passes through the centre of the State. Mr. QUINCY'S proposition, therefore, is that the State shall be the chief railroad corporation within its own limits.

It is fairly questionable whether this is the fittest remedy. It is, however, purely a matter of experience and of public convenience. Some method must be devised of emancipating the country from the tyranny of these vast corporations. Mr. J. C. K. FORREST, in a communication to the Chicago *Times*, of which we may have hereafter something to say, remarks: "WILLIAM the Second broke the Northern in the hollow of his hand to-day, so far as the commerce of this part of the Union is concerned. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, and one or two others, will pocket the Empire State. New Jersey was long ago bought up by Camden and Amboy, which latter institution has been the State for nearly a quarter of a century. Pennsylvania is ruled by its great Central Railroad Company—and so I might proceed *ad infinitum*." This is a truth of which the country is rapidly becoming conscious, and the political consequences are inevitable. But to substitute the State for a private Corporation seems to be merely exchanging one evil for another. The remedy is not immediately evident, but forewarned is forearmed. The difficulty is not a but too hard for the national wit to crack.

A NECESSARY LAW.

THE peril of unbounded Executive patronage is so great, and the Constitutional provision upon the subject is so plain, that we hope there is no doubt of the regulation of the matter by precise law during the present session. Mr. TRUMBULL'S bill of the last winter, or a substitute, should be again offered, and the reasons which prevented its passage then we do not believe now exist. The point to settle is, that no office nominated by the President shall enter upon its duties except after confirmation by the Senate.

At present, if the President nominates a person and the Senate rejects him, the President has only to wait until the Senate adjourns, when he may appoint him to hold over to the end of the next session of the Senate, when he may again appoint him. In this way the intention of the Constitution is directly defeated, and the President virtually dispenses with the Senate. This is a subject which should be settled at once, nor can it demand much discussion. Every American citizen is interested in the reduction of the Executive patronage, which tends to exaggerate the Executive power to a wholly disproportionate degree. Every party is equally interested; for the defection of one man who happens to be President will throw the whole power of the Government patronage against the party which is in power, and so thwart the intention of the people.

The present Executive patronage is not merely a direct but an indirect power. A President who desegs his party not only rewards his late opponents, but arouses the people he leaves repudiated in his own election, but he demoralizes the party which he leaves. This was the undoubted political intention of President JOHNSON and his advisers. They hoped by retain enough Union men in office to weaken and break the Union ranks, while they fed enough of the opposition to whet their appetite for more. The failure was signal; but the vigorous of the conspicuous office-holders who gave themselves to the work will not be forgotten, and the danger of the experiment is none the less evident.

It seems to us, also, that the tenure of many, and probably of most, of the offices might be safely changed. There is no good attainable reason, although those of party are as plenty as blackberries, why the term of office should not be long enough to overlap the Presidential election. The fact that nobody would obviate the party interest of officers in the Administration which appointed them, but it would tend constantly to weaken it, and to make capacity count more as a qualification for office. The difficulty with a life-tenure of public office is its tendency to indolence and inefficiency. A very honest man may grow old in a safe sensatious an officer that the public might demand his removal for inefficiency. But if such a petition were to be sufficient ground of removal, the party in that event would be made to bear the load.

The subject requires prompt action to remedy an increasing and perilous evil.

CHICAGO TRIUMPHANT.

IT would be hard to find a more characteristic illustration of the vigor and resources of the American character than the city of Chicago. The colonel Fifty years is yet young in the city is one of the most important and flourishing in the country. The natural difficulties of a situation, much more a few inches above the Lake, are evident. How shall the city be drained? How shall it secure good water? How shall it obviate the inconvenience of innumerable drawbridges across crowded thoroughfares? These were questions early encountered by Chicago, and one by one they are being answered as becomes such a city.

The last work is the Lake tunnel. This work is intended to supply the city with pure water, and is one of the boldest, simplest, and successful of great engineering projects. The plan was to tunnel under the Lake, and two miles to a shaft or crib sunk from the surface at that distance from the shore. Every other effort had failed, and when this project was proposed, there was great doubt of its practicability even among eminent engineers. The proposals for doing the work varied from $239,548 to $6,066,000. Mr. CHESTER HAIRE, of the city of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, obtained the contract for $315,139, and guaranteed success. On the 17th March, 1864, the ground was broken and the work proceeded steadily for two years and eight months. The length of the tunnel is two miles, seven feet, and a few inches; the diameter in the centre five feet and two inches, the existence width five feet. The actual cost of the tunnel and machinery when ready for service will be about $600,000, and its capacity will allow the supply fifty-seven gallons a day to a million persons. The contractors, who did the work in the most conscientious manner, have lost heavily; but it is not to be supposed that the city will hesitate to reimburse them.

On Saturday night, November 24, the work from the land side had been pushed to within two feet of the outer portion. On the next Tuesday the Mayor of the city when the work was begun went with a party of his friends to the lake end of the tunnel, and, descending the crib, made their way to the thin partition, while the present Mayor, with a party entering at the shore end, were upon the other side of the partition. At the proper moment the workmen dug the remaining earth away, and so exact was the calculation that there was but a difference of a few inches in the line of the excavations. As the parties were revealed to each other the bells of the city broke into joyful peals, the cannon thundered, and Chicago congratulated herself upon her latest triumph. The forcing machinery is not yet finished, and

the water will not be received in the city until the spring.

It is now proposed to tunnel the river at the various crossings in the city, and the experiment is already begun. At a point upon the south branch of the Chicago River, where it is one hundred and eighty feet broad, a tunnel is now building consisting of three passage-ways, the middle one for pedestrians, the two outer ones for carriages. The length will be nine hundred and forty-five feet, and the floor of the tunnel under the centre of the river will be thirty-two feet below low-water-mark. The work is to be finished in March, 1868. Should this undertaking succeed the river will be left perfectly free for navigation, and the intercourse between the different parts of the city will be entirely unimpeded.

Such works as these are matters of local convenience but of national pride. Every American is refreshed and stimulated by seeing what American genius is every where doing; and happy will be the day when, pouting and sulking no longer, the people of the Southern States shall enter upon the generous and glorious rivalries of industry and ingenuity with all other Americans.

A CHEERFUL VIEW.

FROM a private letter to a friend, not intended for publication, we make the following very interesting extract. It is a cheering word among so many that are discouraging; and it points the evident moral of the situation, that the secret of reconstruction lies in harmonious relations between all the people in the Southern States. The whole country will be agitated just as long as a vast part of the free population are virtually regarded as serfs. The letter is from Mississippi:

"I am at my old business—growing cotton. My former slaves all returned to me, and as many more. I have located on me some three hundred years away from my dwelling, where they live as happily as they please. Your leading lands upon shares, and have worked slowly through the season. They have made fair crops, and all are well contented and expect to remain another year. I have had no trouble with them. They have been sober and obedient, and have manifested as much pride in themselves upon a small quality with my family.

"I made my private contracts with them without any Bureau aid. Not because I was prejudiced against that office, but simply because there was no such piece of furniture in the county. The country here is quiet. We have no demagogues among us, and we feel ourselves from the events of the old Union. The negro, or freedman, is a helpless, passive creature, and is entitled to our commiseration and pity. Certainly I should regard it as a most heinous crime to cheat or oppress him. I am no reconstructionist, per se, by a long sight. I always owned slaves; always was opposed to the institution. Was opposed to secession; but I love my home and lie in swamps to keep from taking up arms; and I thank God this day that, through many sacrifices, my hand is unstained or untainted by any touch of rebel weapon. Unionism is not popular here, but there is no disturbance. In different neighborhoods very different sentiments prevail. People have gone to work in good earnest, and it would be quite difficult matter to get them into any broil with the Government. The President is very popular here. So is Mr. SEWARD.

"Lands are cheap here, and it is a great country to make money. The prosperity is rolling in on us like a flood. There will be more cotton made than our presses think. Ten and a half millions certainly to a minimum limit. Labor is scarce and dear. My freedmen, working as tenant laborers, do about two-thirds work, not more. They are too young a freedom yet to be fully stimulated by it.

"Excuse this hurried letter. It is private. Send down your working-men among us."

CAPITAL AND THE SOUTHERN STATES.

IF there are persons in the Southern States who imagine that upon the situation, capital must see that the cardinal necessity of their present condition is the influx of capital to engage the industry and develop the resources of the whole region. That capital is ready, is expected to have been actively employed long before this, and so it would have been but for the conduct of the President, whom the disturbed States seem to consider their best friend because he has profoundly petplexed and delayed the problem of restoration. The election has shown that the capitalists and the South that they have been grossly mistaken. In the game of President against the People they entirely miscalculated, and have wholly lost. The only remaining hope of the President is persistency is prolonged confusion and postponement of restoration, the end of which will be prolonged sorrow and poverty to the unrestored region.

The Southern leaders who advise a sullen passivity, and their Northern allies who cry Amen, and who publish as they work abroad the war. It is one thing to retire to the magnificent solitude of a luxurious country house, but it is quite another to become an Orson out of spite and subsist on choke-berries. The leaders who advise "the South" to persist in its present attitude conveniently forget to mention the material view of the case. The theory that the States are just as well off out of the Union as in it might have an air of truth if it were affirmed of a small, rural, prosperous State like New York, in the midst of peace. But it is an evident falsehood when applied to States which have been scourged and skinned by war. For such a State to betake itself to political pouting is to try to live upon fog and the east wind. The nature of man and of society, the laws of trade and commercial welfare, remain the same, and such a state is virtually paralyzed until it renews her relation to the Union.

The reason is obvious. It is what we have already mentioned, that capital must be regular and lucrative, and all the resources of a State in process of profitable development, before the State will languish and decline. Mr. WADE HAMPTON, therefore, and all who agree with him, are just as wise as a club of stiff old Tories at the end of the Revolution, who should have sworn at all their pigeons that they were still subjects of Great Britain. If they had undertaken government upon their colonial theory, the event would have been laughable until it was tragical. Now "the South," as a political idea which is still the dream and hope that haunts Copperheads, can not possibly revive except with the overturning power of the unrepresented States. But with that power the strongest how that power can return without internal tranquility and activity: how they can have either without capital: and how they can obtain capital so long as Mr. WADE HAMPTON's ideas prevail?

Indeed, there is no more ridiculous figure conceivable than that very person. He is an American and a citizen of the United States. He has no other nationality, and except by exhibitation can not have any other wish for the good of his National Government, the only one he has ever known, as a foreign power, and of his geographical section of his native land as his country. He might as well hope for a fish-question his country. So long as the counsels of so foolish a man prevail the State in which he lives will stagnate and be unsafe, and not until the people of the Southern States perceive that industry and education are the true springs of prosperity, will they invite the capital, and respect and protect the labor, which can alone repair the waste of war and slavery.

MARTELLE.

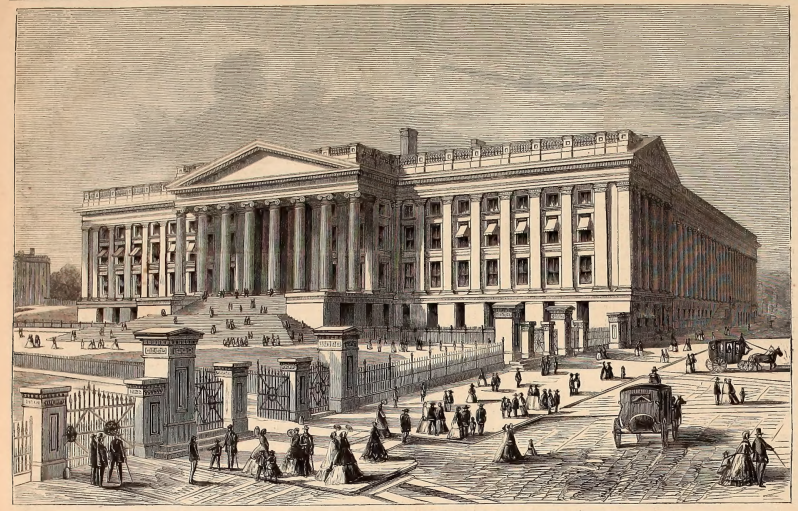
THIS new parlor game possesses the attractive features of croquet, ten-pins, and billiards combined, and is played in-doors, and played. The game is got up in elegant style, and can not fail to prove a popular novelty for the approaching holidays. We learn that it is to be issued at a public sale next season, and have no doubt but that it will supersede croquet.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OPENING OF CONGRESS.

THE second session of the Thirty-ninth Congress opened December 3, in Washington. Both Houses were thronged at an early hour. One hundred and forty-six members of the House were present. But new members were sworn in: Messrs. Campbell, Archer, Randall, and Cresswell, of Maryland; Mr. Chanler to Green C. Smith; Elijah Hise, successor to Geverly Tucker, and Governeur R. Hise, who had three ore from Kentucky. A Committee was appointed to wait upon the President and they Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Eliot, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill repealing the Reconstruction acts, the "so-called pess rebellion, etc.," of July 17, 1862, known as the Confiscation act, and the Freedmen's bill as given to the President. As the power to pardon all offenses against the United States Government is by the constitution expressly and solely vested in the President, it is difficult to see what the necessary object is was ever admitted into the bill, and still more difficult to understand the motive of those who pressed it. See no sense deficnce of the Constitution. But the House passed Mr. Eliot's bill by a vote of 110 to 39. A resolution was adopted calling for information as to the arrest and escape of John H. Surratt. A bill was introduced and referred directing the sale of two millions of gold by the Secretary of the Treasury every thirty days; also a bill for the meeting of Congress on the 4th of March. A bill was introduced by Mr. Stevens for removals from office. It was made the special order for the day for the 17th inst. A bill was passed for the reference of Ohio, the Judiciary Committee was instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing a mode of procedure in cases of impeachment. The President's message was laid before the House, but it was voted to postpone the reading till the next day, but the motion was lost.

The Senate was called to order by President Foster. After the preliminary proceedings Messrs. Fessenden and Nesmith were appointed the Committee on the part of the Senate to wait upon the President. Mr. Sumner moved to call up the Senate bill No. 1, an act to admit the loyal citizens of the District of Columbia. The motion to take up the bill was put, and carried. The Chief Justice, Hon. S. P. Chase, entered, and was conducted to the President's room. Mr. Chase returned, and announced that the President was ready to receive the Senate. Whereupon the President addressed the Senate and House of Representatives. The Senate then withdrew, the French Emperor has offered any exchange of territory with the United States Government has taken to have the understanding with the French Emperor that the withdrawal of the French Emperor has completed with his agreement to withdraw the French troops from Mexico. The question whether any number of said troops has been withdrawn, or has as yet agreed to withdraw or not withdrawn, the French Emperor has offered any exchange of territory with the United States Government has taken to have the understanding with the French Emperor that the withdrawal of the French troops



THE UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER.]

DOME OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

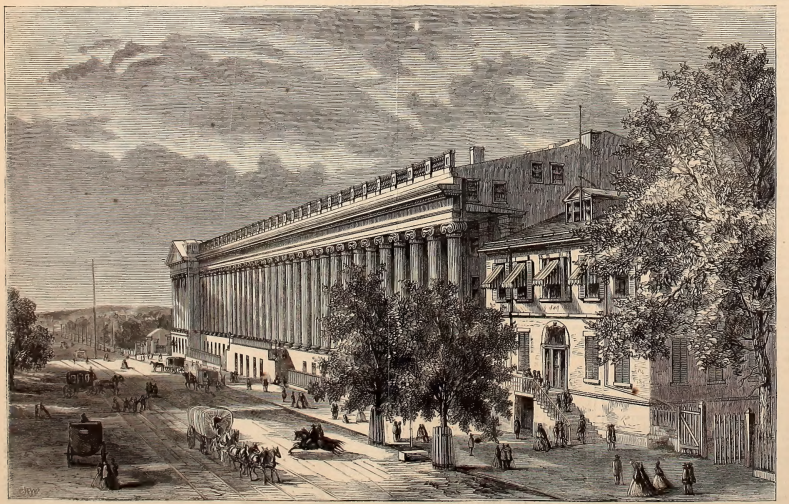
ON our first page we give a view of the interior of the Dome of the new Capitol at Washington. We also give on this page illustrations of the State and Treasury Department buildings. The Dome of the Capitol is the most prominent external feature of the building. The edifice itself is but 69 feet in height; but above this rises the magnificent dome to the height of 241 feet, making the height of the entire structure 310 feet.

The old State Department building, of which we give a sketch, is on the corner of Fifteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, and is now about to be removed to make way for the new structure. There are many interesting associations connected with this building. It has been the scene of Secretary SEWARD'S labors throughout the war, and of the presentation of Foreign Ministers for many years. It was here that SEWARD'S mysterious little bell rinkled so portentously to secessionists and their sympathizers. The Colonnade is a portion of the Treasury building, beyond which lies the Potomac.

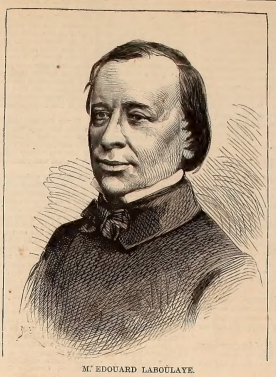
The view given of the Treasury Department is from the southeast. It is a beautiful structure. The columns are magnificent granite monoliths, and the entire building strikes the beholder with an impression of solidity. It is an instance of the vigor displayed by the Government in prosecuting the public works that during the war the labor still went on. When Washington was first occupied by the National troops, the Treasury building, in common with some others, was barricaded and defended by cannon placed upon the steps under the façade.

EDOUARD LABOULAYE.

EDOUARD LABOULAYE, the most American of all Frenchmen, as he is styled in his own country, and whose knowledge of America is greater perhaps than that of any man in Europe, was born at Paris, January 18, 1811. He studied law and was admitted to the bar at an early age, having diversified his legal studies by learning type-setting in the printing establishment of his brother, CHARLES LABOULAYE. In the first book published by M. LABOULAYE, "A History of the Law of Real Estate, from Constantine to the present time"—an erudite work, which was published in 1839, and crowned by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres—he is characterized as type-setter on the title page. This was followed in 1842 by a memoir of the celebrated jurist, FREDERICK CHARLES DE SAVIGNY. In the same year he became advocate in the Royal Court of Paris.



THE STATE DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER.]



M. EDOUARD LABOULAYE.

In 1843 he published a work on the "Civil and Political Condition of Woman, from the Romans to the Present Time," which was crowned by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences; and, in 1844, an "Essay on the Criminal Law of the Romans respecting the Responsibility of Magistrates," which was also crowned by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. In 1849 he was chosen a member of the latter academy, and in the same year was made Professor of Comparative Legislation in the College of France, a position which he still holds. Within the next ten years he published numerous works, among which may be cited "Contemporary Studies on Germany and the Slavic Nations," "Religious Liberty," "Souvenirs of a Traveler," "Studies on Literary Property in France and England," "Abdallah," and several volumes of "Moral and Political Studies," and translations of "Walter's History of Civil Procedure among the Romans," Loisel's "Instituts Contumiers," "La Contemiér de Charles VI.," "Channing's Social Works," Channing's "Slavery," etc. He also edited various legal works, and contributed largely to the "Révue de Législation et Jurisprudence," the "Révue Historique de droit Français et étranger," the "Journal des Débats," the "Révue Germanique," the "Révue Nationale," etc.

When the civil war in America broke out M. LABOULAYE was among the first to rank himself with the defenders of the North in Europe; and his name formed one of that brilliant galaxy—the Count DE GASPARIN, EDOUARD LABOULAYE, AUGUSTIN COCHIN, and HENRI MARITE—which will rival the constellation of LAFAYETTE and BEAUMARCHAIS in the eyes of posterity. He contributed numerous able articles on American affairs to the *Journal des Débats*, and commenced a course of lectures on American History in the College of France, which were fraught with allusions to current events, and which were crowded by the *élite* of Paris. Probably nothing contributed more to disseminate a true knowledge of American affairs among the French people than these brilliant lectures, which were the sensation of the day, and which form part of the author's "Political History of the United States from the first attempt at Colonization to the adoption of the Federal Constitution," just published. But M. LABOULAYE'S crowning work was the brilliant satire, "Paris in America," published in 1862—a work which displays an intimate knowledge of American manners and customs that would be marvelous in an American, and is doubly marvelous when it is remembered that the author has never visited America. The book met with unprecedented success, passing through seventeen editions in a few months. By the request of the author it was translated into English by Miss MARY L. BOOTH, of New York, the translator of MAURY'S History of France, who had translated his previous writings on America, and with whom he had maintained a correspondence since the beginning of the war.

During the continuance of the struggle, and, indeed, to the present time, the pen of M. LABOULAYE has never been idle; while the war lasted he labored to secure the triumph of the North, and since *its close he has* striven to insure the fruits of the victory, as the recent collective letter to the Loyal Publication Society, published on the eve of the late elections, and adjuring the nation to stand by Congress, abundantly proves. Nor is this all. Firmly persuaded that America possesses the true idea of government, it is his earnest endeavor to hold up its institutions as an example to be followed by France as soon as she shall have shaken off the incubus of imperialism. In a letter of recent date to Miss BOOTH he says:

"The influence of America is beginning to be powerfully felt in our journals. Before many years it will be evident that you possess the true political ideal. For my part I am aiding this movement to the best of my ability, not that I deludo myself so far as to believe that there is nothing *human* and imperfect in American institutions; but you have this great advantage, that the government among you is not a barrier and an obstacle every where to fetter the free development of the individual. I must tell you that one volume of my Political History of the United States—the history of the Constitution—has already been translated into Spanish at Buenos Ayres, and that a Peruvian is translating the first volume—the History of the Colonies—for Peru. It is somewhat singular that I should be used *as* a medium to make North America known to South America; but this is explained by Latin civilization—French books are always welcome to the Spaniards. My 'Paris in America' has also been translated at Buenos Ayres; in Paris it has reached the seventeenth edition. You see that if I have not Americanized my country it is not my fault."

M. LABOULAYE is as many-sided as GOETHE. Not only has he distinguished himself in forensic,



BURNING OF THE FERRY-BOAT "IDAHO."—(SEE PAGE 790.)



THE TYNDALE MONUMENT.—(SEE PAGE 790.)



IN MISCHIEF.



OUT OF MISCHIEF.

historical, ethical, and humoristic literature; but for several years past he has amused himself by writing Christmas tales for children, of whom he is passionately fond, and which are marked by his characteristic brilliancy and originality. Wishing to become known to the young folks of America as he was already to their fathers, M. LABOULAYE some time since collected these tales, which were scattered through various books and journals, and sent them to MISS BOOTH that she might compile therefrom a Christmas book for America. This sparkling, and graceful collection of stories, edited under the eye and by the request of the author, and for which he has furnished an introduction, written specially for his young friends in America, will be published in a few days by the MESSRS. HARPER BROTHERS, of New York, under the title of "Laboulaye's Fairy Book." The selection of tales, as we have said, was submitted before publication by MISS BOOTH to the approval of the author, who says in response:

"I am delighted that my tales will be offered by you to the American public. The choice which you have made appears to me excellent, and I shall, like a good father, desire in seeing myself in an American dress. I am especially delighted that 'Abdallah' finds a place in this collection. This little tale cost me more than a year's study; there is not a detail therein that has not been borrowed from those volumes of Eastern travel; and I read the Koran through twice, a wearisome task, in order to extract therefrom a morality that might put Christians to the blush literally practised by Arabs. My little daughter, who is now five years old, and who is going to learn English, is very proud to think that her name will be known in America, and is resolved to have a copy of her own, which she shall have if she learns English."

The book it should be said, is dedicated to M. LABOULAYE'S grand-daughter, GABRIELLE. It is a charming offering to our young folks, and we are sure that they will all be grateful to our friend for thinking of them as well as of their fathers, and for making them this delightful Christmas present, which we hope a few days to put into their hands, and which we are sure that they will read with delight.

MEMORIAL TO WM. TYNDALE.

A CEREMONY of an interesting character, not merely to those who took part in it, but to Protestants generally, took place on Tuesday, November 6, at North Nibley, a village about two miles from Wotton-under-Edge, in the County of Gloucester, England. The ceremony was the inauguration by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county (the Earl of Ducie) of the memorial raised to the memory of WILLIAM TYNDALE, upon the summit of Nibley Knoll. TYNDALE, as most of our readers are aware, was one of the first translators into English and printers of the Bible, and it is generally believed that he was born, about the year 1484, in the parish of North Nibley. There are some persons who claim for Slimbridge the honor of being the place of his nativity; but this, we believe, no evidence is found to support the claim. Indeed, there is little beyond conjecture to guide any one in fixing upon the exact place of his birth, and in North Nibley two houses are indicated as the identical premises in which he first drew breath. The Black Horse Inn—an old building certainly, but, we should think, not of later date than TYNDALE—used formerly to bear an inscription setting forth that that was TYNDALE'S birth-place; but the inscription has now disappeared. TYNDALE spent some time at the University of Oxford, and afterward went to Cambridge, it is thought, for the purpose of profiting by the public lectures of ERASMUS. About 1522 he was living as tutor in the family of Sir J. WALSH, of Little Sodbury, and spent his leisure time in the translation of the Scriptures; but he was obliged to leave that neighborhood in consequence of the bitter persecutions to which he was subjected by the priests. On his departure he told one of his most violent opponents "that if God spared him, ere many years he would cause a boy that ploughs the earth to know more of the Scriptures than he did." Finding that there was no hope of printing and publishing his translations in England, TYNDALE went to Hamburg and Cologne, pursuing his work in secret; but he was discovered, and fled to WORMS. There, after for some time at Antwerp, and various attempts were made by his enemies to induce him to return to England, at COGNAC, where he was the English Ambassador there, worked against him, and at length TYNDALE was betrayed into the hands of the imperialists by the treachery of HENRY PHILLIPS, through the intrigues of two Englishmen, convicted of heresy, and was, on the 6th of October, 1536, strangled and burned at VILVORDE, near Brussels. After a brief sketch of the chief events in the life of TYNDALE; and a few years ago, some three centuries and a half after his martyrdom, it occurred to a few gentlemen who were living in the neighborhood of Nibley that a monument to his memory should be raised, and as no more fitting place for it could be found than the knoll which overlooks the property on which he is supposed to have been born. A committee was then appointed, a site for one was raised, the execution of the work was intrusted to MR. S. S. TYNDALE, architect, of Craig's Court, London, and on MR. TYNDALE, the foundation-stone was laid by Colonel BERKELEY, whose father (Earl FITZHARDINGE) had, jointly with the freeholders, placed four acres of land at the disposal of the committee. The memorial is a cenotaph, consisting of a square tower, 26 feet 6 inches square at the base, narrowing by gradations to 2 feet at the top, which on a cornice sustains a pyramidal roof, vaulted within. The tower is 113 feet in length, is ascended by a spiral staircase leading on to a gallery, whence, through large apertures, extensive views of the lovely scenery of the surrounding country can be obtained. It had been intended that the four cardinal points should be adorned with sculptures representing incidents in the life of TYNDALE; but for some reason or other this has not been done. The total cost has been £1550, and there is a debt remaining of about £300.

BURNING OF A FERRY-BOAT.

THE steamer *Idaho*, belonging to the New York and Brooklyn Ferry Company, was destroyed by fire on the evening of Monday, November 26, near the South Seventh Street dock in Williamsburg. She had left the dock at five minutes past 7 o'clock, and when she had proceeded about 500 yards the fire broke out, being occasioned by the upsetting of a large kerosene lamp in the "centre house," where the dock hands keep the watch. The lamp was lighted, and the oil took fire, communicating the flames to the sides of the boat, and climbing up to the cabins. It was at once discovered, many nerves of the engineer were disturbed that the danger began to be known. The engines were reversed immediately, the hose was pushed out and brought to play upon the flames, but it was too late either to return to the dock or to extinguish the flames. Fortunately not many persons happened to be on board, as it was early in the evening. If the *Idaho* had been going from New York to Williamsburg instead of from Williamsburg to New York, there would have probably been a thousand on board, and scores, if not hundreds, of persons would have been burned to death or drowned. As it was, with only 24 passengers, when the other ferry-boat, the *Montezuma*, came to the rescue, the latter was compelled to leave the vicinity of the *Idaho*, in order to save itself, leaving several unfortunates exposed to death by fire or water. The case of those left behind was almost a hopeless one. The few life-preservers to be obtained they jumped overboard, and were picked up at length by boats. But one was picked up at length by boats. But one was seriously injured, and it is terrible to think of what might have been the result under altered circumstances.

THE PLEBISCITUM AT VENICE.

THE plebiscitum, or voting by universal suffrage, for the annexation of Venice to the kingdom of Italy, took place on the 21st and 22d of October, the pretension of that city and its territory having been relinquished by Austria and handed over, through the mediation of a French Commissioner, to the custody of their own municipal authorities.

The people were called upon to express their wishes touching "their union to the kingdom of Italy under the constitutional monarchical government of King VICTOR EMANUEL and his lawful successors." If favorable to the union, they were to express such desire by answering "SI," which means "ay," or "yes;" if of the contrary opinion, by answering "NO." The 21st and 22d of October were the days appointed for the votes to be taken. Due notice was given, and the voting-places were crowded. On Sunday morning, the 21st, and throughout the day, Venetian walked about with a large "SI," printed upon a little square piece of paper, stuck in his hat or in his button-hole, in the mutual of voting and sympathy one of these tickets into the urn or ballot-box.

The tickets were collected and counted by the commissioners appointed for that purpose at the Doge's Palace, in the grand old hall where the Doges of Venice were formerly elected. The President was Commendatore TECCHIO, Judge of the Court of Appeal, a Venetian lawyer, who has, since 1848, been living in exile from his native city, and was one of the most distinguished members of the Chamber of Deputies at Turin in the time of Count CAVOUR. At the final sitting of the commission, on the 27th of October, when the returns of the voting from each of the several provinces of the Venetian territory had been received, the announcement of their almost unanimous result was received with loud applause by those present in the hall; and Signor TECCHIO came out upon the balcony, and as soon as the aggregate numbers had been verified, to proclaim the fact to the assembled multitude in the Piazetta below. This is the subject of our second illustration. It was a quarter before four in the afternoon. The people welcomed the appearance of President TECCHIO, and

beheld reflecting daylight at Lucerne, Berne, or Interlaken. If you like the faces, well and good; if you don't, their tracking your heels so closely becomes wearisome. The only means of escape from such comrades is to stop somewhere for a week, and let the stream pass. The summer current will bring in a supply fresh from the inexhaustible springs of British life.

In this way, even before they entered Switzerland, my charmer's father had picked up Mr. Howard; while Mr. Howard had not the least intention to lose his hold of his new acquaintance. Hence their categorical meeting each other again at Thun.

The slightest possible shade of annoyance at her parent's partiality for his new-found friend overspread her face for an instant, and then she placed again at the landscape. Turning to me, she asked: "What is that mountain which stands before us—that dark green pyramid clothed at its base with thick forests and pine forest?"

"That's my mountain—my beloved Niesen. Every body loves the Niesen. 'All round the Niesen' is a toast as popular here as 'All round the Wrekin' is in Shropshire. Niesen is a favorite name to confer on dogs and railway locomotives. Every one likes the Niesen. I mount on his top the other day."

"Indeed! Isit possible?" Marie exclaimed, regarding me, in her innocence, as an Alpine hero.

"It is not only possible, but so easy that you can make the ascent if you choose."

"Really! I should enjoy above all things to be a" to say I had ascended a mountain."

After some discussion the gentleman agreed that the ascent should be made. "By the-way," he so-titled, "may I ask if you are Mr. Greenwood, of the firm of Greenwood, Dorkins, & Blake, Manchester?"

"And mine," said the Henry Carter, son of the late John Edmund Carter, formerly of Manchester, latterly of Liverpool."

"Really, I remember your father failed in my debt, giving a dividend of eight-and-sixpence in the pound."

"Yes, Sir, he did; and five years afterward paid you in full, with interest."

"True. I like an honorable man as he was. To think of meeting poor Carter's son in this way, by chance! He left you, I believe, not so very badly off?"

"I am told I am within my income."

"And you are strolling about here, I suppose, like the rest of us, with no definite purpose?"

"I am trying to put a little method into my trip by comparing, as my own private statistician, the respective merits of several well-known eminences which are reached on foot with no great exertion. I remember from one trip to another, and note on what pleases me best."

"The mountain under your arm is doubtless your guide-book. There are so many that it is difficult to choose between them."

"It is nothing so commonplace as that, but a resource for a rainy day or a leisure hour. It is the Mysteries of the Hôtels by Desbarolles, in which the science of Chiromancy is fully and seriously expounded."

"A revival or an old delusion. But I perceive you pry into futurity, one form of the folly is as good as another. They tell me a lot about it by-and-by; it is time now that we think of dinner."

At dinner I had the great satisfaction of securing the best seat by the opposite to me was Mr. Percy Howard, looking any thing but pleased at the favor I enjoyed. Indeed, I may now know to be her (afterwards) did not like him more than I did, and received his advances with undisguised coldness. I fancied I observed that the worldier fashion he was striving in his manner toward him, as if Mr. Howard paid too particular attention to the polish of the Hôtel de Bellevue within his reach. To the discussion of our Niesen project Mr. Percy Howard entered with open ears. It agreed that I should go forward to Wimmis, the village at the base of the mountain, to secure guides for the ascent, and that the little hotel at its top, and that they would drive there early the following morning to commence the ascent immediately.

Next day I bade a brief good-by to the father and daughter, and reached Wimmis, where every arrangement was speedily made. During the inn-gossip of the afternoon singular inquiries were put to me respecting the strangers then at Thun. I answered them as well as I could, but what in truth was uppermost in my mind was the expected arrival of Marie on the morrow.

The morrow came, and with it my new friends; but they were not alone. Mr. Howard had fastened himself upon them, and with him a gentlemanly young fellow enough, but one for whom—an unaccountable fit of his, whom I had noticed at the table d'hôte. As soon as he arrived he set off, myself alone with the rest of the party on horseback.

The ascent of the Niesen was glorious. Maria (by whose side I walked, telling her guide to proceed in advance) was in ecstasies at the harmony of sights and sounds, at the lowing of bells from cow and goats, with the stream of the Simme rushing below. Every turn of the path presented a new and fair picture for view. As we mounted higher all was repose; soft colors—shades of green and brown—only met the delighted eyes. The air was pure and balmy; our minds, elevated by the scenery, entirely forgot the low, the world, the city, city carriages, and the busy hum of men.

We met sledges laden with mountain cheese gliding down gently over the grass; we passed men carrying on their shoulders casks of wine and other provisions for consumption at the summit. We scaled, one after the other, the three separate masses which together constitute the Niesen. Near the top I rode on a rock, and was suddenly lost to my companion's view. Maria uttered a pretty little scream, half of surprise, to my self-importance. Soon returning I had the pleasure of presenting her with a handful of cream.

At last we reached the highest pinnacle. I make no attempt to describe the panorama it commands. It made me guess—even of my flying self, I believe, except each other's presence. We drank in with our eyes the mountains, the outspread lakes, the undulating streams. And then—and then—the Alpine air reminded our body that meal-time was approaching. The little hotel, crouching in a hollow not far from the top, opened its hospitable doors. We dined. While dining a cloud enveloped the mountain. So the summit inn had to be benighted with talk, in the course of which Mr. Greenwood referred to my studies in palmistry.

It was only natural that so obsolete an art should be disdainfully alluded to. Mr. Howard said he believed—

"Will you look at my hand by way of experiment?" asked the fine young gentleman, with a mixture of vanity and ingenuous confidence. "Tell me if you can, what it indicates."

I need not look at it; I have only to take it. I replied, passing his hand between my own. "Its character is apparent to the touch. Its objects, tendencies, and occupations may be summed up in one word—Firmness." The fine young gentleman withdrew his hand from mine, and turned as red as a fresh-boiled lobster.

"One minute longer," I said, resuming it. "There are also good points about it which only require exercise and development. There is no want of self-reliance. There is also right-mindedness and sense of duty which may one day get the upper hand of vanity and self-indulgence." The fine young gentleman, shabbed and thoughtful, resumed his seat without a word.

"What you read on this?" Mr. Howard asks, blushing slightly as she offered her hand.

"I read a good deal," I gravely replied, after carefully examining first one hand and then the other. "You dearly love all those about you; and, when you marry, you will dearly love your husband. But I see a willfulness which may compromise your happiness. You would risk a good deal, and might even sacrifice your real welfare, to have your own way in every thing. That is your greatest fault—the spirit of domination. But I see correcting influences. You will yield to your husband's will when it is right. The older other people's wishes as well as your own when you find them reasonable."

During this horoscopic speech Mr. Greenwood grew more and more attentive.

"You know a little, Maria nearly enough," he said.

"Let us now see what you will make of me." So saying he unbuttoned his left glove, and turned back his coat-cuff to display wrist and all. It was an honest, straightforward-looking hand, independent of any rules of palmistry.

"This hand," I said, "is one in ten thousand. In the first place, it is a hand of power. You may not be born with a silver spoon in your mouth, it very likely was not; but you have struck home at every you; when it threatens to hit you it glances aside. You very rarely turn your back upon a foe in the end. Your life will be long: your health good, as it ever has been. Intelligence has never succeeded in taking you by surprise; that is a fortunate thing, and you have it carried again only because you love your daughter and wish to please her.

"Any body can prophesy in that style," said Mr. Howard, sneeringly. "Drawing upon stock of the secrets of nature. There is little risk of making a blunder by supposing a young man is brilliant health and of good means to be. He is certainly; that is pretty girl should love her husband, after being loved by him; that as one matter, with the exception of consult, should like to have her own way, as I am sure we might; that a fortunate husband you have should be fortunate, which is equivalent to saying that prosperity is prosperous. Chiromancy like that is a farce. A piper of the Pifferari is as much or more. As to long life, continued health, permanent wealth, and all that, especially concerning it is to be put into a prediction when there is any wish to flatter a person, it is the very height of impertinence."

"If I had seen in those hands the reverse of what I did, I should not have hesitated to say so. Still, your criticism is not without some foundation. There is a seem to be making plausible guesses. That I have not looked by guess is easily proved. Let me see the hand I go by. I can quote you the rules it gives."

"Mere quackery; you will never convince me there is any thing in it."

"I am not myself convinced that there is. The responsibility rests with Desbarolles. He tells me that there is a hand which is essentially voluptuous, giving the love of luxury, of indolence, of ease, and of sensual pleasure. It is a plump hand, almost swollen; its thumb rises high and is short; its fingers are thick and end with no knots or irregularities of form. Its skin is white and glossy, looking as if dirt would not adhere to it, instead of sticking to it. Nails small, but not crippled; the palm is fleshy, the root of the thumb very largely developed. Is that the description of a beautiful hand. I think your friend's hand answers to it."

"And so does every lady's and gentleman's."

"Then," said Mr. Greenwood, "let us now see what our horoscope portends."

"No, indeed, the thing is too childish; it is to palm a joke upon a friend. I will not be responsible."

"At least by way of pastime," Maria pleaded.

"We ought all to take one turne," urged the plumpcheeked friend.

"Be it, then, as you please," said Howard, offering his hand with a very bad grace.

I looked at it for some time aghast; then took the other and subjected it to scrutiny. The middle finger quite up to the wrist: chances of imprisonment and great heavy tribulations. The mount of Mercury excessively developed: adroitness, not always restrained by scruples; skill in the arts of daily life, in writing and autography. Fortune, not to be counted on, and prompted you to take tracings of the signatures in the gentlemen's hands. Let me see."

"Ah, yes! I am completing a friend's collection of autographs."

The last, combined with the evil influence of the forked and crooked Line of the Head, might tempt you less easy on that point—especially where cash by means of forgery."

"But, Sir, there is a limit to pleasantry—"

"It is the book which speaks, not I. Here it is all, chapter and verse."

She had meanwhile the waitress of the hotel entered, and presented Howard with a letter of business-like appearance.

He opened and read it. For an instant he seemed surprised, and then a smile of satisfaction suffused immediately.

"How unfortunate!" he exclaimed. "How very sad a project I am obliged to leave your delightful society—"

"Not to-night, surely?"

"There is no help for it. My friend, Lord Castlemaine, is ill at Berne, and he suddenly taken ill, and begs me to join him at Briens as soon as possible. The worst of it is that, not only must I take myself from the table d'hôte at Thun, with the bulk of my baggage, all the cash not required for this little excursion—"

"That need not disturb you," said Mr. Greenwood. "I can let you have whatever you require."

How much will you like?"

"You are exceedingly kind. If we say ten pounds—"

"That is quite enough. You don't know when you may get back to Thun. Take twenty; or, we'll say three pounds more. I have you safe."

"No, no, my very dear Sir: no check. I thank you. I appreciate your kindness all the same: indeed I do. Ten pounds will be quite sufficient—quite."

"Yes; but my check-book: I had it a little while ago. It was in the pocket of my pelisse in the room where we washed our hands before dinner."

"Indeed, I linked," by an accidental mistake, it has found its way into Mr. Percy Howard's pelisse, being also a dark blue. I will distinguish that gentleman's pocket from its own usual resting-place."

"Your joke is a little too absurd," said Mr. Greenwood, tickled at the notion nevertheless, and handing with a smile a ten-pound note to Mr. Howard.

"Very much obliged," said the recipient. "But you, Sir," to me, "do you mean to insult me?"

"It is not an insult," I replied, "not yet a joke but a serious suggestion. Do, if you please, feel in your pockets, and try if you can not find it there."

"I shall do no such thing, Sir," thundered Howard, simulating virtuous indignation, and working himself into a shameful rage. "I can not be treated as a gentleman; and were it not for the lady's presence—"

"Softly!" I said. "The case is very simple. Mr. Greenwood's check-book is missing. Oblige us by helping us to find it. Search it has not wandered somewhere, quite by accident, of course. You have his ten-pound note; I am sure he has no wish to deprive you of it. Should you notice any odd thing this morning!—the man who carried my knapsack up the Niesen? He is an agent of the Swiss police. The man who led Miss Greenwood's horse, and afterward went on ahead to secure our lunch? He was making up a little additional evidence against a person about whom they already entertain grave suspicions. They are in the habit of using a moment's call. Shall we ask for their assistance to find the check-book?"

"Swear at it, Howard," said the plump-cheeked, with well-acted, because unblushing surprise. "Here it is! That I should have left it lurking in the room! I must have fallen from your coat upon mine, and worked itself in the hurry of dressing. I am truly sorry that such a blunder should have led to a moment's uneasiness. I am uncommonly delighted to have found it."

"And so am I," said Howard. "But allow me to hint that, however much we may regret to lose your company, the sooner you are in pursuit of your friend with you, and it might be prudent to change an air which is too sharp for you. Mr. and Miss Greenwood, as well as myself, will be sorry to see you—overlooked—to your room."

"You are probably right," he replied, unabashed. "I shall probably follow your friendly advice. The bill you do not require, I suppose? It is a lovely evening—bright moonlight—for a leisurely stroll down the Briens. I am not miles the path. I shall leave the horse here to return to Thun by the pretty at Wimmis; you can make use of it yourself to-morrow. I want no guide. Pray don't be beatitudinally added.

"I think you can do without either of them. They are probably engaged with the horses. Here you can leave by the front door of the hotel. The Swiss authorities like the things to go on smoothly had just as soon avoid any unpleasantness which might have the effect of alarming strangers. I think they would not be displeased if you left their jurisdiction without being detained by any untoward event—so-erected, for instance, by the secret police, as murder."

"I am sure you are most considerate. By-the-way, would you have the goodness to change this ten-pound note for French gold. It will be so much more handy."

"Most assuredly. Here it is."

"A thousand thanks. Good-night. I wish you all a very good night."

He left the room with a most graceful bow, without to look on his face or a falter on his tongue. He was gone. We looked at each other for a while in silence.

"Well, I never!" Miss Greenwood at last exclaimed. "Nor I, either," Maria's echoed her father.

"I suppose I have had a narrow escape from having the worth of my watch and my young epicurean quietly observed.

"But tell us," said Mr. Greenwood, "how you came to find out the gentleman's real character and avocations. It was not all chiromancy—eh?"

"Well, his real name, I had heard rumors at Thun. The Sunday evening I spent at Wimmis without for perusal a number of Galignani's Messenger, and kept me indoors. No doubt you have been haunted by the dreadful storm that evening; I was thankful to God Save the Queen. It would never flutter, as the first strain was over for the twentieth time, and it was the second week's turn to come on. Here are Victorious, Happy and glorious—I heard it taken up by a chorus of voices. What if it were the work of imagination? I opened the window. No, it was not. At the foot of the hill below, God Save the Queen is a popular air. When the chorus had died away, I left the window open, to enjoy the rushing sound of the Simme's waters, and the wind whispering among the fir-trees. My thoughts were running on any thing rather than Mr. Howard, when I suddenly became aware of his voice in solemn debate rose from immediately beneath the window. The landlord, and there was the Council of Village Notables assembled, standing in the open air in decorous order, in spite of the rain. One of the leaders was the landlord of the Inn. Among other things they discussed the expected presence of, and the measures to be taken with regard to, a mysterious stranger, who could be no other than our departed friend. The meeting ended and broken up, the subject was resumed in the public room. The landlord received forbearance and the avoidance of making any fuss, while another official advocate for the purpose of Switzerland of all scum whatsoever, broke wine-glass after wine-glass in honor of the toast. I was in a perfect fever to get to bed, and I did so. I was not long in bed before I was disturbed by the noise of a chest of drawers.

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"Your joke is a little too absurd," said Mr. Green-

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

DESPERATE CONDITION OF SLUSHEY, WHO HAS ORDERED BRISKLY INTERMENTS FOR A NOVEL, WHICH, AT THE END, HE KNOWS THEY'RE NOT MISSING!

KING JOHN OF SAXONY.—The King of Saxony having been forced to accept a place in Prussia, is reconciled to accept the inevitable, or in other words, "to cut his coat according to his cloth." Considering that besting he has had, one may say that the Cloth in this case is decidedly "Saxony-dated."

LEGAL.—Why is a lawyer the most ill-used man in our social system?—Because, though he may drive his own carriage, he must draw the coverlets of other people.

GAY DE SWEENE.—Their sons pay dearers it seems who flattered the Irish that they could make Erin-ge-potter in the Green Isle. The project has fallen to the ground. Ringmaster O'Ireland they couldn't succeed in making an Irish Bull!

MEAT IT IS!—An Irishman who has heard it stated that Beef is grass, wishes to know whether hay is beef *à-la-mowed*.

A lady asked a pupil at a public school, "What was the fall of the Pharaohs?" "Eating cucumbers," was quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharaohs "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

MY WIFE.

She tied the new cravat
Which she so kindly made me;
Then stepped back smiling, saw my hair
And with her arms debased me;
Then gently smoothed my hair,
And said "it was so curly!"
While gazed down the line
She cried, "Come home, dear, early!"

I'm happy then was I,
For I'm a married man,
I fortune could defy
While that dear wife was admired!
We parted at the door,
Her smile and words a sonnet!
Dear love, but one thing more
Can make me feel happier.

Frentice is receiving. He says: If you would correctly dyspepsia—diet. If you would remedy gray hair—

Subjects for conundrums being nearly exhausted, one desperate joker has gone back to the parent stock, and inquires: "Why was Eve not afraid of the measles?—Because she'd "Adam."

What's best to prevent old maids from despairing? Ether.—Ether Ether, Jem.

ANIMATORS ARE OF GENEROSITY.—Loving a friend, and then speaking of him as you find him.

A lady, seeing her lover running in great haste to meet her, observed to him that he must be in a very great flurry to run so fast. "Madam," replied the lover, "I was following my inclination."

ARABIAN CONSISTENCY.—An Arabian having brought a cloth to a tailor, asked for the construction of his garments, said to her, "My looks have planted roses in your cheeks; my forehead is the garden that I bedew with the fountain of my eyes."

THINGS UNKNOWN.

The young woman whose waist would be ever been encompassed by an arm of the sea.

The cow that had calves on her legs.

The identical nose of the believe that smelled a rat.

The genius that was ever felt for by the breast of an oak.

The barber who was requested to shave the beard of an oyster.

The youthful who can lay claim to having ever been fettered to by an ear of corn.

The man who ever had his toes pended by a shoulder of mutton.

The individual who was ever seen by the eye of a postage.

Any body unlucky enough to be abused by the mouth of any river.

The person who ever felt the breath from the lungs of a chest of drawers.

CHINESE.—When a small boy turns knave and steals a lump of sugar, he is charged with character; turn-up whether he "gets one" for his kuck, or shows his two for his cheek.

"I know every rock on the coast," said an Irish pilot. At that moment the ship struck, when he exclaimed, "And that's one of them!"

Why are people of short memories necessarily conversational?—Because they are forgetting something.

THE EARLY BIRD.

It's well to praise the early bird
For picking up the worm,
To think that bird, you can not doubt it,
Would else could worms be got without it.

THE CHINESE THING IMAGINABLE.—An Accomplished Fact.

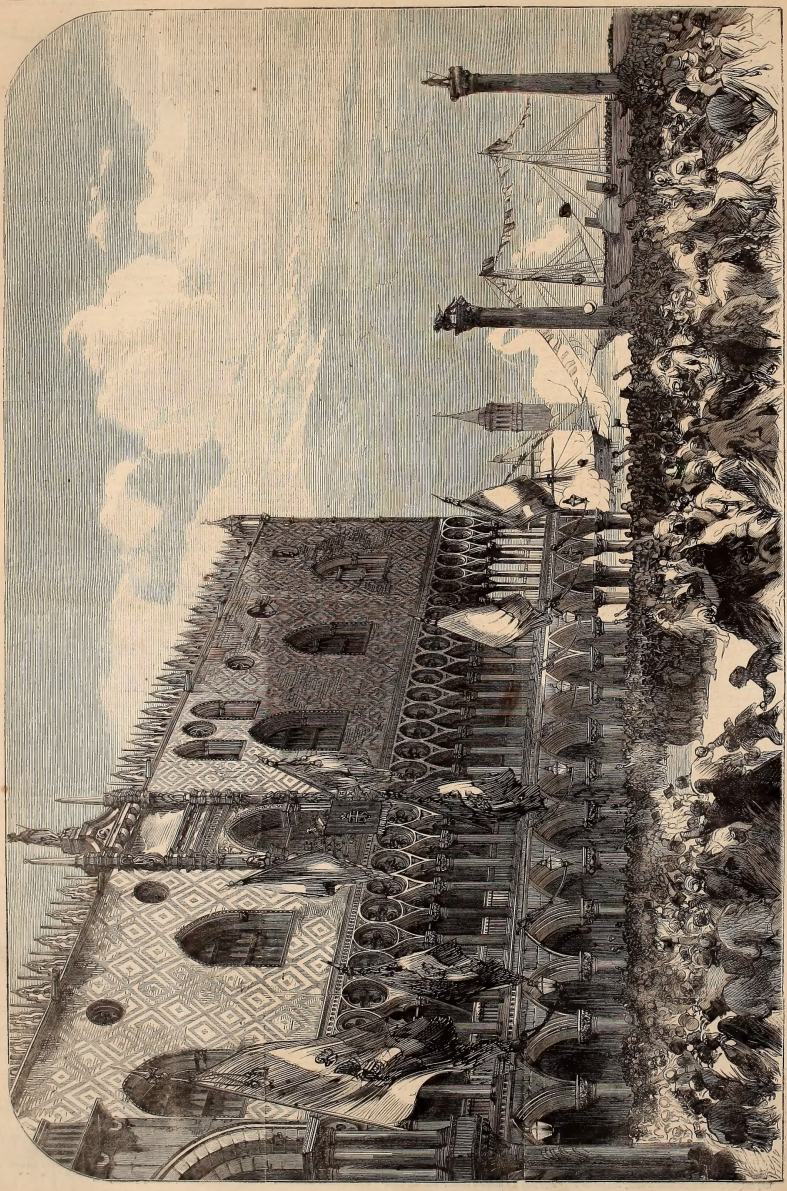
An advertisement says: "Wanted, a female who has a knowledge of fitting bodys of a good moral character.

PROVERBS FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW.

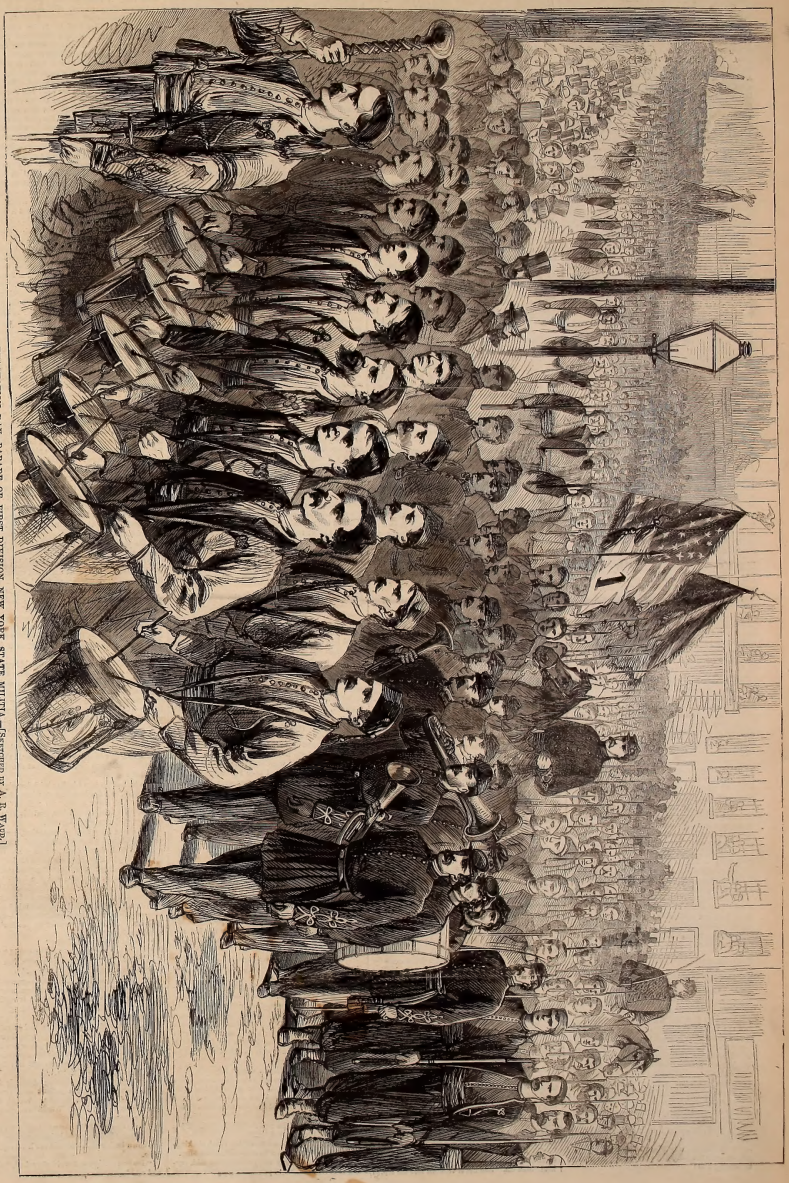
"It takes nine tailors to make a man"—but one is enough to rule him.

"It's a long lane that has no turning"—but even with the present fashion of long trains you can't turn a mountain de lane.

An Irish boy, trying hard to get a place, denied that he was Irish. "I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said the gentleman who was hiring him, "for I'm sure I have been told that you were born in Ireland." "Och! your Honor, if that's what you mean by Irish, I suppose your cold and kittens in the oven, would they be loaves of bread?" The boy got the place.



PROCLAIMING THE RESULT OF THE VOTING AT VENICE FROM THE BALCONY OF THE DOGES' PALACE.—[See Page 790.]



EVACUATION DAY.—PARADE OF FIRST DIVISION, NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.]

PAUL'S WIFE.

DR. VANDERPOOL was in a quandary. His brother Paul had died—handsome, extravagant Paul, always in difficulties, yet always beloved by every body, making money fast but spending it faster, and, of course, leaving not much behind him. Not much in the way of fortune, that is, but a good deal in the way of responsibility; for he left a widow and three children, the youngest a baby in arms. Dr. Vanderpool knew well enough that the income of small property there was would not more than clothe the four; and Paul's wife was an orphan, with no home to go back to. He knew, moreover, that she was as helpless as a child as to life. He remembered her well, though he had not seen her since her wedding-day, seven years before. He recalled the tender droop of the long lashes over her violet eyes—shy, sweet eyes that had beguiled Paul into matrimony, they and the baby smile the red lips wore.

Dr. Vanderpool himself had been proof against all such temptations. Shy eyes had brought, and bright lips smiled for him in vain. What wonder that he found it hard to forgive Paul for being weaker, especially since to his other weakness he had added this last one of dying? It was a hard case for the Doctor. He was rich, had a splendid practice, and was not infirm. Of course he could not see the wife and children of his only brother come to want; and what was more natural than that his with a great, handsome, well-furnished house, should receive them into it? He knew that the world would expect it of him, and he never tried to disappoint the world. Yes, they must come to him, for a while at least, that was certain—when they should have had time to get over the first shock of their terrible grief, and with them a little, it was possible some other plan might turn up.

So he wrote to Mrs. Paul, as he was in the habit of calling her. He hesitated a little about the beginning of his letter. Should he say dear sister? Somehow he could not feel as if there were any fraternal relationship between him and the pretty girl to whom he had said good-by on her bridal morning. Dear Mrs. Vanderpool—that was the cold, Dear Bessie—too familiar. He went back again to the "dear sister," and wrote it resolutely at the beginning of his letter. Poor thing! as soon as she is a brother to her, he thought—that would be easy enough, but it would be a wrong for the children. He had always indulged a secret hatred for babies, for that though he was. Of course he knew there must be children in the world—since the days of Adam and Eve there had been no such thing as coming into it full grown—they were necessary evils, of course, but he meant to have just as little to do with as possible. And now to have to take three of them under his own roof! He wrote on desperately, determined not to think what he was doing, and invited Paul's wife to come at once to his house as to her proper home. He would go for her if she wished—if she could add to her comfort. She must let him know her plans.

She wrote back a letter full of thanks. They could not quite know where they were, and she would accept his offer for the present most gladly. But he must not think for a moment of coming for them. The children were quite used to Kitty, their nurse, and she and Kitty could get along with them very well on the journey. She would make her arrangements as soon as she could, and write again to let him know when to expect her. It would probably be in about ten days.

Dr. Vanderpool read the letter with a sigh of resignation. He should be as bad as married; nay, as it he had been married years ago, for here were the three babies. Well, perhaps it was a righteous retribution for having lived selfishly, and neglected his duties to society. He seemed that he had got to do them, in spite of himself. Ten days—he was only, of freedom! Well, he would make the most of them.

It was autumn, and a healthy time. The Doctor was not so very busy, and he began to give a series of preliminary dinners. If there was one thing on which he prided himself more than another it was his little dinner-parties. He knew just how to make them pleasant. He never asked more than nine. His cook could have taught Professor Blot some things, and his wines were of the choicest. Not a man in town but praised his dinners, and was quite give up any other engagement to come to them. Of course, after Mrs. Paul's advent they would have to be stopped. Such things wouldn't answer in the house with a woman in deep mourning and her three children. So he meant to cut-train his friend all round before the invasion.

The last dinner came off on the tenth day after the receipt of Mrs. Vanderpool's letter. He had not heard from her again, so he thought he was safe. In this final effort he had outdone himself, and his cook had wrought miracles. Soup, fish, boiled, roast, entrées, sweets, and at last dessert and coffee and table. Muscat, Tokay, Chambertin, Canary, and White Hermitage for wines. Splendid black Hamburg grapes, and green Malagas clear as crystal, pears of every variety, nuts, and comfits.

"And all that the daintiest palate could wish," for the crown-jewel glory of Dr. Vanderpool's dinner was always the dessert.

They were just beginning to enjoy themselves, and the Doctor, sipping his wine, was telling his guests of the chance about to take place in his life —picturing himself domesticated with a wife whom he did not know, and children who would never call him father. And just as his delorous self-commiserations and his guests' laughter were at their height, a carriage was heard to stop in front of the house, and Dr. Vanderpool looked out of the window. He turned round, with consternation on his face:

"By Jove, gentlemen, she's come without a word of warning! Just like a woman. Make yourselves as merry as you can, and don't spare the wine. I must go."

So the Doctor vanished, and they heard his voice presently in the hall, and pure, sweet, clear tones answering him:

"You didn't receive my letter? I am so sorry! It will follow me, I suppose; and yet I sent it two days before I started. I was so afraid I have inconvenienced you by coming unexpectedly."

The sweet pleading voice, the shy, uplifted eyes, the fitting blushes, were not without their effect on Dr. Vanderpool.

"You know you are to fix that this is home," he answered, "and that you are always welcome, whether expected or not. Here is Mrs. Willing, my housekeeper, and she shall show you to your rooms, and then I will see you at the dinner—that is what you ladies like, is it not? By that time I will be ready to come to you in the drawing-room. So these are the children? Fie!"

"Yes. Little Bess is the eldest. She is almost six. Then there is Paul, and this baby in Katy's arms is your namesake—little Mark."

His thought she would tell them to kiss him, and he stood looking about it, and he began to think that, after all, she had more sense than he had expected of her. At any rate she was not the sentimental fool that if she had been plain; it would be something to have a pretty face at his fireside; and, save that she looked a little shy, she was just as pretty then as when she had gone away on the aforesaid bridal morning. He waited till Mrs. Willing had taken her in charge, supposing she was her comfortable, and then he went back to his guests.

But somehow he could not be as gay as before. As I said, he was not infirm; therefore man and, after all, Paul had been his brother, his only brother; and the child Bessie looked like a little mimicry of her father. He could not help but he should meet those bonny hazel eyes of hers unmoved. touched him, too, to see his sister-in-law in her deep widow's mourning, her young face so shadowed and saddened.

His guests felt the change in him, and did not sit so long. When they left the room for the drawing-room, but it was some time before Bessie joined him. He was very earnest in his inquiries after her comfort with Mrs. Willing. Had she had a good dinner? did she like her rooms? were the children very tired? what sort of journey had she had? She answered all his questions, but as the conversation began to languish, and the Doctor reflected how great a stranger Paul's wife really was to him, and wondered whether they had any tastes or any tastes and fancies in common. He was lugging forward subjects as industriously as he could, try to make her talk, when the servant came in, spending, full of secret uneasiness all the while about her darlings, away from her in this strange place, expecting her presently, and that was Katy would do her best. After a while she heard steps which she knew pit-a-pattering along the hall, and the door opened and Kitty, the little Scot.

"Please, mamma, Paul won't say his prayers to Katy, and Mark won't stop crying, and Katy says he's tired with you. And I've tried to get on without you, but somehow we couldn't."

"Yes, dear, I'll come. Brother Mark, it seems selfish to turn your children out of your room, but I know all this confusion will trouble you."

"Say no one thing more to trouble me, and that is for you not to feel at home, and to be always worrying for fear I was disturbed."

He spoke so earnestly that she must come, he really wanted her to be happy.

She was gone an hour, and when she came back she reported that the children were asleep except Bess, and she was the family old lady, and would give us trouble. Then Dr. Vanderpool ventured—though half afraid of hurting her feelings—a question about Paul, and found that she seemed to consider it a relief to speak of him. She told him all about their life, how he gave himself up to grief and tender and generous Paul had always been; how sudden his sickness was, and how all through it he had seemed to be dissatisfied with the doctors, as he should leave such slight provisi on for her and the children. And then she took i up at the Doctor suddenly, with tears in those under violet eyes of hers, and said:

"Oh, what *should* we have done if it hadn't been for you? I felt so lonely, so helpless, till you opened your doors to us like a brother. I am so pray God that I may live to make some return for your goodness."

Dr. Vanderpool felt that he was not entitled to so much gratitude. He had written to her unwillingly enough, he was conscious; feeling all the time that it was an awful bore, that a woman and the world would expect of him, and something he could not satisfy his own conscience without doing. But he was not worthy of her thanks. He told her that little thing! He thought as he looked at her that the man who could not be kind to her must be a poor creature indeed.

After that matters went on very well. Mrs. Paul was not a woman of great energy, nor had she much of that aggressive energy which would have led her to push her own fortunes in the world. But she compensated for these and other deficiencies by a wonderful amount of tact—or perhaps the quality deserves a better name than tact, for it sprang from real, unaffected, considerate love for the ease and happiness of other people. She knew that Dr. Vanderpool did not like children, so she made her small household as little burdensome to him as possible. She never suffered them to be obtruded upon his attention. When they had been there six months he would hardly have known that there was a child upon the street, with the exception of little Bess. She was such a womanly little being that her mother did not think it was necessary to forbid her to go to her Uncle Mark often round her curled up like a dormouse in some big arm-chair with a book in her hand—always and every where a book. He took to her wonderfully. She was so thoughtful, so quiet, she had so much quaint wisdom, such still, grave ways. Then, too, out of her face his dead brother's eyes seemed always to look at him, and carried him back to some of the softness and tenderness of childhood. She loved him, moreover, with an unpresuming devotion which might have stirred a colder heart than his. She never climbed into his lap, or bothered him with questions, or interfered with him in any way. But when he did notice her, when he stopped to talk to her, and took her little hand in his knee, the small sweet face would become fairly radiant with pleasure, and to call out this look grew to be one of his chief delights.

Mrs. Vanderpool, too, was quiet and unobtrusive. She never was in his way, and yet he never failed to find her ready to minister to him. He grew to think it was not altogether a bad arrangement which had brought him such inmates. Once or twice he wondered whether he himself might not have been tempted to commit matrimony if he had found in him such a woman as Mrs. Paul was, unconsciously beautiful, so unselfish, understanding so well her own sphere, and keeping in it so steadily. Not that you saw her every-night of marrying her lovely as she was. A widow with three children! To such a suggestion most men would probably say "Oh, I think not."

When she had been there a year the severity of her mourning began to relax a little. She wore black silk, but it was of a more mitigated black, and became her exquisitely, as the Doctor couldn't help noticing. Her soft, golden-brown hair waved away from her fair, pensive face, under the disfiguring widow's cap; and when he came in one day, and found her sitting on the floor playing with her children, he thought she looked scarcely more than a child herself.

About this time she coaxed him to resume his gentlemanly habit of dining at table instead of with Mrs. Willing how much he enjoyed them, and she could not bear that he should give them up any longer for her sake. He had not made that proposition, and the men, remembering with zest the gay old times, came eagerly. But something was wanting. The dinners were pronounced as lovingly as of old, and there were some added touches of grace and beauty—Mrs. Vanderpool's thought—in the flowers which breathed their fragrance every where, and the leaf garlands which entwined the baskets of fruit. But, somehow, it seemed to Dr. Vanderpool as if he had had lost the key to the banquets told old stories. Had they grown dull, or "did he dream they were brighter before?" He rather missed his usual quiet afternoon with Mrs. Paul when face opposite, and the children, as the custom had grown to be of late, coming in with the dessert. They joked him, some of them, which he rather enjoyed, and he felt that Katy was right.

The next dinner he insisted on Mrs. Vanderpool's presence at the table; and she, willing enough to please him, went in and staid until after the dessert was brought on. And by-and-by they all went up into the drawing-room, and found her there, sitting in the piano, and singing softly an old song. She was annoyed to see how they all admired her. She had been quite a belle before she married Paul, and the Doctor thought there was a spice of the old coquetry in her manner now. It vexed him to see how his friends admired her. But somehow he had let her stay up stairs; and then was unjust enough to blame her because she had been so willing to leave the children as soon as she found that he wished it.

He was in no hurry to give the next dinner—and before he had got ready for it something happened which put all such ideas out of his mind. He went home one day with a severe pain in his knee, having been detained by a difficult case. Mrs. Paul heard him let himself in, and as he took off his coat in the hall she met him with her slippers.

"Oh, brother, little Bess is so very, very ill! How thankful I am that you are home at last!"

He looked at her in surprise. She was strangely white under the hall gas-light. He put his arm round her to steady her as they went up the stairs together, and said, with a new gentleness in his tone:

"Poor girl! poor Bessie!"

He went into the room and looked down on

"I've brought her in here," she said. "I thought it was best to keep her out of the nursery until we see for a certainty what it was the matter."

By this time he stood over the bedside. The child lay in a sort of stupor, her eyes half open, her little fingers clutching the sheet, her cheeks and lips a vivid scarlet. He looked at her a while, counted her flying pulses, turned down the little white gown, and examined the throbbing flesh underneath. Then he turned to his sister-in-law pitifully.

"She has scarlet-fever," he said. "We must lose no time. She is very sick indeed."

Bessie Vanderpool's face grew ghastly. She knelt down at the bedside, and looked at him with a wild, unnatural light in her eyes.

"Oh, keep her alive!" she said. "I shall die if I lose my child! Oh, brother, save Mark, as you hope for the mercy of Heaven, do not let her die!"

The violence of her emotion frightened him. He had not seen her before—so how much unselfish love and quiet heroism was in this timid, girlish creatures.

For a long time he had no hope for little Bess, but her mother never despaired. It was her faith, and her tireless devotion that triumphed at last, rather than Dr. Vanderpool's skill. One day it came in from a drive and looked at the child with a brightening face.

"She will live," he said; "but I think only a mother could have saved her."

"Oh, thank God, thank God!" she cried, choking-ly, and then burst into a fit of hysterical weeping.

"I have let your half kill yourself," he said, trying to soothe her, "but you will have your reward. Now Mrs. Willing can do as well as you, and you must rest. I insist on your going to bed at once, and not getting up again until morning."

"But, brother—"

"Bessie, I have a right to be trusted. You know, or ought to by this time, that I won't let little Bess suffer. You *must* mind me, or I shall have two patients here instead of one."

She smiled faintly at his threat. She sent herself, took a refreshing bath, and then, for the first time in two weeks, went to bed. She thought she would lie down for a little while. She was there five minutes on the pillow before she was wrapped in a slumber which Dr. Vanderpool took care that no-body disturbed her for eight unbroken hours.

Katy had taken the two younger children out of the house to a quiet boarding-place, as soon as they saw the symptoms of little Bessie's illness; and the Doctor reckoned a morning and evening visit to them among his regular duties. He was getting, in fact, very seriously interested in the two little nephews. He had never noticed them much before; but now it was impossible to go to the little fellows, taken away thus from the mother-love in which their hearts delighted, without a feeling of tender pity which drew him on, before he knew it, into a systematic course of petting. He became very fond of him. Mark, his namesake, was now a sturdy boy of two, and Paul was past four. When the Doctor began to call out what he knew they really were, and how delightful were their accomplishments, he wondered a little at his old aversion to children.

This night, after he had sent their mother to bed, he would have been as usual, he found them in rosy health, and felt satisfied that all fear of the having taken the disease was past. He went back to the house, and had just prepared himself for a night sitting beside little Bess. He had decided himself to her mother that she should not be neglected, he would not intrust it to any one else the task of watching her. Mrs. Willing had been in the next room to be within call in case any thing was needed, but Dr. Vanderpool had sent her to bed, lamp with a medical journal in his hand. But he did not eat the leaves. Somehow his thoughts kept him busy.

They went back again to the old, easy-going life before Paul's wife and Paul's children came—the calm, careless, luxurious life. He missed the sumptuous dinners. Had he been happier then? What he change back now? Would he be willing Bessie should marry and go to a home of her own? Mark home, sit at some other man's fireside, lifting up her shy sweet eyes, uttering her low, gentle welcomes? Such a tragedy that would be! He looked her in unsupportable loneliness—that the old life could never be the same again as it was before she came. Then the Doctor's fancies waked up, and begged for a drink of water.

"Do you know me, childie?" he asked, gently, as he bent over her.

"Oh yes, Uncle Mark," and turning her head she touched her lips to the hand that was smoothing her fever. "I have sent her to sleep."

Resting, dear. She has taken care of you, night and day, for two weeks, and now that you are getting better I have sent her to bed."

She asked no more questions, but seemed perfectly contented with him for nurse. He found a change very soon in this child than in her mother's him—almost, as he said to himself, as if he were her father.

Two weeks more, and the household began to fall back into its old ways. The children had come home; little Bess was able to sit up; and so one night, after the nursery was quiet, Bessie came down for the first time in a month to her old place in the drawing-room. When Dr. Vanderpool came up stairs and found her there, he said gayly:

"It is good to see you here again," he said, sitting down close by her.

"And good to be here, and feel that they are all safe. It seems to me as if I never could thank God enough. And you too, Mark, what should I have done but for you?"

She looked up into his face with her shy, sweet, violet eyes, and he took tempted him—her words, face—she had never called him Mark before. He bent toward her, and his voice shook so it sounded strange to himself.

"Bessie, I have done no more than my duty for you and yours. I deserve no reward, but you said once you wished you could reward me. Will you give me yourself? Shall you be for all I ever have done or could do? I will care for your children as if they had been my own; and if a man's love can make you happy, mine shall. Speak, Bessie."

The swift color stained her face and neck. Her eyes fell, and she waited a little while before she answered. She could hear his own heart beat in her stillness. At last her words came—so low that he could hardly catch them.

"Would I not, Mark?"

"Upon my soul I do believe it would be right. I do believe that Paul would be more than willing to give his rights to my keeping."

"I never thought of this before—never for one moment. You must let me have time to know my own heart. You do not ask me about it again, as soon as I can understand myself I will answer you, yes or no."

Then she went away from him, and he sat vaguely wondering at himself—remembering how he had dreaded her coming, and realizing how much dearer now than all his old life was the one idea of keeping her forever. Children and all; he would not have spared one of them.

Ten days went by, seeming strangely long to Mark Vanderpool, not a patient man by nature. Bessie avoided him, he thought. Would she ever be ready to answer him? Had her answer mean hope or despair?

At last one night she came to him of her own accord as he sat looking moodily into the grate. Kneeling down beside him, she laid her head against his knee.

"Do you really want me?" she asked, "children and all?"

"I really want you." His tone was solemn with the earnestness of his love; strong with the force of his passion.

"I do not think I am good enough for you," she murmured. "Neither would I give myself to you as a reward for all your generous kindness. But if my love is worth any thing you have it."

He had her in his arms before she knew it, and was kissing her with kisses so eager that they startled her, murmuring over her such fond words as she had never dreamed this reserved, self-control man could utter. He looked curiously even to him as they fell on his own ears though his whole heart was in them. I doubt if gay, gallant Paul had ever loved her half so well; and I think her nature was stirred to a depth her girlhood never knew. She was almost frightened to feel how happy she was.

So the home to which she had come for refuge in her sorrow became the abiding-place of her joy. Before the spring-time Paul was the wife of Mark Vanderpool, and her children found in the old nature of babies the most tender of fathers.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA, *Nov. 28, 1866.*

Friend Weekly:

In this high-angled city, which if their ways were as right as their angles they would do well, I feet I must address thee in the plain language, for I have just been to Women's Rights and Leffs and Equal Suffrage Convention, held here last Saturday, and I heard every right thing said. On the platform which was very broad, was MRS. ELIZABETH ARCADY STANDING, MRS. CURRY HOBART, MRS. STUART LONGSTREET, and REV. MISS OLIVIUS DARK BROWN. Among the gentlemen were MR. FREDERICK DOUGHTY and others, to give variety to the affair. As soon as I made my appearance one of the Equal Suffragisters accosted me, and informed me that I was not the flying correspondent to *Harper's Weekly*. I owned the soft impeachment. Then she told me I must use these lines among those that think women ought to do nothing but nurse babies, and other household duties; but when then remembers that many of us have no such duties, nor ever expect to have any, thee should be glad that we are left to arrange for the nursing of the babies, and for thee must own that, judging from things at the White House, one would infer that the ladies of the public had been brought up on the bottle." This remark seemed to me so political that I thought I would send you a sketch, and was probably in the fair speaker's mind at the time.

ANDY NURSING THE INFANT REPUBLIC, AND TRYING TO IMPROVE ITS CONSTITUTION.

MRS. ELIZABETH ARCADY STANDING, the *non-det*, as you may remember was the first speaker. She was dressed very nice. I don't know the names of the noire antiques and things, but she looked beautiful. Elizabeth came forward and said: "I am sorry that our venerable Presidentess, MRS. LUCRETIA MOTT, is not here, as Mr. Mottoh is for equal suffrage." MR. FREDERICK DOUGHTY here rose and said that was a joke. (Great Applause.) "This is an equal suffrage organization," MR. DOUGHTY tells us that five out of every seven millions of Englishmen can not vote. Now I am not Roscoe Conkling." Yes you are, Betsy), but I do say that there is about that proportion of Americans that are disfranchised, and we must labor until a woman's right at the polls will be denied by none."

ONE OF THE STRONG-MINDED "RUSHING TO THE POLL."

ELIZABETH now introduced MRS. LUCY LONGSTON, who, in a clear, ringing voice, was greeted with warm applause, and proceeded to say:

"The advocates of equal suffrage are down on both political parties. The Republicans talked of 'universal suffrage,' but meant masculine suffrage all the time; and those who called this our professional 'work' took on us." (Applause.) Then we resolved to make fight with the ballot-box for the colored people, and fought — we," and with them to strike, like MOSAIC-ERY, with the shoulder. (Cheers.) It is proposed to insult the mothers and sisters of the land by putting the word 'male' into the Constitution; and I see the Democratic journal is advertising for mail contracts (Cries of 'Joke') Joke!), and designating certain lines of travel, as mail routes, as though a male route wasn't worth mentioning. (Cheers.) My friends, a female route on a stopping day is one of the most interesting things, except the female herself, in nature. (Cries of 'Bully!' and 'Good!') It always seemed to me absurd to quote the Declaration of Independence about all *men* being created equal, ignoring the fact that women were ever created at all. All men are created equal to what? Equal to the women. They are to some things, but not in knowing how to vote. Do you suppose any woman would have voted for MCMASTER for Congress? NO! They would as soon think of voting for THAD STEVENS, or any other old bachelor. The women are loyal, they all go for Union to a man." (Cheers.) MR. FREDERICK DOUGHTY here rose and said that we make an idol (Renewed cheering.) That union to a man would make that idol not depend upon force of arms. (A voice: "Is that a joke?") FREDERICK: "No, Sir; I am not here to make jokes, but merely to explain them for others." (Cheers.)

LUCY continued: "In Great Britain there is a movement on foot to demand the ballot for women." FREDERICK spoke now and said that the reason it got along so slow was because it was on *foot*. It had better take a carriage." (Cries of 'Joke!' 'Joke!') "And," closed Lucy, "I'm afraid they will succeed before we will."

A SUFFERER OF "EQUAL SUFFRAGE."

An "equal righter" now came forward and read the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That the full liberty and the pursuit of happiness are natural and inalienable rights, then we should all have our "hold-king" and the men should take their turns at the cradle; and any arrangement of society that hindered the one sphere for man and another for a woman was a one-sided arrangement, and was unworthy a free people. (Cheers.)

2. *Resolved*, That the world HAS LAMARTINE that there is no reason why a Restaurant-Keeper should not sell as well as a Bookseller, provided he should "fill his Flowers with his Cauliflowers, and Crinollines with Early Rose Potatoes." (Cheers.)

3. *Resolved*, That we recommend the election of women to the delegate and primary elections; that very many women have a wonderful influence in their social control the nominations; that we form a "ring," to secure the right man in the right place. (Loud and cheering.)

After the resolutions had been considered EXHAUSTED came forward and said:

"I desire, before this Convention go further, to insist on a declaration in favor of the female solution of the Republican party. Why, JAMES BROOKS, of New York, was the only Congressman last winter that had the nerve and decency to present the woman-suffrage memorial to Congress." (Cheers for the decency of BROOKS.)

The REV. MISS OLIVITON DARK BROWN now spoke. She said that GARIBALDI believed in woman suffrage, but wouldn't advocate it because he wanted to get into the South, and he knew that the conservatives would make fun of him. She was not afraid of the papers nor any pictures in HARPER'S WEEKLY, or the Illustrated News, in Broadway, New York, and didn't care who saw it. Women are frivolous because they are irresponsible for the right to vote and to be elected because they had work to do; but now we can get labor from Ireland to do all the work for us in a week and board, and that leaves us more leisure to enter upon new duties. Boys had spoken about the cradle in the Legislature, but that could be dispensed with. She had seen a new invention of a cradle, which you wound up as you do a clock, and you could sit and play at the picture, and the cradle would swing until you came back. That baby grew up just as well as those in the same for it. (Cheers.) And as for the grown-up children, when the house gets too full you can send them to the breeding-school, where they will always be glad to receive them with a fork, towel, and spoon. Then the female religious and moral element would be without personal knowledge, as she never had a family; but she thought that women should vote first and marry afterward, as she expected to do, though it might be a long time before she found a MAN. (Cheers.)

MRS. MILLER BROWN had concluded the meeting listened to some speeches by the other sex for a few minutes, when they soon insisted upon an adjournment.

Miss BROWN then approached me, and seeing my manly form — (I was in full dress) — asked me for the press. I replied that I reported for *Harper*. She said she hoped to see that paper, revive all the editorials, and when a smart and interesting girl would on the "device." I replied that I would, and then I thought of a speech she grasped my hand cordially. I tell you, dear Weekly, that I "enthused" her last night. Those words of her remark. Your own C. O. W.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NOWADAYS a set of furs, of some kind, is regarded as an almost indispensable portion of a lady's wardrobe. The Russian, Hudson's Bay, and American Sable, or MINK, as it is usually called, are the most desirable and highly prized furs. Next to these, CRAWshalla, and Siberian squirrel are much worn, and very pretty. Ermine, however, can not so well be worn at all occasions, as it is rather too expensive for evening wear.

But animals of various kinds are made to meet the universal demand for furs. The Astrakhan fur or wool was used to some extent last winter; and this year the Persian lamb, which comes from Africa and Persia, and which is fine and glossy, is made into petticoats and short jackets for skating, as well as into muffs and cuffs.

It may not be generally known that an animal, known under the name of Angora cat, or rabbit, now is beginning to occupy a prominent position in the report as well as in fashion. Many ladies, I think, are the reader shrink in disgust, for the fact is that the muffle in the skin of the much-abused skunk now commands no quite a handsome price. Large shipments have been recently made to Russia, where these skins are used for the linings of cloaks. They are many manufactured into muffs in this country. But do not imagine that a single muff is sold under the name of the real animal from which it is. By no means. In the first place, by the wonderful application of chemistry an entire metamorphosis takes place, rendering it impossible to recognize any of the original features of the skin; not the slightest odor is perceptible, and then it is announced as the "Prairie Badger," the "Colorado Catamount," the "Australian Wolf," or by some other taking title. Thus chemistry it is transformed into something rich and rare, and fashion settles the rest.

Why is the "Occilian Child" so called? Is a question with many in reading the musical advertisements of the day. In brief, because St. Cecilia was the patron saint of music. But those who have recently heard the Oratorio of "Samson" performed by the Cultz-Clark company must have felt by sorrance — how doubtless noticed a pretty little story about St. Cecilia upon the programme. She was a Roman lady, born of noble parents, about the year 230. Notwithstanding she had been converted to Christianity, her parents married her to a young Pagan nobleman named Valerianus, who, on the wedding-night, was told that Cecilia was nightly visited by an angel, and that he must forbear to approach her, whereas the angel would destroy him. Valerianus desired to see his rival, the angel, but he was told he was impossible unless he would consent to be baptized and become a Christian. To this he consented. Afterward he found his wife at prayer in her closet, and by her side an angel clothed with brightness. Valerianus entreated him that his brother Tiburtius might be a partaker of the spiritual grace which he himself had received. The angel answered that his desire was granted, and that they both should be crowned with martyrdom in a short time. Upon this the angel vanished. Shortly after Tiburtius was converted, and both he and Valerianus were beheaded. This was offered her life upon condition that she would sacrifice to the Roman deities; but she refused, and died a martyr to the Christian religion.

The tradition is that St. Cecilia excelled in music, and that the angel was drawn from the celestial regions by the charms of her melody; hence she came to be regarded as the patroness of music and musicians.

The Mercantile Library of this city has introduced what we think will be a very popular improvement in its management. Books will be delivered at the residences of any members who choose to provide themselves with a box for the purpose. Every stamp, which we still at the price of twenty for one dollar. The order with a stamped box is sent to the Library by mail or otherwise, and the book wanted will be delivered at the person's residence, and the book to be returned when done with.

The members of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, Vancouver's Island—some of them, at least—are possessed of genuine, if not extraordinary perspicacity. It is reported that a certain Mr. M'Clure recently spoke for several hours in opposition to a measure going down. His opponents made every effort to tire him out, refusing to allow him to lean against the table for support, or to take a chair for a moment. He never himself from the irksomeness of his position by resting his hands upon any thing, or to speak, in short, any other than a rigidly erect and unsupported attitude. He "stood it out," however, and gained his point.

English papers bring us accounts of the display of meteors; which, it seems, occurred, as was anticipated by astronomers, and was visible in Great Britain, though not in this country. The shower was very brilliant, and lasted several hours. The London *Examiner* says:

"Many of the meteors appeared to have a yellowish light, others a deep red. So near to us did some of them appear that their resemblance to rockets occurred to every one who saw the sky, and to listen for the rush through the air. During the transit of the meteors the light of the stars was not scarcely to be noticed. The noiseless course gave a thrill that no artificial spectacle could produce. In some cases the passage was brief and the light faint; in others a large portion of the field was traversed, and the illuminations both prolonged and intense. The soft-gliding motion, if such a term may be employed, was a striking characteristic."

The *University of the City of New York* has received a munificent addition to its endowment from Mr. Loring Andrews, a merchant of our city. The aggregate sum is $10,000. It is to be applied as follows: For a professorship of logic, intellectual and moral science, $25,000; for a professorship of the evidences of revealed religion and natural theology, $25,000; to complete a Greek professorship, $16,000; for a professorship of political science, $8,000; for medals and premiums in the several departments of various branches, the income of $10,000; for chemical and philosophical apparatus, the income of $10,000.

There is now living in Rome, Oneida County (save an exchange), a lady ninety-four years of age, who has a son living over seventy years old, a grandson fifty-five, and a great-grandson thirty-three years old, and a great-grand-daughter less than three years old. The remarkable fact is stated on good authority that as we are healthy that the selectors were obliged to kill a man in order to elect a governor.

Custom-house officers should not be too sharp. A keen one, on the Canada line, lately stopped a woman carrying a bundle. "What have you there?" he demanded. "Nothing," she answered, and then said: "Nothing dutiable." He insisted on seeing it. She looked at him, "Well, if you must, you must," the suspected package, saying, "Take it, then, and much good may it do you!" While she went on her way he proceeded to examine the package, which proved to be an infant a few days old. The unfortunate officer finds the duties heavy on such importations.

A gentleman in London, having occasion one night to visit the office of a London and Glasgow telegraph company, found no one there, and the porter inside, whose duty it was to open it, so fast asleep, and the clerk in charge so far up stairs, that no amount of knocking could obtain him admission. He went to an adjoining office and telegraphed to Glasgow, requesting the clerk to call them from their beds. Even in the office of the first-mentioned company, directing him to go down stairs and awake the porter. The message was delivered, and the door opened, in about twenty minutes.

Another recent telegraphic feat is, that an order, just received at San Francisco from England for 500 barrels o flour, was transmitted by cable and overland telegraph, and the order filled and advices returned to the sender by telegraph on the same day.

It is stated that the Massachusetts Historical Society has offered $500 for a copy of Franklin's first work, which formerly belonged to Benjamin Franklin, and now is in the possession of a gentleman who resides in Montgomery, Pennsylvania. The case is of heavy silver, and the movement is still in good running order.

A singular "dab" story is told by a Pennsylvania paper. A German gentleman went fishing with some friends. Not having good luck time passed slowly, and the German took out his watch—a fine gold one—when a sudden jerk of his line so startled him that he let go his watch, which struck his knee and bounded off into the water, his line parting at the same instant with a sudden snap. Finding it useless to fish for one he told his friends started for home; but, rather ashamed of their bad luck, they bought a few fishes, or other unlucky fishermen, and went home. The German bought an eight-pound bass; on inspecting which he found a fish-hook sticking in its gills resembling the one he had lost. It was with a kind of savage joy that he anticipated the pleasure of eating the prime cause of his ill luck; but, strange to tell, upon opening the bass, he found his watch, which had not even stopped ticking.

Not long since a cousin of the French Emperor died at the Tuileries, in Paris. He was First Chamberlain and Superintendent of the Imperial Theatres. He had seventeen grand-crosses of the highest, selectest orders in Europe. He had brought pictures of honors and orders, Count Sacciocli was the victim of a nervous disease which caused him with barbarous cruelty. He could not remain still without suffering the acutest pain. The nerves of motion were affected. He transacted business on foot; he dictated letters and signed his office. He listened to the performance of operas in his latticed box, which had no seat in it, and received with a thick carpet that he might walk during the whole performance. Often sleep would not come to him but he was exhausted by pain that the nerves were insensible to pain. On one occasion the Valley refused intermission for thirty-six hours, trying to subdue pain by fatigue.

The soles of his feet were red, as if they had been boiled, and blood had been forced through all their pores. The Emperor gave him rooms adjoining one of the largest passages of the Tuileries, and had it covered with a thick Aubusson carpet, that the poor patient might make his painful round with least pain. He died of sheer exhaustion from want of sleep. Shortly before he died he murmured, "Norbu! Norbu!" repeatedly. "What is that? Do you know any thing?" asked one of the persons present. "Don't question me," replied the fat dying man. But Norbu was the name of his first love—one a little sister of Leghorn—whose memory had been to him an oasis in his desert.

A singular incident recently occurred in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. A young lady of pleasing appearance, and, apparently, of unusual intelligence, went before the Board of Trustees, gave her name, and then stated that she was the daughter of a physician in Logansville, Indiana, and that her father had died from her out of harm's way, as she was laboring under an uncontrollable impulse to murder others. At the same time she took out a paper in a strychnine bottle corking and handed it over to an officer. She was placed under examination.

Some time since an association was formed to colonize Palestine; and recently the news was received that 190 Americans, members of this association, had reached Jaffa, or Joppa, and settled in the vicinity of that place. The locations occupied by them are in close proximity to the famous orange gardens, which perfume the "Valley of Sharon" almost away to Ramla. The land was purchased, and provided every thing the new-comers, their baggage and a large cargo of building wood which they brought with them having been allowed to pass the custom-house duty free.

FACT OR FANCY?

"Do you believe in ghosts?" Few questions are ever asked more idle. But the general answer, "I do," or "I do not," is worthy of it; that is to say, if "I do not" means not to be taken in the literal sense of dogmatic disbelief. It is impossible, in the first place, to limit the belief in ghosts to the English, for belief runs through all the history of mankind. People of all countries, languages, and religious creeds have believed in ghosts in all ages. In days as skeptical as the present the wisest of the classic societies told their ghost stories, wisely refraining from saying whether they believed them or not. No man among the Romans of the Augustan period, not the skeptical poet Lucretius; yet, instead of repudiating the existence of ghosts, he proceeds to explain them on perfectly natural and scientific principles, as being flimsy emanations from the people to whom they belonged.

Pliny the Younger has a famous story of a haunted house, with the usual dramatic incidents. He believes, at all events, in the fact of spectres appearing in haunted houses. The difficulty in the way is a scientific verification, and this is a difficulty which, from the nature of the subject, is insurmountable. The most practical mind, a spirit in the sleeping or waking state has been a mental fact to numberless persons in undeniable; the personal question whether or not this mental fact is to be considered in the light of the unusual phenomena of abnormal nature; whether, in the language of philosophy, it has an objective existence. Perhaps we are prone to estimate the importance of the fact, either at first hand or second hand; and a record of such experiences, however trivial, is always interesting, although no possible conclusion of facts may lead us any nearer to the final determination of the general question. For instance, here the following case on such unquestionable authority that I can not for a moment dispute it:

Many years ago a young surgeon, on board a man-of-war in the Indian seas, was observed by his messmates one morning to wear a very severe look and anxious look. They questioned him as to the cause, and with some hesitation he said that while before he had seen his father lying dead in an open coffin. He noted the circumstance in his log-book, and that at the time or letter came announcing the death of his father at that exact date.

Now, in this story could infer the actual objective appearance of the spectre; but it is difficult to refuse to the fact of the mind a status of rage or trance a power of clairvoyance, consisting in either the multiplication of space or of time. In this case space was overleaped.

The next case I can perfectly vouch for, as the example of apparitions.

An English clergyman, whom I knew very intimately, was engaged in the same house with a native family. On the night on which the lady of that family was confined he dreamed that the nurse came to him in the middle of the night, requesting him to call him in the morning at the usual hour, as she came down and christen the new-born infant, as there was the immediate danger that there was no time to send for the Lutheran clergyman. In the morning there was no inquiry, but he was told that mother and child were doing well. However, in exactly fourteen days from the night of the dream the clergyman's dream actually occurred, and the child was to be with the next morning.

To the question whether I have ever seen a ghost I should answer, "No." but I know some one who has—that is to say, who fully believes that he has—and here is the story just as it was told to me.

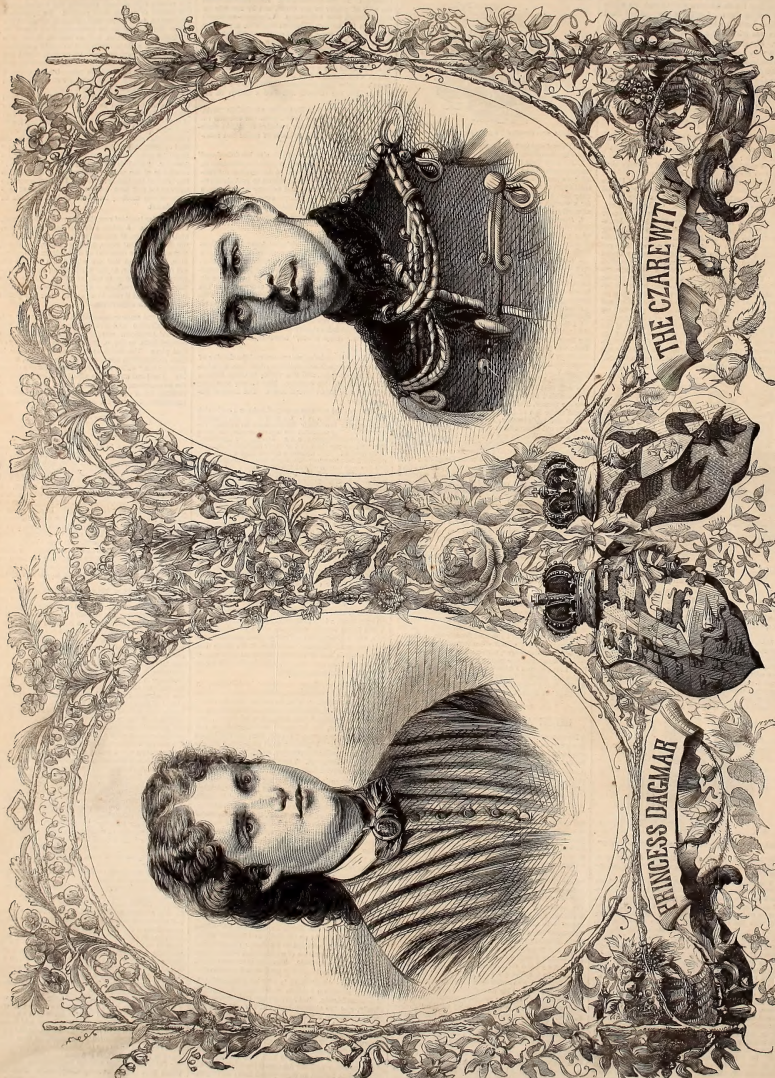
Near the town of Weimar, in Saxony, on the right of the long alley planted with chestnuts that leads from the town up to the summer-palace of the Grand-Duke at Belvidere, there is a spot known as the Old Ball-room. It is a deserted building, the ruins of which have almost entirely disappeared. Near this

site, among the brushwood, are openings to a most extraordinary series of subterranean passages, which, it is said, have never been thoroughly explored. Some say that human bones have been found in them; others, that persons endeavoring to explore them without a clew, have become bewildered and perished of hunger. Some attribute them to human hands, and some to natural geological causes. It is only certain that they are there, and that no one is able to give any definite account of them. As to the building, whose foundations alone are visible among the bushes, it is said to have been an ancient castle belonging to some former Dukes of Saxony. Some few years ago a friend of mine, Herr H——, of Weimar, was in the habit of making frequent visits to Oberweisna, a village at the end of the park, one of the ways to which lies through the Belvidere Allée. One evening in October, after the sun was set, he was passing along this road in a thick fog, illuminated by the moon; as he passed the spot where the ancient castle formerly stood, he was aware of an appearance in the mist beside him, which he at first did not pay much attention to, as he thought it might be the reflection of his own form. After a while, however, it struck him that the image which followed his steps so closely was accompanied by the image of a dog, and he had no dog with him. This circumstance caused him to stop and look at the figure, when, to his horror, he observed that it wanted a head.

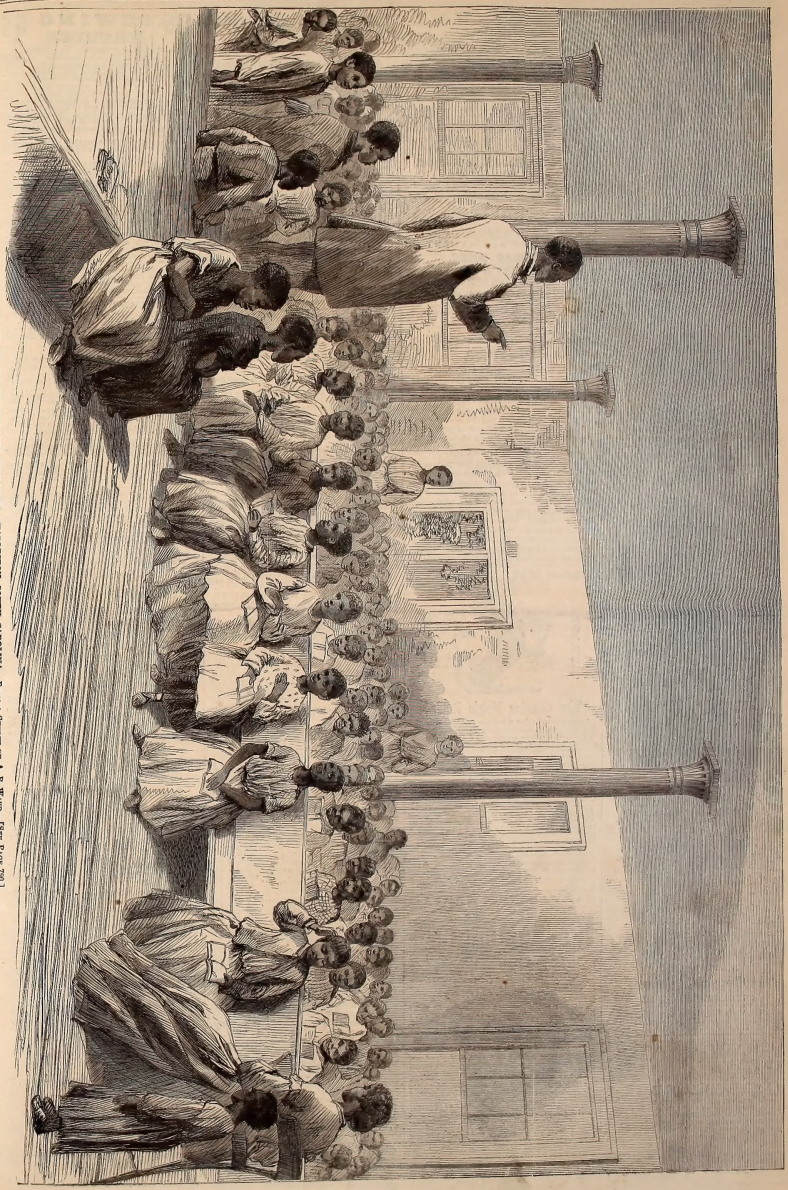
Herr H—— walked toward it, it retired; he ran from it, it followed him; he fell into his usual pace, it continued to keep step with him; he addressed it, but it did not answer. Herr H—— is a Roman Catholic. In mortal terror he mechanically made the sign of the cross. The ghost immediately vanished in the direction of the remains of the old castle.

There is an old tradition connected with the scene of this adventure, that a former Duke of Saxony caused his son to be beheaded for some fearful family crime,—either the murder of his own mother, or an intrigue similar to that which forms the foundation of Lord Byron's Parisina.

At Berka, a small bathing-place among the hills, seven miles from Weimar, there is also to be seen, on a woody knoll, the site of a ruined castle, from which the Grand Duke of Weimer derives his title of Count Berka. The old people of Berka still talk of a headless apparition which used to haunt it, and which often appeared to their grandfathers.



THE PRINCESS DAGMAR OF DENMARK AND THE CZAREWITCH OF RUSSIA.—[See Page 790.]



"ZION" SCHOOL FOR COLORED CHILDREN, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 796.]

THE STATESMAN'S LESSON.

By AUGUSTUS COMSTOCK.

Pares and bouses, trees and meadows,
Were the Statesman's own;
Yet he walked amid the shadows
Mournful and alone.

Golden birds among his willows
Trilled a happy strain,
And the breezes stirred to billows
All his waving grain.

Sang the locust in the thicket
As it saw him pass,
And the ticking of the cricket
Sounded in the grass.

Round the clover and the daisy
Hummed the busy bee,
While the spider, feeling lazy,
Swung upon the tree.

But the humming and the swinging,
And the grasses green,
With the birds and locust singing,
Scenes were heard or seen.

For, to gentler souls enchanting,
Nature's charms are tame
To a spirit that is panting—
Longing for a name—

To a lion hart, like thunder,
Beating down the bars
That would keep a spirit under,
Soaring toward the stars!

So the Statesman, moving onward,
Discontented—wild—
On his dreams of glory pondered,
Till he saw a child—

Saw a crippled little Saxon,
Merriest of girls,
With her crutches and a flaxen
Shower of sunny curls,

Picking from the grass and mosses
Dew-drop diadems,
Weaving into rings and crosses
Tiny flower stems.

Spite of crutches, searching after
Nut and faded bur,
Spite of pain, so full of laughter,
Nature laughed with her.

Every bur gave greater pleasure
To this little girl,
Than could winning of such treasure
As a throne of pearl.

And the Statesman, touched and humbled
By such simple trust,
Saw his throne of glory crumbled
Finer than dust:

And confessed the happy maiden,
With her cripple pain,
Greater than the sorrow-laden
Lord of proud domains!

"Important auxiliary to a lady's toilet."—BURNETT'S Toilet Set, for Sale by all Druggists.—*Washington Chronicle.*

The COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION, 19 Cooper Institute originated and use the nitrous oxide to extract teeth without pain, *and they certainly do it.*

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Such as	
Castor oil,	Citrate of iron and quinine,
Cod-liver oil,	Oil of turpentine,
Cod-liver oil with quinine,	Norwegian tar,
Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron,	And all other nauseous medicines.

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Agents appointing. Apply with reference.

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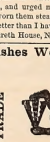
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T. ALLCOCK & CO.: Gentlemen,—Please send me another six dozen of your Porous Plasters. They are in great demand here for Whooping-Cough. They act like a charm. I could have sold two dozen this week if I had had them. Send as soon as possible, and oblige, yours respectfully, JOHN J. WILLIAMS, P. M.

ASTHMA CURED.

Mr. Wm. May, of 545 Spring St., New York, writes, Jan. 1, 1866: I have been afflicted with Asthma for upward of ten years, receiving no benefit from any remedies. I was advised by a friend to try one of Allcock's Porous Plasters. I said I had tried several kinds of plasters without any benefit, and supposed they were all alike. My friend gave me one of Allcock's, and urged me to use it. I did so, and have now worn them steadily for nine months, and find myself better than I have been for many years. Agency, Brandreth House, New York. Sold by Druggists.

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PRICES: No. 1, including two candles, $1 each; No. 2, including three candles, $1 50 each; No. 3, 12 pure sperm candles, $1 per lb. (99 to the lb.); No. 3 pure sperm candles, $1 25 per lb. (99 to the lb.).

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Send for Samples.

JULIUS IVES & CO., Manufacturers of Maiden Lane N. Y. Proprietors and Manufacturers of Ives's Patent Lamps, and Dealers in Kerosene generally.

ARRANDALE & CO., 162 BROADWAY, are offering over $1,000,000 worth of DRY GOODS to Dressers, Jobbers, and Cash Retail Buyers generally, together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER-PLATED FANCY GOODS, &c., a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR each, with very liberal terms to agents.

Send 25 cts. for a certificate, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR, and to those who desire it we will send our terms to agents.

New York, *October*, 1866.

A NEW WAY to make MONEY.—Send $1 for our new Circular and Four Golden Envelopes, drawing articles of Value and a Prize worth from the Capital Prize of $50,000 in Greenbacks. MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION, 107 Broadway, New York City.

The Great American Tea Company.

Always a Wholesale Establishment.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices.* We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Concern, and do not have the *no price.*

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our trade spread so fast that parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, somewhere, about a dollar per pound . . . that we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy a chest of Tea at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burden we consented to supply them with small quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Further reasons why we sell our goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than one cent per pound.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes in foreign houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes all of 10 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE MARKET WILL BEAR.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, cooperages, and wastes, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived that the consumer pays a big price. And we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid to our Purchasing Tea Agents in China, Japan, and Canton, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting every chest fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 50c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
OOLONG (black), 75c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

TIMOTHY, VT., *Nov. 18, 1866.*

To the Great American Tea Company, New York City:

GENTLEMEN,—I have inclosed my seventh Club Order, amounting to $134 35, which you will fill, and send to my address by Express, to be collected on delivery.

Accept my thanks for the complimentary package.

I am, gents, your obedient servant,
JONAH H. ROWELL.

P. S.—Please send a few blanks, which I will fill the coming winter. J. H. R.

2 lbs.	Uncol'd Japan	Mrs. D. Clark	at $1 25	$2 50
1 lb.	Imperial	"	at 1 25	1 25
3 lbs.	Eng. Break. Cof.	"	at 90	2 70
1 lb.	Oolong	Mrs. Edgerton	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Young Hyson	"	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Imperial	Mrs. M'Knight	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	Eng. Break. Cof.	J. Stafford	at 90	1 80
2 lbs.	Black Tea	S. Townsend	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	"	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Uncol'd Japan	"	at 1 25	1 25
4 lbs.	Eng. Break. Cof.	"	at 90	3 60
1 lb.	Oolong	"	at 1 25	1 25
4 lbs.	Eng. Break. Cof.	Ellis Kelly	at 1 25	2 50
4 lbs.	Eng. Break. Cof.	Stephen Flanders	at 90	1 20
1 lb.	Imperial	"	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	"	David Tower	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Uncol'd Japan	Mrs. Cloff	at 1 25	1 25
4 lbs.	Young Hyson	Mrs. Thompson	at 1 25	5 00
2 lbs.	"	Seth Edgerton	at 1 25	2 50
4 lbs.	"	A. C. Cranston	at 1 25	5 00
1 lb.	"	P. Dodge	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	"	C. Leonard	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	"	J. Leonard	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	"	T. Nichols	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	"	H. Nichols	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Imperial	W. Potter	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Young Hyson	J. Wilson	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	"	R. E. Caswell	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Imperial	"	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Uncol'd Japan	John Wiley	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Oolong	B. R. Clark	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Young Hyson	"	at 1 25	1 25

And 33 other parties, amounting in all to. $134 35

P. S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of our goods are used, by clubs together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about ONE-FOURTH by ordering direct to the

Great American Tea Company,
31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH.
P. O. Box 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that our Vesey Street Store is at No. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store*, No. 31 and 33 *Vesey Street*, corner of Church. This is a very important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in this city.

Every person should know How to Detect Counterfeits. Send postpaid on receipt of 25c. Address C. W. TYSON, Bookseller, cor. 9th St. and 6th Av., N.Y.

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For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free of Type, Cuts, &c. Also, Rubber Stamps. DAVIS & PAINE, 24 Ann St., New York, and 35 Lincoln St., Boston

$5 SEWING $5 MACHINE.

FIRST PREMIUM and DIPLOMA, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May 10, 1862; Improvement patented June 4, 1865.* The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with elementary adjustment, is simplicity of operation, sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD OF ALL SIZES with extraordinary rapidity, making EVEN stitches on each evolution of the wheel. Will execute every description of work, from Leather, Cloth, &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted to suit, get out of order, or fail for five years. Subject to the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have it in use.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the finest sewing."—*Evening Telegraph, New York Tribune.*

Simple machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of $5. *Every machine fully warranted.* Agents wanted every where. Address orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

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The great medical discovery ever offered; sells faster, and cures all cases: Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Sores, Gathered Breasts, Ring Worm, Chilblains, Rheumatism, Corns, &c. Every body should get it. Price 25 cents. Liberal terms to Agents. Druggists and Country Dealers. Depot, 197 Chatham Street, New York.

100 Photographs of Union Generals sent postpaid for $2 00. 50 Photographs of Rebel Officers for 25c.; 100 Photographs of Female Beauties for 25c.; Catalogue for 25c. Address C. SEYMOUR, Holland, N. Y.

A GOOD AND RELIABLE WATCH FOR $20.

The Disappearing Picture. Price 25c. Agents wanted, $2 per doz. W. C. WEMYSS, 618 Broadway, N. Y.

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CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Presses, $10, $16, $25, and $30. Price of an Office, with Press, $45, $60, $80, $100, and $150. Send for a circular to the LOVE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water Street, Boston.

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MRS. OLIPHANT'S NEW NOVEL.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,
Have just Published:

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A NOVEL.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF

"The Life of Edward Irving," "Miss Marjoribanks," "Agnes," "The Perpetual Curate," "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Days of My Life," &c., &c.

8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

"Madonna Mary" is a book of great power and beauty—a perfect work of its kind.—*London Post.*

In "Madonna Mary" Mrs. Oliphant has added another to her many literary laurels. It is a story told with great pathos and beauty, and full of the deepest interest.—*London Star.*

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What many seem almost incredible is that many diseases hitherto considered hopelessly incurable are frequently cured in a few days or weeks; and we cheerfully invite the investigations of the liberal minded and scientific to cures which have no parallel at the present day.

During the past five years we have contended with obstacles, and overcome opposition, as herculean as were ever encountered by any reformer.

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Some say, "Your cures are too quick," while others doubt their permanency. We think that diseases can only be cured by the "slow, recuperative process of Nature."

This is our reply: "In health, the body, like a well-balanced clock, is in a state of Equilibrium. But when, from any cause, down goes one side of the scale, we know that it is deficient in power. What is required is to restore the normal balance of the scale.

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Is a positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD and for all hereditary diseases transmitted from parent to child.

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It is on universally admitted that CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP is the only effective means of restoration in the worst cases of Paralysis. We do not hesitate to reiterate that it is emphatically the great life-giving power.

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Indigestion, Weight at Stomach, Flatulence, Liver Complaint, Want of Appetite, Bad Breath, Constipation, Biliousness.

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Struma, King's Evil, Glandular Swellings, Erysipelas, Ulcerations, Tumors, Boils.

This taint (hereditary and acquired), filling life with untold misery, is by all usual medical remedies, incurable.

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Purges the system entirely from all the evil effects of mercury, removes the taint, breaks and cures the weak joints and rheumatic pains which the use of calomel is sure to produce. It hardens spongy gums, and restores teeth as firmly as ever.

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Eradicates root and branch, all eruptive diseases of the skin, like

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And all other affections of this kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

FOR ALL KINDS OF ULCERATIVE DISEASES,

Either of the nose, throat, tongue, spine, forehead, or scalp, no remedy has ever proved its equal.

Motic disorders upon the female, depending upon a disordered action of the liver, are very unpleasant to the young or middle-aged females. A few bottles of Constitution Life Syrup will correct the secretion, and remove the disease, which is entirely under the skin.

Diseases of the liver, giving rise to languor, disordered digestion, weak stomach, or an alternate or torturous condition of that organ, accompanied with burning or other unpleasant symptoms, will be relieved by the use of

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As a general blood-purifying agent, the Life Syrup stands unrivaled by any preparation in the world.

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Are liable to the same diseases. Nature and science have made the Constitution Life Syrup for the benefit of all.

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Produces healthy men and women: and if the Constitution is neglected in youth, disease and early death is the result. Do not delay when the means are so near at hand, and within the reach of all.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Is the poor man's friend and the rich man's blessing.

BUY IT, TAKE IT, AND BE CURED.

WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D.,

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REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES;

THE DESTITUTE AND ORPHAN CHILDREN OF OUR

COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.

GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR

AND

PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THIS HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1865 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union; its spirit of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering over 120; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones denied, solely for want of room to extend its usefulness. Its old and unsuitable building in Fifty-eighth Street, New York, now occupied, must be removed for the erection of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which will be the cause of humanity and well-doing resolute to the true assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, *October 1, 1866.*

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, fully realize the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for all needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. General ULYSSES S. GRANT, President.	Mrs. HERVEY G. LAW, Manager.
Mrs. CHAS. P. HALL, Recording Secretary.	Mrs. J. C. VAN DUZER, Manager.
Mrs. Major-Gen. J. C. FREMONT, 1st Vice-President.	Mrs. W. GUMMOND.
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Mrs. WM. S. HILLYER, Corresponding Secretary.	Mrs. HENRY BAYER.

NEW YORK, *October 1, 1866.*

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cordially endorse the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.	Brevet Brigadier-General JAMES F. HALL.
Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.	Judge Chas. P. Daly, Ch'n of Committee.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.	Jno. H. WHITE.
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL.	G. P. B. HOYT.
Brigadier-General RUFUS INGALLS.	J. R. FULLERTON.

The following card will be fully appreciated by the public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"To the Managing Directors of the Festival:—Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of the Grand Festival. FRANCOIS THOMAS."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,

Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of *THEODORE THOMAS, Esq.*, on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1 *Present in United States Greenback*.....	$10,000
1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City.....	12,000
1 corner House and Lot, Amsterdam Avenue, East New York.....	8,000
1 House and Lot adjoining above.....	5,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, E. D.....	3,000
1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete).....	2,500
1 Grand Piano (costing $1,000).....	500
3 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each.....	4,500
1 Set of Diamonds, Ear-Rings, and Pin.....	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for.....	5,000
1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings.....	1,000
1 Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant.....	500
1 Gentsʼ fine Gold Lever Watch, at $200.....	3,000
19 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, at $125.....	1,875
1 Elegant Gold Premium "Howe" Sewing Machine.....	150
39 Silver-plated Tea Sets, at $75.....	1,500
1 New Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machine, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway.....	1,000
1069 Copies (2 vols. each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War.....	1,000
1000 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, at $3.....	3,000
500 Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, at $5.....	2,500
1000 Call Bells and Door Knives, at $1.....	1,000
The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Sets of Cooper's, Lessing's, Bancroft's, and Irving's Works, and House of Gardiner's Annual; Sets of Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Aid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gent's Fine Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemenʼs Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Autograph Collectors, Sporting Implements of all descriptions, Ladies' Dressing Cases, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to.....	24,325
Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at.....	$100,000

THEODORE THOMAS, Esq.,

The talented Musical Director, promises a most delightful treat in the Orchestral and Vocal Exercises for the occasion, no less than forty performers being already engaged, and nothing will be spared to make this the finest Musical Festival ever given in the United States.

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

The tickets will be supplied to all Booksellers, Druggists, Music Dealers, Hotel Keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at the Fair Rooms, or at Cooper Institute. Subscription Lists are now ready for Subscribers and others (male and female) who sympathize with our object, to obtain orders for the Tickets. Circulars giving full directions and terms to Agents will be mailed on receipt of stamp for postage.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a *registered letter at our risk*, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
10 Tickets to one address	9 00	50 Tickets to one address	43 50
20 Tickets to one address	17 50	100 Tickets to one address	85 00
30 Tickets to one address	26 25		

Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to

N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,

616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure, in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors,

616 Broadway, New York.

Holiday Presents.

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JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION,

Capital, $2,500,000.

Great One-Price Gold Sale.

SELL NO BRASS OR SO-CALLED PLATED JEWELRY.

WARRANT ALL JEWELRY GOLD,

OR NO SALE.

Let it be distinctly understood that this is emphatically a GOLD SALE, by an association of manufacturers, on a one-price average system, and that not a single article of brass or plated jewelry is included in the whole immense stock.

Pianos, Gold and Silver Watches, Diamond Rings, Sets of Rich Silverware, Fine Gold Jewelry, Works, Photograph Albums, &c. &c.,

All to be sold for two dollars each, an average price of one-fifth the usual cost, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive.

INSURING THE BIGGEST WORTH FOR $2.

$2 THE PROOF.—We guarantee to send any customer, in exchange for the least article they may get for $2, a *splendid richly-chased or engraved silver Butter-Dish or Castor, fine pistols, valued at $10, or a beautiful Stereoscope Morocco Photograph Album, valued at $8*; and you have a good choice of prizes.

Fine Gold Watch or Piano.

Send 25 cents for the Golden Envelope, containing valuable receipts and secrets; and one of the mailed certificates, which are well mixed and taken on regardless of choice, will show you which will inform you what you can get for $2, from a Rutter-Dish or Castor, worth $10, to a Watch or Grand Piano, worth $1000.

2 for 50 cents, with a beautiful Photograph.

5 for $1.00, with a Silver Nut Pick, worth.....$1 00

11 for $2.00, with a Silver Napkin Ring, worth.. 2 00

17 for $3.00, with a Silver Fruit Knife, worth.... 3 00

30 for $5.00, with a Gold Pen, Ext. Case, worth.. 5 00

55 for $10.00, with a Gold Double Locket, worth.. 10 00

100 for $18.00, with a Fine Silver Watch, worth.. 18 00

200 for $38.00, with a Silver Hunt. Watch, worth 40 00

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

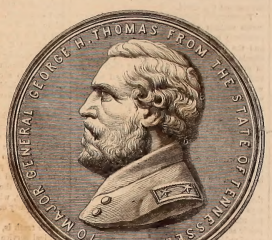
VOL. X.—No. 521.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE THOMAS MEDAL.

THE Gold Medal voted by the Legislature of Tennessee to Major-General THOMAS, the hero of Mill Spring, Chickamauga, and Nashville, is to be presented by Governor BROWNLOW on the 15th of December. That day is the second anniversary of the Battle of Nashville, and the presentation of this elegant medal will be the principal feature in its celebration.

Generals GRANT, SHERMAN, THOMAS, and SHERIDAN will always hold the place in history which they now hold in the popular estimation, as the four great Generals of the War for the Union. General THOMAS was born in Southampton County, Virginia, in July, 1816. He graduated at West Point in 1840, and in 1861 succeeded to the position formerly held by General LEE in the regular army—that of Colonel of the Fifth Cavalry. In 1863 he was promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship in that army; and, after his victory at Nashville, to a Major-Generalship. When he fought the battle of Mill Spring, early in 1862, he commanded a corps of BUELL'S army, and he retained command of the same corps under ROSECRANS. Our readers will remember the new hopes awakened by the victories gained by GARFIELD and THOMAS at Middle Creek and at Mill Spring, which were so soon followed by the captures of Forts Henry and Donelson, and of New Orleans. In one respect General THOMAS has been more fortunate than our other great Generals. He has never suffered a defeat on the field. Even at Chickamauga, when the right and centre of the army were driven from the field, he alone stood fast, and, by the help of reinforcements which came upon the field just in time, and almost by accident, succeeded in holding his ground.



THE THOMAS MEDAL (OBVERSE).



THE THOMAS MEDAL (REVERSE).

But THOMAS'S crowning victory was gained at Nashville, December 15, 1864. No battle of the war had been more critical. JEFFERSON DAVIS, in sending Gen. HOOD Northward, staked the Confederacy upon HOOD'S success. Whether HOOD succeeded or failed was of more immediate and momentous consequence than the issue of SHERMAN'S advance to the Atlantic sea-coast. But with SHERMAN'S success and HOOD'S defeat combined there was no hope left.—HOOD seems to have been subject to some fatuity or evil genius. He waited for days in front of Nashville, while THOMAS was quietly but rapidly concentrating all the available forces of the West—and when THOMAS was prepared HOOD threw down the wager of battle, and was beaten and routed as no army save LEE'S was routed during the war. HOOD'S army was not only defeated; it was obliterated.

The Medal, of which we give an illustration, is of gold, and displays a workmanship admirable in every particular. Messrs. TIFFANY & Co., by whom the work was executed, consider the medal one of the most successful productions that they have sent



A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT MAKING A LANDING AT NIGHT.—From a Sketch by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 807.]

from their workshops. The *obverse* presents a beautiful medallion head of the General surrounded by this inscription: "To Major-General GEORGE H. THOMAS, from the State of Tennessee. The *reverse* has upon it, in *bas relief*, a view of the Capitol at Nashville, about which is inscribed General THOMAS'S Message from Chattanooga at the time when it was so closely besieged by BRAGG: "I will hold the town till we starve," etc.

Beneath the Capitol, and in line, is placed the words: "By joint resolution, adopted Nov. 2, 1865." In size the medal is about three inches in diameter, and weighs one pound Troy. It is a work of rare regard and appreciation that General THOMAS may well be proud to receive from the State of Tennessee.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1866.

RESTORATION AND SUFFRAGE.

THERE is no royal road to restoration. The social and political systems and traditions of a State can not be violently torn up by the roots and new systems introduced without long delays and patience and prudent deliberation. There is no magical word that will conjure the difficulty away. Universal suffrage alone, or impartial suffrage alone, is no more a sure solution than universal amnesty or universal disfranchisement of the late rebels. Suffrage, indeed, is an essential element in the process of restoration, but it is only a part of it. The question is very complicated. It can be settled only gradually and by the increasing light of experience as we advance. The chief danger of the situation is impatience. A year ago it was confidently asserted by intelligent men that if the work of reconstruction were not accomplished by the end of the last session of Congress the people would put the Union party out of power. The event has hardly justified the prediction. Those intelligent men were profoundly mistaken. The country is just as patient and steady as it was during the war; and while it hopes and wishes for the earliest possible restoration, it means to make no leap in the dark.

We lately showed that the ineligibility to office of certain specified leaders of the late rebellion at the pleasure of Congress, and thereby depriving them of the vote, was a cardinal necessity of the method of restoration. There is another of the most important, and that is the disfranchisement of the colored citizens of the unrestored States. The political object of this is twofold. First, to avoid the inevitable consequences of depriving a very ignorant class of political power in the midst of those who have the power and are hostile to the unenfranchised; and, second, to create a large and, in some quarters of the lately disturbed section, a controlling body of loyal voters. The authority to do any thing toward this result, like that of the President's action in appointing Provisional Governors, is derived from the necessity of providing for the public safety after a severe and prolonged war, which is not at an end, whether there are forces in the field or not, until the people by their representatives so declare.

It is therefore merely a question of policy, and not of principle, as has been sometimes stoutly asserted, how this enfranchisement shall be procured—whether it shall proceed directly from the National Government, or whether efficient motive shall be presented to persuade those who at present exercise the political power to enlarge it. Undoubtedly, as a matter of fact and experience, it is always wiser that radical political changes should proceed from the immediate political community to be affected by them. But this is not always practicable; especially when changes are essential to purposes over which those communities have no control, and to which they may even be opposed.

It is equally a point of expediency whether the suffrage, by whatever authority established, shall be limited only by age, residence, and legal innocence of crime, or whether the capacity of reading and writing shall be added. The imperative rule is merely that, whatever the qualification, it be truly equal, in order that no privileged political class shall be created. Those who claim that suffrage is a natural right do not deny that it must be regulated by certain uniform conditions which do not work a deprivation of the right. Thus, a certain maturity of age is always deemed indispensable, and is a provision approved by universal common sense. So the ability to read and write is urged by many Americans as a further qualification, upon the ground that in this country no citizen has reached the age of twenty-one and is unable to read and write except through a willful rejection of the opportunities equally afforded him with every other man. But this is true only of what were lately called the Free States. In the late Slave States there was no general public provision of education, and it was a legal offense to teach the laborers to read or write. And this brings us to the practical bearing of the subject.

Senator MORRILL has introduced a bill regulating the electoral franchise in the District of Columbia. The action of the Senate will be significant as showing its views of this whole question. But we hope that, while there will be the amplest comparison of views, no action at this time will be allowed to establish a precedent. The subject should be left unfettered; for it may be very proper to do in the District of Columbia what would be extremely unwise in some of the unrestored States. The bill of Senator MORRILL, according to the statement from Washington, provides that every male adult, legally innocent, who is a citizen of the United States and has lived six months in the District, who can write his name and read the Constitution of the United States, and who took no voluntary part in the rebellion, shall be a voter. This may be an admirable and timely provision in the District, but how would it subserve as a system of suffrage in the unrestored States, bearing in mind that the object is to develop a numerical loyal vote for the Government, and to move toward self-government?

It is indisputable that if Congress should enfranchise only every loyal male adult in the late Slave States who could read and write, the political power in all of them would be intrusted to an insignificant fraction of the people. Of course if the bulk of the educated class and those who have had the habit of leadership and superiority were altogether excluded from political power, it would be necessary to maintain an imposing national military force to protect the political class. But it is not likely, in any event, the army must remain for a long time in the unrestored States, and not the chance of general pacification be greatly increased, not by disarming the vast majority of the citizens, but by disabling certain persons from office, and by politically opposing one part of the population to another, in the hope of disloyal. The moment the colored citizens are enfranchised and are so securely protected that they will not fear to exercise their rights, they will, by laws which are the expression of their pride and prejudice, gradually come to be politically treated as the foreign voters are treated in the city of New York.

The question of suffrage in the unrestored States is to be regarded politically, in connection with other questions, in its bearings upon the more prompt and permanent restoration of the Union. We must not be superstitious. We must not suppose that the mere ballot is the open sesame of the situation. If Congress enfranchised every male adult of the unrestored States, it must not only defend them with rifles but with education. In the long-run, the ballot is a wise weapon only in intelligent hands; and while all the world knows the means which kept the hands of the colored people true to the Union would undoubtedly keep their votes no less true, it is equally clear that enough who would strive to hold them in ignorance that they might hereafter control them more easily. Extension of political power to the freedmen is essential to the national peace. If it can not well be compassed by just but indirect coercion of their neighbors, it must be effected peacefully by the universal power, and that power must secure the object of its action by providing education also.

THE SECRETARY AND SPECIE PAYMENTS.

THE Secretary of the Treasury says that he will adopt no policy that is likely to lead to a commercial crisis. But at the same time he suggests that the legal-tenders may be curtailed at the rate of six instead of four millions a month, and he has no suggestion whatever to offer with regard to the curtailment of National Bank notes. Here is a contradiction which some of the Secretary's friends might possibly do well to explain.

The National currency, of which about $300,000,000 are afloat, is redeemable in legal tenders. By law the National Banks are required at all times to hold legal tenders equal in amount to twenty-five per cent. of their liabilities. In fact, they are expected to be able to pay all their liabilities in legal tender on demand. There are at the present time about $385,000,000 of legal-tender notes in circulation. The Secretary curtails these at the rate of six millions a month, or $72,000,000 a year, wherewithal will the National Banks redeem their issues, and how shall we escape a commercial crisis?

Those who claim to know the private views of Secretary MCCULLOCH say that he is looking out for the Government, and for the Government only—leaving the National Banks to look out for themselves. If this be the case it would be but fair to say so. That the National Banks must break, if Mr. MCCULLOCH withdraws the legal tenders in which they are bound to redeem their issues, is too clear to need demonstration. But as a proposition for the public it will fall to the ground. Take away the base on which the superstructure of National Currency and National Bank discounts has been erected and the whole edifice must come down. There are many who hold that the National Banks must break sooner or later in any event. Without stopping to controvert this proposition, it must be clear to the meanest comprehension that they must break, and break badly, if the Government suffers them to go on issuing currency and expanding their circulation at the same time it is steadily withdrawing the medium in which their issues are redeemable and their deposits payable.

It is just possible, but not at all likely, that the United States Treasury assumes specie payments without a violent commercial crisis. To escape that crisis the change must be gradual and spread over a long period of time. Gold must decline slowly and steadily to par, prices must fall with it, and commerce and finance must contract *pari passu*, so that on the day of resumption the banks shall owe so little that they will be ready to pay. Such a gradual resumption is possible, as we said. But it is not in the least likely, and the main reason why it is not likely is, that the National Banks are morally certain to keep their issues out and their discount line full so long as they can legally do so. A few institutions here and there, managed by men of timid experience, will prepare for the storm in due season. But by far the greater number of the twelve hundred National Banks scattered over the country, if uncontrolled by law, will continue to lose currency and discount paper to the very last moment of their existence. This is the history of banking throughout the world.

To secure by law a resumption of specie payments without a commercial crisis would imperatively require restrictions upon the issues and the discounts of the National Banks. They should be compelled to hold a reserve of specie in proportion to their issues and their loans, such reserve to increase as legal tenders were withdrawn. To do this without ruin would involve a severe contraction of discounts and a large recall of currency. Whether such contraction could be effected at all except without causing wide-spread commercial distress is an open question. But it is clear that if the National Banks can not contract and reduce their issues without causing a financial crisis, that crisis has become inevitable, and the longer it is delayed the more severe will it prove.

No passage of the Secretary's Report is more thoughtworthy than the sentence in which he says that the past few years' experience of paper-money has so demoralized and debauched public sentiment that a few influential leaders of public opinion are actually opposed to all steps which lead to the resumption of specie payments. It is too true. At least two leading newspapers, about, to say nothing of half a dozen leading Members of Congress, are openly opposed to currency contraction, and to any and all measures which may tend to make the United States dollar equal in value to the dollar of other countries. It is notorious that, from being one of the cheapest, this has become one of the dearest countries in the world to live in; that taxation here is more oppressive than in Great Britain; that industry is becoming paralyzed, and commerce precarious; that our people are becoming poorer daily, while foreign nations are steadily enriching themselves at our expense; and that this state of things should be borne steadily worse, so long as our currency remains in a condition of disgrace. At the same time it is obvious that, the agony of resumption once passed, our resources are such that the country would speedily recover, the cost of living would fall, taxation would be lighter, the reward of industry and commerce would be sure, capital would flow hither from all parts of the world, and the condition of all classes would be improved. Yet, in spite of all this, there are found leading men and leading lights of opinion which denounce all measures leading to resumption, and cling to paper-money doctrines. Well may the Secretary declare that the experience of the past few years has debauched men's minds.

It now remains to be seen what action Congress will take on the recommendations of the Secretary. The majority are in the same temper as last year but little can be expected of them. It is said, however, that the cost of living has begun to tell upon the views of Western constituencies, and members who last winter were opposed to any reduction of the currency will now consent to invest Mr. MCCULLOCH with larger powers. It is due to him to say that his position has, in the main, entitled him to unusual confidence.

POLITICAL "CLAIMS."

AMONG the many ingenious explanations of Mr. SEWARD'S separation from the great body of his party, that which has long connected it one which declares him to have resolved upon the ruin of the party because it failed to nominate him for President at the Chicago Convention of 1860. This is the most common and the most popular speculation; and certainly none more shameful in itself, or, if true, more injurious to Mr. SEWARD, can be imagined. There are those in high positions, and of unquestioned honesty, who are reported to have quoted words of Mr. SEWARD'S which favor the suggestion. But we are quite sure that his present position has no such simple and summary explanation. The great political disappointment of his life is probably an element in the explanation; but his invincible optimism and the doctrinaire or theoretical tendency of his mind must both make part of any satisfactory theory.

Our object now, however, is not the solution of a painful problem, but to consider the ground upon which Mr. SEWARD'S disappointment is supposed to rest. This, in a word, is said to be the refusal of the party to recognize his claims. It is urged that he did more than any one else to create the Republican party, and to insure its success; that he gave all his powers to it; that he was its most conspicuous National leader; and that, when victory was probable, it was the duty of the party to recognize his claims by nominating him for the Presidency. But those who say this—Mr. SEWARD himself, if he think this—forget all the important facts. Mr. SEWARD is a politician. He left the Whig party when the Whig party was plainly gone forever as a political power, and he left just at the proper moment. Having taken his new position he naturally brought all his force to bear to fortify and maintain it. The party associates willingly acknowledged his services, and in his own State elected and re-elected him United States Senator.

But they did this not because he had any claim, or could have any claim, upon official position, but because he seemed to them by experience and capacity available for the best candidate. When his name was presented to the National Convention for the Presidency his experience and capacity were not denied, but because the country and the Convention that he was not an available candidate in Pennsylvania and other States which were essential to success, and that, even were his election probable, it would not be secure. It was called the Albany Lobby to Washington. Mr. SEWARD'S "claims" were not urged. In the brief and kindly speech in which the Chairman of the New York delegation moved that the nomination of Mr. LINCOLN be made unanimous he spoke of Mr. SEWARD as a statesman well known to the country and thoroughly proved, whose powers and sagacity would insure a faithful administration of the Government. But the statesman was much too wise to insinuate, whatever he in his heart believed, that the party or the Convention were ungrateful.

The truth is, that the people may claim any political service of any citizen, but no citizen can have any political claim whatever upon the choice of the public, except that which is founded upon the general conviction of capacity and discretion. The feebleness and inefficiency which are usually held to characterize the public service in many departments, as compared with private enterprise, arises from the custom of appointing men to office, not for fitness or competency, but for party service or "claims." Nominating conventions, like railroad carriages, or calls meetings, or breaks heads, and when success slights upon the party banner he is rewarded by a small office. We know one such statesman who, being in debt to his honest trade, sighed for the repose of a Customhouse berth, and who pleaded, not his capacity and industry and fidelity, but that he had "done all the dirty work of the party for ten years." And if it be a question of claims, his were indisputable.

Offices which involve the prompt and economical administration of the details of the Government, and still more those which involve its general foreign and domestic policy, can not be considered as the proper field to which claims may be established by party services without the most vital injury to the public welfare. Had Mr. SEWARD been elected opposed otherwise, and have felt that he was betrayed by his party because he was not nominated for the Presidency, only shows how false is a theory upon which there is no foundation to us. Suppose it had been adopted, and, because of his "claims," Mr. SEWARD had been nominated in 1860 and elected President. We prefer not to pursue the supposition further. Only let us remember that the sole claims to public trusts in this country which can be safely considered are superior wisdom or discretion, capacity, honesty, industry, and fidelity to equal human rights. Partisan diligence certainly does not invalidate these, but it can not supply their place.

FOREIGN WAR.

THE one thing for which every enemy of this country at home and abroad most fervently prays is a foreign war. Abroad, it would gratify the prophecies of every sour sympathizer with the rebellion who has insisted that the consequences of our victory would be a military spirit which must necessarily be fatal to a popular government; and at home, it would renew the trouble from which we are emerging. He is a very poor student of history and human nature who supposes that a war with England or France would unite the late insurgents heartily with the Government or the loyal country. It is one of those silly theories which can be entertained for a moment only by those who would leave the settlement of our national questions to emotions of generosity and an assumed fraternity. Nobody can seriously doubt that the spirit which still controls the late insurgent States would halt with delight the prospect of a foreign war. But it would be the opportunity of a lifetime of healing the breach by defending the Govern-

ment; it would be satisfaction in the prospect of the overthrow of the Government. Suppose a foreign force, landing at any port below the Capes of Virginia, would it be repelled with energy by the late Confederates or zealous enthusiasm?

The answer to that question reveals the peculiar peril of foreign complication, and it also shows why Democratic leaders are not averse to it, and why the Administration should be closely watched. Public confidence in the President is not profound, and the course of the Secretary of State is not reassuring. There is nothing which the loyal people of this country would at this time so earnestly oppose as a foreign war; for it is in the power of an administration to put the country in a difficult position from which war may readily appear to be the only honorable escape. Congress will, therefore, undoubtedly require the amplest information upon every subject with which the State Department is charged. There is supposed to be in that Department a jealousy of Congressional inquisition—a feeling that inquiry is sometimes impertinence. But the State Department is but a branch of the public service, and Congress has the clear right to demand that the country shall know how it is being served; and, above all, shall know that its wishes and purposes are being thwarted.

The correspondence with France lately published shows how heartily LOUIS NAPOLEON wishes to get out of Mexico. He said last year that he would withdraw his troops in three divisions, the first to move in November. When November came he stated to Mr. BIGELOW that he proposed to remove the whole force at once, and perhaps all March. To this MR. SEWARD's reply was exactly what every body who has watched the Mexican affair expected. He said in effect that the presence of large bodies of United States troops upon the Mexican border, which occasionally crossed the line, their open sympathy with the American opponents of the empire, and the equally frank expression of opinion by General SHERIDAN, commanding in the Gulf Department, and of General GRANT, chief of the armies of the United States, made it impossible for him to divide his retiring forces, and would expose the last division left in the country to peculiar peril.

This is a very simple and sensible explanation, which, it seems to us, might have occurred to the Department of State. Indeed, in this age of common sense and general intelligence, a simpler and more sensible diplomacy had not wisely adopted than that which assumes that under all circumstances the other party is trying to do precisely the opposite of what it declares. When once the French occupation of Mexico was seen to be a total mistake and failure, the work of a sagacious diplomacy was to assume that the French Emperor wished to withdraw, as he undoubtedly did, and not to wear even an air of menace which would merely furnish him a pretext for rejoinder and debate.

CONGRESS.

CONGRESS has begun its work with a will. It seems very conscious that it is not to remain in session for eight months, and that after the long debate of the year the country looks seriously for results. There has been some boyish effervescence, and, of course, there has been a profuse shower of propositions from ever side to solve the problem of the time. We repeat the hope which we expressed during the last winter, that some representative whose radical convictions are unquestionable as those of MR. THADDEUS STEVENS will save Congress and the country from the disgrace of his unchecked talk and action. The motion of the gentleman from Pennsylvania should adjourn during the reading of the President's Message was not so much an insult to the President as to the whole country, and his remarks at the banquet of reception were both untimely and foolish.

That the President has disgracefully assailed MR. STEVENS is true. Does Congress then mean to make the President its model of decency? He is quite as good at the game of vindictive vituperation as MR. STEVENS. Did the President help himself or his cause by the 22d of February speech or by his Western speeches? Will Congress help itself by imitating him? MR. THADDEUS STEVENS should be taught that Congress is the immediate representative of the people of the United States, and that its forgetfulness of dignity and propriety is infinitely more offensive than that of the Executive officer.

It is a very common and a totally false idea that decency of manner and language is incompatible with strong conviction or effective action. We think that the President is a coarse man and must be coarsely encountered. No conclusion could be more untrue. A Congress which should steadily pursue its course, tranquilly fulfilling the popular will, quietly passing necessary bills over the Executive veto, without a word of derision or acrimony, and while it paralyzed any unwise or dangerous Executive attempts, preserved profound silence toward the Executive officer, would confound him a thousandfold more than a Congress which bandied insults with him. And so a leader who should represent the unbending popular will, and refuse to abandon himself to rhetorical or sarcastic fury, would have a power in the House, with the country, and over the Executive which MR. THADDEUS STEVENS, with all his brilliant antics, can never reach. Let us hope that some members will reflect that it was the apparent passion of the House to the vagaries of MR. THADDEUS STEVENS a year ago which so seriously disturbed its hold upon many of the most loyal men in the country, who, how ever, had no alternative but to support Congress when the issue was fairly joined in the canvass. If it be an impeachable offense, as General BUTLER seems to suppose, for the Executive Department of the Government to bring the Legislative into contempt, what is the remedy when the Legislative branch retorts? May not that account be considered settled, and the Impeachment be reserved?

The very power of Congress, however, and its support by the country, will tend to make it moderate and manly. The issue will be not a contest between it and the President, for the force is too much on one side. Even the Democrats desire this. Surely no public man ever encountered such sudden and utter retribution. It is not much more than a year since the chief orator at the Democratic Albany meeting nominated him for next President. Now not a Democratic leader in the House says that to attempt to slaughter the present Executive would secure very party. After that nothing can be said. The country has a right to demand honest, and efficient work from its representatives, and neither sneers nor sarcasms upon the President, or, at a time when they were legitimate weapons, but it is happily passed.

MURDER, CONTINUED.

THE ferry-boat *Idaho*, of the New York and Brooklyn Ferry Company, left her dock in Williamsburg on the evening of November 26, and when she had gone about five hundred yards a large flame was discovered to be issuing from a boat instantly took fire. The engines were reversed, the hose was rigged, but so rapid and fierce was the flame that it was impossible to regain the dock. Fortunately another ferry-boat, the *Minnesota*, came up and rescued the passengers. But she could not approach very near on account of the heat of the fire, and to save herself was compelled to leave several persons on the burning steamer. These, seizing whatever presented itself, leaped into the water, and were picked up by a row-boat.

Our readers will remember that we described a fire upon the Sound steamer, the *Hayouth* early in the year. That, also, was caused by a kerosene lamp. We earnestly advise every traveler, before embarking upon any steamer or whatever upon which he must pass the night, to ascertain whether it is lighted with oil lamps. If it does, let him with others act as a committee of vigilance and safety. And this should be done with the same spirit of the principle of examining every steamer whatever to light itself with kerosene lamps. Their use should be as rigorously prohibited upon steamers as the free transport of gunpowder. It is plain that unless some positive restriction is placed upon them, we shall presently record some appalling accident arising from their use.

Before the investigation of the loss of the *Evening Star* is satisfactorily finished there is that of the steamship *Suwanee*, which sailed from New York a year ago to-day in the wake of the *Idaho*. A day or two after she struck upon a shoal, and was got off only by lightening her of part of her cargo. She ran for the Delaware breakwater, intending to land her freight, and sailed again, apparently without examination or repair. On the 31st of December she was burned to the water's edge off the Carolina coast, and went down at about eight o'clock the next morning, the ship's company having previously put to sea in three boats. The superintendent of the Pacific Mail Company sailed from New York she was loaded down, "with her guards under water."

Human life is not only lost, it is squandered by such men. What is possible for suffering a steamer to go to sea loaded so heavily that her guards were under water? The *Suwanee's* freight was arms for the Republic of Mexico. Her owners are announced as MESSRS. SIMONS & CARY, of Philadelphia, and ELIJAH H. CATTELL, of New Jersey. By whom was she chartered? Somebody must be answerable for such a load. Somebody made sure of her destruction. How many vessels similarly doomed, if they chance to encounter a similar hurricane, are leaving the port of New York every week? The intelligent American people are sent to sea in winter in rotten old tubs overloaded and undermanned, or are burned to death in their berths in steamers with lighted kerosene lamps dancing along marble tables until they tumble and kindle the dry, light wood-work around them, and the kind folk good-naturedly think it is very shocking! If these lines are read by any traveler upon a steamer, we advise him again to look about him.

NOW AND THEN.

WE do not know where to look for a more striking illustration of the regeneration of the country than is to be found in the position, sympathies, and opinions of certain subjects, of the late and the present Chief Justice of the United States. It is not ten years since JUDGE TANEY uttered the Dred Scott decision, and misrepresented history to prove that in the idea of the American Government men of African descent had no rights which other men were bound to respect. It is now, happily, JUDGE CHASE, the President of the American Freedmen's Union Commission, and upon taking the chair at the last meeting of that Pennsylvania branch he said; "When I find myself in any position incompatible with labor for the poor, the needy, and the oppressed, that position shall not hold me."

Such words by such a man upon such an occasion show how heartily American sentiment is now tending toward the fundamental principle of Justice and Equal Rights.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 4:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner gave notice of his intention to introduce resolutions for the entire control of Congress over the subject of reconstruction, and the right to exclude from it any State refusing from representation in Congress, and from voting on amendments.

In the House, an additional rule was adopted for the appointment by each member of a standing committee on the freedmen's affairs.—The Bounty bill of the last session was referred to the Military Committee for amendment, and the bill increasing the pay of members to the Judiciary was referred to special.—A resolution was adopted instating upon the adoption of the reconstruction amendment, also a resolution instructing the Committee on Territories to inquire into the propriety of providing Territorial governments for the late rebel States.

December 5:

In the Senate, a bill, introduced by Mr. Wade, for the admission of Nebraska into the Union as a State was ordered to lie upon the table for the present.—The committee of fifteen on conduct was announced.—A motion offered by Mr. Williams instructing the Committee on Reconstruction to inquire if the power of the President has the right to restore confiscated property under the late Act of United States, was adopted.—The House bill taking away the President's Amnesty power was referred to the Judiciary Committee.—Mr. Sumner then introduced the resolutions of which he had given notice the previous day. They were read and ordered to be printed.—The joint resolution providing a Constitutional Amendment basing suffrage and representation for re-election was referred.—The House tobacco committee bill for the reduction of taxation was concured in.

In the House, a bill was passed limiting the number of peremptory challenges in criminal cases; also a bill protecting the rights of the legal citizens in the South.

December 6:

In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull reported favorably from the Judiciary Committee the House bill to repeal the Amnesty power of the President. The bill went over under the rule.

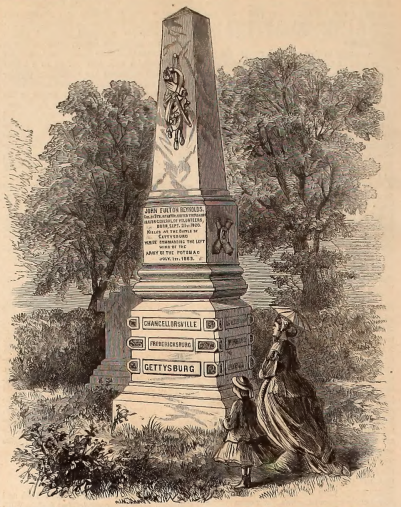
In the House, the Post-Office Committee was instructed to inquire into the expediency of conferring upon the Post-Office Department the same jurisdiction over telegraph lines that it now exercises over post-offices and post-roads.—A Select Committee of three was appointed on Government Gas Works to investigate the Jolly rot.—The Judiciary Committee was instructed to inquire into the expediency of so amending the law to be proclaimed in those counties of the Southern States where the laws have been murdered, and the laws not enforced against the murderers.—The Committee on Foreign Affairs was instructed to inquire as to the measures necessary to secure the recognition by other nations of the principle of our Naturalization Laws.—Mr. Schenck's bill to fix the times for the regular meeting of Congress was discussed at length. It was provided, in the first section, that Congress shall meet on the 4th of March.

December 10:

In the Senate, Mr. Wade reported back the bill for the admission of Nebraska, with a recommendation that it pass.—The report of the Committee on Reconstruction, to whom was referred the bill to regulate the elections in the District of Columbia, was read.—It declares



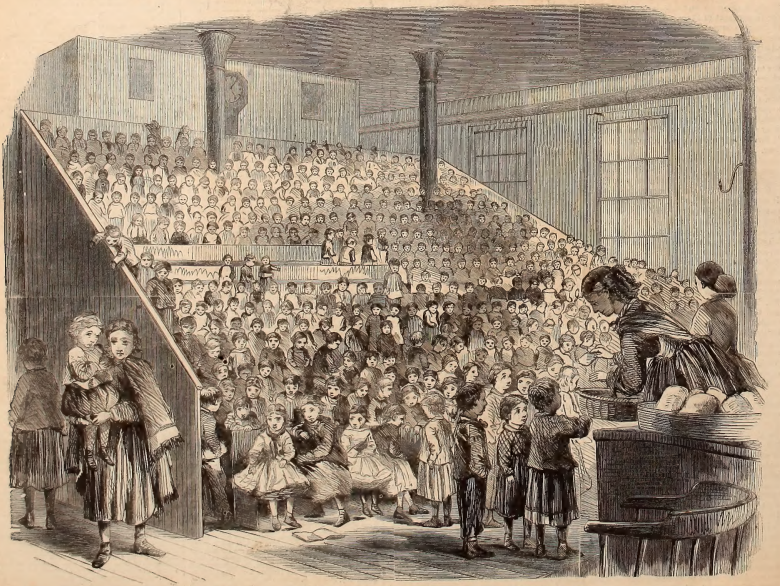
MRS. BOX, HER DAUGHTERS, AND LIEUTENANT HERSELBERSER.—[SEE PAGE 806.]



MONUMENT TO MAJOR-GEN. J. F. REYNOLDS.—SKETCHED BY JOB. BARNES, JR.—[SEE PAGE 806.]

INFANT CLASS AT THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.

Among the interesting features connected with the Ladies' Five Points Mission, established in this city on the site of the "Old Brewery," there is none more remarkable than the Infant Class, which is the subject of an illustration on this page. The room extends through the entire depth of the building, and is about twenty-five feet in width. Over two hundred children, varying from two to six years and of almost every nationality, are seated upon elevated forms, and are daily drilled in the alphabet, rudimentary spelling, and singing. In due time they are "promoted" to a class higher, and, if they can be retained long enough, are advanced to the higher studies taught in the institution. Over five hundred regular scholars throng the rooms of this flourishing Mission, and the Board of Managers are about making arrangements to enlarge the Mission buildings. No charity can more forcibly commend itself to our citizens. Our sketch represents the Infant Class at the time of dismission, in the act of receiving lunch.



INFANT CLASS AT THE FIVE POINTS MISSION, NEW YORK CITY.—RECEIVING LUNCH.

[Continued from No. 817.]

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book I.—Fatal Friendship.

CHAPTER V.

THE LETTER FROM THE "ALLIANCE" OFFICE.

UPON the evening of the day on which Mrs. Halliday and the dentist had discussed the propriety of sailing in a strange doctor, George Sheldon came again to see his sick friend. He was quicker to perceive the changes in the invalid than the members of the household, who saw him daily and hourly, and he perceived a striking change for the worse to-night.

He could say, however, to suffer no evidence of alarm or surprise to appear in the sick chamber. He talked to his friend in the usual cheery way; sat by his bedside for half an hour; did his best to arouse Tom from a kind of stupid lethargy, and to encourage Mrs. Halliday, who showed the task of nursing her husband with brisk Nancy Woolper—an invaluable creature in a sick room. But he failed in both attempts; the dull apathy of the invalid was not to be dispelled by the most genial companionship, and George's spirits had been sinking lower and lower as the fears increased.

She would fain have called in a strange doctor; she would fain have sought for comfort and consolation from some new quarter. But she was afraid of offending Philip Sheldon; and she was afraid of alarming her husband. So she watched, and watched, and struggled against that ever-increasing anxiety. Had not Mr. Sheldon made light of his friend's malady, and what motive could he have for deceiving her?

A breakfast-cup full of beef-tea stood on the little table by the bedside, and had been standing there for hours untouched.

"I did take such pains to make it strong and clear," said Mrs. Woolper, regretfully, as she came to the little table during a tidying process, "and poor dear Mr. Halliday hasn't taken so much as a spoonful. It won't be fit for him to-morrow, so as I haven't eaten a morsel of dinner, what with the hurry and anxiety and one thing and another, I'll warm up the beef-tea for my supper. There's not a blessed thing in the house; for you don't eat nothing, Mrs. Halliday; and as to cooking a dinner for Mr. Sheldon, you'd a deal better go and throw your victuals out into the gutter, for then there'd be a chance of stray dogs profiting by 'em, at any rate."

"Phil is off his feed, then; eh, Nancy?" said George.

"I should rather think he is, Mr. George. I roasted a chicken yesterday for him and Mrs. Halliday, and I don't think they ate an ounces between them; and such a lovely tender young thing as it was too—done to a turn—with bread-sauce and a little bit of sea-kale. One invalid makes another, that's certain. I never saw your brother so upset as he is now, Mr. George, in all his life."

"No?" answered George Sheldon, thoughtfully; "Phil isn't generally one of your sensitive sort."

The invalid was sleeping heavily during this conversation. George stood by the bed for some minutes looking down at the altered face, and then turned to leave the room.

"Good-night, Mrs. Halliday," he said; "I hope I shall find poor old Tom a shade better when I look round to-morrow."

"I am sure I hope so," George answered, mournfully.

She was sitting by the window looking out at the darkening western sky, in which the lurid glimmer of a stormy sunset was fading against a back-ground of iron gray.

This quiet figure by the window, the stormy sky, and ragged hurrying clouds without, the dusky chamber with all its dismally significant litter of medicine-bottles, made a gloomy picture; a picture which the man who looked upon it carried in his mind for many years after that night.

George Sheldon and Nancy Woolper left the room together, the Yorkshirewoman carrying a tray of empty vials and glasses, and among them the cup of beef-tea.

"He seems in a bad way to-night, Nancy," said George, with a backward jerk of his head toward the sick chamber.

"He is in a bad way, Mr. George," answered the woman gravely. "Let Mr. Philip think what he will. I don't want to say a word against your brother's knowledge, for such a steady studious gentleman as he is had need be clever; and if I was all myself, I'd trust my life to him freely: for I've heard Barlingford folks say that my master's advice is as good as any regular doctor's, and that there's very little your regular doctors know that he doesn't know as well or better. But for all that, Mr. George, I don't think he understands Mr. Halliday's case quite as clear as he might."

"Do you think Tom's in any danger?"

"I won't say that, Mr. George; but I think he gets worse instead of getting better."

"Humph!" muttered George. "If Halliday were to go off the hooks, Phil would have a good chance of getting a rich wife."

"Don't say that, Mr. George!" exclaimed the Yorkshirewoman reproachfully; "don't even think of such a thing while that poor man lies at death's door. I'm sure Mr. Sheldon hasn't any thoughts of that kind. He told me before Mr. and Mrs. Halliday came to town that he and Miss Georgy had forgotten all about past times."

"Ah, if Phil said so, that alters the case. Phil is one of your blunt outspoken fellows, and always says what he means," said George Sheldon. And then he went down stairs, leaving Nancy to follow him at her leisure with the tray of jingling cups and glasses. He went down through the dusk, smiling to himself, as if he had just given utterance to some piece of intense humor. He went to look for his brother, whom he found in the torture-chamber, busied with some mysterious process in connection with a lump of plaster of Paris, which seemed to be the model of ruined battlements in the Gothic style. The dentist looked up as George entered the room, and did not appear particularly delighted by the appearance of that gentleman.

"Well," said Mr. Sheldon the younger, "busy as usual? Patients seem to be looking up."

"Patients be——" toothless to the end of time!" cried Philip, with a savage laugh. "No, I'm not working to order; I'm only experimentalizing."

"You're rather fond of experiments, I think, Phil," said George, seating himself near the table on which his brother was working under the glare of the gas. The dentist looked very pale and haggard in the gas-light, and his eyes had the dull sunken appearance induced by prolonged sleeplessness. George sat watching his brother thoughtfully for some time, and then produced his cigar-case. "You don't mind my smoke here?" he asked, as he lighted a cigar.

"Not at all. You are very welcome to sit here, if it amuses you to see me working at the cast of a lower jaw."

"Oh, that's a lower jaw, is it? It looks like the fragment of some castle-keep. No, Phil, I don't care about watching you work. I want to talk to you seriously."

"What about?"

"About that follow up stairs; poor old Tom. He and I were great cronies, you know, at home. He's in a very bad way, Phil."

"Is he? You seem to be turning physician all at once, George. I shouldn't have thought your grubbing among county business, and tattered old pedigrees, and parish registers had given you so deep an insight into the science of medicine!" said the dentist, in a sneering tone.

"I don't know any thing of medicine; but I know enough to be sure that Tom Halliday is about as bad as he can be. What mystifies me is, that he doesn't seem to have had any thing particular the matter with him. There he lies, getting worse every day, without any specific ailment. It's a strange illness, Philip."

"I don't see any thing strange in it."

"Don't you? Don't you think the surrounding circumstances are strange? Here is this man comes to your house hale and hearty; and all of a sudden he falls ill, and gets lower and lower every day, without any body being able to say why or wherefore."

"That's not true, George. Every body in this house knows the cause of Tom Halliday's illness. He came home in wet clothes, and insisted on keeping them on. He caught a cold; which resulted in low fever. There is the whole history and mystery of the affair."

"That's simple enough, certainly. But if I were you, Phil, I'd call in another doctor."

"That is Mrs. Halliday's business," answered the dentist, coolly; "she knows that if she doubts my skill, she is free to call in whom she pleases. And now you may as well drop the subject, George. I've had enough anxiety about this man's illness, and I don't want to be worried by you."

After this there was a little conversation about general matters, but the talk dragged and languished dreadfully, and George Sheldon rose to depart directly he had finished his cigar.

"Good-night, Phillip!" he said; "if ever you get a stroke of good luck, I hope you'll stand something handsome to me."

This remark had no particular relevance to any thing that had been said that night by the two men. Yet Philip Sheldon seemed in no wise astonished by it.

"If things ever *do* take a turn for the better with me, you'll find me a good friend, George," he said, gravely; and then Mr. Sheldon the younger bade him good-night, and went out into Fitzgeorge Street.

He paused for a moment at the corner of the street to look back at his brother's house. He could see the lighted windows of the invalid's chamber, and it was at those he looked.

"Poor Tom," he said to himself, "poor Tom! we were great cronies in the old times, and have had many a pleasant evening together!"

Mr. Sheldon the dentist sat up till the small hours that night, as he had done for many nights lately. He finished his work in the torture-chamber, and went up to the common sitting-room, or drawing-room as it was called by courtesy, a little before midnight. The servants had gone to bed, for there was no regular nightly watch in the apartment of the invalid. Mrs. Halliday lay on a sofa in her husband's room, and Nancy Woolper slept in an adjoining apartment, always wakeful and ready if help of any kind should be wanted.

The house was very quiet just now. Philip Sheldon walked up and down the room, thinking; and the creaking of his boots sounded unpleasantly loud to his ears. He stopped before the fire-place, after having walked to and fro some time, and began to examine some letters that lay upon the mantle-piece. They were addressed to Mr. Halliday, and had been forwarded from Yorkshire. The dentist took them up one by one, and deliberately examined them. They were all business letters, and most of them bore country post-marks. But there was one which had been, in the first instance, posted from London; and this letter Mr. Sheldon examined with especial attention.

It was a big, official-looking document, and embossed upon the adhesive envelope appeared the crest and motto of the Alliance Insurance Office.

I wonder whether that's all square," thought Mr. Sheldon, as he turned the envelope about in his hands, staring at it absently. "I ought to make sure of that. The London post-mark is nearly three weeks old." He pondered for some moments, and then went to the cupboard in which he kept the materials wherewith to replenish or to make a fire. Here he found a little tea-kettle, in which he was in the habit of boiling water for occasional friendly glasses of grog. He poured some water from a bottle on the sideboard into this kettle, set fire to a bundle of wood, and put the kettle on the blazing sticks. After having done this he searched for a tea-cup, succeeded in finding one, and then stood watching for the boiling of the water. He had not long to wait; the water boiled furiously before the wood was burned out, and Mr. Sheldon held the tea-cup standing on the table. Then he put the insurance-office letter over the vessel with the seal downward, and left it so, while he resumed his walk. After walking up and down for about ten minutes he went back to the table and took up the letter. The adhesive envelope opened easily, and Mr. Sheldon, by this ingenious stratagem, made himself master of his friend's business.

The Alliance" letter was nothing more than a notice to the effect that the half-yearly premium for insuring the sum of three thousand pounds on the life of Thomas Halliday would be due on such a day, after which there would be twenty-one days grace, at the end of which time the policy would become void unless the premium had been duly paid.

Mr. Halliday's letters had been suffered to accumulate during the last fortnight. The letters forwarded from Yorkshire had been detained some time, as they had been sent first to Hyley Farm, now in possession of the new owner, and then to Barlingford, to the house of Georgy's mother, who had kept them upward of a week, in daily expectation of her son-in-law's return. It was only on the receipt of a letter from Georgy, containing the tidings of her husband's illness, that Mr. Halliday's letters had been sent to London.

Thus it came about that the twenty-one days of grace were within four-and-twenty hours of expiry when Philip Sheldon opened his friend's letter.

"This is serious," muttered the dentist, as he stood deliberating with the open letter in his hand; "there are three thousand pounds depending on that man's power to write a check!"

After a few minutes' reflection he folded the letter and resealed it very carefully.

"It wouldn't do to press the matter upon him to-night," he thought; "I must wait till to-morrow morning, come what may."



THE QUIET FIGURE BY THE WINDOW.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. BURKHAM'S UNCERTAINTIES.

THE next morning dawned gray and pale and chill, after the manner of early spring mornings, let them ripen into never such balmy days; and with the dawn Nancy Woolper came into the invalid's chamber, more wan and sickly of aspect than the morning itself.

Mrs. Halliday started from an uneasy slumber.

"What's the matter, Nancy?" she asked, with considerable alarm. She had known the woman ever since her childhood, and she was startled this morning by some indefinable change in her manner and appearance. The hearty old woman, whose face had been like a bright apple shriveled and wrinkled by long keeping, had now a white and ghastly look which struck terror to Georgy's heart. She who was usually so brisk of manner and sharp of speech had this morning a strange, subdued tone and an unnatural calmness of demeanor. "What is the matter, Nancy?" Mrs. Halliday repeated, getting up from her sofa.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Georgy," answered the old woman, who was apt to forget that Tom Halliday's wife had ever ceased to be Georgy Craddock: "don't be frightened, my dear. I haven't been very well all night—and——don't've been worrying myself about Mr. Halliday. I've been up with him most part of the night. Never mind what Mr. Philip says. He may be mistaken, you know, clever as he is. There's no telling. Take my advice, Miss Georgy, and call in another doctor—directly—directly!" repeated the old woman, seizing Mrs. Halliday's arm with passionate energy, as if to give emphasis to her words.

Poor timid Georgy shrank from her with terror.

"You frighten me, Nancy," she whispered; "do you think that Tom is so much worse? You have not been with him all night; and he has been sleeping very quietly. What makes you so anxious this morning?"

"Never mind that, Miss Georgy. You get another doctor, that's all; get another doctor at once. Mr. Sheldon is a light sleeper. I'll go to his room and tell him you've set your heart upon having fresh advice; if you'll only bear me out afterward."

"Yes, yes; go, by all means!" exclaimed Mrs. Halliday, only too ready to take alarm under the influence of a stronger mind, and eager to act when supported by another person.

Nancy Woolper went to her master's room. He was have been sleeping very heavily, if he was sleeping at all, for he was broad awake the next minute after his housekeeper's light knock

had sounded on the door. In less than five minutes he came out of his room half dressed. Nancy told him that Mrs. Halliday had taken fresh alarm about her husband, and would wait for further advice.

"She sent you to tell me that?" asked Philip.

"Yes."

"And when does she want this new doctor called in?"

"Immediately, if possible."

It was seven o'clock by this time, and the morning was brightening a little.

"Very well," said Mr. Sheldon: "her wishes shall be attended to directly. Heaven forbid that I should stand between my old friend and any chance of his speedy recovery! If a stone age can bring him round quicker than I can, let the stranger come."

Mr. Sheldon was not slow to obey Mrs. Halliday's behest. He was departing on his quest breakfastless, when Nancy Woolper met him in the hall with a cup of tea. He accepted the cup almost mechanically from her hand, and took it into the parlor, whither Nancy followed him. And then for the first time he perceived that change in his housekeeper's face which had so startled Georgina Halliday.

The change was somewhat modified now; but still the Nancy Woolper of to-day was not the Nancy Woolper of yesterday.

"You're looking very queer, Nancy," said the dentist, gravely scrutinizing the woman's face with his bright, penetrating eyes. "Are you ill?"

"Well, Mr. Philip, I have been rather queer all night—quite sick and faintish-like."

"Ah! you've been overstaticing yourself in the sick room, I dare say. Take care you don't knock yourself up."

"No; it's not that, Mr. Philip. There's not many can stand hard work better than I can. It's not that as made me ill. I took something last night that disagreed with me."

"More fool you," said Mr. Sheldon, curtly: "you ought to know better than to play with your digestive powers at your age. What was it? Hard cold meat and preternaturally green pickles, I suppose; or something of that kind."

"No, Sir; it was only a drop of beef-tea that I made for poor Mr. Halliday. And that oughtn't to have disagreed with a baby, you know, Sir."

"Oughtn't it?" cried the dentist, disdainfully. "What's a little bit of vulgar ignorance, Mrs. Woolper. I suppose it was stuff that had been taken up to Mr. Halliday."

"Yes, Mr. Philip; you took it up with your own hands."

"Ah! to be sure; so I did. Very well, then, Mrs. Woolper, if you know so much about atmospheric influences as I do, you'd know that food which has been standing for hours in the pestiferous air of a fever-patient's room isn't fit for any body to eat. The stuff made you sick, I suppose."

"Yes, Sir; sick to my very heart," answered the Yorkshire woman, with a strange mournfulness in her voice.

"Let that be a warning to you, then. Don't take any thing more that comes down from the sick room."

"I don't think there'll be any chance of my doing that long, Sir."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't fancy Mr. Halliday is long for this world."

"Ah, you women are always ravens!"

"Unless the strange doctor can do something to cure him. Oh, pray bring a clever man who will be able to cure that poor helpless creature my master, Mr. Philip, how you used to be used to be friends and play-fellows—brothers almost—when you was both bits of boys. Think how bad it might seem to evil-minded folks if he died under your roof."

The dentist had been standing near the door during this talk; during this conversation; and now for the first time he looked at his housekeeper with an expression of unmitigated astonishment.

"What, in the name of all that's ridiculous, do you mean, Nancy?" he asked, impatiently.

"What is my roof to do with Tom Halliday's illness—or his death, if it came to that? And what on earth can people have to say about it if he should die here instead of any where else?"

"Why, you see, Sir, you being his friend, and Miss Georgy's sweet-heart that was, and him having your doctor, folks might take it into their heads he wasn't attended properly."

"Because I'm his friend? That's very good logic! And will you what it is, Mrs. Woolper; if any woman upon earth, except the woman who nursed me when I was a baby, had presumed to use me as you have been presuming to me just this minute, I should open the door yonder and tell her to walk out of my house. Let that serve as a hint for you, Nancy; and don't you go out of your way a second time to advise me how I should treat my friend and my patient."

He handed her the empty cup and walked out of the house. There had been no passion in his tone. His accent had been only that of a man who has occasion to reprove an old and trusted servant for an unwarrantable impertinence. Nancy Woolper stood at the street-door watching him as he walked away, and then went slowly back to her duties in the lower regions of the house.

"It can't be true," she muttered to herself; "it can't be true!"

The dentist returned to Fitzgeorge Street in less than an hour, bringing with him a surgeon from the neighborhood, to whom the nurse discussed the treatment, spoke hopefully to Mrs. Halliday, and departed, after promising to send a saline draught. Poor Georgy's spirits, which had revived a little under the influence of the stranger's hopeful words, sank again when she discovered that the utmost the new doctor could do was to order a saline draught. Her husband had taken so many saline draughts, and had been getting daily worse under their influence.

She watched the stranger wistfully as he lingered on the threshold for a few words to Mr. Sheldon. He was a very young man, with a frank, boyish face and a rosy color in his cheeks. He looked like some fresh young hero, plyin in the awful mysteries of medical science, and by no means the sort of man to whom one would have imagined Georgina Halliday appealing for help, when he found his own skill at fault. But then it must be remembered that Mr. Sheldon had only mentioned the stranger in connection with what he considered a womanish whim.

"He looks very young," Georgina said, regretfully, after the doctor's departure.

"So much the better, my dear Mrs. Halliday," answered the dentist, cheerfully; "medical science is emmanently progressive, and the youngest men are the best educated men."

Poor Georgy did not understand this; but it sounded convincing; and she was in the habit of believing what people told her; so she accepted Mr. Sheldon's opinion. How could she doubt that he was wiser than she was in all matters connected with the medical profession?

"Tom seems a little better this morning," she said presently.

The invalid was asleep, shrouded by the curtain of the heavy old-fashioned four-post bedstead.

"He is better," answered the dentist; "so much better, that I shall venture to give him a few business letters that have been waiting for him some time, as soon as he wakes."

He seated himself by the head of the bed, and waited quietly for the waking of the sick man.

Tom's breakfast is ready for you down stairs, Mrs. Halliday," he said, presently; "hadn't you better go down and take it while I keep watch here? It's nearly ten o'clock."

"I don't care about any breakfast," Georgina answered, piteously.

"Ah, but you'd better eat something. You'll make yourself an invalid if you are not careful; and then you won't be able to attend upon Tom."

This argument prevailed immediately. Georgy went down stairs to the parlor, and actually tried hard to eat and drink, in order that she might be sustained in her attendance upon her husband. She had forgotten all the little comforts of appetite which she had endured on his account. She had forgotten his late hours and unholy vagrancies. She had forgotten the years of waiting and expectation, and the long pain of the blood room up stairs sick to death.

Mr. Sheldon waited with all'cotward show of patience for the awakening of the invalid. But he looked at his watch twice during that half-hour of waiting; and once he rose and moved softly about the room, searching for writing materials. He found a little port-folio of Georgina's, and a frivolous-minded stand, with a gilt rim, embrance of an apple, with a gilt stalk and leaflet. The dentist took the trouble to ascertain that there was a decent supply of ink in the glass bottle, and that the pens were in working order. Then he went quietly back to his seat by the bedside and waited.

The invalid opened his eyes presently, and recognized his friend with a feeble smile.

"Well, Tom, old fellow, I'm glad you feel today's a little better, I hear from Mrs. H.," said the dentist, cheerily.

"Yes, I think I am a shade better. But, you see, the device of it is I never get more than a shade better. It always stops at that. The little woman can't complain of my appetite, can she, Sheldon? No more can the hours, or oyster-suppers, eh?"

"No, no, not just yet. You'll have to take care of yourself for a week or two when you get about again."

Mr. Halliday smiled faintly as his friend said this.

"I shall be very careful of myself if I ever do get about again, you may depend upon it, old fellow! But the doctor has sometimes fancy I have spent my last jolly evening, and eaten my last oyster-supper on this earth, for the last year or more; so he has to think seriously of a good many things. The little woman is all right, and I'm all right, and every thing pretty heavily soon after my marriage. Old Cradock never let me rest till that was done. But Georgy will be all right, you know. A man has led a careless, godless kind of a life—doing very little harm perhaps, but doing no particular good to himself or others, and not bothering his account somehow for a better world, when he feels himself slipping out of this. I asked George to pray for me yesterday, and the poor, dear loving little thing was frightened out of her wits. 'Oh, don't talk like that, Tom!' she cried; 'for I'm sure Sheldon says you're better for every hour'—by which you may guess what a rare thing it is for me to read my Bible. No, Phil, old fellow! I'm not made of that sort, I know; but I'm not made of a very tough material, and all the physic you can pour down this poor throat of mine won't put any strength into me."

"Nonsense, dear boy! that's just what a man who has not been accustomed to illness is sure to think directly he is laid up for a day or two."

"I've been laid up for three weeks," murmured Mr. Halliday, feebly, "and more."

"Well, well, perhaps this Mr. Burkham will bring you round in three days, and then you'll say that your friend Sheldon was an ignoramus."

"No, no, I sha'n't, old fellow! I'm not such a fool as that. I'm not going to blame you when it's my own constitution that's in fault. As to that young man you brought here just now, to please Georgy, I don't suppose he'll do any more for me than you have done."

"We'll contrive to bring you round between us, never fear, Tom," answered Philip Sheldon, in his most hopeful tone. "By and by, you are looking almost your old self this morning. You are so much improved that I may venture to talk to you about business. There have been some letters lying about for the last few days. I didn't like to bore you while you were so very low, but they look like important letters; and perhaps it would be as well for you to open them."

The sick man contemplated the little packet which the dentist took from his breast-pocket, and then shook his head wearily.

"I'm not up to the mark, Sheldon," he said; "the letters must keep."

"Oh, come, come, old fellow! That's giving way, you know. The letters may be important; and it will help you good if you make an effort to rouse yourself."

"I tell you it isn't in me to do it, Philip Sheldon. I'm just making efforts. Can't you see that, man? Open the letters yourself if you like."

"No, no, Halliday, I won't do that. Here's one with the seal of the Alliance Insurance Office. I suppose your premium is all right?"

Tom Halliday looked up on his elbow for a moment, startled into new life; but he sank back upon the pillows again immediately, with a feeble groan.

"I don't know about that," he said, anxiously; "you'd better look to that, Phil, for the little woman's sake. I'm not to think that that his insurance is settled and done with when he has been pommelled about by the doctors and physic'd by the chemists. I regrets there's that little matter of the premium. You'd better open the letter, Phil. I never was a good hand at remembering dates, and this illness has thrown me altogether out of gear."

Mr. Sheldon tore open that official document which, in his business capacity for his friend's interest, he had manipulated so cleverly on the previous evening, and read the letter with all the show of deliberation.

"You're right, Tom!" he exclaimed, presently. "The twenty-one days' grace expire to-day. You'd better write me a check, at once, and I'll send it on to the office by hand. Where's your check-book?"

"In the pocket of that coat hanging tye there."

Philip Sheldon found the check-book and brought it to his friend, with Georgy's port-folio, and the frivolous gilt-rim glass inkstand in the shape of an apple. He adjusted the writing materials for the sick man's use with womanly tenderness, and watched the wasted frame as Tom Halliday slowly and laboriously filled in the check; and when the signature was duly appended he carefully blotted and drew a long breath, which seemed to express infinite relief of mind.

"You'll be sure it goes on to the Alliance Office, eh, old fellow?" asked Tom, as he tore out the oblong slip of paper and handed it to his friend. "It's a kind of thing to jog my memory about this business. I'm such a follow for procrastinating matters. And I'm afraid I've been a little off my head for the last week."

"Nonsense, Tom! not you."

"Oh yes, I have. I've had all sorts of queer fancies. I've seen that little room the night before last when Georgy was asleep?"

Mr. Sheldon reflected for a moment before answering.

"No," he said; "not the night before last.

"Ah! I thought as much," murmured the invalid. "I've had that night there, Sheldon, Phil, for I fancied I saw you; and I fancied I heard the bottles and glasses jingling on the little table below the lamp."

"You were dreaming, perhaps."

"Oh no, I wasn't dreaming. I was very restless and wakeful that night. However, that's neither here nor there. I lie in a stupid state sometimes for hours and hours, and I feel as weak as a rat, hardly and literally, so while I have my wits about me I'd better say what I've been wanting to say ever so long. You've been a good and kind friend to me all through this illness, Phil, and I'm not ungrateful for your kindness. It is done come to the worst with me as it has with many, I shall Georgy shall give you a handsome mourning-ring, or fifty pounds to buy one, if you like it better. And now let me shake hands with you, old fellow, and say thank you heartily, old fellow! for once and forever."

The invalid stretched out a poor, feeble, attenuated hand, which, in a moment's pause, Philip Sheldon clasped it in his own muscular fingers. He did hesitate for just one instant before taking that hand.

He was no student of the Gospel, but when he had left the sick chamber there arose before him suddenly, as if written in letters of fire on the wall opposite to him, one sentence which had been familiar to him in his school-days at Barlingford:

And as soon as he was come, he goeth straightway to him, and saith, Master, Master; and kissed him.

The new doctor came twice a day to see his patient. He seemed rather anxious about the case, and was much puzzled by the symptoms. Georgy had sufficient penetration to perceive that this new adviser was in some manner at fault; and she began to think that Philip Sheldon was right, and that regular practitioners were very stupid creatures. She communicated this opinion to Mr. Burkham, and suggested the expediency of calling in some grave elderly doctor to supersede Mr. Burkham. But against this the dentist protested very strongly.

"You asked me to call in a stranger, Mrs. Halliday, and I have done so," he said, with the dignity of an offended man. "You must now abide by his treatment, and content yourself with his advice, unless he chooses to summon further assistance."

Georgy was fain to submit. She gave a little plaintive sigh and went back to her husband's room, where she sat and wept silently behind the bed-curtains. There was a double watch kept in the chamber now; for Nancy Woolper rarely left it, and rarely closed her eyes. It was altogether a sad time in the dentist's house; and Tom Halliday apologized to his friend more than once for the trouble he had brought upon him. If he had been familiar with the details of modern history he would have quoted Charles Stuart, and begged a pardon for being so heavy-dying.

But soon there came a gleam of hope. The patient seemed decidedly better; and Georgy was prepared to revere Mr. Burkham, the Bloomsbury surgeon, as the greatest and ablest of men. Those shadows of doubt and perplexity which had at first obscured Mr. Burkham's brow cleared away, and he spoke very cheerfully of the invalid.

Unhappily this state of things did not last long. The young surgeon came one morning, and was obviously alarmed by the appearance of his patient. He told Philip Sheldon as much, as the gentleman made very light of his fears. As the two men discussed the case it was very evident that the irregular practitioner was quite a match for the regular one. Mr. Burkham listened deferentially, but departed only half convinced. He walked briskly away from the house, then came to a dead stop directly after turning out of Fitzgeorge Street.

"What ought I to do?" he asked himself. "What course ought I to take? If I am right, I should be a villain to let things go on. If I am wrong, and by my interference I would ruin me for life."

He had finished his morning round, but he did not go straight home. He lingered at the corners of quiet streets, and walked up and down the unfrequented side of a gloomy square. Once he turned and retraced his steps in the direction of Fitzgeorge Street. But after all this hesitation he walked home, and ate his dinner very thoughtfully, considering his young wife's fondom when she talked to him. He was a struggling man, who had invested his small fortune in the purchase of a practice, and had entered out a very poor one, and he had the battle of life before him.

"I have something on your mind to-day, I'm sure, Harry," his wife said before the meal was ended.

"Why yes, dear," he answered; "I've rather a difficult case in Fitzgeorge Street, and I'm anxious about it."

The industrious little wife disappeared after dinner, and the young surgeon walked up and down the room alone, brooding over that difficult case in Fitzgeorge Street. Something nearly an hour thus he snatched his hat suddenly from the table on which he had set it down, and hurried from the house.

"I'll have advice and assistance, come what may," he said to himself, as he walked rapidly in the direction of Bloomsbury. "I'll have it. The case may be straight enough—I certainly can't see that the man has any motive—but I'll have advice."

He looked up at the dentist's spotless dwelling as he crossed the street. The blinds were all down, and the fact that they were so sent a sudden chill to his heart. But the April sunshine was full upon that side of the street, and there might be no significance in those closely-drawn blinds. The door was opened by a sleepy-looking boy, and in the passage Mr. Burkham met Philip Sheldon himself.

"I have been rather anxious about my patient since this morning, Mr. Sheldon," said the surgeon; "and I've come to the conclusion that I ought to confer with a man of higher standing than myself. Do you think Mrs. Halliday will object to such a step?"

"I am sure she would not have objected to it," the dentist answered very gravely, "if you had suggested it sooner. I am sorry to say the suggestion comes too late. My poor friend breathed his last half an hour ago."

END OF BOOK I.

INDIAN BARBARITIES—THE BOX FAMILY.

As a specimen of perils to which the settlers on our Southwestern frontier are exposed, we have only to refer to the sad story of the Box family, recently published in the Leavenworth (Kansas) Chief of the Kiawas. by Lieutenant Hensellebeek, of the Third United States Infantry. The ransom took place some sixty or eighty miles south of the Arkansas River.

The prisoners all belonged to one family, and at the time they were taken by the Indians were returning from a visit to some sick relatives, and were but a few miles from home when surprised and captured.

In the melée that ensued the head of the family (James Box) was killed and scalped. The remaining members of the family were immediately taken, placed on animals, and hurried to the haunts of the savages. The names of those secured were Mr. Box and child (11 months old), and three daughters—Margaret, aged 17 years; Josephine, 13 years old; and Mary Jane, 9 years old. Many of their relentless foe the child fell from the arms of its mother while the Indians were goading the worn-out animals that bore her. It was crushed to death among the rocks; the anguish-stricken mother not being even allowed to dismount and see if the child was dead or not. The remaining seven were subjected to the most unheard-of cruelties and out-

rages by their brutal captors, while the youngest, owing to her youth, although she shared a fate less horrible, was, nevertheless, most barbarously used. The child, unable to understand the commands of her fiendish taskmasters, was placed with her feet on live coals until they were literally roasted. This was the pastime of squaws. When rescued she had almost forgotten her mother tongue.

The family had been in captivity ten weeks when Lieutenant HERMENEGILDO, toward the close of September, heard of their situation from some friendly Indians. The Lieutenant started immediately from Fort Bridger, where he was stationed, and went to the Indian camp of LANTANTA, accompanied by two soldiers and a friendly Indian chief. LANTANTA, insisted upon a ransom, and, to save delay in rescuing the captives, this was yielded. The family belonged to TEXAS; after their rescue they were brought to Fort Leavenworth.

LANDING OF A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT.

ALL steamers plying on the Western waters carry a brasier, in which, when making a landing, or loading and unloading freight at night, a brilliant flame is preserved by filling it with dry pine chips. Flickering with a lurid glare, it produces most fantastic effects of light and shade, as the swarthy "hands" pass and repass, "wooding up," or stand grouped around the gang-plank. When the steamboat backs out again the brasier is reversed to a dexterous twirl or its axis, the blazing coals are dropped in swirling waters, and darkness reigns again. A. R. W.

THE REYNOLDS MONUMENT.

A BEAUTIFUL Monument was erected to the memory of Major-General J. F. REYNOLDS, April 13, 1865, in Lancaster Cemetery, Lancaster City, Pennsylvania. It is inclosed in a lot, together with six smaller monuments, by a fence of cedar. The monument is built of white marble. It is sixteen feet high and four feet square at the base. Upon each side it contains the names of ten battles—namely, FORT BROWN, MONTEREY, BUENA VISTA, ROGUE RIVER, CHANCELLORSVILLE, GAINEY'S MILL, SECOND BULL RUN, FREDERICKSBURG, CHANCELLORSVILLE, and GETTYSBURG. Upon the shaft, in front, are cut, in bas-relief, a sash, belt, gauntleted sword, and a pistol; upon the right side, two cannons crossed, and a large 3 in the centre; on the left, crossed flags; and behind, an eagle and a United States shield.

NEW RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE SUSQUEHANNA.

THIS work, which we illustrate on page 808, connects Perryville on the north side of the Susquehanna, with Havre de Grace, on the south, and makes the route from Philadelphia to Washington an uninterrupted one. Hitherto the Susquehanna at this point has been crossed by means of ferryboats. The opening of this bridge by the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad Company was celebrated November 26. The engineers and practical bridge-builders and railroad officers from other states have thoroughly examined it in great structure in all its parts, and are unanimous in their approval of the strength, beauty, and perfect safety of the bridge, which has already been tested by a weight of four times that of a train of loaded cars, in its entire length of three-fourths of a mile. And the result in their praise of the ecclesignius shown by its able engineer, GEORGE A. PARKER, and of the foresight and courage of the originator, JOSEPH M. PATTON, the late President of the road, who has been so well succeeded by ISAAC HINKLEY. The bridge has cost fully one and a half millions of dollars, but will be hailed as being worth even that heavy sum, though it is an enormous outlay for one structure on a road of but one hundred miles in length.

THE OCEAN YACHT-RACE.

WE have had within a year or two several magnificent experiments of what could be done with boats. Of these the ROSE WINDS cigar-yacht experiment, and its across the Atlantic made by the *Red, White, and Blue* are notable examples. But even these are now thrown into the shade by the race now lying on across the Atlantic by the yachts *Henrietta, Fleetwing,* and *Vesta.* A wager of thirty thousand dollars is staked by each yacht on its own success. The winning vessel will therefore secure sixty thousand dollars and an enviable reputation. Extensive preparations are being made by Lloyd's and yachts to receive them upon their venturers from the American metropolis. In the course of a few days the Atlantic Telegraph will announce the result of the race.

The tonnage of the three yachts is nearly alike, the *Fleetwing* being of 204 tons, the *Henrietta* 203, and the *Vesta* 201. These yachts are the three most swiftest ever built in the United States. The following are the articles of agreement entered into by the owners (page 2):

GEORGE and FRANK OGDEN bet PIERRE LORILLARD, JUN., and others, thirty thousand dollars that the *Fleetwing* can beat the *Vesta* to the Needles, on the coast of England. The yachts to start from Sandy Hook on the second day of December, and to sail over according to the rules of the New York Yacht Club, waiving the allowance of time. The sails to be carried are mainsail, foresail, jib, flying-jib, jib-topsail, fore and main gaff-topsails, main-topmast stay-sails, main stay-sails and try-sails.

The yacht *Henrietta* enters the above race by paying thirty thousand dollars, subscription by members of the New York Yacht Club. Any minor points not embraced in the above, that can not be settled by Messrs. OGDEN, LORILLARD, and ROCKWELL shall be decided as follows: Each shall choose an umpire, and the umpires chosen, in case of disagreement, to choose a third; twenty per cent. of the money to be deposited with Mr. LEONARD W. JEROME on Saturday, the 23d of November; balance to be deposited on the first Tuesday of December—play or pay.

VICTOR EMANUEL IN VENICE.

IN our last Number we illustrated the announcement of the result of the Venetian Plebiscite from the balcony of the Doge's Palace. The scene which we illustrate on page 812 represents the arrival of King VICTOR EMANUEL'S barge, and is directly in front of the Doge's Palace, which is too far to the right to be embraced in the picture. On the left, also, only the heads of a large number of gondolas, crowded and arranged for the festival, appear.

The Italian King made his triumphal entry on November 7. There were present about half a million of people in Venice on that day. The special correspondent of the New York *Tribune* thus describes the scene:

"Welcome to our elected King, Victor Emanuel!"

The pillars of the Piazzetta are crowded with the names of the heroes of the war of independence, and the battles they fought there. The Royal platform, shelved down to the canal, where the splendid gondolas were waiting for the King coming from the Lido with the Podesta here, every housetop, and window, and foot of the Campanile, every square inch of space, being varying the tri-color, whether in flag or handkerchief, and the thunder of cannon from the Arsenal. The day was bright on city and canal. "The King, with a sort of Napoleonic step, walked steadily into the Podesta's face; he bowed with grave graciousness to balcony and boxes, and behind him came the Royal Princes, borne by the National Guards, whose close ranks made an aisle of citizen grey, through the crowd for those spaces we may contradict, but to counteract the narrow-minded, the land the canal was deep enough, and all of them having their canopies withdrawn, and bobbing in the naked shells their proud compartments.

The whole surface of the water, even to fir recesses of the deserted streets, was covered with gondolas. There was an expectant humanity, constretching hands. "Viva Vittorio!" "Viva Emanuele!" "Viva il Re!" and that none dared pass; they climbed upon the flying bridges which connect the opposite sides of small canals by was one great frame-work of boys and men; some were perched upon the projecting cornices of houses whose adventurous even to death. The King, uncovered, in the midst of the cheering and waving household, followed by the Ambassadors of almost every civilized state, walked majestically to the throne. He was very tender-hearted, but an excellent whaleman, whose power of vision was truly remarkable. He stood on the starboard side of me, shrinking with all the force of his lungs:

"There blows!—there blow-on-a!—there—there blows!—there!"

"Where away!" thundered old Captain Boom, glancing deft.

"On the weather-bow, four miles off, heading to leeward!"

This answer sent an electric thrill through every vein; the old ship lurched as if she felt it too.

Up came old Boom, with spy-glass slung over his shoulder, mounting two rattlines at a time. When on the crosstrees he just put one eye squint with his telescope; then his voice rang through the ship like a great organ pipe through a cathedral:

"Back the main-yard—clear away the boats!" It would have done you good to see the men jump to falls and tackles. The ship was very slowly, and Boom went down like lightning by means of a buck-stay.

Zadik, following him, sprung like a deer into the starboard boat.

"Lower away!" growled the Captain. Bus-s-s! bu-r-r-r! sounded the falls, and in a second was the four boats, almost simultaneously, into the water.

The merry dogs bundled into them, and away they flew, the Captain's taking the lead.

"Snap your oars, ye griffins! Make the fin fly, my hearties! Long and strong's the word. Break your backs every mother's son of ye!" grizzled the old fellow through his teeth.

In a thin-armed manner the officers encouraged their crews, until they had proceeded about four miles, when orders were given to stop pulling.

"Now ye see, my hearties, what it is, if you get alongside a whale!" said the skipper, to his son —a lad of fifteen, who belonged to the after-thwart on the first mate's boat.

Tom—the ship's favorite—smiled and shook his curly head. At the same moment the water broke into a whirlpool a few fathoms astern.

There was a hurried whispering; then the boats were forced round as a very small whale—a calf—rose to the surface. We perceived at once that the creature had been struck by some other crew, for the shank of an iron protruded from its body. It seemed very quiet, and lay on the water as if asleep—yet now and then reeling sideways with sudden plunge. It swam in a circle as if bewildered, and the voice of its spouting gave reminder me of the wailing of a child.

"Paddle ahead!" was the order, for every man believed that the mother of the calf—the cow whale —was not far off.

The first cow was soap within darting distance.

"Give it to him!" he shrieked, and while, whiz! went the harpooner's irons, one after the other, into the animal's body. For a few moments the little whale, as if half stupefied, remained nearly motionless; then, breathing, it came down, writhing and whirling in its throes in great agony, after which it sounded. It was too weak to drag the boat very fast or very far; it soon rose about fifty yards ahead.

"Haul line!" ordered the mate, now at the boat's bow, lance in hand.

As he spoke the water on one side of the calf suddenly parted with a roar like a cataract, and an enormous leviathan—the cow whale—boomed up from the nether, beating the sea with her flukes and spouting thunder.

Round and round her offspring she swam, but seeing nothing to fight, remained with astonishment and grief at the situation of the sufferer. A moment she remained thus, then moved ahead slowly and gently, occasionally rubbing as if to entice the little creature to follow. In fact the calf endeavored to do so, but was too badly crippled to swim; it made a few feeble plunges toward its parent and then began to writhe and wheel in great agony. Perceiving that it was now in its flurry, the mate stepped into the bows, remained watching the animal until its blood-red spout no longer rose, and it rolled over quite dead.

Now the behavior of its mother was pitiful to witness. She seemed unwilling to believe that her young one was really dead. Round it she slowly swam, spouting with a noise something between a shriek and a gasp. Then she moved ahead as before, and like one half crazed, seemed not yet to have abandoned the hope of being followed by her offspring.

Meanwhile her enemies were rapidly but stealthily advancing. Soon the Captain who was foremost was near enough to dart.

"Let her have it!" he growled. Zadik raised his harpoon, and at the same moment the cow partly rolled its great head against the little whale, as if to ascertain the reason why it would not follow her.

Zadik forwarded the fatal iron with all his might, and the whale's just like a human mother, Captain," said he, "and I haven't the heart to strike it!"

"Dog!" hissed Boom, "what ails ye? Dart! dart! Let it fly!"

As he spoke a sudden change came over the whale, which now, half turning, saw the boat. Wrathful and wild for revenge, she wheeled, the sea for length of her enormous body, out of water; then falling back with the din of a hundred thunder-bolts, she struck the bow of the boat, her bristling jaw wide open, her broad flukes beating the sea!

"Starn! starn!" gritted old Boom, and every man of his crew obeyed—Zadik turned pale.

The harpooner had changed with the leviathan. The flash of fight was now on his cheek, and there was fire in his eye. His dark brow was wrinkled; the ends of his straight black hair bristled like spear points. He motioned to the Captain to keep out of a little, and, leaning sideways, cast iron whizzing into the side of the monster's hump!

Maddened with pain, fiercer than ever, the whale made a swift lunge toward the boat, which she must have grappled had not the Captain, by a dexterous movement, whirled the light vessel to one side. Having baffled her foe, she turned, shaking a savage warning with her flukes as she disappeared. Away went the boat, swift as a whirlwind, the line humming around the gunwale, and the crew cheering like wild demons in answer to the cheers of those who were pulling after them.

Zadik and the Captain changed places, and the "old lion," as we called Boom, soon had his lance ready. The whale came up a quarter of an hour after, and Boom's iron flew to order. When with in darting distance the skipper sent his long weapon quivering into the monster's body. Enraged beyond all bounds, she came booming toward us in a cloud of whirling spray tossed by her busy flukes.

"Starn! starn!" from the "old lion," and every man he might be—was under darting his lance into the whale or pulling it back. Thicker and faster flew the spray, almost hiding the animal from us, until suddenly she rose, bursting from the white foam cloud, we saw the bristling jaw within six inches of the skipper!

Had the stroke of Zadik failed him, the old man must have perished the next minute. But the voice of the hair-breed rang like the clang of a hammer, and with ready presence he whirled the boat's broadside toward the monster, and then gave the order to "starn!"

Stop! were the monster's closing jaw, just missing the boat's bow; and whiz-s-s! went the old lion's lance again into her body alongside the hump!

Now, as the chief furiously toward us, our shipmates arrived to take part in the combat.

The long-limbed first mate, who had left the calf to be towed by the mate's boat's crew from the ship, attacked the monster on one flank, while the Captain and his second and third mates battled desperately upon the other. The cheers of the men, the crashing of the whale's flukes, mingling with such wild cries as "Lay me on!" "Keep off a little!" "Now then—now then!" "Starn! starn! starn!" "Pull ahead!" "Hoo, hoo! take that, old queen!" "Mind yourself at that oar!" "Now then, Spouter—now then!" "A good sight!" "Whang! whang! whang! three lances into her that time!" "Horns! horns!" etc., etc., were heard on all sides, while a few words in the spray that no man could see his neighbor distinctly.

Vigorously pressed—with lance after lance piercing her body—her jaws and flukes avoided by the vigilant harpooners—the whale soon acknowledged the power of her assailants by sending up into the sky—rocket-like—a red fountain of blood! With exultant screams the lancers, still attacking, buried their weapons in the quivering body, from which the spout rose darker and lower every moment.

Suddenly, with one tremendous whirl of her flukes, she struck the first mate's boat, shivering it to atoms! Then slowly round and round she swam, the dark blood-spout now ascending scarcely six feet high!

The Captain and his third and second officers cheered her with their lances, when, turning over, she showed half lifting her flukes and head in one last spasm of agony, she expired!

The first mate's crew, being good swimmers, had not yet been picked up; in fact, the Captain had been too busy to notice *which* vessel was thrown. Now, as the poor fellows were helped into his boat, he looked in vain for his son!

The sad story was soon told; poor little Tom was far down under the sea, whither his frame, dragged by the whale's flukes, had been dragged by sharks.

The Captain groaned and bowed his head. He did not lift it until we were alongside the ship. While we were cutting in the whale we looked in vain for him.

"He's down in the cabin," said the mate, "weeping and sobbing like a child. He will never be a happy man again!"

"Ay, ay!" said Zadik, gloomily. "I felt as if no good would come of our striking that whale! We killed *her* offspring, and she killed the Captain's son!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A NEW READING.—"Dirt cheap!" is the usual expression, but the conversation between fifth and clerk, which we know to our cost exists, makes it certain that we ought now to say DIRT dear.

INCIDENTAL REMARK.—Why is the profession of a dentist a most anomalous one?—Because the more he "stops" the faster he gets on.

MAXIMS FOR THE DAY.

All things are cheap which are purchased with other people's money.

Without a bribe justice is weak.

Policy is the mother of principle.

A wise conscience makes a fat office.

Never spare the public money.

Right is right, if it is opposed to good luck.

Never sell your vote on credit.

Patriotism covers a multitude of sins.

One good turn of office deserves another.

Why is a false calf like the last verse in a platform poem?—Because it's a stanza-fib-a-lie.

Why was the rebellion like a promissory note?—Because it was put down with black and white.

What proof is there that Robinson Crusoe found his island inhabited?—He saw a great swell pitching into a little cove.

"We have equal rights," said a dwarf to a giant. "Very true, my friend, very true," replied the giant, "yet you can not walk in my shoes." "Ditto," retorted the dwarf!

HOW TO KILL TIME.—Shoot Every Day.

MEDICAL.—Our doctor's ceiling fell in the other day. To prevent a recurrence of the accident, he immediately repaired it with sticking-plaster.

PRECARIOUS STATE OF LIFE.—Dwelling in other people's houses.

"My son," said an astronomer the other day, "you see the earth turns over on its axis, and makes one revolution round the sun each year." "Then, pa, does France turn on its axis when it makes its revolutions?" "No, my son, not exactly, it turns on its bayonets."

"The other evening a gentleman's button caught hold of the tongue of a lady's shoe." "Ah, indeed," said a young man, "and is the gentleman, laughing, while he was incidentally kicking at the lady?" "The attachment is mutual," was the good-humored reply.

Why is a hotel ghost like a policeman?—Because it is an apparition.

"Ethan Spike" shared the general disappointment in regard to meteors. He says: "While the clock was striking 3 I observed a bright streak of fire like pitch-pine in the line with the constellation Zobrehiel which came over the top of Kearsarge at least 40 degrees above the Public Garding. It was movin rapidly and appeared to me large as a piece of chalk. According to a previous understandin with the Savans that was settled at Washington, I hed sot up all night by the information to Cambridge—but tea kettle hard water from the hotel boilp to be the green light of a Bowdoin horse car."

An old writer quotes the following neat epigram in praise of women:

"Adam alone in Paradise did grieve,
And thought Eden a desert without Eve,
Until God, pitying the lonesome state
Crowned all his wishes with a lovely mate:
No reason then hath Man to find fault with a Wife,
Who could not live in Paradise without her."

Ah! but neither could he live there with her!

A schoolmaster, who had an inveterate habit of talking to himself when alone, was asked what motive he could have in talking to himself. Jonathan replied that he was very good, entertaining company in the first place, he liked to talk to a sensible man; and, in the next place, he liked to hear a man of sense talk.

EPITAPH ON A BONE MERCHANT.

Here lies the body
Of William Jones,
Who, when alive, collected bones:
But Death, that busy, grisly spectre,
The nearest among bone collector,
Has boned poor Jones so snug and tidy
That here he lies in bone idle.

Hearing a physician remark that a small blow would break the brain, a country lad exclaimed: "Well, I dunno about that. I've blowed my nose a great number of times, and I've never broke it yet."

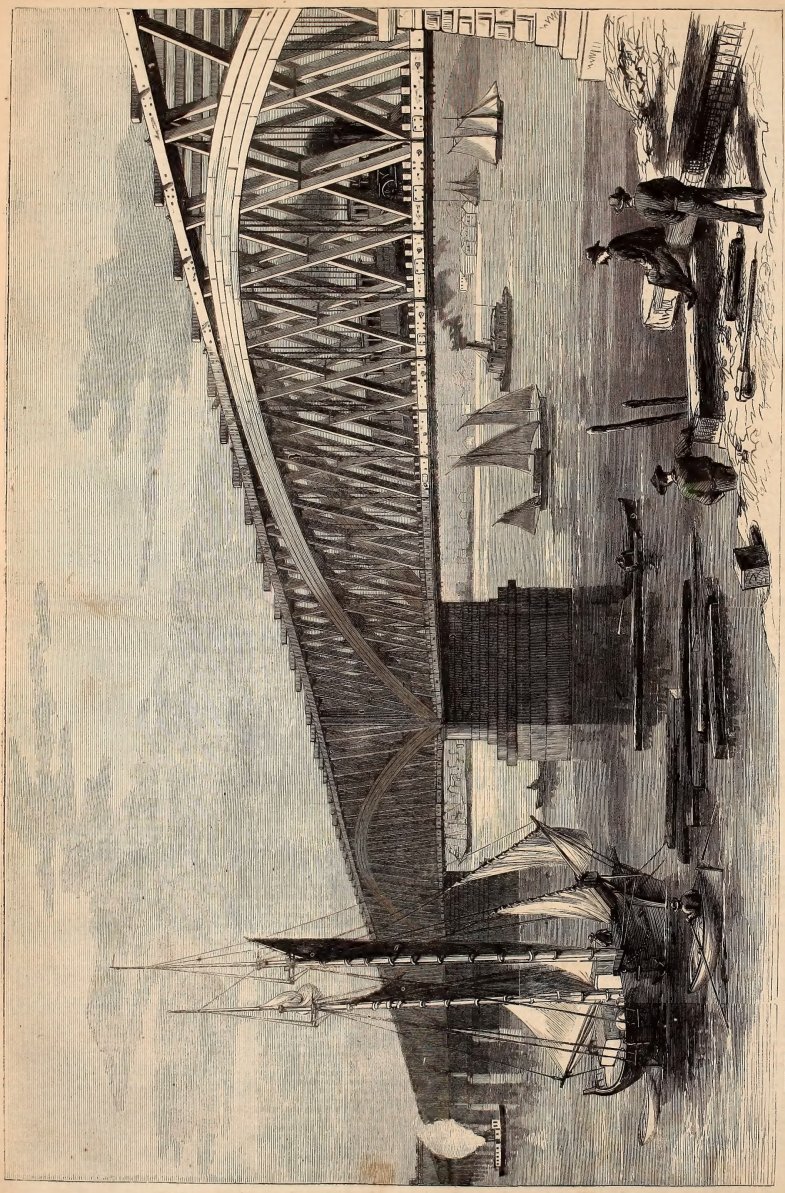
"Wonderful things are done nowadays," said Mr. Timmins, "the doctor has given Flack's boy a new leg from the knee down." "Yes," said Mr. Bolus, "and the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and a very good operation either."

Brigham Young has been making inspecting tours round about his dominions. He was "inspirited" by a reporter, who asked him, why didn't he adopt Artemus Ward's question direct: "How's your mother-in-law?"

It is said the reason the stars didn't shoot was because the police were on the watch for them.

When Madame Rachel saw her stout sister Sarah she exclaimed: "Why, you're a shepherdess, for you're enough to fill a flock." "Didn't it have been a still greater wonder if he had escaped without it?

What is that which occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a hundred years?—The letter M.



THE PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE SUSQUEHANNA, CONNECTING PERRYVILLE WITH HAVRE DE GRACE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCHREIBER & SON, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 807.]



THE YACHTS "HENRIETTA," "FLEETWING," AND "VESTA" ON THEIR GRAND RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC FROM SANDY HOOK TO COWES.—[SEE PAGE 807.]

KATCHEN'S CAPRICES.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

It was a pretty picture, prettily set, that fair young face crowned with a lavish abundance of plaited tresses, looking forth from the quaintly-carved window frame! The owner of the face was Katerina Kester: and if you had lived in the village of Gosenn, or within twenty English miles of it, I should not have need to say more. You would have known her by reputation, if not by sight. But, as it is, I had better explain who she was. Katerina's father, Josef Kester, kept an inn at the village of Gosenn, in Upper Austria, close to the beautiful lake of Hallstadt. Not the inn where travelers stopped to dine and bait their horses, and wherein one took beds for excessively little, but the inn where the Black Eagle. Josef's hostelry bore the sign of the Golden Lamb, and it was of somewhat higher pretensions, being frequented only by the country people, or occasionally by a driving a footcarer. There, or German traveling workman, tramping through his probationary year of apprenticeship. The Black Eagle was flourishing, the Golden Lamb was decaying. Both epithets black and golden might, indeed, have been reversed in their case: for the one had a glowing silk beak and gilt talons, and a bright gilt crown on each of his two cruel-looking heads: while to believe that the poor lamb had ever been golden was a strain on one's faith, so begrimed and dingy had he grown with the blackening effects of time and weather. But the lamb, whether black or golden, possessed something of more beauty—and some people thought of more value—than any article within the well-furnished rooms guarded by the fierce sprace, double-headed eagle. Katerina Kester, the landlord's daughter, was famed among the Gosenners, and for many a mile around Gosenn, as being the prettiest girl in those parts. That might not be saying that she was really beautiful: for undeniably beautiful as Katerina was in making the surrounding scenery delightful to the eyes, she has not scattered female loveliness among its inhabitants with so lavish a hand. The women are in general tall and strong, but meagre, bony, hawk-nosed creatures, lacking the effects of soft color and hard fare by a premature appearance of age. Katerina, however, was as fresh and full-cheeked as a Hebe. Her mother had been a Saxon woman, from Tirza on the Elbe; and from her Katerina inherited a blonde, pure as skin, large, limpid, light-blue eyes, and an enormous wealth of fair hair. This hair was splendid both for quality and great quantity: but it had not the warm richness of color which pattern-ers love. It was of golden, but certainly not golden brightness of moonlight than the dazzling glow of sunshine; and when uncoiled it fell down straight on her back in a heavy mass, unbroken by curl or wave. So much for the picture; now for its frame. The golden lamb was an old house built chiefly of timber, and it had a great balcony running along two sides of it, whence a fine view up and down the lake was to be had. The window of Katerina's room was surrounded by carved wood-work, and garnished by a creeping plant, which, thrust its delicate tracery over into the chamber when the frame filled with small plate panes was thrown back to admit the fresh air. On this particular Sunday morning the summer breeze came softly in at the window, lovingly toying with Katchen's cheek, ruffling the bright, smooth lake into dimples, and displaying the grace and lightness of the wood-work that waved backward and forward in the rocking movement.

"Ah, what a fine day!" thought Katerina. "Dry and bright, but not too hot. Last night's shower will have laid the dust on the highway. How nice it will be for Katrina did not appreciate the full beauty of the grand scene that lay stretched out before her bedroom window. Lofty mountains were beautiful to look upon, and, if I must tell the truth, our village belle was fonder of receiving than of giving admiration. It seemed to her very natural that people who had known her from a child should take unswerving pleasure in gazing on her every day, and extolling the beauty and softness of her hair. But if you had made any great demand on Katerina's powers of admiration on the shore of the lake and the mountains, she would have turned away with a pettish sigh, and would have told you that she had seen them every day—every day since she was born. The Kesters were Protestants, and attended service at the evangelical church in Hallstadt. Now to go from Gosenn to Hallstadt there is but one really practicable way, and that is to row there in a boat on the lake: therefore it seems odd that Katchen should have cared about the dust on the highway. But Katchen had a lover who was the owner of a stout traveling-carriage and good team of horses, and who being, moreover, a steady driver, and a kind, honest young fellow, was often employed to convey travelers along the more unfrequented parts of the beautiful lake district—routes where railways were not, but where roads were and far between. This lover, Fritz Rosenheim, was expected to-day at Gosenn. He had passed through the village the week before on his way to Ischl, and was to return toward Salzburg on this bright Sunday morning. For this reason the state of the road was interesting to Katchen. There was no regular engagement between her and Fritz Rosenheim. Old Josef Kester set himself very much against the idea of such a thing. He liked Fritz heartily, and was glad to see him, but—Fritz was poor. That was a misfortune from which the landlord of the Golden Lamb had suffered severely; and he was wont to say that he would never willingly expose his child to the cold, nipping airs of poverty. But Gosenn folks maintained that Josef Kester had started in life with no good prospects as most men, and that it was solely his own fault if things had gone ill with him, and the poor "Lamb" had gradually been shorn of its fleece. Gosenn folks were not less hard in their judgment of the unsuccessful man than London folks or Paris folks. But there was a grain of truth in what they said for all that. Josef had too much of the quiet passive good-humor which distinguishes most of his countrymen to push his way energetically through the world. Perhaps he could reckon as many pleasant hours in his pass life as the richest of his neighbors. But the pleasant hours were over and gone, and had left him with empty pockets to look old age in the face. He was hard-working, well-to-do Gosenn folks sometimes—but then they were also knowledged—envy the clear, smooth forehead and placid mien which he made old Josef look upon during his years; but they had only to put their hands in their pockets and feel a soft bundle of notes to see the fattened bank-notes to recover their self-esteem and good spirits immediately.

Katchen drew in her head from the window and went to take one more look at herself in the green mirror, which distorted her pretty face in a heartbreaking manner. But Katchen knew the original by heart, and was not distressed by the bad reflection she beheld in her glass. She proceeded to perch a small velvet cap with one cock-up of her thick plaits of hair, and to stick a long silver arrow into it to keep it there.

"Katchen! Katchen!" called her father from the lake below. He was sitting in a little boat just beneath her window, dressed in his best clothes, and ready to row to Hallstadt to church. "Make haste, my child, service will have begun!"

"Coming, father, coming!" said Katchen, as she ran swiftly down the stairs, through the open house door, and stepped into the little boat that lay rocking gently within a stone's-throw of the inn. Katchen stood up in the boat and took an oar, which she managed with strength and skill. All the long-oared Scotch Highland and Gosenn men used to propel themselves about the lake, and to handle an oar was as ordinary an accomplishment as that of knitting, needle. Katchen rowed standing, and at every dip of her graceful oar with the strong right arm, seemed displaying in the action a plump, well-turned leg and neat ankle, encased in the Sunday gear of white stockings and neat black boots.

"Fine bright day, Herr Kester!" shouted a neighbor, whose boat, propelled by two rowers, passed that Katchen's.

"Ay, ay, Sir, very fine." Bright, as you say, but not sultry. Any news up your way?"

"Nothing very interesting," bawled back the neighbor, whose beard was rapidly exceeding ahead of the Kesters' little craft. "Only one thing your Katchen may care to hear. Fritz Rosenheim is to return here at Ischl. Some foreigners wanted to go back to Salzburg by the new way—the railway. Lucky for him, isn't it?"

"My Katchen doesn't care a button about it," roared Josef, angrily; but in the act he buried his words did not reach the ears for which they were intended. Katchen's pride kept her head erect, and her face darker crebrown.

"Why should you say that, father?" she asked, pettishly. "I do care a button, more than a button, for Fritz's good luck."

"You don't care in the way neighbor Nelbeck meant. And I don't choose to allow folks to talk to me as if you did, Katchen."

"But, father, I do care—"

"Silence—I'll tell you what you do when you're contradicted, but it's all moonshine. You know you wouldn't marry Fritz if I gave my consent to-morrow."

"Will you try me, father?"

"No, I won't—I'll not encourage of the whole thing. The prettiest girl in the district to throw herself away on a poor devil of a fellow without a penny to bless himself with! Not I, indeed! Katchen, I'll have no more of this! I'll have no more of this! Old Josef's discontent displeased itself in words, and left him placid and smiling—as much as he ever was. He had an evangelical place of worship, followed by his pretty daughter.

CHAPTER II.

KATCHEN sat very still during the long controversial discourse that flew high over the heads of the simple congregation. Very still and demure-looking was she little Katchen, but her thoughts were busily occupied, and her mind very active. Was she really going to be fond of Fritz after all? or was her father right in saying it was only moonshine? Katchen questioned herself that she never did feel so kindly disposed toward her lover as when some sage adviser set before her the folly and unreasonableness of marrying. Next to *his* eye to her affections came the idea of any other girl marrying Josef Kester. Fritz, young man was very popular, and in his roving life he had opportunities of making acquaintances among the pretty pale-maids at the big hotels in Salzburg and Ischl knew and smiled upon him. Even landlines' daughters at the mountain inns encountered in a little distance with the good-looking Katchen. And his traveling companions were not slow in hearing round the fair made the jingle of his horses' bells a very welcome sound to many fleeting visitors to the lake route. But then—To be sure it was very nice to have Fritz so admiring and so devoted, and to hear him protest that love of her was all Austria, nay, in all Germany, a girl fit to wipe the little shoes of Katchen Kester. Still, Fritz was a wandering, wild-goose. But it wouldn't last so! Fritz couldn't be content to all that great wide state of things continue comfortably. It was unreasonable of him, and he actually wanted to have a formal promise of marriage from his side, and to have Herr Kester's leave. Katchen gave such an impatient little shiver at the idea of being irrevocably tied, and, unconsciously, she bowed up her head so like a wild colt that has never known bit or bridle, that I, for my part, believe her father to have been right after all. Katchen was wild, but she wasn't so very much in love after all.

The sermon of the pastor, a precocious German polysyllables startled her from a reverie. Katchen was not much given to religious indulgence; but then was still a wide-eyed look of abstraction on her countenance when she walked forth with her father from the little church. At the moment they came out quite a crowd of country-folks, some of whom had just been partaking of the Lord's Supper, and who, like well-behaved people of Sisters of Mercy passed through the knot of people, receiving pleasant and respectful salutations as they came from the church and the benediction. Old Kester was known to every body, and stood for some time exchanging greetings with his friends. Then Katchen, luxurious pulls at the gaudy china pipe suspended by a gaudier ribbon from his button-hole, still as an unusually thoughtful mood, walked slowly down to the point of the lake, whence a narrow wooden plank ran out a short distance into the water, for the convenience of boatmen and their passengers. Katchen seated herself on a low wall that was placed for fast, and stared absently at the lake, and the opposite hills rich in autumnal tints steeped in a great glory of sunlight.

"Good-day, Mam'zell Katerina," said a high, thin voice close at her ear. She started and looked round. The address was unusually formal and respectful. Her own acquaintance with the speaker was of the list of "Mam'zell," and usually abbreviated the utterance of her Christian name to "Katchen." He stood at a tall, spare man of about five-and-forty, with a very high, bald forehead, a sallow face, and thick, half-covered mustaches. A wide-awake hat, and blinked very much with his light-gray eyes. "Good-day, Mam'zell Katerina," said he again, seeing that Katchen stared at him without speaking. "I fear you do not recognize me. I am Caspar Ebner, the landlord of the Black Eagle in Gosenn, at your service." And he drew himself up a little, and twisted his fingers in a heavy silver watch-chain that hung on his black satin waistcoat. Herr Ebner wore a suit of dark-blue cloth, with buttons, a black satin French hat, and the black satin waistcoat aforesaid.

"Thou dear Heaven!" cried Katchen, springing from her seat and making a little courtesy. "I beg your pardon, Herr Ebner, but I couldn't for the moment think who it was. You might have added that her surprise was not much diminished when she did know who it was: for the rich landlord of the Black Eagle had never accosted her in her life before, though she knew him by sight well enough, and had sometimes fancied he looked at her with a certain amount of admiration.

"The Herr Pastor was somewhat lengthy to-day," said Ebner, half seating himself on the log of wood on which Katchen had resumed her place.

"Yes," said Katchen, wondering what of what she was saying, for her brain was busily trying to puzzle out why Herr Ebner should speak to her.

"Yes; somewhat lengthy. At least I fancied so. You were not aware of my presence, listener, man'zell. I observed your absorption."

Katchen colored, partly from a sprightly coquettishness at being at last noticed, partly from vexation at having at last been watched. Then the thought that was in her mind came to her tongue, although she had no intention to betray it. "I never saw you in church, Herr Ebner," said she.

It was now Ebner's turn to color. That is to say, the lemon hue of his face deepened to orange. "Most likely not, Mam'zell Katerina. I—in fact, I don't go to church very often. I read though, and think a good deal on these subjects, and I have formed, I confess, certain doubts, which—" Ebner stopped abruptly, catching Katchen's point-blank stare of bewilderment. "I—I am not sure that orthodox and speculative topics are hardly suited to one so young, and—and—shem—so lovely as yourself."

"Here Ebner broke down with an unmistakable look of relief, and she even made a little step toward her father's boat. "Good-day, Herr Ebner."

"Good-day, Herr Ebner," said Kester, pulling off his soft felt hat with a courtesy which Katchen never required by lifting so much as a stiff, shiny head-covering high in the air. "I've been staying behind to have a little chat with my old friend Nelbeck, and kept the young woman of mine waiting, you see."

Old Kester's pleasant way of his daughter as he spoke, and Katchen noticed that her father did not seem nearly so much surprised as she had been to see the host of the Black Eagle paying a gallant to her.

"I am—I mean—are you," stammered Ebner, with an awkward laugh.

"Are we going to row back to Gosenn now? Yes, we are," said Katchen, promptly.

"My boss is here, with three of the boatmen from St. Emmeran. Would you—that is, if Mam'zell Katerina—Ha—ha! Ebner's wonder of the day.

"Thank you, Herr Ebner," responded the rival landlord, with a courtly wave of his unoccupied hand, and then, before she understood the arrangement clearly, she was seated in Ebner's boat and was seated in state on a cushioned bench under an awning, instead of standing up with a heavy paddle in her unfriendly hand, and was being propelled by two hired, hirsuted strife craft fast to the stern of the larger boat, and away from the shadow of Katchen's father, down through the glassy water, and breaking into fragments the peaceful shadows of the great hills that lay deep in the lake below. Katchen looked backward but a second and still biner heaven than that which stretched overhead. She was bewildered. Very little should be in a boat at all, without aiding to protect that boon. Katchen's father, the Black Eagle, Ebner Eagle should have doffed his usual imperial fierceness, and—instead of sticking his long talons into the fleece of the Golden Lamb—should come with dovelike softness, and invite his rival even into his own nest—this was the extreme of it—and Fritz Rosenheim, Katchen's lover, was really very fierce in himself. But Katchen was fond to think that her father's high and lofty personage—one to whose successful rapacity was purely owing the decay and ill fortune that hung about the house of the Golden Lamb—Kester's ill success was, on his own showing, always "somebody else's" fault. In the present case, perhaps, Josef Kester was not entirely singular. And so the indefinite "somebody else," who wrought all the ills of Kester's life, began to be gradually taken shape in Katchen's mind, and Herr Caspar Ebner was its living embodiment.

Many an evening in the cheerful kitchen of the inn had Katchen listened to her father's long speeches, uttered concurrently from pipe and dense clouds of coarse tobacco-smoke, when the old man would descant on the Lamb's misfortunes in the midst of a numerous society of the Eagle, and lament the strange perversity of travelers who would frequent Herr Ebner's house, to the neglect of the hostelry of his own establishment. And now, behold here was her father sitting placidly in the stern of Ebner's boat, wrapped luxuriously by the enemy's boatmen, and chatting cheerfully with the enemy himself. The boat now scudded along lightly, bounding to the strong strokes of the rowers, and soon reached the landing-place at Gosenn, where Katchen was handed to the shore by Herr Ebner with politeness, though a little awkwardly. She and her father took their leave of the landlord him, and were about to draw their own little boat up high and dry on the beach, but Ebner desired his own boatmen to do that, and also to put Josef and Katchen to do like honor of dining with him, as the mid-day meal was now ready. Katchen looked at her father, who was only by way of what he considered good manners; for he found a decided objection for his daughter and himself, and they followed their host into his private sitting-room at the Black Eagle. It was a handsomely-furnished room ground-floor, with windows looking on to the lake. Here the cloth was laid for dinner, and a little table-cloth was spread for Josef Kestchen's hat from her, and to offer her any assistance she might need in the arrangement of her dress. She had, of course, taken the cue from her mistress's behavior, for Katchen knew well enough that at most public dinners at Gosenn, Josef quietly quite unconscious waiting on the daughter of old Josef Kester, of the Golden Lamb. Herr Ebner's dinner was good, the wine excellent, but somehow the little party did not seem to be quite at ease. Josef, it is true, ate and drank somewhat beyond his usual moderate, and full of wonder at the unexpected honor to feel much affected by it, and Ebner talked nervously though his spectacles, and hesitated and stammered in his speech in a manner unaccountable. Before the dinner was over, the guests rose to take their leave, Josef protesting that he must go, as he had "so many things to attend to," and Ebner accompanied them to the entrance-hall, and there bashfully offered a bunch of roses to Katchen, which had been gathered in the little garden during dinner-time, and now they were lying ready for departure in a basket on the hall-table basket. Katchen took the fragrant June roses with a smile and a bright blush of pleasure. It was certainly very good and civil of Herr Ebner to have paid such quite enough of a coquette to enjoy the consciousness of being admired. But all of a sudden she gave a start, and the color left her round cheeks for a moment, to rush back deeper than before; for there stood Fritz Rosenheim right in the doorway, looking at her in black astonishment. He had a long driving-whip in his hand and a great coat on, and his stout, well-built, tillion's jacket, studded with silver buttons, leathern breeches, and high boots somewhat become the man, and in his low-crowned hat, stuck on one side of his head, was fastened a bunch of rich red carnations, the gift, probably, of some coquettish chamber-maid or land-lady along his line of route.

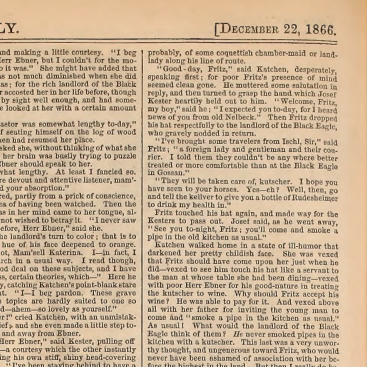
"Good-day, Fritz," said Katchen, desperately, speaking first; for poor Fritz's presence of mind seemed clean gone. He muttered some salutation in reply, and then turned to grasp the hand that Josef Kester heartily held out to him. "Welcome, Fritz, my boy," said he; "I expected you to-day, for I heard news of you from old Nelbeck." Then Fritz dropped his hat respectfully to the landlord of the Black Eagle, who gravely nodded in return.

"I've brought some travelers from Ischl, Sir," said Fritz; "a family party and gentleman and their coachier. I told them they couldn't be any where better accommodated than at the inn of the Black Eagle in Gosenn."

"They will be taken care of, kutscher. I hope you have seen to your horses. Yes—eh? Well, then go and tell the waiter to give you a bottle of Rudelsheimer at my charge. Eh, Fritz?"

Fritz touched his hat again, and made way for the waiter to pass out. Josef shut the door, and went on, "See you to-night, Fritz; you'll come and smoke a pipe in the old kitchen as usual."

Katchen walked home in a state of ill-humor that darkened her pretty childish face. She was vexed that Fritz should have come upon her just when he did—vexed to see him touch his hat like a servant to the man at whose table she had been dining—vexed with poor Herr Ebner for his good-nature in treating the kutscher to wine. Why should Fritz accept his wine? He was able to pay for it. And would have all with her father for inviting the young man to come and "smoke a pipe in the old kitchen" as usual! What would the landlord of the Black Eagle think of Fritz if he were received even in the kitchen with a kutscher. This last was a very unworthy thought, and ungenerous toward Fritz, who would have been the most abashed person imaginable had he before the highest in the land. But then I really do believe old Josef had been right about Katchen's pride. Still, objecting as he did to any semblance of love-making between Rosenheim and his daughter, he should not have encouraged the young man to come to his house. But this was Josef's way—one of the many weaknesses in his easy-going nature. He had helped to smooth the down-hill path on which he had fallen by rapidly losing the comfort in himself. He liked Fritz. The young fellow's cheery talk and pleasant manner, and the news he brought from the busier world he traversed in his journeys, were very agreeable stimulants after the sluggish monotony of life in the Golden Lamb. And, like many poor men, Josef Kester loved nothing better than to witness and hear of a little of energy and activity in others than was expected to participate. As to the after-consequences of all this friendliness—why, that would come all right somehow. The folks would make love a little—why not?—but it would be all in solid and proper course—not of such a kind as hurt neither of them very deeply. He could be very angry when any one took it for granted that the commonplace mean something real, and spoke as old Nelbeck had spoken. Not the less angry, perhaps, from a secret self-reproach to his motive, for Josef was a kind-hearted man and he could not resist the temptation of his company, and, besides, the young man could do a little practically in earnest. In this he was thoroughly mistaken: but it was a comfortable theory, which lightened his own responsibility, and therefore Josef Kester clung to it.



CHAPTER I.

It was moonlight—when is it not moonlight when love-sweet the Alpine Lagoon, emerging from the window of an attic, eyes steadily shone upon the lake in the window at the extremity of his father's palatial residence. Thither tapped he gently at the window, which was stood closed before the completion of the sig-

nal. At the window appeared the loveliest face and form that ever graced mere mortal vision, and beautiful Maythorne was worthy to be an attendant maid on Miss Clara Jones.

"Oh, Hargreaves!" she said (Phillis was low born and ill-educated, but really beautiful). "Hargreaves I have got the key round out, and I shall have warning."

"Be let it be, love!" replied the enraptured youth. "I will marry you, despite all family opposition. I shall be the pet of my father."

"But if I was to be out of place all that time! what should I do? Father's dead, mother's a cripple, and I'm the only support of the house."

"I will work for you," cried Algernon. "Yes, like a day-laborer, if needful. But I have intellect—some say genius—and by the power of my pen I will fling my usage into the stars, and yours with it, my dear Phillis."

"Oh, how fine you talk!" said Phillis, with a deep sigh. "I could listen to you until it was time to call the cook, who's a heavy sleeper."

But it was not to be. Algernon was unmindful of the happiness of poor Phillis: for by her light old Jowler, the gardener, returning late from his club at the Lion

saw what was going on in the gutter. There was a light burning in the library, and Jowler knew that the Governor was up, finishing his last cigar and imbibing his "night-cap."

CHAPTER II.

It is easy to guess the consequences of Jowler's discovery and revelation. Mr. Goldewg had amassed his many thousands, and Algernon was his heir.

"Marry a dust-pan! a house-broom! a mop-twirler! had he toiled for this?" Gog and Magog forbid.

Phillis was dismissed with a month's wages. Algernon was sent to the Continent, with a tutor, and a letter of credit on Lafitte.

CHAPTER III.

How differently the future developed itself to Phillis and Algernon! The one had climbed slowly and painfully to the memory of her first love, scouring all offers from swains in her own station of life, remembering only this, repeating only this: "She'd been sweet-hearted by a gentleman," and some day—yes, though long years unrevealed long years—he would prove faithful to his vows and marry her.

Algernon, also, was inconsolable for a time, but this dissipated tutor soon taught him the use of moneyletters on Lafitte, and in the whirlpool of Parisian vice and pleasure Phillis was soon forgotten, and her pure love laughed at and contemned!

Mr. Goldewg died, and his money so that fits heir was weaned from the folly of his first love.

CHAPTER IV.

Goldewg was the occupant of a hideous marble tomb in a country churchyard, and Algernon was lord of thousands. Phillis was the patient nurse of an irritable old woman, the widow of a Nabob!

Rich, but young-unable, because unscholars, made vast inroads on the inherited thousands, and at last—But let us not anticipate.

Phillis found her reward after twenty years of silent endurance— But again let us not anticipate.

CHAPTER V.

The village children were to have a holiday and a great feast at Mr. Arthorne's cottage. It was the owner's birthday. Yes, Phillis had come back to her native place two weeks before, and was now almost the housekeeper to her return. She was changed from the beauteous girl into the buxom woman, although Time had wrought no change in her fire-and-dark eyes. The morning was one of the loveliest the young spring had yet put forth. Phillis took her very topmost fit of old work-house. A feeble man, dressed in the parish garb, opened the door, but without making any response. Phillis gazed at him for a moment; the paper returned her look somewhat defiantly at first, but then a change came he exclaimed, in a low voice:

"No!"

Phillis almost fell to the ground at the sound of the man's voice, and it was with great effort that she could reply, "Yes."

In another moment her arms were about the neck of Algernon! Algernon the pauper! Algernon, who in the hour of prosperity had abandoned his lowly first love!

CHAPTER VI.

To Phillis's great joy Algernon proved to be nonexcelent; and as he much preferred liberty, a comfortable cottage, and a bucxom help-mate,—a more would be the husband—he has been very published to be seen on Sabbath morn, and before the new moon waned Phillis led her Algernon to the hymeneal altar, and in the work-house the records of revelry were heard at midnight. And, later still, Bunker the Beadle was coming home in a wheelbarrow!

Were we not right to call our story "The Happy Union!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The shops are beginning to put on their holiday attire. A Christmas lie pervades the City generally. The little folks return from their daily schools, with wonderfully large eyes, and chatter till bedtime about Santa Claus—some with a most profound belief in the hybridisality of St. Nicholas, while others—like a little Miss of very few years, whom we chanced to overhear the other day—whisper the suspicion, "I know who Santa Claus is! It is papa and mamma, and Uncle Dick!" The older folks are beginning to perfect their bonnets, and the puzzle becomes fearfully perplexing in a walk down Broadway. For every thing is so "nice," so "pretty," so "convenient," and "so charged"—polite clerks say—where shall the selection commence? It is a puzzle!

The decided change in the length of walking-dresses, etc., and in the circumference of crinoline, has quite startled many of the ladies. They scarcely know whether to follow the fashion or not. But, in the end, they will be obliged to do so. The time for dragging half a yard of silk through muddy or dusty streets has passed away. The luckless gentlemen who have often met with the unhappy experience of treading on the trail of a lady who was sailing along in front of them will hail the new era with satisfaction.

There is no end to the novel names given to ladies' hats nowadays. One of the very latest selects is called the "Butter Dish." They are described as being "a cross between a turtle-shell and a wash-pan;" and the fair wearers say they are "so nice!"

It is of no use to fancy that your cutest boy will be content without a new pair of skates this winter. You may as well put your pocket-book and pride by, cheerfully. Most likely, too, every one of your girls—always supposing you have a bevy of them—will imperatively demand skating hat, jacket, gloves, etc., in addition to a pair of first-class skates, just as soon as King Frost has duly commenced his reign.

And speaking of frosty weather reminds me of a nice point of law recently decided in Minnesota. It appears that a certain Mr. A——, living somewhere in that State, rented his house to Mr. B—— till "cold weather" should come, and they went to law about it. After a long and critical examination of a host of witnesses, the jury decided that "cold weather" does not, according to law, come until the 1st of December. This decision is binding authority throughout the State, and hereafter "cold weather" will not come in Minnesota until the first day of December.

Among the numerous and often strange legal reports which find their way into our newspapers there recently appeared a case with the following very curious title: "The United States ex. Rel. James W. Norris." It is a proceeding to forfeit an apparatus for distilling petroleum, on an allegation that the owner had not rendered proper returns and paid the proper tax to the collector of internal revenue.

An exchange says: "There was a great fall in pork at Chicago last week, but nobody was hurt." Such falls are sometimes fatal.

Somebody gives the following sensible advice to those who write for newspapers and magazines: "Say the most possible in the least space. Pitch right into your subject. Make the title and first sentence so that it can be read at the end of the second, no matter what has preceded or is to follow."

The New Haven *Journal* tells a nice little story about a couple of pet wolves, whose quarters were in a yard on a certain street of that city have lately excited the curiosity of passers-by. They are said to be very tame, and that they are the "choice" playthings to the world." The other day a gentleman went down to see them, and as he was in the act of opening the gate to the yard they were very tame. "Just see here," said she, and she fondled them as if they were innocent little babies. "Why, you pet your pets upon them, and see how tame they are," she invitingly said to the gent. Of course he would, but, as he approached, four rows of teeth reminded him to keep at a safe distance. At this the woman assured him that it was only a playful demonstration, and to show him how correctly gifted well tamed they were, she entered the house and returned with three little kittens which she placed before the wolves. They engaged in further conversation with the gent, and, soon after, both bearing a faint perfume, turned around just in time to see the tail of kitten number three going down the mouth of the tamest wolf. The visitor immediately took his departure, after expressing a preference for the wolves to take home for an infant child to play with in the absence of the parents.

They have spirited girls in Ohio, who evidently believe in certain phases of "Woman's Rights." Not long ago, a young lady in that State was asked to take a stroll by one of her acquaintance was "halting between two opinions," and not likely to vote at all without some coaxing. So she hied herself to the polls on day of election, went to the horse of the absentee, brought him to the polls, "voted him," and then carried him back again.

An exchange relates a story of cholera times, which reminds one of the decision mote in olden times by the court:

"A sugar refiner at Lille generously fitted up the hospital appropriated to cholera patients, and also allowed all persons in the town seized with cholera to go to his chateau. Only thirty-five persons have reposed in this steam-bath, died of that disease. One of these, a poor devil, who had been arrested in Lille—was so scalded during a bath as to be unable to move for three days, and, when perfectly cooked, she brought suit against her benefactor to recover the five francs' wages she lost. The judge, comprehending his gravity to his countenance, thus addressed her, 'Woman, your bed and her witnesse! Indeed, my good dame, I should not hesitate to sentence the defendant to pay you the wages of the days you have lost but could I at the same time force him to restore the cholera which you yourself confess you lost to him? I am unable to strain my power so far, I must dismiss your case.' The audience approved the great laughter the judge's decision, and the woman, covered with confusion and pursued by jeers, quitted the Tribunal."

Farinaceous food, although much recommended for invalids, is frequently very injurious to the stomach, unless a small quantity of animal food be taken with it. Many persons still retain the rather old-fashioned theory that a sick person must live on solely vegetable food, soups, and similar articles. But, in truth, a weak stomach is frequently rendered stiffmore feeble by the use and continuance of a farinaceous diet. Wherever no acute disease exists, which would render it improper, a small portion of meat, either in the solid form or as broth, should be taken occasionally.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT-ON-THE-WING."

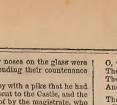
Home of De Saute, Thirsty Bay, N. Y., *Dec. 18.*

Dear Weekly:

Here I am, getting all of the first shots by the Ocean Telegraph of the shocking doings in Ireland by the Prime Minister, which are all set to "one Government," as De Saute says, "his star ping his horse."

The charges on the Judge of the Four Courts in Dublin were terrible, only equaled by the charges of the Governor of Kilkenny gaol over the within news.

It seems that about his past five o'clock yesterday morning a small fleet of boats was found moving in the bay, and it was supposed by the police to be intended for the raising of the Fenian army, then momentarily expected to land on the Quay. The policeman immediately concluded the turkey as being contraband of war, on account of the having "drumsticks" in the possession. The act was immediately telegraphed to the British Admiralty Office, when the Cockade-ites never even transports were dispatched across the Channel to prevent any further importations of that kind. The Admiral of the fleet told our correspondent that if he found the boy or the turkey he would



THE COVE OF COBH.



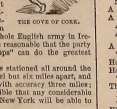
STAMP THEM OUT AS THEY DID THE DAVITT PLAGUE.

At a later hour in the day the office o. the *Irish Feather* was visited, and several copies of the paper were there found, addressed to the President of the United States and his "policy." This term—"his policy"—is not often referred to in that paper, except in the back numbers, but they never saw an explanation o it in the paper; and the authorities, who subsequently arrested, was unwilling to explain the "policy," and evaded doing so by saying that such a thing did not exist. It was the authorities considered it preposterous that an editor should write about and commend a thing he knew nothing about. He and the publisher were therefore accordingly committed for contempt by the magistrates, who made the remark, that "Pat they could find hout what the 'policy' hof the President o the United States was, they would stamp hit hout as they did the cattle plague." The Home Government, hearing of the articles in the *Irish Feather*, immediately sent out a dozen regiments of riflemen to take possession of the office. They also confiscated the "chromo-type" of the article, preparatory to the war. Four little boys who were looking in at the window and flattening their noses on the glass were arrested on the charge of lending their countenance to the affair.

In the lower counties, a boy with a pike that he had just caught in a brook was sent to the Castle, and the pike was taken possession of by the magistrate, who immediately ordered out the local military to watch for other boys with fish, as he had received orders to arrest any one in his section found with "pikes:" and he told the captain of the militia they must be stamped out.

By a dispatch sent by the Agent of the Associated Press from Liverpool we learn that the Cove of Cork himself was arrested, and that further particulars will be sent on.

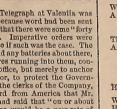
Intelligent Penians here consider that during the visit of the Fenians as imposters, as Head Centre Stephens has more "stamps" in



MORTAR PRACTICE.

to fire upon the ships in case they receive any "stock" from either the officers or crews of the vessels.

Last night the Judge of the Four Courts gave or-



ders to all his specials that if they should discover any thing like Fenians on their beats they should stamp it out. This morning one of the native police found in the Court-room what he considered a specimen of Fenianism

ALREADY STAMPED OUT. The Judge explained more fully his meaning to the special, and discharged him with a slight reprimand.

THE VERY LATEST.—The Fenians are now besieging the Ocean Telegraph Office, telegraphing to their friends in America to send over to them the "stamps," as they want to be stamped out of the country as fast as possible.

P.S.—I do not indorse the matter here given, but give it as a subject of news, merely. The Bindergent does not affect your own

U. S.

THE DEATH-WALK.

The little-window, dimmed-paned,
Stood open at the twilight waned,
And scattered instre crimson-rayed
Upon the chamber floor;
As, half his dirk above the ground,
The angry, staking sun around
His shining lances placed,
In blood steeped o'er and o'er.

"He will not come, he will not come!"
A plaintive whisper uttered out,
As rose the shadows round about:
"The night is blind, the night is dumb:
The dew will change to frosty rime—
O, weary, weary, weary time!
He will not come, he will not come!"

The ruddy lustre of the sun
Grew copper-bronzed, then purply dun,
And all the clouds o piled-up cloud,
Like scarcely-motion ore,
Seemed quickly from gray to swart,
While here and there a flickering dart,
Like lightning-flame, shot in and out,
Lit up the glowing core.

O wistful eyes, O straining sight!
There is no sail upon the shining lake
Upon the distant, leafy walls,
Athwart the sinking purple light;
No youthful footfalle party pass
From ringing road to steaut grass,
And echo through the coming night.

"He will not come!" pale Lilly sighed,
Say rather whispered hoarsely low,
As in her hand she laid her brow,
O, better she aloud had cried,
With flood of tears and throbbing breast,
Than thus had watched the sun to rest,
And trst with light how hope outdied!

O, weary, weary, weary time!
The Summer's dew makes Winter's rime,
The flush of hope brings chilling fears,
And Joy is drowned in her own tears.

The sun is gone, the fires died out
Which warmed the hospect-up, cindery bank
Of rugged clouds, piled rank on rank;
And not a star all round shone,
Nor glimmer of the moon on high,
Was seen in all the dreary sky,
Save the fire-fever in her sight
Or that lone watcher of the night
Shone out into the window sill.
For surely there was life and light
And ghostly, wandering figures there.
Her soul looked forth into the gloom,
And in a misty glimmer traced
Now eyes, now lips, hands lifeless,
A breezy down, a sheltered room,
A waste with yawning crevasses
And every where with beauty graced
A form smiling, dauntless, fair.

A ringing brook came leaping down
'Tween broken banks; the summer rain
Had filled them to the very brim
Had changed the limpid drops to brown,
The purling note to loud refrain.
The low-arched bridge which spanned the stream
Lay half beneath the brawling rush
Of many waves, now low, now flush
With either shore, and white as cream.
A timid form—it was her own—
Stood bending near the narrow ridge,
Which now was all of that old bridge
The water had not overthrown.
And as she quivered on the shore,
A cheering voice spoke in her ear,
A handsome form stood by her side,
And in the tumult of her pain
With nervous arm and rapid stride,
Her safely o'er the torrent bore.

With deepening lids and bosom beat
Her more than thanks her voice confessed,
And love, full-armed in tender might,
Flashed on the stranger's eager sight
In quivring lip and flushing cheek—
In, let time pass on further reck,
Pale watcher by the lattice-pane
Since twilight trembled on the wane,
To trace the downward path of flowers,
Trod blissfully on summer eve
With him the lord of Lyndon towers,
Till leaves and blossoms seemed to weave
A deathless wreath for him to bind,
As one to joy and honor led.

Fair path, which ever so wild and steept
Bright rose, which deathless seemed, could
Till storm-drops round thee 'gan to weep,
And sullen winds to wail and moan,
And leaves and blossoms tempest-tossed,
All withered as by sudden frost,
Fell dead in whispering fits anew—
Thy name! So young, so weak—lost, lost!
O, lost to all but those who share
Thy pain!

"He will not come!" with listless hand,
And outward show of self-command,
She closed the lattice, left the bench
Of pain, that was not sigh nor sob,
Was cramped between her and her brain;
She never bent beneath the three,
But slowly whispered hoarse and low,
"He'll never come! I know!"

There was a merry rout on Lyndon Hill:
The amber light
Through all the mansion's many windows shone;
On stately trees it decked forestry sone,
And with its fan-like rays
Wrote on a glow the revelry cheek of night.
And from its low-browed hall, of wont so still,
The busy hum of revelry came;
The chant of blithesome lays,
Of boastful words the loud acclaim,
All hailing one proud name
And made the air
With joyous sound all radiant far
Exultant and aflame.
Thus rang the merry voice to voice:
"Fair Margaret, our Lyndon's choice!"

There came as echo on the wind,
A glimmer on the lattice-pane,
That murmured at the cottage-door,
That lit the lattice-pane,
To tell the world on Lyndon Hill,
Of Lyndon's choice, of Lyndon's will,
By Lilly watching, dauntless there,
Since twilight 'gan to wane.

She never moved, she never spoke,
Sang on her ear the hilltop brake,
But with a strangely vivid glance,
That flashed in one bold fiery ray,
Then settled in a steady stare,
She sat upon her lowly couch,
And heed neither hill nor chance
Of living death she lay.

O, weary, weary, weary time!
The Summer's dew makes Winter's rime,
The flush of hope brings chilling fears,
And Joy is drowned in her own tears.

On Lyndon Hill the summer Eve
Sat crowned with gold, her dewy robe
Of white and rosy-tinted cloud
But half concealed her sweet sleeve,
And girdle of the ruby proud;
And on her flushing cheek from each cot-fire
There hung a diamond star,
That glittered wide and far.

And as the Eve, so was the Morning fair,
As following night, who stole betimes away,
He come in vigor through the radiant air.
Forth shone the lovely day.
Not lovely only in its liquid light,
And breezes bore, lost in its flush of hope,
Which all encompassed in its living scope,
And made its very shadows bright,
Love's jubilee it was, and so it shone,
And made day's eyes as lovely as the sun.

The bride of Lyndon met the dawn
With eyes of light and flush of rose,
And heart that throbbed with joyous throes
In greeting of the love-lit morn.
But there was one with face forlorn,
Whose cheek was as the snow
Upon an icy stream below,
Pale Lyndon's love-bride sit forewarn.
From her deep sunken eyes a fire
Streamed forth with sullen flame,
While firmly closed its nostrils and
And bitterness of shame
Were her thin lips, once white, now red,
As if from sudden wounds they bled.

Two brides—but one false groom!
Fair Margaret and Lilly fair,
The one with living blossoms in her hair,
And brow of light and cheek of bloom;
The other with a sallow skin
All blanched without and seared within.

For bridal both arrayed
In fleecy robes of chastest white,
A coronal of orange-blossoms made
Decked Margaret's braids of night:
The virgin bridal-wreath
Which trembled with her breath:
In pallid Lilly's tresses brown
With silver leaves three gleamed a crown
Of roses blanch as death.

Fair bridesmaids deftly fitted round
The bride of hope with tender care,
And voices tuned unto the sound
Of fond solicitude were there;
And treasures rare
Of gifts on every side were found.
But ah, alone, alone!
With frozen cheek, but burning brain,
Pale Lilly like a bleach white stone
Stood by the lattice-pane.

Alone, alone, alone!
The merry bells were ringing out
With boastful clang and joyous tone
The joyful message round about;
But every clear and tuneful note
Her weary heart in discord smote,
For on her lonely ear they fell
The boom of death's low solemn knell.

Then as the hour nearer sped
When Lyndon false his bride should wed,
She drew from out a sombre niche
A flask of sallow green,
And drop by drop upon her lip
She let the draught unhallowed drip:
'Twas full of gouts as black as pitch,
With shining film between.

The poppy and the henbane juice
Were there, and herbal poisons fell,
To woe and shame of dreadful use,
Whose hellish names I dare not tell.
And as she drank the deadly brew
Her features sickened in the sight;
And not her robe of snowy hue,
Nor wreath of roses pure and bright,
As lip and cheek were half so white.

Then from her throbbing heart the rush
Of blood came mantling to her face,
And o'er her neck and cheek the flush
Of ruby life brought fire and grace.
Light filled her eyes, and forth she shone
With all the loveliness her own.
And so in beauty heavenly fair,
While not a cloud her face o'ercast,
Into the sunny air she passed;
And at a tranquil pace,
In bridal white and roses in her hair,
Within her heart despair,
And poison in her very breath,
Went forth upon her walk of death.

Across the garden, with its flowery host
Of bright-eyed petals, breathing odors sweet,
And through the orchard where the branches meet
Just overhead, all gnarled and weather-toned;
Along the pleasant lane, where green
The grass fringed all the way, and sunshine came
The wild-flowered hedge and pollard trees between,
Her snowy robe shone like a brighter flame.
The birds, which once would flutter to her feet,



THE DEATH-WALK—"I AM YOUR BRIDE!"

Flew scared away, and e'en the household cur,
Who brisk with joy would gambol up to her,
Slunk whining back: and none she chanced to meet
Of humble villagers, who used to greet
Her coming with a hand upraised,
And hearty speech, in tribute to her worth,
Beside the path stood silent and amazed,
As if she were some spirit upon earth.
So passed she on in loveliness supreme
And vestal white; now through the serried field,
By nodding ranks of wheat-ears half revealed,
Where trembling poppies shone with ruddy gleam,
And blue-eyed corn-flowers watched her half concealed.
There by the creaking gate, where lazy midge
Hung floating in the air, or tollcock hee
Swept buzzing by; then o'er the narrow bridge—
The very keystone of her memory!—
Where once had rolled the waves so white and hoarse,
Now gurgling gayly in their narrow course:
And so, by bleach-white road and deep green-sward,
She reached the border of the gray church-yard.

An instant by the open gate
Her silent footstep paused to wait
Forth rang the merry marriage-peal
Above the sacred roof,
When mid the clang there smote her ear
An echo rolling swiftly near;
The echo of a carriage-wheel,
And clamp of horses' hoof.

She glided with a spirit-tread
Among the living, o'er the dead,
Upon her face a hectic bloom,
A glitter in her eye,
Low whispers followed by her side
Of breathless awe: "Is this the bride?"
From clustered crowds on grass and tomb,
Who watched her flitting by.

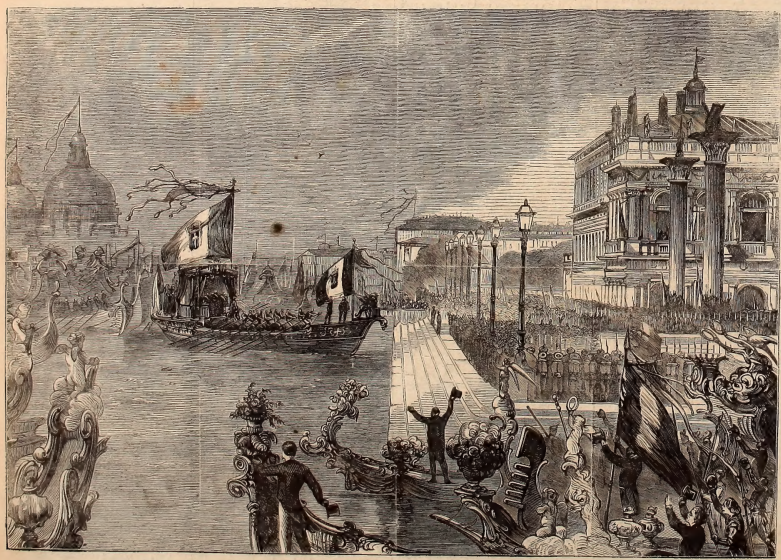
Mid champ of bit and klirr of steel,
The jingling of the harness bright,
And whirr of many a carriage-wheel,
Fair Margaret, all love and light,
By Lyndon's side in beauty trod
The pathway to the house of God—
O bridegroom false! bride fair and frail!

But as they neared the open door,
There stood a phantom them before,
A second bride, in like array,
With lovely face unveiled,
Which flushed and bright an instant shone,
Then sickened to the hue of stone:
A rigid form, which barred the way,
As if twere armed and mailed.

How quailed false Lyndon at her gaze,
With feeble knee and parching tongue.
And craven hands that clutched and clung
About his bride, dumb with amaze!
"What brings you here?" he whining said—
Her white face looked so like the dead,
Her deep eyes set in deadly glaze.

"I am your bride!" No other word
Between her parted lips was heard:
Then with a shiver and a moan,
And hands that to her bosom clung,
Upon the earth a white form rolled.
False bells! ye should a dirge have tolled,
That, echoing through wood and stone,
The bride-peal had outsung!

O bridal bells! O jangling chords!
O discord far too deep for words!
O wedding morn, with hope so rife,
You brought two brides, but not one wife!



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A NEW WAY to make MONEY.—Send $1 for one A.M. Circular and Four Golden Envelopes, drawing certificates for $5 to $500. Circular free. Capital Present $30,000 in Greenbacks. MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION, 187 Broadway, New York City.

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One hundred illustrations, all entirely new. One vol., 4to, quarto, cloth, elegant, $6 00.

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Blue and Golden Edition. Illustrations and a new Portrait. Price $1 50, or in Morocco, $3 50.

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TWO HUNDRED HUMOROUS SKETCHES.
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With Rhymes by Tom Hood. An irresistibly comic volume. Thin 4to. Price $3 75.

Sold by all Booksellers, and mailed postpaid by the Publishers,

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston.

Carême's Anglo-French Sauce

Is strongly recommended by the Faculty in Europe and America for DEBILITY, DYSPEPSIA, and all DISEASES, and is sold by the Principal Druggists in town and Country.

WANTED—AGENTS, $250 a month. Male and Female, to sell the GENUINE COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. Price only $20. Every machine warranted 3 years. For particulars address H. H. REGISTER & CO., 66 Broadway, room No. 3.

PARLOR FIREWORKS; on, Snow Crystals in Fire. 25 cents a package. Send orders to O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau Street, New York.

A LADY who has been cured of great nerveus debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all sufferers the simple means of relief. Address, inclosing a stamp, Mrs. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 5643, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail.

100 Photographs of Union Generals sent postpaid for 100 cts.; 50 Photographs of Rebel Officers for 25c.; 100 Photographs of Female Beauties for 25c.; 100 Actors for 25c. Address C. SEYMOUR, Holland, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED

To sell Brown's Glass Cleaning Polish. Sells every where, at every house. Large profits to Agents. Particulars sent free. C. M. BROWN, 74 Bleecker St., N. Y.

The Great American Tea Company.

Always a Wholesale Establishment.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices.* We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price.*

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that those who bought chests of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread so far and wide: and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a dollar per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of as to buy one. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply them such quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we have made no further reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *one cent per pound.*

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will state only the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 10 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On the arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in small lots for sale, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retail Dealer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and sold the article at cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to the ladies of the way we can sell them Teas than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, now existing, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Buying together Teas from so many we confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the various choice stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are packed at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black tea), 90c., $1, best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

EVIDENCE AFTER A YEAR'S TRIAL.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
FOURTH AUDITOR'S OFFICE,
December 1, 1866.

Gt. Am. Tea Co., 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York:

Inclosed herewith I send you our regular list for December.

It is now twelve months since we began the use of your Teas and Coffees, and I am pleased in being able to say that the benefits we have derived from the use of said articles by the members of this Club, instead of being confined to individual instances, is universal, and I think I may safely say without exception.

Thanking you for the many favors received at your hands, I am, Sirs, very respectfully,

YOUR obedient Servant, L. CASS CARPENTER.

For manner of getting up Clubs, &c., see former Numbers of this Paper.

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large consumer is interrupted, by *choking* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church.

Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We would call your notice to the fact that Vesey Street Store is at No. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*not on the double store.*

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *double store, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

THE ANNUARY NUMBER OF DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA sparkles with beautiful engravings and other extraordinary attractions. It is unquestionably the juvenile Magazine ever issued. Send for a copy: 15 cents, postpaid. W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, No. 473 Broadway, New York. *New York Independent.*

PERRY'S FAMILY OINTMENT.

The greatest Discovery ever offered; sells faster, and cures all cases of Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Sores, Gathered Breasts, Piles, Chilblains, Rheumatism, Corns, &c. Every body should get it. Price 25 cents, with full terms to Agents, Druggists, and Country Dealers. Depot, 197 Chatham Street, New York.

GOOD BOOKS FOR PRESENTS.—NEW PHYSIOLOGY, with 1000 ILLUSTRATIONS, 8th Edition, 600 pp. in a Beautiful Book. ÆSOP'S FABLES, People's pictorial edition, lasted paper, only $1. ILLUSTRATED FAMILY GYMNASIUM, $1 75. How to WRITE, How to TALK, How to BEHAVE, and How to DO BUSINESS, (1,000), $2 25. The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1867, only $2. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

Holiday Presents.

ARRANDALE & CO., 162 BROADWAY, N. Y., are offering over $1,000,000 worth of DRY GOODS in Dresses, Pants, and Coat Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, Furs, Robes, &c., together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS, at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR each, with very liberal terms to agents.

Send on for a certificate, or $1 for 5, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and if desired we will send our terms to agents.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
New York, October, 1866.

REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES;

THE DESTITUTE and ORPHAN CHILDREN of OUR

COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.

GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR

AND

PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

"THIS HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1863 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union: its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering over 100; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving little ones, solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (on Fifty-eighth Street, New York), now occupied, is entirely inadequate for the wants of such a Home as recently demanded; and the call is made upon the public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Children, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand in the canes of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for *all* needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE, President.
Mrs. CHAS. P. DALY, Acting President.
Mrs. MAJOR-GEN. J. G. FOSTER, Vice-President.
Mrs. ROBERT FORSTER, 2d Vice-President.
Mrs. JOHN S. VOORHIS, Treasurer.
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Mrs. JAMES GILLIES.
Mrs. C. P. HOYT.
Mrs. WM. MAILER.
Mrs. HENRY BAINES.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supreme Court of Appeals, and approaching "FAIR AND FESTIVAL" in their behalf.

Major-General VAN VLIET.
Major-General JOHN G. BARLOW.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.
Brigadier-General CHARLES HAM.
Brigadier-General RUSH C. HAWKINS.
Brevet Brigadier-General JAMES F. HALL.
Judge Chas. P. Daly, Ch'n of Committee.
JNO. H. WHITE.
G. F. B. HOYT.
J. H. FULERTON.

The following card will be fully appreciated by the public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"To the Managing Ladies of the Festival:—Sympathizing in your noble object, I take pleasure in tendering you gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival. THEODORE THOMAS."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,

Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1 *Present in United States Greenbacks*	$10,000
1 Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	15,000
1 corner House and Lot, Jamaica Avenue, East New York	6,000
1 House and Lot on Fifth Avenue	5,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
1 Carriage, Harness, and Horses (complete)	1,500
1 Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,000
5 Lots in Harrison, N. Y., $500 each	2,500
1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1 Full-jap Policy of Life Insurance	5,000
1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1 Oil Painting of General Grant	500
15 Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, at $200	3,000
15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, at $150	2,250
25 Elegant Silver-plated Sewing Machine	1,250
50 Silver-plated Tea Sets, at $8	400
100 Celebrated Family Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	6,000
100 Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War	1,000
200 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Silver Cases, at $5	1,000
500 Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, at $3	1,500
1000 Gilt Bible and Plated Photograph Frames	3,000

The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Sets of Cooper's, Lossing's, Bancroft's, and Irving's Works, Sets of Dickens's and Thackeray's Works, Gold Pens, Pencils, Pocket and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Scarf Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, Watch Guards, Watch Keys, Gilt Picture Frames, Gentlemen's Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Flags, Gentlemen's Fashionable Neck-wear and Gent Furnishing Goods, Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to $4,225

Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at $200,000

THEODORE THOMAS, Esq.,

The talented Musical Director, promises a most delightful treat in the Orchestral and Vocal Exercises for the occasion, no less than forty performers being already engaged, and nothing will be spared to make this the finest Musical Festival ever given in the United States.

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

The tickets will be supplied to all Sunday-schools, Benevolent, Music Dealers, Hotel Keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at $1 00 each, or in quantities at the Club Rates.—Subscription Lists are now ready for Subscribers and others to obtain tickets, and forward with cash, to obtain orders for the Tickets. Circulars giving full directions and terms to Agents will be mailed on receipt of stamp for postage.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, *in a registered letter at our risk,* with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50
10 Tickets to one address	9 00
20 Tickets to one address	17 50
50 Tickets to one address	42 50
40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
80 Tickets to one address	65 50
100 Tickets to one address	85 00

Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to

N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,

616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors,

616 Broadway, New York.

$5 SEWING $5 MACHINE.

FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May* 15, 1862; *improved patented June* 5, 1866. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CURVING ATTACHMENT, is noiseless, self-adjusting, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL SIZES, with perfect regularity, and makes beautiful stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will CURVE, HEM, RUFFLE, BRAID, TUCK, and EMBROIDER, and is the Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order for 5 years. Will be exhibited in operation at all the principal Journals, and of those who have seen it.

With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the most stitching exactly like hand-sewing.—*New York Tribune.*

Simple in construction, all COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5 00. Liberal terms guaranteed. Agents wanted every where. Address all orders to FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, Office 192 Nassau Street, New York.

(*From Rev. J. W. Foland's Autobiography.*)

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was taken sick with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation having for its basis the inside bark of white pine might be of benefit, and as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in the disease alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine I had been using, and put it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, C. W., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, accompanied with bleeding from the throat and mouth of blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She has since taken ten ounces of it, and in November, 1858, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

"As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound is unrivalled."—*Rural Gentleman.*

The great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having received the highest praise for years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures all diseases of the kidneys, diabetes, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary complaints. It is a sure cure for bleeding at the lungs, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and dropsy it will be found invaluable. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., Proprietor,
Boston, Mass.

H. SCOVILLE, Chicago, Ill.,
FARRAND, SHELEY & CO., Detroit, Mich.,
Wholesale Agents for the West.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

ESTABLISHED 1850.

100,000 Watches, Dress Patterns, Bal. Skirts, Jewelry, Silverware, Dry Goods, &c., &c.,

WORTH $250,000.

ALL TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH, WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE.

Splendid List of Articles. EACH.

1000 Gold and Silver hunting cased Watches..$15 to $150
1000 Dress Patterns and Balmoral Skirts ... 1 to 60
1000 Revolving Cake and Dessert Dishes .. 12 to 35
1000 Tea, Tab, & Des. Spns & Frks (Si ilver) 12 to 24
1000 Gold Thimbles & Butter-Knives ..... 2 to 10
400 Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains ..... 8 to 10
1000 Gold Pens, Pencils, Pencil Cases ..... 2 to 10
60000 other articles enumerated on circular.. 1 to 10

Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed, and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. All purchases envelopes will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 6 for $1; 13 for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10; 100 for $15.

We publish below an extract from one of our numerous complimentary letters, with a view of inspiring confidence in the minds of those who may not have been deceived by some of the impostors who imitate our business:

"FORT LYON, *October* 8, 1866.

"J. H. WINSLOW & CO.: Gents—Our wives have been quite a number of men sending for Jewelry, &c., from the place they live in New York was robbed, and they have only found J. H. WINSLOW & Co. honest and truthful in that business. Every time they have been sent for has come at the proper time, and was just what it was represented to be. There has been no article sent that could have been bought for less than double the retail cost.

"I am, Sirs, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"A. J. THOMAS, Co. K, 5th U. S. V. Infantry."

J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER, 1866.

Terms for 1867.

One Copy for One Year $4 00

An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers at $4 00 *each, or* 6 Copies *for* $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$150 00
Half Page	75 00
Quarter Page	40 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

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Terms for 1867:

One Copy for One Year $4 00
One Copy for Four Years 12 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Five Subscribers, *at* $4 00 *each, or* 6 Copies *for* $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

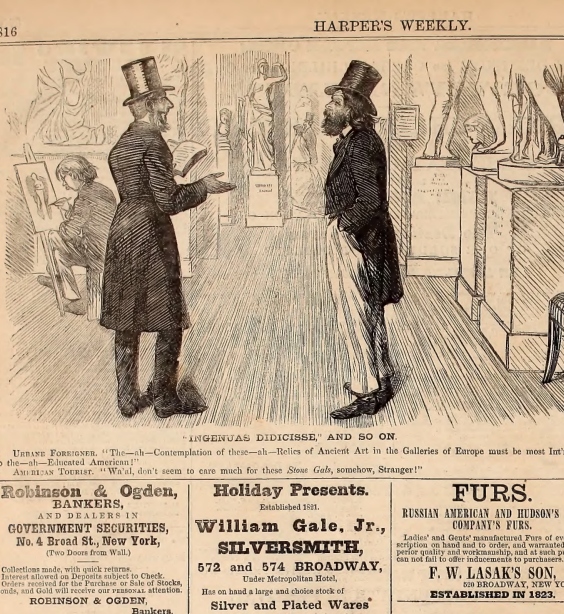
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Cloth Binding . . . . . $1 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco 1 00

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for Seventh, and *Two Dollars* per line for Ninth Advertisements, each Insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.



"INGENUAS DIDICISSE," AND SO ON.

URBANE FOREIGNER. "The—ah—Contemplation of these—ah—Relics of Ancient Art in the Galleries of Europe must be most Int'resting to the—ah—Educated American!"

AMERICAN TOURIST. "Wal, dad, don't seem to care much for these *Stone Gals*, somehow, Stranger!"

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

D.D.& Co's **SOFT CAPSULES.**
See Advertisement Inside.

$100 to $250 PER MONTH; *and all Expenses Paid.* We want Agts, male and female, every where, to whom it will pay the above salary, or give a large commission. *Business entirely new, permanent, and very easy.* For full particulars, address, with stamp, G. W. JACKSON & Co., 11 South St., Baltimore, Md.

JOHN BONNER,
Stock Broker,
22 BROAD STREET,
Government Securities of all kinds, Railway Stocks, and Bonds, Petroleum and Mining Shares, and Gold, bought and sold on commission.

SURE PILE CURE.
Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument, for the radical cure of piles, prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in 5 minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for circular. Sold by druggists generally. Discount to dealers. Agents wanted every where. Sent by mail on receipt of $4. J. B. ROGERS, Manager, 575 Broadway, N. Y.



JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS'
STEEL PENS.
TRADE MARK. JOSEPH GILLOTT'S WITH Designating Numbers.
HENRY OWEN, MANUFACTURERS' WAREHOUSE.
SOLE AGENTS 91 JOHN ST. NEW YORK.

PERFECTION ATTAINED.
Strength! Beauty! Cheapness!
Harding's Patent Chain-Back
Photograph Albums.
The Trade and dealers supplied at the lowest rates. Purchasers should ask for Harding's Patent Chain-Back Albums, as they are far superior to any others.
WM. W. HARDING, 220 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MUSICAL BOXES,
Playing from 1 to 36 different tunes, and costing from $50 to $600. The most complete stock ever offered for sale in New York. Fine ornaments for the parlor, and pleasant companions for the invalid. M. J. PAILLARD & CO., Importers, 21 Maiden Lane (up stairs), New York. *Musical Boxes repaired.*

Holiday Presents.
Established 1821.
William Gale, Jr.,
SILVERSMITH,
572 and 574 BROADWAY,
Under Metropolitan Hotel,
Has on hand a large and choice stock of
Silver and Plated Wares
Of the newest and finest designs, for
HOLIDAY AND BRIDAL GIFTS,
To which the attention of the Public is invited.

MOTT'S CHEMICAL POMADE
The best hair restorer and dressing. Sold by druggists.

VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENT.
THE NEW AMERICAN ELASTIC-STITCH SEWING MACHINE, patented AUG., 1866. Price each, Class 1, for *Family* or *Manufacturers'* use, with fixtures, &c., all complete, $15. *Will do fine or coarse stitching* on ALL KINDS of materials from *Cambric* to the THICKEST WINTER OVERCOAT or LEATHER. Sews *rapid, firm,* and *beautiful; perfectly* reliable. Simple in its movements and EASY TO UNDERSTAND. IS THE VERY BEST MACHINE for FAMILY USE. *Samples* of goods sewed and returned by mail *for examination* when postage is sent. Machines *selected with care,* adjusted for *special work,* and forwarded, securely packed in substantial wooden boxes, per express, to any part of the country on RECEIPT OF PRICE. Testimonials from those using them for manufacturing and family use on view at the Salesroom. Experienced Agents wanted. Address all orders AMERICAN SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, 599 Broadway, New York.

BROWNE & SPAULDING,
JEWELERS,
WATCH AND CLOCK MANUFACTURERS,
568 and 570 Broadway,
Having opened their new Store under the METROPOLITAN HOTEL with a choice selection of novelties in their line, solicit the inspection of the public and their friends.

French Marble and Cuckoo Clocks,
BRONZES, AND OBJETS D'ART,
Suitable for Bridal Presents and Holiday Gifts, in great variety.



Holiday Presents. POLLAK & SON, Meerschaum Manufacturers, 602 Broadway, near Fourth St., N.Y. *Pipes* and *Holders* cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send for Wholesale or retail circular. Pipes from $5 upward.

Dyspepsia,
Rheumatism,
Scrofula,
Scrolfen Glands,
Eruptions of the Skin,
All cured by taking baths of mineral waters possessing certain chemical properties. Use STRUMATIC SALTS, prepared for bathing purposes from the mineral springs of the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company. The chemical properties of these Salts make them specifics for the cure of the above-named diseases. Do not be swallowing of drugs and quacks. Use STRUMATIC MINERAL BATHS. For sale at every respectable drug store.

FURS.
RUSSIAN AMERICAN AND HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S FURS.
Ladies' and Gents' manufactured Furs of every description on hand and to order, and warranted of superior quality and workmanship, and at such prices as can not fail to offer inducements to purchasers.
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 522.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE SETTLER'S CHRISTMAS-EVE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Is a patch of clearing, scarcely more
Than his brawny double hands,
With woods behind and woods before,
The Settler's cabin stands;
A little, low, and lonesome shed,
With a roof of clap-boards overhead.

Ay, low, so low the wind-warped eave
Hangs close against the door—
You might almost stretch a bishop's sleeve
From the rafter to the floor;
And the window is not too large, a whit,
For a lady's veil to curtain it.

The roof-tree's bent and knotty knees
By the Settler's axe are hacked,
And the door-yard fence is three felled trees
With their bare arms interlaced;
And a grape-vine, shaggy and rough and red,
Swings from the well-sweep's high, sharp head.

And among the stubs, all charred and black,
Away to the distant hats,
Winds in and out the wagon-track,
Cut full of zigzag ruts;
And down and down to the sluggish pond,
And through and up to the swamps beyond.

And do you ask beneath such thatch
What heart or hope may be?
Just pull the string of the wooden latch,
And see what you shall see:
A hearth-stone broad and warm and wide,
With master and mistress either side.

And 'twixt them, in the radiant glow—
Prattling of Christmas joys—
With faces in a shining row,
Six children, girls and boys;
And in the cradle a head half-hid
By the shaggy wolf-skin coverlid.

For the baby sleeps in the shaded light
As gently as a lamb,
And two little stockings, scarlet bright,
Are hanging 'gainst the jamb;
And the yellow cat lies all of a curl
In the lap of a two-years-blue-eyed girl.

On the dresser, saved for weeks and weeks,
A hamper of apples stands,
And some are red as the children's cheeks,
And some are brown as their hands:
For cakes and apples must stead, you see,
The rich man's costlier Christmas-tree.

A clock that looks like a skeleton,
From the corner, ticks out bold,
And that never was such a clock to run
You would hardly need be told,
If you were to see the glances proud
Drawn toward it when it strikes so loud

The Settler's rifle, bright and brown,
Hangs high on the rafter-hooks,
And swinging a hand's-breadth lower down
Is a modest shelf of books;
Bible and Hymn-book, thumbed all through,
"Baxter's Call"—and a novel or two.

"Peter Wilkins," "The Bloody Hand,"
"The Sailor's Bride and Bark,"
"Jerusalem and the Holy Land,"
"The Travels of Lewis and Clarke;"
Some tracts—among them "The Milk-maid's Fall,"
"Pleasure Punished," and "Death at a Ball."

A branch of sumach, shining bright,
And a stag-horn deck the wall,
With a string of birds'-eggs, blue and white,
Beneath. But, after all,
You will say the six little heads in a row
By the hearth-stone make the prettiest show.

The boldest urchin dares not stir,
But each heart, be sure, rebels,
As the father taps on the newspaper
With his brass-bowed spectacles;
And knitting-needle with needle clicks,
As the mother waits for the politics.

He has rubbed the glass and rubbed the bow,
And now is a fearful pause:
"Come, Molly!" he says, "come Sue, come Joe,
And I'll tell you of Santa Claus!"
How the faces shine with the glad surprise,
As if the souls looked out of the eyes.

In a trice the dozen ruddy legs
Are bare; and speckled and brown
And blue and gray, from the wall-side pegs,
The stockings dangle down;
And the baby, with wondering eyes, looks out
To see what the clatter is all about.

"And what will Santa Claus bring?" they tease,
"And, say, is he tall and fair?"
While the younger climb the good man's knees,
And the elder scale his chair:
And the mother jogs the cradle, and tries
The charm of the dear old lullabies.

So happily the hours fly past,
'Tis pity to have them o'er,
But the rusty weights of the clock, at last,
Are dragging near the floor,
And the knitting-needles, one and all,
Are stuck in the round, red knitting-ball.

Now, all of a sudden the father twirls
The empty apple-plate—
"Old Santa Claus don't like his girls
And boys to be up so late!"
He says, "And I'll warrant our star-faced cow,
He's waiting astride o' the chimney now."

Down the back of his chair they slide,
They slide down, arm and knee—
"If Santa Claus is indeed outside,
He shan't be kept for me!"
Cry one and all, and away they go—
Hurrying, flurrying—six in a row.

In the mother's eyes are happy tears
As she sees them flutter away;
"My man," she says, "it is sixteen years
Since our blessed wedding-day,
And I wouldn't think it but just a year
If it wasn't for all these children here."

And then they talk of what they will do
As the years shall come and go;
Of schooling for little Molly and Sue,
And of land for John and Joe;
And Dick is so wise, and Dolly so fair,
"They," says the mother, "will have luck to spare!"

"Ay, ay, good wife, that's clear, that's clear!"
Then, with eyes on the cradle bent:
"And what if he in the wolf-skin here
Turned out to be President!
Just think! oh wouldn't it be fine—
Such fortune for your boy and mine!"

She stopped—her heart with hope elate—
And kissed the golden head;
Then, with the brawny hand of her mate
Folded in hers, she said:
"Walls as narrow, and roof as low,
Have sheltered a President, you know."

And then they said they would work and wait—
The good, sweet-hearted pair—
You must have pulled the latch-string straight,
Had you in truth been there.
Feeling that you were not to leave
At the Settler's hearth that Christmas-Eve.

Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly.

THE NUMBER completes the Tenth Volume of *Harper's Weekly*. This has been a volume unusually replete with interest. The illustrations, both in number and variety, have surpassed those of any illustrated periodical. Our readers need not be reminded that the year now closing has been a period of great moment in the world's history. The European settlement has passed through the most significant revolution of the last fifty years, out of which a great Protestant Power has come which rivals even the Second French Empire. At home, to the period of bloody civil war there has succeeded a no less critical period of reconstruction. The events of this important year, both Domestic and Foreign, have been illustrated in the *Weekly*, and have been continually the subject of editorial comment. Every number of the *Weekly* is electrotyped, and the ten volumes now completed may be obtained at $7 per volume. The contents of these volumes comprise, besides the illustrations of all interesting current events and portraits of prominent personages, an amount of general literature—representing the best productions of the last decade—which is almost half the price of the whole series.

☞ *Subscribers who wish to bind the Tenth Volume of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *ending with No. 822, may obtain gratuitously from the principal News Dealers a* TITLE-PAGE AND TABLE OF CONTENTS.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1866.

WHAT NEXT?

THE North Carolina Legislature, by a vote of 93 to 10 in the Lower House, and 44 to 1 in the Upper, has rejected the Amendment. Arkansas, Alabama, and Florida have done likewise. Governor HUMPHREYS recommends its rejection to the Mississippi Legislature, and Governor ORR to that of South Carolina. The Georgia Legislature would prefer a Territorial Government, according to the telegram, rather than the Amendment; and the President of its Senate, "standing erect as a pine," declared that "human forbearance has its limits, and the worm will turn if trodden on." Mr. RAPHAEL SEMMES, Moral Philosopher, announces, in a lecture at Delaware, that he has been and done endeavoring to restore his State to her place in the Union without tarnishing her honor. The Milledgeville *Southern Recorder* declares that "if this Union is to stand, the rights of the South must be respected." Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS is equally strenuous against the Amendment, and for the continuous rights of States." Every leader of opinion, every newspaper of influence, the Legislatures and the Governors in the unrestored States, are unanimous against the Amendment. Not a single powerful voice in those States has been raised for it.

Meanwhile the petition of the loyal Louisianians, signed by Governor WELLES and others—the inauguration of Ex-Governor PARSONS the President's Provisional Governor of North Carolina, and of a Committee from that State —and the statements of the Southern Loyalists' Association in Washington, all agree that the governments of the unrestored States are in the hands of men hostile to the National Government—that the Union men in those States are consequently oppressed and in constant danger —that the liberty and property of the Freedmen are overridden at the mercy of the disloyal—that justice for loyal men in the civil courts is uncertain, and military protection inadequate. To these statements must be added the reports of great destruction in certain districts, of general apathy or sense of insecurity which springs from the consciousness of a radical derangement of the most public affairs; the unwillingness of capital or labor to move toward disturbed States, and the necessary paralysis of industry. Looking at these facts, with a due knowledge of history and experience of human nature, is it not very difficult to understand the situation with which the country is now called to deal.

The Amendment we must consider virtually rejected as a condition of restoration. The President's policy, or experiment, has also failed. The unrestored States must therefore be considered as substantially in the condition in which they were when the Presidential experiment began—with this advantage, however, that their real spirit has been fully exposed. Yet we would not be unjust to those who have honestly acquiesced; who took up arms and fought, suffered, and won it, and now ask only that the conditions of restoration shall be just in themselves, consonant with the spirit of the Constitution and with the national safety. But such are the men not for the sentiment but which control the action of the unrestored States.

In this situation, then, the first question is, whether Congress should hope for a reaction of opinion, and for the adoption of the Amendment by the unrestored States, and postpone further action of its own toward restoration? But upon what ground can a change of feeling be reasonably expected? The first response to the offer of the Amendment was the New Orleans massacre, when the controlling opinion of the late rebel States relied upon the Executive to sweep out Congress with a bayonet. Then came the Philadelphia August Convention, stimulating the unrestored States to refuse the Amendment, and claiming to represent the true sentiment of the country upon the subject. It was not surprising that those States then refused to act. Americans knew that when a question was formally submitted to the people, and they universally and overwhelmingly approved the Amendment as the condition of restoration; and after the action of the Philadelphia address, which incited the States to oppose the Amendment, told them distinctly that they must accept it or prepare for more stringent measures, they in general were haughty refusal. Undoubtedly the country believed that conditions so just and generous would be, if not heartily, at least silently accepted. Their imperious rejection reveals a state of mind which indicates the wisdom and necessity of other measures. The refusal of the Amendment meant a great deal of the doubt which many loyal men had of the actual national necessity of more stringent and radical measures. Many believed [illegible] kind and reasonable feeling in the unre[illegible] States, which it is now evident does not exist, or does not control State action.

It would appear, then, that Congress must forthwith provide adequate authority, must begin exercise of the President did. The people of United States rejected, and set up new governments, which were overthrown by military forces. They were left without any government in their States, not fully accepting any except those approved by Congress. Congress now proposes by whom the first [illegible] a Government shall be formed. The Constitution is finished it may be [illegible] ment of Congress, of such [illegible] the guarantee of the Union [illegible]. This leaves in the [illegible] physics, where they belong [illegible] torial condition or State [illegible] abstractions which Mr. LINCOLN [illegible] scribed as pernicious. Equally so is the [illegible] dent's assertion, and that of the Democrats [illegible] support him, that the States having been [illegible] vested from seceding and their rights [illegible] impaired. Why, then, did he appoint Provisional Governors, and define the qualifications of the suffrage?

There is no need of entangling ourselves with theories and definitions. The one imperative necessity is, that the measures which Congress takes to restore the governments of the States shall be just, generous, and in the spirit of the Constitution. And we reserve to another day comments upon the various propositions already made.

THE SENATE AND THE VOTING OF WOMEN.

SENATOR COWAN'S proposed amendment to the District Suffrage bill provoked a lively discussion upon the subject of the voting of women. He well understood that the amendment was offered merely to perplex the action of the Senate. The Senator from Pennsylvania, who may be said to have gone to the bottom in the late political storm, evidently supposed that many of his associates would either vote for it upon general principles, in which case they would seem to be pandering to extravagant; or would vote against it, in which case they would displease the radical tendency of the time. But, as usual in his political calculations, he was disappointed. The proposition of the voting of women was felt not to be seriously before the Senate. It is a subject upon which the public mind has not been sufficiently interested to declare itself, and the Senate could not know what the country wanted.

As low is the strong only when it is the expression of public opinion, and the universal work of the true friends of the amendment proposed by Senator COWAN is the awakening of the public mind. The vigorous discussion of the subject will soon reveal the truth that there is no adverse argument. If women have the same natural rights as men, and the same civil rights and duties, including the taxation of property and taxation, the whole question is settled: they have a right to the same protection of their rights that all others enjoy. Senator REVERDY JOHNSON, always first in a poor cause, could only say that if they voted they must also do military duty. But there must be sharper arguments than that, or the proposition will go by default. For women, as citizens, have always done and always will do that work in the public defense for which their sex peculiarly fits them. The care of the young mothers, the nameless and innumerable duties of the hospital and home, are just as essential to national safety as fighting in the field. A nation of men alone could not long maintain a contest.

Senator FRELINGHUYSEN spoke well of "the high and holy mission of women." But however excellent her "mission," that does not bear upon the point, for it is only proposed to derive some more practical advantage to society from that mission. Let us all be reasonable. Why is it that the incessant frivolities and absurdities in which women are engaged does not suggest to us to enlarge upon their "high and holy mission?" If people with a high and holy mission may innocently sit bare-necked in hot theatres to be studied through pocket-telescopes until midnight by any body who chooses, why should the high and holy mission be disgraced if they go and quietly drop a ballot in a box to help secure good laws for their children? And as for "the mire of politics" upon which orators wax eloquent, the truth is that they are miry because good men and women will have nothing to do with them. Yet their presence would purify them. And is the commonwealth necessarily safer because intelligence and refinement so often refrain from politics? The most pitiful scene in the conduct of which men and women associate are far from miry for that very reason.

But there is no use in getting hot and arguing the question with a red face. The difficulty with those who urge the suffrage of women is that they repel sympathy by overstatement. They say that the oppression of the female sex as if it were an oppression like that of slavery. But it is nothing like it. There is no oppression, however ignorant and imbruted, who would not deeply have received his freedom. But there are very few of the most cultivated and intelligent women who seem seriously to wish for it. That, however, is merely matter of habit. They have exactly the same interest in good government that men have, and there is no more reason for vesting political power in a man than in a class or in a [illegible]. A State that refuses to treat them in such a matter as it does men ought logically to have no power to hold property or to be taxed. It ought to treat them as incompetent and perpetual minors. But happily the tendency of society is not backward to Oriental notions. Good sense has set aside most of the old laws in regard to women; and when Mr. JOHN STUART MILL proposes in Parliament that they shall be enfranchised, and that the United States, upon whatever deliberately discusses the subject, the possible as when the blossom begins to

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS AND THE EXECUTIVE POWER.

A timely and valuable article by the Hon. JOHN M. READ of Philadelphia has lately been published, reviewing the true constitutional position of the Executive in regard to amendments of the Constitution, and the conduct of the present Executive in relation to the Amendment now pending. The article shows conclusively that the Executive is forbidden to interfere with an amendment in any way whether in Congress or in a State Legislature, and any use of the Executive authority against an amendment is a violation of the Constitution. Judge READ shows, by reference to the record, that none of the first twelve amendments were ever submitted to the President. The thirteenth, that of emancipation, was by an error presented to the President; but the Senate on the 7th February, 1865, declared that the presentation was an inadvertence and should not constitute a precedent.

The present Amendment, the fourteenth, passed the Senate on the 8th of June, 1866, and the House on the 13th. On the 18th a concurrent resolution requested the President to transmit it to the Executives of the several States. On the 22d he complied that it was not submitted for his approval, and proceeded to argue against the expediency and constitutionality of the action of Congress—and this upon a subject of which he had no more official right to speak than the Queen of England. But not content with arguing, he arrayed the force of the Executive patronage against the Amendment. The Captains of the Executive party, SENATORS DIXON, DOOLITTLE, and COWAN, denounced the amendment as unjust and insulting; and, finally, the Philadelphia Convention of the 15th of August declared that the late rebels were degenerate sons of heroes if they could accept it. "The Southern States were sought to be imposed upon them." Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON called for the second reading of this passage, and it was read, while the Convention rose and cheered. When the proceedings were reported to the President he stigmatized a co-ordinate branch of the Government as calling itself "the Congress, and hanging on the verge of the Government." All this was part of the action of the Executive to defeat a constitutional amendment.

Judge READ then proceeds to show that two-thirds of a quorum only are necessary to pass a bill over the veto or to propose an amendment, and that the word "House" as used in the Constitution as synonymous with quorum. Thus there has always been a constitutional quorum in Congress whether the late rebel States were represented or not. The consequences of this position are evident and of the utmost importance. If this Congress be competent to propose amendments, why are not three-quarters of the States which compose it competent to ratify amendments? But if the Congress be not competent, then all national legislation from the year 1861 is treason, and the President, Chief Justice, General, and all Foreign Ministers are equally so. Apply the theory of the incompetency of Congress to the army and navy, and to all our financial obligations and relations, and what would be the result?

Judge READ'S conclusion is, that the ratification of three-fourths of the States now represented in Congress is sufficient for the Amendment; and, secondly, that the ratifications should be received at the President of the Senate instead of the Secretary of State as at present. This view is presented with admirable clearness, ample learning, and discretion, and the brief paper is worthy the most careful consideration of every well-meaning citizen.

COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

IT was a long time after the whole country was traveling by railroad before the cars were even tolerably ventilated; and the most useful improvement of the last result was raising the roof of the car. It was a great relief and very simple, but it was very long before we reached it. There is exactly the same slowness and difficulty in improving existing structures and convenient buildings for colleges. The old brick barrack rides us like a nightmare. We do not even believe in a University that does not assert its existence in huge piles of building like cotton mills, as if there were some similarity in the necessary appliances to produce cotton cloth and scholarship.

The whole subject, of which this is but a detail, is considered carefully and sagaciously in a little pamphlet by Mr. FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED, and submitted as a report to the Trustees of the Agricultural College at Amherst in Massachusetts. He calls it "A few things to be thought of before proceeding to plan buildings for the National Agricultural College." And it is a truly valuable series of suggestions upon the general topic. The huge monumental buildings for accessible purposes in cities differ from want of ground room. Yet in cases where compactness of space would seem most desirable and convenient, as in certain reformatory and penal institutions, the large building has not been found necessary. Mr. OLMSTED refers in illustration to the agricultural colony of Mettray, the Irish Island penal colony when under Captain MACNOCHTON, the Irish penal establishment near Dublin, and the Children's Aid Society in New York. In arranging the buildings for an Agricultural College, however, it is not only essential to determine in what way the necessary College lecture and reading rooms, the laboratory and gymnasium, the museum and armory shall be distributed, but the spirit and character of the farmer's life, with his taste and circumstances, must be borne constantly in mind. These points are well treated by Mr. OLMSTED with great insight and good sense.

As for the dormitory system, the old college barracks and commons are satisfactory to no one. Hitherto they have been erected from motives of supposed convenience, and are part of the tradition of the past. But the great Continental universities they are unknown; and in this country the Michigan University, which has the largest number of students of any college in the country, and which is the social center of the Harvard Alumni last summer declared to be, upon the whole, the truest University in the land, has the buildings necessary for the college purpose, but not the vast dormitories. Mr. OLMSTED says that one of the faculty of one of the oldest American colleges is of opinion that special dormitories are necessary now generally be dispensed with; but he thinks they will take the form of club-houses, or houses for the exclusive use of as many students as can be domesticated under the care of a family. We hope so. It will be another proof of our advancing civilization.

PAYING THE STATE DEBTS.

CONTROLLER HILLHOUSE, of this State, has addressed a letter to Senator MORGAN upon a subject of the most material interest to all the States. He proposes that the National Government shall provide for the war debt of the States in some fair and advisable manner. Had the Government drafted from the beginning, the payment of large bounties, and consequently the great debts, would have been avoided. In paying the bounties the States did only what the National Government would have done if able to do; for the war would not otherwise have been carried on successfully, and as the payment was for the common benefit of the Union the States may justly expect some reimbursement.

General HILLHOUSE refers to the action of the first Congress which assumed for the Union the revolutionary war-debt of the States, and he reasons that to relieve property from the weight of State debt it is unable it to respond to the claims of the United States. The State Governments have the same right with the Union to provide for their own preservation. But if the taxing power of the Government should ever be extended to reach every source of revenue in the State, the State must fall. Therefore national taxation must stop at a point which leaves sufficient revenue to the State or the whole system crumbles. The Controller then shows, from the actual and prudently estimated future financial condition of the country, that the Government will be able to provide for the payment which he recommends; and he

proposes that the Government relinquish for that purpose to the States the tax on incomes. The receipts from this source for the year ending June 30, 1866, were $60,000,000—a sum adequate to the proposed object, yet which would still leave the National Government amply provided for its own wants. But if it were not so, the loss of this tax would readily be supplied by the natural increase of other revenues. Thus the States which had made no debt during the war, or which have paid it, could discontinue the tax altogether. Other States would continue it, but might properly reduce it to three per cent.

This plan, as General HALBERSTADT remarks, is not an exemption by the United States of the debts of the States, nor of their payment in any form. Each State would pay its own debts from the property of its own citizens, while the National Government would simply relinquish a single source of revenue. The letter of the Controller is very lucid and concise, and his suggestion, in view of the rapid increase of the revenues, is well worthy the most thoughtful attention.

WEST POINT.

THE Report of the last Board of Visitors to West Point speaks in general terms of satisfaction with the discipline and management of the Academy, but states that many changes may be advantageously made. It proposes that the number of students be increased from 292 to 400. Such a change is plainly desirable, and we see no reason for limiting the number to less than 500. The suggestion that the Academy should be the scientific military school of the nation, and not undertake to teach the lower and higher general branches, is also excellent. It certainly should not be a primary or grammar school. But the great necessity is that the admission should be determined by competitive examinations. If there are to be 200 or 300 students, let them be the 300 or 500 best prepared, and those whom influence or personal partiality favors. Above all, let West Point be a school of chivalric fidelity to the American principle. Let every youth educated by his country or her service be taught that he is a son of Liberty, and that the glory of the flag which he is to bear is that it is the flag of equal human rights.

HOW MUCH SHALL WE SLEEP?

WE know that there are some sluggards in the world, but we demand that their fault is not so much in wasting time in sleep as in a wakeful idleness. They have their activity, and we would have no objection to their having a long night of sleep, provided they would do diligently when awake. Most of those who are the victims of the sluggard, according to SOLOMON'S description, are probably idlers who seek after pleasure at hours when they ought to be asleep; and he, in the morning, when the men who do the world's work, either mental or bodily, are busy, fresh from nature's sound and healthy sleep, they toss about in bed wearily dozing, continually saying, as they rouse from this state, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep."

Some of these idlers do really sleep much more than they ought to do, simply because they eat so much that they are dull with sleep. Eating is one of their enjoyments. They make a god of their belly, and so stupefy the brain by the consequent engorgement that they must sleep more than other men.

Men who make a business of life—who love activity—in their abhorrence of idlers and sleepy men are apt to give themselves too little time for sleep. They forget that there is in the old couplet, so often quoted, an "early to bed" as well as an "early to rise." They are encouraged to their excessive deeds on the proper hours for sleep by the stories that are often told of the little time given to sleep by some of the great men of the world. If the stories be true, which we much doubt in regard to some of them, we are very clear that more work might have been accomplished in the long run if more time had been daily given to "tired nature's sweet restorer."

That we may have a suitable appreciation of this matter let us consider what sleep is, and what it is for.

Sleep is a singular condition. How opposite to the wakeful state! It has been often likened to death, and called its sister; but it is like death in only a few of its phenomena—its stillness, its insensibility to outward things; but even when profound the blood courses as usual in its channels, the respiration goes on, and nutrition is probably even more active than in the wakeful state; and when not profound the senses respond to impressions and the mind revels in a jumble of thoughts, or even sometimes rouses with all its accustomed regularity.

Sleep is a mysterious condition. Many have been the speculations about it by philosophers and physiologists, but no one has as yet settled, satisfactorily, upon its nature, though we know much in regard to the phenomena and the circumstances that influence it.

The object for which this condition was ordained by the Creator is obvious enough. It is for the restoration and reinvigoration of the system after exhaustion by labor. But it is not needed for this purpose by the whole system. The normal muscles need no sleep; nerely rest is all that is necessary for them. It is the brain and nerves that require sleep, for their action is something besides motion, and therefore something besides the cessation of motion is required by them. The mind must cease to use brain and nerves, both in making impressions upon the world around, and in receiving impressions from it through the senses. And the more perfect this cessation the more perfect is the sleep.

It has been very generally said that sleep is required especially for the repair of the system—that the machinery of the body needs to lie by for repair just like any other machinery. But this has been disputed, on the ground that nutrition and repair are going on all the time. And yet we think that it must be admitted that sleep is necessary for the perfection of this repair, at least in any natural way in its widest sense. During the rest which sleep gives to brain and nerves certain changes undoubtedly occur in the arrangement of the particles, which make a completion of those changes of repair that are going on during the wakeful state. And beyond this there may be some changes which can not be effected at all while the machinery is going.

It is essential, then, to health that sufficient time be given to sleep; for if it be not done there will be imperfect restoration or repair after exhaustion. The result here is cumulative. If there be each night only a small deficiency to repair there will be a gradual but certain undermining of the health. It may be mentioned as a significant fact in this connection that even a severe and long-continued abstraction of sanity and labor for sleep to produce insanity so long as the sleep is not broken in upon materially.

It is better to have too much than too little sleep for, let it ever be remembered, that the amount accomplished in labor either of body or mind is far from being proportioned to the time that was employed.

Some need more time for sleep than others. How much is required in each individual case must be ascertained by observation. From six to eight hours sleep is ordinarily needed. NAPOLEON, JOHN HUNTER and FREDERICK THE GREAT, it is said, got along with five hours; but we think that they would have accomplished more if they had slept more. NAPOLEON is said to have had even less sleep than this; but the contrary has been asserted by distinguished men as a parental discomfiture of knowing his habits. Besides, he was a good sleeper. He slept soundly, and took little time to get to sleep. Whenever most frightfully cut off his regular rest he made up for the loss by naps, into which he could drop so readily that it is said that he could take a nap on horseback.

Children need more sleep than adults, partly at least because there is not merely repair to be provided for but growth. Some parents discommode the daily nap of the child too soon. It should be continued through the third year, and in some cases even longer.

LITERARY.

LABOULLAYE'S "Fairy Book," just published in beautiful form by the HARPERS, is truly delightful. It will take its place at once as a standard fairy book upon the little shelves and in the sweet hearts of children. The author, whose name is so kindly known to us as one of the most intelligent and forceful French friends during the war, dedicates the volume in a charming preface to his grand-daughter, and he adds a sentiment which will be very timely in America. Miss MARY L. BOOTH, the translator of HENRI MARTIN'S "History of France," and of LABOULLAYE'S "Paris in America," has translated the stories with remarkable grace and skill, and the profuse illustrations are of the most fascinating kind for the young eye. Many of the delightful stories of the young reader, but we confess that we have read every word of the book with eagerness and delight. And nothing like stories and fairy tales! Any Tales of Many Nations, yet they are all of one land, the dear and familiar fairy land of Cinderella and Puss in Boots, and All Baba and the Arabian Nights.

Miss MULOCK'S new novel, "The Two Marriages," is published by TICKNOR & LAURIAT. The name is the passport for her charming books to every heart and hearth. The tender, touching story of "A Noble Life" is not more delightful than the famous novel of "John Halifax," and the new volume will have the same wide circulation and welcome.

In "Sir Brook Fossbrooke," by CHARLES LEVER, the "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," by GEORGE MACDONALD, "Ralph Wilton's Weird," by Mrs. LYNN LINTON, "Rachel's Secret," by the author of "The Master of Morton," "Bertha," from the German of L. MÜHLBACH, and "Lucy Arlyn," by Mrs. OLIPHANT, the author of "Miss Marjoribanks," the HARPERS have reprinted the most notable novels of the late English novels, and provided for every taste

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 11:

In the Senate, Mr. Wade, from the Committee on Territories, reported the bill for the admission of Colorado, with a few amendments, which were agreed to.

In the House, the bill for the regulation of appointments to and removals from office came up as the special order. Various amendments were offered and discussed, among them one by Mr. Stevens, providing that when any person shall be nominated for an office by the President and rejected by the Senate, such person shall be ineligible for any office under the Government for one year. This was rejected by a vote of 13 yeas to 132 nays.

December 12:

In the Senate, the bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia was taken up, and, after discussion, was postponed indefinitely by a vote of 29 to 9.

In the House, the bill for the regulation of appointments and removals from office came up as the special order. Various amendments were offered and discussed, among them one by Mr. Stevens, providing that when any person shall be nominated for an office by the President and rejected by the Senate, such person shall be ineligible for any office under the Government for one year. This was rejected by a vote of 13 yeas to 132 nays.

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December 14:

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December 15:

In the Senate, the bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia was taken up, and, after discussion, was postponed indefinitely by a vote of 29 to 9.

In the House, the bill for the regulation of appointments to and removals from office came up as the special order. Various amendments were offered and discussed, among them one by Mr. Stevens, providing that when any person shall be nominated for an office by the President and rejected by the Senate, such person shall be ineligible for any office under the Government for one year. This was rejected by a vote of 13 yeas to 132 nays.

December 16:

In the Senate, the bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia was taken up, and, after discussion, was postponed indefinitely by a vote of 29 to 9.

In the House, the bill for the regulation of appointments to and removals from office came up as the special order. Various amendments were offered and discussed, among them one by Mr. Stevens, providing that when any person shall be nominated for an office by the President and rejected by the Senate, such person shall be ineligible for any office under the Government for one year. This was rejected by a vote of 13 yeas to 132 nays.

December 17:

In the Senate, the bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia was taken up, and, after discussion, was postponed indefinitely by a vote of 29 to 9.

In the House, the bill for the regulation of appointments to and removals from office came up as the special order. Various amendments were offered and discussed, among them one by Mr. Stevens, providing that when any person shall be nominated for an office by the President and rejected by the Senate, such person shall be ineligible for any office under the Government for one year. This was rejected by a vote of 13 yeas to 132 nays.

December 18:

In the Senate, the bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia was taken up, and, after discussion, was postponed indefinitely by a vote of 29 to 9.

In the House, the bill for the regulation of appointments to and removals from office came up as the special order. Various amendments were offered and discussed, among them one by Mr. Stevens, providing that when any person shall be nominated for an office by the President and rejected by the Senate, such person shall be ineligible for any office under the Government for one year. This was rejected by a vote of 13 yeas to 132 nays.

December 19:

In the Senate, the bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia was taken up, and, after discussion, was postponed indefinitely by a vote of 29 to 9.

In the House, the bill for the regulation of appointments to and removals from office came up as the special order. Various amendments were offered and discussed, among them one by Mr. Stevens, providing that when any person shall be nominated for an office by the President and rejected by the Senate, such person shall be ineligible for any office under the Government for one year. This was rejected by a vote of 13 yeas to 132 nays.

December 20:

In the Senate, the bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia was taken up, and, after discussion, was postponed indefinitely by a vote of 29 to 9.

In the House, the bill for the regulation of appointments to and removals from office came up as the special order. Various amendments were offered and discussed, among them one by Mr. Stevens, providing that when any person shall be nominated for an office by the President and rejected by the Senate, such person shall be ineligible for any office under the Government for one year. This was rejected by a vote of 13 yeas to 132 nays.

December 21:

In the Senate, the bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia was taken up, and, after discussion, was postponed indefinitely by a vote of 29 to 9.

In the House, the bill for the regulation of appointments to and removals from office came up as the special order. Various amendments were offered and discussed, among them one by Mr. Stevens, providing that when any person shall be nominated for an office by the President and rejected by the Senate, such person shall be ineligible for any office under the Government for one year. This was rejected by a vote of 13 yeas to 132 nays.

December 22:

In the Senate, the bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia was taken up, and, after discussion, was postponed indefinitely by a vote of 29 to 9.

In the House, the bill for the regulation of appointments to and removals from office came up as the special order. Various amendments were offered and discussed, among them one by Mr. Stevens, providing that when any person shall be nominated for an office by the President and rejected by the Senate, such person shall be ineligible for any office under the Government for one year. This was rejected by a vote of 13 yeas to 132 nays.

December 23:

In the Senate, the bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia was taken up, and, after discussion, was postponed indefinitely by a vote of 29 to 9.

In the House, the bill for the regulation of appointments to and removals from office came up as the special order. Various amendments were offered and discussed, among them one by Mr. Stevens, providing that when any person shall be nominated for an office by the President and rejected by the Senate, such person shall be ineligible for any office under the Government for one year. This was rejected by a vote of 13 yeas to 132 nays.

December 24:

In the Senate, the bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia was taken up, and, after discussion, was postponed indefinitely by a vote of 29 to 9.

In the House, the bill for the regulation of appointments to and removals from office came up as the special order. Various amendments were offered and discussed, among them one by Mr. Stevens, providing that when any person shall be nominated for an office by the President and rejected by the Senate, such person shall be ineligible for any office under the Government for one year. This was rejected by a vote of 13 yeas to 132 nays.

December 25:

In the Senate, the bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia was taken up, and, after discussion, was postponed indefinitely by a vote of 29 to 9.

In the House, the bill for the regulation of appointments to and removals from office came up as the special order. Various amendments were offered and discussed, among them one by Mr. Stevens, providing that when any person shall be nominated for an office by the President and rejected by the Senate, such person shall be ineligible for any office under the Government for one year. This was rejected by a vote of 13 yeas to 132 nays.

December 26:

In the Senate, the bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia was taken up, and, after discussion, was postponed indefinitely by a vote of 29 to 9.

In the House, the bill for the regulation of appointments to and removals from office came up as the special order. Various amendments were offered and discussed, among them one by Mr. Stevens, providing that when any person shall be nominated for an office by the President and rejected by the Senate, such person shall be ineligible for any office under the Government for one year. This was rejected by a vote of 13 yeas to 132 nays.

December 27:

In the Senate, the bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia was taken up, and, after discussion, was postponed indefinitely by a vote of 29 to 9.

In the House, the bill for the regulation of appointments to and removals from office came up as the special order. Various amendments were offered and discussed, among them one by Mr. Stevens, providing that when any person shall be nominated for an office by the President and rejected by the Senate, such person shall be ineligible for any office under the Government for one year. This was rejected by a vote of 13 yeas to 132 nays.

December 28:

In the Senate, the bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia was taken up, and, after discussion, was postponed indefinitely by a vote of 29 to 9.

In the House, the bill for the regulation of appointments to and removals from office came up as the special order. Various amendments were offered and discussed, among them one by Mr. Stevens, providing that when any person shall be nominated for an office by the President and rejected by the Senate, such person shall be ineligible for any office under the Government for one year. This was rejected by a vote of 13 yeas to 132 nays.

December 29:

In the Senate, the bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia was taken up, and, after discussion, was postponed indefinitely by a vote of 29 to 9.

In the House, the bill for the regulation of appointments to and removals from office came up as the special order. Various amendments were offered and discussed, among them one by Mr. Stevens, providing that when any person shall be nominated for an office by the President and rejected by the Senate, such person shall be ineligible for any office under the Government for one year. This was rejected by a vote of 13 yeas to 132 nays.

THE MATAMOROS AFFAIR.

The following are the facts in regard to the recent occupation of Matamoros by General Sedgwick:

Up to November 24 Canales continued to hold the city with a force of 1200 men. Escobedo threatened it with about the same number from the outside. On the 24th General Sedgwick arrived. It was officially that he could not control his troops for want of money by any means, and requested him to occupy the city. General Sedgwick, through Colonel Perkins, requested Canales to state his city officially, which he did; whereupon it was agreed that the United States forces should occupy the plaza and street to the south of the town, while Canales occupied the northern portion as heretofore. Canales was to receive the collections, the story that Canales could not control his troops, and the mistake that it was a move to get the American forces into the city for its better defense against the threatened attack of Escobedo.

Early on the morning of the 24th a pontoon bridge was thrown across the river at Matamoros, from Brownsville to Matamoros, and a detachment of United States troops, under Colonel Hoffman, crossed and took command of Matamoros. These forces belonged to the Twenty-fourth Infantry and Colored Infantry. A small force of the Fourth Cavalry had preceded them. At noon the remaining troops had also been passed over the ferry the night previous, and had taken possession of the points leading to the city, which is about a mile distant.

The same evening General Sedgwick arranged a pontoon bridge between the river, between Canales and Escobedo. Escobedo announced his intention of attacking Canales that night, but by noon on the morning of the 25th, in response to which General Sedgwick replied that he would not let that the American flag was flying over the plaza.

On the 26th the *Elizabeth Ann* arrived from Galveston with dispatches to the Sherman-Campbell expedition from Washington, immediately after which the United States forces were withdrawn to this side of the Rio Grande, and it is said that Escobedo and Canales have become reconciled.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Charleston *Courier* of December 18 contains the report of the Legislative Committee appointed to take into consideration the action of the Legislature or rejection of the Constitutional Amendment. The Committee declare that they have given the important question a careful consideration, and have come to the conclusion to recommend the ratification that the Amendment be not adopted. This recommendation was adopted by the House at once, and the Amendment may, therefore, so far as the Palmetto State is concerned, be considered as rejected. The Amendment, it is known, fully agrees with the decision which was arrived at by the Reconstruction Committee. The *Courier* also contains the report of the Committee appointed by the Legislature to prepare a memorial to the Congress of the United States, which report is directly antagonistic to the position just assumed by Ex-Governor Perry.

ALABAMA.

The reading of Governor Patton's Message in favor of the Amendment caused considerable excitement in South Florence, Alabama. In the Senate, after some discussion for and against the Amendment, a motion was made to refer the Message to the Committee on Federal Relations was carried by a vote of Yeas 24, Nays 9. Messrs. Bell, Bynum, Hundley, and Wood declined voting in the negative. In the House there was no much excitement as to the body adjourned. On the following day the Committee on Federal Relations, to whom the Governor's Message was referred, reported that they "had duly and maturely considered the same, and that the Legislature was not prepared to enter into an argument for their Report, the Committee are of the opinion that the Legislature should not ratify the proposed amendments." They therefore offered the following resolution that "the State of Alabama refuses to ratify" the Amendment. This resolution was carried by a vote of 27 to 2 in the Senate, and 69 to 8 in the House.

GEORGIA.

The Legislature adjourned *sine die*. The feeling manifested was most unfavorable to any reconsideration of the Amendment. In the Speaker of the House, in his closing address, bade the country to hope that the Act of Congress submitting the Reconstruction Committee principles yet prevail. The President of the Senate spoke of the Civil Rights laws and clause to the Constitution; but human forbearance had its limits, and the Legislature, in a sensible, dignified and firm manner was manifested in both Houses at these sentiments. The Act of Ratification of the Homestead Act was sustained. Five vetoes were sent in, and only that of the Bill was passed.

RAILROAD STATISTICS.

Mr. R. D. Baxter lately presented to the Royal Statistical Society of London a paper on the railroads of the world, the most interesting part of which is that in the United States the number of miles of railway in operation and under construction, is far ahead of the whole of Europe, Great Britain and Ireland included, having but about 42,000 miles, while we in the United States have 49,000 miles of railroad, of which near 25,000 more are in active operation. Our railroads would, in a single line, girdle or surround the globe.

NEWS ITEMS.

Hon. William D. Northend, the Democratic candidate who was defeated by General Butler, interred a challenge to Butler's seat in the next Congress.

Albert H. Inman, a record graduate of Yale College, and Miss Esther, only child of Rev. Samuel Cox, of Bangor, near Providence, Rhode Island, on the evening of December 19, were married.

The destitution at Chattanooga, Tennessee, is so wide-spread that the authorities are open-mouthed, and at which each of the poor as are unable to work, and such as can not obtain employment; can receive out wholesome meal a day.

Governor Fletcher has issued a supplementary proclamation to the citizens of Lafayette and Jackson counties, Missouri, stating that twenty-four companies of cavalry and ten of infantry will be retained in those counties. He says: "Whenever I am satisfied that the people of those counties will enforce the law, and by their presence will take a sufficient civil local protection to the law-abiding citizens, the troops will be withdrawn."

The missing steamship *Britannia* arrived at this port December 19.

A petition, fifty-two feet long, containing the names of nearly all the permanent citizens of Nuevo Mexico, has been forwarded to Washington, praying for an increase of the military force in that Territory, as being absolutely necessary to protect the lives and property of the people against the Indians.

The Colorado Legislature organized December 12. The majority favor State admission, notwithstanding the opposition of Governor Cummings.

Dates from Tampico to the 3d instant, represent Northern Mexico in a deplorable condition. No legitimate business is being done, and the greatest uncertainty for the future prevails. The Liberals have made burdensome forced loans on the people. The imperialists have done the same. At one Loan Poland $50,000 were recently exacted, the latter by Mejia.

The Union Avenue iron-clad steamer *Lex Scribendi* was entirely destroyed by fire at League Island, December 18.

Professor Agassiz is said to be busily at work writing his Work in Brazil. The book will be of a popular character rather than scientific.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

December 10:

(LONDON.)—Many of the delegates from the British American Provinces, having in view the final settlement of the Confederation scheme, have arrived. They have formed themselves into a Conference and selected Mr. M'Donald to preside over their deliberations.

(PARIS.)—The departure of the French fleet of war vessels and troops for Vera Cruz was not said to be fixed for next week. The vessels are fully manned, and provisioned for a six months' cruise to reach their destination about the middle of January.

The telegraph has discovered reports the commencement of oppressive measures against the people by the Prussian authorities.

December 11:

(LONDON.)—The steamer *Bolivar* has been seized in the Mersey on information given by the Federal consul. A large quantity of arms and ammunition and thirty barrels of gunpowder were found on board the steamer.

(BERLIN.)—The King of Prussia has conferred the Order of the Black Eagle upon Prince Frederick Charles Prince of Denmark.

The title of Knight has been laid before the Chambers.

Governor Wright, the American Embassador, is seriously ill.

(ROME.)—The evacuation of Rome by the French troops will be virtually completed to-day.

The Pontifical Zouaves who gave the information which led to the arrest of John H. Surratt is a French Canadian named Bergeron. He was formerly a Papal soldier, and served in the Papal Zouaves. Both he and Surratt left Rome for Alexandria, where Surratt, Bergeron, and St. Marie betrayed Surratt through jealousy.

He says that Surratt told him that Lincoln's assassination was a preconcerted plot; that he (Surratt) carried dispatches to Mr. Slidell, in London, and received the principal details of the plot to Washington; and that the assassination was not only in accordance with the desires of Davis's Cabinet, but was done by their direction and orders.

December 12:

(GLASGOW.)—The Fenian troubles in Ireland are increasing. Another regiment of artillery has been ordered and will soon proceed to Ireland.

Rich mines for the preparation of Greek fire has been discovered by the police in Dublin.

December 13:

(LONDON.)—A most appalling explosion has occurred in the Oaks Colliery, in the West Riding. The loss of life was frightful. The bodies of over three hundred men have been brought to the surface, and thirty additional lives were lost. A third explosion took place at 6 o'clock this morning. There was no longer any hope for those in the pit, and they must have all be dead.

It is estimated that three hundred and fifty human beings in all have met their doom by this terrible catastrophe.

Another terrible explosion has taken place in a colliery in Stafford, attended with great loss of life. Two hundred men and boys were in the mine at the time, of whom only thirteen have been taken out alive, and the number of dead is said to be two hundred and forty.

It has been clearly proved that the steamship *Bolivar*, which was recently seized in the Medway, was built for the Confederate Government by Commander Bulloch, and will be delivered to the agent of that Government as soon as practicable.

Dispatches received to-day from the East report that the Egyptian troops have driven the Montenegrins out of Turkey and Greece is imminent.

(PARIS.)—The Moniteur this morning has a telegram dated Mexico, December, and signed by Bazaine and Almonte announcing the capture of Matamoros, which, though there has been as yet no decision as to his future movements, is the event upon which he counts as completed in March it is urged that there should be no delay in the recall of the troops. The Generalissimo of Sherman and Campbell, who left Vera Cruz on the 1st inst. is to be out of a most embarrassing position."

The Empress Eugenie has finally decided to visit Egypt in January.

December 14:

(PARIS.)—Under the new organization the French army, with the usual reserves, will foot up about 1,000,000 men. It is expected that the nightly standing army in times of peace will have no good 600,000 men. The reduction is a most important change the thoughtful in this city.

(BERLIN.)—The Government of Prussia is about to send Envoys to Vienna. Now that peace has come, there is a disposition on the part of both Austria and Prussia to renew their former commercial relations. The terms of the treaty will be immediately agreed by the Envoys.

December 16:

(PARIS.)—The King of Italy opened the National Parliament on Saturday. In his opening speech he said that Italy had no intention of attacking Rome. He said that France, faithful to her promise, had withdrawn from Rome, and that the only misunderstanding existed between Italy and Napoleon. He declared that he would respect the territory of the Holy Father. He hoped that the moderation of the Italian people and the wisdom of the Pope would lead to a reconciliation on both sides, would remove all differences; and said it was well known that the Pope should remain independent in Rome. He concluded by referring to the great progress that Italy had made in the arts and sciences, and of an avowed determination to put himself at the head of the loyal Americans and fight for his crown.

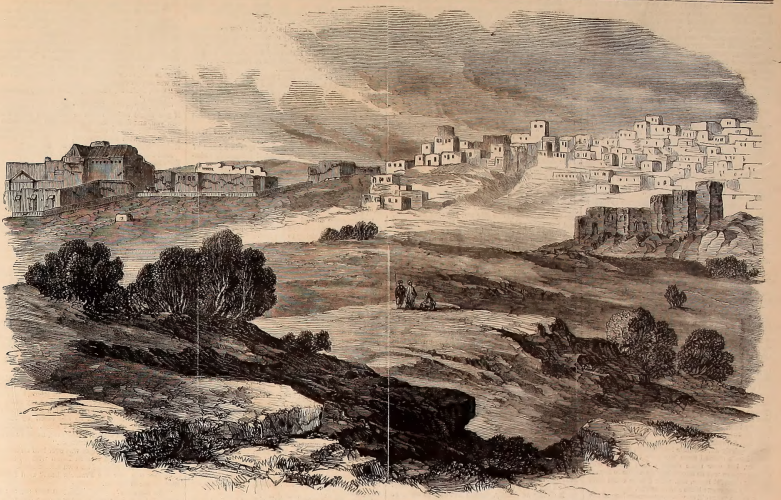
(VALETTA, MALTA.)—A United States sloop of war has arrived here, bound to Alexandria to take Surratt back to America.

THE EMPRESS CAROLOTA.

The condition of this lady is considered hopeless. Besides her mental and moral condition, she suffers from a tubercular affection of the lungs, from which a fatal result is feared.



HAULING HOME THE CHRISTMAS BOUGHS.—[DRAWN BY H. W. HERRICK.]



BETHLEHEM—SCENE OF THE HOLY NATIVITY.

BETHLEHEM.

AMONG OUR Christmas illustrations we give on this page two, touching more nearly the sacred nature of this joyful season: a View of Bethlehem—the scene of the Nativity; and a beautiful representation of the Wise Men of the East following the Star to Bethlehem. The two pictures are intimately related to each other, the centre of interest in either case being the manger-cradle, "where the young child lay." No place has associations so sacred as Bethlehem. About here dwelt the shepherds to whom the angels sang that everlasting Gospel carol of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." This story of the angels with their message and song still glorifies Bethlehem in the thought of the Christian. For him the sky above the little village is still the scene of that angelic pomp, and the hills still resound with that first Christmas song of Glory and Peace and Good-Will. And he ever follows the Wise Men to pay his adoration to the new-born King and Redeemer.

MIMI'S CHRIST-CHILD.

THE great kitchen had been swept and scoured and dusted to the last point of cleanliness; the hearth had been newly redded, and the iron dogs high piled with oak and hickory logs.

Directly in front of the roaring fire sat Mimi, in her little blue chair, her elbows upon her knees, her chin within her palms, and her great brown eyes fixed upon the fantastic flames whirling and dancing up the chimney.

At the other side of the room, with her back to Mimi and the fire, stood a tall, bony woman, of middle age, laboriously kneading a mass of wheaten dough, and solacing her labor by humming a psalm-tune.

The only other occupant of the room was a great tortoise-shell cat, who lay at Mimi's feet, her legs stretched out toward the fire, her head crouched upon the bricks, and her yellow eyes sleepily blinking as they too watched the blaze, which made of them two great topazes.

The parting of the cat, the grave melody of the hymn, and the crackling of the fire, mingled pleasantly with each other and with Mimi's reverie, until at last she said, softly:

"Eunice!"

"'Up, Israel! to the Temple haste,
And keep your festal day!'"

sang the woman, plunging vigorously at the dough.

"Eunice!" called Mimi again.

"What say?" and, still anchored by the fists in the clinging mass of dough, Eunice turned her head over her shoulder, and looked in some surprise at the motionless little figure in the blue arm-chair.

"Do you know how to make plum-pudding, Eunice?" asked Mimi, after a little pause.

"Of course I do! I can make a first-rate plum-pudding, only your pa don't like 'em, so we never have 'em."

Mimi made no reply, and after a moment Eunice went on with her work and her tune.

"'How pleased and blest was I!'" sang she, when again she was interrupted.

"Eunice, what are we going to have for dinner to-morrow? It is Christmas-day."

"I know that. We're agoing to have baked beans and brown bread and Injun pudding. We've had that dinner every Christmas-day this ten year."

The dough was now so thoroughly kneaded as to



THE WISE MEN FOLLOWING THE STAR IN THE EAST.

"eleave" from the hands that had worked it; and Eunice, making it into a shapely mass, placed the wooden cover on the bread-trough, and over this laid a thick white cloth. Then she went to the stub to wash her hands; and finally came toward the fire nothing down her sleeves.

Lily Richardson says they are going to have a roasted goose and plum-pudding for dinner to-morrow, and games in the evening; and to-night they will all hang up their stockings, and Santa Claus will put something in every one," said Mimi, without changing her position.

"Like enough! The Doctor's folks hold to these sort of things," replied Eunice, rather contemptuously.

"Well, I think they are real nice sorts of things, and I wish we did them too," said Mimi, somewhat huskily, as the changed her position so as to look up at the brown, thin face of the housekeeper, who, still mechanically pulling at her sleeves, said, softly:

"You sorry to—been years ago-to-night?"

"Since what, Eunice?" asked Mimi, eagerly.

"Since we left Christmas," replied Eunice, dryly, adding directly: "Now I'm going up to de me, and you had as well get along with your pa. But he's kind of lonesome-to-night, I reckon."

Mimi looked down for a moment, and then pushing back her chair a little impatiently, went toward a door at the further end of the kitchen.

"I'll ask papa," murmured she, softly turning the latch and entering the room as quietly as possible, for Mr. Beverly was a man whom most persons feared as much as they liked, and even his bright and patient little daughter had to restrain her step and her voice in his presence to much quieter demonstration than usual.

Especially to-night, for the Squire, as Eunice liked to call him, had upon his face a look which Mimi had learned to know, but did not love. A look of gloom, and sorrow, and stern endurance, a reader of expression would have said; but to Mimi it was only the look which meant papa did not wish to speak or to be spoken to, and that she was to make no noise, or even look at him too keenly. So, just glancing at him, sitting far back in his study-chair, in the shadow of the head slightly thrown back, she hardly visible under the gray and frowning brows—fixed upon the dying fire, she set quietly to work behind him, and with her small hands clasped upon her knee began again to wonder, for the hundredth, dreadful time before, why Christmas-eve was so uncomfortable a time in her ordinarily cheerful home, and what Eunice could have meant by her words about Christmas.

But at ten years old one does not wonder long at any thing, and Mimi presently began to study, as she had often done before, the figures in a large painting hanging over the mantel.

The scene was a stable—the rough beams cobwebbed, dirty, and festooning scattered around. In the fore-ground was a group consisting of a lovely woman holding an infant in her arms—an infant upon whose tiny forehead a painter had tried to impress the tenderness, the holiness, the conscious sacrifice which, from his birth, made the Holy Child so one distinct from the sons of men. Behind the mother and infant stood the venerable form of Joseph; and at the right hand of the woman, the figure of the Wise Man, who, coming to do homage to the baby Christ. At the left-hand side of the nursing mother and child were seated their great brown eyes fixed in dumb adoration upon the scene before them.

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Mimi knew what the picture meant, for she had often talked of it with Eunice, and had once sat blinking of the eyes and saying that it told, until, half-unconsciously, she said:

"I wonder if the cattle really do kneel in their stalls on Christmas-eve? Eunice says some people believe it. Do you, papa?"

"What, child!" asked her father, never raising the grey head from its drooping posture.

"Do you believe the cattle kneel in their stalls on Christmas-eve, because that is the time the Lord was born?" repeated Mimi, nervously.

"I know nothing about it. Why do you ask me? I have nothing to do with Christmas-eve or its legends. Go away, child, and play with your doll, or talk to Eunice."

He leaned forward as he spoke, and laid his face bend in his clasped hands. Mimi stood for an instant looking at him, and longing with all her loving little heart to soothe and comfort this mysterious grief, but the habitual submission to her father's commands was stronger than the tender impulse, and she crept silently to the door, opened and shut it as softly as she could, and went again alone in the kitchen.

Eunice told me to go to papa, and papa tells me to go to Eunice," thought the poor child, sadly. "Doesn't any body want me or love me when it is Christmas-eve? I wish there was a little Christ-child now, and I would go and stay with him. Are the cows—I wonder if our cows know it is Christmas-eve, and will kneel down in their stalls? I mean to go and see."

So Mimi took from the peg behind the door her little Rob Roy cloak, threw it across her shoulders, and drew the hood over her head, looking, with her round smooth face and brown curls, more like the Red Riding Hood in a picture than like a little New England country girl. Then quietly letting herself out at the back-door, she stood for a moment upon the step looking about her. It was just after sunset, and every glow still lingered in the west, melting imperceptibly into the cold, hard blue of the sky overhead, where already some stars were glittering as bright and near as bayonet points. A north wind was sweeping over the white fields, catching the edges of the snow-wreaths, whirled them off in feathery clouds to fall presently in some more sheltered corner or ravine. Far away upon the hill-side stood the solitary house in view; and as Mimi noticed the ruddy light streaming from all the windows she knew that Lady Richardson's "good time" was in progress.

A little wind blew through the child's frame. Partly it was the north wind, that just then flung a shower of fine snow into her face; partly it was the chill at her heart, which she had brought from her father's study.

She made a backward step and laid her hand upon the latch; but just then a cow lowed from the barn, and Mimi paused.

"I will just run and see if they are kneeling," said she, aloud, and jumping off the step, she hurried along the path dug through the deep snow to the barn, and, with fingers already numb with cold, raised the wooden latch of the little door, and hearing it, wide open.

The five cows and the pair of oxen were all in their places, but the cows were busily eating their hay, standing the while so sturdily upright that Mimi was quite disgusted.

"Well, they were oxen, I guess, in the real stable. Maybe cows don't know," murmured she, as she closed the door behind her. "Eunice certainly not in a standing position, but whether they could be said to kneel, or whether they were merely lying down, Mimi could not at first determine; and she was still bending over them, while they, looking up at her with great, luminous eyes, seemed to wonder what she could want, when she was startled by a sound which behind the round hay in the barn-door—a sound of a little child cooing and talking to itself in sweet, baby-like accents.

"Oh, if it should be another little baby Christ!" thought Mimi, breathlessly, as she crept on tip-toe in the direction of the sound, and peeped around a corner.

A baby, indeed, sitting high up in a manger, holding up a little mottled fat to catch a ray of light which, streaming through a knot-hole in the outer wall of the barn, fell directly across her, and which he, poor little dear! mistook for the "cloud of the Lord's glory" he had "trailed" from Paradise.

But the baby was not alone. Just beyond him lay a woman, young and fair, in the attitude of the picture, except that her sweet face was whiter than any face Mimi had ever seen. She was perfectly motionless. She was asleep, but in such a strange position, with her head thrown back, her arms lying at her sides, and her hands tightly clenched. It was so strange and awful a sleep that Mimi, standing and peeping at it around the jut of her sheltering corner, was for the time done at the kiss of the north wind, and was creeping a little back from the dreadful sight of her, to go to one again, holding up his arms and stirring his feet impatiently as he cooed and talked.

"I'm glad to see you, you dear little girl. Come and take me up, won't you?"

Mimi turned at the appeal as well as if it had been spoken; and with a sudden impulse she rushed forward, snatched the baby from his perch, and turned toward the house without glancing again at the pale woman still lying motionless upon the straw.

"Askee Alice, Mimi, what have you got there?" exclaimed Eunice, as the breathless little figure flew into the kitchen, and closing the door, stood, back against with her back against it as if fearful of pursuit.

"Oh, Eunice, there is a baby Christ in the barn, and its mother is asleep in the barn, and oh, she's so dreadful white and still—"

"The barn—in our barn?" asked Eunice, incredulously, as she came forward and looked closely at the child in Mimi's arms. And then, with a long, lingering exclamation, took it in her own and carried it into the full light of the fire.

"Yes, she's on the hay-pile in the hay, and she's just as sound asleep as she can be," panted Mimi.

"Well, you're a fool, Miss Mimi," said she, and this very night of all the nights in the year," murmured Eunice, and then, with a look of fear, she glanced back at Mimi's arms and hastened toward the door. With her hand upon the latch she paused, and as if she could not bear that all the ruddy color had gone out of her face, leaving it almost as ghastly, though not half so white as that of the woman in the barn.

"Where's David, do you know?" asked she, sharply, of Mimi standing by her mother's chair.

"No; I suppose he's at his own house."

"I'll run there, then," said she, "and you keep the baby quiet, Mimi, and don't let it cry for your life."

She was gone and the door closed, and Mimi, almost frightened at the new excitement in the old kitchen, seated herself in the little blue arm-chair with the baby upon her knee, and began to coo and talk to it, and great brown eyes which looked up at her with a strangely familiar glance.

"Why, you're not dressed when heavy steps were heard without; and Eunice, opening the door, held it for David, who, entering, stood looking down upon his arms the lifeless form of the woman Mimi had left in the barn.

"Right in here, Dave, and don't make noise enough to start a weasel, whispered Eunice, wringing down her cheeks and dropping off her pointed chin, began to undress the cold, still figure upon her bed, whispering all the time.

"Poor dear critter! Poor gal! To think of her coming to this! Poor lamb!"

Then suddenly she beckoned to Mimi, who went to her, and pointing to the baby, said, in a sharp whisper, ing if all the mysteries that had perplexed her so long were about to be made clear, Mimi trembled, but the sooner was she within reach than Eunice, grasping her arm with unconscious force, led her to the bed, and, pointing to the face, said, in a hoarse whisper:

"It's your own sister, Mimi Beverly. It's your father's daughter, and his wife. Look upon his sin in with cold and starving and hard work. What do you think of doing now?"

"My sister! I haven't any sister!" stammered Mimi, half-frightened at the housekeeper's earnest tone.

"Now you have, and you'll keep her. Because since the night ten year ago this Christmas-eve, that she left your father's house, he's never heard her name nor speak to or think of again, and the next day she was gone. It killed her mother, for she took that hard-hard, and those days after she died, and when the poor critter cursed her, and the curse clung to her, and she never got forgiven, and she died. I'm to tell it her mother forgive her before she died. The poor critter wanted to see your father, but was I don't know, but then as knows him can guess; and from that day her name has never been heard in this house no more, nor her self neither, for she's been dead; but year by year I've seen that water was a-flowing down the window-pane, and I've known after another has come round they've laid heavier and heavier on the sod, till there's been a big mound over the grave. Whether it's the dead mother or the cursed daughter he's mourning for I can't say, but now's the time to find out, and you're the one to do it, Mimi. Thank the Lord there's a little warmth at last in this poor critter's cheek, and a bright color burning on her lips, and you to tell

to you. I love you, Katerina, better than I believe you will ever be loved again."

"But I don't love you," sobbed Katchen.

"I don't expect you should, all at once. Indeed no. I am twenty years older than you, my child, and staid and dull in your eyes. But I will be kind to you—oh, Katchen, if you will let me, I will be so kind to you! and shall be the source of every thing I possess, and your father shall have a home with us while he will. I have plenty."

"But I am quite, quite poor. I have not a krentzer of dowry. Perhaps you didn't know?" And the blue eyes looked up into Herr Ebner's spectacles with a naive expression of wonder. The spectacles flashed all over their penetrating surface as he shook his head, but the eyes behind them were very soft and tender when he answered—

"I did know, I do know; but, my child, no riches could make you more dear to me."

Katchen had a heart in spite of her frivolity, and it was touched by the generosity and disinterested affection of the middle-aged suitor. But to accept it! Ah, that was another thing! And then there was Fritz. No, it couldn't be. But Ebner refused to take her answer so soon. He would give her a week to consider of his proposal, and meanwhile would not obtrude himself on her in any way. "Only," said he, as he went away, "do try to be good to me, my child—try to be good to me."

When old Josef Kester heard of the proposal he was clean with joy and pride.

"Ain't you astonished, father?" said Katchen.

"Astonished? Not a bit of it. I saw, long ago, that the man was desperately in love with one of us two, and I naturally supposed it to be you."

But Katchen was suddenly overpowered when his daughter protested that, though she felt deeply grateful to Herr Caspar Ebner, and proud of his good opinion, she could never consent to be his wife. Then old Josef treated this as mere childish folly that meant nothing. But as the hope he argued, and the anger he grew, the more obstinate became Katchen's opposition, till she had to take refuge in the only system of letting her take her own way—for the present.

Two or three days of the week went by, and Katchen had by no means made up her mind as to the course she should give Caspar Ebner. Her father's tactics of non-opposition were beginning to tell, and the image of the grandeur that lay at her feet, ready to be picked up. The coal-fields, the servants, the carriages—the chance of travel, perhaps even of seeing Vienna —all these temptations crowded through her mind pell-mell. And then, duty to her father! Could she act *that* to weigh with her? In the midst of her indecision came a letter from Fritz. That to say, a letter written to by some friend at Fritz's dictation, for his own calligraphic powers extended only to the mere signing of his name. A letter from Fritz! She had never received one from him before.

"My own Katchen,—I am right glad that I can send you this letter. A trusted friend here at Salzburg writes it down, but he writes all as I tell him. You seemed somewhat cold when I saw you last; but I feel sure it is blame. To confess truth, I was too jealous of the landlord of the Black Eagle. Yes indeed. We are friends now. Just as if you were not of him! But true love is always kin with jealousy, they say. I hope your worth, my darling, and feel sure of your fidelity. But only I would advise, go not too often to Herr Ebner's house. Folks will talk, and I shall see you, please Heaven, early in the year. Meanwhile, forget me not.

"Thine, ever loving,
FRITZ ROSENHEIM."

"Greet thy father heartily for me."

Katchen was as uncertain as the sea in her moods, and this unlucky letter sent her into a most heartsick and contemptuous frame of mind. "He is sure of me, is he! Could he say more if we had been betrothed since the whole village? And why should he be jealous, indeed? As if it were impossible to love any one better than him! Advises me not to go to the Black Eagle! It's downright insolent. I know very well what 'kin doing.'" And so she worked herself into a boiling-point. On a sudden she crushed the offending letter in her hand, and ran down to the water's brink, where her father was gathering in the old boat, trying to mend it in an awkward, unhandy manner. He looked round as she neared, and conscious of waning strength and failure in his attempt. His clothes were very threadbare and shabby. His broad placid forehead was puckered up into lgenole cross lines. The down-fall path was getting steeper and steeper; the downward pace quicker and quicker. Tears came into Katchen's eyes as she looked at him, and with an impulse born of many conflicting emotions, she ran to him, and putting her hands on his shoulders, cried, "Father, would you really like to marry Herr Ebner? Would it make you happy?"

"Child! it is as if you had dropped from heaven. I was just looking over a tangled web of troubles, and thinking that there was but one way to unravel them, and that you wouldn't take that way. And behold, you come with the welcomest words on your lips that have passed them for many a long year."

"Would it really and truly make you happy, father?"

"Happy! More happy than I thought ever to be again, child."

"Then I will," said Katchen, in a low voice.

Josef kissed his daughter, and blessed her, but repressed any exuberant demonstrations of joy, although he could have leaped and shouted aloud. "Remember, he" If I say too much, she'll begin to argue on the other side, and change her mind altogether." Josef was growing cunning.

CHAPTER V.

Not to be tempted to break his word to Katchen, Herr Ebner had gone away from Gosau, than leaving her quite free and unmolested for her week of consideration. Had Ebner been on the spot, Josef Kester would have come up to the Black Eagle to tell him the good tidings secretly. As it was, he had no choice but to wait until the end of the week. The days passed slowly with him, but to Katchen they seemed to fly past with unwonted rapidity. She sat idly dreaming from morning to night, scarcely making a pretence of turning the great spinning-wheel, before which she sat nearly all day. The servant girl grew impatient, and complained that all the work fell on her shoulders; but old Josef bade her hold her tongue, and gave hints of some grandeur that was shortly to fall on the family, to which Liese listened open-mouthed. At length dawned Saturday morning. The year was well advanced now. Cold winds, chilled by the mountain snows, passed across the lake and whistled by the cottage, shaking strippings the boughs barer and barer at every gust. The early morning hours were raw and comfortless, although toward mid-day the sun gained power and brightness. When Katchen arose that Saturday morning she felt as though a tight hand were pressing on her heart. "I must decide—I must decide!" These words rang in her ears as if some one had spoken them aloud, but they were only uttered by her own anxious thoughts. She came down to prepare breakfast—so pale and heavy-eyed that the slow-witted Liese perceived there was something wrong, and hastily asked her young mistress what was the matter with her, for which attention Liese received a sharp snubbing. Her manner noticed Katchen's wan looks, but said nothing. In truth, he was a little anxious himself. She had promised to marry Herr Ebner, and that was well; but he did not wish his child to be unhappy.

"It is cold," said Katchen, turning from the table to cower over the great cooking-stove in the kitchen. "I'm so cold, I can't eat. There are sad ill-boding sighing, lilly clicking her knitting-needles now and again, during the day were on. Dinner-time came, but Katchen was still too cold to eat, she said, though the sun was high in the heavens. She heard the distant rumble of soup, and then wrapped a warm cloak around her and went out. It was impossible, she said to herself, to sit there any longer, freezing and shivering by the fire, and expecting to see him each time the latch clicked. Katchen wandered down to the lake's brink, where a pile of fuel was stacked, and sat down on some logs, just as she had seen Caspar Ebner at Hallstadt. She thought of that day, and of the many subsequent days when he had shown such kindness from Caspar Ebner, and she remembered the last time he had come, and how his reputation for honor and honesty. She summed up his good qualities, and how he loved her by, and asked her heart—so she phrased it mentally—could she ever love him as he deserved? Could she ever be too most call her heart for want of a better word, another?" No!

"He is far better than I—far, far better. He is true, and gentle, and generous. Can't I marry him?" "No!"

"He is a learned man compared to ignorant little me, and rich and great. Can't I marry him?" "No!"

"He offers a home to father, and will smooth that past, and will be a son to him. Can't I marry him?" "No!"

Katchen was aghast. She had fancied there was nothing to be done but for her to say unconcernedly, "Yes, I will have him," and there was the end. But herself to this point might be difficult, but the point once reached, all was plain sailing. And now, behold, when she said "I will," some voice in her heart answered "I *won't*!" All this time, too, the image of Fritz was haunting her. She had been most to blame of him, and even thought she was not thinking of him, but only of Herr Ebner, and the duty she owed at her, if she but closed her eyes an instant in her efforts to meditate. Truly that "will" of hers was a most incomprehensible and unmanageable autocrat, and Katchen at last resolved to give up the struggle and abide by it. Then, as if to help her out with this philosophical decision a footstep crushed the pebbles on the beach, and Herr Ebner stood before her. He advanced with outstretched arms, but Katchen stepped up with a start and made quite a leap backward.

"Did I frighten you, Katerina?" said Ebner, a little crestfallen.

"No, only you come sudden like."

"Are you not glad to see me, child?" The air blows chill from the lake. Will you walk a little way with me?"

Katchen's knees trembled as she complied with his request. She was in a nervous fever of apprehension, but Herr Ebner did not at present broach the subject. This was a respite; but then she almost wished he would, and have done with it. Suspense, however, was so dreadful. She had not to wait long, however.

"Katchen," said Ebner, when they had walked a few yards side by side, "have you thought of what I said to you?"

"Yes," said Katchen, in a faint little voice.

"I kept my word, did I not? I went away and left you quite free." Katchen bowed.

"Katchen, may I hope you have a kind word to say to me? It will be easy for you, but oh, how precious to me!"

"It—it isn't easy," said Katchen, with a childlike candor of her breast.

"Well, no; perhaps not quite easy for a young maiden to say; but pray will you say it, Katchen? Let me tell me that you will be my wife, my treasure, my darling, the mistress of my home?" And he caught her two cold little hands in his, bending down his tall form so as to look into her face. The action roused the spirit of wilfulness in the young girl's heart, though he held them in a strong grasp, and clasped them before her startled eyes.

"No, no, no, I can't. Indeed—Indeed I can't. Don't be angry with me; I am grateful—Indeed. You are very kind and very generous, but I can't marry you." And she sobbed as though she would choke. Ebner stood for a moment as if in a dream. Then he raised them with his mind, but he could find only one word.

"Why?" he said, in a low, terrible dryly out of his throat.

"Because I—I can't," sobbed Katchen.

That did sound logical, but it was true.

"You can. If you choose to say yes, you can, unless there is some one else you love." Katchen's head seemed to get dryer and dryer, and the words came hastily. Katchen looked at them. They seemed to offer a tangible reason.

"There is some one who loves me very much—she began, and then checked herself. Ebner's brow darkened into a frown, and he looked sternly at the frightened girl.

"You have deceived me, then," said he at last. "I trusted to you. I was very childish, but I did not think you dishonorable."

"Dishonorable! Oh dear, oh dear, what makes you say such things, and speak so cruelly?"

"Yes, dishonorable. I repeat it. Cruel and heartless. You have been playing with me for your own ends; and all the while you were the promised wife of another man. Why did you not tell me so at once, honestly?"

"But I'm not," retorted Katchen, roused to anger in her turn. "I never was. I never knew that till to make her the less angry. "I can not his promised wife, for I never loved him. I never will love him. I don't love him, nor you, nor any body. I wish I had died rather than I had seen you, or known you, and I hate you, every one!" Katchen wrapped her cloak over her head, and ran off sobbing, with her face hidden in its folds. Herr Ebner was utterly astonished. Was this his sweet, bright, good-humored Katchen? This petish, passionate, unreasonable girl? Caspar Ebner was in love, it was true, but then he had been refused by her, and had learned how to make him clear-sighted. At all events he did not perceive that Katchen had been strangely wayward, and, to speak the truth, unfeminine. When a man seriously means to ask a girl to be his wife it is difficult to suppose that she will not be aware of his intention. He could not but believe that Katchen had understood his feelings from the first day on which he came and told him of some one else who loved her. His amour propre was deeply hurt. In truth, Ebner had not been at all unconscious of the advantages which Katchen would have derived from his silence. He had counted on securing not only a daughter, but a father, and in a humble rank of life; but if she had consented to marry, would she have taken up a chair, and dressed in plaid, with short sleeves, bare arms and neck. About her neck is a gold chain, which hangs down by her side as if attached to a locket.

Her hands are clasped, and from her arm is suspended an ornamental leather satchel. From appearances her hair was of light auburn color, and, as the ladies term it, "frizzed" in front and braided on the sides; the open braids hang gracefully over her cheeks. Her face is round and expressive, with a small dimple in her chin. The likeness was found on an unknown body.

A recent English work—containing many pretty verses—has the following, which mothers will enjoy reading:

ONLY A BABY SMALL.

Only a baby small,
Dropt from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;
Only the dimpled hands,
One chubby form;
Only two little feet,
Two arms to warm.
Ten little toes;
Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that says,
Loudly and oft;
Only a little heart
Empty of thought;
Only a little brain
Troubled with naught;
Only a baby slumber,
Sent us to rear;
Only to love,
While we are here.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"You want nothing, do you?" said Pat. "Bedad, no! if it's anything you want, you'll find it in the jug where the whisky was."

Bascompierre, French ambassador to Spain, was riding Henri Quatre's horse one day, when the latter was mounted on the very smallest mule in the world. "Ah," said Henri, "what a very amusing sight, to see the biggest ass mounted on the smallest mule!" "I was your majesty's representative," was the rejoinder.

"I say, John, where did you get that rogue's hat?" "Please, sir, I found it," said John, "and would one o' your's that the Missis gave me yesterday."

Dr. Franklin's celebrated receipt for cheap sleighriding runs as follows: "Get a big ball in your sitchclothes, with both doors open, so that you can get a good draft; put your self in a pair of ice boots; drop the front-door key down your back; hold an icicle in one hand and rip the tech with the other. He says you can't tell the difference with your eyes shut, and it's a great deal cheaper.

"Bridget," said a mistress to her Irish servant, "where's the gridiron?" "An' sure, ma'am, I'm just after giving it back to my own cousin Bridget O'Flaherty; the thing's so full of holes it's no good at all."

"Are those bells ringing for fire?" inquired Simon of Tiberias. "No, indeed," answered Tibe, "they were got plenty of fire: the bells are ringing for wa ter."



There was an old Dutchman at Delft,
Loved pipe, and his pipe, beer, and himself,
So a clumsy sea daughter,
Of the ocean was he,
Changed him into a mermaniah elf.

Some mischievous wags one night pulled down a farmer's sign and put over the door instead, "Entrance to round." All sorts of turning and twisting were heard.

TELEGRAPHIC.—Why must a telegram be slower in transmission than most letters?—Because it must go by wire. Why is a prayer better it reaches the heavens?

Said a wag to a friend: "Miss — though a rather broad-featured young lady, has a very benign countenance." "Yes," said the friend, "and a very large mouth."

WITHOUT THE MEANS.—When an Irish priest rebuked his parishioner for drunkenness, and told him that "whenever he entered an alehouse to drink his guardian angel stood weeping at the door." "And if he had stopped to cry he is himself," was the reply.

The newest Yankee notion is an umbrella with a gutter round the edge and a spout at one corner.

A gentleman said to his Hibernian servant: "Pat here comes a funeral; do you know who is dead?" "I guess, Sir," was the reply, "it must be the man in the coffin," was the reply.

What is the greatest virtue in a sea-captain?—Wreckonize.

DOMESTIC DEATH.—A young lady drowned in tears.

THE CONJUGAL BANQUET.

Twelve sorts of meat my wife provides,
Nor fails one of a dish;
Four are of flesh, of fruit are four,
The other four are fish.

For the first course she stores my board
With birds that dainties are;
And first a quail, with tooth so frail,
A bittern, and a jar.

With these my spouse provides, when cloy'd,
For fish she orders sharp;
And serves me up a lamp, a pout,
A pudgeon, and a carp.

Then the dessert with fruit abounds,
All tilting well the sweet—
A medlar and an artichoke,
A crab, and a small reason.

Now can a man have such a wife
And not upon her dote?
Who every day provides him fare
Which costs him not a groat?

Quail, to quarrel.—Johnson's Dictionary.
† Jar, an old word for quarreling.


ON THE LOOK OUT
FOR GOOD CHILDREN.
BANK
SANTA CLAUS STABLE
GOOD BOY.
SANTA
WORK-SHOP.
DOLLIES' TEA PARTY.
THE CHRISTMAS TREE.
DOLLIES' KITCHEN.


CLAUS
RK'S.
Th. Nast.
SANTA CLAUS'S HOME.
SANTA CLAUS'S WORKSHOP.
TOY YARD.
VISITATION DEC.
ACCOUNT BOOK.
RECORD OF BEHAVIOUR.
HOLIDAY WEEK.
WHICH DOLLY WILL YOU HAVE?
DOLLIES' PARLOR.
MAKING DOLLIES' CLOTHES.

A VISIT FROM SAINT NICHOLAS.

By CLEMENT C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the luster of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer!* and *Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot;
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying a finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a gobd-night!"

BIRDS OF FLY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book XX.—The Two Macaires.

CHAPTER I.

A GOLDEN TEMPLE.

Is the very midst of the Belgian iron country, under the shadow of tall sheltering ridges of pine-clad mountain-land, nestles the fashionable little watering-place called Forêtdechêne. Two or three handsome hotels; a handful of little new pile of building, with vast windows of shining plate-glass, and a stately quadrangular courtyard; a tiny street which looks as if a fragment of English Brighton had been dropped into this Belgian valley; a stunted semi-classic temple, which is at once a post-office and a table-d'hôte; and invalids perform their worship of Hygeia by the consumption of unspeakably disagreeable mineral-waters; a few tall, white villas dotted about here and there upon the slopes of pine-clad hills; and a very uncomfortable railway-station—constitute the chief features of Forêtdechêne. But right and left of that little cluster of shops and hotels there stretch deep, sombre avenues of oak, that look like sheltered ways to Paradise; and the sleep, deep blue of the August sky, and the pure breath of the warm, soft air, and the tender green of the young pine-woods that clothe the sandy hills, and the delicious tranquillity that pervades the sleepy little town and bathes the whole landscape in a languorous mist, are charms that render Forêtdechêne a pleasant oasis amidst the lurid woods and mountains of the iron country.

Only at stated intervals the quiet of this sleepy hollow is broken by the rolling of wheels, the jingling of bells, the cracking of whips, and the ejaculations of drivers and supplications of tourists: only when the railroad carries away departing visitors, or brings fresh ones, is there any thing like riot or confusion in the little town under the pine-clad hills—and even then the riot and confusion are of a very quiet order, and create but a transient discord among the harmonies of nature.

And yet, despite the Arcadian tranquillity of the landscape, the drowsy quiet of the pine-groves, the deep and solemn shade of those dark avenues, where one might fancifully hope to find some Druidess lingering beneath the shelter of the oaks, there is excitement of no common order to be found in the mountain watering-place of Forêtdechêne; and the reflective and observant traveler, on a modern sentimental journey, has only to enter the stately white building with the glittering plate-glass windows in order to behold the master-passions of the human breast unveiled for his pleasure and edification.

The ignorant traveler, impelled by curiosity, finds no bar to his entrance. The doors are as wide open as if the mansion were a hotel; and yet it is not a hotel, though a placard which he passes informs the traveler that he may have tea and *sorbets*, if he will; nor is the bright, fresh-looking building a theatre; for another placard informs the visitor that there are dramatic performances to be witnessed every evening in a building on one side of the quadrangle, which is a mere subsidiary attachment to the vast white mansion. The traveler, passing on his way unhindered, save by a man in livery, who deprives him of his cane, ascends a splendid staircase and finds himself in a luxurious anteroom, her, from which a pair of plate-glass doors open into a spacious saloon, where, in the warm August sunlight, a brilliant company of persons are gathered round a great green table, gambling.

The ignorant traveler, unaccustomed to the amusements of a Continental watering-place, may perhaps feel a little sense of surprise—a something almost akin to shame—as he contemplates that strange crowd. Its contemptible seems so much the more strange from the season of their silence. There is no lively bustle, none of that animation which generally attends every kind of amusement, none of the clamor of the betting-ring or the exchange. The gamblers at Forêtdechêne are terribly earnest; and this ignorant visitor unconsciously adapts himself to the solemn hush of the place, and steps softly as he approaches the table round which they are cloistered—as many sitting as can find room round the green-cloth-covered board; while behind the sitters there is a second row, two or three rows deeps, the hindermost watching the table over the shoulders of their neighbors. A placard upon the wall informs the visitor that only constant players are permitted to remain seated at that sacred table. Perhaps a third of the players and a third of the lookers-on are women. And if there are lips more tightly contracted than other lips, and eyes with a harder, speculer light in them than other eyes, those lips and those eyes belong to the women. The unaccustomed feminine hands have a clawlike aspect as they scrape the glittering piles of silver over the green cloth; the feminine throats look weird and scraggy as they crane themselves over masculine shoulders; the feminine voices utter something desoniaic in their steely glare as they keep watch upon the rapid progress of the game.

Half a dozen comfortable little pattimores seem to have changed hands while the traveler has been looking on; but he has not yet reached the table for about ten minutes; and this splendid *salon* is but an outer chamber, where one may stake as shabby a sum as one pleases, if one is shabby enough to wish to do so, and where playing for half an hour or so on a pleasant summer morning or evening could scarcely lose more than fifty or sixty pounds. Another pair of plate-glass doors open into an inner chamber where the silence is still more impressive, and where around a larger table sit one row of players; while one or two more of little group of outsiders stand behind their chairs. Here, more gilding on the walls and ceiling of this chamber; the frescoes are more elaborate; the crystal chandeliers are adorned with richer clusters of sparkling drops that twinkle like diamonds in the sunlight. In the temple of gold; and in this splendid chamber only two hundred no smaller stake than half a napoleon. There are women here; but not so many women as in the outer saloon; and the women here are younger and prettier and more carefully dressed than those who stand in the outer room.

The prettiest and the youngest woman in this golden chamber on one particular August afternoon, nine years after the fall of Tom Hall, day, was a girl who stood behind the chair of a military-looking Englishman, an old man whose handsome face has a little disfigured by those traces which late hours and dissipated habits are supposed to leave behind them.

The girl had a hand upon each hand and a pin in the other, and was occupied in some mysterious process, by which she kept note of the Englishman's play. The young woman was a delicate face, in whose softer lines there was a refined likeness to the features of the man whose play she watched. But while the features were hard and cold and gray, hers were of that dense black which there seems such an unfathomable and mysterious depth. She was a handsome woman, so she was also the worst-dressed woman in the room. Her flimsy silk mantle had faded from black to rusty brown, and the cheap lace shade at her face was sunburnt; the ribbons had lost their brightness; but there was an air of attempted fashion in the poverty-stricken costume of an Ispacea skirt; and there was evidence of a struggle with poverty in the tight-fitting lavender gloves, whose streaky lines bore witness to the imperfection of the cleaner's art. Elegant Parisians and the select of Brussels glanced at the military Englishman and his handsome daughter with some slight touch of supercilious surprise—as has no right to find shabbily-dressed young women in the gambling-saloons; but the glance arrows shot from feminine eyes had little power to wound their object just now. The girl looked up from her perforated card very seldom; and when she raised her eyes, it was always to look in one direction—toward the great glass-doors opening from the outer saloon. Those doors came and went; the doors swung open and closed again as noiselessly as it is possible for well-regulated doors to open and shut; footsteps sounded on the polished floors; and sometimes, when the young person in alpaca lifted her eyes, a passing shadow of disappointment darkened her face. A modern Lawrence Sterne, on a new Sentimental Journey, might have derived some interest from the study of the girl's countenance; but the reflective and observant traveler is not to be encountered very often in this age of excursionists; and Maria and her goat may roam the highways and byways for a long time before she will find any dreamy loiterer with a mind attuned to sympathy.

The shabby-dressed girl was looking for some one. She watched her father's play carefully—she marked her card with unfailing precision; but she performed these duties with a mechanical air; and it was only when she lifted her eyes to the great shining plate-glass doors which opened into the outer saloon that any trace of interest or feeling animated her countenance. She was looking for some one, and the person watched for was not coming. Ah, how difficult for her the arithmetician to number the crushing disappointments, the bitter agonies that one woman can endure in the single life of a girl! This girl was so young—so young; and already she had learned to suffer.

The man played with the concentrated attention and the impassible countenance of an experienced gamester, rarely lifting his eyes from the green cloth, or looking back at the girl who stood behind him. He was winning to-day, and he accepted his good fortune as quietly as he had endured his ill-luck during the last week at table. He seemed to be playing on some system of his own; and the neighboring players looked at him with a kind of awe-struck envy at the heap of gold grow larger under his thin, nervous hands. Ignorant gamesters, who stood aloof after having lost their last napoleon, contemplated the lucky Englishman and wondered about him, while some touch of pity leavened the envy excited by his success. He looked like the ruin of a decayed gentleman—a man who had been a military dandy in the days that were gone, and who had still the military stiffness, without the power to support them—a Brummel languishing at Caen; a Nash wasting slowly at Bath.

At last the girl's face brightened suddenly as she glanced upward; and it would have been very easy for the observant traveler—if any such person had been present—to have divined the cause of the change in her countenance. The some-one she had been watching for had arrived.

The door-way was filled by no stunted a man of about five-and-twenty, whose darkly-handsome face and careless costume had something of that air which was once known as the Byronic. Both the costume and the poetry of George Gordon Lord Byron. The new-comer was just one of those men whom very young women are apt to admire, and whom worldly-minded people are prone to distrust. There was a perfume of Bohemianism, a flavor of the Quartier Latin in the loose frock-coat, the velvet, the wide *trousers*, and black-velvet morning-coat, with which the young man outraged the conventional and commonplace visitors at Forêtdechêne. There was a semi-poetic vagabondism in the half-indifferent, half-contemptuous expression of his face; there was a fierce mustache, and strongly-marked eyebrows overshadowing sleepy gray eyes—eyes that were half hidden by their long, drooping lids, and which, when they let lie sometimes hidden among the rushes that flourish round them.

He was handsome, and he knew that he was handsome; but he affected to despise the beauty of his proud dark face, as he affected to despise all the brilliant and beautiful things in this world earth; and yet there was a vagabondish kind of foppery in his costume that contrasted sharply with the habitual slovenliness of the other gamester sitting at the table. There was a distance of nearly half a century between the style of the Regency dandy and the Quartier Latin lion.

The girl watched this new-comer with cold, earnest eyes as he walked slowly toward the table, and a faint blush kindled in her cheeks as he came nearer to the spot where she stood. He went by her without speaking an atmosphere of stale tobacco with him as he went; and he gave her a friendly nod as he passed, and "Good morning, Miss Dove," but that was all. The faint blush faded and left her very pale: but she resumed her weary task with the card and the pin, as he who had endured and yet disappointment within those few moments, it seemed to be a kind of disappointment that she was accustomed to suffer.

The young man walked round the table till he came to the only vacant chair, in which he seated himself, watching the game for a minute or a few minutes began to play. From the moment in which he dropped into that vacant seat to the moment in which he quitted it more than three hours afterward, he never lifted his eyes from the green cloth, or seemed to be conscious of any little thing on around or about him. The girl watched him furtively for some little time after he had taken his place at the table; but the stony mask of the professed gambler is a profitless object for a woman's earnest scrutiny.

She sighed presently and laid her hand heavily on the chair behind which she was standing. The action aroused the man who sat in it, and he turned his head to look at her for the first time.

"You are tired, Diana?"

"Yes, papa, I am very tired."

"Give me your purse, then, and go away," the gamester answered, peevishly; "girls are always tired."

She gave him the mysteriously-perforated card and left her post behind his chair; and then, after rooming about the peace-saloon with a listless air for a few minutes, and wandering once or twice to the window to another to look into the sunny quadrangle, where well-dressed people were sitting at little tables eating ices or drinking lemonade, she went away altogether, and roamed into another chamber where some children were dancing to the sound of a feeble violin. She sat upon a velvet-covered bench and watched the children's lesson for some minutes, and then rose and wandered to another open window that overlooked the same quadrangle, where the well-dressed people were enjoying themselves in the hot August sunshine.

"How exceedingly every body dresses!" she thought, "and what a shabby, poverty-stricken creature one feels among them! And yet if I took pains to be as smart as any of them out of the money he won to-day he will only look at me from head to foot and tell me that I have a gown and a cloak and a bonnet, and ask me what more I can want, in the name of all that is unreasonable? And I see girls here whose fathers are no richer than mine are proud of them—ugly girls, decked out in silks and muslins and ribbons that have cost a small fortune—clumsy, awkward girls, who look at me as if I were some new kind of wild animal."

The saloons at Forêtdechêne were rich in monster sheets of looking-glass; and in wandering discontentedly about the room Diana Paget saw herself reflected many times in all her shabbiness. It was only then that she had discovered that she had some pretension to good looks; for her father, who could not or would not educate her decently for other things, would, truly, a very high tone of morality in his paternal teaching, and in the fact that she might one day grow tired of her husband, he had taught her to impress upon her at an early age that she was the very incarnation of all that is lean and sallow and awkward.

CHAPTER II.

THE EASY DESCENT.

Among the many impedimenta of which Horatio Paget—who had once been in the cavalry regiment, always a captain in his intercourse with the world—had been guilty during the course of a long career, there was none for which he so bitterly reproached him-self as for a certain foolish marriage which he had made late in life. It was only in the first brief military career; so nearly gliding into life's swift-flowing river into eternity's trackless ocean, that the keenest thrill of gratitude which ever stirred the slow pulses of his cold heart quickened in beating as he clasped the hand that had held him back from the sharp edge of destruction; yet breath had chilled him with an awful fear. Such men as Horatio Paget are apt to feel a strange terror when the black cards appear suddenly down upon them, and the "Gray Boatman's" voice sounds hollow and mysterious in the darkness, pronouncing that the ocean is fierce tempest. The hand that held the ruined spendthrift back when the current swept so swiftly oncanward was a woman's tender hand; and the woman who knew what patient watchfulness, what careful administration of medicines and unwearying preparation of broths and jellies and eggs and grogs, what untiring and devoted slavery, had been necessary to save the fadel rake; who looked out upon the world once more from the very shadow of his former self, a penniless, helpless burden for any one who might choose to support him.

"Don't thank me, Horatio," she said when his feeble patient whimpered flourishing protestations of his gratitude, unabashed by the consciousness that his grateful expressions were the sole coin with which the medical man would be paid for his services—"thank that young woman, if you want to thank any body. For if I had not been for her you wouldn't be here to talk about gratitude. And if ever you get such another attack of inflammation of the lungs, you had better pray for such another nurse, though I don't think you're likely to find one."

And with this excellent piece of common-sendy surgeon took his departure, leaving Horatio Paget alone with the woman who had saved his life.

She was only his landlady's daughter; and his landlady was no properous householder in Mayfair, thriving on the exorbitant rents of wealthy bachelors, but an honest widow, living in an obscure little street leading out of the Old Kent Road, and letting a single apartment—a little parlor and a still more mengerly-furnished little bedroom to any single gentleman whom reverse of fortune might drive in the pursuit of cheap lodgings. Captain Paget had sunk very low in the world when he took possession of that wretched parlor and had himself down to rest on the widow's flock-bed.

There is apt to be a dreary interval in the life of such a man—a blank, dismal interregnum, which divides the day in which he spends his last shilling, from the hour in which he begins to prey deliberately upon the purse of his friends. It was in that hopeless interval that Horatio Paget established himself in the widow's parlor. But though he slept in the Old Kent Road, he had not yet brought himself to endure existence on the Surrey side of the water. He emerged from his lodging every morning to hasten westward, resplendent in clean linen and exquisitely-fitting gloves, an unquestionable over-coat, and varnished boots.

The wardrobe has its Indian summer; and the glory of a favorite valet's coat is like the splendor of a tropical sun—it is glorious to the last, and sinks in a moment. Captain Paget's wardrobe was in its Indian summer in these

days; and when he felt how fatally near the Bond Street mansion was to the scene of his first, he could not refrain from a fond admiration of the booth that were so beautiful in decay.

He walked the West End for many weary hours every day during this period of his decadence. He tried to live in an honest, gentlemanly way, by borrowing money of his friends, or discounting an accommodation-bill obtained from some innocent acquaintance who was deluded by his brilliant appearance and specious promises, into a belief in the transient nature of his difficulties. He spent his days in hanging about the halls and waitingrooms of clubs—if some of which he had once been a member; he walked many miles between the Haymarket, Regent Street, Kensington Gore and Notting Hill no longer. He knew that the bobbin of his trousers was in full flight, and that there was nothing left for him but to die.

It seemed about this time as if the end of all was very near. Captain Paget's mother, in a child one miserable evening on which he returned to his lodging with his garments dripping, and his beautiful moustache in a state of droop, to a kind of pulp; and the child resulted in a violent inflammation of the lungs. Then it was that a sweet man's hand was held out to Captain Paget, and a woman's divine tenderness cared for him in his dire extremity.

The ministering angel who comforted this helpless and broken-down wayfarer was only a nurse, ignorant girl called Mary Anne Kepp —a girl who, however, was not without

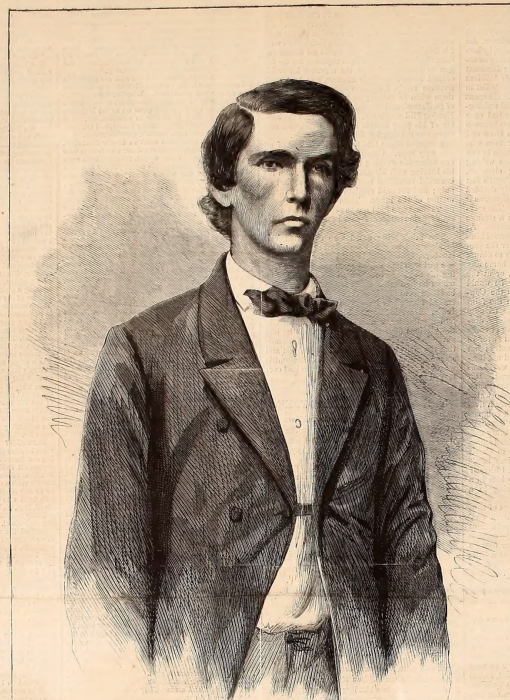
JOHN H. SURRATT.

AFTER twenty months of successful evasion, JOHN H. SURRATT, the chief accomplice of BOOTH in the assassination of President LINCOLN, has been captured. The history of his movements since his escape to Canada, and also of his capture, were given in our last Number.

SURRATT is a man chiefly noticeable for his criminality. So obscure as to easily hide himself, by the aid of a few friends, from the eyes of the world; so ignorant that we almost wonder at the shrewdness of some of his devices, it is his capture alone, and the means thus furnished of reaching the secret history of LINCOLN'S murder, that make him once more a prominent object of interest.

SURRATT, though so great a coward that he deserted his mother in the hour of her most pressing need, yet showed himself capable of the most desperate actions when these were necessary to his own safety. He had boasted frequently of his crime, and appeared to think that the world not only forgave, but admired his atrocity. He was therefore greatly surprised when he was arrested at Feroli, in Italy. He was cast into prison, from which he managed to effect his escape by plunging down a ravine, making a leap of 29 feet. Had he leaped a little further he would have fallen into an abyss, and by a sudden death have escaped a more ignominious fate. Wounded by his fall, he succeeded in reaching a hospital, where he lay for a few days; but again took up his flight and sailed for Egypt, where he was again captured by Mr. HALE.

Probably the trial of SURRATT will go far toward revealing the whole secret of the conspiracy in which he was so prominent. In his conversations he has hinted at the connection of JEFF DAVIS with the assassination, and of other persons in New York and London who gave him pecuniary assistance. Our portrait, we believe, is from the photograph which was used by the Government in identifying SURRATT.



JOHN H. SURRATT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

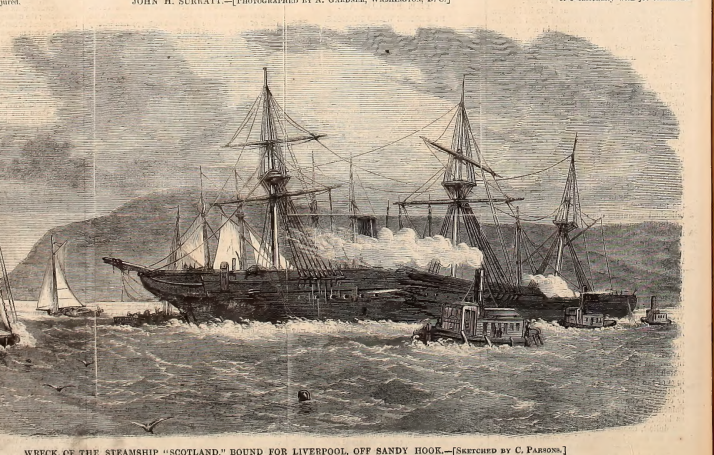
WRECK OF THE "SCOTLAND."

THE wreck of the *Scotland* lies on the middle bar, about a mile distant from Sandy Hook. She was a splendid ship of 3700 tons register, and belonged to the National Steamship Company of Liverpool. On the evening of December 1 she ran into the steamer *Kate Dyer*, about ten miles from Fire Island. The *Dyer*, instead of porting her helm, as she should have done, and as the pilot of the *Scotland* did, attempted to run across the bows of the latter vessel. In fifteen or twenty minutes the *Dyer* went down. The *Scotland*, though badly injured, made every effort to rescue the crew of the sinking vessel, but thirteen men were, after all, drowned, and only seven saved. The surviving steamer was compelled by her own injuries to look out for her own safety. She put back for Sandy Hook, and barely succeeded in reaching the middle bar, where she still remains, a peril to other navigators. The Government has been petitioned to secure her removal.

The accident was evidently not the fault of the officers of the *Scotland*, and the efforts made by Captain HALL, of the latter vessel, to rescue the men of the *Dyer*, when his own vessel was in danger, as also his able conduct of the *Scotland*, saving her from immediate and imminent shipwreck, are worthy of the highest commendation.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

THE Winter Fashions are now fully developed. For walking and visiting dresses the robe en fourreau, worn, however, entirely without crinoline, or with a very moderate quantity of that material, still maintains its place. For evening dress the robe à queue is rapidly coming into favor. Morning and walking dresses are also made in this style; still the inconvenience of the train for outdoor wear is certain to limit its adoption to the very select. Velvet dresses, black or colored, and trimmed with fur, are worn made en fourreau over pipes of plain silk or cashmere, with a deep ruche at the bottom. Black cashmere or silk robes, the latter either of moire or foulard, are worn trimmed up the seams and round the skirt, which is still shaped at the edge into some more or less fantastic form, with jet beads and ornaments; the under pipe in this case being either of silk or cashmere, and still with a broad ruche at the base. Robes à queue for evening wear are of colored foulards, striped and spotted with small patches of flowers or leaves, a pattern of dried autumn leaves being much in favor, or of white or some delicate-tinted moiré antique sprinkled over with broken flowers and falling leaves. These dresses are usually trimmed with *ruchenaux* of ribbon of the particular color which predominates in the pattern of the robe.—Paletots are almost exclusively of black velvet, or black or rich brown cashmere, the former being trimmed with sable or marten, or with an elegant embroidery of jet ornaments; the latter chiefly with jet or black glass beads, with a fringe of the same, and occasionally with jet and gimp intermixed. Paletots of black silk are usually lined with fur and trimmed to correspond, with perhaps an intermixture of jet, or occasionally with jet ornaments



WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "SCOTLAND," BOUND FOR LIVERPOOL, OFF SANDY HOOK.—[SKETCHED BY C. PARSONS.]



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.—[FROM A PAINTING BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.]



THE DOG AND THE PARROT.—[FROM A PAINTING BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.]

exclusively. They are worn any length, closed in or loose at the waist, perfectly straight or in points at the bottom, and with loose or tight sleeves indiscriminately. Bonnets are chiefly of velvet—black, scarlet, blue, green, or rich brown, and an attempt is now being made to introduce the chapeau of the first Empire, with its narrow rim and low crown. The chapeaux Dagmar and Czarine are trimmed with chinchilla or swan-down; other chapeaux are trimmed with pheasants' and various kinds of small feathers. The trimming of the ordinary chapeau, however, is generally of jet—jet ornaments at the top, jet ornaments round the rim, jet cords suspended round the front, and occasionally a jet chain under the chin or round the chignon. At times a feather, or bow, or single flower is worn on the left



PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1866.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

D.D.& C°S NAUSEOUS MEDICINES D.D.& C°S

Taken without Taste or Smell, by using

Dundas Dick & Co.'s Soft Capsules,

Containing pure Medicines of very best quality.

Such as	
Castor oil,	Citrate of iron and quinine,
Cod-liver oil,	Citrate of magnesia,
Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron,	Other nauseous medicines.

Prescribed by the faculty, and taken by others.

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DASHFULNESS" AND "TIMIDITY."—For the cause and cure of these infirmities, see the ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY for 1867, just published at 20 cts., by FOWLER & WELLS, New York.

Brandreth's Pills.

These Pills are safe and sure. They are prepared by a process which secures all the best qualities of the herbs of which they are composed, without any of their bad. They benefit in all cases, and do harm in none.

See that B. BRANDRETH is in white letters on the Government stamp.

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The sufferer from pain in the right shoulder and side; sickness of stomach; loss of appetite; general debility; irritability; aching of the head, intestinating, or dull, heavy pains under the edge of the ribs; constipated bowels; tenderness on pressure in the region of the stomach; sour eructations; additional symptoms of a deranged or diseased liver, will rejoice to know that a SPECIFIC has been discovered in the established preparation known as Dr. McLane's LIVER PILLS.

The entire course of treatment pursued by the ablest physicians in the world, embracing bleeding, purgation, blistering, cupping, leeching, &c., &c., is productive of almost every article in the *Materia Medica*, change of climate, &c., &c., failed to bring relief to the wretched sufferer. Many years of study and close observation of the various symptoms attending a diseased liver led Dr. McLane to present an entirely new remedy. Long years have passed since its introduction, during which time thousands of delighted persons have proved its efficacy, in thoroughly and permanently eradicating every vestige of the disease, and restoring to them the bloom and freshness of health to the sallow cheek.

☞ Purchasers will be careful to ask for Dr. McLANE'S GENUINE LIVER PILLS, manufactured by FLEMING BROTHERS, of PITTSBURG, Pa. Dr. McLane's genuine Liver Pills, also his celebrated VERMIFUGE, can be obtained from all respectable druggists. None genuine without the signature of FLEMING BROS.

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THE COSMOPOLITAN

JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION,

Capital, $2,500,000.

Great One-Price Cash Sale.

SELL NO BRASS OR SO-CALLED PLATED JEWELRY.

WARRANT ALL JEWELRY GOLD, OR NO SALE.

Let it be distinctly understood that this is emphatically a GOLD SALE, by an association of manufacturing jewelers, who will positively sell none but a single article of brass or plated jewelry is included in the whole immense stock.

Pianos, Gold and Silver Watches, Diamond Rings, Sets of Rich Silverware, Fine Gold Jewelry, Photograph Albums, &c., &c.,

All to be sold for two dollars each, as average price of articles the most costly, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive.

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☞ The Proof.—We guarantee to send any customer on a Warrant Gold Finger Ring, worth not less than $2, *a splendid rich-chased or engraved silver Butter-Knife, fine quality Silver Spoon, or a beautiful 50-picture Morocco Photograph Album, valued at* $2; and you have a possibility of getting

Fine Gold Watch or Piano.

Send 25 cents for the Golden Envelope, containing valuable receipts and scraps; and out of the total of distributions, which are well mixed and taken out regardless of rank, will be sent, by return mail, one article.

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2 for $0 cents, with a beautiful Photograph.

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21 for $4 00, with a Silver Child's Knife, worth.. 4 00

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100 for $15 00, with a Gold Double Case, worth.. 15 00

100 for $15 00, with a Fine Silver Watch, worth.. 15 00

200 for $30 00, with a Silver Watch, worth.... 30 00

In all cases, upon receipt of money, the premium as above will be sent, with the certificate. We do not send our circular, containing list of articles and full particulars, also terms to Agents, until one of the certificates, which are well mixed and taken out regardless of rank, will be sent.

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RALLY BOYS, RALLY! Adopted as the marching Song of the Grand Army of the Republic. Words by Henry Hitchcock and Gen. T. J. Wood. Music by Henry Tucker, Grand Army, with fine lithographic portrait of Maj.-Gen. R. S. Foster. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 35 cents. "It is full of spirit, and is destined to become immensely popular."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

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A SF YOU "BASHFUL"—Read the ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY and PHYSIOGNOMY for 1867, and learn how to overcome it. Sent by mail for 20 cents by FOWLER & WELLS, New York.

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For the Parlor Table.

Containing upward of one hundred rare and useful household articles, toilet cases, and keepsakes. The handsomest and most useful HOLIDAY PRESENTS ever offered to the young folks. Price by mail, $1. The ladies' Casket Toilet Box is 5 by 8 by 11 inches, covered with beaters' gold, and beautifully impressed with figures and artistic designs. Its contents are the following: one plain weddingring, Bendix' Diner Pocket Sampler, one pair mens' gloves, one Yankee chess and checker board, Lincoln and Douglas pocket-piece, the portraits of U. S. Generals, 39 card recipes—viz., how to fill hollow teeth, instantaneous hair-dye, bed-bug-killer, chamgrene salve, cure for drunkenness, hair restorer, liquid rouge for ladies' cheeks, freckle-lotion, cement for crockery, artificial coffee, cure for corns and warts, artificial honey, beautiful tooth powder, freckles can be removed, liquid soldier for every housekeeper, silver-plating, how to silverplate your own spoons, how to bring down brown eye to night, the winning pen, the key that unlocks the mystery, cards, dice, and 100 gift. Also $1000 yearly can come to any young man, the Washington time-keeper for all (U. S.) cities, the Rocky Mountain Time Clock (a color-print, the magic ink blotter, the old Sergeant of Solitude—a mystery, etc., etc., 46 verses. All of the above cards, prints, and gifts are truly of the highest artistic merit, and recommended wherever otherwise shown. Hundred of dollars are made monthly by agents, male and female, selling them at retail. We want agents in every town, who can realize one to two dollars for every sale. Sample box, securely packed with every order of $1, for the Ladies' Casket Toilet Box and Contents. A few of twenty names of young men suitable for agents, from as many different localities as possible. The first person to speak for us in one town every toilet box will be worth, when parceled out at retail, about $15, in country places. Address and remit by mail, inclosing one return envelope, postpaid, with your address plainly written. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

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New York Independent.

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Invite attention to their assortment of

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PORCELAIN AND BRONZE STATUES,

LEATHER DRESSING-CASES,

PAPIER-MACHE DESKS, &c.

Together with a large assortment of

FANS,

And other articles too numerous to particularize.

OH, HOW "DIFFIDENT!"—To overcome this weakness read the ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY for 1867. Only 20 cents. NEW YORK: FOWLER & WELLS.

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NOTICE, whenever an article of actual value, and acknowledged as such by the Public, becomes "a *Household Necessity*," it is a notorious fact that unprincipled dealers immediately attempt, and claim to have discovered, some "new" article, or action on the trade-mark laws, commenced in the Supreme Court of New York. Now, therefore, TAKE NOTICE that any one counterfeiting or in any manner making use of the trade-mark name, SAVONINE, and duly registered, will be prosecuted, and without further notice, by the GLAMORGAN SOAP CO., 45 Broadway, N. Y.



Chase's Improved Dollar Microscope, Pat. July 10, 1866. Most amusing, instructive, and instructive thing in the world. Adapted to all trades and professions; counterfeit money, cloth, seed, living insects, mineral objects, jewelry, flowers, pictures, &c., with directions for microscopical research. Sold at principal stores throughout the country. Great inducements to agents. Circulars free. Sent with stamp, O. N. CHASE, 3 Lime St., Boston, Mass.

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MME. DEMOREST'S UNEQUALED ROSEATE TOILET POWDER. LADIES! BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS. Price 50 cents. Sold at all the Drug Stores, or sent post free. Depot, 473 Broadway, N. Y.

MALE and Female Agents wanted in every town in the United States to sell one of the best articles ever introduced. Sells at sight. Large profits. $15 to $20 per day can be made easily. Address KING & CO., 540 Broadway, New York.

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With an Illustration.

TYON AND FINETTE.
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HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.—XVI. THE CAPTURE, IMPRISONMENT, AND ESCAPE.
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DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.—(*Fifth Paper.*)
Illustrations.—A Bushwhacker.—How the Idea got into their Heads.—Locust Grove.—Union People.—Brief Truce.—Breakfast.—Serfdom.—Kernstown.—Turner Ashby.—After the Battle.—Thanksgiving for the Victory.

A LONDON POLICE COURT.
Illustrations.—The Police Magistrate.—The Old Thief carried in by the young Witness.—The Gentleman who tells the Magistrate he Dined at Greenwich Yesterday.—Inquiries.—Sent for Trial.—The Frequent Visitor.—Friends and Relatives of the Prisoners.

THE QUIET HOUR.

HOURS WITH THE DEAD.

OUR GOLD MINE IN CONNECTICUT.

ADAM GORDON.

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SLACK, A LITTLE.

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OLD AUNT MATILDA.—PART I.

MEDICAL RECORDS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

LITERARY NOTICES.

RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

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Or $1 per agate line for a less space. Large, or peculiar, type and wood-cuts to a line.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

The last days of Ex-President Martin Van Buren were made comfortable by the use of Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy. Letters in our possession from the physician, and from Mr. Van Buren himself, express much gratification with the result of its use.

Demorest's Monthly Magazine is unquestionably the most useful, sparkling, and popular Magazine, and offers the most liberal terms and premiums for Clubs. Send for circular. Back Numbers, 10c.; post free. No. 473 Broadway. The January Number, with extraordinary holiday attractions, now ready.

The Colton Dental Association, 1 Cooper Institute originated and use the nitrous oxide to extract teeth without pain, *and they certainly do it.*

The Great American Tea Company.

Always a Wholesale Establishment.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices*. We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price*.

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Tea we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our lane spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a dollar per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply Retail Dealers in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Further to accommodate persons wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we shall not allow any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *one cent per pound*.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profit of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 10 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 25 to 35 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, commissions, drayages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what a large sum you have to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, wastes, storages, cooperage, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1.16, best $1 25 P lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1.10, best $1 25 P lb.
MIXED (black and green), 75c., 80c., 90c., best $1 P lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1.10, best $1 25 P lb.
OOLONG (black), 75c., 80c., 90c., best $1 P lb.
IMPERIAL (green), $1 25 P lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1.10, best $1 20 P lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

From the Methodist, N. Y. City.

We call special attention to THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY. They offer extraordinary inducements to the consumers of the beverage which "cheers but not inebriates." We have tested the quality of their Teas, and, so far as our experience goes, we are prepared to say that they are all that is claimed for them.

From the Evangelist, N. Y. City.

The attention of persons is directed to THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street. This Company have made arrangements to supply families with the choicest new crop of Black, Green, and Japan Teas at wholesale prices. The Company guarantee all the goods they sell to give entire satisfaction.

From the Christian Intelligencer, N. Y. City.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—This Company are doing an immense wholesale and retail business, and are thus enabled to offer their Teas and Coffees at very low prices, and of a quality which can not fail to give entire satisfaction.

From the American Agriculturist.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.—*To parties!*—Before admitting the advertisement, we learned that a large number of readers and others had for several months been buying their Tea and Coffee from this Company, without the knowledge who they were, and that they had been highly pleased with their purchases, both as to quality and price, and we will recommend our friends to the same course. As we have received no complaints, we conclude "there is no humbug about the establishment."

From the N. Y. Day Book.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—A suggestion in reading to getting Tea at cheap rates. We know the articles it sells to be of superior quality. The clubs are now all at the rage, as they get Tea into the consumer's hands for about one-third of the usual price.

For manner of getting up Clubs, &c., see former Numbers of this Paper.

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third, by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH.
Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.

☞ We call especial notice to the fact that our Vesey Street Store is in Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, and not Church Street—*large double store*.

Parties calling for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store*, Nos. 31 and 33 *Vesey Street, corner of Church Street*. This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

Holiday Presents.

ARRANDALE & CO., 162 BROADWAY, N. Y., are offering over $1,000,000 worth of DRY GOODS in Dresses, Paris, and Coat Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, Robes, &c., together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS, at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR each, with only liberal terms to agents.

Send 25 cts. for a certificate, or $1 for 5, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and if desired we will send our terms to agents.

New York, October, 1866.

ONLY ONE WEEK MORE
Before the Grand
PRESENTATION FESTIVAL
Will take place. The affair is already a guaranteed success. Only a few Tickets are still on hand, and those who desire to purchase are reminded that the time is short.

REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES;
THE DESTITUTE AND ORPHAN CHILDREN OF OUR
COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.

GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR
AND
PRESENTATION FESTIVAL
IN AID OF THE
HOME AND SCHOOL
FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF
The Destitute Children
OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THIS HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1860 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union: its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering over 120; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones denied, solely for want of room to accommodate them. We have now leased and made building (on Fifty-eighth Street, New York) more occupied, and will soon be ready for the choice of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, *October 1, 1866.*

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for all needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

MRS. GENERAL DARIUS S. CALVIN, President. MRS. HERVEY G. LAW, Manager.
MRS. CHAS. P. DALY, Acting President. MRS. J. VAN DALSEM, Manager.
MRS. MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, 1st Vice-President. MRS. W. GERMOND.
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The Books will remain open until January 1st.

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL
TO BE HELD AT
COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,
Saturday Evening, December 22,
Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued
200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1 Present in United States Government Bonds	$10,000
1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	10,000
1 corner House and Lot, Lexington Avenue, East New York	4,000
1 House and Lot adjoining above	3,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness complete	1,500
1 Grand Piano (Steinway)	1,000
2 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1000 each	1,000
1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance	1,000
1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1 Oil Painting of General Sherman	500
1 Gentlemen's Gold Lever Watches, @ $200	2,000
15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $100	1,575
1 Sewing-Machine Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	150
150 Silver-plated Tea-Sets	13,500
150 Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	7,500
100 Gold Hunting Watches, each, being a complete Illustrated History of the War	7,500
200 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, @ $5	1,000
500 Table and Pocket Cutlery, @ $3	1,500
1000 Gilt Bells and Fluted Fruit Knives, @ $3	3,000

The following are the following articles, viz.: Sets of Cooper's, Leming's, Bancroft's, and Irving's Works, and those of other Eminent Authors; Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Rob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fashionable Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to 24,325

Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at $100,000

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a *registered letter at our risk*, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at our following

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 00	40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
10 Tickets to one address	9 00	80 Tickets to one address	63 50
20 Tickets to one address	17 00	100 Tickets to one address	85 00
50 Tickets to one address	36 25		

Address all orders and remittances to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to
N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,
616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend each aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors,
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2d.—The Instep.
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Fig. A. Fig. B.

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